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Л. Ткаченко

ЛІТЕРАТУРА АНГЛІЇ ТА США

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Мова та література (англійська)
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Укладач: Ткаченко Л.Л. – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент

Рецензент: Демецька В.В.. – доктор філологічних наук, професор

Обговорено на засіданні кафедри романо-германських мов

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The given practical assignments serve as a supplement to L.Tkachenko's course of lectures and give a glimpse into the history of literature of Great Britain and the USA from the Renaissance to the early twentieth century. They present fragments from the most noted writings of English and American authors as well as tasks that are supposed to provide a better understanding of the content of the work and the artistic method of the writer.

Ткаченко Л.Л. Література Англії та США: Завдання для аудиторної та самостійної роботи для студентів III курсу напрямку підготовки: 6.020303. Філологія. Мова та література (англійська) денної, заочної та екстернатної форм навчання. – Херсон: Видавництво РВВ «Колос» ХДАУ, 2011. – 98 с.

1. Read and discuss **Christopher Marlowe's** *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*:

Come and live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That fields and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cup of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come and live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Answer the questions:

1. Describe the kind of life the shepherd is offering his love. 2. How realistic is his representation of the kind of life his and his love will lead? 3. If a poet of today were to write a contemporary version of his poem, how might the details differ from Marlowe's? 4. Would you infer from *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love* that Elizabethan readers valued the pastoral because England was becoming more urbanized? Why or why not? 5. Read Marlowe's poem aloud. What qualities of it might inspire someone to set it to music?

2. The following **Sonnet 54** is part of **Spenser's** *Amoretti*, which are "little love poems" to a woman called Elizabeth –probably Elizabeth Boyle who became his second wife. The *Amoretti* draws, like other sonnet cycles, on characteristic and conventional themes and conceits. What is characteristically Spenserian about them is his yoking of the spirit and the flesh. The rhyme scheme is abab bcbc cdcd ee. Comment on the rhyme scheme and the conceits. Which do you find similar to those of Shakespeare? Learn the sonnet by heart:

Of this worlds theatre in which we stay,
My love like the spectator idly sits
Beholding me that all the pageants play

Disguising diversely my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a comedy:
Soone after when my joy to sorrow flits,
I waile and make my voes a tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
She laughs and hardens evermore her heart.
What then can move her? if nor merth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senceless stone.

3. Read and analyze the following *Sonnet 130* by **William Shakespeare**:

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses demasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak. Yet well I know
That music has a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Answer the questions:

1. What is less than perfect about the mistress's (a) lips? (b) cheeks? (c) breath? (d) voice? 2. Sonnet 130 is often called an anti-Petrarchan sonnet. What do you think is meant by "anti-Petrarchan"? 3. There are indications even before the final couplet that the speaker loves his mistress despite her supposed imperfections. What is one such indication?

4. Analyze the mood and the rhyme scheme of *Sonnet 29* by **William Shakespeare**. Learn the sonnet by heart:

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

5. This is an extract from Shakespeare's play *As You Like It* (Act II, scene 7). It is a famous speech known as *The seven ages of man*. Read and do the task:

All the world's a stage

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly and capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper's pantaloon,
His youthful nose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends his strange eventful history,
In second childishness and mere oblivion
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Answer the questions:

1. What type of poem is it? Is it a lyric, a sonnet, an ode, an epic poem, a satire, a nonsense poem? 2. What emotions does the poem chiefly appeal to? Is it light or humorous or satirical or serious? 3. What does the poem say about the ways of life in the times of Shakespeare? What universal truth does the poem express?

6. **Comment on the poem** below. Compare it with the original on which it draws:

Edward Nolan
Oxford is a Stage

Oxford is a stage,
And all the men in residence are players:
They have their exeats and examinations;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the Freshman,
Stumbling and stuttering in the tutor's rooms.
And then the aspiring Classman, with white tie
And shy desponding face, creeping along
Unwillingly to the Schools. Then, at the Union,
Spouting like fury, with some woeful twaddle
Upon the 'Crisis'. Then a billiard-player,
Full of strange oaths, a keen and cunning card,
Clever in cannons, sudden and quick in hazards,
Seeking a billiard reputation
Even in the pocket's mouth. And then the Fellow,
His fair round forehead with hard furrows lined,
With weakened eyes and beard of doubtful growth,
Crammed with old lore of useless application.
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and study-worn professor,
With spectacles on nose and class at side;
His youthful nose has grown a world too large
For his shrunk face; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends his strange eventful history,
In utter donnishness and mere nonentity,
Without respect, or tact, or taste, or anything.

7. Fill in the gaps with the appropriate form of the article and be ready to speak about the sources of Shakespeare's plays:

Plot in Shakespeare's drama

Shakespeare used ... wide range of narrative materials for his plays. For his histories and tragedies he used roman history, legendary British history and contemporary English and Scottish history. For his comedies he used ... rich assortment of prose romances, narrative poems and plays ranging from ... Roman dramatist, Plautus, to contemporary dramatists of ... sixteenth century.

Shakespeare had ... insatiable interest in human nature. His range of subjects is far greater than that of any contemporary playwright. He did not merely tell ... story, but created dramatic possibilities. He deepened ... narrative, made it more coherent and more descriptive of human behaviour. For instance, he took ... story by Giraldi Cinthio *The Moor of Venice*, which was ... slight, sordid story of jealousy and transformed it into ... major tragedy, *Othello*. He enriched ... famous story of the

Trojan war in *Troilus and Cressida* by his dialogue; the play never fails in ... theatre, though critics cannot decide whether ... play is comedy, tragedy or satire. ... tragedy *Antony and Cleopatra* is taken from Plutarch's life of Antony, but ... lot of the events could not be shown on ... stage because of ... scale of ... events. Instead, Shakespeare developed ... brilliant technique of short scenes which concentrate on behaviour rather than action. Shakespeare's characters and situations are larger than life. This sense of pushing things to the extreme until ... worst happens heightens the feeling of tragedy.

Besides developing ... characters Shakespeare invented personages who have no equivalent in the source: Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, Lucio in *Measure for Measure*, Enobarbus in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Queen Margaret in *Richard III*. These additional characters make a significant contribution to ... plays. For example, Enobarbus is ... spokesman for skepticism, irreverence and humour and creates ... sense of reality in ... play.

Shakespeare often combines more than one story or plot into his plays, particularly his comedies. In *Twelfth Night* these are ... story of Viola, ... young girl who adopts male disguise, and ... story of Malvolio. Viola is involved in ... duel with Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Malvolio acts as ... rival to Orsino for Olivia's hand; Feste, ... jester, wanders from one household to ... other. Shakespeare's love for two or more stories in ... play gives it much of its fascination as ... intrigue develops.

8. **Make a brief description** of the plot of one of the following tragedies using the key words:

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo, the family of Montague

Juliet, the family of Capulet

Juliet's cousin Tybalt

Friar Lorraine

a romantic tragedy, the romantic love (of), bitter hostility, to belong, to be kept in secret, to provoke an affray, to lead to the death (of), to propose to marry Juliet off (to), to help to escape, to give Juliet a poison, to send her into a profound sleep, to be placed in the family burial, to send a message, to return to Verona, to take poison and die by Juliet's side, to recover and see her lover dead, to kill herself.

Othello

Othello: commander of the Venetian forces against the Turks, to be highly valued by the Venetians, to trust Jago, to murder Desdemona, to be told the truth, to make a final self-assessment and kill oneself.

Desdemona: a Venetian aristocrat, to leave home to marry Othello.

Jago: to play a cynic game, to insinuate into Othello's mind the suspicion about Cassio and Desdemona having a love affair, to disgrace Cassio, to take revenge against Othello and Cassio.

9. In this passage from *Romeo and Juliet*, Romeo is waiting under Juliet's balcony. Read and comment the fragment and dramatise it with your classmate:

(Act II, Scene II)

Romeo: (Juliet appears above at a window)

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art so far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what is that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheeks would shame those stars,

As daylight does a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet: Ay me!

Romeo: She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet: O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo: (Aside) shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, thou not a Montague.

What's a Montague? It is not hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, not any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Answer the questions:

1. What kind of images predominate in the passage? 2. What are Romeo and Juliet compared to? Make a list of names. 3. What is Romeo's reaction when Juliet begins to speak? 4. What does Juliet want Romeo to do? 5. What aspect of the Shakespearean theatre makes this scene possible? Why do you think the story of Romeo and Juliet still fascinates the modern reader?

10. Comment upon the famous soliloquy from *Hamlet*:

(Act III, Scene 1)

Hamlet: To be or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream –ay there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause –there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and swear under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

Answer the questions:

1. Hamlet's soliloquy is perhaps the best known monologue written by Shakespeare. Why do think a playwright might employ a monologue at a crucial moment in his drama? 2. What is the main problem that Hamlet poses himself in the first line? 3. What is the alternative expressed in lines 2-4? 4. What advantages does death bring? (Lines 5-9) 5. What difficulty does Hamlet, however, see after death? (Lines 10-14) 6. Paraphrase in your own words the catalogue of life's sufferings presented in lines 15-19. 7. Why do people tolerate this unpleasantness? (Lines 23-27) 8. What is Hamlet's conclusion about the reason why people do not commit suicide when confronted with difficulties in their life? 9. Paraphrase Hamlet's view of life and death. Does it still make sense to a modern reader? Give your reasons.

11. Read and comment upon the fragment of the poem by Ben Jonson which was prefixed to *First Folio*, the first published collection of Shakespeare's plays:
To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and What He Hath Left Us

... Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain; thou hast one to show
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our cars, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus now not please,
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter Nature be,
 His Art doth give the fashion; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Answer the questions:

1. What complimentary titles does Ben Jonson give Shakespeare in the poem? Which of these names is still the most popular? 2. What does this indicate about his

attitude to Shakespeare? 3. In what sense is Shakespeare still alive? 4. Which other Elizabethan dramatists is Shakespeare compared with? Is this comparison favorable or not? 5. Which classical authors are called forth to testify Shakespeare's greatness? 6. What references are there to Shakespeare's acting career? 7. Why do you think Jonson uses the word "shake" in the following phrases: "...to hear thy buskin tread /And shake a stage" and "...the race/ Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines/ In his well-turned and true-filed lines,/In each of which he seems to shake a lance"? 8. Is Ben Jonson's opinion of Shakespeare an important argument in the solution of the problem of the authorship of Shakespeare's works?

12. Comment upon the main idea of **Donne's *Song***. Do you agree with Donne's message? How do you qualify its tone (ironic, sarcastic, joking, etc)?

Go and catch a falling star,	Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
Get with child a mandrake root,	All strange wonders that befell thee,
Tell me where all past years are,	And swear
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,	No where
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,	Lives a woman true, and fair.
Or to keep off envy's stinging,	If thou find'st one, let me know,
And find	Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
What wind	Yet do not, I would not go,
Serves to advance an honest mind.	Though at next door we might meet;
If thou beest born to strange sights,	Though she were true when you met
Things invisible to see,	her,
Ride ten thousand clays and nights,	And last till you write your letter,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,	Yet she
	Will be
	False, ere I come, to two, or three.

13. Read and discuss one of Donne's most celebrated love lyrics, ***The Good Morrow***:

I wonder by my troth, what thou and I
 Did till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
 But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love, all love of other sights controls,
 And makes one little room, an every where.
 Let sea-discovers to new world have gone,
 Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown.
 Let us possess one world, each has one and is one.

My face is thine eyes, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest,
Where can we find two other hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies was not mixed equally,
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none can slacken, none can die.

Answer the questions:

1. Why does the poet wonder what they did before they loved? What does this imply about the psychological time-scale of love? 2. What two explanations does the poet offer for this dislocation of time? 3. Other pleasures outside their love are considered to be ...; other beauty in the poet's experience is considered to be 4. Why does the poet describe their souls as "waking"? 5. How does love transform the room where the lovers are? 6. In what way does Donne compare this world with other worlds? 7. What conditions, in Donne's view, are necessary for love to last forever? 8. What geographical and scientific imagery does Donne use to describe love? 9. How does being in love seem to distort the usual conventions of time and space? Why do you think love has this effect?

14. Analyze the expression of religious feelings in Donne's *Holy Sonnet 10*:

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou thinkst, though dost overflow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me;
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, Death thou shall die.

Answer the questions:

1. In the first four lines, why does the speaker say that death should not be proud? How is death described? 2. Why does the speaker say in lines 5-8 that death is pleasant? What within these lines indicates that death is the source of pleasure? 3. How does the speaker characterize death in lines 9-12? What bad company is death forced to keep? Why? 4. Which sedatives are better than Death? 5. What does the speaker mean when he says in lines 3-4: "For, those, whom thou thinkst, though dost overflow,/ Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me"? In what way is this meaning reinforced by the last two lines? 6. What does the paradox "Death, thou shall die" mean? What makes it paradoxical? 7. In the poem, the speaker gives human characteristics to death. Death has often been personified in art and literature, sometimes as the grim reaper

carrying a scythe, at other times as an angel with black wings and a net, and at still other times as a fierce horseman whose head is often a skull. Think of other ways you may have seen death personified in literature or art. Discuss with your fellow students what each of these images implies about our attitudes towards death. How does Donne's poem address these attitudes?

15. Read the extract from Book 8 of John Milton's *Paradise Lost* and **speak of Adam's creation** as he himself describes it. Do you find the language modern enough for you to understand easily?

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire:
"For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling. All things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed,
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake,
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I, "fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great maker, then,
In goodness and in power preëminent.
Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know."

