

A Study of Mark Twain's *Roughing It* —the Horseshoe Pattern—

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Introduction

Dr. Henry Nash Smith emphasizes the writer Mark Twain's "two ways of viewing the world," and Mr. Justin Kaplan portrays Mr. Clemens as a man "who lived the Gilded Life that Mark Twain despised." No longer is Mark Twain merely a "jackleg" who always depends upon "grotesque exaggeration." We now know that he is a far more accomplished and conscious artist. As for the duality, what remains to be seen is evidently "Why — not how — the duality

come into being in Mark Twain?"

This essay is an attempt to give an answer to the question, mainly based upon the materials derived from *Roughing It*. The reason for choosing this book is simple and clear: it is the only novel that deals with "the Birth of Mark Twain," Mr. Clemens' discovery of the artist Mark Twain. My fundamental argument here is that at the center of Mark Twain's consciousness as a writer exists a theory of change. Typical of *Roughing It* is no doubt the abundance of various changes. It seems that Mark Twain discovered a theory of change, and made use of it in all his literary works. From this point, we get on to the problem, "What is the dominant pattern of that change?," and then, "What meaning does this pattern signify?"

I T-A-A'-T'

One of the main characteristics of *Roughing It* is the frequent use of digressions. Interestingly enough, the narrator announces on beginning Chapter 50, "since I digress constantly anyhow, perhaps it is as well to eschew apologies anyhow, and thus prevent their growing irksome."¹ At the start of Chapter 52, he is kind enough to inform the reader, "since I desire, in this chapter, to say as instructive word or two about the silver mines, the reader may take this fair warning and skip, if he chooses."² Apparently, these digressions are a conscious strategy of attracting the reader's special attention. Dr. Smith refers to "the most effective technique" of Mark Twain "for telling the story

1) Franklin R. Rogers (ed.), *Roughing It* (Berkeley, University of California Press, c1972), p.318

2) *Ibid.*, p.337

orally," and cites the writer's words : "A pause *after* the remark was absolutely necessary with any and all audiences because no man, however intelligent he may be, can instantly adjust his mind to a new, and yet for a moment or two apparently plausible logic . . ."3) As for his digressions, it seems that the writer put them in this book so frequently as a kind of narrative "pause."

This technique of digression is extremely important for understanding the structure or composition of *Roughing It*, because, in fact, the effect of a writer wandering away from the main subject, and on noticing it, coming back to it, is no more than the most basic structure of *Roughing It*. The book begins as a travel record, develops as an autobiographical narrative, and ends as a travel record again. To be more accurate, the first 20 chapters are the 20 day record of the innocent's journey from St. Louis to Carson City ; the second 21 chapters treat the stormy adventures as a tenderfoot miner ; the third 20 chapters are filled with the striking activities as a news-reporter ; the last 18 chapters describe the tours as a special correspondent and a lecturer. Hence comes the representation: T-A-A'-T' (T = travel record of the innocent ; A = autobiographical narrative as a tenderfoot miner ; A' = autobiographical narrative as a news-reporter ; T' = travel record as a special correspondent and a lecturer). Two autobiographical narratives of the Nevada-California mining community are provided with a framework of two travel records : this book takes its narrative course from the starting point T to the contrastive points A and A', and after that, comes back to the terminal T'

3) Henry N. Smith, *Mark Twain : The Development of a Writer* (Cambridge, The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, c1962), p.68

just near T. As the most pertinent name for such a "U" form of narrative course, we are going to use the name of "the horseshoe pattern." As the chapters go forward, the importance of this pattern will reveal itself.

At a glance, these four portions, T, A, A', T', appear to stand independently ; they are seemingly so much apart from one another that it seems possible to separate them. In fact, one editor omits the last portion T' entirely in order to limit the book "to the organic western whole."⁴ No doubt, however, this is a great mistake, a tremendous distortion of the book. We must not be dazzled by the appearance ; as far as Mark Twain is concerned, there is a complete unity between form and contents. Certainly, these portions are too closely connected with each other.

Now, the problem of form of *Roughing It* necessarily reflects itself upon that of its contents. Let us inspect, chapter by chapter, how vividly and picturesquely the horseshoe pattern reveals itself in various aspects of the book.

II Stage-coach

The main character who is going to tell the story of *Roughing It* is evidently two contrasted characters. Dr. Smith most rightly observes; "the pronoun 'I' links two quite different personae : that of a tender-foot setting out across the plains, and that of an old timer, a veteran who has seen the elephant and now looks back upon his own callow

4) Rodman W. Paul (ed.), *Mark Twain : Roughing It* (New York, Rinehart & Co., Inc., c1959), INTRODUCTION xviii

days of inexperience. Both are present in the narrative from start."⁵⁾ In this essay, we call the two personae "the innocent" and "the narrator" respectively.

The opening paragraph of *Roughing It* is extremely important ; in particular, the first part of it. Here is involved, so to speak, the kernel of the book which inspires it with a great impetus to start the story current.

My brother had just been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory — an office of such majesty that it concentrated in itself the duties and dignities of Treasurer, Comptroller, Secretary of State, and Acting Governor in the Governor's absence. A salary of eighteen hundred dollars in a year and the title of "Mr. Secretary" gave to the great position an air of wild and imposing grandeur. I was young and ignorant, and I envied my brother. I coveted his distinction and his financial splendor, but particularly and especially the long, strange journey he was going to make, and the curious new world he was going to explore. He was going to travel ! I never had been away from home, and that word "travel" had a seductive charm for me. . . .⁶⁾

Here are presented the two brothers ; one who is envied, and the other who envies. To the innocent "I," the envy is the travel which "Mr. Secretary" was going to make, rather than the salary and title of the Secretary. The basic situation which *Roughing It* develops is presented here. What seems to have no special appeal to "Mr.

5) Henry N. Smith, *op cit*, p.53

6) Franklin R. Rogers (ed.), *op. cit*, p.43

Secretary," strongly fascinates the innocent, and, on the contrary, what possibly charms "Mr. Secretary" scarcely interests the innocent. To "Mr. Secretary," the travel is a means only, but for the innocent it has "a seductive charm."

In fact, this envy is somehow satisfied, and their journey begins. From the psychological point of view, however, the journey of "Mr. Secretary" and that of the innocent are different from each other. "Mr. Secretary"'s is for officially proceeding to his post as a newly appointed Secretary of Nevada, while the innocent's is merely loafing. Mr. James M. Cox rightly says, "There is about this journey no dominant direction. Indeed, the trip dissolves into a series of adventures having so much individual autonomy that becoming ends in themselves, they precedence over the continuity of travel."⁷ The nature of the innocent's journey is clearly demonstrated by his own excuses for it :

I only proposed to stay in Nevada three months — I had no thought of staying longer than that. I meant to see all I could that was new and strange, and then hurry home to business. I little thought that I would not see the end of that three-month pleasure excursion for six or seven uncommonly long years !⁸

Mr. Secretary's is a business trip, quite serious and dignified. And the innocent's is quite humorous and frolicsome. Hence, it is affirmed implicitly that the innocent stands as a go-between of "Mr. Secretary"

7) James M. Cox, *Mark Twain : The Fate of Humor* (Princeton, University Press, c1966), p.84

8) Franklin R. Rogers (ed.), *op. cit.*, p.44

who represents the Eastern standards or the Christian civilization, and the stage coach drivers, desperadoes who feel proud of everything Western. But, the innocent's position as a go-between is extremely delicate ; sometimes, he enjoys the healthy, naive masculinity of the Western, and sometimes he never minimizes its defects. This delicate position is aptly illustrated by the breakfast scene at a station building.

