CERVANTES AND MARK TWAIN

by

Sister Mary Teresa Rosales
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Approved by:

Arthur L. Owen
Chairman of Department.

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FOREWORD

My sincere thanks are due to Mr. Julio H. Valdés for calling my attention to the existence of a similarity between the Don Quixote and some of the works of Mark Twain; to Professor Arthur L. Owen and Professor May Gardner for their ever-helpful criticism of this study; and to Professors Owen, Omana, Gardner, Winters, and Brady for the pleasure and profit I have never failed to derive from their classes.

Sister Mary Teresa.
Introduction

"The two writers are of the same humorous largeness," wrote Howells, comparing Cervantes and Mark Twain, and in a letter to Mr. Clemens he said, "Your foundations are struck so deep that you will catch the sunshine of immortal years and bask in the same light as Cervantes and Shakespeare!" Brander Matthews expresses his opinion thus: "At how long an interval Mark Twain shall be rated after Molière and Cervantes it is for the future to declare. All that we can see clearly now is that it is with them that he is to be classed — with Molière and Cervantes, with Chaucer and Fielding, humorists all of them and all of them manly men! "The East, which includes Europe, now regards Mark Twain as another Cervantes," maintains Edwin G. P. Pinkham, author of the "What of America?" series, and Stuart P. Sherman says, "Samuel Langhorne Clemens ... was elected to his high place in American literature by a tremendous popular vote, which was justified even in the opinion of severe critics by his exhibition of a masterpiece or so not unworthy of Le Sage or Cervantes". From

England, Kipling wrote to his friend, Mr. Doubleday of New York, "I love to think of the great and God-like Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the waters .... and don't you forget it, Cervantes was a relation of his!"

Comparisons of Mark Twain's books with Don Quixote are sufficiently varied to be interesting, and it is worthy of note that, however much critics disagree as to which one of Mark Twain's book is the best, and as to which one of them is like Don Quixote, they agree, with only one notable exception, that it is with Cervantes and Don Quixote that Mark Twain and his works are to be compared.

That the majority seem to think that A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court is Mark Twain's most Cervantic book, is evidenced by the following quotations:

3. from David Masters, "Twain with his hard-headed, practical way of looking at everything, regarded chivalry as humbug, just as Cervantes regarded it and prods the sham much in the same way, except that his fun is more modern and he hammers away at game that Cervantes has already killed";

4. from Howells, "A story no more openly didactic than Don Quixote ... the Connecticut Yankee will be ranged in

3. "Mark Twain's Place in Literature", Ch. 25:610.
4. The "game" had come to life again. See below, p. 41.
respect to the enduring consolation of old and young alike and as a masterpiece of humor beside the great work of Cervantes; from Stuart P. Sherman, "A Connecticut Yankee is his Don Quixote, a sincere book, full of life-long convictions earnestly held, a book, charged with rude, iconoclastic humor, intended like the work of Cervantes to hasten the end of an obsolescent civilization. Whether it will finally be judged a great book will depend in considerable measure on factors outside itself, particularly on the prosperity of western democratic sentiment in the world at large. Since the War of the German Invasions there has been an increase of Quixotism in his sense, and what used to be considered his unnecessary rage at windmills now looks like prophetic tilting with giants."

Archibald Marshall, however, maintains that "Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn is generally reckoned to be his masterpiece, and however it may be regarded, it is a wonderful book, worthy to be classed with Don Quixote"; and R.E. Phillips says, "The most effective bit of construction in all its works is seen in the short story of The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg. Here the construction is well-nigh perfect. In idea, too, and in conception and develop-

ment of character within short story limits, the Hadleyburg story is a masterpiece. It is conceived and worked out in the manner of Cervantes. And as a good-humored satire on the whims and foibles of one phase of our social life, it stands, it seems to me, of all Mark Twain's writings, easily first". Later on in the same article, he makes this statement about the Innocents and the Tramp Abroad, "Their method is the method of Don Quixote — the application of the philosophy of common sense to social foibles!"

Besides the authors quoted above, we find that the 1 Italian, Livia Pruni, 2 William Lyon Phelps, 3 C. E. Thompson, 4 Hamilton Mabie, and Archibald Henderson, when discussing Mark Twain, imply a comparison with Cervantes.

From the reading of the opinions of so many capable critics, one turns eagerly to the works of Cervantes and Mark Twain in the hope of finding the likeness between the two great humorists, and of determining in just what characteristics the two writers were kindred spirits.

It is but a step from the consideration of the kinship of the two great authors to the question of the probable influence of the great Spaniard upon Mark Twain. A point of

interest and importance in our study is the ease with which Mark Twain was influenced by literature that he liked. He himself gives us evidence of this in connection with his introduction to *The Innocents Abroad*. While in Florence, Italy, Mark Twain dictated some chapters of his autobiography from which we take the following: "I will begin with a note upon the dedication. I wrote the book in the months of March and April, 1869. Three years afterward Mr. Goodman, of Virginia City, Nevada, on whose paper I had served ten years before, came East, and we were walking down Broadway one day when he said: 'How did you come to steal Oliver Wendell Holmes's dedication and put it in your book?'

"I made a careless and inconsequential answer, for I supposed he was joking. But he assured me he was in earnest. He said: 'I'm not discussing the question of whether you stole it or didn't --- for that is a question that can be settled in the first book-store we come to --- I'm only asking you how you came to steal it, for that is where my curiosity is focalized'.

"I couldn't accommodate him with this information, as I hadn't it in stock. I could have made an oath that I had not stolen anything, therefore my vanity was not hurt nor my spirit troubled. At bottom I supposed that he had mistaken another book for mine, and was now getting him-

---

self in an untenable place and preparing sorrow for himself and triumph for me. We entered a book-store, and he asked for The Innocents Abroad and for the dainty little blue and gold edition of Dr. Holmes's poems. He opened the books, exposed their dedications and said: 'Read them. It is plain that the author of the second one stole the first one, isn't it?'

"I was very much ashamed, and unspeakably astonished. We continued our walk, but I was not able to throw any gleam of light on that original question of his. I could not remember having seen Dr. Holmes's dedication. I knew the poems, but the dedication was new to me.

"I did not get hold of the key to that secret until months afterward, then it came in a curious way; ... I received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Rising, who had been rector of the Episcopal Church in Virginia City in my time, in which letter Dr. Rising made reference to certain things which had happened to us in the Sandwich Islands six years before; among things he made casual mention of the Honolulu Hotel's poverty in the matter of literature. At first I did not see the bearing of the remark, it called nothing to my mind. But presently it did --- with a flash! There was but one book in Mr. Kirchof's hotel, and that was the first volume of Dr. Holmes's blue and gold series. I had had a fortnight's chance to get well acquainted with
its contents, for I had ridden around the big island (Hawaii) on horseback and had brought back so many saddle soils that if there had been a duty on them it would have bankrupted me to pay it. They kept me in my room unclothed and in persistent pain for two weeks, with no company but cigars and the little volume of poems. Of course I read them almost constantly; I read them from beginning to end, then read them backwards, then began in the middle and read them both ways, then read them wrong end first and upside down. In a word, I read the book to rags, and was infinitely grateful to the kind hand that wrote it.

"It lay lost in some dim corner of my memory a year or two, then came forward when I needed a dedication, and was promptly mistaken by me as a child of my own happy fancy."

The incident just related seems to justify us in the belief that, since Mark Twain was so strongly influenced — even though unconsciously — by Dr. Holmes, it is very possible that he was influenced, if not consciously, at least unconsciously, by Cervantes.

To determine, then, whether there really is a kinship between the great Spaniard and the great American, and if so, in what it consists, and in what way Mark Twain was influenced — if at all — by Cervantes, is the purpose of this study.
PART ONE

KINSHIP
Similarity of Experience.

Reading the lives of Cervantes and Mark Twain, one is struck by the similarity between the experiences of the two men, so remote from each other in time and place. Both were born of good families in very reduced circumstances; both received very little education except that gained in the school of experience; both, in their extensive travels, met and observed all classes of people --- Cervantes, as chamberlain in the household of Cardinal Acquaviva, as a soldier in the army, a wanderer in Italy (not this time in the employ of the Cardinal), as a slave in Algiers, as a "vagabond tax-gatherer", as an obscure resident of Alcalé, Madrid, Seville, and Valladolid; Mark Twain, as a printer, pilot, miner, journalist, traveler, lecturer, novelist, publisher" in Hannibal, Missouri, New York City, Nevada, California, the New England States, and European countries.

Cervantes' experience in Spain itself is well described by Professor Ralph Heywood Keniston of Cornell University, "At last in 1587, Cervantes received an appointment as a commissary to gather supplies for the great Armada. ...

For fifteen years he remained in Seville and its province.

in different official tasks. Though his life was so prosaic and often so embittered by financial troubles, the experience was essential to the development of his genius. The very nature of his employment kept him in constant contact with men of every walk in life. Like the traveling man of today he gathered up in his wanderings from town to town an endless supply of tales; his keenly observant eyes noted down a thousand striking physical traits of kindly country priests, of swaggering gallants or squint-eyed tavern maids. During the periods of inactivity in Seville, he learned to know the motley crew of rogues and ruffians that flourished in her crowded streets. The literary outgrowth of this period of his life must be sought in the Novelas Ejesplores and the Comedias y entremeses which were published years later. They explain the mastery he had reached when he undertook his great work, El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha. ... The materialism of Sancho is the fruit of his experience of life". Forming a parallel for the above quotation, we have: "Before this time Mark Twain had served as a pilot on the Mississippi, a schooling that had profited him all his life, he says, 'for in that brief, sharp schooling I got personally acquainted with about all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography, or history'".

To each may be applied the verdict of Fitzmaurice-Kelly concerning Cervantes, that he was "a literary artist stronger in practice than in theory, great by natural faculty rather than by acquired accomplishment. ... He is immortal by reason of his creative power, his imaginative resource, his wealth of invention, his penetrating vision, his inimitable humor, his boundless sympathy. Hence the universality of his appeal; hence the splendour of his secular renown". Change the word "Spain" to "America" in the following sentence, also from Fitzmaurice-Kelly, and there stands a statement true of Mark Twain, "...he revealed himself, not only to Spain, but to the world, as a great creative master, and an irresistible, because an universal, humorist".

Let us reverse the conditions, taking quotations about Mark Twain and his works and testing their applicability to Cervantes. C.H. Thompson, in "Mark Twain as an Interpreter of the American Character", after stating that "If a man can thoroughly express the individuality of a nation he may fairly be called great," says that Mark Twain "has drawn the national type and interpreted the national character", and Gilder says Twain's "appeal is universal both in relation to nationality and to individual culture".

Imagination

Stimulated, no doubt, by the varied experiences of their lives, Cervantes and Mark Twain are similar in their imaginative powers. Compare in this respect Mark Twain's story of *The Mysterious Stranger* with Cervantes' *The Glass Licentiate*. In the first, a very unorthodox angel visits some children who are playing in the dirt, trying to make mud men and mud houses. Joining in their employment, the angel gives life to the misshapen men and women and constructs a real little village, and then wipes all out of existence. He tells the children that he is named after his uncle Satan, who comes from a "good family" and who at one time was also in heaven. In the second, Cervantes tells of the unfortunate young man who insanely believes he is made of glass and that for fear of breakage he must be packed in straw when he journeys from one place to another. The likeness of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* to *Don Quixote* will be discussed more in detail later, but right here it is well to note that the play of imagination reaches the same gigantic proportions in both. *Eve's Diary*, *Adam's Diary*, *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*, *Sold to Satan*, and *The American Claimant*—though none but the last-named has any similarity to Cervantes' works—

1. Edith Wyatt in "An Inspired Critic", *No. Am.* 205:610, says, speaking of *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven* and *The Mysterious Stranger*, "There is a power of imagination in these works of fiction on the subject of creation, which is nothing less than titanic".
could have been conceived by no mind less imaginative than that of Cervantes. Who but a Cervantes or a Mark Twain with their knowledge of human nature and also with their superb imagination could have written the following selection taken from Eve's Diary as she tells about the moon:

"But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know it because I would do it myself. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but I already begin to realize that the core and center of my nature is love for the beautiful, and that it would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person and that person didn't know I had it. I could give up a moon that I found in the day time, because I should be afraid some one was looking; but if I found it in the dark, I am sure I should find some kind of an excuse for not saying anything about it. For I do love moons, they are so pretty and so romantic. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I should never get tired lying on the moss-bank and looking up at them.

"Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find out how far off they are, for they do not look it. When they first showed last night, I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which

astonished me; then I tried clods until I was all tired out, but I never got one. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn't after I couldn't hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the clod sail right into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just barely missing them, and if I could have held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

"So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for a place on the extreme rim of the circle, where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them tenderly then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I had to give it up; I was so tired I couldn't drag my feet another step; and besides they were sore and hurt me very much."
The scope of both authors is wide, both in the kind of writings they produced and the audience they reached. Cervantes and Mark Twain both wrote plays which met with comparatively little success, though there is no doubt that both possessed dramatic ability and were, more or less the victims of circumstances, Cervantes being overshadowed by more talented dramatists, and Mark Twain not being able to find an actor who would give his plays the consideration his friends thought their due. Howells, complaining of the attitude of the actor Raymond toward a play that was the joint work of Howells and Mark Twain, says in answer to Raymond's objection to representing the "insanity" of Colonel Sellers on the stage, "We were too far off to allege Hamlet to the contrary, or King Lear, or to instance the delight which generations of readers throughout the world had taken in the mad freaks of Don Quixote". Whatever their dramatic ability may have been, the fact remains that both Cervantes and Mark Twain wrote dramas and both failed to please the public to any great extent, notwithstanding Cervantes' claim that his plays pleased the public, and Samuel E. Moffett's assertion that "The Gilded Age, Tom Sawyer, The Prince and the Pauper, and Pudd'nhead Wilson have all been successful on the stage."

In poetry there is little comparison between the two authors, for Cervantes wrote a large amount of passable verse, and Twain wrote but little.

It is in the content of their novels that we find the greatest similarity of scope. "The Don Quixote is a miscellany which can easily be resolved into its elements. It contains:

- Madrigals and burlesque lyrics
- Tales: tragic, pathetic, romantic.
- Literary criticism (reviews and opinions on literary types and individual works --- novels, poems, pastorals. At times the expression of opinion takes the form of parody.)
- Silva de varias lecciones (oratorical tirades on the usual themes: the Golden Age, poverty, ideal government, marriage, the relative excellence of arms and letters, etc; a repertory of medieval and humanistic commonplaces.)"

In Mark Twain's works we find a similar mixture of tragic and grotesque tales, of tirades against abuses that exist in all kinds of governments, of parody on various writings, of real literary criticism.

Both writers have had the same audience --- the world; neither was appreciated by his contemporaries as he should have been. "It took more than a hundred years after the publication of Don Quixote for the world to see in it anything more than a tale of comic misadventures", and it is taking the people of the United States many years to realize that Mark Twain is more than a humorist. "The three

geniuses (Poe, Twain, and Whitman) who have made permanent contributions to world literature, who have either embodied in the completest degree the spirit of American democracy or who have won the widest following of imitators and admirers in foreign countries, still await their final and just deserts at the hands of critical opinion in their own land.

"For if it be true that the judgment of foreign nations is virtually the judgment of posterity, then is Mark Twain already a classic."

"The Mercure de France", Dec., 1899, paid him this distinguished tribute, 'His public is as varied as possible because of the versatility and suppleness of his talent which addressed itself to all classes of readers. He has been called the greatest humorist in the world, and that is doubtless the truth; but he is also a charming and attractive story-teller, an alert romancer, a clever and penetrating observer, a philosopher without pretensions and, therefore, all the more profound, and finally, a brilliant essayist."

That Cervantes and Mark Twain have appealed to all nations is proved by the translations that have been made of Don Quixote into all of the more important foreign languages, and by editions of Mark Twain's works that have appeared in German, French, Russian, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, and Magyar.

Purpose

"My desire has been no other than to deliver over to the contempt of mankind the false and foolish tales of the books of chivalry, which, thanks to that of my true Don Quixote, are even now tottering and doubtless doomed to fall forever," says Cervantes toward the end of the Second Part, repeating almost word for word the announcement of his purpose given in the Prolog. Doubtless the suggestion made in the Prolog, "Strive, too, that in reading your book, the melancholy may be moved to laughter, those who are laughing may laugh more heartily, the simple may not be angered, the wise may admire your invention, the grave may not despise it, nor the prudent cease to praise it," is sufficient indication that another of Cervantes' motives was that of entertainment. Giles says that "a commanding spirit such as he could never have confined himself within limits so contracted;... genius cannot, like talent, anticipate its end, and so deliberately adhere to a fixed adaptation of constructive means. ... Genius, therefore, often reverses the originating intention, and always goes beyond it". And so we find in the Quixote various subsidiary purposes such as the criticism of literature, the description of contemporary society and some criticism of it, and the expression of his philosophy of life.

2. Idem, I, 22, 24b, 24t.
4. Illustrations of Genius, Boston, 1854, p. 35.
As we have given evidence in the author's own words of the first two purposes and as we discuss his criticism of literature and his descriptions elsewhere, it is necessary to mention here only his criticism of society and his philosophy of life.

In the Quixote, the chief criticism of an individual connected with the government is that of Don Bernardino, who, as Ormsby tells us, "was famous for having one of the hardest hearts and ugliest faces in all Spain. He was especially charged with the expulsion of the Manchegan Moriscoes".

As it probably was not safe to criticise particular government officials, Cervantes confined his criticism to general classes. Sancho Panza in conversation with the Duchess says,"I have seen more than two donkeys go to governments, and it would be nothing new if I should take mine with me". A barber and good clothes, according to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, are sufficient, with the sanction of the king, to make a duke or a count of the boorish squire, and they add that they "know by experience that one does not need much ability nor much learning in order to be a governor, for there are a hundred around here that scarcely know how to read, and they govern like goshawks."
passage Don Quixote warns Sancho, who is about to assume the role of governor, not to accept bribes. When Don Quixote meets the prisoners who are chained together, he takes the occasion of expressing his opinion of various classes of officials, claiming that they are idiotic and vacillating.