16. Analyze the passage of *Paradise Lost* which describes how Satan tempted Eve:

(From Book IX)

Queen of this Universe! Do not believe
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.
How should ye? By the fruit? It gives life
To knowledge. By the Threatener? look on me,
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live
And life more perfect have attained than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
Is open? Or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of God and Evil?
Of good, how just! Of evil –if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
God, therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just,
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.

Answer the questions:

1. What proof does Satan give Eve that she will not die if she eats from the apple?
2. What is the real reason why the Serpent can speak?
3. Why does Satan say that God should praise Eve if she eats the fruit?
4. Why does Satan say that Man should know about evil?
5. According to Satan, why can't God punish Eve for eating the Forbidden Fruit?
6. Describe Satan, as portrayed by Milton, in your own words. Do you think him to be a realistic character?
7. Read the following passage from the *Book of Genesis* of the Bible and say whether Satan in the Bible and John Milton's Serpent use similar arguments to trick Eve. Are there any differences between two versions of the story?

(Chapter 3)

Now the serpent was more subtle than any other beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, "Yea, hath God said, "Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

And the woman said unto the serpent, "we may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest you die".

And the serpent said unto the woman, "Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

17. Called the greatest songwriter of the English language, **Robert Herrick's** verses please the ear more than the mind. Although he lived through one of the most

controversial periods of English history, little of this is reflected in his poetry. His poems are light and highly polished. Read and comment upon one of his poems:

To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while you may, The age is best which is the first,
Old time is still a-flying; When youth and blood are warmer;
And this same flower that smiles But being spent, the worst, the worst
today Times still succeed the former.
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, Then be not coy, but use your time,
The higher he's a-getting, And while ye may, go marry;
The sooner will his race be run, For, having lost but once your prime,
And nearer he'll be setting. You may forever tarry.

Answer the questions:

1. In stanza 1, why does the speaker advise the girls to gather the rosebuds while they may? 2. In stanza 2, what happens to the sun as it gets higher in the sky? 3. According to the third stanza, what is the best age and what happens when it passes? 4. In stanza 4, why does the speaker suggest that the young girls stop delaying (tarry=delay) and marry? 5. The central theme or idea of this poem is the swift passage of time. What images express this theme? 6. This poem is in one sense advice to young women to marry while still young. In what way does it also express the “carpe diem” or “seize the day” tradition? Why do you think this tradition was so popular during the seventeenth century?

18. Read and discuss the excerpt from *An Essay on Man* by Alexander Pope:

[*An Essay on Man* is an examination of human nature, society and morals. In describing the work, Pope comments that it is “a general map of man, marking out ... the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection.” The following excerpt is from the second epistle, in which Pope attempts to show how it is possible for man to achieve a psychological harmony through self-understanding and self-love.]

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the skeptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in mindless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Answer the questions:

1. According to Pope, what prevents man from being (a) a skeptic? (b) a stoic?
2. What word, repeated three times, suggests the world of chaos and error in which human beings exist?
3. Pope writes that man stands on an “isthmus of a middle state”. He describes the middle state in detail. In a single word, what is (a) at one end of the isthmus? (b) at the other end?
4. What do you think Pope meant by the line “In doubt his mind or body to prefer”?
5. “Know then thyself”, writes pope. How can a man “in mindless error hurled” achieve that goal?
6. Most writers today reject the idea of literature presenting an obvious moral. Pope believed just the opposite. He felt that poetry has a didactic role to play. What do you think?

19. Read and analyze the passage from *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe:

And this put me in mind that I wanted many things, notwithstanding all that I had amassed together; and of these, ink was one; as also a spade, pick-axe, and shovel, to dig or remove the earth; needles, pins, and thread; as for linen, I soon learned to want that without much difficulty.

This want of tools made every work I did go on heavily; and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded habitation. The piles or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more, by far, in bringing home; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts, and a third day in driving it into the ground; for which purpose, I got a heavy piece of wood at first, but at last bethought myself of one of the iron crows; which, however, though I found it, yet it made driving those posts or piles very laborious and tedious work. Hut what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in? nor had I any other employment, if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, which I did, more or less, every day.

I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstance I was reduced to; and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me, for I was like to have but few heirs, as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring upon them, and afflicting my mind: and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might have something to distinguish my case from worse, and I Minted it very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries I suffered, thus:

Evil

Good

I am cast upon a horrible, desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.	But I am alive; and not drowned, as all my ship's company were. But I am singled out, too, from all the
---	---

all hope
horrible, I am cast upon a
desolate island, void of
recovery,
all hope drowned, as all my ship's
com-
all hope of recovery, I am
singled out and as it were,
from all the world, to be
miserable.

I am singled out and
separated, as it were, from all
the world, to be miserable.

I am divided from
mankind, a solitary; one
banished from human society.

I have no clothes to
cover me.

I am without any defence,
or means to resist any
violence of man or beast.

I have no soul to speak
to, or relieve me.

ship's crew, to be spared from death; and He that
miraculously saved me from death, can deliver
me from this condition.

But I am not starved, and perishing on a
barren place, affording no sustenance.

But I am in a hot climate, where if I had
clothes, I could hardly wear them.

But I am cast on an island where I see no
wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of
Africa: and what if I had been shipwrecked
there?

But God wonderfully sent the ship in near
enough to the shore, that I have gotten out so
many necessary things as will either supply my
wants, or enable me to supply myself, even as
long as I live.

Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony, that there was scarce
any condition in the world so miserable, but there was something negative, or
something positive, to be thankful for in it: and let this stand as a direction, from
the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world: that we may
always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set, in the
description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.

Answer the questions:

1. What were the causes that set Robinson Crusoe to value the good and
evil sides of his position? 2. What is the philosophy voiced in the final
paragraph? Is it characteristic of an 18th century bourgeois? 3. What does the style
of this entry remind us of? 4. Comment upon the enumeration in the first
paragraph. In what way is it typical of Defoe's style? 5. Discuss the details in the
second paragraph. Do they create an impression of veracity and accuracy? Do they
help us to visualize Crusoe's activities? 6. Comment upon the phrase "my reason
began now to master my despondency". What light does it throw on Crusoe's
outlook? 7. Pick out the words that strike you as obsolete. What is their
stylistic effect? 8. Analyse the tonality of the concluding period.

20. Read and discuss the passage from *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift:

[Lemuel Gulliver travels on the ship the Antelope to the South Seas. The Antelope is
shipwrecked in a storm, and Lemuel Gulliver manages to swim to an island. Exhausted

from his adventure, he falls asleep, and when he wakes up he realizes that he had been lied down to the ground by some tiny men, the Lilliputs.

Once the Emperor of the Lilliputs is satisfied that Lemuel is a friend, he decrees his freedom. Lemuel, who is of course a great burden on the population because of the massive amount of food and drink he consumes, lives as best as he can with the Lilliputians, and relates many of their customs.

One night, Lemuel is woken up by cries. A crowd come and ask him to go immediately to the royal palace, where there was a fire. This is Lemuel's chance to do the Emperor a favour in return for his kind hospitality; but, unfortunately for Lemuel, this is the beginning of the end of him in the land of the Lilliputs.]

I got up in an instant; and order being given to clear the way before me; and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the Palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was too violent, that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leather jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent Palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind, unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine, called Glimigrim... which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flame, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was whole extinguished [...]

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the Emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner; by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the Realm, it is capital in person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace.

[The Emperor pardons Gulliver for his illegal actions but the Empress vows revenge. This is the beginning of various intrigues to eliminate Gulliver, the man-mountain. Lemuel decides to build himself a boat and leave.]

Answer the questions:

1. How big were the buckets the Lilliputians used? 2. Why didn't Lemuel use his jacket to put out the fire? 3. What happened when Lemuel came into contact with the fire? 4. How did Lemuel put out the fire? 5. Why was his method of extinguishing the fire illegal? 6. How does Lemuel see his urinating on the royal palace? 7. How does the Empress see his urinating on the royal palace? 8. How does the law see Lemuel's urinating on the royal palace? 9. What is the tone of Lemuel's descriptions: sarcastic, calm, ironic, angry, other? 10. The Lilliput section of *Gulliver's Travels* is Swifts commentary on the politics and the pomposity of the court life of his day. His clearest attack comes when he says how the Emperor of Lilliput (who is only six

inches high!) refers to himself as: “Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput, Delight and Terror of the Universe [...] Taller than the Sons of Men; whose Feet press down the Centre, and whose Head strikes against the Sun...”. Is there is such an attack on the pomposity of court life in the section given above? If there is, would you call it a direct personal attack?

21. Read the extract from *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift* and comment on Swift’s satirical method in poetry:

As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature, I believe ‘em true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
“In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.”

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal, raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you.
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
I ask but for an inch at most.

If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopped,
Would you not wish his laurels cropped?

Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brethren write as well as he?

But rather than they should excel,
He’d wish his rivals all in hell.

Vain humankind! fantastic race!

Thy various follies who can trace?

Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

Give others riches, power, and station:
“Tis all on me an usurpation;

I have no title to aspire,

Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,

But with a sigh I wish it mine:

When he can in one couplet fix

More sense than I can do in six,

It gives me such a jealous fit. I cry,

“Pox take him and his wit!”

I grieve to be outdone by Gay

In my own humorous biting way.

Arbuthnot is no more my friend,

Who dares to irony pretend,

Which I was born to introduce,

Refined it first, and showed its use.

St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows

That I had some repute for prose;

And, till they drove me out of date,

Could maul a minister of state.

If they have mortified my pride,

And made me throw my pen aside;

If with such talents Heaven hath blessed
‘em,

Have I not reason to detest ‘em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send

Thy gifts, but never to my friend:

I tamely can endure the first,

But this with envy makes me burst.

22. *Thoughts on Various Subjects* developed out of an agreement between **Swift** and Alexander Pope to record their passing thoughts. The following are some of Swift's ideas and impressions, which were included in his commonplace book, or book of collected passages. Read and discuss them:

We have enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign: that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

It is in disputes as in the armies where the weaker side sets up false lights and makes a great noise to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last.

Ill company is like a dog who dirties those most whom he loves best.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals are an imitation of fighting.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to the scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; but whoever is a master of language and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth: So people come out faster of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present but are providing to live another time.

No wise man ever wishes to be younger.

Answer the questions:

1. To what does Swift compare armies that attempt to confuse the enemy by means of false lights and great noise? 2. What does Swift say most forms of play resemble? 3. According to Swift, what does a wise man never wish? 4. The American writer Ralph Waldo Emerson observed, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds". Of which Swift's epigram does Emerson's thought remind you? 5. In your own words, what is Swift's view of the difference between the speaking habits of a master of language "

23. Read and analyse the passage from S. Richardson's *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*. This letter is the first of Lovelace's epistles to appear in the novel but it is not his first introduction to the readers whose curiosity about the subject of some thirty anxious letters by the other personages has been thoroughly awakened. Richardson's task is to justify the great expectations of the readers by drawing a convincing portrait of a man who had a strong hold on the imagination of men and women, friends and enemies.

LETTER XXXI Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq.

Monday, March 13.

The lady's malevolent brother has now introduced another man; the most unpromising in his person and qualities, the most formidable in his offers that has yet appeared.

This man has by his proposals captivated every soul of the Harlowes — Soul! did I say — There is not a soul among them but my charmer's: and she, withstanding them all, is actually confined, and otherwise maltreated by a father the most gloomy and positive; at the instigation of a brother the most arrogant and selfish — But thou knowest their characters; and I will not therefore sully my paper with them.

But is it not a confounded thing to be in love with one, who is the daughter, the sister, the niece, of a family I must eternally despise? And, the devil of it, that love increasing with her — what shall I call it? — 'Tis not scorn: — 'tis not pride; — 'tis not the insolence of an adored beauty: — but 'tis to virtue, it seems, that my difficulties are owing; and I pay for not being a sly sinner, an hypocrite; for being regardless of my reputation; for permitting slander to open its mouth against me. But is it necessary for such a one as I, who have been used to carry all before me, upon my own terms — I, who never inspired a fear, that had not a discernibly predominant mixture of love in it; to be an hypocrite? — Well says the poet:

He who seems virtuous does but act a part;
And shews not his own nature, but his art.

Well, but it seems I must practise for this art, if I would succeed with this truly admirable creature; but why practise for it? — Cannot I indeed reform? — I have but one vice; — have I, Jack? — Thou knowest my heart, if any man living does. As far as I know it myself, thou knowest it. But 'tis a cursed deceiver; for it has many and many a time imposed upon its master — Master, did I say? That am I not now; nor have I been from the moment I beheld this angel of a woman. Prepared indeed as I was by her character before I saw her: for what a mind must that be, which though not virtuous itself, admires not virtue in another? — My visit to Arabella, owing to a mistake of the sisters, into which, as thou hast heard me say, I was led by the blundering uncle; who was to introduce me (but lately come from abroad) to the divinity, as I thought; but, instead of her, carried me to a mere mortal. And much difficulty had I, so fond and so forward my lady! to get off without forfeiting all with a family that I intended should give me a goddess.

I have boasted that I was once in love before: — and indeed I thought I was. It was in my early manhood — with that quality-jilt, whose infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon as many of the sex as shall come into my power. I believe, in different climes, I have already sacrificed an hecatomb to my Nemesis, in pursuance of this vow. But upon recollecting what I was then, and comparing it with what I am myself now, I cannot say that I was ever in love before.

