

JAN NORDBY GRETLUND

Mark Twain Abroad¹

From his initiation years Samuel Clemens was a 'tourist' in his own country; first as a journeyman printer (1853-54) and then as a pilot navigating the Mississippi (1857-61). His recollections of what happened on the river and along its banks were finally recorded in *Life on the Mississippi* in 1883. The War Between the States forced him to go west, a trip he later described in *Roughing It* (1872) as that of a horrified tourist traveling in what was for most people a totally unknown territory; but it is obvious in his first book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches* (1867), that he was also positively fascinated with the pioneers of the western states and his "fellow-savages of the Sandwich Islands;" Twain visited the islands, now known as Hawaii, in 1866.

The subject of this essay is Twain's reactions to his life as a traveler *abroad*, especially in Europe, which began with his 1867 (June-August) 'pilgrim' (i.e. tourist) trip to the Mediterranean on the *Quaker City*. A trip he recorded in journalistic reports and collected in his second book *Innocents Abroad* (1869). A book he reviewed himself under pseudonym in *The Galaxy* and found the author of the book to be a man full of "insolence, presumption, mendacity and ignorance" (Dec. 1870). And he was *that*, but also much more than that.

In the 1860s Twain's preconception of Europe was that of most contemporary Americans: there was not much the Old World could teach the new. His own experiences this first time in the Mediterranean countries confirmed Twain in his American attitude: Europe is a dustpile! But a close-reading of the journalistic reports from the first trip to Europe reveals that he was puzzled and had ambiguous feelings about his first European experiences, even if he chose not to linger on these emotions. Mostly Twain was enjoying himself observing the antics of Old World people in all their ridiculous Romanticism.

The subject of the humor in *Innocents Abroad* is the decay of transatlantic institutions and how the Old World fails to measure up to the energetic New World. The American innocents are delighted to observe that every language but their own *is* ridiculous and they seem completely unaware that *they* are the foreigners. All guides in all countries are automatically called ‘Ferguson’ because it is easier. No hotel in any of the countries visited has any soap. The Holy Land is dirty and full of beggars and con-artists; when they are faced with a boat owner at the Sea of Galilee who demands an exorbitant fare, one of the pilgrims remarks, “No wonder Jesus walked.” Twain pretends to share some of the attitudes of his fellow tourists, such as preferring copies of masterpiece paintings because they are *brighter* in their colors than the originals. Most of the humor depends upon an unsubtle exaggeration of detail: Michael Angelo created not only St. Peter’s but also the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Vatican, the Tarpeian Rock, the Tiber, the Pope, and the entire Eternal City (*IA* 288).

The most successful satire is based on exaggerated expectations contrasted immediately with the disappointing reality of the Old World. Nothing in Europe lives up to the expectations of American innocents; take as an example a Parisian barbershop. First Twain builds up great expectations: “From earliest infancy it had been a cherished ambition of mine to be shaved some day in a palatial barbershop of Paris. I wished to recline at full length in a cushioned invalid chair, with pictures about me, and vistas of Corinthian columns stretching before me; with perfumes of Araby to intoxicate my senses, and the slumberous drone of distant noises to soothe me to sleep. At the end of an hour I would wake up regretfully and find my face as smooth and as soft as an infant’s.” After hunting for a barber-shop for some time, they are forced to conclude that the wig-makers are of necessity the barbers as well. Twain enters, declares he wants to be shaved, and reality sets in:

The barber enquired where my room was. I said, never mind where my room was, I wanted to be shaved – there on the spot. . . . There was a wild consultation, and afterwards a hurrying to and fro and a feverish gathering up of razors from obscure places and a ransacking for soap. Next they took us into a little mean, shabby back room; they got two ordinary sitting-room chairs and placed us in them, with our coats on. My old, old dream of bliss vanished into thin air! I sat bolt upright, silent sad, and solemn. . . . The first rake of his razor loosened the very hide from my face and lifted me out of the chair. . . . Let us draw the curtain over this harrowing scene. Suffice it that I . . . survived. Then the incipient assassin . . . dried my features with a towel, and was going to comb my hair; but I asked

to be excused. I said, with withering irony, that it was sufficient to be skinned – I declined to be scalped. (*IA* 113-15)

