***The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***

***Chapter 19:***

***Translation:***

Two or three days went by. I guess you could say they swum by, because they passed so smoothly and quietly and lovely. We found ways to pass the time. The river was monstrously wide down where we were—about a mile and a half wide at times. We traveled at night and hid in the daytime. As soon as the night had almost passed, we would stop navigating and tie up somewhere on the shore, almost always in the still water under a towhead. We’d cut branches from young cottonwoods and willows and would use them to hide the raft. Then we set up the fishing lines before sliding into the river for a swim to freshen up and cool off. After that, we’d sit down on the sandy bottom of the shallows where the water was only knee deep or so and watch the sunrise. It would be perfectly quiet—with perhaps the exception of the croaking bullfrogs—as if the whole world was asleep. The first thing you’d see looking out over the water would be a dull line, which was the woods on the other side. That would be all you could see. Then you would see pale spot in the sky, which would grow and spread. Then the river would get lighter; it would turn from black to gray. You could see little dark spots drifting along in the distance—those were trading barges. The long black streaks would be rafts. Sometimes you could even hear a creaking oar or mixed up voices because it was so quiet that the sounds would come from far away. Pretty soon you could see a streak on the water, which meant there was a snag in a swift current. And you could see the mist curl up off the water. The eastern sky would get redder and would light up the river so that you could make out a log cabin on the edge of the woods, way over on the other side of the river. Those were likely to be lumberyards. Then a nice breeze would spring up and blow over you. It would be fresh and cool and sweet smelling because of the woods and all the flowers. Well, sometimes it wouldn’t be that nice if someone had left dead fish lying around—[gar](javascript:void(0);)s and such. Those would smell pretty rank. Then you’d have the full day ahead of you. You’d be smiling in the sun and the songbirds would be going at it!

No one would be able to see our small bit of smoke now. We’d take some fish off the lines and cook up a hot breakfast. Afteward, we’d watch the lonely river and just laze about until we drifted off to sleep. Eventually we’d open our eyes and look around to see what had woken us up and see a steamboat belching steam as it headed up the far side of the river. It’d be so far away that you couldn’t even tell whether its paddlewheels were in the back or on the sides. Then for another hour or so there wouldn’t be anything else to see except the lonely river. At some point you’d see a raft floating by, way off in the distance, and maybe a big oaf chopping wood on it. That’s what they usually did on rafts. You’d see the flash of an axe reflecting the sun as it came down. You wouldn’t heard anything, though, until it was up over the man’s head again—K’CHUNK!—because it took all that time for the sound to come over the water. That’s how we’d spend the days, lazing about and listening to the quiet. Once there was a thick fog and the people on the rafts and barges that went by beat tin pans so the steamboats wouldn’t run over them. Another time a scow or raft drifted so close to us that we could hear them talking and cussing and laughing. We could hear them plain as day, but we couldn’t see them. That made you feel creepy, like ghosts were passing by. Jim said he did think they were ghosts, but I said: “No—ghosts wouldn’t say, ‘Darn it! Darn this fog!’”

We would shove off as soon as it was night. When we’d gotten the raft to the middle of the river, we’d let it float wherever the current took it. Then we lit our pipes, dangled our legs in the water, and talked about all kinds of things. We were always naked, night and day, whenever the mosquitos would let up. The new clothes Buck’s folks had made for me weren’t comfortable because they were too nice. Besides, I didn’t really like clothes anyway.

Sometimes we’d have the whole river to ourselves for a long time. The riverbanks and the islands would all be far off in the distance. Sometimes you’d see a spark of light, which would be a candle in a cabin window. Or sometimes you’d see a spark or two on the water as a raft or scow or something passed by. Every now and then you’d hear the sounds of a fiddle or a song drifting out across the water from another boat. Then there was the sky, all speckled with stars. We used to lie on our backs and look up at them and discuss whether they were created or just came into being on their own. Jim thought they’d been made, but I thought they’d just happened. I figured it would have taken too long to MAKE so many. Jim said the moon could have laid them like a chicken lays eggs. That sounded reasonable, so I didn’t argue with him. I’ve seen a frog lay a lot of eggs, so I knew it could be done. We used to watch the falling stars, too, as they streaked down. Jim thought they were falling because they’d spoiled and were being thrown out of the nest. It sure was nice to live on a raft.

