***The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***

***Chapter 21:***

***Translation:***

It was after sunrise now, but we didn’t tie the raft up on shore—went right on floating down the river. The king and the duke woke up after a while looking pretty groggy, but they chippered up a lot after jumping overboard and taking a swim. After breakfast, the king took a seat on the corner of the raft, pulled off his boots, rolled up his pantlegs, and let his legs dangle in the water to make himself more comfortable. Then he lit his pipe and started memorizing his lines from Romeo and Juliet. When he had them down, he and the duke began to practice together. The duke had to teach him again and again how to say every line. He made him sigh and put his hands on his heart, and after a while he said the king was doing it pretty well. “Except,” he said, “You can’t yell, ‘ROME!’ like that as if you were a bull or something—you have to say it softly and sweetly, like you’re swooning: ‘R-o-o-meo!’ That’s how you do it. Juliet’s supposed to be a sweet mere child; she doesn’t bray like a donkey.”

Next they pulled out a couple of long swords that the duke had made out of laths, and they began to practice the swordfight. The duke called himself Richard III the whole time. It was quite a fine sight to see the way they carried on and pranced around the raft. But after a while the king tripped and fell overboard, so after that they rested and talked about all kinds of adventures they’d had up and down the river in times past. After dinner, the duke said: “Well, Capet, we’ll want to make this a first class show, you know, so I guess we should add a bit more to it. We’ll want a little something to put on after the encores, anyway.” “What are encores, Bilgewater?” The duke told him, then said: “I’ll do the Highland fling or the sailor’s hornpipe dances for my encore, and you can… well, let me see… oh, I’ve got it! You can do Hamlet’s soliloquy.” “Hamlet’s what?” “[Hamlet’s Soliloquy](javascript:void(0);). You know—the most famous lines in all of Shakespeare. Ah, it’s fantastic! Fantastic! The audience always loves it. I don’t have it in the book—I only have one volume of Shakespeare’s plays—but I guess I can piece it together from memory. Let me just walk a minute here while I try to recall it.” So he went pacing back and forth, thinking and frowning deeply every now and then. Then he would raise his eyebrows, squeeze his hand on his forehead, stagger back, and kind of moan. Then he would sigh and pretend to cry a little. It was pretty impressive to see him. After a minute he got it. He told us to pay attention. Then he made a very noble face, put one leg forward, stretched his arm way up in the air, tilted his head back, and looked up into the sky. He began to cuss and swear and grit his teeth before finally starting the speech. The whole time he was speaking, he howled and flung his arms around and puffed his chest. He gave a performance that blew every other actor I’d ever seen out of the water. This was his speech—I learned it pretty easily while he was teaching it to the king: To be, or not to be; that is the bare bodkin That makes calamity of so long life; For who would fardels bear, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane, But that the fear of something after death Murders the innocent sleep, Great nature's second course, And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous fortune Than fly to others that we know not of. There's the respect must give us pause: Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The law's delay, and the quietus which his pangs might take, In the dead waste and middle of the night, when churchyards yawn In customary suits of solemn black, But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, Breathes forth contagion on the world, And thus the native hue of resolution, like the poor cat i' the adage, Is sicklied o'er with care, And all the clouds that lowered o'er our housetops, With this regard their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But soft you, the fair Ophelia: Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws, But get thee to a nunnery—go! Well, the old man liked the speech, and after a short while he had it memorized. It seemed like he was born to deliver it. He would get excited and had his hands going—it was wonderful they way he’d put so much into his performance. The duke got some handbills printed the first chance we got. And for two or three days after that, that raft got to be a pretty lively place as we floated along, since all we’d do was swordfight and rehearse, as the duke called it. One morning, when we were pretty far down the river and into the state of Arkansas, we spotted a little one-horse town on a big bend in the river. The duke tied the raft