One of Twain's favorite targets is the Catholic Church, which amasses great wealth while the faithful starve just outside the church doors. "The true religion, properly administered, as the good Mother Church used to administer it, is very, very soothing. It is wonderfully persuasive, also," Twain writes. "But when they showed us the print of Peter's face in the hard stone of the prison wall and said he made that by falling up against it, we doubted. And when, also the monk at the church of San Sebastian showed us a paving stone with two great footprints in it, and said that Peter's feet made those, we lacked confidence again. . . . It was not stated how it was ever discovered whose footprints they were, seeing the interview [with Jesus] occurred secretly and at night. The print of the face in the prison was that of a man of common size; the footprints were those of a man ten or twelve feet high. The discrepancy confirmed our unbelief" (*IA* 275).

But Twain's aim is not just to expose European hypocrisy, he has barbed remarks for the excessively pious fellow Quaker City passengers; he finds them mean, hypocritical, stingy, and not at all the Christians they profess to be. On the other hand he points out an Italian would in the US be surprised to learn that they could own their own land, be encouraged to read, and have the right to complain if they do not like the way they are governed. They would also be surprised to meet so few soldiers and clergymen in American streets and to find that they do not have to pay church taxes. In taking a fresh look at the Old World, Twain anticipates Henry James's international theme. But in the tradition of American Transcendentalists, Twain's concern remains for the welfare and morals of the common people and he leaves no doubt that they are better off in the New World (Leary 17-18).

Twain's stays in England in the early 1870s, the fall of 1872 (August-November) and again from May 1873 to January 1874, formed a transition period in his relationship with Europe. In England he found that everybody welcomed him, he received honors and hospitality, and he felt like the prodigal son returning. He found that there were no class distinctions in taste as far as humor is concerned, even Sir Alfred, Lord Tennyson, English poet laureate at the time, longed to hear him lecture, and Twain realized that he had a mass audience in the British Isles. He repaid the English kindness by declaring, "I would rather live

in England than America.” Rural England he saw as “too absolutely beautiful to be left out of doors,” and suggested ambiguously that it “ought to be under glass” (Kaplan 174). His feeling of being a representative of American democracy, certain of the moral and material superiority of his country, was being challenged.

All about him in England Twain saw Victorian stability and government by a responsible elite, while America in its ‘gilded age’ had a demoralized civil service, and it seemed to Twain, demonstrated an abuse of universal suffrage and failed to be fully governable. Twain’s next book is a satire *not* on the English, as he had planned, but on the excesses of the US boom-times after the War Between the States; it is called *The Gilded Age: A Tale of To-Day* (with Charles Dudley Warner, 1873). Twain knew how far he could go in his criticism of English institutions without alienating his English readers. He would gladly sport a cigar at the wrong time and in the wrong place and also appear in the streets dressed in his bathrobe, but he would also affirm English cultural prestige by accepting an Oxford degree, attending a Windsor garden party, impeccably attired, and by telling his best stories in the best London clubs (Fishkin 146). Twain was at this time an Anglophobe and an Anglophile.