Once or twice a night we’d see a steamboat gliding along in the dark. Every now and then one would belch a whole lot of sparks out its chimneys, and the sparks would rain down on the river and look really pretty. Then it would turn a corner and the lights and sounds of the paddlewheel would disappear and leave the river quiet again. A long time after it had passed, the waves from its wake would reach us and toss the raft around a little bit. For a long while after that, you wouldn’t hear anything except maybe frogs or something.

The people on shore would go to bed after midnight. The shores would be black for two or three hours since the sparks in the cabin windows had been put out. These sparks were our clock—the first one we saw meant that morning was coming, and we’d hunt for a place on the shore to hide and tie up right away.

One morning around dawn I found a canoe. I crossed over a little chute in the river to the shore, which was only two hundred yards or so away. I paddled about a mile up a creek among the cypress forest to see if I could pick some berries. Just as I was crossing the spot where a little game trail crossed the creek, I saw a couple of men running up the path as fast as they could. I immediately thought I was dead, because I automatically assumed that anyone who was running around was after ME or maybe Jim. I was about to start rowing furiously to get out there, but they were already close to me. Then they called out and begged me to save their lives. They said they hadn’t done anything but were being chased all the same by men and dogs. They wanted to jump into my canoe, but I said:

“No, you don’t! I don’t hear any dogs or horses. You’ve got time to get through the bushes and up the creek a little ways. Then you can get in the water and wade down to me and climb in—that’ll throw the dogs off your scent.”

They did as I’d suggested and soon they were aboard. I started rowing like crazy for our towhead. After about five or ten minutes, we heard the dogs and men shouting way off in the distance coming toward the creek. You couldn’t see them, and they seemed to stop and mess around for a bit. As we got further away, we couldn’t hear them at all. By the time we reached the river about a mile away, everything was quiet. We paddled out to our towhead and hid safely in the cottonwoods. One of these fellows was around seventy years old, maybe older. He had a bald head and very gray whiskers. He wore a beat up old slouching hat, a greasy blue woolen shirt, raggedy old blue jeans that were stuffed into the tops of his boots, and home made pair of suspenders—actually, he only had one. He had a coat with long tails made out of blue, with slick brass buttons slung over his arm. Both he and his companion had big, fat, ratty looking [carpetbags](javascript:void(0);). The other guy was about thirty years old and he dressed just as shabbily as the other guy. After we ate breakfast we lazed about and talked. The first thing we learned was that these guys didn’t know each other.

“What got you into trouble?” the bald-headed guy asked the other guy. “Well, I’d been selling a little device to take the tartar off your teeth. It often takes it off too, along with the enamel—but I stayed about a night longer than I should have. I was just slipping out of town, when I ran across you on the trail on this side of town. You told me they were coming and begged me to help you get away. So I told you I was expecting some trouble myself and would run away WITH you. That’s my whole story. What about you?”

“Well, I’d been running a little [temperance revival](javascript:void(0);)there for about a week. I was the darling of the women, old and young, because I was making it mighty difficult for the drunkards in town, I tell you. I was taking in as much as five or six dollars a night—ten cents per person, children and free n------—and business was getting better every day. But somehow or another, a little rumor started going around last night that I was secretly drinking in secret. A n----- woke me up this morning and told me that people were quietly gathering together with their dogs and horses and that they’d be coming to get me in about half an hour. Then they were going to run me down, and tar and feather me if they caught me. They would ride me on a rail for sure. I didn’t wait for breakfast—I wasn’t hungry.”