on the shore about three quarters of a mile upstream, just inside the mouth of a creek that was clovered by the cypress trees. All of us except for Jim went down into the town in the canoe to see if it would be a good place to put on our show. We got pretty lucky; the country folk were already beginning to come into town since there was going to be a circus there that afternoon. They came on horseback and rickety old wagons. The circus would leave before nightfall, so our show would have a pretty good chance of being successful. The duke rented the courthouse to use as a theater, and we went around town putting up our bills. They said: Shakespearean Revival ! ! ! Wonderful Attraction! For One Night Only! The world renowned tragedians, David Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lane Theatre, London, and Edmund Kean the elder, of the Royal Haymarket Theater, Whitechapel, Pudding Lane, Picadilly, London, and the Royal Continental Theatres, in their sublime Shakesperean Spectacle entitled The Balcony Scene in Romeo and Juliet ! ! ! Romeo…………… Mr. GarrickJuliet……………... Mr. Kean Assisted by the whole strength of the company! New costumes, new scenes, new appointments! Also: The thrilling, masterly, and blood-curdling Broadsword conflict in Richard III ! ! ! Richard III……………….. Mr. Garrick Richmond………………... Mr. Kean Also: (by special request) Hamlet’s Immortal Soliloquy ! ! ! By the Illustrious Kean! Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris! For One Night Only, On account of imperative European engagements! Admission 25 cents; children and servants, 10 cents. After that, we wandered around town. The store and houses were all old, ramshackled buildings that hadn’t ever been painted. They were all built on stilts three or four feet off the ground so that they wouldn’t be damaged when the river flooded. The houses had little gardens around them, but nothing seemed to be growing in them except for jimpson weeds and sun flowers, piles of ash from old fires, worn out old boots and shoes, pieces of bottles, rags, and banged up tin pots and pans. The fences were made from different kinds of boards, all nailed on at different times. They leaned in all sorts of directions, and the gates only had leather hinges. Some of the fences had been whitewashed at some point, but the duke said it’d likely been done back during Columbus’s time. There were lots of pigs in the gardens, and people were driving them out. All the stores were on one street. They had white, homey looking awnings in front. The country folk would hitch their horses to the awning posts, and there were empy drygoods boxes under the awnings. People would loiter around them all day long, whittling them with their Barlow knives, chewing tobacco, yawning, stretching, and staring—they looked like a pretty mean bunch. There was about one guy loitering at each awning post, and he’d usually have his hands in his pants pockets, except when he took them out to put a piece of chewing tobacco in his mouth or to scratch himself. They generally wore yellow straw hats that were as wide as umbrellas, but they didn’t wear any coats or vests. They called each other Bill or Buck or Hank and Joe and Andy and had lazy, drawling voices. They swore a lot too. And you could hear them say: “Gimme some chewing tobacco, Hank.” “Can’t—I only got enough for myself left. Ask Bill.” Maybe Bill would give him some tobacco, or maybe Bill would lie and say he doesn’t have any. Some loiterers like them never have a cent in the world or any chewing tobacco of their own. They get all their tobacco by borrowing it from others. They’ll say to a fellow, “I wished you’d lend me some tobacco, Jack—I gave my last bit to Ben Thompson just a minute ago.” This is pretty much a lie every time, and doesn’t fool anyone except strangers. But Jack isn’t a stranger, so he’d say: “YOU gave him some chewing tobacco, huh? Well, so did your sister’s cat’s grandmother. First you pay me back for the tobacco you already borrowed off me, Lafe Buckner. Then I’ll loan you one or two tons and won’t even charge you interest.” “Well, I DID pay you back some of it once.” “Yes, you did—about six plugs of it. You borrowed store tobacco and paid me back in [n------head](javascript:void(0);).” Store tobacco is a flat black plug, but these fellows usually chew a kind made of twisted, natural tobacco leaves. When they borrow chewing tobacco, they usually don’t cut it off with a knife, but put the plug in between their teeth and gnaw at it until it breaks into two pieces. Then, sometimes the guy that lent the tobacco gets upset when it’s returned to him and says sarcastically: “Hey! Give me the TOBACCO, and you take the PLUG.” All of the streets and roads were made of mud. There wasn’t anything BUT mud—mud as black as tar, two or three