His second period of traveling Twain began as a *bona fide* tourist in Bermuda in 1877. He started writing *The Prince and the Pauper* in November of that year. The novel was a sign of his growing disenchantment with England and new enthusiasm for Germany. He stayed in Europe from 1878 (April) to 1879 (August). A stay that took him from Germany, via France, Belgium, and the Netherlands, back to England. The impressions of this period were recorded in *A Tramp Abroad* (1880). For Twain, as for many Americans of his generation, Germany stood for Protestant rectitude, industriousness, precision, orderliness, cleanliness, and thrift. Many German revolutionaries of 1848-49 had emigrated to the United States, seeking an ideal popular government. Now, thirty years later, the German-American entente was strong. American universities looked to Germany for models of academic freedom, and Germany was leading the world in music, philosophy, science, medicine, and law. “What a paradise this land is,” Twain exclaimed. “What clean clothes, what good faces, what tranquil contentment, what superb government!” (Letter to Howells, Kaplan 247). Twain even began to learn German, a language that amused and exasperated him. As he wrote in his notebook: “Yes, sir, once the German language gets hold of a cat, it’s goodbye cat,” and he decided he

would rather decline two drinks than one German adjective, which may remind some readers of his famous satiric essay on the language, “The Awful German Language,” which he estimated would take him thirty years to learn (*TA* “Appendix D” 252-73).

Although he really tried, by going to one after the other, he also had a hard time understanding the German love of the opera. The Germans, he found, like nothing better than an opera; “we went to Mannheim and attended a shivaree, – otherwise an opera, – the one called ‘Lohengrin.’ The banging and slamming and booming and crashing were something beyond belief. The racking and pitiless pain of it remains stored up in my memory alongside the memory of the time that I had my teeth fixed” (*TA* 67-68). He speculates that Wagner’s music is probably better than it sounds. Listening to a great chorus suddenly break forth, he lives over again for two to three minutes all that he “had suffered the time the orphan asylum burned down” (*TA* 69).

Twain also had a comment on people who attend operas: “One in fifty of those who attend operas likes it already, perhaps, but I think a good many of the other forty-nine go in order to learn to like it, and the rest in order to be able to talk knowingly about it. The latter usually hum the airs while they are being sung, so that their neighbors may perceive that they have been to operas before. The funerals of these do not occur often enough” (*TA* 70). He also came to believe that the Germans prefer singers who have no voice but “only a shriek – the shriek of a hyena” (*TA* 74). He discovered that Germans will accept a singer who sounds “like a cat which is unwell,” for sentimental reasons, if the afflictive tenor’s voice “is *wunderschön* in that past time,” – possibly twenty-five years earlier. He considered this a kindly trait in the Germans, “They are the very children of impulse. We are cold and self-contained, compared with the Germans” (*TA* 76). – Twain also came to dislike the sound of the Alps, “we found a jodler every ten minutes . . . [we] hired the rest of the jodlers at a franc apiece, not to jodel any more. There is somewhat too much of this jodling in the Alps” (*TA* 262). The 1878-79 trip turned into a nightmare for Twain and his family. He complained about the railroads, the hotels, the food, and eleven months of chilly and wet weather. At any given time at least one in the family was ill.

Twain was always the ethically correct traveler, seeing the world from a supposed moral high ground; he knew: he was the ‘Good American!’ During his later travels Twain’s moral ideas and Puritan views

seem to have blocked out most other impressions. The worst time was in Paris, where in addition to all the other irritants he encountered the easy attitude of the French to matters sexual (Gerber 79). In Italy he had objected to the fig leaves added to all classical sculptures and claimed to have seen fig leaves even under the tails of dogs. He objected to the strategically placed fig leaves because they made nakedness “most offensive and conspicuous” (Twain “Notebook 13,” Kaplan 255). In these matters Twain was very Victorian and had double standards.

He did not mind smoking-room sexuality in the company of men; he even gave a talk to a male audience in Paris on “The Science of Onanism.” But with ladies in the drawing-room his puritanical sensibilities decidedly rejected the French ways in these matters. He abhorred nudity even in the arts. Titian’s ‘Venus’ is “the foulest, the vilest, the obscenest picture the world possesses,” because it “inflames and disgusts at the same moment.” Twain speculates that the painting had been rejected by a brothel and only a public art gallery would hang it (*TA* 224-25). He was amazingly disgusted with the French in general. The “two great branches of French thought,” he said, were science and adultery. The French were “filthy-minded,” “governed by prostitutes,” practiced unspeakable “beastialities,” and “resembled no other tribe so much as the Comanches.” The implication is, of course, that the pure-minded Americans did not entertain such “unclean thoughts” (“Notebook 14,” Kaplan 257). With an unrelenting almost obsessive fury he stuck to this negative opinion of French morals for the rest of his life. In “Letters from the Earth” (1908/1963) he did admit that “France is entitled to a distinguished place among the partly civilized people of our globe.”