“Old man,” said the younger one. “I reckon we should join forces and work together as a team. What do you think?” “I wouldn’t be against it. What line of work are you in?” “Journeyman printer, by trade. But I also work a little in [patent medicine](javascript:void(0);)and theater acting—mostly tragedies—you know. I’ve done a bit of hypontizing and [phrenology](javascript:void(0);), when I’ve had the opportunity. I’ve taught singing and geography in school sometimes, lecturing… oh, I do lots of different things—anything handy, so I don’t consider it work. How about you?” “I’ve worked a lot in the medical profession in my time. The [laying on of hands](javascript:void(0);)to cure cancer, paralysis, and those kinds of things—that’s what I’m best at. And I’m a pretty good fortuneteller, when I’ve got a partner to help me find out all the facts first. Preaching is my main line of work, and I often work [camp meetings](javascript:void(0);)and do missionary stuff.” No one said anything for a while. Then the younger man sighed and said: “Too bad!” “What’s too bad?” asked the bald guy. “It’s too bad that I’ve been leading a life like this and to have degrade myself by keeping this kind of company.” He began to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag. “Darn you. Aren’t we good enough company?” asked the bald guy curtly and kind of upset. “Yes, it IS good enough for me. It’s as good as I deserve. For who brought me down so low when I was so high? I did. I don’t blame YOU, gentlemen. Far from it. I don’t blame anyone. I deserve it all. Let the cold, cruel world do its worst to me. I only know one thing—there’s a grave waiting for me somewhere. The world can go on as it’s always done, taking everything from me—my loved ones, property, everything. But it can’t take my grave from me. One day I’ll lie down in it and forget everything. My poor broken heart will be at rest.” He kept wiping his eyes. “Damn your poor broken heart,” the bald guy said. “Why are you crying to US about your poor broken heart? WE haven’t done anything to you.” “No—I know you haven’t. I’m not blaming you, gentlemen. I brought myself down. Yes, I did it myself. It’s only right that I should suffer. It’s perfectly right. I’m not going to complain.” “Brought you down from what? Where were you brought down from?” “Ah, you wouldn’t believe me if I told you. The world never believes. Just let it go. It doesn’t matter. The secret of my birth….” “The secret of your birth?! Are you telling me….” “Gentlemen,” said the younger man very solemnly. “I will reveal the secret of my birth to you, since I feel like I can trust you. By birth I am a duke!” Jim’s eyes bugged out of his head when he heard that. I imagine mine did too. Then the bald guy said: “No! Really?” “Yes, my great grandfather was the eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater. He fled to this country at the end of the last century to breathe the pure air of freedom. He was married here and died, leaving a son. His own father died about the same time, and his second eldest son took all the titles and the land—the little baby, who was the rightful heir, was born here in America, and was ignored. I am the direct descendant of that infant. I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater. Yet here I am, shabby, torn from my noble birth, hunted by other men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn out, heart broken, and degraded to be companions with criminals on a raft!” Jim felt an awful lot of pity for him, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it wasn’t much use—he couldn’t be comforted. He said that us acknowledging his true identity would do him more good than anything else, so we said we would, if he’d just tell us how to do so. He said we ought to bow when we spoke to him and say, “Your Grace,” “My Lord,” or “Your Lordship.” He also said he wouldn’t mind it if we simply called him “Bridgewater,” which, he said, was a title in and of itself and not just a name. One of us ought to wait on him at dinner, too, and do whatever he wanted. Well, that was easy enough, so we did it. Jim stood around and waited on him throughout dinner, saying, “Will your Grace