We could not eat, and there was no conversation among the hostlers and herdsmen — we all sat at the same board. At least there was no conversation further than a single hurried request, now and then, from one employe to another. It was always in the same form, and always gruffly friendly. Its western freshness and novelty startled me ; but it presently grew monotonous, and lost its charm. It was : “Pass the bread, you son of a skunk !” No, I forget — skunk was not the word ; it seems to me it was still stronger than that⁹⁾

Quite consciously, therefore, the innocent tries to steer through between these two sides. On the basis of his ignorance of both sides, he freely makes every statement and every conduct. What “Mr. Secretary” never chooses to do, the innocent can do nonchalantly because he is “young and ignorant.” So, it is the innocent, not “Mr. Secretary” who first opens the conversation with the “grim Sphynx” woman who kills thirty or forty mosquitoes, and after that, repents himself, saying, “I was sorry I ever opened the mosquito question and gave her a start.” At first, the Western woman regards

9) Franklin R. Rogers, *op. cit.*, p.63

he Eastern travelers as "deef and dumb," then she thinks of them as "sick or crazy, or suthin'," and then she begins to reckon that they are "a passel of sickly fools that couldn't think of nothing to say."¹⁰ This leads us to assume that in the eyes of the "offish" woman, the innocent is changed into something better, but "Mr. Secretary" remains as he was, "deef and dumb," "sick or crazy, or suthin,'" or a sickly fool. And it is again the innocent, not the Secretary, that enthusiastically delighted to sit face to face with the Great Desperado Slade, says contentedly "I was the proudest stripling that ever traveled to see lands and wonderful people,"¹¹ but afterwards looks down upon the Great Desperado who cries and pleads like a child under the gallows. In short, the innocent, unlike "Mr. Secretary," is endorsed with such a mysterious flexibility and nonchalance as to enter into the spirit of the wild west.

When the travel proceeds out beyond the frontier, everything is sure to be transformed in its value and necessity. At the start of the journey, they are forced to change their own costume "to a war-footing," and give up "anything else necessary to make life calm and peaceful."¹² This is, so to speak, a turning point of values and standards. Here occurs a shift from Eastern to Western. Naturally, this leads us to the recognition that the whole changes caused in the process of travelling demonstrate the loss of "Mr. Secretary"'s prestige. Indeed, the narrator gives very few references to "Mr. Secretary" but certainly it is alluded that the Secretary, "representative" of the

10) *Ibid.*, p.48

11) *Ibid.*, p.96

12) *Ibid.*, p.45

Eastern standards, falls in an unfavourable situation. This is aptly illustrated by the episode of the "Unabridged Dictionary." The bulky six pound dictionary which the Secretary took along, together with "about four pound of United States Statutes" undergoes an illtreatment in the stage-coach ; there it is only useful as a part of the passengers' bed. Far from it, it is reduced to a sort of a weapon which attacks the men in sleep. The innocent complains : "Everytime we avalanched from one end of the stage to the other, the Unabridged Dictionary would come to ; and everytime it came it damaged somebody."¹³⁾ Interestingly enough, preceding to that episode of the quite dangerous Dictionary is inserted a humorous explanation of what a safe weapon the pistol was.

I was armed to the teeth with a pitiful little Smith & Wesson's seven-shooter It appeared to me to be a dangerous weapon. It only had one fault — you could not hit anything with it. One of our "conductors" practised awhile on a cow with it, and as long as she stood still and behaved herself she was safe ; but as soon as she went to moving about, and he got to shooting at other things, she came to grief. . . .¹⁴⁾

Such a conversion of the "Unabridged Dictionary" in value is naturally a ridicule upon "Mr. Secretary" who thoughtlessly loaded that bulky dictionary in the overland stage-coach ; it is a satire on the Eastern standards as a whole.

The next which disgraces "Mr. Secretary" is the highly respecta-

12) *Ibid.*, p.58

14) *Ibid.*, pp.45—6

ble existence of the stage driver, and the Division Agent. As the position of Huck on a raft is shadowed and endangered by the invasion of "the king," and "the duke," so "Mr. Secretary" 's prestige is threatened and profaned by the "insufferable dignity" of the stage driver, "the duke," and the division agents, "kings." Just as Huck humorously announces a shift of prestige between these "low-down humbugs" "the king" and "the duke," so the narrator gives us details of the rise and fall of the stage driver, "the duke," and the division agents, "kings." First, let us see how "the stage driver was a hero — a great and shining dignitary, the world's favourite son, the envy of the people, the observed of the nations."¹⁵⁾

When they spoke to him (the stage driver) they received his insolence meekly, and as being the natural and proper conduct of so great a man ; when he opened his lips they all hung on his words with admiration . . . when he discharged a facetious insulting personality at a holster, that holster was happy for the day ; when he uttered his one jest — old as the hills, coarse, profane, witless and inflicted on the audience, in the same language, everytime his coach drove up there — the varlets roared, and slapped their thighs, and swore it was the best thing they'd over heard in all their lives. And how they would fly around when he wanted a basin of water, a gourd of the same, or a light for his pipe ! — but they would instantly insult a passenger if he so far forgot as to crave a favor at their hands. They could do that sort of insolence as well as the driver they

15) *Ibid.*, p.59

copied it from — for, let it be born in mind, the overland driver had but little less contempt for his passengers than he had for his hostlers.¹⁶⁾

Miserably enough, the passengers including “Mr. Secretary” are put to such a shame and contempt not only by the stage driver, but also by even the hostlers who are mere “varlets,” “a sort of good enough low creatures” in the eyes of the stage driver. The stage driver is thus enhanced and ennobled higher and higher to such an extent the reader has not the least idea of the falling-down of his grandeur. But, in utter defiance of surprises on the side of the reader, the narrator next introduces the division agent as : “He was a very, very great man in his ‘division’ — a kind of Grand Mogul, a Sultan of the Indies, in whose presence common men were modest of speech and manner, and in the glare of whose greatness even the dazzling driver dwindled to a penny dip. There were about eight of these kings, all told, on the overland route.”¹⁷⁾ Surprisingly, the stage driver, once elevated to “the duke,” slips down to “a penny dip.” After only three chapters’ interval, there occurs a great drop in his value. Here comes the episode of the greatly-renowned Division Agent Slade. From the start, the innocent is completely fascinated by just the name of Slade.

I cared nothing now about the Indians, and even lost interest in the murdered driver. There was such magic in that name, Slade! Day and night, now, I stood always ready to drop any

16) *Ibid.*, pp.59—60

17) *Ibid.*, p.70

subject in hand, to listen to something new about Slade and his greatly exploits.¹⁸⁾

Thus, by making such a traffic laborer extremely prominent, the nothingness of the Eastern standards and the dominance of the Western standards are aptly illustrated. "Mr. Secretary," like prince Edward left helpless and forlorn out the palace in *The Prince and the Pauper*, is doomed to find himself trifling and miserable in the violent and lawless world.