Cervantes' criticisms are not always destructive; on the contrary they are usually constructive. To Sancho he expresses his ideas about good government and good governors. "Liberty", he says, "is one of the most precious gifts which heaven has given to men; not all the treasures which the earth encloses or the sea hides can equal it; for liberty as for one's honor life can and ought to be risked; and on the contrary, captivity is the worst evil that can come to men". He gives four legitimate causes for war: defense of the Catholic faith; defense of one's life—which is the natural law as well as the divine; defense of one's honor, family and estate; the service of the king in just war. Those in authority cannot always act humbly, although they may be humble. The governor must provide for the material prosperity of his subjects, for nothing exasperates the poor like hunger. He must not make many laws, but he must enforce those that he does make. He must not always be severe, nor always lenient, and he must exercise personal supervision especially over the prisons. The

reforms that Sancho starts are doubtless some that Cervantes would have liked to see instituted in Spain, e.g., he compels the well-to-do to give money to the poor idler, whom he then sends into exile for ten years; he permits the sale of wine with the provision that the merchants state where it comes from, without changing its name, and selling it at a reasonable price; he places a standard for the hire of servants and for the sale of various articles of clothing, especially shoes; he penalizes the singing of improper songs; and he commands all blind beggars to undergo an examination in order to lessen the number of imposters. He states it to be his purpose to favor the laborer, to guard the rights of the nobility, to reward the virtuous, and above all to honor religious and to respect religion.

Social criticisms other than those concerned with the conduct of governments are frequent. In the various scenes at the duke's palace where the duenna appears there is implied criticism; the medical profession receives a blow in the person of Sancho's doctor; the entire affair at the duke's is an indictment of people of high rank on the charge of heartlessness, almost cruelty, toward their fellowmen.

Marriages, maintains Cervantes, should take place only between equals, and children should have the right of deciding matrimonial questions for themselves.

The love that parents should have for their children, regardless of their faults, is well set forth by Don Quixote, who also prescribes as a cure for love-sickness plenty of employment. Love, he says, is influenced by no consideration and recognizes no restraints of reason, and is of the same nature as death in that it assails the lofty palaces of kings and the humble cabins of shepherds. To attempt to tie the tongues of slanderers is to want to put doors on the open country. He makes a few psychological observations: it is natural for women to despise those who love them and love him who hates them; man cannot control the first impulse of his soul; heirs forget the sorrow they should have at the death of a benefactor in their joy over gaining new possessions; commanding, although it be only in joke, brings with it the desire to command and to be obeyed. Under this same heading of psychological observations one might place Don Quixote’s encouraging counsel to the robber chief, Roque, “Señor Roque, the beginning of health is knowledge of the sickness and the desire on the part of the patient to take the medicines that the doctor prescribes. You are sick, you know your illness, and heaven, or rather God, who is our Physician, will give you the medicines which will cure you. They heal little by little, and not suddenly and miraculously; and more, wise

sinners are nearer amendment than the simple; and since you have shown your prudence in your words, you must be of good courage and hope for a cure for the sickness of your conscience."

Several times Cervantes condemns superstitious practices and beliefs, maintaining that each individual is master of his own fortunes.

The proverbs, in which the Quixote is rich, embody some of Cervantes' best philosophy. "Dios, que da la llaga, da la medicina"; "Lo que cuesta poco, se estima en menos"; "No ocupa más pies de tierra el cuerpo del papa que él del sacristán"; "Es bueno mandar, aunque sea a un hato de ganado"; "No es un hombre más que otro, si no hace más que otro"; "Mientras se duerme todos son iguales"; "Cada uno es como Dios le hizo, y aun peor muchas veces"; "Retirar no es huir"; "No hay memoria a quien el tiempo no acabe ni dolor que muerte no le consuma"; "Es menester mucho tiempo para venir a conocer las personas"; "Que desnudo nací, desnudo me halló; ni pierdo ni gano"; "Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre".

M.A.S. Hume, in his Spanish Influences on English Literature, sums up well Cervantes' attitude toward his fellow-men: "It has been well said by a learned Cervantist, that

4. Idem, I, 34, 43.
8. Idem, II, 43.
there are six hundred sixty-nine personages in Don Quixote, and yet not one of this motley multitude is wholly bad or despicable. It is this deep humanity, this wise tenderness, this intimate appreciation of the better side of inferior natures, which have endeared Cervantes to generation after generation, to a degree unequaled by any other writer in literary history."

Mark Twain was nothing if not versatile; hence in his various writings one discovers different purposes, several of them similar to those which we have discussed in regard to the Quixote, e.g., the destruction of books of chivalry and of sham and unreality wherever he found it, criticism of literature, entertainment, description of contemporary society and criticism of it, and the expression of his philosophy of life. Too many people think of Mark Twain as a mere fun-maker, but those who have read his works carefully are impressed by the fact that he is as much a philosopher as a humorist, and the words that he puts into Satan's mouth seem to indicate that he used his humor as a weapon. Witness the following: "For your race in its poverty, has unquestionably one really effective weapon — laughter. Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution — these can lift at a colossal humbug — push it a little — weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast. Against the

assault of laughter nothing can stand. You are always fussing and fighting with your other weapons. Do you ever use that one? No; you leave it lying rusting. As a race, do you ever use it at all? No; you lack sense and the courage."

In the chapter which follows we discuss briefly Mark Twain's attacks upon the tendency among Southern writers to try to imitate the chivalrous literature of Sir Walter Scott, but we have, besides these numerous criticisms, his Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, which is a gigantic burlesque on books of chivalry and an exposition of the extravagances and "absurdities of that ancient day". That Mark Twain did not try to destroy real chivalry is obvious when one reads his Defense of Harriet Shelley and his Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, and one is reminded of what David Rubió says of Cervantes, "I should say that what Cervantes satirizes is not caballería but caballerismo." Cervantes ridicules very gracefully the extravagances and exaggerations of those abortive creations called books of chivalry which were devoured by the curious and those who were not curious in his day. And in his ridicule of them exists the paradox. Cervantes, who was enamored of true chivalry, created Don Quixote, the most perfect and finished type of knight errant that ever existed, much more perfect and real than Amadís himself." To the evidence we have

2. ¿Hay una filosofía en el Quijote? New York, 1924, 135.
given of Mark Twain's chivalry we may quote Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' statement that the tales of Sir Thomas Malory were Mark Twain's "life-long passion and delight."

When studying Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, one is tempted to heed the warning given at the beginning of the latter book as follows:

NOTICE

Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.

By order of the Author,
Per G.G. Chief of Ordnance.

but the picture of contemporary society is too well drawn to be accidental; and the boy psychology in the book is too true to life to be the result of chance. The books teach older people how to deal with younger ones. They contain also much homely philosophy.

Government criticisms and criticisms of social conditions are naturally more numerous in the works of a writer living in a republic in the nineteenth century than they could possibly be in those of a writer living in a monarchy.
in the sixteenth century. That this criticism was a part of Mark Twain's definite purpose is shown by his own words in the *Connecticut Yankee*, "You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to protect the body from winter, disease and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags --- that is a loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, it was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it. I was from Connecticut, whose Constitution declares 'that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit'.... Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal; he is a traitor. That he may be the only one who thinks he sees this decay, does not excuse him; it is his duty to agitate anyway, and it is the duty of the others to vote him down if they do not see the matter as he does."

1. Edith Wyatt in "An Inspired Critic", *No. Am.*, 205:604, quotes Mr. Paine as saying, "Those who remember Mark Twain's Enterprise letters .... declare them to have been the greatest series of daily philippics ever written."

And Mark Twain practiced what he preached. In the Curious Republic of Condour, he advocated that the voting privilege be estimated not by the individuals but by their intellectual qualifications. Some should have two votes, others ten, others, only the one provided for by the Constitution. His criticisms of the government's policy in the Philippines are caustic, his Defense of General Funston probably being unsurpassed in the English tongue. "We have bought some islands from a party who did not own them; with real smartness and a good counterfeit of disinterested friendliness, we coaxed a confiding, weak nation into a trap and closed it upon them; we went back on an honored guest of the Stars and Stripes when we had no further use for him and chased him to the mountains; we are as indisputably in possession of a wide-spread archipelago as if it were our property; we have pacified some thousands of islanders and buried them; destroyed their fields, burned their villages, and turned their widows and orphans out-of-doors; furnished heart-break by exile to some dozens of disagreeable patriots; subjugated the remaining millions by Benevolent Assimilation, which is the pious, new name of the market".

Government officials come in for their share of ridicule. In The Gilded Age he writes, "The Hon. Mrs. Oliver

Higgins was the wife of a delegate from a distant territory—a gentleman who had kept the principal 'saloon' and sold the best whiskey in the principal village in this wilderness, and so, of course, was recognized as the first man of his commonwealth and its fittest representative. He was a man of paramount influence at home, for he was public-spirited, he was chief of the fire department, he had an admirable command of profane language, and had killed several 'parties,' etc. In *Life on the Mississippi* he says of a man who had been both a pirate and an alderman, "When he died, they set up a monument over him; and little by little he has come into respect again; but it is respect for the pirate, not the alderman. To-day the loyal and generous remember only what he was, and charitably forget what he became." He makes Pudd'nhead Wilson say, "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress". And in 1907, in *Christian Science* he lists Congress and the American voter as among the moral failures of the Christian religion. In *Roughing It* he gives a sarcastic, effective description, an arraignment of our honored trial by jury; in *The Gilded Age*, he not only attacks the trial by jury, but he also shows the absurdity of letting people escape punishment on the plea of insanity, and then not committing

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them to an asylum for the insane.

We shall leave his particular statements about the government, although his works are full of them, to mention his other criticisms and wise sayings. In *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, Huck says that the little nations are the ones that apologize when there has been trouble. In *Literary Essays*, he says, "Who gives the Jews the right, who gives any race the right, to sit still, in a free country, and let somebody else look after its safety?" In *Following the Equator* we find two criticisms of the public schools, in one of which he suggests something like the intelligence tests that are now so much in vogue. He criticises Cecil Rhodes and his African policy; and he calls attention to the American who painted an advertisement on the Schillerstein. He advocates cremation as a health measure. "The 'cocking-main' is an inhuman sort of entertainment, there is no question about that; still it seems a much more respectable and far less cruel sport than fox-hunting --- for the cocks like it; they experience as well as confer enjoyment; which is not the fox's case." In *Roughing It* he takes vengeance on the Baltimore and Washington Railway Company. Feuds he discusses in *Life on the Mississippi* and in *Huckleberry Finn*. In

The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, Mark Twain almost convinces his reader of the truth of the statement which he makes in *The Mysterious Stranger*. The angel "was accustomed to say that our race lived a life of continuous and uninterrupted self-deception. It duped itself from cradle to grave with shams and delusions which it mistook for realities, and this made its entire life a sham. Of the score of fine qualities which it imagined it had and was vain of, it really possessed hardly one. It regarded itself as gold and was only brass." Often one finds a note of meditation on the transitoriness of the things of earth, as in the following when he is speaking of his schoolmate, John Garth:

"He became a prosperous banker and a prominent and valued citizen; and a few years ago he died, rich and honored. He died. It is what I have to say about so many of those boys and girls." Also, "Hickman is dead --- it is the old story. As Susy said, 'What is it all for?'" After ridiculing the human race, the angel in *The Mysterious Stranger* says, "But, after all, it is not all ridiculous; there is a sort of pathos about it when one remembers how few are your days, how childish your pompoms, and what shadows you are!" Human beings are only sheep, led by a loud minority. The drunkard, Jim Blaine, voices this bit of philosophy in *Roughing It*, "Providence don't fire no blank cartridges, boys". "We don't reason where we feel; we just feel". "Partialities

often make people see more than really exists. "Self approval is acquired mainly by the approval of other people. "

"We are always more anxious to be distinguished for a talent which we do not possess than to be praised for the fifteen we do possess." "When people do not respect us we are sharply offended; yet deep down in his private heart no man much respects himself", says Pudd'nhead Wilson; and throughout the book that bears his name, in the Gilded Age, and Following the Equator his wise sayings increase the serious element already there. "Don't part with your illusions", he says, "When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live". "The very ink with which history is written is merely fluid prejudice". "There isn't a Parallel of Latitude but thinks it would have been the Equator if it had had its rights".

There can be no doubt, then, that Cervantes and Mark Twain were moved by similar purposes in writing their books.

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1. "Corn-Pone Opinions" in Europe and Elsewhere, p 404.
2. Autobiog., II, 139.
3. Following the Equator, I, 288.
Criticism of Literature

1

In Spain at the time of Cervantes, Luis de Argote y Gongora (1561-1627) and Luis de Carrillo y Sotomayor (1583-1610), had made rather popular an exaggerated style of writing that concealed the meaning of the author under artificial and flowery phrases. Here and there, as we shall see later, Cervantes ridiculed this culturanismo in his Don Quixote. Stronger, however, than the tendency toward culturanismo was the mania for writing and reading books of chivalry. We are told that both Church and State tried to root out this latter evil and failed; it took Cervantes' caricature of the books of chivalry --- Don Quixote --- to accomplish the task.

Cervantes' greatest criticism of books of chivalry is not in his direct words against them, but in the character of Don Quixote, who --- as we shall see in the chapter on characters influenced by their reading --- lost his mind because of them.

In the Prolog Cervantes commences his general criticism by pretending grief at not being able to make many wise notations and annotations, and quotations from foreign authors, or use Latin and Greek expressions. He is

2. Sedgwick: Essays on Great Writers, New York, 1903, p.247, says that in 1543 Charles V forbade the printing and sale of books of chivalry in the West Indies, and in 1555 the Cortes petitioned the Emperor for like laws for Spain.
ostensibly comforted by his friend who tells him to write sonnets and other poems for the beginning of his book and pretend that some other author wrote them; to hunt out some phrases of Latin and to cite Horace; to make long annotations at the end of the book about subjects that are commonly known, but to make them in a learned manner; and for the list of cited authors to take an entire list from some other book and use it, and, although he has no need of this list, there will probably be some simple enough to believe that he has used all these authors in preparing his book.

A bit of sound advice for authors is given also in the Prolog: "Try also to bring it about that in reading your story the melancholy may be moved to laughter, those who are already laughing may laugh more heartily, the simple may not be offended, the serious may not despise it, nor the prudent fail to praise it."

Of the many criticisms of books of chivalry in which the Quixote abounds, we shall give only a few. Probably the most important found in the Quixote, and the one which seems to be paralleled in Mark Twain's books is given in the early part of the story when the priest and the barber go through all of Don Quixote's library selecting those books that they think worth saving and destroying the

others, meanwhile giving the reader much information about
the books of chivalry then in vogue. "The first which
Master Nicholas put into his hands was *Las cuatro de Amadís
de Gaula*, and the curate said, 'This seems to be a matter
of mystery; because as I have heard, this book was the first
of all the books of chivalry that were printed in Spain,
and all the others have had their beginning and origin in
it; and thus it seems to me that as the dogmatizer of so
bad a sect, we should condemn it to the fire without any
excuse whatever."

"'No, sir! said the barber, 'for I have also heard
that it is the best of all the books of this kind that have
been composed; and thus, as something unique in that line,
it should be pardoned.'"

And so on through a whole catalog of books of chivalry
and of pastoral life.

Even Don Quixote is made to bear witness against the
books of chivalry, when, at the hour of death, he regains
his senses and says, "Congratulate me, good people, for
now I am not Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quijano,
who, by my customs have been given the title of 'the Good'.
Now I am the enemy of Amadís of Gaul and of the whole herd
of his kind; now all the profane stories of knight errantry
are hateful to me; now I recognize my idiocy and the dan-

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1.Idem, VIII, 323.
ger in which I was placed by reading them; now, by the
mercy of God, coming to my sense, I abominate them." And
in his will Quixote stipulates that his niece is to inherit
his property with this very important provision --- that
she shall marry a man who is not even acquainted with books
of chivalry. Marriage with anyone at all interested in
such books means forfeiture of all claim to the property,
which is then to be applied to charity.

But Cervantes does not condemn all books of chivalry;
he maintains that if some one were given charge of examin-
ing all the books of chivalry that had been recently
written, doubtless some very excellent ones would be found
that enriched the language with their eloquence and would
offer useful pastime not only for the idle, but also for
the busy men, who cannot always endure the strain of their
work.

History, Cervantes thinks, should be exact. "History
is a sacred thing, because it ought to be true, and where
truth is, there is God.... but notwithstanding this there
are some who produce books as though they were hot-cakes".
Twice Cervantes mentions a historian whom he does not
see to like, and Rodriguez Maria gives us this note:

"Ironically Cervantes calls John Turpin, Archbishop of

3. Numerous other references might be given, of which the
   following are some: IV, 239, 240, 262; III, 159; V, 1136.
Rheims, a true historian, to whom was attributed, two centuries after his death, a lying history of Charlemagne which was so full of errors and stories that it gave its supposed author the lasting reputation of being an imposer."

Long drawn out and full of repetition is the story that Sancho Panza has been telling his master when the latter interrupts him, "If you tell your story in this fashion, Sancho, repeating all that you say twice, you will not get through in two days; say it straight-forwardly, and tell it like a man of sense, and if not, don't say anything."

"In the same way that I am telling my story", answered Sancho, "they tell everything in my country, and I don't know how to tell it any other way." Concerning this passage, Rodríguez Marín says in a note, "Although they seem scarce, it is certain that there were and there are authors that write almost in the way that Sancho told his stories, repeating phrases in order to fit them in with the following phrases." And when Sancho breaks off the story because he has lost count of the goats that have crossed the stream, Quixote (or as Rodríguez Marín says, Cervantes) speaks ironically of the story which was a common one at the time of Cervantes. Quixote ends by saying that it does not astonish him because the continual blows of the

fulling mill have probably driven him out of his mind. In describing the reception of Don Quixote into the house of the Knight of the Green Cloak", Cervantes says, "Here the author paints all the conditions in the home of Don Diego, showing us all that the house of a rich farmer contains; but it seemed best to the translator of this history to pass over these things in silence because they did not concern the principal theme of the story; which finds more power in truth than in cold digressions." Ormsby thinks this is a hit at the prolixity not only of the romances of chivalry, but also of more modern works. In the person of the licentiate's cousin Cervantes seems to ridicule writers who busy themselves with endless trifles.

Poetry is criticised, too, in the Quixote. The Bachiller says there are three and a half famous poets in Spain. Twice Cervantes mentions the famous poet, Garcilaso. In volume five, he gives a gloss and a sonnet which are according to Ormsby --- a criticism of the Culto school. "This of Cervantes has a certain resemblance to the glosses of Count Villamediana, who was one of the chief gloss writers of the day. Don Lorenzo's sonnet is a caricature, and by no means an overcharged one, of the sonnet style of the Culto school, which at this time had nearly attained its highest influence. Indeed it might easily pass muster as a fair specimen, not, perhaps of Gongora, but of any

of the minor cultoristas, and both it and the gloss hit
off very happily their mannerisms of thought and expression.

1 Clemencin does not think these verses good and says that
they are probably not Cervantes' work. Rodríguez Marín
does not know why Quixote praises the verses. "There are
more ingenious sonnets in our Parnaso; for example, that
of Gongora to Don Cristobal de Mera."

Cervantes goes farther in his literary criticisms.