have some of this or some of that?” and so on. You coud just see that it pleased him greatly. Soon after, the old man got quiet. He didn’t have much to say, and he didn’t look very comfortable about us fawning all over the duke. He seemed to have something on his mind. So, at one point in the afternoon, he said: “Look here, Bilgewater. I’m extremely sorry for you, but you aren’t the only person who’s had troubles like that.” “No?” “No, you aren’t. You aren’t the only person that’s been wrongfully dragged down from a high station.” “Oh no!” “No, you aren’t the only person who has a secret about his birth.” Then, by golly, HE began to cry! “Wait a minute! What do you mean?” “Bilgewater, can I trust you?” asked the old man, still sobbing a little. “To the bitter end!” The duke took the old man by the hand, squeezed it, and said, “Tell me your secret!” “Bilgewater, I am the late [Dauphin](javascript:void(0);)!” You can bet Jim and I just stared this time. Then the duke said: “You’re a… a what?” “Yes, my friend, it’s true. The man you’re looking at right now is the poor Dauphin, Louis the XVII, son of Louix the XVI and Marie Antoinette, who disappeared so long ago.” “No! At your age? No! You mean you’re the late [Charlemagne](javascript:void(0);)? You must be at least six or seven hundred years old!” “Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it. Trouble has brought gray hairs and premature baldness. Yes, gentlemen, the man you see before you, miserable and dressed in blue jeans, is the wandering, exiled, trampled on, suffering rightful king of France.” Well, he cried and carried on so much that Jim and I didn’t know what to do. We felt so sorry for him—and so happy and proud that he was now with us. So we tried to comfort him by doing the same thing that we’d been doing for the duke. But he said it wasn’t any use and that he wouldn’t feel better until he was dead and gone. He did say it often made him feel better when people treated him with the respect due to a king by doing things such as bending down on one knee when speaking to him, always addressing him as “Your Majesty,” waiting on him first during meals, and not sitting down in his presence until he’d asked them. So Jim and I started treating him like royalty, too, by doing this and that for him and standing up until he told us we could sit down. This made him feel a lot better, and he grew more cheerful and comfortable. But the duke started to look sour. He didn’t seem to be happy with the way things were going. Nevertheless, the king acted friendly toward the duke. He said that his father had had always though highly of the duke’s great-grandfather and all the other Dukes of Bilgewater and often invited them to the palace. Still, the duke stayed huffy for quite a while until the king eventually said: “More likely than not, we’ll be together for a long time on this raft, Bilgewater. What’s the use in your being so sour? It’ll only make things uncomfortable. It isn’t my fault I wasn’t born a duke, and it isn’t your fault that you weren’t born a king—so why worry about it? My motto is: Take the best of things, no matter how you find them. We’re not in a bad situation here. We’ve got plenty of food, and it’s a pretty easy life. Give me your hand, duke, and let’s all be friends.” Jim and I were pretty glad to see that the duke took his hand, because it took away all the awkwardness. We felt pretty good about it, because it would have been miserable to have unfriendliness on the raft. More than anything else, you want everyone on a raft to be satisfied and to feel good about everyone else. It didn’t take me long to figure out that these liars weren’t kings or dukes at all, but only low down con artists and frauds. But I didn’t say anything; I never let on that I knew. I just kept it to myself. That’s the best way, you see, when there aren’t any fights and you don’t get into any trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I wouldn’t object as long as they didn’t cause any trouble on the raft. And it wasn’t any use to tell Jim, so I didn’t. If I learned anything from pap, it was that the best way to get along with people like them is to let them have their way.