One irritant was the much distorted translation of his work into French. A language feared by Twain, for the French “always tangle up everything to that degree that when you start into a sentence you never know whether you are going to come out alive or not” (*Library of America* 60, 588). In 1875 he sat down “to claw” his own Jumping Frog story from the French back into “a civilized language” and his reaction was predictable: “I claim that I never put together such an odious mixture of bad grammar and delirium tremens in my life. . . . When I say, ‘Well, I don’t see no pints about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog,’ is it kind, is it just for this Frenchman to try to make it appear that I said, ‘Eh bien! I no saw not that that frog had nothing of better than each frog?’ I have no heart to write more.

I never felt so about anything before" (*Library of America* 60, 603). Years later in his fictional biography *Joan of Arc* (1896) Twain made the *French* clerics the major villains, most other biographers have blamed the English.

The clash between the values of the New and the Old Worlds is continued in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889), where Twain in his mind sets out to travel as a deliberate tourist in early medieval England. Hank Morgan is appalled at the squalor and the torpor in King Arthur's England and proceeds to show the king and the Knights of the Round Table what Yankee know-how can do. It is not long before the knights have soap commercials on the trimmings of their noble steeds. "The march of civilization was begun." Morgan sets out to modernize Old England and succeeds: "Now look around on England. A happy and prosperous country, and strangely altered" with colleges, newspapers, equality before the law, and justice in taxation (Rubin 69-70). And Twain introduces technological improvements such as the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, typewriter, and sewing machine in his reformed Old England. But the scientific knowledge Morgan had used 'to improve' the world has given him the power to destroy it. Eleven thousand charging knights are turned into a wall of corpses through electric fences wired to a dynamo, and any knight left alive is killed by Gatlin guns. These are scenes that prefigure the mass killings of WWI. Twain feared the potential for dehumanization that technology offered (Fishkin 180). He had created a new society in the novel to replace the old one that he had rejected, but found that the new one made even less sense, so he destroyed it. He makes choices that are grounded in his Southern background, he decides that he does *not* really believe in a rejection of the past, or in progress, or in human perfectibility.

In face of the reality of human shortcomings, technology may not show the way to human betterment. What had happened was that the Yankee had grown increasingly fond of the world he wished to reform. Certainly he had wiped out feudalism, slavery, and backwardness, but at the cost of making himself a dehumanized mass-murderer. The arrival of industrial capitalism in Old England proved a disaster. The contrast the novel offers is King Arthur's stoic dignity, manliness, and uncompromising and honorable behavior; Yankee ingenuity could not improve on King Arthur or change his values. Finally the Yankee's reform plans turn out to be the far-fetched *romance* of the novel. In the transatlantic value-discussion this novel says that the fable of

progress is just *that*, a fable. Twain was happy to go home in September 1879, and when he returned to Europe in 1891, it was only out of necessity.

His third main period of traveling lasted nine years: from June 1891 to the summer of 1900. The Clemens family now *lived* in Europe; all over Europe, as a matter of fact, in Paris, Ouchy in Switzerland, Berlin, Rome, Venice, Florence, and then Berlin again, and in 1894-95 they were back in Paris. The family left Hartford, where they were facing financial disaster, because they could live less expensively abroad. "Travel has no longer any charm for me. I have seen all the foreign countries I want to see except heaven and hell," Twain said (Kaplan 366). During this period Twain published *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (1894) and started a manuscript, "The Innocents Adrift," about tourists rafting the Rhone river, but the Rhone is not the Mississippi, nor is it the Mediterranean, so the manuscript was abandoned.