What was it then, dost thou ask me, since the disappointment had such effects upon me, when I found myself jilted, that I was hardly kept in my senses? — Why, I'll tell thee what, as near as I can remember, for it was a great while ago: — it was — Egad, Jack, I can hardly tell what it was — But a vehement aspiration after a novelty, I think — Those confounded poets, with their terrenely celestial descriptions, did as much with me as the lady: they fired my imagination, and set me upon a desire to become a goddess-maker. I must needs try my new-fledged pinions, in sonnet, elegy, and

madrigal. I must have a Cynthia, a Stella, a Sacharissa, as well as the best of them: darts and flames, and the devil knows what must I give to my Cupid. I must create beauty, and place it where nobody else could find it: and many a time have I been at a loss for a subject, when my new created goddess has been kinder than it was proper for my plaintive sonnet that she should be.

Then I had a vanity of another sort in my passion: I found myself well received among the women in general; and I thought it a pretty lady-like tyranny (I was then very young, and very vain!) to single out some one of the sex, to make half a score jealous. And I can tell thee, it had its effect: for many an eye have I made to sparkle with rival indignation: many a cheek glow; and even many a fan have I caused to be snapped at a sister-beauty; accompanied with reflection perhaps at being seen alone with a wild young fellow who could not be in private with both at once.

In short, Jack, it was more pride than love, as I now find it, that put me upon making such a confounded rout about losing this noble varletess. I thought she loved me at least as well as I believed I beloved her: nay, I had the vanity to suppose she could not help it. My friends were pleased with my choice. They wanted me to be shackled: for early did they doubt my morals as to the sex. They saw, that the dancing, the singing, the musical ladies were all fond of my company: for who (I am in a humour to be vain, I think — for who) danced, who sung, who touched the string, whatever the instrument, with a better grace than thy friend?

I have no notion of playing the hypocrite so egregiously, as to pretend to be blind to qualifications which every one sees and acknowledges. Such praise-begging hypocrisy! Such affectedly disclaimed attributes! Such contemptible praise-traps! — But yet, shall my vanity extend only to personals, such as the gracefulness of dress, my debonnaire, and my assurance — Self-taught, self-acquired, these! — For my parts, I value not myself upon them. Thou wilt say I have no cause. —Perhaps not: but if I had any thing valuable as to intellectuals, those are not my own; and to be proud of what a man is answerable for the abuse of, and has no merit in the right use of, is to strut, like the jay, in borrowed plumage.

But to return to my fair jilt —I could not bear, that a woman, who was the first that had bound me in silken fetters (they were not iron ones, like those I now wear) should prefer a coronet to me: and when the bird was flown, I set more value upon it than when I had it safe in my cage, and could visit it when I pleased.

But now am I indeed in love. I can think of nothing, of nobody, but the divine Clarissa Harlowe — Harlowe? — How that hated word sticks in my throat — But I shall give her for it the name of love.

Clarissa! O there's music in the name,
That, soft'ning me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life!

Notes:

the lady — Clarissa Harlowe; *in his person* — in his looks; *positive* — here: obstinate; *to carry all before me* — to be successful in everything; “*the mistake of the sisters*” —Lovelace first visited the Harlowes as a suitor of Arabella, Clarissa's elder sister, because he had been wrongly informed that the eldest girl was the beauty of the family; *so fond and so forward* —here: eager to welcome her suitor; *quality-jilt* —

the lady who had encouraged Lovelace and then rejected him belonged to “the quality”, i.e. to the higher classes; *the sex* — women (obs.); *hecatomb* — a large number of victims; *Nemesis* — the goddess of revenge in Greek mythology; *egad!* — by God! (arch.); *terrenely celestial descriptions* — descriptions of heavenly (celestial) subjects meant to rouse earthly passions; *set me upon a desire to become a goddess-maker* — made me wish to adore a woman as if she were a goddess; *to snap a fan at a sister-beauty* — to strike at a rival with a fan; *put me upon making ... a rout* — made me make so much noise; *Such affectedly disclaimed attributes!* — Lovelace considers it to be affected in a man to deny (disclaim) the good qualities (attributes) that he clearly possesses; *personals* — here: personal appearance and manner; *parts* — abilities (obs.); *debonnaire* — good nature, gaiety; *intellectuals* — here: intellect; *coronet* — a small crown that made part of a nobleman’s coat of arms.

Answer the questions:

1. Use the letter to characterize Clarissa and her family. 2. How far does the letter give an idea of Lovelace himself? 3. Find examples of Lovelace's classical learning as seen in the letter. 4. Give a list of words belonging to high style, and another list of those belonging to low colloquial style. 5. What are the euphemisms and paraphrases that appear in this text? Explain their function. 6. Point out the epithets most frequently repeated. 7. Give instances illustrative of the mixture of abstract reasoning and the language of emotion that is typical of Richardson. 8. By what syntactical means does Richardson convey Lovelace’s inner dismay?

24. Read and give your opinion of the passages from *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling* by Henry Fielding:

A. [The following extract describes the relatives of the heroine planning a fine marriage for her.

Book Six, Chapter II

The Character of Mrs. Western, Her Great Learning and Knowledge of the World, and an Instance of the Deep Penetration which She Derived from Those Advantages

Sophia retained the same gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her father and aunt together. The squire took no notice of this change in his daughter’s disposition. To say the truth, though he was somewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the county interest at an election, he was a man of no great observation. His sister was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had seen the world. Hence she had acquired all that knowledge which the said world usually communicates; and was a perfect mistress of manners, customs, ceremonies, and fashions. Nor did her erudition stop here. She had considerably improved her mind by study; she had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances — in all which she was a critic; but had gone through Rapin’s History of England, Eachard’s Roman History, and many French Memoires pour servir a l’Histoire: to these she had added most of the political pamphlets and journals published within the last twenty years. From which she had attained a very competent skill in politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was, moreover, excellently well skilled in the doctrine of amour,

and knew better than anybody who and who were together; a knowledge which she the more easily attained, as the pursuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own; for either she had no inclinations, or they had never been solicited; which last is indeed very probable; for her masculine person, which was near six foot high, added to her manner and learning, possibly prevented the other sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as she had considered the matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the arts which fine ladies use when they desire to give encouragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of smiles, ogles, glances, etc., as they are at present practised in the beau-monde. To sum the whole, no species of disguise or affectation had escaped her notice; but as to the plain simple workings of honest nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful sagacity, Mrs. Western had now, as she thought, made a discovery of something in the mind of Sophia. The first hint of this she took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle: and the suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some observations which she had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a mistake, she carried the secret a whole fortnight in her bosom, giving only some oblique hints, by simpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obscure word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the truth of her observation, she took an opportunity, one morning, when she was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whistles in the following manner: —

“Pray, brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my niece lately?” — “No, not I,” answered Western; “is anything the matter with the girl?” — “I think there is,” replied she; “and something of much consequence too.” — “Why, she does not complain of anything,” cries Western; “and she hath had the small-pox.” — “Brother,” returned she, “girls are liable to other distempers besides the small-pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.” Here Western interrupted her with much earnestness, and begged her, if anything ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately; adding, “she knew he loved her more than his own soul, and that he would send to the world’s end for the best physician to her.” “Nay, nay,” answered she, smiling, “the distemper is not so terrible; but I believe, brother, you are convinced I know the world, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not most desperately in love.” — “How! in love!” cries Western, in a passion; “in love, without acquainting me! I’ll disinherit her; I’ll turn her out of doors, stark naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindness vor’ur, and vondness o’ur come to this, to fall in love without asking me leave?” — “But you will not,” answered Mrs. Western, “turn this daughter, whom you love better than your own soul, out of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself would wish, I hope you would not be angry then?” — “No, no,” cries Western, “that would make a difference. If she marries the man I would ha’ her, she may love whom she pleases, I shan’t trouble my head about that.” “That is spoken,” answered the sister, “like a sensible man; but I believe the very person she hath chosen would be the very person you would choose for her. I will disclaim all

knowledge of the world, if it is not so; and I believe, brother, you will allow I have some.” — “Why, lookee, sister,” said Western, “I do believe you have as much as any woman; and to be sure those are women’s matters. You know I don’t love to hear you talk about politics; they belong to us, and petticoats should not meddle; but come, who is the man?” — “Marry!” said she, “you may find him out yourself if you please. You, who are so great a politician, can be at no great loss. The judgment which can penetrate into the cabinets of princes, and discover the secret springs which move the great state wheels in all the political machines of Europe, must surely, with very little difficulty, find out what passes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl.” — “Sister,” cries the squire, “I have often warn’d you not to talk the court gibberish to me. I tell you, I don’t understand the lingo...”

Notes:

Paul de Rapin (1661—1725) — French historian, who after leaving France settled in Holland; his *History of England* (in 8 volumes) was published in the Hague in 1724; *Laurence Eachard* (1670—1730) — English writer, author of many historical works of little significance; vor’ur, and vondness o’ur —for her, and fondness of her; *lookee* — look ye (*ye* is the obsolete form of *you*); *marry!* — here an interjection of indignation (*arch.*)

B. Book Seven, Chapter I.

A Comparison between the World and the Stage

The world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both; thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic performances: and when transactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St. James’s is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-lane.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristotle calls it, an imitation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those who-by their writings or actions have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or mistaken for, the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which in fact they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents.

Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakespeare —

— Life's a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the Deity, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad.

From Thee all human actions take their springs.
The rise of empires and the fall of kings!
See the vast Theatre of Time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says — The things have been!

In all these, however, and in every other similitude of life to the theatre, the resemblance hath been always taken from the stage only. None, as I remember, have at all considered the audience at this great drama.

But as Nature often exhibits some of her best performances to a very full house, so will the behaviour of her spectators no less admit the above-mentioned comparison than that of her actors. In this vast theatre of time are seated the friend and the critic; here are claps and shouts, hisses and groans; in short, everything which was ever seen or heard at the Theatre-Royal.

Let us examine this in one example; for instance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that scene which Nature was pleased to exhibit in the twelfth chapter of the preceding book, where she introduced Mack George running away with the £500 from his friend and benefactor.

Those who sat in the world's upper gallery treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their usual vociferation; and every term of scurrilous reproach was most probably vented on that occasion. If we had descended to the next order of spectators, we should have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though less of noise and scurrility; — yet here the good women — gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as usual, was no doubt divided; those who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character objected to the producing such instances of villainy, without punishing them very severely for the sake of example. Some of the author's friends cried,

“Lookee, gentlemen, the man is a villain, but it is nature for all that.” And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, etc., called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accustomed politeness. Most of them were attending to something else. Some of those few who regarded the scene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refused to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the best judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of Nature (and no author ought to write anything besides dictionaries and spelling-books who hath not this privilege), can censure the action, without conceiving any absolute detestation of the person whom perhaps Nature may not have designed to act an ill part in all her dramas; for in this instance life most exactly resembles the stage, since it is often the same person who represents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration today will probably attract your contempt to-morrow.

Notes:

Thepsis (6th century B. C.) — Greek dramatic poet, regarded as father of Greek tragedy; *polite* — here: civilized; *St. James's* — St. James's Palace in London, a former royal residence; *Drury-lane* — one of the oldest London theatres.

Answer the questions:

1. Comment upon the comparison of the world and the stage. What, according to Fielding, are the points of similarity between them? 2. How does Fielding prove that this resemblance has been noticed by everybody? 3. How does Fielding develop this simile? 4. To what extent can Fielding's liking for abstract reasoning be called typical of the age of Enlightenment? Comment upon the role of the introductory chapters. 5. In what way does Fielding manage to turn a piece of reasoning into artistic writing? 6. Interpret the description of the supposed reaction of the audience to Black George's theft. 7. Can this description be called a satirical presentation of contemporary moral and esthetic opinion? Illustrate your point. 8. What are the different groups of spectators mentioned by Fielding? 9. Which of the supposed spectators voices the opinion of the author himself? 10. What is the role played by quotations? Are they typical of the style of the period?

25. Read and discuss the following extract of **Oliver Goldsmith's** *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766):

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done, too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner (for what could I do?), our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges: a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely

more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest in a green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be drest out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family; nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

Notes

limner — painter on paper or parchment; *here*: a portrait-painter; *band* — one of the two linen strips hanging down from the collar, worn by some Protestant clergymen; *books on the Whistonian controversy* — several tracts the Vicar had written in which he maintained with the author whose name was Whiston that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; *Olivia and Sophia* — the Vicar's daughters; *Joseph* — *here*: a caped overcoat worn by women in the 18th century for riding; *Moses* — the Vicar's son; *the Squire* — their rich and aristocratic young neighbour; *encomiums* — high praise; *remiss* — negligent, careless.

Answer the questions:

1. What is Goldsmith's ridicule directed at in this chapter?
2. Was the family portrait a work of great artistic merit? Prove your point.
3. Point out the comical details exposing the vanity of the family. Why could the picture not gratify their vanity?
4. How does the syntax of the extract reveal that the author always strives to show the logical relations of cause and reason?
5. Which words in the text express the opinions not of the Vicar but of his wife?
6. What is the stylistic function of the use of the first person plural pronouns in this extract?
7. Comment upon the difference in the points of view between the Vicar and his family, as revealed in the words: "...notwithstanding all

I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too". 8. Comment upon the words: "...a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world". 9. Make a list of set expressions that are now archaic. 10. Analyse the humorous effects of the passage.

26. Read and analyze the following fragment from *The School for Scandal* (1777) by **R. B. Sheridan**:

[In the scene given below Sir Oliver Surface, a rich gentleman lately returned from India, visits Charles, his light-minded spendthrift of a nephew. Disguised as a broker, Sir Oliver suggests buying a number of family portraits so as to be able to judge for himself whether his nephew is really as wicked as he appears on the surface.]

ACT IV

Scene: A Picture Room in Charles Surface's House. Enter Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface, Moses, and Careless.