***Synopsis:***

Huck and Jim continue down the river. On one of his solo expeditions in the canoe, Huck comes upon two men on shore fleeing some trouble and begging to be let onto the raft. Huck takes them a mile downstream to safety. One man is about seventy, bald, with whiskers, and the other about thirty. Both men’s clothes are badly tattered. The men do not know each other but are in similar predicaments. The younger man used to sell a paste that was meant to remove tartar from teeth but that took off much of the enamel with it. He fled to avoid the locals’ ire. The older man used to run a temperance revival meeting but had to flee after word got out that he drank.

Having heard each other’s stories, the two men, both professional con artists, decide to team up. The younger man declares himself an impoverished English [duke](https://www.sparknotes.com/lit/huckfinn/character/the-duke-and-the-dauphin/) and gets Huck and Jim to wait on him and treat him like royalty. The old man then reveals his true identity as the [dauphin](https://www.sparknotes.com/lit/huckfinn/character/the-duke-and-the-dauphin/), the long lost son of King Louis XVI of France. Huck and Jim then wait on the men and call them “Duke” and “Your Majesty,” respectively. Huck quickly realizes that the two men are liars, but to prevent “quarrels,” he does not let on that he knows.

Analysis 17-19:

Huck’s stay at the Grangerfords represents another instance of Twain poking fun at American tastes and at the conceits of romantic literature. For Huck, who has never really had a home aside from the Widow Douglas’s rather spartan house, the Grangerford house looks like a palace. Huck’s admiration is genuine but naïve, for the Grangerfords and their place are somewhat absurd. In the figure of deceased Emmeline Grangerford, Twain pokes fun at Victorian literature’s propensity for mourning and melancholy. Indeed, Emmeline’s hilariously awful artwork and poems mock popular works of the time. The combination of overzealous bad taste and inherently sad subject matter in Emmeline’s art is both bizarre and comical: as we learn, Emmeline was so enthusiastic in her artistic pursuits that she usually beat the undertaker to a new corpse. Huck, meanwhile, feels uneasy about the macabre aspect of Emmeline’s work. His attempts to accept her art and life remind us that sometimes laughter is insensitive: Emmeline and her subjects were all real people who died, after all.

The great Grangerford-Shepherdson feud is yet another conceit taken from romantic literature, specifically that literature’s concern with family honor. The Grangerfords and Shepherdsons are rather like Tom Sawyer grown up and armed with weapons: motivated by a sense of style and this ridiculous notion of family honor, they actually kill each other. However comical the feud is in general, though, Buck’s death is a terrible moment, and Twain’s tone turns entirely serious at this point. Before fleeing, Huck pulls Buck’s body from the river and cries as he covers his friend’s face. Twain uses this incident to comment on all systems of belief that deny another group of people their humanity. While this section of *Huckleberry Finn* is undeniably humorous, it also demonstrates how confused Huck’s world is. Like so many other people Huck meets in the novel, the Grangerfords are a mix of contradictions: although they treat Huck well, they own slaves and behave more foolishly than almost anyone else in the novel.

Jim’s reemergence on the raft and the encounter with the duke and the dauphin illustrate the shifting power dynamics between blacks and whites as Huck and Jim move further down the river. Jim’s use of Huck’s whiteness to threaten his fellow black men shows how corrupting racism and the slave system can be. We should remember that although Jim acts maliciously, he does so to protect his own freedom, which makes it difficult to judge his actions harshly. Shortly afterward, the encounter with the duke and the dauphin reminds Huck and Jim of their relative powerlessness. Although the duke and the dauphin are criminals, they are free, adult, white men who have the power to turn in both Huck and Jim. Despite Huck’s feeling that one is “mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft,” the outside world and its evils remain a firmly established presence on the river. As Huck and Jim travel further, the Mississippi becomes a source of foreboding rather than freedom, a conduit toward the American “heart of darkness”—the plantations of the Deep South.