What we should notice here is that such an anti-Eastern attitude is also with regard to Christianity. For example, "an incident of Palestine travel" cited from the narrator's "Holy Land notebook." This refers to two contrasting characters — Jack whose "Scriptural education had been a good deal neglected — to such a degree, indeed, that all Holy land history was fresh and new to him, and all Bible names mysteries that had never disturbed his virgin ear," and "an elderly pilgrim who was the reverse of Jack, in that he was learned in the Scriptures and an enthusiast concerning them."¹⁹⁾ In the conversations between them there is great irreverence on Christianity. The pilgrim, standing near the ruins of Jerico, speaks to Jack impressively, "Jack, do you see that range of moutntains over yonder that bounds the Jordan valley? The moutains of Moab, Jack ! Think of it my boy — the actual mountains of Moab — renowned in Scriptural history ! . . . our eyes may be resting at this very moment upon the spot WHERE LIES THE MYSTERIOUS GRAVE OF MOSES ! Think

18) *Ibid.*, p.89

19) *Ibid.*, p.73

of it, Jack." To such an enthusiastic appeal for Jack's agreement, to our surprise, "Moses who?" is all that Jack says in answering for it. Naturally, the pilgrim aggravated, retorts; "Moses who? Jack, you ought to be ashamed of such criminal ignorance. Why, Moses, the great guide, soldier, poet, lawgiver of ancient Israel! Jack, from this spot where we stand, to Egypt, stretches a fearful desert these hundred miles in extent — and across that desert that wonderful man brought the children of Israel! . . . It was a wonderful, wonderful thing to do, Jack! Think of it!" Even for this, Jack bursts forth with a more irreverent answer by comparing Moses with Ben Holliday, head of American overland stage-coaches, "Forty years? Only three hundred miles? Humph! Ben Holliday would have fetched them through in thirty-six hours!"²⁰⁾ Besides, the irreverence becomes the more effective, because the narrator introduces irreverent Jack as "a good-hearted and always well-meaning boy."²¹⁾

Another example of irreverence on Christianity is his mention about the Mormon Bible.

The book seems to be merely a prosy detail of imaginary history, with the Old Testament for a model; followed by a tedious plagiarism of the New Testament. The author labored to give his words and phrases the quaint, old-fashioned sound and structure of our king James's translation of the Scriptures; and the result is a mongrel — half modern glibness, and half ancient simplicity and gravity. . . .²²⁾

20) *Ibid.*, p.73

21) *Ibid.*, p.73

22) *Ibid.*, p.127

Apparently, these words are so tremendously irreverent and profane that the talker deserves "to be found lying up some back alley, contendedly waiting for the hearse."²³⁾

In conclusion, the attitudes against "the States" are quite evident in this portion T.

III Nature

The second portion A (Chapter 21—41) is an autobiographical narrative of a tenderfoot miner. What marks the distinction between the former portion T and this portion A is the innocent's parting from "Mr. Secretary" — the innocent's independence, physical and mental. With the start of this portion, the twenty day overland journey ends at last, and a new life in the Far West is opened respectively to the Eastern passengers. To "Mr. Secretary," Carson City is literally a destination of his journey, and is the place which binds him up with official jobs under "his Excellency the Governor." To the innocent, however, the City is not a destination, but a mere base for his recreation and silver-hunting. First, the narrator refers to the innocent's removal from "Mr. Secretary"'s room, as follows :

This was the rule in Carson — any other kind of partition was the rare exception. . . . Very often these partitions were made of old flour sacks basted together ; and then the difference between the common herd and the aristocracy was, that the common herd had unornamented sacks, while the walls of the aristocrat were overpowering with rudimental fresco — i. e., red and blue mill-

23) *Ibid.*, p.121

brands on the flour sacks. Occasionally, also, the better classes embellished their canvas by pasting pictures from *Harper's Weekly* on them. . . . We had a carpet and a genuin queen's-ware washbowl. Consequently we were hated without reserve by the other tenants of the O'Flannigan "ranch." When we added a painted oilcloth window curtain, we simply took our lives into our own hands. To prevent bloodshed I removed up stairs and took up quarters with the untitled plebeians in one of the fourteen white pine cot-bedsteads that stood in two long ranks in one sole room of which the second story consisted.²⁴⁾

This passage indicates the two points : the distinction between "the common herd" and "the aristocracy," and the innocent's entry into "the common herd," his forsaking "Mr. Secretary." Such a disclosure of these "flour sack" partitions is a satire on the pompousness and vanity of the new Government officers of the Territory. The coarseness and pooriness of their materials strengthens the degree of that satire. It can be easily imagined how "a temporary territorial government for 'Washoe'" was fragile and unwelcomed. The narrator reports : "The people . . . did not particularly enjoy having strangers from distant States put in authority over them . . . The new officers were 'emigrants,' and that no title to anybody's affection or admiration."²⁵⁾ Such coolness in the people's attitude toward them necessarily drives the "emigrants" to stick to the vain and empty distinction as shown by the gilded decorations attached on the "flour sacks" partition. In

24) *Ibid.*, pp.157-8

25) *Ibid.*, p.179

Washoe, all the officials including "Mr. Secretary" are not merely "foreign intruders," but also poor "emigrants." Important enough, the innocent, who ever stood delicately between "the States" and the West, here decides to join the latter. As for the people's hate for "having strangers from distant States put in authority over them," the innocent definitely judges the sentiment to be "natural enough,"²⁶⁾ And as for their opinion that the officials should be chosen from "among prominent citizens who would be in sympathy with the populace and likewise thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the Territory," the innocent positively agrees to it, saying, "They were right in viewing the matter thus, without doubt."²⁷⁾

The innocent resigns his post as private secretary to "Mr. Secretary," and his own excuse for this is: "I had become an officer of the government, but that was for mere sublimity. The office was an unique sinecure. I had nothing to do and no salary. I was private secretary to his Majesty the Secretary and there was not yet writing enough for two of us."²⁸⁾ The innocent is too indifferent to pious restraints and too alert in looking out for his own personal interest to be sacrificed by the benefit of "his Majesty the Secretary." His natural impetus to change is too overpowering. After the lapse of two or three weeks there, thus he comes to have the emancipation from the fetters put by "Mr. Secretary," and the fascination with "the curious new country."

It was the end of August, and the skies were cloudless and the

26) *Ibid.*, p.179

27) *Ibid.*, p.179

28) *Ibid.*, p.162

weather superb. In two or three weeks I had grown wonderfully fascinated with the curious new country, and concluded to put off my return to the "States" awhile. I had grown well accustomed to wearing a damaged slouch hat, blue woolen shirt, and pants crammed into boot-tops, and gloried in the absence of coat, vest and braces. I felt rowdyish and "bully", . . . It seemed to me that nothing could be so fine and so romantic.²⁹⁾

On starting a new life as a tenderfoot miner, the innocent experiences an initiation. Every detail in the episode of that initiation is important. At first, the innocent expects "to find masses of silver lying all about the ground," and "to see it glittering in the sun on the mountain summits."³⁰⁾ After crawling hither and thither, he finds a bright fragment and goes mad with joy. But, afterward, Mr. Ballou teaches him, "it is nothing but a lot of granite rubbish and nasty glittering mica."³¹⁾ At that time, he comes to a recognition that "nothing that glitters is gold."

So I learned then, once for all, that gold in its native state is but dull, unornamental stuff, and that only lowborn metals excite the admiration of the ignorant with an ostentatious glitter. However, like the rest of the world, I still go on underrating men of gold and glorifying men of mica.³²⁾

Here we naturally need to "go further than" the common proverb that "nothing that glitters is gold," as Mr. Ballou asks the innocent

29) *Ibid.*, p.163

30) *Ibid.*, p.194

31) *Ibid.*, p.197

32) *Ibid.*, p.197

to do so. What the innocent lays up among his treasures of knowledge is the difficulty of telling appearance from reality, rather than the fact that "nothing that glitters is gold." To him, the problem is how he goes on without "underrating men gold and glorifying men mica."

Incidentally, we must notice that here the innocent and the narrator are present as "two quite different personae" of Mark Twain. The narrator fully understands the meaning and instruction of that proverb, while the innocent just arrived at a recognition of it, and still feels it difficult to put it into effect, as well shown by the words: "I still go on underrating men of gold and glorifying of mica." The innocent is still unreliable; he is likely to take appearance for reality. The aware narrator is reliable; he describes reality as if he were on "balloon voyages." In fact, significantly enough, the same portion of the book presents the scene of "balloon voyages."