CHARLES SURFACE. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in; — here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

SIR OLIVER. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

CHARLES SURFACE. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting; no volontiere grace or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness — all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

SIR OLIVER. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

CHARLES SURFACE. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

CARELESS. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

CHARLES SURFACE. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. (Taking pedigree down.) Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own y pedigree.

SIR OLIVER (aside). What an unnatural rogue! — an ex post facto parricide!

CARELESS. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; — faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin — A-going, a-going, a-going!

CHARLES SURFACE. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him — there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

SIR OLIVER (aside to Moses). Bid him speak.

MOSES. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

CHARLES SURFACE. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

SIR OLIVER (aside). Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! — (Aloud.) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

CHARLES SURFACE. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. — Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten — the sheep are worth the money.

SIR OLIVER (aside). Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! — (Aloud.) Five pounds ten — she's mine.

CHARLES SURFACE. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. — You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

SIR OLIVER. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

CHARLES SURFACE. Well, take that couple for the same.

MOSES. 'Tis a good bargain.

CHARLES SURFACE. Careless! — This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. — What do you rate him at, Moses?

MOSES. Four guineas.

CHARLES SURFACE. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. — Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woollack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

SIR OLIVER. By all means.

CARELESS. Gone!

CHARLES SURFACE. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

SIR OLIVER. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of Parliament.

CARELESS. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

CHARLES SURFACE. Here's a jolly fellow — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

SIR OLIVER. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

CHARLES SURFACE. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

SIR OLIVER. They're mine.

CHARLES SURFACE. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

CARELESS. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

SIR OLIVER. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

CARELESS. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

SIR OLIVER. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

CHARLES SURFACE. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 'Twas done before he went to India.

CARELESS. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

SIR OLIVER. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

CHARLES SURFACE. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

SIR OLIVER (aside). The rogue's my nephew after all! — (Aloud.) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

CHARLES SURFACE. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

SIR OLIVER (aside). I forgive him everything! — (Aloud.) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

CHARLES SURFACE. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

SIR OLIVER (aside). How like his father the dog is! — (Aloud.) Well, well, I have done. — (Aside.) I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. — (Aloud.) Here is a draught for your sum.

CHARLES SURFACE. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

SIR OLIVER. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

CHARLES SURFACE. Zounds! no! I tell you, once more.

SIR OLIVER. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles — I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. — Come, Moses.

Notes:

Moses — a usurer; *Careless* — a friend of Charles; *the Conquest* — the Norman Conquest (1066); *ay* — yes (arch.); *volontiere grace* (Fr.) — easy grace; *Premium* — Sir Oliver who comes to Charles disguised as a broker; *gouty chair of my grandfather's* — the chair in which the grandfather sat when suffering with an attack of gout; *knock down* is a play of words: (1) to fell down with a blow, (2) to assign to the bidder with a tap of the auctioneer's hammer; *ex post facto* (Lat.) — retrospective; *'twill* — it will (arch.); *a-going* — an obsolete auctioneering expression announcing the beginning of the auction; *Battle of Malplaquet* — a battle fought in 1709 in Northern France, when the French troops were defeated by the Duke of Marlborough; *Kneller* — an English portrait painter of the 18th century, very fashionable in his time but now remembered only as a teacher of the great William Hogarth; *beaux* (French) — dandies;

circuit — here: a district which the judge makes his round, and which is under his jurisdiction; *the woolsack* — here used as a symbol of law (the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords is a large square sack of wool covered with scarlet); *Noll* — pet name for Oliver.

Answer the questions:

1. How is the essence of Sheridan's outlook revealed in the above scene? Whom can we consider as the author's mouthpiece? 2. What facts about the Surface family can we gather from the auction scene? 3. What features of Charles' character are portrayed here? 4. How does the uncle's attitude change in the course of the scene? What makes him more and more attracted to Charles? 5. What means does Sheridan choose to portray Charles' boon-companion? 6. Point out trade and auctioneering terms used in the dialogue. 7. Point out minced oaths in the scene. 8. Explain the name of Surface.

27. Read and discuss this extract from *Tristram Shandy* by *Lawrence Sterne*:

[The following is the fourteenth chapter of Volume 1. Tristram is talking about the problems associated with writing a personal biography or "history".]

Upon looking into my mother's marriage settlement, in order to satisfy myself and reader in a point necessary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any further in this history; —I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half straight forwards, - it might have taken me up a month; —which shews plainly, that when a man sits down to write a history, —though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way, or what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule, —straight forward; —for instance, from Rome all the way to Loretto, without ever once turning his head aside either to the right hand or to the left, —he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end; —but the thing is, morally speaking impossible- For if he is a man of the least spirit he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help standing still to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile:

Anecdotes to pick up:

Inscriptions to make out:

Stories to weave in:

Traditions to sift:

Personages to call upon:

Panegyrics to paste up at this door;

Pasquinades at that: —All which both the man and his mule are quite exempt from. To sum up all; there are archives at every stage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of: —In short, there is no end of it; - for my own part, I declare I have been at it these last six weeks, making all the speed I possibly could,— and am

not yet born: —I have just been able, and that’s all, to tell you when it happened, but not how, —so that you see the thing is yet far from being accomplished.

These unforeseen stoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I first set out; —but which, I am convinced now, will rather increase than diminish as I advance, —have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow; — and that is, —not to be in a hurry; — but to go on leisurely, writing and publishing two volumes of my life every year; — which, if I am suffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookseller, I shall continue to do as long as I live.

Answer the questions:

1. What kind of narration is this? 2. What kind of relationship does the narrator set up with his readers? How does he do it? 3. According to Tristram, what is the central problem facing a historiographer? 4. In what ways does a muleteer differ from a historiographer? 5. What does Tristram say about his attempts to write his own history? Are his preoccupations justified in this respect? 6. Is Tristram confident about being able to proceed with his history? 7. Theoretically speaking, could Tristram’s story have an ending? If so, when? 8. Does he feel anxious about having to finish the book? What seems to be his main concern in this respect? Do you think he is being serious? 9. What are the main differences between this kind of narration and the omniscient third person narration employed by Fielding? (Consider, for example, the issue of narrative authenticity, and the different limits which both methods have.) 10. Do you think the text by Sterne demonstrates well the inner workings of the human mind? 11. If you were to write your autobiography what problems would you expect to encounter? 12. Would those problems be different if you were writing a biography of someone else? Give reasons for your answer.

28. **Oliver Goldsmith**’s writings are remarkable for their quality and variety, including essays, comedies and poems. Read and analyse the following poem of his:

Woman

When lovely woman stoops to folly, And finds too late that men betray, What charm can soothe her melancholy?	The only art her guilt to cover, To hide her shame from every eye, To give repentance to her lover, And wring his bosom is —to die.
---	--

What art can wash her tears away?

Answer the questions:

1. What has made the woman in the poem melancholy? 2. What question does the speaker ask? What answer does he give? 3. Judging from its usage in lines 4 and 5, what do you think is meant by “art”? 4. Do you think the poet is being serious in his solution for melancholy of the sort described in the poem? Explain your answer. 5. What does the poet’s addressing this poem exclusively to women suggest about the values of his era? 6. Several factors determine a poem’s structure: number of stressed syllables per line, line length, and rhyme scheme. Generally poems are categorized, in terms of their structure, as either close-pattern or open-pattern. Close-pattern poems exhibit some or all of the properties of a well-defined traditional poetic form; sonnets and ballads are two examples of close-pattern poems. Open-pattern poems exhibit no such properties. Oliver Goldsmith’s *Woman* is

an example of an open-pattern poem. (a) What aspects of the content and theme in *Woman* do you think led the poet to choose an open pattern for his poem? (b) Why do you think he wrote his poem in a total of two four-line stanzas? 7. What effect is created by short, almost abrupt, lines?

29. Learn by heart **Robert Burns'** poem *A Red, Red Rose*:

O My Luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June;	Till a the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O My Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly played in tune.	O I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luve am I;	And fare thee weel, my only luve, And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.	And I will come again, my luve, Though it were ten thousand mile.

30. Burns was one of the first poets to write using Scottish dialect of English. Read and discuss one of his most famous poems:

To a Mouse

On Turning Her up in Her Nest with the Plow, November, 1785

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin' tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou nee na start away sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justified that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell an keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble;
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art not thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward casy my e'e
On prospect drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

Notes:

Sleekit –sleek; *Wi' ... brattle* –in sudden flight; *wad be laith* – would be loath; *pattle* –paddle for cleaning the plow; *whyles* –at times; *maun* –must; *a thave* –an occasional ear of grain in a bundle; *lave* –rest; *silly wa's* –feeble walls; *big* –build; *foggage* –rough grass; *snell* –sharp; *coutler* –plow blade; *but* –without; *hald* –property; *thole* –withstand; *cranreuch* –frost; *no thy lane* –not alone; *gang aft a-gley* –go often awry.

Answer the questions:

1. What is the setting of the poem? 2. For what reason does the speaker apologize to the mouse? 3. Why is the mouse unable to build a new home? 4. Why does the speaker say that, compared with him, the mouse is blessed? 5. To what social union do you think the speaker is referring in stanza 2? 6. What does the sentiment “I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;/ What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!” suggest about the speaker's moral code? 7. Like the standard languages, dialects follow rules. Find at least two examples in the poem of each of the following pronunciation rules for

Scottish English: (a) final consonants are dropped; (b) the letter o is replaced by either ae or a. 8. The main theme of the poem is expressed in the lines “The best-laid schemes o’ mice an’ men/ Gang aft a-gley,/ An’ lea’e us nought but grief an’ pain,/ For promised joy.” How might you state this theme in your own words? 9. What does the use of dialect in this poem suggest about the speaker’s social station? How does it help to carry across the poem’s theme? 10. How would the effect of the poem be different if it had been written in Standard English?

31. Read the poems from *The Songs of Innocence and Experience* by **William Blake** and comment on the difference in attitudes to reality. Which of them represents the “experience” cycle and which the “innocence” cycle? Learn one of the poems by heart:

The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
 By the stream & o’er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing wooly bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice!
 Little Lamb who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I’ll tell thee,
 Little Lamb I’ll tell thee!
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb;
 He is meek & he is mild,
 He became a little child;
 I a child & thou a lamb,
 We are called by his name.
 Little Lamb God bless thee,
 Little Lamb God bless thee.

The Tiger

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

What the hammer? What the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

When the stars threw down their spears
 And water’d heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

And what shoulder, & what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? & what dread feet?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

London

I wander thro’ each charter’d street,
 Near where the charter’d Thames does flow,
 And mark in every face I meet
 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

How the Chimney-sweeper’s cry
 Every blackning Church appalls,
 And the hapless Soldier’s sigh
 Runs in blood down Palace walls.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear:

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage
hearse.

Answer the questions:

A. 1. In *The Lamb*, what questions does the speaker ask in the first stanza? What answer does he give in the second? 2. How does the speaker identify himself in the second stanza? 3. Blake uses repetition to create a mood, an overall feeling in this poem. What type of words does he repeat? What feeling is created? 4. How would you characterize the creator imagined in this poem? Find at least three words that support your opinion. 5. A symbol is a thing, idea, person, or place that has a meaning in itself but also stands for more. In poetry, symbolism the systematic use of symbols – adds particular clarity to a poet's point. In *The Lamb*, Blake offers two separate but related symbolic representations to the animal named in the title. What two things does the lamb symbolize? What properties of the lamb suggest its use as a symbol? What is the origin if the symbolic representation of the lamb in the second stanza?

B. 1. In *The Tiger*, what question is raised in the first stanza? In the second stanza? In the fifth stanza? 2. What properties of the tiger are suggested by the images mentioned in the fourth stanza? What emotional impact is created by those images? 3. What do you suppose is the answer to the central question of the poem? Is it the same answer as that given in *The Lamb*? Explain. 3. *The Lamb* was included in *Songs of Innocence*, *The Tiger* in *Songs of Experience*. What does the use of the tiger as a symbol of the world of experience suggest about Blake's view of that world?

32. Read and discuss *My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold* by William Wordsworth:

My heart leaps up when I behold,

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So it is now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The child is father of a man:

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

Notes: natural piety –devotion to nature.

Answer the questions:

1. What is the poet's hope in the poem? 2. What do you think the poet means when he speaks of "natural piety"? 3. A paradox is a statement that makes sense in spite of an apparent contradiction. "Youth is wasted on the young", for example is paradoxical. However, it makes perfect sense when we consider that the experience of age can help us better appreciate the value of what we have when we are young. The statement "The child is father of a man" is one of the most famous paradoxes in literature. Explain how this seeming contradiction can be true. 4. Explain what belief of the Romantic Movement this paradox illustrates.

33. Read and analyze Wordsworth's sonnet *It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free*:

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! The mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder –everlastingly.
Dear Child, dear Girl! That walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Notes: Abraham's bosom –Heaven (Luke 16:22).

Answer the questions:

1. Describe the setting of the poem. 2. Who is the poet's companion? 3. What is meant by "eternal motion" and "thunder"? 4. How does the poet's response to the scene differ from that of the child? 5. How would you summarise the poet's advice to the child? 6. A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines, each with five strong and five weak beats. The Shakespearean sonnet is divided into three quatrains and a closing couplet. Its rhyme scheme is most often abab cdcd efef gg. The Petrarchan sonnet, by contrast, is composed of an octet followed by a sestet. The rhyme scheme is usually abbaabba cdecde, though variations exist in the sestet. Which kind of sonnet is *It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free*? 7. What is its rhyme scheme? 8. What is the subject matter of the first eight lines? What is the subject matter of the last six lines? Explain how both parts complement each other.

34. Comment upon the tonality of the following poems and peculiarities of the Romantic method in Wordsworth's work:

From *Tables Turned*:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things –
We murder to dissect.
Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart

That watches and receives.