***Summary:***

* So, they're back in the raft.
* Huck spends some time describing the beautiful surroundings on the river. It's quite lovely, so check it out.
* Also, he and Jim tend to be naked. A lot. Just go with it—it's part of the whole "being one with nature" thing.
* One morning, just as it's getting light, Huck finds a canoe and paddles to shore to look for some berries.
* Just then, two men come tearing through the bush, running toward the water. He thinks they're after him or Jim, but it turns out they're on the lam themselves.
* Of course Huck, having a soft spot for criminals, helps them hide and takes them aboard the raft with Jim.
* One of these guys is old, around seventy, and pretty ratty-looking. The other is around thirty, and equally ratty.
* We soon see that these guys don't even know each other; they're just two criminals who met while running away from the law and decided that working together would be more lucrative than trying to scam each other.
* The younger man reveals that he was selling a kind of toothpaste that accidentally-kinda-sorta took the enamel off people's teeth.
* Oops.
* The older man got in similar trouble for running a scam himself. He ran a "[**temperance**](http://www.teachushistory.org/Temperance/forstudents.htm) [**revival meeting**](http://digitalheritage.org/2010/08/camp-meetings/)" (which is much like Alcoholics Anonymous, except without the anonymity and it's actually more a scam than helpful in any way) until it got out that he was quite the drinker himself.
* So that was that.
* Back to the present: the young man starts crying and using ridiculous words like "Alas." He reveals that he's actually royalty.
* A duke, in fact.
* Actually, he's the Duke of Bridgewater.
* Of course, this means that Huck and Jim have to call him "Your Lordship" and serve him and all that jazz.
* The older man raises his eyebrows, calls the duke "Bilgewater," which is great, and declares that he himself is royalty, too.
* What a coincidence! The funny thing is, this guy is actually a king ([**Louis XVII**](http://www.biography.com/people/louis-xvii-38095/) of France, he says). In the rock-paper-scissor world of fake-titles means he crushes the tar out of the duke.
* Jim gets right to worshipping him, too.
* It doesn't take Huck too long to realize that these guys are total liars. But Huck's a smart kid, and he knows that the easiest way to get along in life is to not cause too many quarrels.
* If they want to be called "Your majesty," it's no no skin off his nose.
* This, he says, is something he learned from his Pap; with people like this, you just need to let them have their own way. So he doesn't tell Jim they're lying.

***Synopsis:***

[Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) and [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/symbols/#Jim) spend a few peaceful, lazy days floating down the river. While Huck is in the canoe looking for berries, two men come running towards him and beg for help. After their tracks are covered the two men—one approximately 70 years old and the other approximately 30—join Huck and [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Jim).

Without admitting it explicitly the men reveal that they are con men, and they share what their racket is: one man travels from place to place selling patents for dental products; the older man reveals that he runs temperance meetings. Both men are on the run after their con has been discovered. The younger man then breaks down in tears and says he is the son of a duke and therefore a duke himself. Huck and Jim treat him like royalty and wait on him. Later the older man declares he is the Dauphin, the lost son of King Louis XVI, and therefore a king himself. Huck and Jim treat him like royalty as well. Huck soon realizes that they are actually con men but does not bother saying anything in order to keep the peace.

Life on the raft and along the river is idyllic. Things are peaceful, and life is good for [Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) and [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/symbols/#Jim). They are their own masters, and they have no one to answer to. Whatever needs they have are cared for. The outside world with its violence, corruption, and harshness is far away.

The duke and the king are part of the corrupt outside world and they disrupt the peaceful existence that Huck and [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Jim) enjoyed. In their presence Huck and Jim become subordinates again. While Huck recognizes the duke and the king as con men, he claims he does not call them out because he does not want to disrupt the peace. However, it is apparent he does not have the power or confidence to assert control. Huck is a minor and a runaway who has been treated poorly his whole life. Jim is a runaway slave and has traded in one master for another. Huck and Jim are easily manipulated and used to servitude. It would make no practical sense to challenge the duke's or the king's "authority," such as it is.

***Critical Study:***

Huck and Jim continue down the river for a few days, enjoying the fresh air and warm breezes. Huck finds a canoe and uses it to paddle up a stream about a mile in search of berries. Two men come running through the woods and beg him for help. Huck makes them cover their tracks and then all three paddle back to the river.

The two men are humbugs and frauds who were running away from townspeople who meant to tar and feather them. One man is about seventy and balding, and the other is in his thirties. The younger man specializes in printing and theater while the older man often "works" camp revivals.

The younger man then tells them that he is actually the direct descendent of the Duke of Bridgewater and therefore is a Duke. Both Huck and Jim start to treat him as royalty and cater to his every need. This makes the older man jealous and so he then tells them that he is the Dauphin, or Louis the XVII. Huck and Jim treat both men as aristocracy, although Huck comments that it is pretty obvious neither is true royalty.