So singularly clear was the water, that where it was only twenty or thirty feet deep the bottom was so perfectly distinct that the boat seemed floating in the air! Yes, where it was even *eighty* feet deep. . . . Down through the transparency of these great depths, the water was *not merely* transparent, but dazzlingly, brilliantly so. All objects seen through it had a bright, strong vividness, not only of outline, but of every minute detail, which they would not have had when seen simply through the same depth of atmosphere. So empty and airy, did all spaces seem below us, and so strong was the sense of floating high aloft in mid-nothingness, that we called these boat-excursions "balloon-voyages."³³

33) *Ibid.*, pp.168-9

In a boat floating on the transparent water, the innocent commands the views not only of the scenery above the water but also the scenery below it. The innocent is so well located between the two layers, air atmosphere and transparent water. But, he cannot discern between reality and its deceptive appearance. He is lost in dreamlike appearances, and confused distances, but the narrator clearly recognizes these two layers, and makes use of the layers in various descriptions. A sample is the scene of "Washoe Zephyr."

But seriously a Washoe wind is by no means a trifling matter. It blows flimsy houses down, lift shingle roofs occasionally, rolls up tin ones like sheet music, now and then blows a stage coach over and spills the passengers ; and tradition says the reason there are so many bald there, is, that the wind blows the hair off their head while they are looking skyward after their hats. Carson streets seldom look inactive on Summer afternoons, because there many citizens skipping around their escaping hats, like chambermaids trying to head off a spider.³⁴⁾

This passage is neither purely comic nor purely tragic, but a mixture of both. Through the two layer method, the narrator produces such a remarkable 'sandwich' of the serious and the comic for such a short passage.

Next, the narrator describes the two layers caused by great snow-fall. It is the famous episode of the three wayfarers who are driven to a tight corner because of a heavy snow-fall in a dark night.

34) *Ibid.*, p.156

In that emergency situation the three sinners confess their own vices respectively before others — Ollendorff, whisky ; Mr. Ballou, cards ; the innocent, smoking —, and chokingly pledge themselves to stop the vices if they can be spared a little longer. This show is quite touching and impressive. The chapter ends with the following words :

We put our arms about each other's necks and awaited the warning drowsiness that preceds death by freezing.

It came stealing over us presently, and then we bade each other a last farewell. A delicious dreaminess wrought its web about my yielding senses, while the snow-flakes wove a winding sheet about my conquered body. Oblivion came. The battle of life was done.³⁵⁾

The next chapter begins with the atmosphere completely changed. Everything goes on as meant by the proverb, "Danger past, God forgotten." The change displayed here is striking. The two layers are astoundingly distinct.

A vague consciousness grew upon me by degrees, and then came a gathering anguish of pain in my limbs and through all my body. I shuddered. The thought flitted through my brain, "This is death — this is the hereafter."

Then came a white upheaval at my side, and a voice said with bitterness.

"Will some gentleman be so good as to kick behind?" It was

35) *Ibid.*, pp.219—220

Ballou — at least it was a towzled snow image in a sitting posture, with Ballou's voice

An arched snow-drift broke up, now, and Ollendorff emerged from it, and the three of us sat and stared at the houses without speaking a word.³⁶⁾

And the three sinners' change is described skilfully through the two layers method. The three, though making some effort to observe the promises of reform respectively, shortly find themselves drinking, card-playing, and smoking in secret. Then, they openly withdraw their reform pledges, agreeing completely "to say no more about 'reform' and 'examples' to the rising generation." The extremely humorous process ; sinners — repented sinners — sinners ; that is treated by the two layer method of description. It is thought like this ; the snow covering the three is a deceptive appearance only. Though hidden by this appearance, sinners are sinners. In the "snow-costume," they change themselves into quite different beings, but if they put off the "costume," they come back again to themselves in their native states. In other words, the three snowmen are good enough to think of regeneration, but the three wayfarers, emerging from the snowballs, remain as they were — sinners. One more example is the two layers caused by an avalanche. It is concerned with the trial of Hyde Morgan. The plaintiff Hyde has the following say :

. . . it was pretty well known that for some years he had been farming . . . in Washoe District, and making a successful thing

36) *Ibid.*, p.221

of it, and furthermore it was known that his ranch was situated just in the edge of the valley, and that Tom Morgan owned a ranch immediately above it on the mountain side. And now the trouble was, that one of those hated and dreaded land-slides had come and slid Morgan's ranch, fences, cabins, cattle, barns and everything down on top of *his* ranch and exactly covered up every single vestige of his property, to a depth of about thirty-eight feet. Morgan was in possession and refused to vacate the premises³⁷⁾

And the court is opened, and goes on overpoweringly in favor of the plaintiff Hyde. When Hyde appeared to beat Morgan for sure, Ex-Governor Roop stood up and gave a quite unexpected and extraordinary decision: "Gentlemen, it is the verdict of this court that the plaintiff, Richard Hyde, has been deprived of his ranch by the visitation of God! And from this decision there is no appeal."³⁸⁾ General Buncombe, United States Attorney who pleading for Hyde, remonstrates with Roop upon the decision, and Roop says as follows:

. . . the ranch underneath the new Morgan ranch still belonged to Hyde, that his title to the ground was just as good as it had ever been, and therefore he was of opinion that Hyde had a right to dig it out from under there and³⁹⁾

Evidently, this extraordinary decision is itself the satirical attitude against "the States" and Christianity. And, the point of this trial is

37) *Ibid.*, p.225

38) *Ibid.*, p.228

39) *Ibid.*, p.228

the same as seen in the "Nothing that glitters is gold" episode and the snowmen regeneration episode ; it is also concerned with the transparent eye which can discern the visible from the invisible, not deceived by something human.

These three episodes, though at a glance quite different from one another, are the same kind. All of them demonstrate how small and trifling human beings are as if they were "worms," "insects." The most striking in this portion is a great emphasis upon the meanness and smallness of men under Nature or Heaven. A small change in Nature always causes great catastrophes and confusions in men. After "Washoe Zephyr" occurs the tarantula confusion among the "Brigade" members. And after "the far-off thunder of an avalanche," Johnny and the innocent meet across the devastation of fire which reduces them to "homeless wanderers again, without any property."⁴⁰ When the flood raging widely in the crooked Carson, "Bully Old Arkansas" is raging wildly in a bar. Succeeding to a great snow-fall, there comes the show of three sinners' regeneration. And again, "that disastrous landslides" precedes the Hyde vs. Morgan trial, and so on. In a word, the true initiation of the innocent in this portion is the recognition of men's smallness under Nature or Heaven.

IV Mining Community

The former portion A and this portion A', though both come under the head of an autobiographical narrative, differ from each other in the place of emphasis. The portion A, as mentioned above,

40) *Ibid.*, p.170

stresses the relationship between Nature and men in Washoe, and this portion 'A' treats the subject, community and men in the "flush times" of Nevada-California mining districts. Just as the innocent is greatly impressed by the pettiness and insignificance of men in the face of Nature's grandeur in the former portion, so here in this he is much surprised to see the varieties of distortion which community and men undergo in the "flush times." Naturally enough, the innocent himself is no exception to it.

The first paragraph of this portion is sandwiched between the same questions, "What to do next?" It is extremely important, because it demonstrates the innocent's constant attitude towards "the States" or Eastern standards, in condensed form.

What to do next?