inches deep at least, and nearly a foot deep in some places. Pigs were just grunting and loafing around everywhere. You’d see a muddy sow and her littler of piglets wander slowly up the street and plant themselves right down in the middle of the road, so that people had to walk around her. She’d stretch and shut her eyes and wiggle her ears while she nursed her piglets, looking as happy as if she was being paid. Pretty soon you’d hear one of the loiterers call out, “Hey! SO boy! Sick him, tiger!” and away the sow would go, squeeling terribly, with a dog or two biting each ear and three or four more dozen dogs chasing from behind. Then you’d see all the loiterers get up and watch the whole bunch run down the road and out of sight, laughing at the fun and grateful that something had eased their boredom. Then they’d settle back down again until there was a dog fight or something. There wasn’t anything that pleased or excited them more than a dog fight—well, unless it was putting turpentine on a stray dog and setting it on fire, or tying a tin pan to its tail and watching it run itself to death. Down on the riverfront there were some houses sticking out over the bank. They bowed and bent, and looked just about ready to fall in the water. The people who lived in them had moved out. The bank had caved in under one corner of some other houses, which were hanging over the water. People still lived in those houses, but it was pretty dangerous because a strip of land like that could just cave in at any time. Sometimes a stretch of land a quarter of a mile deep like that will cave in slowly over time—the entire strip can go in just one summer. A town like this has to continuously move further and further back from the bank, because the river’s always eroding it. The closer to noon it got that day, the more the street filled with wagons and horses. And there were more coming all the time. Families from the countryside brought their dinners and ate them in the wagons. There was a lot of whisky drinking going on, and I saw the fights break out as a result. Pretty soon, someone cried out: “Here comes old Boggs in from the countryside for his little old monthly drink! Here he comes, boys!” All the loiterers looked happy. I guess they were used to having some fun with Boggs. One of them said: “I wonder what he’s going to kill this time. If he’d killed all the men he’s been saying he was going to kill for the last twenty years, then he’d have a pretty fiercesome reputation by now.” Another one said, “I wish old Boggs would threaten me; then I’d know I wasn’t going to die for a thousand years.” Boggs came galloping in on a horse, whooping and yelling like and Indian, crying out: “Clear the road there! I’m on the warpath, and the price of coffins is going to go up when I start killing people!” He was drunk, and weaving back and forth in his saddle. He was over fifty years old and had a very red face. Everyone yelled and laughed and swore at him. He swore back, and said he’d get to them and kill them soon. He said that’d have to wait, though, because he’d come to town to kill old Colonel Sherburn. He said that his motto was, “Eat the meat first, then finish up with the sides.” He saw me, rode up to me, and said: “Where’d you come from, boy? Are you prepared to die?” Then he rode on. I was scared, but a man said: “He doesn’t mean anything—he’s always carrying on like that when he’s drunk. He’s he most easy going old fool in Arkansas. He never hurt anyone, drunk or sober.” Boggs rode up to the front of the biggest store in town, and bent his head down so that he could see under the curtain of the awning. Then he yelled: “Come out here, Sherburn! Come out and meet the man you’ve swindled! You’re the hound I’m after, and I’m going to have you too!” He went on and on, calling Sherburn every name he could think of. The whole street was packed with people listening and laughing. Pretty soon a proud looking man of about fifty-five stepped out the store. He was definitely the best dressed man in that town, and the crowd backed away on each side to let him through. He said to Boggs, very calmly and slowly: “I’m tired of this, but I’ll put up with it until one o’clock. Until one o’clock, mind you—no longer than that. If you say anything against me after one o’clock, I’ll hunt you down wherever you are.” Then he turned around and went back inside. The crowd looked pretty serious—no one moved and no one laughed anymore. Boggs rode up and down the street swearing at Sherburn as loud as he could, before eventually coming back to the front of the store. Some men crowded around him and tried to shut him up, but he wouldn’t stop. They told him it’d be one o’clock in about fifteen minutes, and that he HAD to stop and go home right away. But it didn’t do any good. He cussed away at