She Dwelt Among th' Untrodden Ways

She dwelt among th' untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.
A Violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair, as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky!
She liv'd unknown, and few could know,
When Lucy ceas'd to be;
But she is in her Grave, and Oh!
The difference to me.

35. The twentieth-century American writer Thomas Wolfe defined the true Romantic feeling as “not the desire to escape life, but to prevent life from escaping you”. Explore the meaning of this quotation analyzing a poem by Wordsworth.

36. Read and discuss the extract from Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (Lines 83-138):

The Sun came up upon the right,
Out of the Sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.
And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet Bird did follow
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the Mariner's hollo!
And I had done a hellish thing
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird
That made the Breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! Said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!
Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the Bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.
The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free:
We were the first that ever burst

Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted Ship
Upon a painted Ocean.
Water, water, every where
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy Sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The Death-fires danc'd at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

And every tongue through utter drouth,

Into that silent Sea.
 Down dropt the breeze, the Sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the Sea!
 All in a hot and copper sky
 The bloody Sun at noon,

Was wither'd at the root;
 We could not speak no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.
 Ah well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young;
 Instead of the cross the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

Answer the questions:

1. What was the ancient mariner's crime? 2. What does he have to do as penance for his crime? 3. In which direction was the ship going? How do you know this? 4. Describe in your own words what happens to the ship. 4. How does the mariner feel about having killed the albatross? How do his fellow mariners react? Are they consistent in their attitude? Support your answer with evidence from the text. 5. Why do you think the mariner killed the albatross? Was there any justification for this action? 6. Describe in your own words the moral which underlies this story. 7. What is the rhyme scheme of this poem? 8. Find at least two examples of each of the following stylistic devices: repetition, alliteration, archaic language, and simile. 9. Coleridge wrote that successful poetry is poetry that will arise "the sympathy of the reader" while, at the same time, "giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination". Argue whether or not you feel Coleridge met these standards in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Begin by defining sympathy and interest as you believe he used the words here. Support your claims by quoting passages from the poem.

37. Read and discuss *She Walks in Beauty* by **George Gordon Byron**. This poem, written to be set to music, was inspired by Byron's first meeting with Lady Wilmot Horton, his cousin by marriage, who wore a black morning gown with spangles.

<p>She walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her eyes: Thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies. One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half impaired the nameless grace Which waves in every raven tress,</p>	<p>Or softly lightens o'er her face; Where thoughts serenely sweet express How pure, how dear their dwelling place. And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days in goodness spent, A mind at peace with all below, A heart whose love is innocent!</p>
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Answer the questions:

1. To what does the speaker of the poem compare the lady's beauty? 2. What colour is the lady's hair? 3. What do you think is the meaning of "that tender light" in line 5? 4. What does the speaker believe the woman's appearance reveals about her character? 5. Why was nature a logical choice for Byron as something with which to compare a lady's beauty? 6. Why would it be a logical choice for any comparison by Byron?

38. Read the extract and analyze **Byron's** *Don Juan*. In this excerpt the speaker abandons his hero to reflect on old age and death:

But now at thirty years my hair is gray
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day!) –
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I
Have squandered my whole summer while ‘twas May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deemed, my soul invincible.

No more –no more –Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like bag o’ the bee:
Think’st thou thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! ‘twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more –no more – Oh! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion’s gone forever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in my stead I’ve got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

My days of love are over; no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow
Can make the food of which they made before –
In short, I must not lead the live I did do;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o’er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow and Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token
O’er which reflection may be made at leisure:
Now, like Friar Bacon’s brazen head, I’ve spoken,
“Time is, Time was, Time past” a chymic treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes –
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper",
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King
Cheops erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid:
But somebody or other rummaging
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, "Alas!
All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
You've passed your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again – 'twould pass –
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

Notes:

Friar Bacon – in Robert Greene's comedy *Friar Bacon and Friar Burgandy* (1594), these words are spoken by a bronze bust, made by Friar Bacon; *chymic* –alchemic.

Answer the questions:

1. What causes the speaker to think of a wig? 2. What, according to stanza 2, does the speaker say has been his "sole world" and "universe" up till now? 3. According to stanza 4, with what "old-gentlemanly vice" will he replace it? 4. In the fifth stanza, the speaker notes that "glittering youth" is "chymic", or counterfeit, "treasure". In what way do you think he means this? 5. Summarise in your own words the point the speaker makes in his mention of Cheops. 6. What do you think is meant by the remark "flesh ... is grass"? 7. Despite a great enthusiasm for reading, public taste became increasingly conservative during the Romantic Age. Groups such as the Society for the Suppression of Vice were remarkably effective in controlling public taste. Byron's publisher was reluctant to print the first two cantos of *Don Juan* because he feared he might be prosecuted. When *Don Juan* did appear many reviewers denounced it as indecent and immoral. What do you see in this excerpt from *Don Juan* might inflame readers in Byron's day?

39. Byron saw himself as melancholy, sensitive, rebellious, fearless, moody, and adventurous. These traits characterize the “Byronic hero”. Choose a fictitious character that comes closest to fitting this description. Explain in what ways this character is, and is not, a Byronic hero.

40. Read and analyse the poem *A Dirge* By Percy Bysshe Shelley:

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main, –
Wail, for the world’s wrong!

Answer the questions:

1. What does the speaker of the poem ask the wind, a storm, and bare branches to do? 2. What do you think the speaker means by the “the world’s wrong”? 3. What effect is created by calling upon the natural elements to bemoan the world’s wrong? How does the device help portray the poet’s sense of moral indignation? 4. If Shelley were living in the contemporary world, what aspects of life might he bemoan?

41. Comment upon democratic tendencies and revolutionary ideas in Shelley’s work using as an example the following poem:

A Song: “Men of England”

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who Jay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?
Wherefore feed and clothe and save
From the cradle to the grave
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat – nay, drink your blood?
Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stintless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?
Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love’s gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed – but let no tyrant reap:
Find wealth – let no impostor heap:
Weave robes – let not the idle wear:
Forge arms – in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells –
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough and spade and hoe and loom
Trace your grave and build your tomb
And weave your winding-sheet – till fair
England be your Sepulchre.

42. Discuss and learn by heart the following poem, *Mutability*, by **Percy Bysshe Shelley**:

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! –yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various responses to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest. –A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise. –One wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond foe, and cast our cares away:

It is the same –For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his tomorrow;
Nought may endure but Mutability.

43. Read and analyze the poem *The Splendor Falls* by Alfred Tennyson. This song, like the one that follows, *Tears, Idle Tears*, is included in the author's long narrative poem *The Princess*:

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Answer the questions:

1. Where exactly, according to the poem, does the splendor fall? 2. What do the bugles “set flying?” 3. What do you think is the meaning of the phrase “horns of Elfland” in line 10? 4. Of “wild echoes” in lines 5 and 17? 5. This poem was published in 1847. What splendor do you suppose Tennyson had in mind that he felt was “dying” from the world around him? 6. What splendor might a contemporary poet have in mind in writing about today’s world?

44. Read and discuss Alfred Tennyson’s song *Tears, Idle Tears* :

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Answer the questions:

1. According to the first stanza, what causes the tears to rise? 2. In what three ways does the speaker describe “the days that are no more”? 3. Why are the tears described as “idle”? 4. What do you think is meant in line 2 by “some dying despair”? 5. What comment is Tennyson making about our ability to remember things past? 6. A refrain is a repeated line or phrase in a poem or song. Identify the refrain in this poem, and explain how you think it was intended to make the reader feel. 7. Why do you think people feel nostalgia for “days that are no more”? 8. In what way is nostalgia bitter/sweet? 9. A poet’s style is the way he or she strings together words and ideas to communicate a particular image or message. In this poem, Tennyson’s style includes the abundant use of repetition and the contrast between negative and positive impressions (such as “sad” and “fresh” in the second stanza. How does Tennyson’s style relate to his theme in *Tears, Idle Tears*?

45. Tennyson requested that the following poem, *Crossing the Bar*, written three years before his death, should be printed at the end of all editions of his poetry. Read and analyze it:

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home!

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Notes:

The bar referred to is a sandspit or similar promontory at the mouth of a river or harbour where tides have deposited sand over time. To hear the wind and waves moaning off the bar usually means that there is insufficient water to sail over the bar without grounding. Hence the second verse and its reference to a “full tide” or “high water”.

Answer the questions:

1. What does the speaker of the poem request in lines 3-4 and again in lines 11-12? 2. What do you think is actually meant by the phrase “crossing the bar”? 3. Who do you think the “Pilot” is? 5. A symbol is a thing, person, or idea whose meaning transcends, or goes beyond, its usual literal definition. State the meanings symbolized by each of the following: (a) moaning of the bar; (b) putting out to sea; (c) twilight; (d) the dark; (e) the flood bearing one far.

46. Read and discuss the extract from *Jane Eyre* by *Charlotte Bronte*:

[Jane Eyre becomes a governess to Mr. Rochester’s family and a strange relationship develops between her and her master, culminating in Rochester’s proposal of marriage. However Rochester has a skeleton in the closet; in fact he has a mad wife whom he married in the West Indies and keeps hidden in a secret room in the house. Jane is horrified and runs away.]

After various adventures (she has just been proposed to by the rather insipid missionary St John) she has failed to find true happiness when, suddenly...]

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St. John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited while the flesh quivered on my bones.

“What have you heard? What do you see?” asked St John. I saw nothing, but I heard a voice somewhere cry:

“Jane! Jane! Jane!” –nothing more.

“Oh God! what is it?” I gasped.

I might have said, “Where is it?” for it did not seem in the room nor in the house nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air – nor from under the earth –nor from overhead. I had heard it – where, or whence, for ever impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being – a known, loved, well-remembered voice – that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently.

“I am coming!” I cried. “Wait for me! Oh I will come!” I flew to the door and looked into the passage: it was dark. I ran out into the garden: it was void.

“Where are you?” I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back – “Where are you?” I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

“Down superstition!” I commented, as that spectre rose up black by the black yew at the gate. “This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft; it is the work of nature. She was roused, and did no miracle - but her best”.

Answer the questions:

1. What features of the first paragraph add to the suspense?
2. What does Jane hear?
3. How does she react to this supernatural phenomenon?
4. How does she interpret the event in the last paragraph of the extract – as the work of superstition or the work nature? Who is the “she” referred to in the last sentence of the extract?
5. What psychological insight does the passage give us into Jane’s state of mind?
6. How does the plot develop after this scene?
7. Comment on Charlotte Bronte’s method as illustrated in the novel.

47. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* was the first of Dickens’s works to have an immediate and overwhelming success. It is generally referred to as a book somewhat apart from the main bulk of his writings. A recital of the comical adventures of four gentlemen, calling themselves corresponding members of the “Pickwick Club”, the story has really no clearly defined plot. It wanders on from incidents purely humorous, mostly dealing with the heroes’ naive and clumsy attempts at practical activities or sporting achievement, to episodes distinctly satirical. Of these last the famous chapter on the Eatanswill Elections is a most

conspicuous example. The opening pages give a clear exposition of the political situation at Eatanswill:

CHAPTER XIII

Some Account of Eatanswill; of the State of Parties Therein; and of the Election of a Member to Serve in Parliament for That Ancient, Loyal, and Patriotic Borough

It appears, then, that the Eatanswill people, like the people of many other small towns, considered themselves of the utmost and most mighty importance, and that every man in Eatanswill, conscious of the weight that attached to his example, felt himself bound to unite, heart and soul, with one of the two great parties that divided the town — the Blues and the Buffs. Now the Blues lost no opportunity of opposing the Buffs, and the Buffs lost no opportunity of opposing the Blues; and the consequence was, that whenever the Buffs and Blues met together at public meeting, Town-Hall, fair, or market, disputes and high words arose between them. With these dissensions it is almost superfluous to say that everything in Eatanswill was made a party question. If the Buffs proposed to new skylight the market-place, the Blues got up public meetings, and denounced the proceeding; if the Blues proposed the erection of an additional pump in the High Street-, the Buffs rose as one man and stood aghast at the enormity. There were Blue shops and Buff shops, Blue inns and Buff inns; — there was a Blue aisle and a Buff aisle, in the very church itself.

Of course it was essentially and indispensably necessary that each of these powerful parties should have its chosen organ and representative: and, accordingly, there were two newspapers in the town — the Eatanswill Gazette and the Eatanswill Independent; the former advocating Blue principles, and the latter conducted on grounds decidedly Buff. Fine newspapers they were. Such leading articles, and such spirited attacks! — “Our worthless contemporary, the Gazette” — “That disgraceful and dastardly journal, the Independent” — “That false and scurrilous print, the Independent” — “That vile and slanderous calumniator, the Gazette”; — these, and other spirit-stirring denunciations were strewn plentifully over the columns of each, in every number, and excited feelings of the most intense delight and indignation in the bosoms of the townspeople.

Mr. Pickwick, with his usual foresight and sagacity, had chosen a peculiarly desirable moment for his visit to the borough. Never was such a contest known. The Honourable Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall, was the Blue candidate; and Horatio Fizkin, Esq., of Fizkin Lodge, near Eatanswill, had been prevailed upon by his friends to stand forward on the Buff interest. The Gazette warned the electors of Eatanswill that the eyes not only of England, but of the whole civilized world, were upon them; and the Independent imperatively demanded to know, whether the constituency of Eatanswill were the grand fellows they had always taken them for, or base and servile tools, undeserving alike of the name of Englishmen and the blessings of freedom. Never had such a commotion agitated the town before.

[After these introductory remarks Dickens passes on to a direct account of the political strife at Eatanswill.]