It was a momentous question. I had gone out into the world to shift for myself, at the age of thirteen (for my father had endorsed for friends; and although he left us a sumptuous legacy of pride in his fine Virginian stock and its national distinction, I presently found that I could not live on that alone without occasional bread to wash it down with). I had gained a livelihood in various vocations, but had not dazzled anybody with my successes; still the list was before me, and the amplest liberty in the matter of choosing, provided I wanted to work, which I did not, after being so wealthy. I had once been a grocery clerk, for one day, but consumed so much sugar in that time that I was relieved from further duty by the proprietor; said he wanted me outside, so that he could have my custom. I had studied law an entire week,

and then given it up because it was so prosy and tiresome. I had engaged briefly in the study of blacksmithing, but wasted so much time trying to fix the bellows so that it would blow itself, that the master turned me adrift in disgrace, and told me I would come to no good. I had been a bookseller's clerk for awhile, but the customers bothered me so much I could not read with any comfort and so the proprietor gave me a furlough and forgot to put a limit to it. I had clerked in a drug store part of a summer, but my prescriptions were unlucky, and we appeared to sell more stomach pumps than soda water. So I had to go. I had made of myself a tolerable printer, under the impression that I would be another Franklin some day, but somehow had missed the connection thus far. There was no berth open in the *Esmeralda Union*, and besides I had always been such a slow compositor that I looked with envy upon the achievements of apprentices of two years' standing ; and when I took a "take," the foreman were in the habit of suggesting that it would be wanted "some time during the year." I was a good average St. Louis and New Orleans pilot and by no means ashamed of my abilities in that line ; wages were two hundred and fifty dollars a month and no board to pay, and I did long to stand behind a wheel again and never roam any more — but I had been making such an ass of myself lately in grandiloquent letters home about my blind lead and my European excursion that I did what many and many a poor disappointed miner had done before ; said "It is all over with me now, and I will never go back home to be pitied — and snubbed." I had been a private secretary, a silver miner and a silver mill operative,

and amounted to less than nothing in each, and now —

What to do next? 41

Even in such a humorous autobiography, we discern the innocent's basic tendencies towards the Western, and, on the contrary, the negligence of "the States." The dilemma here confessed frankly, that he must, "shift for" himself but does not want to work, is itself the protest against "the States." His father left the children a "sumptuous legacy of pride in his fine Virginian stock and its national distinction." This "legacy of his father's" is no doubt the Scriptural instruction, "Man cannot live by bread alone," and aptly represents the spirit of "the States." Therefore, the innocent's dilemma must not be taken superficially for a lazy fellow's penalty. This is a strategy of the narrator's who attempts to burlesque "the States" — her blindness, bigotries, absurdities and regularities.

Indeed, the autobiography is a dazzling change from job to job. If closely examined, however, the change is caused by the blindness and regularities which characterize these old type of jobs. Here can be seen the reason why he, though ever discharged continuously from jobs of any other kind, made a success as a pilot on the Mississippi. As long as jobs do not get rid of their defects, the innocent never gets rid of the proclivity of job-hunting. "What to do next?" though considerably stated twice, is merely a worn-out soliloquy constantly made with a sigh in his processes of job-hunting.

I had found a letter in the post office as I came from the hill

41) *Ibid.*, p.265

side, and finally I opened it. Eureka ! (I never did know what Eureka meant, but it seems to be as proper a word to heave in as any when no other that sounds pretty offers.)⁴²⁾

The exclamations, "Eureka" or "Alas," always burst out from the mouth of the innocent. His dazzling changes from job to job in the past lead the reader easily to expect that another "Alas ! — Eureka !" event comes to the innocent. "Alas! — Eureka! — Alas !," that is the constant pattern of his job-changing career. Actually, after this "Eureka !" are following three changes in all. But the noteworthy thing here is that the literary work he takes up after this "Eureka !" is the most important one he has ever had. This is evidenced partly by the space devoted to this change and related remarks. Here is hinted plainly the so-called "Birth of Mark Twain" in his narrative fashion. What marks the "Birth of Mark Twain" patently is the initiation which Mr. Goodman, chief editor and proprietor of the *Enterprise*, is leading the innocent to.

(Mr. Goodman) told me to go all over town and ask all sorts of questions, make notes of the information gained, and write them out for publication. And he added : "Never say 'We learn' so-and-so, or 'It is reported,' or 'It is rumored,' or 'We understand' so-and-so, but go to headquarters and get the absolute facts, and speak out and say 'It is so-and-so.' Otherwise, people will not put confidence in your news. Unassailable certainty is the thing that

42) *Ibid.*, p.267

43) *Ibid.*, p.268

gives a newspaper the firmest and most valuable reputation."⁴³⁾ This instruction, "Move first and confirm," impresses the innocent so strongly. Through some bitter experiences as a tenderfoot reporter, he acquires a knack of description. A sample is the episode of a murder case in Virginia City. He hears in great joy that "a desperado killed a man in a saloon," and says nonchalantly, "I never was so glad over any mere trifle before in my life."⁴⁴⁾ And he gives words of gratitude to the murderer :

Sir, you are a stranger to me, but you have done me a kindness this day which I can never forget. If whole years of gratitude can be to you any slight compensation, they shall be yours. I was in trouble and you have relieved me nobly and at a time when all seemed dark and drear. Count me your friend from this time forth, for I am not a man to forget a favor.⁴⁵⁾

Here, we see a tremendous conversion of the desperado : from a murderer to a benefactor. Just after that, astoundingly, there comes another conversion.

I wrote up the murder with a hungry attention to details, and when it was finished experienced but one regret — namely, that they had not hanged my benefactor on the spot, so that I could work him up to.⁴⁶⁾

This outstanding conversion will cause the burst of laughters on the

44) *Ibid.*, p.269

45) *Ibid.*, p.269

46) *Ibid.*, p.269

side of the reader, but the conversion is fundamentally in line with the two layers method mentioned before. As the narrator puts himself as a go-between of air and water in the imaginative "balloon voyage," so he attempts to distinguish the moral value of the murder case from the news value of it, and then puts himself between the two values to make a decision. In this scene, the innocent is a mere showman, a funny entertainer ; he does not know what a show he is playing. To the aware narrator, therefore, it is quite understandable that a desperado who kills a man in a saloon is regarded with such varieties : a stranger feron — an unforgettable benefactor — a feron who should be hanged on the spot.

The narrator describes Virginia City in "the grand 'flush times' " as follows :

Virginia had grown to be the "livest" town, for its age and population, that America had ever produced. The sidewalks swarmed with people — to such an extent, indeed, that it was generally no easy matter to stem the human tide. The streets themselves were just as crowded with quartz wagons, freight teams and other vehicles. The procession was endless. So great was the pack, that buggies frequently had to wait half an hour for an opportunity to cross the principal street. Joy sat on every countenance, and there was a glad, almost fierce, intensity in every eye, that told of the money-getting schemes that were seething in every brain and the high hope that held sway in every heart. Money was as plenty as dust ; every individual

considered himself wealthy, and a melancholy countenance was nowhere to be seen. . . .⁴⁷⁾

In such a chaotic situation of the "livest town," it naturally follows that everything with "the States" is shadowed and transformed, and it is soon reduced almost to nothing. "The men who murdered Virginia's original twenty-six cemetery-occupants were never punished."⁴⁸⁾ Far from that, "the desperado stalked the streets with a swagger graded according to the number of his homicides, . . ."⁴⁹⁾ Upon that luxuriantly flourishing lawlessness, the narrator retorts, "Why?," and ascribes it to Alfred the Great as :

Because Alfred the Great, when he invented trial by jury, and knew that he had admirably framed it to secure justice in his age of the world, was not aware that in the nineteenth century the condition of things would be so entirely changed that unless he rose from the grave and altered the jury plan to meet the emergency, it would prove the most ingenious and infallible agency for *defeating* justice that human wisdom could contrive. For how could he imagine that we simpletons would go on using his jury plan after circumstances had stripped it of its usefulness, any more than he could imagine that we would go on using his candle-clock after we had invented chronometers? In his days news could not travel fast, and hence he could easily find a jury of honest, intelligent men who had heard of the case they were

47) *Ibid.*, p.274

48) *Ibid.*, p.307

49) *Ibid.*, p.309

called to try — but in our day of telegraphs and newspapers his plan compels us to swear in juries composed of fools and rascals, because the system rigidly excludes honest men and men of brains.⁵⁰⁾

Furthermore, to attempt a portrayal of that outlawry community, the narrator leaves out the manner of burying the dead desperadoes. He announces: "I cannot say which class we buried with most in our "flush times," the distinguished public benefactor or the distinguished rogue — possibly the two chief grades or grand divisions of society honored their illustrious dead about equally; . . ." ⁵¹⁾

These distortions and conversions of value with men and community, no doubt, demonstrate the breakdown of "the States" 's standards or Christian doctrine.