The 1890s were broken up by bankruptcy and by Twain's money-making speaking tour to the Fiji Islands, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon (Sri Lanka), and South Africa from August 1895 to July 1896. He toured each of the countries thoroughly. The journey is described in *Following the Equator* (1896), the British title is *More Tramps Abroad*. Increasingly Twain had become the Victorian inspector of the morals of the world, and in this book his condemnation of the imperialistic societies he visited was only occasionally relieved by his obvious admiration for people untouched by western civilization. The writings from the mid-1890s forward leave no doubt that Twain was thoroughly disillusioned about Europe. The Continent offered no real progress for mankind, just romantic illusions, deliberately created by church and aristocracy to cover and mask indescribable cruelty and exploitation. He explained that early whites in Australia did not kill *all* the aboriginals, "but they promptly killed enough of them to make their own persons safe. From the dawn of civilization down to this day," he added, "the white man has always used that very precaution" (*MTA* 134). The decade of European 'exile' ended with extended stays, 1897-1900, in Weggis in Switzerland, Vienna, Budapest, Sana in Sweden, and London.

Twain returned triumphantly, as celebrated sage, to New York in October 1900 and he stayed in the US, except for short trips to Cuba, England, and Florence, where he wrote his third essay on a European language: "Italian without a Master" (1904), and except for brief health-seeking visits to Bermuda in his final years. During his last decade he became even more outspoken in his criticism of the colo-

nial powers. He was prompted to write critically of the Boer War, the Spanish-American War (and the US annexation of the Philippines), and the Boxer Rebellion in China. Already on October 15, 1900, before he was even off the boat from Europe, an interview with him appeared in *The New York World*; he is supposed to have said: "You ask me about what is called imperialism. . . . I am at the disadvantage of not knowing whether our people are for or against spreading themselves over the face of the globe. I should be sorry if they are, for I don't think that is wise or a necessary development" (*Atlantic Monthly* 59). He became vice-president of the Anti-Imperialist League.

His most exciting trips during this period of his life as a traveler abroad were his *literary* visits to politically and morally sore spots in the world, such as the Philippines. In his "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" (1901, as a pamphlet) Twain imagined a person in the Philippines trying to understand how the US had gone from playing the democratic 'American' game in Cuba to playing the imperialistic 'European' game in the Philippines. The person concludes, "There must be two Americas: one that sets the captive free, and one that takes a once-captive's new freedom away from him, and picks a quarrel with him with nothing to found it on; then kills him to get his land" (*Library of America* 61, 467).

Another mental trip was to the Belgian Congo. In 1905 Twain *privately* published "King Leopold's Soliloquy: A Defense of His Congo Rule," because even though it was by Mark Twain, no magazine in the US would print it, for it was not a defense but more of a full-fledged attack on the Belgian monarch. At the time Belgian Congo was King Leopold's private property. In his exploitation of the country 15 million Congolese were killed. In Twain's soliloquy he has King Leopold regret that sixty women had been crucified, because to profane the Christian symbol would stir up the Church, when "it would have answered just as well to skin them" (*Library of America* 61, 678). The Belgians saved cartridges by cutting the hands off natives even though the victims were very much alive. The hands were then smoked and shipped to Brussels. Twain kept photos of the surviving maimed Congolese in his writing-desk drawer, to remind him of man's inhumanity to man (*Library of America* 61, 683).