“Well, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed-room door, just as he was concluding his toilet; “all alive to-day, I suppose?”

“Reg'lar game, Sir,” replied Mr. Weller, “our people s a collecting down at the Town Arms, and they're a hollering themselves hoarse already.”

“Ah,” said Mr. Pickwick, “do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?”

“Never see such dewotion in my life, Sir.”

“Energetic, eh?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Uncommon,” replied Sam; “I never see men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they ain't afeer'd o' bustin.”

“That's the mistaken kindness of the gentry here,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Wery likely,” replied Sam, briefly.

“Fine, fresh, hearty fellows they seem,” said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.

“Wery fresh,” replied Sam; “me and the two waiters at the Peacock, has been a pumpin' over the independent voters as supped there last night.”

“Pumping over independent voters!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

“Yes,” said his attendant, “every man slept vere he fell down; we dragged 'em out, one by one, this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they're in reg'lar fine order, now. Shillin' a head the committee paid for that 'ere job.”

“Can such things be!” exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

“Lord bless your heart, Sir,” said Sam, “why where was you half baptized? — that's nothin', that ain't.”

“Nothing?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Nothin' at all, Sir,” replied his attendant. “The night afore the last day o' the last election here, the opposite party bribed the barmaid at the Town Arms, to hocus the brandy and water of fporteen unpolled electors, as was a stoppin' in the house.”

“What do you mean by 'hocussing' brandy and water?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“Puttin' laud'num in it,” replied Sam. “Blessed if she didn't send 'em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over.” (...)

The stable-yard exhibited unequivocal symptoms of the glory and strength of the Eatanswill Blues. There was a regular army of blue flags, some with one handle, and some with two, exhibiting appropriate devices, in golden characters four feet high, and stout in proportion. There was a grand band of trumpets, bassoons and drums, marshalled four abreast, and earning their money, if ever men did, especially the drum beaters, who were very muscular. There were bodies of constables with blue staves, twenty committee-men with blue scarfs, and a mob of voters with blue cockades. There were electors on horseback, and electors afoot. There was an open carriage and four, for the honourable Samuel Slumkey; and there were four carriages and pair, for his friends and supporters: and the flags were rustling, and the band was playing, and the constables were swearing, and the twenty committee-men were squabbling, and the mob were shouting, and the horses were backing, and the post-boys perspiring; and everybody, and everything, then and there assembled, was for the special use, behoof, honour, and renown, of the honourable Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall, one of the candidates for the representation of the Borough of Eatanswill, in the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom.

Loud and long were the cheers, and mighty was the rustling of one of the blue flags, with “Liberty of the Press” inscribed thereon, when the sandy head of Mr. Pott

was discerned in one of the windows, by the mob beneath; and tremendous was the enthusiasm when the honourable Samuel Slumkey himself, in top boots, and a blue neckerchief, advanced and seized the hand of the said Pott, and melodramatically testified by gestures to the crowd, his ineffaceable obligations to the Eatanswill Gazette.

“Is everything ready?” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey to Mr. Perker.

“Everything, my dear Sir,” was the little man's reply.

“Nothing has been omitted, I hope?” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

“Nothing has been left undone, my dear Sir — nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you're to pat on the head, and inquire the age of; be particular about the children, my dear Sir, — it has always a great effect, that sort of thing.”

“I'll take care,” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

“And, perhaps, my dear Sir — “ said the cautious little man, “perhaps if you could — I don't mean to say it's indispensable — but if you could manage to kiss one of 'em, it would produce a very great impression on the crowd.”

“Wouldn't it have as good an effect if the proposer or seconder ' did that?” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

“Why, I am afraid it wouldn't,” replied the agent; “if it were done by yourself, my dear Sir, I think it would make you very popular.”

“Very well,” said the honourable Samuel Slumkey, with a resigned air, “then it must be done. That's all.”

“Arrange the procession,” cried the twenty committee-men.

Amidst the cheers of the assembled throng, the band, and the constables, and the committee-men, and the voters, and the horsemen, and the carriages, took their places — each of the two-horse vehicles being closely packed with as many gentlemen as could manage to stand upright in it; and that assigned to Mr. Perker, containing Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and about half a dozen of the committee beside.

There was a moment of awful suspense as the procession waited for the honourable Samuel Slumkey to step into his carriage. Suddenly the crowd set up a great cheering.

“He has come out,” said little Mr. Perker, greatly excited; the more so as their position did not, enable them to see what was going forward.

Another cheer, much louder.

“He has shaken hands with the men,” cried the little agent.

Another cheer, far more vehement.

“He has patted the babies on the head,” said Mr. Perker, trembling with anxiety.

A roar of applause that rent the air.

“He has kissed one of 'em!” exclaimed the delighted little man.

A second roar.

“He has kissed another,” gasped the excited manager.

A third roar.

“He's kissing 'em all!” screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman. And hailed by the deafening shouts of the multitude, the procession moved on.

How or by what means it became mixed up with the other procession, and how it was ever extricated from the confusion consequent thereupon, is more than we can

undertake to describe, inasmuch as Mr. Pickwick's hat was knocked over his eyes, nose, and mouth, by one poke of a Buff flagstaff, very early in the proceedings. He describes himself as being surrounded on every side, when he could catch a glimpse of the scene, by angry and ferocious countenances, by a vast cloud of dust, and by a dense crowd of combatants. He represents himself as being forced from the carriage by some unseen power, and being personally engaged in a pugilistic encounter; but with whom, or how, or why, he is wholly unable to state. He then felt himself forced up some wooden steps, by the persons from behind: and on removing his hat, found himself surrounded by his friends,- in the very front of the left hand side of the hustings. The right was reserved for the Buff party, and the centre for the Mayor and his officers; one of whom — the fat crier of Eatanswill — was ringing an enormous bell, by way of commanding silence, while Mr. Horatio Fizkin, and the honourable Samuel Slumkey, with their hands upon their hearts, were bowing with the utmost affability to the troubled sea of heads that inundated the open space in front; and from whence arose a storm of groans, and shouts, and yells, and hootings, that would have done honour to an earthquake.

Notes:

Eatanswill—the name of the town is allegorical; it stands for “eat and swill”, i. e. “eat and drink”, and emphasizes the author's contempt for the greed actuating the high-minded inhabitants of the town; *the Blues and the Buffs* — an obvious allegory of the two leading English Parties, the Conservatives (Tories) and the Liberals (Whigs) respectively. Buff and blue had for years been the traditional colours of the Whigs; *Honourable* — title given to younger sons of Earls, to members of government, etc.; *Hall* ('house') is applied to country residences of wealthy landowners; *Esq.* — short for Esquire, title formerly attached to names of gentlemen; *Lodge* ('house standing in a park') is also applied to country residences; *all alive today, I suppose* — here: I suppose everybody is thrilled and excited; *Town Arms* — the name of an Eatanswill inn; *a hollering* — shouting; *afore* — before; *they ain't afeer'd o' bustin* — they are not afraid of bursting; *where was you half baptized* — where were you born; *arter* — after; *staves* (arch: plural of staff) — here: sticks used as signs of office; *cockade* — a ribbon worn in a hat as badge of office, party, etc.; *Mr. Pott* — the Editor of the Eatanswill Gazette; *Mr. Perker* — the agent acting for Mr. Slumkey. In the closing paragraph Dickens intimates that it was he who settled the contest by presenting “brief but satisfactory arguments” (meaning money) to a body of particularly noble, intelligent and patriotic men who withheld their vote until the very last moment; *proposer, seconder* — official supporters of a candidate in elections.

Answer the questions:

What political institutions are satirized in the above selections? 2. How does Dickens draw the reader's attention to the gulf between the people's representatives and the people themselves? 3. Comment upon the personality of Samuel Slumkey. How does Dickens express his appreciation of the candidate's activities? Why does he repeat the word “Honourable” so many times? 4. By what stylistic means is Slumkey's hypocrisy exposed? 5. Dwell upon the incident of the “baby-kissing” as an example of Dickens's grotesque realism. 6. Explain the reasons of Mr. Pickwick's bewilderment and distress at the ferocity of the crowd. In what way is Dickens's indignation at this unleashing of public passions made clear? 7. Speak about the syntax of the periods

describing the hustle. 8. Comment upon elements of cockney introduced into Sam Welter's speech characterization. 9. Point out words and phrases used ironically.

48. Read and comment the following extract from Part One, chapter XIV of *Vanity Fair* by W.M. Thackeray:

On the morrow, as Rebecca was gazing from the window, she startled Miss Crawley, who was placidly occupied with a French novel, by crying out in an alarmed tone, "Here's Sir Pitt, ma'am!" and the baronet's knock followed this announcement.

"My dear, I can't see him. I won't see him. Tell Bowls not at home, or go downstairs and say I'm too ill to receive any one. My nerves really won't bear my brother at this moment," cried out Miss Crawley, and resumed the novel.

"She's too ill to see you, sir," Rebecca said, tripping down to Sir Pitt, who was preparing to ascend.

"So much the better," Sir Pitt answered. "I want to see you. Miss Becky. Come along a me into the parlor," and they entered that apartment together.

"I want you back at Queen's Crawley, miss," the baronet said, fixing his eyes upon her, and taking off his black gloves and his hat with its great crape hat-band. His eyes had such a strange look, and fixed upon her so steadfastly, that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble.

"I hope to come soon," she said in a low voice, "as soon as Miss Crawley is better — and return to — to the dear children."

"You've said so these three months, Becky," replied Sir Pitt, "and still you go hanging on to my sister, who'll fling you off like an old shoe when she's wore you out. I tell you I want you. I'm going back to the veneral. Will you come back? Yes or no?"

"I daren't — I don't think — it would be right — to be alone — with you, sir," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

"I say agin, I want you," Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. "I can't git on without you. I didn't see-what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You must come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come."

"Come — as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come as Lady Crawley, if you like," the baronet said, grasping his crape hat. "There! will that zatisfy you? Come back and be my wife. You're vit vor't. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I-see. You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the county. Will you come? Yes or no?"

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" Rebecca said, very much moved.

"Say yes, Becky," Sir Pitt continued. "I'm an old man, but a good'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like; spend what you like; and 'av it all your own way. I'll make you a zettlement. I'll do everything eglar. Look year!" and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back, a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind; but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever-fell from her eyes.

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" she said. "Oh, sir — I — I'm married already."

Notes:

Bowls — Miss Crawley's servant; *along a me* — with me dial.); *vuneral*, *vit*, *vinger*, *zatisfy*, *zee*, *settlement*, *agin*, *git* — Sir Pitt's speech has some features of Hampshire dialect, such as devoicing of the initial / and s, substituting i for e) etc.; *a marriage settlement* — an arrangement according to which some part of the husband's property is settled on his wife; *look year* — look you (dial.)

49. Read and discuss the following extract from Book 7, chapter II of *The Mill on the Floss* by **George Eliot**:

St. Ogg's Passes Judgement

It was soon known throughout St. Ogg's that Miss Tulliver was come back: she had not, then, eloped in order to be married to Mr. Stephen Guest — at all events, Mr. Stephen Guest had not married her — which came to the same thing, so far as her culpability was concerned. We judge others according to results; how else? — not knowing the process by which results are arrived at. If Miss Tulliver, after a few months of well-chosen travel, had returned as Mrs. Stephen Guest — with a post-marital trousseau, and all the advantages possessed even by the most unwelcome wife of an only son, public opinion, which at St. Ogg's, as elsewhere, always knew what to think, would have judged in strict consistency with those results. Public opinion, in these cases, is always of the feminine gender — not the world, but the world's wife: and she would have seen, that two handsome young people — the gentleman of quite the first family in St. Ogg's — having found themselves in a false position, had been led into a course which, to say the least of it, was highly injudicious, and productive of sad pain and disappointment, especially to that sweet young thing, Miss Deane. Mr. Stephen Guest had certainly not behaved well; but then, young men were liable to those sudden infatuated attachments; and bad as it might seem in Mrs. Stephen Guest to admit the faintest advances from her cousin's lover (indeed it had been said that she was actually engaged to young Wakem — old Wakem himself had mentioned it), still she was very young — “and a deformed young man, you know! — and young Guest so very fascinating; and, they say, he positively worships her (to be sure, that can't last!) and he ran away with her in the boat quite against her will — and what could she do? She couldn't come back then: no one would have spoken to her; and how very well that maize-coloured satinette becomes her complexion! It seems as if the folds in front were quite come in; several of her dresses are made so; — they say he thinks nothing too handsome to buy for her. Poor Miss Deane! She is very pitiable; but then, there was no positive engagement; and the air at the coast will do her good. After all, if young Guest felt no more for her than that, it was better for her not to marry him. What a wonderful marriage for a girl like Miss Tulliver — quite romantic! Why, young Guest will put up for the borough at the next election. Nothing like commerce nowadays! That young Wakem nearly went out of his mind — he always was rather queer; but he's gone abroad again to be out of the way — quite the best thing for a deformed young man. Miss Unit declares she will never visit Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Guest — such nonsense! pretending to be better than other people. Society couldn't be carried on if we inquired into private conduct in that way — and Christianity tells us to think no evil — and my belief is, that Miss Unit had no cards sent her.”