V "Innocent Land"

The last portion T' of *Roughing It* includes the 16 chapters of the innocent's voyage to the Sandwich Islands as a special correspondent for the Sacramento *Union*, and the 2 chapters of his launching as a lecturer. The humdrum routine of a regular job in San Francisco begins to wear on him, just as it did in Virginia City, so he seizes the chance to travel to the Sandwich Islands aboard the *Ajax*. At last, here, the innocent escapes to the sea, seeking refuge in the islands of mystery and repose — "the Innocent Land."

This voyage to "the Innocent Land" and the overland journey to

50) *Ibid.*, p.307

51) *Ibid.*, p.297

Carson City in the first portion. They have the fundamental similarities :

- (1) both are a business trip outwardly ; the former travel is made as the official travel of a private secretary under "Mr. Secretary," and the latter is a trip of the special correspondent in the Sandwich Island.
- (2) in fact, however, they are an outing for distraction. Just as the former travel was "an emancipation from all sorts of cares and responsibilities, that almost made us feel that the years we had spent in the close, hot city, toiling and slaving, had been wasted and thrown away,"⁵²⁾ this travel is also an emancipation from the city of "prison," San Francisco, which is in the midst of "the hurry and bustle and noisy confusion."⁵³⁾
- (3) the backgrounds of this travel record of the Sandwich Islands are almost confined to adventures on "lands," instead of those on the sea. Both travels are considerably presented as a pilgrimage to the "Innocent Lands."
- (4) these two travels, indeed, mark the most significant turning point in the innocent's life. The former gives him new and fascinating profession, that of a penman, and the latter leads him to a new and lucrative profession, that of a lecturer.

What we should notice here is that the differences seen between these travels are important enough as well as these similarities ; they might be even more important for us now. The most important difference between them is seen in the attitude towards "the States," Eastern civilization and Christianity. I have mentioned

52) *Ibid.*, p.47

53) *Ibid.*, p.406

above the innocent's irreverent attitudes towards "the States" and Christianity. To be sure, the first portion T is marked with its irreverence and indifference to Christianity. On the contrary, the last portion T' involves many favorable references to Christianity. Strangely enough, this portion even touches various merits of Christianity and the missionaries.

The Missionaries had clothed them, educated them, broken up the tyrannous authority of their chiefs, and given them freedom and the right to enjoy whatever their hands and brains produce with equal laws for all, and punishment for all alike who transgress them. The contrast is so strong — the benefit conferred upon this people by the missionaries is so prominent, so palpable and so unquestionable, that the frankest compliment I can pay them and the best, is simply to point to the condition of the Sandwich Islanders of Captain Cook's time, and their condition today. Their work speaks for itself.⁵⁴⁾

And the narrator never spares words of praise for the President, "his Royal Highness M. Kekuanaoa" who was converted to Christianity.

This man, naked as the day he was born, and war-club and spear in hand, has charged at the head of a horde of savages against other hordes of savages more than a generation and half ago, and reveled in slaughter and carnage ; has worshiped wooden images on his devout knees ; . . . and now look at him : an educated Christian ; neatly and handsomely dressed ; a high-

54) *Ibid.*, p.413

mindful, elegant gentleman ; a traveler, in some degree, and one who has been the honored guest of royalty in Europe ; a man practised in holding the reins of an enlightened government, and well versed in the politics of his country and in general, practical information⁵⁵⁾

What does the narrator mean by his great change in the description of Christianity between in the first portion and the last portion?

A key for this question exists his frequent references to the characters of the Scriptural episodes — Adam, Noah, and the Prodigal Son. Among these three, the Prodigal Son image is most prominent in this book. For example, in Chapter 55, the narrator informs us of a schoolmate who visits him “tramping in on foot from Reese River,” and calling him “a very allegory of Poverty,” he says : “The son of wealthy parents, here was, in a strange land, hungry, bootless, mantled in an ancient horse-blanket, roofed with a brimless hat, and so generally and so extravagantly dilapidated that he could have ‘taken the shine out of the Prodigal Son himself,’ as he pleasantly remarked.”⁵⁶⁾ And in Chapter 74 when he reports his visit to the crater of Kilauea, he refers to the sound and smell of “the bubbling of the great volcano and adds : “The smell of sulphur is strong, but not unpleasant to a sinner.”⁵⁷⁾ Here we must notice that the Prodigal Son, Noah, Adam — all were exiles of a kind, and only the Prodigal Son could return home. This naturally leads us to understand the biblical meaning of the conclusive remarks, titled MORAL, to this book.

55) *Ibid.*, pp.426—7

56) *Ibid.*, p.357

57) *Ibid.*, p.476

If the reader thinks he is done, now, and that this book has no moral to it, he is in error. The moral of it is this : If you are of any account, stay at home and make your way by faithful dilligence but if you are "no account," go away from home, and then you will *have* to work, whether you want to or not. Thus you become a blessing to your friends by ceasing to be a nuisance to them — if the people you go among suffer by the operation.⁵⁸⁾

The point of the MORAL is that the "no account" fellow should go away from home, and it will do good not only to you, but to your friends. In other words, it is the recommendation of exile to the effect that 'Exile, and it might bring you fruit.' Interestingly enough this is exactly the Scriptural parable of the Prodigal Son which illustrates Heaven's welcome of the repented sinner. So, we come to the recognition that *Roughing It* is a humorous plagiarism of the Scriptural parable of the Prodigal Son ; the innocent is playing the role of Prodigal Son in the funny show of *Roughing It*. Both the Prodigal Son of the Scriptural parable and the innocent of *Roughing It* belong to the same type of pilgrim who struggles along the route : a sinner — a miserable exile — a repented sinner. Incidentally, Mr. Allison Ensor demonstrates from the biographical point of view that Mark Twain, before writing *Roughing It*, was greatly fascinated with the Prodigal Son, and besides he refers to the writer's signs in his letters to Mrs. Fairbanks : "He often signed his letter to her, 'Yr. Improving Prodigal,' 'The Reformed Prodigal,' 'Your Returning Prodigal,' and once 'The Prodigal in far country chawing of husks'. . . .'"⁵⁹⁾

58) *Ibid.*, p.422

59) Allison Ensor, *Mark Twain & The Bible* (Lexington, University of Kentucky Press, c1969), p.36 ..

To such an extent, the narrator Mark Twain identifies the innocent of *Roughing It* with the Prodigal Son of the Scriptural episode.

What we have just seen so far provides us with a pertinent answer for the above question : why the former portion differs greatly from the last portion T' in the treatment of Christianity?

This is a difference between "a sinner" and "a repented sinner"; that is, between the innocent who leaves the Christian society as an impious prodigal son, and the repented innocent who comes home as a reformed prodigal son. This is an attempt to impress upon the reader the innocent's spiritual pilgrimage : a Christian, impious and irreverent — a Bohemian quite indifferent to Christianity — a regenerated Christian after his initiation to Nature and the "Innocent Land."

VI Theory of Change

Roughing It appears to be, so to speak, a conglomeration of various sorts of changes, but it is a mere appearance. In this book, these can be classified into three — change of space, change of time, change of man.