***Significance:***

Huck and Jim once again adopt the easy, peaceful rhythm of travel by river-raft. One day, however, two men run up to the riverbank and ask Huck to save them from the men and dogs they say are in pursuit. Huck allows them to come aboard and, though he hears men and dogs in the distance, they quickly leave them behind. One of the men is about seventy, the other about thirty. They are dressed very shabbily, and both carry “big, fat, ratty-looking carpet bags.” Both appear to be minor criminals who have been chased out of town for running scams. However, after a little while, the young man starts to sigh. He says that his heart has been broken and his property lost and that he carries with him a great secret. However, he quickly reveals the secret, saying that he is the rightful Duke of Bridgewater, whose lands and titles have been stolen by a usurper.

Jim and Huck try to make the Duke feel better by showing respect, using his title, and waiting on him at dinner. The older man becomes silent and reflective, then announces that he has a secret, too. He is the Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Huck and Jim then begin to call him “You Majesty” and wait on him as well. Huck, however, is not taken in by these two tricksters. He sees quickly enough that the two men are merely “low-down humbugs and frauds,” but he pretends to believe them for the sake of keeping the peace.

***Summary and Analysis Part by Part:***

***Summary Part 1:***

One morning, while canoeing through a creek in search of berries, [**Huck**](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) encounters two men running, pleading with Huck to let them on his canoe, begging for their lives. Huck tells the men not to jump into the boat but to run through the bushes and then wade through the creek before finally meeting up with him later, to throw the pursuing dogs off their scent. The men do so.

***Analysis Part 1:***

This scene recalls the earlier scene in which Huck and Jim flee from the slave-hunters who have arrived at Jackson’s Island. And, indeed, Huck’s shared experience with these men might be one of the motives he has for helping them to secure their freedom.

***Summary Part 2:***

After meeting up with the two men, [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) learns that the older one got into trouble for selling “an article to take tartar off the teeth,” while the other, younger, one for running a religious “temperance revival” against drinking alcohol while, his devotees discover, drinking himself. The two con men agree to work together. The older one specializes in cons that involve doctoring and preaching.

***Analysis Part 2:***

The con men play society against itself for personal gain: they exploit silly trends, like oral cosmetics, as well as societal religiosity. Unlike most people Huck has met, these two men are not hypocrites, even though they are liars. Indeed, in some ways they seem similar to Huck and Jim!

***Summary Part 3:***

When the younger con man learns this, he bemoans the fact that he is forced to con people, having once been “so high.” He claims to have been born the [Duke](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/the-duke-and-king) of Bridgewater. [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) and [Jim](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/jim) pity the man after he begins to cry, and the duke tells the pair that they should bow when they address him, and do so by his official titles, and to wait on him, which Huck and Jim do. Later, the older con man claims, also crying, that he is “the late Duphin,” or [King](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/the-duke-and-king) of France. Huck and Jim begin to comfort the king as well as the duke.

***Analysis Part 3:***

As Tom creates a miniature society with his Gang, so too do the con men make a miniature society of the raft, with themselves as rulers and Huck and Jim as servants. Huck and Jim opt into this arrangement out of pity, and maybe genuine credulity on Jim’s part.

***Summary Part 4:***

The [duke](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/the-duke-and-king) becomes sour, but the [king](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/the-duke-and-king) tells him that he should cheer up. Life on the [raft](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-raft) is comfortable, with plenty of food and ease. The king asks for the duke’s hand, and the duke gives it to him. [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) and [Jim](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/jim) immediately feel more comfortable after the unfriendliness on the raft dissipates; for, as Huck thinks, “what you want above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others.” Indeed, even though Huck knows that the duke and king are con men, he doesn’t say anything, so as to avoid conflict.

***Analysis Part 4:***

The duke gets sour at the king because the king managed to lie himself into a higher rank than the duke. After Huck witnesses the Grangerford-Shepherdson feud, maybe as a result of witnessing it, he becomes very wary of human conflict, actual and potential. In his ideal society, people would be kind toward one another. Even though he knows that the duke and king are con men, he doesn’t expose them, because they seem harmless and because exposing them may only cause unnecessary conflict.