But the results, we know, were not of a kind to warrant this extenuation of the past. Maggie had returned without a trousseau, without a husband — in that degraded and outcast condition to which error is well known to lead; and the world's wife, with that fine instinct which is given her for the preservation of Society, saw at once that Miss Tulliver's conduct had been of the most aggravated kind. Could anything be more detestable? A girl so much indebted to her friends — whose mother as well as herself had received so much kindness from the Deanes — to lay the design of winning a young man's affections away from her own cousin, who had behaved like a sister to her! Winning his affections? That was not the phrase for such a girl as Miss Tulliver: it would have been more correct to say that she had been actuated by mere unwomanly boldness and unbridled passion. There was always something questionable about her. That connection with young Wakem, which, they said, had been carried on for years, looked very ill — disgusting, in fact! But with a girl of that disposition! — To the world's wife there had always been something in Miss Tulliver's very physique that a refined instinct felt to be prophetic of harm. As for poor Mr. Stephen Guest, he was rather pitiable than otherwise: a young man of five-and-twenty is not to be too severely judged in these cases — he is really very much at the mercy of a designing bold girl. And it was clear that he had given way in spite of himself: he had shaken her off as soon as he could; indeed, their having parted so soon looked very black indeed — for her. To be sure, he had written a letter, laying all the blame on himself, and telling the story in a romantic fashion so as to try and make her appear quite innocent: of course he would do that! But the refined instinct of the world's wife was not to be deceived: providentially! — else what would become of Society? Why, her own brother had turned her from his door: he had seen enough, you might be sure, before he would do that. A truly respectable young man — Mr. Tom Tulliver: quite likely to rise in the world! His sister's disgrace was naturally a heavy blow to him. It was to be hoped that she would go out of the neighbourhood — to America, or anywhere — so as to purify the air of St. Ogg's from the taint of her presence, extremely dangerous to daughters there! No good could happen to her: it was only to be hoped she would repent; and that God would have mercy on her: He had not the care of Society on His hands — as the world's wife had.

It required nearly a fortnight for fine instinct to assure itself of these inspirations; indeed, it was a whole week before Stephen's letter came, telling his father the facts, and adding that he was gone across to Holland — had drawn upon the agent at Mudport for money — was incapable of any resolution at present.

Maggie, all this while, was too entirely filled with a more agonizing anxiety to spend any thought on the view that was being taken of her conduct by the world of St. Ogg's: anxiety about Stephen — Lucy — Philip — beat on her poor heart in a hard, driving, ceaseless storm of mingled love, remorse, and pity. If she had thought of rejection and injustice at all, it would have seemed to her that they had done their worst — that she could hardly feel any stroke from, them intolerable since the words she had heard from her brother's lips. Across all her anxiety for the loved and the injured, those words shot again and again, like a horrible pang that would have brought misery and dread even into a heaven of delights. The idea of ever

recovering happiness never glimmered in her mind for a moment; it seemed as if every sensitive fibre in her were too entirely preoccupied by pain ever to vibrate again to another influence. Life stretched before her as one act of penitence, and all she craved, as she dwelt on her future lot, was something to guarantee her from more falling: her own weakness haunted her like a vision of hideous possibilities that made no peace conceivable except such as lay in the sense of a sure refuge.

Notes:

trousseau (French) — the bride's outfit of clothes; *the world's wife* — a humorous allusion to the saying “all the world and his wife”.

Answer the questions:

What event set astir the public opinion of St. Ogg's? 2. Explain the reason why Eliot ascribes the above verdict to the “world's wife”. 3. Give a general definition of the passage. 4. Can the author's own opinion be heard in this extract? 5. What are the syntactical peculiarities of reported speech as given in the monologues of the “world's wife”? 6. Think of examples rendering the intonations of middle-class gossips discussing a sensational development. 7. What would have been the chief arguments in favour of the two lovers in the opinion of the "world's wife" had they been married? 8. Contrast the first, supposed part of it and the second, recording the actual verdict of St. Ogg's. 9. In which of St. Ogg's judgments can its cruelty and hypocrisy be seen clearest? 10. Does Eliot make it sufficiently clear why St. Ogg's turned against Maggie? 11. Compare Maggie's character as it is conceived in the first and in the second part of St. Ogg's reflections. 12. Quote instances illustrative of St. Ogg's outraged moral sense. 13. Find examples of ironic praise in the text. Interpret the irony of “It required nearly a fortnight for fine instinct to assure itself of these inspirations”. 14. What is the style of Eliot's description of Maggie's tragedy? Compare it to Bronte's.

50. Read and comment the following extract from *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* by **Thomas Hardy**:

[Left by her husband and penniless, Tess wanders from farm to farm in search of work.]

Under foot the leaves were dry, and the foliage of some holly bushes which grew among the deciduous trees was dense enough to keep off draughts. She scraped together the dead leaves till she had formed them into a large heap, making a sort of nest in the middle. Into this Tess crept.

Such sleep as she got was naturally fitful; she fancied she heard strange noises, but persuaded herself that they were caused by the breeze. She thought of her husband in some vague warm clime on the other side of the globe, while she was here in the cold. Was there another such a wretched being as she in the world? Tess asked herself; and, thinking of her wasted life, said, “All is vanity.” She repeated the words mechanically, till she reflected that this was a most inadequate thought for modern days. Solomon had thought as far as that more than two thousand years ago; she herself, though not in the van of thinkers, had got much further. If all were only vanity, who would mind it? All was, alas, worse than vanity — injustice, punishment, exaction, death. The wife of Angel Clare put her hand to her brow, and felt its curve, and the edges of her eye-

sockets perceptible under the soft skin, and thought as she did so that a time would come when that bone would be bare. "I wish it were now," she said.

In the midst of these whimsical fancies she heard a new strange sound among the leaves. It might be the wind; yet there was scarcely any wind. Sometimes it was a palpitation, sometimes a flutter; sometimes it was a sort of gasp or gurgle. Soon she was certain that the noises came from wild creatures of some kind, the more so when, originating in the boughs overhead, they were followed by the fall of a heavy body upon the ground. Had she been ensconced here under other and more pleasant conditions she would have become alarmed; but, outside humanity, she had at present, no fear.

Day at length broke in the sky. When it had been day aloft for some little while it became day in the wood.

Directly the assuring and prosaic light of the world's active hours had grown strong she crept from under her hillock of leaves, and looked around boldly. Then she perceived what had been going on to disturb her. The plantation wherein she had taken shelter ran down at this spot into a peak, which ended it hitherward, outside the hedge being arable ground. Under the trees several pheasants lay about, their rich plumage dabbled with blood; some were dead, some feebly twitching a wing, some staring up at the sky, some pulsating quickly, some contorted, some stretched out — all of them writhing in agony, except the fortunate ones whose tortures had ended during the night by the inability of nature to bear more.

Tess guessed at once the meaning of this. The birds had been driven down into this corner the day before by some shooting-party; and while those that had dropped dead under the shot, or had died before nightfall, had been searched for and carried off, many badly wounded birds had escaped and hidden themselves away, or risen among the thick boughs, where they had maintained their position till they grew weaker with loss of blood in the nighttime, when they had fallen one by one as she had heard them.

She had occasionally caught glimpses of these men in girlhood, looking over hedges, or peering through bushes, and pointing their guns, strangely accoutred, a bloodthirsty light in their eyes. She had been told that, rough and brutal as they seemed just then, they were not like this all the year round, but were, in fact, quite civil persons save during certain weeks of autumn and winter, when, like the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, they ran amuck, and made it their purpose to destroy life — in this case harmless feathered creatures, brought into being by artificial means solely to gratify these propensities — at once so unmannerly and so unchivalrous towards their weaker fellows in Nature's teeming family.

With the impulse of a soul who could feel for kindred sufferers as much as for herself, Tess's first thought was to put the still living birds out of their torture, and to this end with her own hands she broke the necks of as many as she could find, leaving them to lie where she had found them till the gamekeepers should come — as they probably would come — to look for them a second time.

"Poor darlings — to suppose myself the most miserable being on earth in the sight o' such misery as yours!" she exclaimed, her tears running down as she killed the birds tenderly. "And not a twinge of bodily pain about me! I be not mangled, and I be not bleeding, and I have two hands to feed and clothe me." She was ashamed of herself for

her gloom of the night, based on nothing more tangible than a sense of condemnation under an arbitrary law of society which had no foundation in Nature.

Answer the questions:

1. Where does Tess find shelter for the night during her wanderings? 2. What reveals her despair? 3. How is her mood changed? 4. Explain the philosophical significance of the last sentence with its contrast of nature and society. 5. Point out epithets rendering the heroine's state of mind. 6. Is the narrative calm or pathetic? 7. Analyze the means by which the writer's opinion of hunting is made clear. 8. Discuss the symbolic meaning of imagery connected with the wounded birds. Pick out the words describing their suffering. 9. How does the author show Tess's courage and kindness? (See the last paragraph.) 10. Say in your own words what is meant by the sentences beginning with: a) "Solomon had thought as far as that..."; b) "Had she been ensconced here under other and more pleasant conditions..."; c) "Directly the assuring and prosaic light..."; d) "I be not mangled..."

51. Discuss *My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning. *My Last Duchess* is a dramatic monologue, that is, a dramatic poem by a single speaker. Unlike a play, however, where each speech is preceded by the name of its speaker, the dramatic monologue contains no such label. Rather, the identity of the speaker is revealed through his or her words. In *My Last Duchess*, we learn, strictly through the speaker's conversation with an unnamed companion, the setting of the poem and more importantly –the inner conflict that prompts the character's speech. This poem is loosely based on historical events involving Alfonso, the Duke of Ferrara, who lived in the 16th century.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had

A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, “Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark”—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Notes:

Fra Pandolf's –the work of Brother Pandolf, an imaginary painter; *durst* –dared;
forsooth –in truth; *Claus of Innsbruck* –an imaginary Austrian sculptor.

Answer the questions:

1. Where are the speaker and his companion? 2. What are they looking at? 3.
 What questions are we to understand the speaker's companion to have asked? 4.
 What is the speaker's reply? 5. What aspects of the Duke's personality are revealed
 in his keeping the painting behind a curtain? 6. What aspects are revealed in his
 being the only one allowed to draw the curtain? 7. What has happened to the “last”
 Duchess? Where in the poem is this revealed? 8. How would you state the sentiment

expressed in the following lines: “A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad, /Too easily impressed; she liked whate’er /She looked on, and her looks went everywhere”? 9. What examples does the speaker give as an illustration of this trait? 10. What feelings did it stir up in him? 11. What motives do you suppose the Duke has for showing the Count’s agent the portrait of his dead wife? 12. The Count’s agent never speaks. How do you imagine he acts when he learns of the Duke’s displeasure with his wife? 13. An inference is a conclusion arrived at through known facts or evidence. In *My Last Duchess*, Browning never directly describes the Duke’s personality. Rather, he relies upon the reader to make inferences from selected information. Find evidence in the poem that the Duke is: (a) jealous; (b) overly proud; (c) determined to have things his way; (d) preoccupied with possessions; (d) a stern boss. 14. The eighteenth-century English statesman and writer Edmund Burke wrote: “The greater the power, the more dangerous the abuse”. 15. What are your reactions to this statement? 16. The diction, or choice of words, in *My Last Duchess*, is an important ingredient of the Duke’s character. To show that the man is a member of the nobility and, therefore, schooled in social graces, Browning has the Duke use such formal constructions as “Will’t please you sit and look at her?” Yet, there are clues in his speech habits that suggest the Duke’s good manners are only skin-deep. Locate examples in the poem that demonstrate: (a) that the Duke is rude and insulting to his staff; (b) that he wants to appear humble; (c) that he thinks of himself as reasonable. 17. What makes a dramatic monologue an especially strong vehicle for conveying information about a character? How differently would you see the Duke if Browning had written *My Last Duchess* as a short story?

52. Read and analyze **Browning’s** *Home-Thoughts, from Abroad*:

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April’s there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!
 And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray’s edge—
 That’s the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children’s dower

—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Notes:

chaffinch –a small European songbird; *whitethroat* –a bird having white around the throat; *melon flower* –a large yellow flower of melon plants.

Answer the questions:

1. What time and place does the poem celebrate? 2. List four birds and six plants that the speaker says “whoever wakes in England” sees? 3. Where do you suppose the speaker of the poem is? What details of the poem provide clues? 4. How do you think the speaker is using the phrase “the little children’s dower”? 5. Browning wrote the poem in England, following a trip to Italy. Why do you think he chose to write the poem as though he were far away at the time? 6. Think of a time when you were homesick. Or try to imagine what it would be like. What details of home do you think would come to your mind?

53. Matthew Arnold, of all the great Victorian poets, strikes our contemporary readers as the most modern. The persistent theme of his poems – people’s isolation and alienation from one another – has been echoed by many writers and thinkers of our own age. His pessimistic outlook too – that “there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done” – coincides with the view of many today that we are a generation of lost souls. Read and analyse *Dover Beach* by Matthew Arnold:

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Notes:

straits –Strait of Dover; *strand*–shore; *shingles* –beaches covered with large, coarse, waterworn gravel.

Answer the questions:

1. According to the first stanza, what does the speaker see and hear from the window? 2. What does “the tremulous cadence” of the pebbles against the beach “bring in”? 3. Who else does the speaker say “long ago” heard the same sound? 4. What, according to stanza 4, has happened to the “Sea of Faith”? 5. What sad reality does the speaker describe for his companion in the first four lines of stanza 5? 6. What might the “cliffs of England” symbolise in stanza 1? The “naked shingles of the world” in stanza 4? “Night” in the last line of the poem? 7. What effects do you think Arnold aimed at by varying the length of lines and using an irregular rhyme scheme? How do these poetic devices relate to the theme? 8. How is the battling image in the last three lines a fitting conclusion to this poem? How would you state the message of these lines in your own words? 9. To what extent does Arnold’s plea to “be true to one another” provide a satisfactory solution in the “ebb and flow of human misery” he sees in the world? 10. The melancholy outlook of his poems, Arnold himself noted, was unrelieved by hope. Nevertheless, Arnold argued also that literature’s truth and cultural value lay in its ability to enlarge and develop humanity’s “moral and social passion for doing good”. What attitudes of the Victorian Age do you think his poem reflects?