He suggests a censor at the national capital, before whom
all the plays intended for presentation in Spain should be
played. He criticises the public taste for books of chivalry,
and the actors for their presentation of bad plays,
maintaining that it is not entirely the bad taste of the
audience that compels the presentation of works that are
of no value, but the desire of the actors. And in connec-
tion with this discourse he gives deserved praise to Argen-
sola, saying that his three plays, La Isabela, La Filis,
and La Alejandra were presented in Spain with great pleas-
ure to the wise as well as the simple, bringing in more
money to the actors than thirty plays that were presented
afterwards, notwithstanding the fact that they followed
the rules of the art. This proves that the fault lies not
with the audience, but with the actors. In the same pas-
sage, under guise of general criticism of the comedia,

Cervantes criticises Lope de Vega and contradicts what Lope said in the "Arte nuevo de hacer comedias", asserting that Lope's statement that the demands of the people compel the dramatist to neglect the unities of time and place is no excuse for such neglect of real art. And then he pays a nice compliment to "the infinite comedies of a very fortunate genius of these realms, with such pleasing address, with such grace, with such elegant verse, with such good sense, with such serious ideas, and finally so full of eloquence and greatness of style that the whole world is full of his fame; and in order to please the actors, not all the comedies have reached the perfection that they should have."

Cervantes mentions the story of Angelica and says, "Another famous and unique poet of Spain sang her beauty," referring, as Rodríguez Marín thinks, to Lope's poem of twenty cantos entitled "The Beauty of Angelica". Rodríguez Marín adds, "He calls him the only Spanish poet not only to carry his praise to the extreme, but also with a bit of irony, alluding to the fact that Lope himself in the beginning of some of his books called himself emblemsically and not at all modestly 'the only wonderful one'". Rodríguez Marín finds a reference to Lope's private life in the same passage.

1. Lope is not mentioned by name, but any one having read his Arte nuevo de hacer comedias, could not fail to see that Lope is the object of the criticism.
2. Rodríguez Marín, Ed. cit., IV, 247, note, says that this is a rather tardy compliment.
but a few lines further on, "... for it is natural and characteristic of rejected poets who are not favored by their ladies --- imaginary or real --- by those whom they have picked out as the ladies of their thoughts, to avenge themselves with satires and libels, a vengeance, indeed, unworthy of generous hearts;" and it is the opinion of Rodríguez Marín that in these words Cervantes is hitting again at Lope de Vega. If Sacripante and Roldán, lovers of Angelica and disdained by her, were not poets and for this reason "could not wipe the floor with her in satires and libels, the famous and only poet of Spain did it with another Angelica, a comedienne, for he lacked much as regards good living and customs."

Of translators Cervantes says: "And not for this should one infer that translation is not desirable; for a man can occupy himself in worse matters and those that do not bring him any profit. In connection with this matter are the two translators; the one, Doctor Cristobal de Figueroa, in his Pastor Fido, and the other, Don Juan de Juárigui, in his Aminta, where one would doubt which was the translation and which was the original".

And Cervantes is not going to let the reader forget his own works. In the Second Part of the Quijote he praises the first part: "The children fondle it, the youth read it, men understand it and the old commend it; and

1. Idem, VIII, 156-7.
finally it is so much sought after and so much read and so well known by all kinds of people that they say whenever they see a lean horse: 'There goes Rocinante'. And he also gives us notice of Rinconete y Cortadillo.

There is praise of Luz del Alma by Felipe Meneses (1556) and criticism of critics, but the most bitter of all Cervantes' criticism is saved for Avellaneda, the author of the spurious Second Part of Don Quixote. Several references are made to this spurious second part in the genuine one, but the best is given by Altisidora, the Duchess' maid as she tells what she saw when she was "dead". At the gates of hell she saw devils playing ball with books "full of wind and rubbish". No ball outlasted the first throw. One which the devils knocked all to pieces at the very first throw was the Segunda Parte by Avellaneda. The devils tell their companions to send it to the depths of hell, that even they could not have made it worse, and Don Quixote adds that every one kicks this book.

Although the ordinary reader of Don Quixote knows quite well that Spain was flooded with books of chivalry and that Cervantes' great work killed them, the average American --- unless he has read Mark Twain closely --- does not stop to think that America, particularly the South, was ever addicted to chivalric literature; in fact,

5. Other references to the Segunda Parte by Avellaneda are: V, 14-23; VIII, 88, 130, 291, 297.
He learns it with quite a shock, for he has always considered the Americans too practical for that kind of amusement. Nor does the average American student pay any attention to the children's literature of a generation ago and its harmful influence; neither does it occur to him that newspapers could ever have used anything but good, clear, even though not always correct language. He pays almost no attention to the superficiality and affectation of the travel books that the American public had been reading before Mark Twain gave an honest account of what he saw in his travels. The student of Mark Twain, however, wondering how much of what the great humorist says about literature is the result of his fun-making and how much of it is true, turns to other critics to verify the rather startling statements he finds in such books as *Life on the Mississippi*, *Tom Sawyer*, *The Innocents Abroad*, *The Story of the Good Little Boy*, and, in fact, in nearly all of Mark Twain's writings. In the older histories of American literature one finds little on the subject of the kind of writing and reading prevalent in the various sections of the United States; the later ones have more information.

No one can say authoritatively to what influence the chivalry of the South is due, but no one denies that such chivalry existed at least down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and it is hard to tell whether it is
still alive or not. Mark Twain attributes this chivalry to the reading of Sir Walter Scott's books, particularly *Ivanhoe*. It is to be regretted that histories of literature do not tell more about the books that were read, than they do; as it is, the discussion seems to be limited to the works actually produced by inhabitants of the regions under discussion, and even then only to the works of most importance and of real value. But here and there one runs across information that confirms Mark Twain's criticism of Southern romanticism and chivalry. In discussing Sidney Lanier, Dudley Miles, Chairman of the department of English in the Evander Childs High School, New York City, says, "Even his father's literary interests seem to have been confined to Shakespeare and Addison and Sir Walter Scott --- to the items of that self-sufficient culture which reigned everywhere in the South before the Civil War. ... Scott and Froissart fired Lanier's young mind with ideals of chivalry. ... His boys' books, the Froissart and King Arthur and the rest reveal even more of the man. ... He had from early youth cherished a recurring interest in the deeds and heroes of chivalry. They answered to an innate knighthood of spirit which was fostered by his Southern upbringing." Of Susan Dabney Smedes and her *Memorials of a Southern Planter*, we read, "Without any of the theatrical effectiveness common in the older Southern prose, she

related in simple, dignified words the history of her father, Thomas Dabney, a planter of Mississippi. ... On laying down the volume, Gladstone exclaimed: 'Let no man say that the age of chivalry is gone, or that Thomas Dabney was not worthy to sit beside Sir Perceval at the "table round" of King Arthur". Of Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., (1831-1893) we read that his "turgid style was much admired for the magniloquent swing of the phrases and the unending procession of the lofty and sectional notions." He was "a Macaulay in a pompous dress."

A near relative of the books of chivalry --- whether English or American --- was the melodramatic "dime-dreadful", which was popular over the whole country in the sixties.

In connection with the short story we are told, "For the new form there sprang up in the twenties a new vehicle, the annual. For two decades the book stands were loaded with flamboyantly bound gift books --- The Token, The Talisman, The Pearl, The Amaranth, and the others, elaborate Sketch Books: varied soon by echoes from the new romanticism of Europe. ... Never before such a gushing of

2. American reading has always been much like that of the English. We find in "William Dean Howells' Relation to Spanish Literature" (K.U. thesis, 1925, p.133) by Mrs. Marjorie Patterson, a quotation from Howells to the effect that in England "they still like to read novels as crude as the Greek romances".(Harper's, 92:805.)
sentiment, of mawkish pathos, of crude terror effects, and vague Germanic mysticism."

Children's literature seemed to be unknown in the English language until the eighteenth century, and even then "It was a grim affair, with few literary merits. Hell-fire was its chief theme; anything might turn out to be a faggot for the conflagration of wicked little souls. More than a century later, Mrs. Sherwood was influenced by the same obsession. The kingdom of heaven might be of children; but children were always dreadfully in jeopardy of another fate." These gloomy books were in vogue in the United States as well as in England. "Our Sabbath School library books were nearly all English reprints and most of our every-day reading came to us from over the sea," wrote Lucy Larcom." Of American publications for children, "Most of the earlier books were controversial; ignorant authoresses prattled of theology as glibly as their heroines declaimed their religious experiences. At first in great demand, the strongly sectarian books began to give way; the Sunday School Union itself was tending to break down distinctions. ... At a much later period those books grew in favor which had the least direct religious teaching, until finally the Sunday School library, designed to instruct, remained only to allure; and at the end of the nineteenth

century the old-fashioned Sunday School book had happily vanished. Down to the decade 1880-1890, however, it still sold in enormous quantities; and its influence for three generations had been as morbid as it was weighty. These books presented parodies of child-life in Edgworthian contrast. There was a spiritually faultless but organically feeble child who died after converting some one during a gasping illness, and there was a more healthy but worldly companion who refused to attend Sunday School and lived to a miserable end." Mark Twain tells us that although he found these books dreary reading they were better than none at all, and he was glad to get them. In his chapter, "Past and Present" in Life on the Mississippi, he shows the effect that his early training and reading had upon his beliefs. "When I was a small boy, Lem Hackett was drowned --- on a Sunday. He fell out of an empty flat-boat where he was playing. Being loaded with sin, he went to the bottom like an anvil. He was the only boy in the village who slept that night. We others all lay awake repenting. We had not needed the information, delivered from the pulpit that evening, that Lem's was a case of special judgment --- we knew that already. There was a ferocious thunder-storm that night, and it raged until near dawn. The wind blew, the windows rattled, the rain swept along

the roof in pelting sheets, and at the briefest intervals
the blackness of the night vanished .... a splitting peal
of thunder followed which seemed to rend everything in the
neighborhood to shreds and splinters. I sat up in bed
quaking and shuddering, waiting for the destruction of the
world and expecting it. To me there was nothing strange
or incongruous in Heaven's making such an uproar about
Lem Hackett. Apparently it was the right and proper thing
to do. Not a doubt entered my mind that all the angels
were grouped together, discussing this boy's case and ob-
serving the awful bombardment of our beggarly little village
with satisfaction and approval. There was one thing which
disturbed me in the most serious way; that was the thought
that this centering of the celestial interest on our village
could not fail to attract the attention of the observers to
people among us who might otherwise have escaped notice for
years. I felt I was not only one of those people, but the
very one most likely to be discovered. That discovery could
have but one result: I should be in the fire with Lem be-
fore the chill of the river had been fairly warmed out of
him. I knew that this would be only just and fair. I
endured agonies of remorse for sins which I knew I had com-
mittced, and for others which I was not certain about, yet
was sure that they had been set down against me in a book
by an angel who was wiser than I and did not trust such
important matters to memory. ... Things had become truly
serious. I resolved to cease from sin in all its forms, and to lead a high and blameless life forever after. I would be punctual at church and Sunday-school; visit the sick; carry baskets of victuals to the poor (simply to fulfill the regulation conditions, although I knew we had none among us so poor but they would smash the basket over my head for my pains); I would instruct other boys in right ways, and take the resulting trouncings meekly; I would subsist entirely on tracts; I would invade the rum shop and warn the drunkard —— and finally if I escaped the fate of those who early become too good to live, I would go for a missionary."

Probably because he had himself suffered from the influence of Sunday School books of the kind we have described above, Mark Twain delighted in satirizing them. In 1865 he wrote two sketches evidently with this purpose. The Story of the Bad Little Boy upsets all the theories expounded in the ordinary Sunday School book. Jim —— for he was not, like the bad little boys in the Sunday School books, called James —— didn't have any sick mother either —— a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world might be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. ... She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on

1. Sketches New and Old, Syracuse, N.Y., 1893, 37ff, 44ff.
Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck it wouldn't be much loss. ... Once this little bad boy stole the key to the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, 'Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good kind mother's jam?' And then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more.... No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also;... and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious —— everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

"Once he climbed up into Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no; he stole as many apples as he wanted and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog,
too, and knocked him endways with a brick when he came to
tear him.... Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school
books. ... but the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim
was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get
drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the
storm when he was fishing on Sunday and didn't get struck by
lightning. Why you might look, and look, all through the
Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas and you
would never come across anything like this. Oh, no; you
would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday in-
vvariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught
out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get
struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always up-
set on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing
on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.
.... He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sab-
bath, and didn't shoot three or four fingers off. He struck
his little sister on the temple ... and she didn't linger in
pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of
forgiveness on her lips. ... No; she got over it. He ran
off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find
himself sad and alone in the world. ... Ah, no; he came home
drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first
thing. And he grew up and married ... and got wealthy by all
manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernal-
est wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is univer-
sally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

"So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sin-
ful James with the charmed life."

As The Story of the Good Little Boy is summarized
below in the chapter on characters influenced by their
reading, it will be unnecessary to do more than mention it
here as a bit of clever criticism.

It is not at all unlikely that Mark Twain helped to
bring about the extinction of the gloomy Sunday-school
book. We are told that in the earlier part of the nine-
teenth century there existed not a single book of value for
children; but that at the end of the century, at least
half a thousand of real merit had been written.

Chivalry and humbuggery of all kinds Mark Twain detest-
ed, and no one "has ever poured such scorn upon the second-
hand, Walter Scotticised pseudo-chivalry of the Southern
ideal". He says of the capitol at Baton Rouge: "Sir
Walter Scott is probably responsible for the Capitol build-
ing; for it is not conceivable that this little sham
castle would ever have been built if he had not run the
people mad, a couple of generations ago with his medieval
romances. The South has not yet recovered from the debil-
itating influence of his books. Admiration of his fantas-
tic heroes and their grotesque 'chivalry' doings and ro-

1. See below, p. 123.
Romantic juvenilities still survives here, in an atmosphere in which is already perceptible the wholesome and practical nineteenth century smell of cotton factories and locomotives; and traces of its inflated language and other windy humbuggeries survive along with it. It is pathetic enough that a whitewashed castle, with turrets and things --- materials all ungenuine within and without, pretending to be what they are not --- should ever have been built in this otherwise honorable place; but it is much more pathetic to see this architectural falsehood undergoing restoration and perpetuation in our day, when it would have been so easy to let dynamite finish what a charitable fire began, and then devote this restoration money to the building of something genuine ..... By itself the imitation castle is doubtless harmless, and well enough; but as a symbol and breeder and sustainer of maudlin Middle-age romanticism here in the midst of the plainest and sturdiest and infinitely greatest and worthiest of all the centuries the world has seen, it is necessarily a hurtful thing and a

1. It is interesting to note the influence that books of chivalry had upon Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832). The Camb. Hist.Eng.Lit., XII, p.3, says, "The stories he read produced an exceptionally deep impression. ... Later he was accustomed every Saturday in summer and also during holidays, to retire with a friend to one of the neighboring heights, where, perched in solitude, they read together 'romances of knight-errantry'. ... He also, he tells us, 'fastened like a tiger upon every collection of old songs and romances' which chance to fall in his way; ..." (p38) He had "minute mastery of the manners, customs, cardinal characteristics and circumstances of the chivalric past, and was so profoundly in sympathy with its spirit, that he was able to confer an atmosphere of reality upon the period which he seeks to illustrate."
mistake." In a chapter entitled "Enchantment and Enchanters" in Life on the Mississippi, Mark Twain says of Sir Walter Scott that he set the world in love with dreams and phantoms; ... with decayed and degraded systems of government; with the sillinesses and emptinesses, sham grandeur, sham guads, and sham chivalries of a brainless and worthless long-vanished society. He did measureless harm; more real and lasting harm perhaps than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived a good part of these harms, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. Not so forcefully as half a generation ago, perhaps, but sill forcefully. There the genuine and wholesome civilization of the nineteenth century is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter Scott Middle-Age sham civilization, and so you have practical common sense, progressive ideas, and progressive works, mixed up with the duel, the inflated speech and the je-june romanticism of an absurd past that is dead, and out of charity ought to be buried. ... It was Sir Walter Scott that made every gentleman in the South a major or a colonel or a general or a judge, before the war; and it was he, also, that made these gentlemen value these bogus decorations. For it was he that created rank and caste down there, and also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them. ... Sir Walter had so large a hand

1. Life on the Mississippi, 332. 2. Idem, p. 376.
in making Southern character as it existed before the war that he is in great measure responsible for the war. The Southerner of the American Revolution owned slaves; so did the Southerner of the Civil War; but the former resembles the latter as an Englishman resembles a Frenchman. The change in character can be traced rather more easily to Sir Walter's influence than to that of any other thing or person. One may observe, by one or two signs, how deeply that influence penetrated, and how strongly it holds. If one take up a Northern or Southern literary periodical of forty or fifty years ago, he will find it filled with wordy, windy, flowery, 'eloquence', romanticism, sentimentality — all imitated from Sir Walter, and sufficiently badly done, too. ... This sort of literature being the fashion in both sections of the country there was opportunity for the fairest competition; and as a consequence, the South was able to show as many well-known literary names, proportioned to population, as the North could. But a change has come. ... But when a Southerner of genius writes modern English, his book goes upon crutches no longer, but upon wings; and they carry it swiftly all about America and England ... as witness the experience of Mr. Cable and 'Uncle Remus'. ... Instead of three or four widely known literary names, the South ought to have a dozen or two —— and will have them when Sir Walter's time is out.
"A curious exemplification of the power of a single book for good or harm is shown in the effects wrought by Don Quixote and those wrought by Ivanhoe. The first swept the world's admiration for the medieval chivalry silliness out of existence; and the other restored it. As far as our South is concerned, the good work done by Cervantes is pretty nearly a dead letter, so effectually has Scott's pernicious work undermined it."

Thus ends the diatribe against Sir Walter Scott, but in many other places Mark Twain refers to him. In fact, Sir Walter Scott seems as odious to Mark Twain as Avalonned was to Cervantes.

Newspapers of the South were not free from the chivalric style that we have just been discussing. In describing the mule race which he witnessed in New Orleans, Mark Twain says, "The grand stand was well filled with the beauty and chivalry of New Orleans. That phrase is not original with me; it is the Southern reporter's. He has used it for two generations. He uses it twenty times a

1. It is interesting to note the recurrence of the idea of chivalry as one reads Southern literature at random. In the *Library of Southern Literature*, New Orleans, 1908, XI, p. 5040 stands the following: "War has been declared brutal and by inference brutalizing, but in the heart of that fierce struggle the South's leaders set such examples of purity of heart, loftiness of soul, unselfishness of life and chivalry born of a profound Christian faith as might well last through our opening century". On p. 5044, we find of Lanier, "His themes were therefore Southern and his handling of them characteristic of that overmastering chivalry and purity which governed his life and letters," etc.
day, or twenty thousand times a day or a million times a day, according to the exigencies. He is obliged to use it a million times a day if he has occasion to speak of respectable men and women that often; for he has no other phrase for such service except that single one. ... There is a kind of medieval bulliness and tinsel about it that pleases his gaudy, barbaric soul." After saying that "the trouble with the Southern reporter is Women: Women, supplemented by Sir Walter Scott and his knights and beauty and chivalry", he gives us the following as the reporter's account of the mule race:

"It will be probably a long time before the ladies' stand presents such a sea of foamlike loveliness as it did yesterday. The New Orleans women are always charming, but never so much so as at this time of the year, when in their dainty spring costumes they bring with them a breath of balmy freshness and an odor of sanctity unspeakable. The stand was so crowded with them that, walking at their feet and seeing no possibility of approach, many a man appreciated as he never did before the Peri's feeling at the gates of Paradise, and wondered what was the priceless boon that would admit him to their sacred presence. Sparkling on their white-robed breasts or shoulders were the colors of their favorite knights, and were it not for the fact that the doughty heroes appeared on unromantic mules, it would have been easy to imagine one of King Arthur's gala days."