Sherburn with all his might, and threw his hat down in the mud and rode over it. Pretty soon he went galloping up and down the street again with his gray hair flying behind him. Everyone who could get near him tried their best to coax him down off his horse so that they could lock him and get him sober, but it wasn’t any use. He’d go galloping up the street again, and swear at Sherburn some more. Pretty soon, someone said: “Go get his daughter! Quick, go get his daughter! Sometimes he’ll listen to her. If anyone can persuade him to stop, it’s her.” Someone ran off to get her. I walked down the street a ways and stopped. Boggs came back again in about five or ten minutes, but not on his horse. This time he was careening across the street towards me, hatless, with a friend on either side holding his arms and hurrying him away. He was quiet and looked uneasy. He wasn’t putting up a fight, but was hurrying along himself. Then someone called out: “Boggs!” I looked over there to see who’d called out his name, and saw that it was Colonel Sherburn. He was standing in the street, perfectly still, and had a pistol raised in his right hand, not aiming it, but holding it out with the barrel titled up toward the sky. That same moment I saw a young girl running over with two men with her. Boggs and the men turned around to see who’d called him, and when the two men saw the pistol, they jumped off to one side. Col. Sherburn lowered the barrel of the pistol slowly and stead until it was level—it was cocked. Boggs threw up his hands and said, “Oh Lord, don’t shoot!” Bang! went the first shot, and Boggs staggered back, clawing at the air. Bang! went the second shot, and this time he tumbled backward to the ground, landing heavily and solidly with his arms spread out. The young girl screamed and rushed over. Crying, she threw herself on her father, and said, “Oh, he’s killed him, he’s killed him!” The crowd closed in around them. People jammed in shoulder to shoulder with their necks stretched out trying to see, while those on the inside tried to shove them back, shouting, “Back! Back! Give him air! Give him air!” Colonel Sherburn tossed his pistol to the ground, turned around on his heels, and walked off. They took Boggs to a little drugstore, the crowd still pressing in around him and the whole town following behind. I rushed over and got a good spot at the window, where I was close to him and could see inside. They laid him on the floor with a large Bible under his head, tore open his shirt, opened another Bible, and then spread it on his chest. I saw where one of the bullets had entered his body. Boggs made a dozen or so long gasps, his chest lifting the Bible up as he drew in his breath, then letting it down again when he exhaled. After that he lay still. He was dead. Then they pulled his daughter from him and took her away, screaming and crying. She was about sixteen, and looked very sweet and gentle, but awfully pale and scared. Pretty soon the whole town was squirming and shoving and pushing people aside to get a look through the window. But the people already in the good spots wouldn’t give them up. The folks behind them kept saying, “Come on now, you’ve seen enough, you guys—it isn’t right or fair for you to stay there the whole time. Give someone else a chance to see. Other folks have the same right to look as you have.” There was a lot of talking back and forth, so I left, thinking there might be some trouble. The streets were full, and everyone was excited. Everyone who’d seen the shooting was telling others how it’d happened. There was a big crowd packed around each witness, everyone stretching their necks and listening. One long, lanky man with long hair, a big white fur stovepipe hat perched on the back of his head, and a cane with a crooked handle marked the places on the ground where Boggs and Sherburn had stood. People followed him around from place to place, watching everything he did, stooping down a little with their hands on their thighs to watch him mark up the ground with his cane, and nodding their heads to show they understood. He stood up straight and stiffly where Sherburn had stood, frowning with the brim of his hat down over his eyes, and cried out, “Boggs!” Then he brought his cane down slowly until it was level, and said, “Bang!” staggerd backwards, said, “Bang!” again, and fell down flat on his back. The people who’d witnessed the shooting said he’d reenacted it perfectly—they said that that was exactly the way it had all happened. Then as many as a dozen people pulled out their bottles and treated him to a drink. Well, pretty soon someone said that Sherburn ought to be lynched. After another minute, everyone was saying it. Then they went off, angry and yelling and ripping down every clothesline they passed to hang him with.