As for the change of space, its examples are abundant enough. As one of the best ones, we remember the narrator's comments on the scenery of California. He insists on the special effect of distance on that sceneries as follows :

. . . all scenery in California requires *distance* to give it its highest charm. The mountains are imposing in their sublimity and their majesty of form and altitude, from any point of view —

but one must have distance to soften their ruggedness and enrich their tintings ; a Californian forest is best at a little distance, for there is a sad poverty of variety in species, the trees being chiefly of one monotonous family — redwood, pine, spruce, fir — and so, at a near view there is a wearisome sameness of attitude in their rigid arms, stretched downward and outward in one continued and reiterated appeal to all men to “Sh ! — don't say a word ! — you might disturb somebody !” Close at hand, too, there is a reliefless and relentless smell of pitch and turpentine ; there is a ceaseless melancholy in their sighing and complaining foliage ; one walks over a soundless carpet of beaten yellow bark and dead spines of the foliage till he feels like a wandering spirit bereft of a footfall ; he tires of the endless tufts of needles and yearns for substantial, shapely leaves ; he looks for moss and grass to loll upon, and finds none, for where there is no bark there is naked clay and dirt, enemies to pensive musing and clean apparel. Often a grassy plain in California, is what it should be, but often, too, it is best contemplated at a distance, because although its grass blades are tall, they stand up vindictively straight and self-sufficient, and are unsociably wide apart, with uncomely spots of barren sand between.⁶⁰⁾

Whenever he describes natural scenery the narrator constantly puts his special emphasis upon the poetical effects caused by distance. Distance thus inspires him with fantastic beauty and inscrutable value. Sometimes, such an emphasis on distance causes a contradiction.

60) *Ibid.*, p.364

For example, the narrator describes San Francisco as "a truly fascinating city to live in"⁶¹⁾ in Chapter 51, and also in Chapter 58, more emphatically he announces, "I fell in love with the most cordial and sociable city in the Union . . . , San Francisco was Paradise to me."⁶²⁾ On the other hand, in Chapter 63, the narrator, comparing it with Honolulu, juxtaposes the defects of San Francisco only, one after another: "the combined stench of Chinadom and Brannan street slaughter-houses," "the hurry and bustle and noisy confusion of San Francisco,"⁶³⁾ and so on. Besides, the Chapter 78 begins with words, "After half a year's luxurious vagrancy in the Islands, I took shipping in a sailing vessel, and regretfully returned to San Francisco."⁶⁴⁾ Indeed, these descriptions appear to be contradictory, but, if these are put into the context of the book, there is evidently a line of thought in them. As far as the narrator is concerned, value is always changing in harmony with change of space, travel or distance. He always judges value under a condition, as is well shown in "San Francisco . . . is stately and handsome *at a fair distance*."⁶⁵⁾ In short, his belief is that the change of space produces higher value in anything.

Secondly, the change of time provides such examples as to make clearer his theory of change. The narrator presents three cases of "one endless season" in California — "the endless Winter of Mono," "the eternal Spring of San Francisco," "the eternal Summer of Sacramento." His description of Mono is as follows :

61) *Ibid.*, p.365

62) *Ibid.*, p.373

63) *Ibid.*, p.406

64) *Ibid.*, p.492

65) *Ibid.*, p.365

There are only two seasons in the region round about Mono Lake — and these are, the breaking up of one Winter and the beginning of the next. More than once (in Esmeralda) I have seen a perfectly blistering morning open up with the thermometer at ninety degrees at eight o'clock, and seen the snow fall fourteen inches deep and the same identical thermometer go down to forty-four degrees under shelter, before nine o'clock at night. Under favorable circumstances it snows at least once in every single month in the year, in the little town of Mono. So uncertain is the climate in Summer that a lady who goes out visiting cannot hope to be prepared for all emergencies unless she takes her fan under one arm and her snow shoes under the other. When they have a Fourth of July procession it generally snows on them, and they do say that as general thing when a man calls for brandy toddy there, the bar-keeper chops it off with a hatchet and wraps it up in a paper, like maple sugar⁶⁴⁾

This is not serious only, and not comic only, but a mixture of both. The latter half of it is indeed so far-fetched that it appears impossible to catch how the narrator estimates one eternal season. His definite answer is found in his reference to San Francisco.

No land with an unvarying climate can be very beautiful. The tropics are not, for all the sentiment that is wasted on them. They seem beautiful at first, but sameness impairs the charm by and by. *Change* is the hand-maiden Nature requires to do her

64) *Ibid.*, p.246

miracles with. The land that has four well-defined seasons, cannot lack beauty, or pall with monotony. Each season brings a world of enjoyment and interest in the watching of its unfolding, its gradual harmonious development, its culminating graces — and just as one begins to tire of it, it passes away and a radical change comes, with new witcheries and new glories in the train.⁶⁵⁾

What he wants to insist on here is needless to say the importance of “four well-defined seasons” — everlasting cyclic changes of seasons. To him, “no change” of climate is fatal to beauty and enjoyment; “Change is the hand-maiden Nature requires to her miracles with.” If it is for the sake of change, even a natural calamity is welcomed, he ventures to affirm.

And after you have listened for six or eight weeks, every night, to the dismal monotony of those quiet rains, you will wish in your heart the thunder leap and crash and roar along those drowsy skies once, and make everything alive — you will wish the prisoned lightening *would* cleave the dull firmament asunder and light it with a blinding glare for *one* little instant. You would give anything to hear the old familiar thunder again and see the lightening strike somebody.⁶⁶⁾

Evidently enough, this irreverence shows how extremely he abhors *sameness* and monotony; on the contrary, it shows how enthusiastically he adores *change* and variety.

65) *Ibid.*, p.365

66) *Ibid.*, pp.366—7

Lastly, the change of man deserves our special attention. Mark Twain once said, "the things which interest us, first, the people . . ." ⁶⁷ This suggestion helps us to guess how much he does his best in describing "the people."

Interestingly enough, the change of man is frequently caused by alcohol in *Roughing It*. In general, its demerits have been emphasized, but it is important to notice that this book never minimizes its merits. Sometimes, alcohol serves to draw out a stirring story as seen in the episode of Jim Blaine's Old Ram, and sometimes it proves highly efficient in breaking the *tabu* and in serving "as an aid to civilization." The narrator explains the case of Liholiho, Hawaiian King.

. . . Liholiho, the new king, was a free liver, a roistering, dissolute fellow, and hated the restraints of the ancient *tabu*. His assistant in the government, Kaahumanu, the queen dowager, was proud and high-spirited, and hated the *tabu* because it restricted the privileges of her sex and degraded all women very nearly to the level of brutes. So the case stood. Liholiho had half a mind to put his foot down, Kaahumanu had whole mind to badger him into doing it, and whisky did the rest. It was probably the first time whisky ever prominently figured as an aide to civilization . . . the superstitions of hundred generations passed from before the people like a cloud, and a shout went up, "The *tabu* is broken ! the *tabu* is broken !" ⁶⁸

67) Arthur L. Scott, *Mark Twain At Large* (Chicago, Henry Regnery, c1969), p.191

68) Franklin R. Rogers, *op. cit.*, p.464

In *Roughing It*, there appear astoundingly many fools. These fools consist of various types: — fool of money-wasting, fool of showing-off, fool of dreaming, fool of adventures, and so on. Accordingly, these fools are provided with so many sorts of brands: “gawks,” “lubber,” “simpleton,” “logarithm,” “idiot,” “galloot,” “duffer,” and so on. Significantly enough, these fools never remain as they are, but show a change in every case. This basic pattern of fools’ changing is represented by “dull — bright — dull.” Let us recall many fools of showing-off. The “Rocky Mountain desperado” Slade is making a shift of the position: “a desperado— ‘a kind of Grand Mogul,’ a Sultan of the Indies” — a weeping child; “Bully Old Arkansas” changes his estimation strikingly: “ruffian” — “Terror” — permanently humiliated citizen; General Buncombe lives the changing life as shown by the pattern: a would-be “lawyer of parts” — highly-respected “the United States Attorney” — a defeated Counsel; and so on. Probably, no further examples are needed here.