Besides scoring the newspapers because of their chivalric

3. In the last issue of the "wall-paper" copies of the Vicksburg Daily Citizen, July 3, 1863, we find the following account of a wedding, and some war news. They seem to be good examples of the chivalric style of writing. "Mid the din and clash of arms, the screech of shells and whistle of bullets, which are a continual feature in the status of our beleagured city, incidents of happiness often rise to vary
style, Mark Twain suggests the passage of a Constitutional Amendment to forbid newspaper comparisons of climates, and
"cognate abuses, such as the Annual - Veteran - who - has - Voted - for - Every - President - from - Washington - down - and - Walked - to - the - Falls - Yesterday - with - as - Bright - an Eye - and - as - firm - a - Step - as - Ever, and ten or eleven other weary yearly marvels of that sort. ... Then England would take it up and pass a law prohibiting the further use of Sidney Smith's jokes, and appointing a commission to construct some new ones. Then life would be a sweet dream of rest and peace, and the nations would cease to long for heaven."

Newspapers were improving in the South, he maintained, when he made his trip back over the Mississippi after many years absence.

In a cheery way the phases of so stern a scene. On the evening of the twentieth ult., with gaiety, mirth and good feeling, at a prominent Hospital in this city, through the ministerial offices of a chaplain of a gallant regiment, Charles Royall, Prince Imperial of Ethiopia of the Barberigo family, espoused the lovely and accomplished Rosa Glass, Arch-Duchess of Senegambia, one of the most celebrated Princes of the laundressina Regina. The affair was conducted with great magnificence, though as is usual in troublesome times the sable element was predominant."

War News: "Like the Scottish chieftain's braves, Lee's men are springing up from moor and brake, crag and dale, with flashing steel and sturdy arm, ready to do or die in the cause of national independence, right and honor. ... We lay before our readers in this issue an account of Lee's brilliant and successful onslaught upon the abolition hordes and show e'en from their own record, how our gallant boys of the cavalry have flashed their sword to the hilt with their vaunting foes, and how each musket of our infantry has told its fatal leaden tale."

As Cervantes makes the examination of Quixote's library by the curate and the barber the occasion of some of his best criticism, so Mark Twain twice uses the description of a library to voice some of his sentiments about literature. When comparing the "palatial" steam-boats with the home of the well-to-do planter, he tells us that among other things in the large hall of the residence were 2 "several books piled and disposed with cast-iron exactness, according to an inherited and unchangeable plan; among them, Tupper, much-penciled; also Friendship's Offering and Affection's Wreath with their sappy insanities illustrated in die-away mezzotints; also Ossian; Alonso and Melisse; maybe Ivanhoe; also 'Album', full of original 'poetry' of the Thou - hast - wounded - the - spirit - that - loved - thee breed; two or three goody-goody works --- Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, etc.; current numbers of the chaste and innocuous Godey's Lady's Book, with painted fashion-plate of wax-figure women with mouths all alike --- lips and eyelids the same size --- each five-foot woman with a two inch wedge sticking from under her dress and letting on to be half of her foot." The second notable instance of this method of criticism is found in Following the Equator, where Mark Twain praises a ship's library because it contains no copy of The Vicar of Wakefield or

1. See above, pp. 33, 34.
2. Life on the Mississippi, p. 317.
of Jane Austen's works.

Mark Twain's love and reverence for what he deemed true and genuine and his consequent hatred for all that seemed to him to be counterfeit — in conduct, government, art, or literature — were shown frequently in his biting criticism of books of travel that had been written by his predecessors and contemporaries. Probably his best criticism of the romantic fabrications of the day was the publication of his own travel books, The Innocents Abroad, A Tramp Abroad, Following the Equator, and Europe and Elsewhere, in which he gives plain, unvarnished accounts of places and people as he saw them. "In his travel books we are given the attitude of the typical American Philistine toward the wonders and sacred relics of the Old World, the whole thing being a gigantic burlesque on the sentimental guide-books which were so much the vogue before the era of Baedeker."

Too numerous to mention are other criticisms of less importance.

1. Following the Equator, II, 288 ff.
5. "Cooper's Literary Offences" (in Lit. Essays, p. 78); Byron, in Reaching Lit., p. 88; Mrs. Julia Moore, in Following the Equator, I, 106, 339; cheap, "sappy" literature, Life on the Mississippi., 197; etc.
Caricature was one of the most effective kinds of criticism that both Cervantes and Mark Twain used. *Don Quixote* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* are two immense literary cartoons of the days of chivalry. A few quotations from each will suffice to illustrate their manner of ridiculing the high-flown or foolish style of writing and the use of Latin and other foreign languages of which the user has little knowledge. It must not be forgotten that nearly all of these quotations lose force by being taken away from their context.

From the *Quixote*: "Yendo pues, caminando nuestro flamante aventurero, iba hablando consigo mismo y diciendo: ¿Quién duda sino que en los venideros tiempos, cuando salga a luz la verdadera historia de mis famosos hechos; que el sabio que los escribiera no ponga, cuando llegue a contar ésta mi primera salida tan de mañana desta manera?: 'Apenas había el rubicundo Apolo tendido por la faz de la ancha y espaciosa tierra las foradas negras de sus hermosos cabellos, y apenas los pequeños y pintados pajariilos con sus harpadas lenguas habían saludado con dulce y meliflúa armonía la venida de la rodada aurora que, dejando la blanda cama del celoso marido, por las puertas y balcones del manchego horizonte a los mortales se mostraba, cuando el famoso caballero Don Quixote de la Mancha, dejando las ociosas plumas, subió sobre su famoso caballo

1. Ed. cit., 1, 70.
Rocinante, y comenzó a caminar por el antiguo y conocido campo de Montiel". And we also have: "Confía estoy, señor poderosísimo, hermosísima señora y discretísimos circunstancias, que ha de hallar mi cuitísima en vuestros valerosísimos pechos acogimiento, no menos placido que generoso y doloroso; porque ella es tal que es bastante a enternecer los marmoles, y a ablandar los diamantes, y a molificar los aceros de los más endurecidos corazones del mundo; pero antes que salga a la plaza de vuestras oídos (por no decir orejas), quisiera que me hicieran sabidora si está en este gremio, dorro y compañía el ecendradísimo caballero don Quijote de la Manchísima, y su escuderísimo Panza.

"--- El Panza --- antes que otro respondiese, dijo Sancho --- aquí está, y el Quixótísimo así mismo; y así podréis, dolorosísima dueñosísima, decir lo que quisieridísimo; que todos estamos prontos y aparajadísimos a ser vuestros serviderísimos."

Besides these and many other passages that are a burlesque of the books of chivalry and of popular writing, 3 we find in the Quixote the use of many Latin expressions

1. See also, Ed. cit., IV, 131; VIII, 149; V, 99; also I, 53, "La razón de la sinrazón que a mi razón se hace, de tal manera mi razón enflaquece, que con razón me queje de la vuestra fermosura." Compare with "Cure for the Blues", pub. with $30,000 Bequest, pp.99 ff.
2. Ed. cit., VII, 32.
3. Idem, IV, 155; VI, 153, 194; 201, 301; VII, 270, 283; VIII, 144, 237, 293, 308.
indicating that Cervantes is carrying out the suggestion given in the Prolog that he make his book appear to be the work of a learned man. In the chapter on the influence of the Prolog it will be shown that Mark Twain satirized a similar usage of Latin of which the user knew little. There is another caricature of the Culto school—which included authors who paraded more Latin than they knew well—that we cannot let go unnoticed. Sancho is tying the "steeds", and Don Quixote is preparing to enter the "enchanted boat". "Don Quixote le dijo que no tuviese pena del desamparo de aquellos animales; que él que los llevaría a ellos por tan longinuos caminos y regiones tendría cuenta de sustentarlos.

"— No entiendo esto de logicoos — dijo Sancho — ni he oído tal vocablo en todos los días de mi vida.

"— Longinuos — respondió Don Quixote — quiere decir apartados, y no es maravilla que no lo entiendas; que no estás tú obligado a saber latin, como algunos que presumen que lo saben y lo ignoran."

Mark Twain in "A Cure for the Blues" gives long quotations from "The Enemy Conquered; or Love Triumphant" and expends upon the book an amount of energy in ridiculing it that far surpasses the importance of the book for good or evil.

1. See below, pp. 94, 97.
"The Yankee in Search of Adventures" gives an account of the first knightly adventure of the "Boss", as the Connecticut Yankee is called. A woman comes to King Arthur's court. "Her mistress was a captive in a vast and gloomy castle, along with forty-four other young and beautiful girls, pretty much all of them princesses; they had been languishing in that cruel captivity for twenty-six years; the masters of the castle were three stupendous brothers, each with four arms and one eye — the eye in the center of the forehead, and as big as a fruit." The King conferred the honor of this adventure upon the "Boss", although he had not asked for it, and the other knights had. Before starting out, the Boss took the time to question the girl about the location of the castle. "She was a comely enough creature, and soft and modest, but if signs went for anything, she didn't know as much as a lady's watch. I said: ...

"'Where do you live, when you are at home?'

"'In the land of Moder, fair sir.'

"'Land of Moder. I don't remember hearing of it before. Parents living?'

"'As to that, I know not if they be yet on live, eith it is many years that I have lain shut up in the castle.'

"'Your name, please?'

"'I hight the Demoiselle Alisande la Carteloise, an it please you.'

1. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, 82 ff.
"Do you know anybody who can identify you?"

"That were not likely, fair lord, I being come hither now for the first time."

"Now as to this castle, with forty-five princesses in it, and three ogres at the head of it, tell me — where is this harem?"

"Harem?"

"The castle, you understand; where is the castle?"

"Oh, as to that, it is great, and strong, and well besee, and lieth in a far country. Yes it is many leagues."

"How many?"

"Ah, fair sir, it were woundily hard to tell, they are so many, and do so lap the one upon the other, and being made all in the same image and tinted with the same color, one may not know the one league from its fellow nor how to count them except they be taken apart and ye wit well it were God's work to do that, being not within man's capacity; for ye will note —"

"Hold on, hold on, never mind about the distance; whereabouts does the castle lie? What's the direction from here?"

"An it please you, air, it hath no direction from here; by reason that the road lieth not straight, but turneth evermore; wherefore the direction of its place abideth not, but is sometime under the one sky and anon under another, whereso if ye be minded that it is in the east and wend thitherward, ye shall observe that the way of the road doth yet again turn upon itself by the space of half a circle, and this marvel happing again and yet again and still again, it will grieve you that you have thought by vanities of the mind to thwart and bring to naught the will of Him that giveth not a castle a direction from a place except it pleaseth Him, and ...".

Mark Twain, then, is like Cervantes in his criticism of books of chivalry, his criticism of various authors, in his use of caricature.
Humor

In 1854, before Mark Twain had become famous, Henry I. Giles wrote: "Ironical or literal, delicate or broad, of smiling insinuation or grinning drollery, no species of humor is wanting or defective in the genius of Cervantes. He is master of the ludicrous in all its varieties; but as is the case with large souls, his humor is cordial — always from love and joy, always generous and friendly. Cervantes, as I have said, has humor in all its varieties; universal humor, which belongs to essential relations and which is akin to wit; national humor, which connects itself with the history, customs, idioms, habits of thought and habits of life native to the country where it springs; individual humor, that which comes out from a singular cast of the imagination, a special training, and intense appropriation of a man's own experience: these all, with their wondrous diversities of forms, with their capricious eccentricities of spirit may be found in the writings of Cervantes. It may well be doubted whether any writer was ever in the best sense more national than Cervantes; whether any writer ever wound himself more lovingly into the instincts and idioms of his countrymen. ... Were I called on, however, to specify what I consider the most individual, the most distinctive peculiarity in the humor of Cervantes, I would say, its sweetness. Among all the quizzical contortions to which he subjects the genius of the ludicrous there is not one

1. Or. cit. p. 18 ff.
leer of scorn, not one wrinkle of derision, no sneer of sarcasm, and no air of taunt. The chalice of humor which he fills with his bountiful imagination does truly overflow; it sparkles, it foams, it exhilarates; but, drink as deeply as one may, it does not embitter, it does not inflame; it is a spirit beverage, healthful and refreshing, the oil of social gladness and the milk of human kindness. ... He cheered the spirit while he made it grave. ... The comic in Don Quixote is so elevated by the serious, and the serious is so enlivened by the comic, that it cannot but live, and it cannot but be felt within the sphere of literature while humanity continues the mixture that it is --- of laughter and of tears."

"Mark Twain," Hamilton Mabie wrote, "is not a mere fun-maker, like Artemus Ward and John Phoenix; he is, in his time and way, a true humorist --- a man, that is, who seen life, not irresponsibly and superficially, but in its broadest and most fundamental contrasts. Cervantes, Molière, Shakespeare, and Carlyle were great humorists; Gilbert and Sullivan were fun-makers." Archibald Henderson says, "Mark Twain's humor has international range, since, constructed out of a deep comprehension of human nature and profound

2. "Mark Twain the Humorist", Outlook, 87:652.
3. In "Mark Twain, an Appreciation", No. Am., 185:540-8, William Lyon Phelps says, "We like Mark Twain's humor, not because we are frivolous, but because we are just the reverse. I have never known a frivolous person who really enjoyed or appreciated Mark Twain."
sympathy for human relationships and human feelings, it successfully surmounts the difficulties of translation into alien tongues. ... There is always a breadth of philosophy, a depth of sadness or a profundity of pathos in the very greatest humorists. Both Rabelais and La Fontaine were reflective dreamers; Cervantes fought for the progressive and the real in pricking the bubble of Spanish chivalry; and Moliere declared that, for a man in his position, he could do no better than attack the vices of his time with ridiculous likenesses." Brander Matthews testifies, "He is like Cervantes in that he makes us laugh first and think afterwards." And his close friend, John Hammond Trumbull, says, "Mark Twain's fun was riotous, grotesque, bizarre, and it could be coarse. But it hovered about serious themes, and his spirit was sane and sober."

3. There is a similarity between the comment that William Lyon Phelps makes about Mark Twain in his Essays on Modern Novelists (p.105), "I have found it difficult to read him in a library or on a street car, for explosions of pent-up mirth or a distorted face are apt to attract unpleasant attention in public places", and the story told by Mrs. Oliphant in Cervantes (Edinburgh, 1880,126) about the effects of Cervantes' humor. "Philip being in the balcony of his palace at Madrid, looking out, saw a student at the corner of the street reading a book, who continually stopped reading to strike himself on the forehead and to give vent to bursts of laughter. 'That student', said the king, 'is either out of his mind, or he is reading Don Quixote', --- which latter supposition turned out to be the case."
4. Paine: Op.cit., II, 732, quotes Howells as saying in a criticism of one of Mark Twain's works, "...His humor is at its best, the foamy break of the strong tide of earnestness in him."
Of both authors the following is true: "He distills his fun drop by drop through a whole page instead of condensing it into a sentence. With every touch the atmosphere is intensified, and the picture slowly comes together until the page, or even the chapter, stands out a perfect pyramid of fun." Almost any chapter or any incident of the Quixote might be taken as an example of this accumulation of humor, but there are a few that seem especially good illustrations. At one time one watches the two patches of dust on the horizon grow into two large flocks of sheep, and listens to the serious conversation in which Don Quixote tells Sancho that two great warriors are there leading their armies into battle; then one sees Quixote dash into the flock, slashing about him with his sword as though he were really fighting valiant warriors. The shepherds beat Quixote, who, as usual, attributes all his misfortune to enchantment. There is the incident in which the cats are let into Quixote's room, and frightened to death, and no doubt suffering, they scratch Quixote, who thrusts at them with his sword, thinking they are enchanters who have come to torment him. At the inn, where Quixote is stopping with Fernando and Cardenio and the rest of their happy party, there is a rollicking scene when the barber comes to claim

2. Ed. cit., i, 81 ff.
4. Idem, IV, 162.
his basin, which Quixote cherishes as Mambrino's helmet. All of the merry company, except Sancho, declare that the barber is mistaken and Quixote right; the helmet is there before them, and any one who thinks it is a barber's basin is suffering from some enchantment or other illusion. In this incident, as in so many in *The Innocents Abroad, Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, and The Connecticut Yankee*, the reader has his fun with the characters in the book. One might also go into detail about the stories of the 1 braying town, Sancho's telling the Duchess of his enchantment of Dulcinea, the Montesinos incident, the story of 2 Nicomicon, Sancho's government of the island and his dis- 3 comfort as governor, Sancho and Dapple in the pit --- in fact one might go on until every incident in the Quixote had been named, for it was in this fashion rather than by sudden flashes of humor that Cervantes gained his humorous effects. For this very reason one cannot so easily quote illustrative passages from the *Quixote* --- the humorous effect is often lost when the incident is taken away from the context. To a large extent this is true also of Mark Twain. Besides their more boisterous fun, there is in the writings of both authors a delicious undercurrent of humor that one almost misses when first reading them, but which appeals to the reader with renewed force every

time the books are reread.

Numerous as the chapters in his books are the instances of accumulated humor in Mark Twain's writings. Good examples of these are: the playing of the trick on "Nigger Jim" and Huck's agony because he can't scratch his nose for fear that the slightest movement will attract the attention of the watching negro; the whole story of the disappearance of Tom Sawyer, Joe Harper, and Huckleberry Finn, and the subsequent surprise when the delinquents walk into church toward the end of the funeral services which were being held for them; the torture of the European guides by the iconoclastic American tourists, who are continually asking, "Is he dead?"; the account of the climbing of the pyramids; the Boss's first encounter with knights; the freeing of Jim.