***Synopsis:***

Waking up after a night of drinking, the duke and dauphin practice the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* and the swordfight from *Richard III* on the raft. The duke also works on his recitation of the “To be, or not to be” soliloquy from *Hamlet*, which he doesn’t know well at all, throwing in lines from other parts of *Hamlet* and even some lines from *Macbeth*. To Huck, however, the duke seems to possess a great talent.

Next, the group visits a one-horse town in Arkansas where lazy young men loiter in the streets, arguing over chewing tobacco. Huck gives a detailed, absurd description of the town. The duke posts handbills for the theatrical performance, and Huck witnesses the shooting of a rowdy drunk by a man, Sherburn, whom the drunk has insulted. The shooting takes place in front of the victim’s daughter. A crowd gathers around the dying man and then goes off to lynch Sherburn.

***Synopsis:***

* The duke and the king set to practicing their Shakespeare. The king is less than adept, and the duke informs him that he should play Juliet more gently, as she doesn't "bray like a jackass" (21.1).
* Apparently the duke, despite all his "expertise," can't really keep his plays straight. In the midst of their Romeo and Juliet, he starts calling himself "Richard III."
* Then, for good measure, he completely jumbles [**Hamlet**](https://www.shmoop.com/hamlet/)'s soliloquy ("To be or not to be; that is the bare bodkin").
* It's really quite hilarious and he manages to combine Macbeth and others in a lovely mixed salad of the greatest Shakespearean speeches ever gone very, very wrong. So, check it out.
* One morning, around Arkansas, they decide it's time to perform this sucker. They print up some playbills using fake stage-names for themselves and charging 25 cents admission.
* (Brain snack: the names they use—[David Garrick](http://www.folger.edu/template.cfm?cid=1491) and [Edmund Kean](http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/313975/Edmund-Kean)—are the names of super-famous Shakespearean actors from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.)
* Huck describes the unlucky town on which the duke and king have decided to bestow their acting talents. Let's just say it's not exactly London, as far as culture goes—so, they might actually have a shot at pulling this off.
* Like, he details the way they argue about borrowing "tobacker" (tobacco). Also the roads are made out of mud, which gives the place real character.
* Soon enough, we meet the town's most colorful character, a drunk named Boggs. Boggs has a habit of getting wasted and riding through town on his horse threatening to kill everyone he doesn't like.
* Everyone is used to Boggs and his empty threats, so they're more inclined to laugh at him than run screaming in the other direction.
* However, on this particular occasion, Boggs makes the mistake of threatening Sherburn, a tough guy who owns the biggest store in town.
* Sherburn comes out to the front of his store and gives Boggs a warning: leave by one o'clock, or… die.
* Not much of a choice, right?
* But Boggs, being Boggs, isn't so much prone to logic at the moment. So he continues to insult Sherburn while standing outside his store.
* The townspeople, who are prone to logic and know that Sherburn is one serious man, hurry to get Boggs' daughter to try to calm her father down.
* Several tension-filled minutes later, Sherburn comes out on his front porch, aims his pistol, shoots twice, kills Boggs, and leaves.
* Uh, that took a decidedly morbid turn.
* The townspeople lay a Bible under his head just as his sixteen-year-old daughter comes running onto the scene, weeping and so forth.
* Does this sound oddly Shakespearean to you? We think that's not a coincidence.
* Everyone who just showed up is all, "What happened!" and one insensitive guy is like, "I'll show you!" and reenacts the scene, complete with "Bang! Bang!"
* Talk about acting.
* Then the angry mob decides that they should put their angry mob skills to use and lynch Sherburn.

***Summary:***

The next morning the duke and the king practice for their Shakespeare production. They decide to include Hamlet's soliloquy in the presentation, but the duke has to recall it from heart. His version includes many mistakes but impresses [Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck).

Huck and the con men go ashore in an Arkansas town. They put up signs about their show. The town is rundown, and its inhabitants are poor. By afternoon the streets grow crowded.

A drunk man named Boggs comes to town. He threatens to harm a man, but the townspeople say he is harmless and laugh at him. The man who is being threatened is Colonel Sherburn. He has had enough of the insults and warns Boggs he had better stop. Boggs continues and Sherburn shoots and kills him. The townspeople are worked up and eventually decide that Sherburn should be lynched. They go off with a rope looking for him.

The duke and the king think highly of themselves. They claim to be smart, but the duke's version of Hamlet's soliloquy tells us otherwise: the very first line says, "To be, or not to be; that is the bare bodkin." The laughably bad rendition of *Hamlet* includes botched passages from other parts of the play (e.g., references to the "nunnery" exchange with Ophelia) and random lines from *Macbeth* and *Richard III*. The duke knows or has picked up enough to cheat others, but he is not an intelligent man. [Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) is impressed with the rehearsals but even he, an uneducated boy, catches on to the con men just as others will, too.