So far, we have inspected all the three sorts of change, and recognized so-called change-worship in this book. The change of space is appreciated as a value-changer; the change of time, as a beauty-maker; the change of man, as a regenerator. Besides, we have noticed that these changes are repeated over and over again, as shown in the “four well-defined seasons,” or in the changing figures of desperadoes. Needless to say, these changes are completely in harmony with the T - A - A’ -T’, the great framework of *Roughing It*. Here it is proved that the horseshoe pattern embodies more than a type of structure or composition of this book. What the pattern represents in this book cover many significant aspects of it; not only

the course along which the travel starts from "the States," and, after a while of its stopping in the Far West, recedes to "the States," but also the innocent's spiritual pilgrimage as a Yankee Prodigal. Sometimes the horseshoe pattern shows many laughable failures repeated by various fools, and sometimes it represents the world of oblivion which drunkards fall into. And also, the horseshoe symbolizes the Chinese' belief of "going and return" by which they, as visitors to a foreign country, never fail to make arrangements to have their bones returned to China in case they die. To sum up, the horseshoe pattern lives in every aspect of *Roughing It*; autobiographical narratives, travel records, casually arbitrary digressions, and recollected anecdotes all combine to hold a unity in that horseshoe pattern.

The problem, "What is the meaning of the horseshoe pattern?," still remains to be seen. Indeed, the horseshoe pattern of change sounds too mysterious and incomprehensible but in truth, it is simple and quite comprehensible. Let us recall the "Washoe Zephyr." The narrator explains it thus: "The 'Washoe Zephyr' is a peculiarly Scriptural wind, in that no man knoweth 'whence it cometh.' That is to say, where it originates. . . . It is a pretty regular wind, in the summer time. Its office hours are from two in the afternoon till two the next morning; and anybody venturing abroad during those twelve hours needs to allow for the wind or he will bring up a mile or two to leeward of the point he is aiming at."⁶⁹ This explanation leads us to notice that 'the Washoe Zephyr' is a "Scriptural wind," but "a regular wind"; it is not an incomprehensible wind only, and not

69) *Ibid.*, p.156—7

a comprehensible wind only, but a mixture of both. This wind keeps on blowing regularly under an incomprehensible law of Nature. Obviously, the narrator recognizes that existence of the law. To this understanding, the following words serves as a good reference.

Providence leaves nothing to go by chance. All things have their uses and their part and proper place in Nature's economy : the ducks eats the flies — the flies at the worms — the Indians eat all three — the wild cats eat the Indians — the white folks eat the wild cats — and thus all things are lovely.⁷⁰⁾

Under Providence, the narrator suggests that an assaulter never remains as he is ; he is doomed to become a victim of another assaulter. And a victim never remains as it is ; it is determined to become an assaulter. Shortly, the narrator indicates that all things undergo the pattern of cyclic changes under Providence. Mark Twain, in his "Passage from a Lecture," states : "By the Law of Periodical Repetition, everything which has happened once must happen again and again and again — and not capriciously, but at regular periods, and each thing in its own period, not another's, and each obeying its own law."⁷¹⁾ "The Law of Periodical Repetition" as Mark Twain calls it here is exactly in line with the horseshoe pattern of change we have just seen in *Roughing It*. Through this, we may go forward to allude that, to the narrator of *Roughing It*, the horseshoe pattern was "a law" ; the more rightly and accurately he tries to describe, the more

70) *Ibid.*, p.245

71) John S. Tuckey, *Mark Twain's Fables of Man* (Berkeley, University of California Press, c1972), p.401

he depends upon the horseshoe pattern. This is why the narrator of *Roughing It* sticks to the horseshoe pattern so tenaciously.

As for the technique of narrative, Mark Twain says: "With the pen in one's hand, narrative is a difficult art; narrative should flow as flows the brook down through the hills and the leafy woodlands, its course changed by every boulder it comes across and by every grass-clad gravelly spur that projects into its path; . . . a brook that never goes briskly, sometimes fetching a horseshoe three-quarters of a mile around, and at the end of the circuit flowing within a yard of the path it traversed an hour before; but always going, and always following at least one law, always royal to that law, the law of narrative, which has no law."⁷² Obviously enough, this "law of narrative" is the same with "the Law of Periodical Repetition." In other words, as far as Mark Twain is concerned, *the law of narrative form is the law of narrative contents*. Consequently, Mark Twain's works accomplish a unity of form and contents, more or less. "The law of narrative, which has no law" means both the object Mark Twain tries to describe and the technique by which the writer describes it. *Lawless law* is the manifestation of the whole Mark Twain.

Conclusion

This conclusion is for answering the question offered in the Introduction, "Why does the duality come into being in Mark Twain?" Indeed, it is a most difficult question to answer, because it touches the essence of Mark Twain.

I think that this question is closely related to the horseshoe pattern.

72) Albert B. Paine (ed.), *Autobiography*, I, p.237

With Mark Twain, the duality is the impression the writer attempts to produce in his works; not his own genuine figure. For example, the narrator of *Roughing It* often describes the primitive paradise marked by freedom, purity, and spaciousness, but his intrinsic aim is to present the civilized "States" as it is in comparison with its contrast, not to show the paradise as a common dream. Indeed, Bernard DeVoto said, "There can be no doubt that Mark Twain's deliberate effort was to explore the mentality of the common man."⁷³ Even the travel which the narrator of *Roughing It* never spares the words of recommendation to is not the genuine aim of Mark Twain's description; the writer's aim is to describe truly and completely "the people" whom the travel leads him to see. According to Mr. Arthur L. Scott "When a newsman made a comment about his being an indefatigable traveler, Mark Twain was quick to contradict him. He had made thirty-four long journeys in his life, he said, and thirty-two of them had been made 'under the spur of absolute compulsion.' There was no man living, he went on, who cared less about seeing new people and places than he did."⁷⁴ For Mark Twain's remarks, indeed, these sound too contradictory. But, more is meant than the superficial meaning we gain from them. To the writer, "the spur of absolute compulsion" means his urge to give a perfect description of the people; seeing new people and places is only a means for this object. In other words, what the writer most cares about is not travel itself, but the fruit it brings about. In *Roughing It*, the narrator, with his

73) Bernard DeVoto, *Mark Twain's America* (Boston, c1932), p.302

74) Arthur L. Scott, *Mark Twain At Large* (Chicago, Henry Regnery Co., c1969), pp.62-3

face under a sage-brush, entertains himself with fancying that the gnats among the foliage were liliputian birds, and that the ants marching and countermarching about its base were liliputian flocks and herds, and myself some vast loafer from Brobdingnag waiting to catch a little citizen and eat him."⁷⁵) This imaginative scene serves us in understanding the relationship between the narrator and the innocent in this book. The narrator is "some vast loafer from Brobdingnag," and the innocent is a liliputian citizen. As seen in the scene of a boat floating on Lake Tahoe, the innocent often falls into the world of confused distances, heightened sensory powers and receding spacial boundaries, but the narrator, "a Brobdingnagian," puts the scene in complete perspective. In the eyes of the innocent liliputian, distance, depth, size are all distorted or blurred mysteriously, but this "Brobdingnagian" clearly recognizes such a distortion or blur.

In this way of viewing, we come to the conclusion that the duality in Mark Twain is a mask of one of the *personae* the writer uses in this book; it shows two contrasting points on the curving line of the horseshoe pattern. Between these two contrasting points, can be found Mark Twain's position. (October 14, 1972)

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75) Franklin R. Rogers (ed.), *op. cit.*, p.54