Contrast of character, contrast of material, and a union of serious and comic elements give some of the best effects that either author produces. In Don Quixote, when the Duke is ready to let Sancho take charge of his "island" and tells him so, Sancho, referring to the ride which he thinks he has taken on the wooden horse, replies

5. *Gone, Yankee*, pp. 10 ff.
7. See below, pp. 84-86.
that after he had descended from the sky and after he had looked from the heights upon the earth and had seen how little it was, the desire of governing had lessened in him, for he felt that there was little grandeur in governing a mustard seed and little dignity in ruling a half a dozen men the size of hazel nuts, and there were no others in the whole world. If the Duke would be pleased to give him a very small part of heaven, although it should be only half a league, he would prefer that to the largest island in the world. When Quixote and Sancho set off in the "enchanted" boat, leaving Dapple and Rocinante struggling for freedom; Sancho, weeping, bids them farewell thus: "Remain in peace, dearest friends, and may the madness that takes us away from you, changes into disillusionment, return us to your presence." Of no humor at all, if detached from its context and repeated to one who is not well acquainted with Quixote and Sancho, but delightful to those who do know them, is Quixote's abrupt change from good advice to Sancho, the governor, to "I quote this Latin to you, because I suppose that probably you have learned it since you have been governor." At first only the humor of the passage appears, then the pathos of poor Sancho's longing for human sympathy when Don Quixote forbids Sancho to talk to him, and Sancho replies that in such case, he wishes his master's blessing.

and leave to return home. Things would not be so bad if
the donkey could talk as beasts did in the days of Guisopets,
because then he could talk with the donkey; but to go all
one's life looking for adventures and to find nothing but
blows and blanketings, and besides all this to have to keep
one's mouth sewed shut, and not to say what is in his heart,
as though he were mute, is too much for human endurance.
One might give other instances, but they are unnecessary.
The beauty of the character of Don Quixote and his spirit
of self-sacrifice present a serious, one might say a pa-
thetic, aspect to every scene in which he appears, no
matter how ridiculous it may be.

In the first few pages of *Huckleberry Finn* --- in
fact all through the book --- we laugh continually at
Huck's observations of life, his quaint expressions of
his own philosophy, but at the same time we feel the deep-
est sympathy with the boy who rebels against the puritan-
ical religious teachings of Miss Watson and decides that
he does not want to go to her gloomy heaven, especially
since --- as she says --- Tom Sawyer will not be there;
we feel the wrong that has been done the boy by letting
him grow up without any training; and we recognize true
worth in him in spite of his roughness and apparent ir-
reverence. An especially striking instance of the con-
trast of comic and serious elements is found when Huck and
Jim are in hiding, and Huck has given Jim a very humorous
exposition of the character of kings in general, mixing up historical facts in a ridiculous way, and a few lines further on Jim tells of one of the sorrows of his life:

"'What makes me feel so bad dis time 'us bekase I hear sump'n over yonder on de bank, like a whack er a slam, while ago, en it mine me er de time I treat my little 'Lizabth 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 bilin'! I says:

"'I lay I make you mine!"

"'En wid dat I fetch her a slap side de head dat sent her sprawlin'. Den I went into de yuther room, en 'uz gone 'bout ten minutes; en when I come back deh 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 was mad! I was a-gwyne for de chilé, but jis' den, 'long come de wind en slam it to, behine de chile, ker-blam! --- en my lan', de chile never

1. Huckleberry Finn, p. 312 ff.
move! My breff mos' hop outer me; en I feel so --- so ---
I doan' know how I feel. I cropy out, all a-tremblin' en
cropy around' 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 Almighty forgive
po' ole Jim, kase he never gwyne to forgive hisself as long's
he live!" Oh, she was plumb deaf en dumb --- en I'd ben a-
treat'a her so.'"

In commenting on Mark Twain's humor, A.E. Keeling says,
"But there is something in Trans-atlantic wit and humour
that hints at an underlying sadness, not to be confused with
the characteristic and ironical gravity of expression on
which we have touched." And in this connection he comments
on the following from Pudd'nhead Wilson, "There is no
character, however fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule,
however witless. Observe the ass, for instance; his char-
acter is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all
the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him
to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an
ass, we are left in doubt." Mr. Keeling continues his com-
ment: "The topsy-turvy moralizing tone of this, the clever
parodying of the conventional declaimer's way of 'improv-
ing' a subject, is perfect --- and American to the core of

it. ... *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is a demonstration of the devilish mischief done by that 'peculiar' institution, American slavery, as convincing as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.... Humour there is in almost every scene and every page; but it is such humour as sheds a wild gleam on the greatest Shakespearean tragedies — on the deep melancholy of *Hamlet*, the heart-break of *Lear*.

In speaking of the effects of violent humor that Mark Twain produces by means of rapid transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous and vice-versa, Stuart P. Sherman 1 says, "He interprets, for example, with noble gravity the face of the Sphinx:

"'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.... 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 those grave 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'. But one
turns the page and comes upon the engineer who feeds his
locomotive with mummies, occasionally calling out pettishly,
'D---n these plebeians, they don't burn worth a cent —
pass out a king.'

Mark Twain uses flashes of humor, contained in one
sentence, often found at the end of a serious paragraph.
In the Quixote, the humor is not so often presented with
lightning rapidity. Even descriptions of the most ordi-
nary conditions or subjects have their touch of humor.

Mark Twain says of an "Authors' Reading", "It was in the
afternoon and the place was packed, and the air would have
been very bad, only there wasn't any." In describing a
3
steam plow, he says, "This great seesaw goes rolling and
pitching like a ship at sea, and it is not every circus-
3
rider that could stay on it," The people in New Orleans,
says Mark Twain, "Cannot have wells, and so they take rain-
water. Neither can they have cellars or graves, the town
being built upon 'made' ground; so they do without both,
and few of the living complain, and none of the others."

After an exquisite description of the sunset on the upper
Mississippi, he says, "The sunrises are also said to be
1. Even the graveyard has its humor for him. Cfr. Life on
the Mississippi, chapter XLIII.
2. Life on the Mississippi, 348.
exceedingly fine. I do not know." "We assisted — in the French sense — at a mule-race one day. I believe I enjoyed this contest more than any other mule there."

Some of the humor of both writers is centered about horses and mules. After completing the paste-board helmet to his satisfaction, before starting out on his adventures, Don Quixote "went to see his horse, and although it had more cuartos than a real and more defects than Gonela's horse, which was so much skin and bones, it seemed that neither Alexander's Bucephalus not the Cid's Babieca could equal it." After the liberation of the galley-slaves who had stoned their benefactor, we look upon a scene where "There remained only the donkey and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote; the mule with lowered head and thoughtful mien, shaking his ears now and then, thinking that the shower of stones which had been striking his ears had not yet ceased; Rocinante, stretched out by his master."

In The Private History of a Campaign That Failed, Mark Twain says, "Sergeant Bowers's horse was very large and tall, with slim, long legs, and looked like a railroad bridge." In The Innocents Abroad, he gives humorous descriptions of two of the horses he rode, "Jericho" and

1. Idem, 468.
2. Idem, 367.
3. Id. cit., I, 60
5. With The American Claimant, Syracuse, 1888, 250.
"Baalbec" — the latter so-named "because he is such a magnificent ruin."

Of the mule race, Mark Twain writes, "There were thirteen mules in the first heat; all sorts of mules, they were; all sorts of complexions, gaits, dispositions, aspects. Some were handsome creatures, some were not; some were sleek, some hadn't had their fur brushed lately; some were innocently gay and frisky; some were full of malice and all unrighteousness; guessing from looks, some of them thought the matter on hand was war, some thought it was a lark; the rest took it for a religious occasion. And each mule acted according to his convictions. The result was an absence of harmony well compensated by a conspicuous presence of variety — variety of a picturesque and entertaining sort."

Humorous descriptions of persons are represented by Cervantes when Sancho points out a peasant girl, telling Don Quixote that she is his Dulcinea who is enchanted, and in his many descriptions of Sancho in different circumstances; by Mark Twain, in his description of the "Sphinx", a crude frontier woman who rode in the stage with Samuel and Orion Clemens.

Many a scene of delightful humor is the result of the fear that possesses some of the characters presented by Cervantes and Mark Twain.

Sancho Panza has just gotten a fine beating at the hands of the Yanguese carriers. When Quixote tells him that hereafter the squire will have to fight the common people alone, Sancho replies:

1  "Sir, I am a peaceful, gentle, quiet man, and I know how to overlook injuries, for I have a wife and children to support and to rear. Then let your grace be warned, for you cannot be commanded, that by no means will I put my hand to a sword, either against a peasant or against a knight, and that from now on, before God, I pardon any offences that have been given me, that may be given me, that any person, high or low, rich or poor, gentleman or commoner, without exception of any state or condition whatever, has done me now, is doing, or may do me."

2  Sancho's cowardice appears again in the affair with the Knight of the Mirrors, when he refuses, although urged over and over again to fight with the squire of the strange knight. One is almost convulsed with laughter at his excuses and at his fright when he sees the nose of the pugilistic squire.

3  When the hunt is in progress, in which the Duke, the Duchess, and Don Quixote are the chief characters, when the boar comes in sight, Sancho makes haste to climb the nearest tree. Unfortunately for him, the branch breaks, and as he falls, he is caught by another branch and held dangling in the air, just in reach of the boar should he come

that way, and just far enough from the ground that he could not free himself from the branch.

Mark Twain relates the following of the "Pilgrims" in the Holy Land. They were traveling along when there sounded an alarm.

"Bedouins!"

"Every man shrank up and disappeared in his clothes like a mud turtle. My first impulse was to dash forward and destroy the Bedouins. My second was to dash to the rear to see if there were any coming in that direction. I acted on the latter impulse. So did all the others. If any Bedouins had approached us, then, from that point of the compass, they would have paid dearly for their rashness. We all remarked that afterward. There would have been scenes of bloodshed that no pen can describe. I know that, because each man told me what he would have done individually; and such a medley of strange and unheard-of inventions of cruelty you could not conceive of."

Another of these humorous representations of fear is given in The Life on the Mississippi, when a terrible storm has caused all but Samuel Clemens to go to the hold of the steamer. He describes the storm beautifully and forcefully and ends with, "The pilot-house fell to rocking and strain- ing and cracking and surging, and I went down in the hold to see what time it was."

1. The Innocents Abroad, 337. 2. p. 407.
Descriptive Ability

"Another power which makes the Don Quixote perennial, is that by which Cervantes represents the scenery and characters of Spain". He has shown "the magnificent sierras, the murmuring brooks, the sunny plains, and the pastoral valleys" of his native land with such care and with such evident exactness that the book is of historic value. Not only are the descriptions accurate, but they are also artistic. Since space does not permit the quotation, or even the enumeration of the most beautiful of them, we shall just call to mind the scenes at the inn, the long-armed windmills, the Sierra Morena, El Toboso, the various scenes in and around the palace of the duke, the night scenes preceding the adventure of the fulling mills and the meeting with the bandits under Roque's leadership, and the harbor at Barcelona. The character and appearance of Don Quixote, of Sancho, the maids at the inn, Gines de Passamonte, in fact, of all who enter into the story, are given clearly and distinctly, with graphic touches, so that, as Woodberry says, "The book is by its surface, representative of all Spain, of the look or the land, the figures of the people, the daily event and business of life."

2. Ed. cit., I, 75ff; II, 30ff; III, 153ff; IV, 131; VI, 131; VII, 79 ff.
5. Idem, V, 163.
6. Idem, VI, 223ff; VII, 1 ff; VIII, 24, 349ff.
More noticeable --- possibly because of their length---

than the descriptions found in Cervantes' work, but not
clearer or better, are those that Mark Twain gives: in

\[\text{1. Roughing It, 2. of the "sphinx", 3. of the desert, the stage-}\]
\[\text{coach, of Buck Fanshaw's funeral, and the pony-rider; in}\]
\[\text{4. Life on the Mississippi, of Hannibal, Missouri, when the}\]
\[\text{5. steam-boat is about to arrive, of the dawn and sunset on the}\]
\[\text{6. river, of the river itself and its banks, of the mules}\]

waiting for the race; in \text{The Innocents Abroad, of the}\]

\[\text{7. Colosseum and of the present condition of Palestine; and in}\]
\[\text{8. Huckleberry Finn, of the night on the raft. If we add to}\]

these several incidents taken from the \text{Connecticut Yankee,}\]

\[\text{9. such as the scene of Sir Lancelot and his brother knights}\]
\[\text{10. riding on bicycles, the explosion that destroyed the tower}\]
\[\text{11. of Merlin, and the tournament in which the Boss wins by}\]
\[\text{12. means of his lasso and pistol, the collection is fairly}\]

representative of Mark Twain's descriptions. His \text{Roughing}\]

\[\text{13. It, Huckleberry Finn, The Gilded Age, Life on the Mississip-}\]
\[\text{14. pi, and Pudd'nhed Wilson are representative of the United}\]

States of Mark Twain's day, "of the look of the land, the}\n
\[\text{figures of the people, the daily event and business of life".}\]

\[\text{1. p. 8. 2. p.127. 3. pp. 7, 19 ff.}\]
\[\text{4. II, 42 ff. 5. p. 54.}\]
\[\text{6. Life on the Mississippi, New York, 1917, 32 ff.}\]
\[\text{13. Huckleberry Finn, New York, 1912, p 165.}\]
\[\text{15. Idem, 57-58. 16. Idem, 335 ff.}\]
Method

"The humor of contrast — the uttermost modern against the innermost antique, the most radical and free-spoken Americanism against the most sacred and traditional Europeanism — was so striking in this volume that it escaped at once the limitations of one language and appeared with astonishing celerity in half a dozen tongues," says Hamilton Mabie, of The Innocents Abroad. We have noted this humor of contrast in Cervantes' Don Quixote and in Mark Twain's works, but besides using contrast to bring about humorous effects, both authors have used it in the portrayal of characters.

A full discussion of the characters of Sancho Panza and of Don Quixote is out of place in this study, yet we must call attention to their principal traits. Don Quixote, who "understood and practiced the doctrine of sacrifice to the highest degree and least detail," who was "a true Christian hero and medieval knight, enamored of the highest ideals that prevailed in that age"; whose sweetness and generosity are exhibited in all of his actions, and particularly in his relations with his squire Sancho;

1. "Mark Twain, the Humorist", Outlook, 67:651.
2. See above, pp. 70 ff.
4. His desire for material prosperity seems to be chiefly that he may reward his squire with the desired governorship. Ed. cit., IV,283. Cf. also, II, 237 and III,136, for his generosity about the colts. Cf. also I, 155, and II, 238, 239.
Don Quixote, who is brave, resolute, courteous, wise, kind, gentle, patient, "persevering, and above all, idealistic, is contrasted first of all with Sancho, who is the commonest of common people, selfish, greedy, rude, cowardly, and finally, practical. Such he is at the beginning of the story; as it progresses he seems to learn some bits of wisdom, either from his master or from his own shrewd observation, until his character becomes a complexity of wisdom and foolishness, of goodness and cunning, combined with a certain simple trustfulness in his master that is pleasing — he becomes almost indefinable.

Don Quixote and Sancho stand in sharp contrast with nearly all of the characters that they meet. Ormsby says, "Cervantes seems to have introduced the 'discreet' Don Diego de Miranda as a sort of contrast to Don Quixote". The Duke and the Duchess and all their household, in their selfish amusement at the expense of others who have done them no injury, are in decided contrast with the noble

2. One of the sweetest examples of Quixote's kindness is found in his conversation with the Caballero de la Sierra (II,260). "Los deseos que yo tengo son de servir vos; tanto, que tenía determinado de no salir de estas sierras hasta hallaros y saber de vos si al dolor que en la extrañeza de vuestra vida mostráis tener se podía hallar algun género de remedio; y si fuera menester buscarle, buscarlo con la diligencia posible. Y cuando vuestra desventura fuera de aquellos que tienen cerradas las puertas a todo género de consuelo, pensaba ayudaros a llorar... que todavía es consuelo, en las desgracias hallar quien se duele de ellas".
character of Don Quixote and the guilelessness of Sancho, and Sancho gains much by comparison with the characters at the inn.

While the contrast of ideals and of Americanism and of Europeanism is well presented in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, his best contrasts of character are found in *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and the *Connecticut Yankee*. The contrast in *Tom Sawyer*, is between Tom Sawyer, the idealist, dreamer, and adventurer, and Huckleberry Finn, the practical urchin, the realist; and the contrast is striking in its similarity to the contrast between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. In *Huckleberry Finn*, it is evident that Huck gains in apparent stature by being kept clear of taller rivals in the center of the stage; that he gains enormously in picturesqueness through his surroundings,—the incredibly fantastic scamps who impose themselves upon him, and who, by contrast make him seem so honest; the child-like negro whom he befriends, and who by contrast makes him seem so much more the man*. There is contrast, too, between the characters of the apparently civilized Grangerfords, who could reconcile murder for the sake of the feud with their professions of religion, and the lad of the street, Huckleberry Finn, who made no pretence at goodness, yet whose moral sense was surer and safer than that of his benefactors. In the *Connecti-

out Yankee, the Boss, a practical nineteenth century man, is contrasted with King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, and a host of chivalrous, superstitious beings, supposedly of the sixth century.

Both Mark Twain and Cervantes make use of interpolated stories that have little or no bearing upon the main theme. The most notable of these in the Quixote are: that of Marcela and Grisostomo; of Cardenio and Luscinda, Fernando and Dorotea; of the impertinent curious man; of the captive; of Clara and Don Luis; of the goat-herd; of Comacho’s wedding; of Claudia’s murder of her lover, Don Vicente; and of the captivity of Ana Felix Ricote. Forming a parallel to Cervantes’ interpolation of stories is Mark Twain’s insertion of short, extraneous sketches. In writing of his Tramp Abroad, he says, “All the legends of the Neckar, which I invented for that unstoried region, are here; one is in the Appendix.” There are no fewer than eight of these interpolated stories in A Tramp Abroad, three in Following the Equator, four in Roughing It, and six in Life on the Mississippi.

13. II, 33; 220, 143, 251.
Both authors made use of characters — Sancho and Pudd'nhead Wilson — who were constantly uttering proverbs or wise maxims, but we have referred to these already.

Another point of likeness in the method of the two authors is that not only of Don Quixote, but also of Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and the Connecticut Yankee, besides, of course, the travel books of Mark Twain, it is true that they are books "of short flights, of incidents lightly dovetailed, of scenes strung together, of combinations rapidly formed and dissolved." There is very little plot to their writings. Both use what Mark Twain calls the natural method, the method in which one does his thinking — a methodless method, although none the less interesting because of its naturalness and lack of affectation. Both authors are most happy in their phrasing; not only do they express their meaning forcefully, but also in pleasing, nicely rounded phrases that possess a characteristic rhythm noticeable when passages are read aloud.

The method of Mark Twain so resembles that of Cervantes, then, that the likeness seems an indication not only of kinship, but also of influence.

1. See above, pp 22, 30, 31.
3. See above, p 25.
PART II

PROBABLE INFLUENCE OF CERVANTES ON MARK TWAIN
Mark Twain's Familiarity with and Regard for "Don Quixote."