The town where the con men choose to put on their show on is lazy and pathetic. The people are extremely poor and uneducated. If the con men were as wise as they think they are, they would move on. The people will not be interested in such a production and have no money to pay for tickets. These people find Boggs, the harmless yet angry town drunk, entertaining. In this town they cruelly shoot each other in cold blood, and people are anxious to watch someone take a last breath. They live a crude and ugly existence. By the end of the chapter they are an angry mob seeking justice.

***Synopsis:***

[The King](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/study-guide/character-list#the-king) and Duke turn their attention to performing scenes from Shakespeare. The King learns the lines for Juliet and practices sword-fighting with the Duke in order to perform part of [Richard III](https://www.gradesaver.com/richard-iii). [The Duke](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/study-guide/character-list#the-duke) decides that a great encore would be for the King to perform Hamlet's soliloquy. Unfortunately, without the text at hand, the Duke must piece the famous lines together from memory. The end result is quite different from the true soliloquy, but still contains some elements of drama.

The men stop in a nearby town and decide to set up their show. They rent the courthouse for a night and print up bills proclaiming how wonderful the performance will be. Unfortunately, a circus is also in town, but they hope people will still attend their dramatic performances.

During the day of the show a man named [Boggs](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/study-guide/character-list#boggs) rides into town. He is a drunk who comes in each month and threatens to kill a man, but never actually harms anyone. This time, he is after a [Colonel Sherburn](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/study-guide/character-list#colonel-sherburn), the wealthiest man in town and a storeowner. Boggs stands outside the store and screams insults at the Colonel. The Colonel comes out of his store and tells Boggs that he will put up with the insults until one o'clock and after that he will kill him if Boggs utters even one word. Boggs continues relentlessly, and at exactly 1pm, the Colonel appears and kills Boggs on the spot. At that exact moment, Boggs's daughter approaches, hoping to save her father, but she is too late. After Boggs is laid to rest, the crowd turns into a mob and concludes that Sherburn should be lynched for the killing.

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

***Summary Part 1:***

The [duke](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/the-duke-and-king) and king continue to practice Shakespeare. After a few days, the group arrives at a small town, where the duke posts a bill advertising his and the king’s performance. [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) notices that the town is dilapidated: the houses aren’t painted, weeds grow in the gardens, and hogs loaf around everywhere. In town, Huck overhears a conversation in which one man tries to bum tobacco off of another.

***Analysis Part 1:***

In contrast to the Grangerford estate, which is well-kept and beautiful, the town Huck explores in this passage seems neglected and impoverished, and its citizens are immediately portrayed as lazy and aimless.

***Summary Part 2:***

By noon, many townspeople are drinking. [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) witnesses three fights. One townsperson cries out that “old Boggs” is riding into town, drunk, much to everyone’s excitement. Boggs has a reputation for insulting people. He even asks Huck if he’s prepared to die. Though Huck is scared, a townsperson assures Huck that Boggs is good-natured and harmless. Boggs begins to shout for a man called [Colonel Sherburn](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/colonel-sherburn), whom he says he will kill. People laugh and talk, that is, until Sherburn steps out of a shop and tells Boggs he is tired of his antics but will endure it, if only till one o’clock.

***Analysis Part 2:***

Boggs is a kind of harmless Pap, debauched but non-violent. While he seems scary to Huck, one has no real need to fear him; he is not what he seems. In contrast to Boggs is Sherburn, who is maybe the most sincere character in the novel. He says what he means and does what he says. In this sense, Sherburn, in his sincerity, stands apart from the hypocritical society of which he is part,

***Summary Part 3:***

Boggs continues to carry on about [Sherburn](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/colonel-sherburn). Townspeople try to shut him up, telling him he only has fifteen minutes till one o’clock, but to no avail. A man runs to fetch Boggs’ daughter. About five or ten minutes later, [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn), having walked down the street, sees Boggs, no longer on his horse, nervous-looking. Sherburn calls out Bogg’s name, and, just as Bogg’s daughter arrives on the scene, Sherburn shoots Bogg to death. The townspeople resolve to lynch Sherburn.

***Analysis Part 3:***

True to his word, Sherburn tolerates Boggs’s antic till one o’clock, after which he murders the innocent man. He makes laws, however unjust, and enforces them with brutal surety. Society, in turn, resolves to enforce their law against murder by lynching Sherburn, but, as we will see, society is not so firm as the fiercely constant Colonel.