In an equally angry, and therefore exaggerated essay, Twain attacked Czar Nicholas II of Russia. In "The Czar's Soliloquy," which was printed in *The North American Review* (March 1905), the Czar is seen as facing himself in a mirror in the nude. He muses about the

“swarming Russian millions” who live to no purpose but to make his family comfortable: “Upon our heads lie millions of murders. Yet the pious moralist says it is a crime to assassinate us. We and our uncles are a family of cobras set over a hundred and forty million rabbits, whom we torture and murder and feed upon all our days; yet the moralist urges that to kill us is a crime, not a duty” (*Library of America* 61, 644). In both soliloquies on the ‘blessings’ of civilization Twain is so furious in his indictments that the reader is never fully convinced that he is reading the private thoughts of King Leopold or Czar Nicholas II. The satirical soliloquies are not Swiftian in their execution, they do not make us suspend our disbelief, even for a moment, for in both essays the message is obviously more important for Twain than the art. The lasting power of these pieces is in Twain’s justified message to us, which is to stop the rulers and people like them.

Mark Twain was far ahead in his thinking about American and British foreign policy, more than one hundred years ahead, as a matter of fact. A relevant text is Twain’s “Introducing Winston S. Churchill” in New York, on December 12, 1900. The year 1900 was a busy one for Churchill. In February he had, in a popular magazine, published a novel, *Savrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania*, which was to be his only one, in October he had become a Member of Parliament as a Conservative, and the month before his arrival in New York he had celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday. Why would the British send a junior M.P. to persuade the U.S. to join them in quelling the Boers’ quest for independence in South Africa? Churchill had started his life in the military tradition of his celebrated ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, but when he joined the 4th Hussars in 1895, the British Afghan and Egyptian wars were over. So he went to Cuba that year to help the Spaniards fight the rebels and managed to survive his first battle on his 21st birthday. Then he served with the Malakand Field Force in India where they held an important pass in the mountains close to the Afghanistan border fighting, with heavy losses, local Pathan tribesmen. After that he used every trick in the book to be allowed to take part in the Tirah Expedition in North India and did. Then he overcame the orders of General Kitchener himself and joined the Soudan expeditionary force and fought in a cavalry charge against the Dervishes in the Battle of Omduran.

Like Caesar Augustus the young Churchill sent war reports back to the capital and by the time he met Twain in New York, they had become popular books: *The Malakand Field Force* (1898) and *The River*

War (1899). Churchill went to South Africa as a war correspondent for the *Morning Post*, and was captured when the Boers blew up his armored train. He was a prisoner of war in Pretoria, but escaped under dramatic circumstances and was welcomed as a hero in Durban. He then rejoined the army, was commissioned in the South African Light Horse regiment, and helped relieve the town of Ladysmith in February 1900. Churchill saw his last fighting in South Africa in June, when he rode a bicycle straight through Johannesburg *before* the town fell to the British! (Pakenham 453). So the romantic hero of the empire was fresh from the battlefield when he was sent to the US to convince the Americans that the Boer War was worth fighting and the British worthy of support. Churchill at this time in his life was therefore a personification of everything Twain had learned to hate: romanticism, capitalism, colonialism, and empire-building.

Churchill's own account of the meeting with Twain shows his respect, "I was thrilled by this famous companion of my youth. He was now very old and snowwhite, and combined with a noble air a most delightful style of conversation" (Churchill 357). Twain liked Churchill well enough as a young man. He inscribed all thirty volumes of his works for him, and added the admonition: "To do good is noble; to teach others to do good is nobler, and no trouble." In his account of his early life Churchill admits that the conversation was not all agreeable, "Of course we argued about the war. After some interchanges I found myself beaten back to the citadel 'My country right or wrong.' 'Ah,' said the old gentleman, 'When the poor country is fighting for its life, I agree. But this was not your case'" (Churchill 357). What Twain actually said in his official welcoming words on that occasion was indeed barbed and critical. To fully appreciate the range of Twain's thinking, the reader is, of course, perfectly welcome to think of other politicians, countries, and theaters of war of our own time:

Mr. Churchill and I do not agree on the righteousness of the South African war, but that is of no consequence. There is no place where people all think alike – well, there is heaven; there they do, but let us hope it won't be so always . . . I think that England sinned in getting into a war in South Africa which she could have avoided without loss of credit or dignity – just as I think we have sinned in crowding ourselves into a war in the Philippines on the same terms . . . We are now on the friendliest terms with England . . . We have always been kin: kin in blood, kin in religion, kin in representative government, kin in ideals, kin in just and lofty purposes; and now we are kin in sin, the harmony is complete, the blend is perfect, like Mr. Churchill himself, whom I now have the honor to present to you. (*Library of America* 61, 454-55)

Twain denounced the ideologies of cultural and racial superiority that underwrote the behavior of the colonial powers. It was the cruel colonialism of European monarchies that killed Twain's last faith in liberalism and a democracy that works. What made his lasting popularity abroad had finally little to do with his humor. He became more celebrated for holding on to original and quintessential American beliefs in freedom, equality, social and racial justice, the right for everybody to pursue happiness, and everybody's right to criticize the government. In favor of the oppressed and the exploited, he always had a message. It is his didacticism that made him outlive his competing fellow humorists.

In 1909 Twain read over a letter he had written to William Dean Howells from Munich thirty years earlier. The letter made him think back over his life as a traveler, and he said that up to the time of the Quaker City trip, he had a normal appetite for travel. But every voyage since then, and there were more than forty of them, he made only out of necessity. For all his traveling, physical and mental, Mark Twain never really changed his opinion of the world outside the United States, but as the years went by he lost his innocence and came to realize that American policies were just as destructive as those of European colonial powers. In his autobiography he has a prophetic message for the European generations to come: "For good or evil we continue to educate Europe. We have held the post of instructor for more than a century and a quarter now. We were not elected to it, we merely took it . . . Steadily, continuously, persistently, we are Americanizing Europe, and all in good time we shall get the job perfected" (*Autobiography* 376-78).

Notes

- ¹ An early version of this essay appeared in *The South Carolina Review*, Richard J. Calhoun Memorial Issue 37.1 (Fall 2004).

Bibliography

- Churchill, Winston S. *My Early Life: A Roving Commission*. 1930. London: Odhams Press Limited, 1947.
- Fisher Fishkin, Shelley. *Lighting out for the Territory: Reflections on Mark Twain and American Culture*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1997.
- Gerber, John C. "Mark Twain's Use of the Comic Pose." *Critical Essays on Mark Twain, 1910-1980*. Ed. Louis J. Budd. Boston: G.K. Hall and Co., 1983, 131-38.
- . *Mark Twain*. TUSAS 535. Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1988.

- Ginés, Montserrat. *The Southern Don Quixote*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2000.
- Hill, Hamlin. *Mark Twain: God's Fool*. New York: Harper & Row, 1973.
- Kaplan, Justin. *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain: A Biography*. 1966. New York: Pocket Books, 1968.
- Leary, Lewis. *Southern Excursions: Essays on Mark Twain and Others*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1971.
- Pakenham, Thomas. *The Boer War*. New York: Random House, 1979.
- Pettit, Arthur G. *Mark Twain and the South*. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1974.
- Rubin, Jr., Louis D. *The Writer in the South*. Athens, GA.: University of Georgia Press, 1972.
- Twain, Mark. *Innocents Abroad: The New Pilgrims' Progress*. Hartford, CT: American Publishing Co., 1869.
- . *A Tramp Abroad*. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1880.
- . *More Tramps Abroad*. 1897. London: Chatto and Windus, 1898.
- . *Autobiography of Mark Twain*. Ed. Charles Neider. 1959. New York: Harper and Row, 1975.
- . *Collected Tales, Sketches, Speeches, & Essays 1852-1890*. New York: The Library of America, vol. 60, 1992.
- . *Collected Tales, Sketches, Speeches, & Essays 1891-1910*. New York: The Library of America, vol. 61, 1992.
- . "On American Imperialism." *The Atlantic Monthly* 269.4 (April 1992): 49-65.