That Mark Twain deliberately tried to follow the charming method of Cervantes we have no positive evidence, and we are inclined to believe that the two master-minds recognized the art of the natural method and made it their own, and that any influence Cervantes may have had upon Mark Twain was largely due to the latter's admiration of Cervantes' master-piece and his unconscious imitation of whatever he recognized as real art.

1

In the Introduction we have shown that this unconscious imitation was not a negligible factor in Mark Twain's genius; of his familiarity with and admiration for Don Quixote we have abundant evidence. Mark Twain's daughter, Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabriowitsch, says of her father, "Don Quixote he read of course many times in English translation," and Mark Twain speaks of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza as of characters with whom he was well acquainted: (1) in A Horse's Tale where Thorndike and Antonio are discussing the weather, and Antonio claims it is Andalusian:

"'Andalusian and Oregonian, Antonio! Put it that way and you have my vote. Being a native up there, I know. You, being Andalusian born ——'"

1. p. 5 ff.
2. In a personal letter to the writer.
"Can speak with authority for that patch of paradise? Well, I can. Like the Don! Like Sancho!"

In a home letter Mark Twain refers to a week in Spain, "The country is precisely as it was when Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were possible characters." He compliments his brother Orion on a recent letter from him thus: "Its quiet style resembles Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Don Quixote, --- which are my beaux ideals of fine writing." In Huckleberry Finn we find this familiar reference to Don Quixote, "I didn't see no di'monds and I told Tom Sawyer so too. He said there were loads of them there anyway; I said why couldn't we see them, then? He said if I warn't so ignorant, but had read a book called Don Quixote, I would know without asking. He said it was all done by enchantment." In Life on the Mississippi, Mark Twain says, "Don Quixote was not yet written" when De Soto "took his glimpse" of the mighty Mississippi River.

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2. Idem, I, 45.
3. p. 18.
The Influence of the Prolog

Traces of the probable influence of the Prolog to Don Quixote are found frequently in Mark Twain's works.

1. Cervantes says in his Prolog, "But I — for although I appear to be the father of Don Quixote, I am only his step-father — do not wish to follow the ordinary usage, nor beg you almost with tears in my eyes, as others do dear reader, to pardon or tolerate the faults that you may see in this son of mine. . . ."

Mark Twain in his preface to volume I of the Gilded Age says: "This book was not written for private circulation among friends; it was not written to cheer and instruct a diseased relative of the authors; it was not thrown off during intervals of wearing labor to amuse an idle hour. It was not written for any of these reasons, and therefore it is submitted without the usual apologies."

There is another parallel between these two prefaces. In both there is ridicule of the custom of quoting from wide and frequently unknown or pretended sources. Cervantes complains because his book is "without quotations at the end of the book as I see other books have, although they may be fictitious or profane, so full of the opinions of Aristotle, of Plato, and of the whole tribe of philo-

1. Id. cit., I, 8.
2. Idem, I, 11.
sophers that their readers are astonished and consider their authors well-read, erudite, elegant men;" and Mark Twain says, "No apology is needed for following the learned custom of placing attractive scraps of literature at the heads of our chapters. It has been truly observed by Wagner that such headings, with their vague suggestions of the matter which is to follow them, pleasantly inflame the reader's interest without wholly satisfying his curiosity, and we hope it may be found so in this case."

In the Prolog to Don Quixote, the author's friend advises him thus: "Your first difficulty about the sonnets, epigrams, or complimentary verses that you want for the beginning, and which should be by persons of importance and rank, can be done away with if you yourself will take the trouble to make them; you can baptize them afterwards, and put any name on them, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies or the Emperor of Trebizond, who, to my knowledge were said to have been famous poets; and even if they were not, and any pedants or bachelors should attack you and question the fact, never mind two maravedís for that, for even if they can prove a lie against you, they cannot cut off the hand you wrote it with.

"As to references in the margin to the books and authors from whom you take the aphorisms and sayings you put into your story, it will be only necessary to fit in

nicely any sentences or bits of Latin you may happen to remember, or at any rate that will not give you much trouble to look up...

1

"Now let us come to those references to authors which other books have, and you want for yours. The remedy for this is very simple; you have only to look out for some book that quotes them all from A to Z as you say yourself, and then insert the very same alphabet in your book, and though the imposition may be plain to see, because you have so little need to borrow from them, that is no matter; there will probably be some simple enough to believe that you have made use of them all in this plain, artless story of yours. At any rate, if it answers no other purpose, this long catalogue of authors will serve to give a surprising look of authority to your book. Besides no one will trouble himself to verify whether you have followed them or whether you have not, being in no way concerned with it."

Mark Twain not only expresses the same thoughts about quotations, but he also makes use of the advice given in Cervantes' Prolog. In The Gilded Age, he says, "Our quotations are set in a vast number of tongues; this is done for the reason that very few foreign nations among whom the book will circulate can read in any language but their own; whereas we do not write for a particular

1 Ed. cit., I, 31.  
2 Preface.
class or sect or nation but to take in the whole world; and twice in his works he makes Herodotus responsible for the statement, "Nothing gives such weight and dignity to a book as an Appendix." In *Following the Equator*, we find, "It is my belief that nearly any invented quotation, played with confidence, stands a good chance to deceive." And Mark Twain carries out his theory --- and also that of Cervantes --- by using invented quotations. Twice in Europe and Elsewhere he quotes Macallum's History, admitting in one place that it is only an imaginary history.

In discussing the exploits of Baron Reuter, he says, "After building himself a sort of palace, he looked around for fresh game, singled out the Shah of Persia and 'went for him', as the historian Josephus phrases it", and "Any private mine may be 'gobbled' (the Persian word is akbamarish) by the baron if it has not been worked during five years previously." In *Following the Equator* we find ".... the King 'put it up the spout'†, and in the foot-note the explanation, "†From the Greek meaning 'pawned it'."

In *A Tramp Abroad* Mark Twain gives us the report of his

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2. I, 74. 4. *Idem*, 84 5. II, 368.
3. II, 19ff.
4. Another of Mark Twain's playful invention of quotations is given in *Biog*. II, 870, where Mr. Paine tells us that Mr. Clemens wrote to Charles Hawley Clark to tell him of the misuse of a word in the *Courant* "though he thought best to sign the communication with the names of certain learned friends, to give it weight with the public...as he afterward explained."
agent whom he had sent on an excursion. The report is full of words of foreign origin and of some combinations of letters that are not words at all but made to substitute for them. Inquiring of the agent the meaning of these words, he learns the real or supposed English equivalent. To his demand for the reason for using anything but English, the agent replies that because he knows only a few words of French and no Latin or Greek, he uses the less known languages. He argues that he must employ foreign words,

"To adorn my page. They all do it."

"Who is "all"?"

"Everybody! Everybody that writes elegantly. Anybody has a right to that wants to."

"I think you are mistaken." I then proceeded in the following scathing manner. "When really learned men write books for other learned men to read, they are justified in using as many learned words as they please --- their audience will understand them; but a man who writes a book for the general public to read is not justified in disfiguring his pages with untranslatable foreign expressions. ... The writer would say he only uses the foreign language where the delicacy of his point cannot be conveyed in English. Very well, then he writes his best things for the tenth man, and he ought to warn the other nine not to buy his book. However, the excuse he offers is at least an excuse; but there is another set of men who are like you;"
they know a word here and there, of a foreign language or a few beggarly three-word phrases filched from the back of the Dictionary, and these they are continually peppering into their literature, with a pretence of knowing that language, --- what excuse can they offer? The foreign words which they use have their equivalents in a nobler language --- English; yet they think they 'adorn their page' when they say Strasse for 'street'. ... I will let your 'learning' remain in your report. You have as much right, I suppose, to 'adorn your page' with Zulu and Chinese and Choctaw rubbish as others of your sort have to adorn theirs with insolent odds and ends smouched from half a dozen learned tongues whose a-b aba they don't even know''.

One has no difficulty in recognizing Mark Twain's real sentiments in the quotation just given, and in seeing in the quotations given at the head of each chapter of The Gilded Age and in the Appendix to the same work the author's playful satirization of the fondness of some would-be writers for learned and high-sounding words and for foreign quotations. In the Publisher's Note it is stated that these mottoes were "selected for their appropriateness and translated by the eminent philologist, the late J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D., L.H.D., from the various languages represented. The fun is all the more patent
from the fact that many of the quotations given are merely retranslations (as is seen by referring to the Appendix) of original English works. This unnecessary use of foreign words to say what was doubtless better expressed in the original English is apparently an execution of the suggestions already cited from Cervantes' Prolog. Nor do some of the quotations not originally English sound genuine. Did Herodotus take the trouble to say, "Nothing gives such weight and dignity to a book as an Appendix", or was this

1. In a personal letter to the writer, Mr. Frank B. Gay, of the Watkinson Library, Hartford, Connecticut, says, in response to an inquiry about Dr. Trumbull and his part in preparing the quotations in The Gilded Age, "There was a small coterie of men here of which Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, J. Hammond Trumbull and others were the leading lights. Twain and Warner collaborated on The Gilded Age. As to the quotations at the chapter heads --- that, I have always understood, was a great joke among the men. Dr. Trumbull is credited with originating them and he told me that he spent a lot of time getting them up. Whether they are real quotations from American Indian works, nobody but himself knows, and he is dead. He was a great linguist and had a friend by the name of Bacon who read many more languages than did he, Trumbull. I suspect that a search in some of those books that give the Lord's Prayer in one hundred or five hundred languages will show the basis of their fooling. Dr. Trumbull was a famous Indian scholar, and was said to be the only living man who could read certain American Indian dialects. This could not be successfully contradicted.

"You will note that the first page of the book is a dedication or some thing in Chinese. I understood that that and probably other Chinese lines in the book were done by Mr. Kwong or by Mr. Yung Wing, both of them attached to the Chinese Embassy School here.

"I rather suspect that these 'Quotations' are possibly of the same type as those which Walter Scott used so frequently and quoted apparently from 'An Old Ballad'. You know of course, that many of them cannot be found by expert searchers in old ballad literature."
statement invented by Mark Twain or his colleagues after having been suggested by the Prolog, "At any rate, if it answers no other purpose, this catalog of authors will serve to give a surprising look of authority to your book"? Besides the quotations in the Gilded Age, we find Mark Twain hitting at this kind of humbuggery in speaking of the growth of the new town of Napoleon, as follows: "... and of course a farsighted but easy-going journeyman printer wandered along and started the 'Napoleon Weekly Telegraph and Literary Repository', a paper with a Latin motto from the Unabridged Dictionary," and in the same book he presents "Patrique Orreille, the wealthy Frenchman from Cork, with a Latin motto on his blazing coat-of-arms."

And so, just as Cervantes attacked books of chivalry by writing the very best one ever produced, Mark Twain attacked useless quotation from foreign tongues by an exaggerated use of them himself.

This cursory study of the Prolog and of Mark Twain's attitude toward the use of quotations and his actual use of them would lead to the conclusion that, if the American was not actually influenced by the Prolog --- and there seems to be sufficient reason to think that he was --- the two authors are alike in that they have both attacked the tendency of many people to claim for themselves greater knowledge than they really have.

1. The quotations are given in forty-one different languages and dialects.
2. II, 233.
3. II, 17.
Characters Influenced by Their Reading

As we have noted above, Mark Twain admitted in his autobiography that he had been unconsciously influenced by Dr. Holmes's dedication to his book of poems to such an extent that he had reproduced it almost word for word as a dedication to his "The Innocents Abroad", never dreaming that it was not a "child of my own happy fancy". Is it not very possible that it was from Don Quixote that he got the idea of using characters influenced by their reading?

Cervantes tells us of Don Quixote, "It must be known that the aforesaid gentleman, during the time that he was idle (which was the greater part of the year), devoted himself to the reading of books of chivalry with such eagerness and delight that he neglected almost entirely the practice of hunting and even the administration of his estate; and his curiosity and his folly carried him away so that he sold many pieces of fertile land in order to buy books of chivalry to read, and thus he brought home all that there were of them.... In fact, he became so absorbed in his reading that he spent the nights reading from daylight to daylight and the days from twilight till twilight; and thus, from sleeping only a little and from

1. P 5 ff.
reading a great deal his brain dried up until he was about to lose his mind. He was entirely occupied with the imagination of all that he was reading in the books of enchantments and feuds, battles, combats, wounds, love stories, compliments, misfortunes and impossible extravagances; and they so fastened themselves in his imagination that he believed all that arrangement of dreamed inventions which he was reading was true, so that for him there was no more certain history in the world. He said that the Cid Ruy Diaz had been a good knight but that he could not compare with the Knight of the Burning Sword, who at only one blow had cut in two two fierce, colossal giants."

Quixote's niece tells her friends that it often happened that her uncle read those books for two days and nights, at the end of which time he would throw the book from his hands, take his sword and strike at the walls; and when he was very tired he would say that he had killed four giants as big as towers, and the sweat caused by his exertions he would say was blood from the wounds that he had received in the battle, and then he would drink a great deal of water and remain sane and quiet, saying that the water was a precious drink that the wise Esquife, a great enchanter and friend of his had brought him.

"Finally, his mind was so upset that he came upon the strangest thought that has ever occurred to a madman, and

1. Ed. cit., I, 140.
2. Idem, I, 58 ff.
that was that it seemed fitting and necessary, not only for the increase of his own honor, but also for the service of the commonwealth that he should become a knight errant, and go through all the world with his arms and horse to look for adventures and to practice all that he had read that knights errant had done, righting all kinds of wrongs, and putting himself in occasions and dangers in which when he had overcome them he would win eternal fame and name. The poor man already imagined himself crowned by the valor of his arm as, at least, Emperor of Trapizonta; and thus, with such pleasant thoughts, borne on by the extreme pleasure that he derived from them, he hurried to carry out his desires. And the first thing that he did was to clean some arms that had been his great grandfather's and which, covered with rust and mold, had been in a corner and forgotten for ages."

When he had polished the armor to his satisfaction and by dint of a week's hard labor had fashioned a helmet out of pasteboard and pieces of iron, our hero gave himself to the important task of choosing a name for himself and for his worthy steed, and finally to the selection of a lady-love to whom he could send the giants and knights whom he was to overcome by the might of his invincible arm.

Carefully, indeed, had the preliminaries been attended

1. Ed. cit., 1, 63.
to when Don Quixote of La Mancha set out on his soon-to-be-famous steed, Rocinante — for such were the names he had selected — in search of adventures. But suddenly a disturbing thought entered his head. He had not yet been dubbed a knight and could not, according to the laws of knight-errantry, enter into knightly encounters. His reading came to his aid, however, and he decided to follow the example of some knights who had been dubbed by chance acquaintances. And so he rode on contented, and entertained himself with thoughts of his lady, the princess Dulcinea of Tobosa. "0 Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, you have done me much harm by sending me away and rejecting me with the stern admonition not to appear before your beauty." Thus he continued, imitating as well as he could the language of his favorite books.

Finally he came in sight of an inn. "And as everything that he thought, saw, or imagined seemed to our adventurer to correspond to what he had read, as soon as he saw the inn, it seemed to him that it was a castle with its four towers and its shining silver spires, not lacking its drawbridge and moat, with all the things with which such castles are painted." At this castle he watched his armor and was dubbed a knight by the inn-keeper, who humored his mad guest.

2. Idem, I, 72.
3. Idem, I, 76.
Thus the story begins, and we follow the Knight as he defends a boy who is being beaten by his master and leaves him to be beaten more than ever; as he challenges a band of merchants, demanding that they acknowledge his Dulcinea to be the most beautiful woman in the world, and we see him lying on the ground helpless as the result of the beating he gets in return for his challenge. We see him, after he has rested at home, start out again, this time accompanied by his squire, Sancho Panza, whom he continually instructs in first one subject then another.

Some of the instructions of Quixote to Sancho that seem to have a parallel in Mark Twain's writings are as follows:

Defending his conduct when Sancho criticises him, Quixote says, "Understand with all your five senses, that all I have done, am doing, and shall do, is very reasonable and conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I know better than all the knights that have ever professed them."

When Don Quixote mistakes a number of windmills for giants and in spite of Sancho's assertion that they are not giants but windmills, rushes full tilt to combat with one of them, he is thrown to the ground together with Rocinante. To Sancho's gentle reproaches for not heeding his warning, Quixote replies, "... the affairs of war, more than others, are subject to continual change, so

much the more, for I think, and it is true, that that
wizard Freston, who robbed me of my room and of the books
has changed these giants into windmills, in order to take
away from me the glory of their defeat; such is the enmity
that he has for me; but in the end, his evil arts will be
able to do little against the goodness of my sword." When
Don Quixote notices two enormous clouds of dust rising on
the plain, he rejoices, telling Sancho that two great
armies are approaching, and even naming the famous knights
whom he sees in the ranks. The cause of the war between
the two armies is the love of the pagan Pentapolín for the
Christian daughter of Alifanfarón. Quixote says that he
hears the neighing of horses and the beating of drums, and
to Sancho's statement that he sees no armies and no knights
but only sheep, and instead of drums and trumpets he hears
only the bleating of the sheep, replies that this is only
another case of enchantment. Later on when Sancho objects
to Don Quixote's penance, his master rebukes him severely,
"In the same way that you swore before, I swear to you that
you have the least understanding that any squire in the
world has or ever did have. How is it possible that as
long as you have traveled with me you have not discovered
that all things concerning knights errant seem to be chimer-
ical, stupid, and foolish, and that they are all the oppo-
site? And not because they are really so, but because
there is always with us a crowd of enchanters who change
all our affairs and twist them and turn them according as they wish to help or to destroy us; and thus, what appears to you to be a barber's basin seems to me to be the helmet of Mambrino, and to another it probably appears to be something else. And it was wise foresight on the part of the enchanter that is on my side to make what is really Mambrino's helmet appear to others to be a barber's basin, for, since it is of such value, all the world would persecute me in order to take it away from me; but when they see that it is only a barber's basin, they do not try to get it, as was seen in the case of the one who wanted to break it and then left it on the ground without taking it away; for upon my faith, if he had recognized it, he would never have left it."

Sancho Panza, in spite of all Quixote's instructions, remains rather incredulous. "By heaven, sir, I cannot suffer or endure in patience some of the things that you say, and on account of them I am coming to imagine that all you are telling me about chivalry and of getting kingdoms and empires, of giving islands, and of giving other favors and benefits, as is the custom of knights errant, is all a matter of wind and lies. ... For whoever hears you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you do not recover from this error in more than four days, what must he think except that he who says and affirms such a thing hasn't good sense?"

1. idem, II, 268.
Don Quixote instructs others besides Sancho in the ways of knights errant. He asks the traveller, Vivaldo, "Haven't you read the annals and the history of England, where are treated the famous deeds of King Arthur, whom we continually call el rey ArtúS in our castilian romances?"

Although none of Mark Twain's characters is affected by his reading to such an extent as is Don Quixote, nevertheless he presents several to us who have been influenced in no slight degree by books of one kind or another.

The most important of these characters is Tom Sawyer, whom we find in several books. Tom has read quite widely, evidently about witches and giants and pirates and robbers and enchantments and hidden treasure. Like Don Quixote — whose story he has read —— he is ready to attribute his failures to the malicious action of magicians or witches. Even his preparations are similar to Don Quixote's in that he is guided by his reading.

Tom Sawyer called together his friends and told them that they had to swear to keep his secret. When all had agreed to do so, he took them to a cave and organized a band of robbers, announcing that any one that joined the gang would have to sign the oath of secrecy with his blood. When Tom read the oath —— and a terrible one it was —— and the boys "asked Tom if he got it out of his own head, he said some of it, but the rest was out of pirate-books

1. Idem, 1, 264. 2. Huckleberry Finn, p. 9 ff.
and robber-books, and every gang that was high-toned had it." Some of the boys doubted that they should always kill people, and questioned Tom on the subject. "Oh, certainly, it's best. Some authorities think different, but mostly it's considered best to kill them --- except some that you bring to the cave here, and keep them till they're ransomed." Nobody knew what it meant to be ransomed, and argued with Tom that they couldn't do it if they didn't know what it was. "Why blame it all, we've got to do it", Tom answered. "Don't I tell you it's in the books? Do you want to go to doing different from what's in the books, and get things all muddled up?" According to Tom they could not "ransom" their prisoners as soon as they got them "Because it ain't in the books so --- that's why. Now, Ben Rogers, do you want to do things regular, or don't you? ... Don't you reckon that the people that made the books knows what's the correct thing to do? Do you reckon you can learn 'em anything? Not by a good deal."

"'All right, I don't mind; but I say it's a foolish way, anyhow. Say, do we kill the women, too?'

"Well, Ben Rogers, if I was as ignorant as you I wouldn't let on. Kill the women? No; nobody ever saw anything in the books like that. You fetch them to the cave, and you're always as polite as pie to them; and by and by they fall in love with you, and never want to go

1. *Idem*, II.
Huckleberry Finn continues the story, "We played robber now and then about a month, and then I resigned. All the boys did. We hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended. We used to hop out of the woods and go charging down on hog-drivers and women in carts taking garden stuff to market, but we never hived any of them. Tom Sawyer called the hogs 'ingots', and he called the turnips and stuff 'jewelry', and we would go into the cave and pow wow over what we had done, and how many people we had killed and marked. But I couldn't see no profit in it. One time Tom sent a boy to run about town with a blazing stick... and then he said he had got secret news by his spies that next day a whole parcel of Spanish merchants and rich A-mahs was going to camp in Cave Hollow with two hundred elephants, and six hundred camels, and over a thousand 'sumter' mules, all loaded with diamonds, and they didn't have only a guard of four hundred soldiers, and so we would lay in ambuscade, as he called it, and kill the lot and scoop the things. He said we must slick up our swords and guns and get ready. He never could go after even a turnip-cart but he must have the swords and guns all scoured up for it, though they was only lath and broomsticks, and you might

1. Huckleberry Finn, 17 ff. In an able paper read before the Kansas State Teachers' Association in 1923, Miss Ruth Perkins calls attention to this instance of the evident influence of Cervantes on Mark Twain.
scour at them till you rotted, and then they won't worth a mouthful of ashes more than what they was before. I didn't believe we could lick such a crowd of Spaniards and A-rabs, but I wanted to see the camels and elephants, so I was on hand the next day, Saturday in the ambuscade.... But there wasn't no camels nor no elephants. It wasn't anything but a Sunday-school picnic, and only a primer class at that. We busted it up, and chased the children up the hollow.... I didn't see no diamonds, and I told Tom Sawyer so. He said there was loads of them there, anyway; and he said there was A-rabs there, too, and elephants and things. I said, why couldn't we see them, then? He said if I wasn't so ignorant, but had read a book called Don Quixote, I would know without asking. He said it was all done by enchantment. He said there was hundreds of soldiers there, and elephants and treasure, and so on, but we had enemies which he called magicians, and they had turned the whole thing into an infant Sunday-school just out of spite. I said, all right; then the thing for us to do was to go for the magicians. Tom Sawyer said I was a numskull."

"'Why', said he, 'a magician could call up a lot of genies, and would bash you up like nothing before you could say Jack Robinson. They are as tall as trees and as big around as a church.'

"'Well,' I says, 'suppose we got some genies to help us --- can't we lick the other crowd then?'

"'How you going to get them?'
"'I don't know. How do they get them?'

"'Why, they rub an old tin lamp or an iron ring, and then the genies come tearing in, with the thunder and lightning a-ripping around and the smoke a-rolling, and everything they're told to do they up and do it. They don't think nothing of pulling a shot-tower up by the roots, and belting a Sunday-school superintendent over the head with it --- or any other man.'

"'Who makes them tear around so?'

"'Why, whoever rubs the lamp or the ring. They belong to whoever rubs the lamp or the ring, and they've got to do whatever he says. If he tells them to build a palace forty miles long out of diamonds, and fill it full of chewing gum, or whatever you want, and fetch an emperor's daughter from China for you to marry, they've got to do it --- and they've got to do it before sun-up the next morning, too. And more; they've got to wa••••t•• that palace around over the country wherever you want it, you understand.'

"'Well, I think they are a pack of flat-heads for not keeping the palace themselves 'stead of fooling them away like that. And what's more --- if I was one of them I would see a man in Jericho before I would drop my business and come to him for the rubbing of an old tin lamp!'

"'How you talk, Huck Finn! Why, you'd have to come when he rubbed it, whether you wanted to or not.'
"'What! And I as high as a tree and as big as a church? All right, then; I would come; but I lay I'd make that man climb the highest tree there was in the country!'

"'Shucks, it ain't no use to talk to you, Huck Finn. You don't seem to know anything, somehow --- perfect sap-head.'

"I thought all this over for two or three days, and then I reckoned I would see if there was anything in it. I got an old tin lamp and an iron ring, and went out in the woods and rubbed and rubbed till I sweat like an Injun, calculating to build a palace and sell it; but it warn't no use, none of the genies come. So then I judged that all that stuff was only just one of Tom Sawyer's lies. I reckoned he believed in the A-rabs and the elephants, but as for me, I think different. It had all the marks of a Sunday-school."

Just as the practice of knight-errantry as he had learned it from his books of chivalry was real life for Don Quixote, so the activities of pirates or robbers --- also learned from books --- were real life to Tom Sawyer. All other demands on the time of both heroes were trivial and to be dispatched as soon as possible. Tom's Dulcinea — Becky Thatcher — became disdainful, and Tom searched his brains for a suitably dolorous line of conduct that would soften the heart of his lady. Death seemed necessary.

But, realizing that if he died her regrets would be too late, he finally gave up the idea of dying or of going away into unknown lands never to return again, in favor of the more attractive plan of becoming a pirate. Like Don Quixote, he would make his name famous. "Now his future lay plain before him, and glowing with unimaginable splendor. How his name would fill the world, and make people shudder! How gloriously he would go plowing the dancing seas in his long, low, black-hulled racer, the Spirit of the Storm, and with his grisly flag flying at the fore! And at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weather-beaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jack-boots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and cross-bones on it, and hear with swelling ecstasy the whisperings, 'It's Tom Sawyer, the Pirate!... the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main!"

"Yes it was settled; his career was determined...."

And so Tom went to collect his treasures preparatory to setting out. But a marble he had buried failed to collect the rest of his lost marbles, although he had been careful to use the proper incantations. "He puzzled over the matter some time and finally decided that some witch had in-
terfered and broken the charm. ... He knew well the futility of trying to contend against witches, so he gave up discouraged.... Just here the blast of a toy tin trumpet came faintly down the green aisles of the forest. Tom flung off his jacket and trousers, turned a suspender into a belt, raked away some brush behind the rotten log, disclosing a rude bow and arrow, a lath sword and a tin trumpet, and in a moment he had seized these things and bounded away, barelegged, with fluttering shirt. He presently halted under a great elm, blew an answering blast, and then began to tip-toe and look warily out, this way and that. He said cautiously --- to an imaginary company:

"'Hold, my merry men! Keep hid till I blow!'

"Now appeared Joe Harper, as airily clad and elaborately armed as Tom. Tom called:

"'Hold! Who comes here into Sherwood Forest without my pass?'

"'Guy of Guisborne wants no man's pass. Who art thou that --- that ---'

"'Dares to hold such language,' said Tom, prompting for they talked 'by the book', from memory.

"'Who art thou that dares to hold such language?'

"'I, indeed! I am Robin Hood, as thy caitiff carcass soon shall know.'

"'Then thou art indeed that famous outlaw? Right
gladly will I dispute with thee the passes of the merry wood. Have at thee!"

The battle continued until Tom shouted:

"Fall! Fall! Why don't you fall?"

"I shan't! Why don't you fall yourself? You're getting the worst of it!"

"Why that ain't anything. I can't fall; that ain't the way it is in the book. The book says, "Then with one back-handed stroke he slew poor Guy of Gisborne". You're to turn around and let me hit you in the back'. ....

"The boys dressed themselves, hid their accoutrements, and went off grieving that there were no outlaws any more and wondering what modern civilization could claim to have done to compensate for their loss."

The entire pirate scheme, carried out so beautifully by Tom and Joe Harper and Huckleberry Finn, was the result of Tom's reading.

In her comparison of Cervantes and Mark Twain, which we have mentioned before, Miss Perkins asks, "Do you recall in the freeing of negro Jim, the digging under the wall, when there was an open window but ten feet from the ground; the rope ladder although the escape was to be effected by means of the hole; the sawing off of the leg of the bed although the chain slipped off easily by lifting the bed? All these meet with objections from our realist, Huckle-

berrr Finn to whom Tom says, 'Well, if that ain't just like you, Huck Finn! You can get up the infant-schooliest ways of going at a thing. Why, hain't you ever read any books at all? Baron Trenck, not Cassanova, nor Benvenuto Chelleny, nor Henry IV, nor none of them heroes? Whoever heard of getting a prisoner loose in such an old-maidy way as that?"

1. In *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, Tom tried to persuade Huck and Jim to go on a crusade. To overcome their objections to taking the "Paynims" possessions from them, Tom declared, "Well, it's enough to make a body sick, such mullet-headed ignorance! If either of you'd read anything about history, you'd know that Richard Cur de Loon, and the Pope, and Godfrey de Bulley, and lots more of the most noble-hearted and pious people in the world hacked and hammered at the paynims for more than two hundred years trying to take their land away from them, and swum neck deep in blood the whole time — and yet here's a couple of sap-headed country yahoos out in the back-woods of Missouri setting themselves up to know more about the rights and wrongs of it than they did! Talk about cheek!" And later on in the same book, Huckleberry Finn says, "Now, Tom he got all that notion out of Walter Scott's book, which he was always reading. And it was a wild notion, because in my opinion he never could've raised the men, and if he did, like as not he would've got licked."

1. P. 10.
Don Quixote's house-keeper seemed to feel the same about the books of chivalry as did Huckleberry Finn toward Walter Scott's books and their influence on Tom Sawyer, only the house-keeper's resentment was stronger. "These cursed books of chivalry which he has and is accustomed to read have turned his mind; for now I remember having heard him say often that he wished to become a knight errant and go in search of adventures through the whole world. May Satan take all such books for they have ruined the most refined intellect that there was in all of La Mancha."

In The Prince and the Pauper, Mark Twain tells us that the "Pauper", Tom Canty, was so affected by his reading of and listening to fairy tales and stories of princes and royal courts that he shaped his conduct according to them. "He put in a good deal of time listening to good Father Andrew's charming old tales and legends about giants and fairies, dwarfs and genii, and enchanted castles, and gorgeous kings and princes. His head grew to be full of these wonderful things, and many a night as he lay in the dark on his scant and offensive straw, tired, hungry and smarting from a thrashing, he unleashed his imagination and soon forgot his aches and pains in delicious picturings to himself of the charmed life of a petted prince in a regal palace. One desire came in time to haunt him day

1. Ed. cit., I, 140.
2. The Prince and the Pauper, New York, 1899, p. 5 ff.
and night; it was to see a real prince, with his own eyes.

... He often read the priest's old books and got him to explain and enlarge upon them. His dreamings and readings worked certain changes in him by and by. His dream-people were so fine that he grew to lament his shabby clothing and his dirt, and to wish to be clean and better clad.... By and by Tom's reading and dreaming about princely life wrought such a strong effect upon him that he began to act the prince unconsciously. His speech and manners became curiously ceremonious and courtly, to the vast admiration and amusement of his intimates. But Tom's influence among these young people began to grow, now, day by day, and in time he came to be looked up to by them with a sort of wondering awe.... Privately after a while, Tom organized a royal court! He was a prince; his special comrades were guards, chamberlains, squerries, lords and ladies in waiting, and the royal family. Daily the mock prince was received with elaborate ceremonials borrowed by Tom from his romantic readings; daily the great affairs of the mimic kingdom were discussed in the royal council, and daily his mimic highness issued decrees to his imaginary armies, navies, and vice-royalties." After Tom had been forced to commence the life of a prince in real earnest, he made this comment to himself, "Tis not for naught I have dwelt but among princes in my reading, and taught my tongue some slight trick of their broidered and gracious speech withal."
In "A Curious Experience" the story is given of an innocent-looking boy, a minister's son who imagined himself to be a Confederate spy. He entered a near-by Northern camp, and wrote messages and hid them in a barn where the Union soldiers found them and suspected him. Then when the officers tried by certain kinds of torture to make him talk, he suffered in silence in order to carry out his role. Finally he manufactured a kind of half-way confession and was released from torture, but, shortly after, again refused to answer, and was again tortured quite severely, in fact until the officers were convinced that the boy would keep his word and die rather than reveal anything that would harm his beloved South. The whole camp was upset, messages were sent to Washington to the War Department, and the boy was in danger of his life. Giving the soldiers the slip, he returned to his home where the good old minister and his wife were praying for the return of their darling, and here he was found by the soldiers who were sent to recapture him. And this is the explanation: "It turned out that he was a ravenous devourer of dime novels and sensation-story papers—therefore, dark mysteries and gaudy heroisms were just in his line. Then he had read newspaper reports of the stealthy goings and comings of rebel spies in our midst, and

1. With The American Claimant, p 296.
2. He was like Don Quixote when the latter, being threatened with death (Ed. cit., VI, 191) if he did not deny the beauty of his imaginary Dulcinea, said he would rather die.
of their lurid purposes and their two or three startling achievements, till his imagination was all afame on that subject. His constant comrade for some months had been a Yankee youth of much tongue and lively fancy, who had served for a couple of years as 'mud clerk' (that is, subordinate purser) on certain packet-boats plying between New Orleans and points two or three hundred miles up the Mississippi — hence his easy facility in handling the names and other details pertaining to that region. Now I had spent two or three months in that part of the country before the war; and I knew just enough about it to be easily taken in by that boy, whereas a born Louisianian would probably have caught him tripping before he had talked fifteen minutes. Do you know the reason he said he would rather die than explain certain of his treasonable enigmas? Simply because he couldn't explain them! They had no meaning; he had fired them out of his imagination without forethought or afterthought; and so upon sudden call, he wasn't able to invent an explanation of them. For instance, he couldn't reveal what was hidden in the 'sympathetic ink' letter for the ample reason that there wasn't anything hidden in it; it was blank paper only. He hadn't put anything into a gun, and had never intended to — for his letters were all written to imaginary persons, and when he hid one in the stable he always removed the one he had put there the day before; so he was not acquainted with that knotted
string, since he was seeing it for the first time when I showed it to him; but as soon as I let him find out where it came from, he straight-way adopted it in his romantic fashion, and got some fine effects out of it. He invented Mr. "Gaylord"; there wasn't any 15 Bond Street just then --- it had been pulled down three months before. He invented the "Colonel"; he invented the glib histories of those unfortunate ones whom I captured and confronted with him; he invented "B.B."; he invented No. 166, one may say, for he didn't know there was such a number in the Eagle Hotel until we went there. He stood ready to invent anybody or anything whenever it was wanted. If I called for 'outside' spies, he promptly described strangers whom he had seen at the hotel, and whose names he had happened to hear. Ah, he lived in a gorgeous, mysterious, romantic world during those few stirring days, and I think it was real to him, and that he enjoyed it clear down to the bottom of his heart." Was he not quixotic in the real sense of the word?

In "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed"

there is a character who "was young, ignorant, good-natured, well-meaning, trivial, full of romance, and given to reading chivalric novels and singing forlorn love-ditties. He had some pathetic little nickel-plated aristocratic instincts, and detested his name, which was Dunlap; detested it, partly because it was nearly as common in that region as

1. With The American Claimant, 243.
Smith, but mainly because it had a plebeian sound to his ear. So he tried to ennoble it by writing it in this way: d'Unlap. That contented his eye, but left the ear unsatisfied, for people gave the new name the same old pronunciation — emphasis on the front end of it. He then did the bravest thing that can be imagined — a thing to make one shiver when one remembers how the world is given to resenting shams and affectations; he began to write his name so: d' Un Lap. And he waited patiently through the long storm of mud that was flung at this work of art and he had his reward at last; for he lived to see that name accepted, and the emphasis put where he wanted it by people who had known him all his life, and to whom the tribe of Dunlaps had been as familiar as the rain and sunshine for forty years. So sure of victory at last is the courage that can wait. He said he had found, by consulting some ancient French chronicles, that the name was rightly and originally written d'Un Lap; and said that if it were translated into English it would mean Peterson: Lap, Latin or Greek, he said, for stone or rock, same as the French Pierre, that is to say, Peter; d', of or from; un, a or one; hence d'Un Lap, of or from a stone or a Peter —— Peterson. . . . He proved useful to us in his way; he named our camps for us, and he generally struck a name that was 'no slouch' as the boys said.
When the recruits making this expedition camped not far from their starting point, "Straightway half the command were in swimming and the other half fishing. The ass with the French name gave this position a romantic title, but it was too long, so the boys shortened and simplified it to Camp Ralls." The would-be soldiers, hearing that the enemy was approaching, retreated in a very disorderly fashion to Mason's farm where they were attacked by the dogs, and "Peterson Dunlap afterward made up a fine name for this engagement, and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory." After another night of terror, Dunlap named a new refuge Camp Devastation.

This tendency of Dunlap's to give high-sounding names to persons and places has its parallel in Don Quixote. When he had polished his armor and had made his helmet, the would-be knight-errant went out to see his horse, which, although he was a sorry specimen, seemed to the master to be better than Alexander's Bucephalus or the Cid's Babieca. He spent four entire days trying to think of a name suitable for the wonderful horse, for as he said, the horse of so famous a knight as he was to become should also have a beautiful and fitting name which should indicate first what he had been, and secondly what he became—the faithful steed of a knight errant. And so, after much

writing and erasing, adding to and taking from the name, he called the horse Rocinante, a name which seemed to him sonorous and yet signifying that the bearer had once been a common jade, before he had become what he now was — the best of all jades in the world. After naming the horse so much to his pleasure, he spent another eight days in deep consideration of a fitting name for himself, and at the end of that time, he called himself Don Quixote. Then, remembering that Amadís had not been contented with being called just Amadís, but had added the name of his kingdom or country in order to make it famous, and called himself Amadís de Gaula, he decided to add to his name that of his country and call himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, which, according to his opinion declared his lineage and country and honored the country at the same time. When searching his mind for a lady-love who would be suitable for so distinguished a knight errant, he thought of a village maiden whom he scarcely knew, Aldonza Lorenzo, and again after much thought decided to call her Dulcinea del Toboso. He himself took the additional title of El Caballero de la Triste Figura, and later, El Caballero de los Leones; he called Don Diego de Miranda "El Caballero del Verde Gabán"; he asked the girls at the inn to assume the title of doña; when he returned home after his defeat by the Knight of the

1. Ed. cit., I, 63.
White Moon and decided to take up the life of a shepherd as he had read in his pastoral books that others had done, he asked the priest and the barber to join him, and told them he would be called el pastor Quixotiz; the bachelor, el pastor Carrascón; and the curate, el pastor Curambo; and Sancho Panza, el pastor Panceo.

While noting this mania for high-sounding names common both to Cervantes' hero and to some of the characters Mark Twain introduces to us, let us note also that when Tom Sawyer and his two friends became pirates they called themselves "Tom Sawyer, the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main", "Huck Finn, the Red-Handed", "Joe Harper, the Terror of the Seas", all of these titles coming from Tom's favorite literature.

When the Connecticut Yankee was in danger of losing his life immediately after his capture, he remembered from his reading that "Columbus or Cortez, or one of those people played an eclipse as a saving trump once, on some savages," and as he knew an eclipse was due just then, he pretended he had brought it about by his magic powers, and saved his life thereby.

In "The Story of the Good Little Boy", Jacob Blivens tried to imitate the boys of the Sunday School books, and in striving after his ideal, suffered for every attempt.

When he read for the edification and conversion of the bad boy who was stealing apples, the bad boy fell and broke Jacob's arm, not his own; when, after the bad boys had pushed a blind man over into the mud, Jacob helped the poor man to his feet, he received a beating instead of the expected blessing for his kindness; the lame dog he sheltered tore his clothes to pieces; when he set out on a raft to warn the bad boys who were enjoying a boat ride on Sunday that they would surely be drowned in punishment, his raft turned over, and he was nearly drowned himself and was sick for nine weeks as a result; and an attempt to keep the bad little boys from hurting fifteen dogs, to whose tails they had tied nitro-glycerine cans, resulted in Jacob's being blown up and his body scattered in four different townships, and in a tree-top, so that five different inquests had to be held to "tell whether he was dead or not."

With Jacob, as with Don Quixote, nothing ever turned out as it ought, according to the books.

Laura Hawkins, the leading character in The Gilded Age, had her dreams. She detested the narrow limits in which her lot was cast, she hated poverty. Much of her reading had been modern works of fiction, written by her own sex, which had revealed to her something of her own powers and given her, indeed, an exaggerated notion of the influence,
the wealth, the position a woman may attain who has beauty and talent and ambition and a little culture, and is not too scrupulous in the use of them.... She wanted to be rich, she wanted luxury, she wanted men at her feet, her slaves, and she had not --- thanks to some of the novels she had read --- the nicest discrimination between notoriety and reputation; perhaps she did not know how fatal notoriety usually is to the bloom of womanhood." And Laura floundered on in vain efforts to gain wealth and influence and social position until she finally committed murder.

Don Quixote, who had dedicated his life to the redressing of injuries, usually suffered for his kindness. The prisoners who, chained together and well bound, were being taken to the galleys "against their will", when liberated by Quixote, stoned him and Sancho until both fell to the ground badly bruised and fainting. Then one of them beat Quixote with "Hambriño's helmet", broke it, and took Quixote's jacket and Sancho's coat, and left.

A few days later, one of these same rogues stole Dapple from Sancho. After the incident with the galley slaves, Quixote said, "I have heard tell that to do good to wicked people is to pour water into the sea." Gardenio, the heart-broken lover, turning mad, beat Quixote who had tried to help him; Andres, whom Quixote tried to save from a beating, cursed him for his efforts. When Quixote

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tried to rescue a lady, who he thought was being carried off — it was a statue of the Blessed Virgin — he was knocked senseless. Two towns were about to fight over a trifling matter, and Quixote, with his usual kindness, tried to prevent the struggle. Sancho, who was trying to help, was misunderstood and struck down; Quixote helped Sancho and was stoned by the very ones he came out to help. And later, when Quixote was guarding the inn, thinking it was a castle, he was tricked by the inn-keeper's daughter and the servant girl, Maritornes, into putting his hand into the hole in the hay-loft. Then the girls tied a slip knot over his hand and left him. Guests arrived and as they paid no attention to Quixote's challenge, our worthy knight tried to get loose but only succeeded in causing Rocinante, upon whom he had been standing, to move. Thus Quixote was left dangling in the air, suspended by his arm.

Published with Tom Sawyer Abroad, is an article entitled, "About Magnanimous Incident Literature" in which are found a number of characters that do kindly acts because they have read books about others who have done them.

2. Idem, VI, 190 ff.  
4. The incident of the wooden horse, found in Quixote VI, 59, seems to have its parallel in Tom Sawyer Abroad, III. but it is possible that both incidents were based upon the story as it stands in the Arabian Nights. "He (Tom) said he couldn't believe he was standing on the very identical spot the prince flew from on the Bronze Horse. It was in Arabian Night times, he said. Somebody give the prince a bronze horse with a peg in the shoulder, and he could get on him and fly like a bird..... and steer it by turning the peg."  
5. P. 326 ff.
"One day a benevolent physician (who had read the books) having found a stray poodle suffering from a broken leg, conveyed the poor creature to his home, and after setting and bandaging the injured limb, gave the little outcast its liberty again and thought no more about the matter." Each morning the dog returned with an ever-increasing number of crippled dogs, until finally "the pious wonder in the good physician's breast was beginning to get mixed with involuntary profanity. The sun rose once more, and exhibited thirty-two dogs", and the physician had to hire an assistant. Next morning when the "good physician looked out upon a massed and far-reaching multitude of clamorous and beseeching dogs, he said, 'I might as well acknowledge it, I have been fooled by the books; they only tell the pretty part of the story, and then stop. Fetch me the shot-gun; this thing has gone far enough.'" The physician died as the result of a bite from one of the dogs he had helped, and dying, said, "Beware of the books. They tell but half of the story". The celebrated author who had helped a struggling beginner, regretted it, for "when the young aspirant got a start at last, he rode into sudden fame by describing the celebrated author's life with such a caustic humor and such minuteness of blistering detail that the book sold a prodigious edition, and broke the celebrated author's heart with mortification. With his latest gasp
he said, 'Alas, the books deceived me; they do not tell the whole story.... Whom God sees fit to starve, let not man presumptuously rescue to his own undoing.' Mr. McSpadden, who gave a young man five-hundred dollars for saving Mrs. McSpadden's life, was called on for one favor after another until he had the rescuer's whole family clamoring for extraordinary favors and railing at him when he maintained he had done enough for them.

There is this difference between Don Quixote's suffering for his kindness, and that in the cases just mentioned, that Quixote was not always mistreated by those whom he had tried to help, although we have instances of that, too; the latter characters were undoubtedly repaid with ingratitude. The case of Jacob Blivens --- the good little boy --- is a better parallel. But in all these cases there is in common the influence of foolish books.
Don Quixote and
A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

There are so many similarities between Don Quixote and A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court that one is inclined to believe the second a sort of photographic negative of the first. In Don Quixote, the background is modern (looked at from the standpoint of the author), and the principal character is one who might have been taken from the days of chivalry, from the era of wandering knights; in the Connecticut Yankee, the background is supposedly the country, people, and customs existing "when knighthood was in flower", and the Connecticut Yankee, the principal character, is the most modern of nineteenth century Americans. The atmosphere of the Quixote is charged with reverence for the Church and for existing government, as a whole; that of the Connecticut Yankee, with irreverence and defiance toward the Church, and with many healthfully independent ideas --- which are, however, mixed with some radical statements about even limited monarchies. Probably the most important point in the reversal of conditions in the two books is that in Don Quixote, chivalry in the person of Quixote, is followed and served by practical common sense in the person of Sancho Panza; in the Connecticut Yankee, common sense, in the person of the Boss, is followed and served by chivalry, in the person of "Clarence", of Alisande, and of King Arthur
himself, not to mention a score of knights who are
eventually pressed into service. As in the Quixote, Sancho
is continually being instructed in knight-errantry and in
the trickery of enchanter, so in the Connecticut Yankee
"Clarence" progresses in knowledge of practical affairs
under the instruction of the Boss. The character of Don
Quixote is in marked contrast with that of the Boss. The
former is credulous, pious, considerate, gentle, reckless,
unselfish, high-minded; the latter is incredulous, irrever-
ent, impatient, brusque, by no means self-sacrificing, and
he is materialistic. Quixote sees castles where Sancho
sees inns and mills; the Boss sees a pig-sty where Sandy
sees a castle. Quixote tries to restore the practice of
knight-errantry; the Boss attempts to destroy it. Quixote
never provides for the future; the Boss has his agents in
all parts of the kingdom preparing for it, and he himself
is seldom unprepared for it. Quixote stands for what has
been; the Boss, for what may be. Quixote is long-enduring;
the Boss is impatient at the slightest inconvenience.

3. In the Connecticut Yankee, p. 5, the future "Boss" says
of himself: "I am an American. I was born and reared in
Hartford, in the state of Connecticut.... So I am a Yankee
of the Yankees, and practical; yes, and nearly barren of sen-
timent, I suppose --- or poetry, in other words. My father
was a blacksmith ... Then I went over to the great arms
factory and learned my real trade; learned all there was to
it; learned to make everything; guns, revolvers, cannon,
boilers, engines, all sorts of labor-saving machinery. Why,
I could make anything a body wanted --- anything in the
world, it didn't make any difference what; and if there
wasn't any quick, new-fangled way to make a thing, I could
invent one.... I became head superintendent; had a couple
of thousand of men under me."
In the Quixote the hero nearly always loses in his encounters with his opponents; in the Connecticut Yankee, the Boss wins easily.

Not less striking than the contrasts between the two books are the similarities to be found in them. As has just been noted, the books contrast the modern with the antique. Other similarities are: the alleged purpose of Cervantes, which was to attack the books of chivalry, and of the Boss, which was --- after he had adjusted himself to his surroundings --- to attack the very institutions of chivalry; the expression of the authors' views on government and social conditions; long-drawn-out speeches ridiculing the language of the books of chivalry; and several scenes in which a knight in armor is in a ridiculous plight.

1. Connecticut Yankee, p.100, one finds an instance of the Boss's impatience. On 99, the Boss complains because he had to start on his adventure without taking any lunch with him. "It had been my intention to smuggle a couple of sandwiches into my helmet, but I was interrupted in the act, and had to make an excuse and lay them aside, and a dog got them." He complains about sleeping on the ground because of the ants and worms that get inside of his armor.
2. See above, p. 17.
4. See above, pp. 18 ff.
6. There is also here a contrast of the modern slang with the older English, and Sandy's effort to master it reminds one of Sancho's experience with his master's Latin.
6. Ed. cit., I, 86; V, 269; VI, 288; VIII, 143.
Compare the following scenes: in Don Quixote, the hero in complete armor, but wearing the barber's basin on his head; in the Connecticut Yankee, the Boss's knight beautifully clad in armor except for the helmet, which he has replaced with a shiny stove-pipe hat.

When Don Quixote starts out for the first time and arrives at the inn he is wearing the paste-board helmet that cannot be removed without breaking the fastenings. And so, as he sits down to eat, he is clad in civilian's dress except for the helmet, looking, as Mark Twain would have said, as though he was "just out of a picture-book". The helmet is so much in the way that he cannot eat except when the maids feed him, and in order to give him something to drink, the host hollows out a reed and putting one end of it into Don Quixote's mouth, pours the wine into the other.

Now let us glance at the Boss as he goes on his first adventure, and let us read his account of it. "It was beginning to get hot. This was quite noticeable. We had a very long pull, after that, without any shade. Now it is curious how progressively little frets grow and multiply after they once get a start. Things I didn't mind at all, at first, I began to mind now --- and more and more, too, all the time. The first ten or fifteen times I wanted my handkerchief I didn't seem to care.... But now it was different; I wanted it all the time. I couldn't get it out

of my mind; and so at last I lost my temper and said hang
a man that would make a suit of armor without any pockets
in it. You see I had my handkerchief in my helmet; and
some other things; but it was the kind of helmet that you
can't take off by yourself. That hadn't occurred to me
when I put it there; and in fact I didn't know it. I sup-
posed it would be particularly convenient there. And so
now, the thought of its being there, so handy and close by,
and yet not get-at-able, made it all the worse and harder
to bear. Yes, the thing that you can't get is the thing
that you want, mainly; every one has noticed that. Well,
it took my mind off from everything else; took it clear
off, and centered it in my helmet; and mile after mile,
there it stayed, imagining the handkerchief, picturing the
handkerchief; and it was bitter and aggravating to have the
salt sweat keep trickling down into my eyes and I couldn't
get at it. It seems like a little thing, on paper, but
it was not a little thing at all; it was the most real kind
of misery. I would not say it if it was not so. I made up
my mind that I would carry along a reticule next time, let
it look how it might, and people say what they would. Of
course these iron dudes of the Round Table would think it
scandalous, and maybe raise Sheol about it, but as for me,
give me comfort first, and style afterward. So we jogged
along.... We couldn't seem to meet anybody in this lone-
some Britain, not even an ogre; and in the mood I was then
in, it was well for the ogre; that is an ogre with a handkerchief. Most knights would have thought of nothing but getting his armor; but so I got his bandana, he could keep his hardware, for all of me.

"Meantime it was getting hotter and hotter in there. You see the sun was beating down and warming up the iron more and more all the time. Well, when you are hot that way every little thing irritates you. When I trotted, I rattled like a crate of dishes, and that annoyed me; and moreover I couldn't seem to stand that shield slatting and banging, now about my breast, now around my back; and if I walked, my joints creaked and screeched in that wearisome way that a wheelbarrow does, and as we didn't create any breeze at that gait, I was like to get fried in that stove; and besides, the quieter you went the heavier the iron settled down on you and the more and more tons you seemed to weigh every minute...... When you perspire that way, in rivers, there comes a time when you --- when you --- well, when you itch. You are inside; your hands are outside; so there you are; nothing but iron between. It is not a light thing, let it sound as it may..... And when it got to the worst, and it seemed to me that I could not stand anything more, a fly got in through the bars and settled on my nose, and the bars were stuck and wouldn't work, and I couldn't get the visor up; and I could only shake my head, which was baking hot by this time, and the fly --- well, you
know how a fly acts when he has got a certainty --- he only minded the shaking enough to change from nose to lip, and lip to ear, and buzz and buzz all around in there, and keep on lighting and biting in a way that a person, already so distressed as I was, simply could not stand. So I gave in, and got Alisande to unship the helmet and relieve me of it. Then she emptied the conveniences out of it and fetched it full of water, and I drank and then stood up, and she poured the rest down inside the armor. One cannot think how refreshing it was. She continued to fetch and pour until I was well soaked and thoroughly comfortable."

There are other minor similarities. Don Quixote's conversation with the Duke and Duchess about Dulcinea is very like that of the knights at Arthur's Round Table when they tell of their imaginary deeds. Both authors make it a point to ridicule Merlin; both criticise the books of chivalry on their representing the ease with which ladies determine to marry the first bold knight that happens along.

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1. There is also a similarity between this scene where the Boss has his handkerchief in his helmet, and that in Don Quixote where the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure puts on his helmet into which Sancho has hastily put the curds he had been buying. Ed. cit., V, 301.
Summary

Let us review briefly the findings of this study. With interesting variations of opinion, American and European critics have compared Cervantes and Mark Twain and their writings. Mark Twain himself has given evidence of his own susceptibility to influence from the writings of others, and of his familiarity with and regard for Don Quixote. Thus the question resolves itself into two distinct parts — kinship and influence.

A similarity in their powers of imagination, which was evidently resultant from their wide range of experience; the scope of their works as regards audience and kinds of production; their purposes in writing, i.e., to attack books of chivalry, to entertain, to criticise literature, to criticise social and governmental conditions, and to express their philosophy of life; their humor, "distilled drop by drop" through their pages, often the result of violent contrast or of the fear exhibited by some of their characters; their criticism of everything that savored of sham or affectation in literature; their ability to describe the appearance of their native lands and of their contemporaries so well that their works are of historical value; and finally their use of the so-called natural method in

their writing, their interpolation of stories, their continual use of contrast either of times and customs or of characters, and their use of proverbs and maxims — all these testify to the kinship of Cervantes and Mark Twain.

That Cervantes, through his _Quixote_, has influenced Mark Twain is shown chiefly by three instances of a similarity so marked as to be undeniable evidence of influence. The first is that Mark Twain followed the suggestion given in the _Prolog_ to the _Quixote_ concerning annotations, invented quotations, and quotations from foreign languages, especially in his _Gilded Age_, _Following the Equator_, and _A Tramp Abroad_. The second is the use of characters that have been led to rather unusual if not very erratic conduct by the influence of their reading. There is, under this heading, an evident parallel between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and books of chivalry on the one hand, and Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn and books about pirates and robbers and all kinds of outlaws on the other. So thoroughly did the idea of characters influenced by their reading captivate Mark Twain that he used it not only in _Tom Sawyer_ and _Huckleberry Finn_, but also in _The Prince and the Pauper_, _The Gilded Age_, _Tom Sawyer Abroad_, and in the shorter stories, "A Curious Experience", "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed", "The Story of the Good Little Boy", and

2. _Idem_, pp. 98-139.
"About Magnanimous Incident Literature." The third proof is found in comparing the Quixote with the Connecticut Yankee. In both are found the contrast between modern and ancient times and customs, but with a reversal of the dynamics, the same ridicule of the customs of so-called chivalry. Moreover scenes in the Connecticut Yankee immediately call to the reader's mind corresponding scenes in the Quixote.

It must be conceded, then, that, although it is impossible to estimate the extent of the influence of Cervantes on Mark Twain and to state definitely the point at which kinship merges into influence, there is no doubt not only that both of these authors, whose works have been and probably always will be "the general delight of mankind" were kindred spirits, but also that the great American learned much of his charming art from the great Spaniard.

1. Idem, pp. 129 ff.
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