54. *Sonnets from the Portuguese* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning is a sequence of 44 love poems written to her husband, Robert Browning. Read and analyze **Sonnet 43**:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday’s

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints! —I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! —and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Answer the questions:

1. What question does the speaker ask? 2. How many answers to this question does she give? 3. What does the speaker say she will do “if God choose”? 4. What do you think the speaker means by “with the passion put to use /In my old griefs? By “with a love I seemed to lose/ With my lost saints”? 5. What effect is created by the repetition of the words “I love thee” throughout the poem? 6. A sonnet is a fourteen-line lyric poem with a fixed pattern of rhyme. The Italian sonnet has two parts. The first part, the octet, poses a question or presents a problem. The second part, the sestet, answers that question or problem. What line in the octet ends with an irregular rhyming word? How might this irregularity be explained? 6. What is the rhyme scheme of the sestet? 7. Based on what you have learnt about the Italian sonnet, say in what critical way Sonnet 43 violates the rules. How does this violation help the poem to deliver its message?

55. Thomas Hardy was both a novelist and a poet. Like Matthew Arnold, Hardy held a pessimistic view of the world. Unlike Arnold, however, who sought to improve society, Hardy remained a passive observer of the ills of his century. Read and discuss the following poem:

The Man He Killed

<p>“Had he and I but met By some old ancient inn, We should have sat us down to wet Right many a nipperkin!</p> <p>“But ranged as infantry, And staring face to face, I shot at him as he at me, And killed him in his place.</p> <p>“I shot him dead because— Because he was my foe, Notes:</p>	<p>Just so: my foe of course he was; That's clear enough; although</p> <p>“He thought he'd 'list, perhaps, Off-hand like—just as I— Was out of work—had sold his traps— No other reason why.</p> <p>“Yes; quaint and curious war is! You shoot a fellow down You'd treat, if met where any bar is, Or help to half-a-crown.”</p>
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Notes:

nipperkin –a small glass of beer or wine; *'list*–enlist.

Answer the questions:

1. What does the speaker suggest might have happened had he and the other man met “by some old ancient inn”? Where did they meet instead? What happened?

2. What similarities between himself and the other man does the speaker note stanza 4? 3. What do you think is the significance of the quotation marks in each stanza? Who do you suppose the speaker is? 4. To whom do you think the poem is addressed? 5. Why do you think the speaker hesitates at the beginning of stanza 3? 6. What point about the nature of war is Hardy making in the poem? 7. In what way is the war “quaint and curious”, as the speaker notes? 8. Do you think Hardy is writing about a specific war or about war in general? Explain your answer. 9. Why is it easier for an enemy to be faceless than to have a face?

56. Alfred Edward Houseman (1859-1936), a leading classical scholar of his age, was also the author of three slender volumes of poetry that are as romantic and melancholy as any ever written. In a famous lecture that he delivered in 1933, Houseman stated that the goal of poetry is to “transfuse emotion”, not to transmit thought. A well-written poem, he maintained, makes a physical impact on the reader, like a shiver down the spine or a punch in the stomach. It is because of this impact in much of his own work that the best of A.E. Houseman’s poems have been marked for immortality. Read and analyse his *With Rue My Heart Is Laden*:

With rue my heart is laden	By brooks too broad for leaping
For golden friends I had,	The lightfoot boys are laid;
For many a rose-lipped maiden	The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
And many a lightfoot lad.	In fields where roses fade.

Answer the questions:

1. What has happened to the speaker’s friends? 2. What is meant by “golden” in line 2? 3. What do the adjectives “rose-lipped” and “lightfoot” suggest about the speaker’s memories of his friends? 3. What do you suppose is the meaning of the phrase “too broad for leaping” in line 5? 4. By the phrase “where roses fade” in line 8? 5. The subjects of this poem are youth and beauty. What statement is the poem making about those subjects?

57. Comment upon the poem *If* by **Rudyard Kipling** (1865-1936). Who is it addressed to? What is its message? Learn the poem by heart:

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too:
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim,
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
 And never breathe a word about your loss:
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings –nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much:
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And –which is more –you'll be a Man, my son!

58. *Recessional* is a poem by Rudyard Kipling, which he composed on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. The poem, on the one hand, expresses pride in the British Empire, but, on the other, expresses an underlying sadness that the Empire might go the way of all previous empires. The refrain of the poem "Lest we forget" passed into common usage after World War I across the British Commonwealth especially, becoming linked with Remembrance Day observations; it came to be a plea not to forget past sacrifices, and was often found as the only wording on war memorials, or used as an epitaph. Read and discuss the poem:

<p>God of our fathers, known of old— Lord of our far-flung battle line— Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> <p>The tumult and the shouting dies— The Captains and the Kings depart— Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p>	<p>Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> <p>If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe— Such boastings as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds without the Law— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!</p> <p>For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and iron shard— All valiant dust that builds on dust,</p>
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Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Notes:

Recessional –a hymn sung at the end of a religious service; *on ...fire* (stanza 3) – bonfires were lit on high ground all over Britain as part of the opening ceremonies of the Jubilee celebration; *Nineveh*–the ancient capital of the Assyrian empire, the ruins of which were discovered in desert sands in the 1950s; *Tyre* –once a great port in the centre of ancient Phoenician culture, now a small town in Lebanon; *such boasting ... Law* (stanza 4) –an allusion to the Bible: “For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves.”

Answer the questions:

1. To whom is the poem addressed? 2. To whom is Kipling really speaking? 3. What does the speaker suggest, in stanza 3, happens to “our pomp of yesterday”? 4. about the speaker’s memories of his friends? 3. What does the speaker beg in the last line? 4. What qualities and actions does the poem condemn? 5. What is the poem’s theme? 6. The words “Lest we forget” form the refrain of *Recessional*. What does the phrase warn about? 7. The poem, on the one hand, expresses pride in the British Empire, but, on the other, expresses an underlying sadness that the Empire might go the way of all previous empires. Considering the economic, political and religious climates of the period, why may *Recessional* be seen as a product of the period?

59. Oscar Wilde’s fame rests chiefly on his comedies of fashionable life: *Lady Windermere’s Fan* (1892), *The Ideal Husband* (1895), *The Importance of Being Earnest* and a few others. The sparkling wit and vivacity, characteristic of these plays, helped them to keep the stage for more than half a century. In spite of their superficial drawing-room treatment of human problems they are still attractive to numerous theatre-goers because of their brilliancy of dialogue and entertaining plot. Read and comment upon the extract from *The Importance of Being Earnest* (*A Trivial Comedy for Serious People*). The extract is taken from the opening scene providing the general exposition.

ACT I

ALGERNON. I think that is rather mean of you, Ernest, I must say. (Opens case and examines it.) However, it makes no matter, for, now that I look at the inscription inside, I find that the thing isn't yours after all.

JACK. Of course it's mine. (Moving to him.) You have seen me with it a hundred times," and you have no right whatsoever to read what is written inside. It is a very ungentlemanly thing to read a private cigarette case.

ALGERNON. Oh! it is absurd to have a hard and fast rule about what one should read and what one shouldn't. More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read.

JACK. I am quite aware of the fact, and I don't propose to discuss modern culture. It isn't the sort of thing one should talk of in private. I simply want my cigarette case back.

ALGERNON. Yes; but this isn't your cigarette case. This cigarette case is a present from someone of the name of Cecily, and you said you didn't know anyone of that name.

JACK. Well, if you want to know, Cecily happens to be my aunt.

ALGERNON. Your aunt!

JACK. Yes. Charming old lady she is, too. Lives at Tunbridge Wells. Just give it back to me, Algy.

ALGERNON (retreating to back of sofa). But why does she call herself little Cecily if she is your aunt and lives at Tunbridge Wells? (Reading.) "From little Cecily with her fondest love."

JACK (moving to sofa and kneeling upon it). My dear fellow, what on earth is there in that? Some aunts are tall, some aunts are not tall. That is a matter that surely an aunt may be allowed to decide for herself. You seem to think that every aunt should be exactly like your aunt! That is absurd! For Heaven's sake give me back my cigarette case, (Follows Algernon round the room.)

ALGERNON. Yes. But why does your aunt call you her uncle? "From little Cecily, with her fondest love to her dear Uncle Jack." There is no objection, I admit, to an aunt being a small aunt, but why an aunt, no matter what her size may be, should call her own nephew her uncle, I can't quite make out. Besides, your name isn't Jack at all; it is Ernest.

JACK. It isn't Ernest; it's Jack.

ALGERNON. You have always told me it was Ernest. I have introduced you to everyone as Ernest. You answer to the name of Ernest. You look as if your name was Ernest. You are the most earnest-looking person I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly absurd your saying that your name isn't Ernest. It's on your cards. Here is one of them. (Taking it from case.) "Mr. Ernest Worthing, B. 4, The Albany." I'll keep this as a proof that your name is Ernest if ever you attempt to deny it to me, or to Gwendolen, or to anyone else. (Puts the card in his pocket.)

JACK. Well, my name is Ernest in town and Jack in the country, and the cigarette case was given to me in the country.

ALGERNON. Yes, but that does not account for the fact that your small Aunt Cecily, who lives at Tunbridge Wells, calls you her dear uncle. Come, old boy, you had much better have the thing out at once.

JACK. My dear Algy, you talk exactly as if you were a dentist. It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist when one isn't a dentist. It produces a false impression.

ALGERNON. Well, that is exactly what dentists always do. Now, go on! Tell me the whole thing. I may mention that I have always suspected you of being a confirmed and secret Bunburyist; and I am quite sure of it now.

JACK. Bunburyist? What on earth do you mean by a Bunburyist?

ALGERNON. I'll reveal to you the meaning of that incomparable expression as soon as you are kind enough to inform me why you are Ernest in town and Jack in the country.

JACK. Well, produce my cigarette case first.

ALGERNON. Here it is. (Hands cigarette case.) Now produce your explanation, and pray make it improbable. (Sits on sofa.)

JACK. My dear fellow, there is nothing improbable about my explanation at all. In fact it's perfectly ordinary. Old Mr. Thomas Cardew, who adopted me when I was a little boy, made me in his will guardian to his granddaughter, Miss Cecily Cardew. Cecily, who addresses me as her uncle from motives of respect that you could not possibly appreciate, lives at my place in the country under the charge of her admirable governess, Miss Prism.

ALGERNON. Where is that place in the country, by the way?

JACK. That is nothing to you, dear boy. You are not going to be invited... I may tell you candidly that the place is not in Shropshire.

ALGERNON. I suspected that, my dear fellow! I have Bunburied all over Shropshire on two separate occasions. Now, go on. Why are you Ernest in town and Jack in the country?

JACK. My dear Algy, I don't know whether you will be able to understand my real motives. You are hardly serious enough. When one is placed in the position of guardian, one has to adopt a very high moral tone on all subjects. It's one's duty to do so. And as a high moral tone can hardly be said to conduce very much to either one's health or one's happiness, in order to get up to town I have always pretended to have a young brother of the name of Ernest, who lives in the Albany, and gets into the most dreadful scrapes. That, my dear Algy, is the whole truth pure and simple.

ALGERNON. The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!

JACK. That wouldn't be at all a bad thing.

ALGERNON. Literary criticism is not your forte, my dear fellow. Don't try it. You should leave that to people who haven't been at a University. They do it so well in the daily papers. What you really are is a Bunburyist. I was quite right in saying you were a Bunburyist. You are one of the most advanced Bunburyists I know.

JACK. What on earth do you mean?

ALGERNON. You have invented a very useful younger brother called Ernest, in order that you may be able to come up to town as often as you like. I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose. Bunbury is perfectly invaluable. If it wasn't for Bunbury's extraordinary bad health, for instance, I wouldn't be able to dine with you at Willis's to-night, for I have been really engaged to Aunt Augusta for more than a week.

JACK. I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere to-night.

ALGERNON. I know. You are absurdly careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations.

JACK. You had much better dine with your Aunt Augusta.

ALGERNON. I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relations. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to, to-night. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent... and that sort of thing is enormously on the increase. The amount of women in London who flirt with

their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so lad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public. Besides, now that I know you to be a confirmed Bunburyist I naturally want to talk to you about Bunburying. I want to tell you the rules.

JACK. I'm not a Bunburyist at all. If Gwendolen accepts me, I am going to kill my brother, indeed I think I'll kill him in any case. Cecily is a little too much interested in him. It is rather a bore. So I am going to get rid of Ernest. And I strongly advise you to do the same with Mr. ... with your invalid friend who has the absurd name.

Answer the questions:

1. Describe the portraits of the young men of fashion drawn by Wilde.
2. Comment upon the playwright's attitude to the world and the characters he depicts.
3. Explain the meaning of the terms "Bunburyist" and "Bunburying" created by Wilde.
4. Point out the paradoxes and ironical epigrams in the lines of the two young men. Comment upon the topics they deal with and the outlook they express.
5. Comment from the same standpoint upon the sentences: "it is a very ungentlemanly thing to read a private cigarette case"; "It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist when one isn't a dentist".
6. Discuss the instances of play upon words connected with the name Ernest and with the expression "to have the thing out at once".
7. Point out interjections and particles enforcing the expressiveness and liveliness of the dialogue.
8. Are the characteristically Wildean lightness and gaiety of dialogue, his amusing quick repartee present in the text? Prove your point.
9. Summarize your comments on the text.

60. In the American cultural tradition some ceremonial speeches are studied as literary texts. Read Lincoln's famous *Address at Gettysberg, Pennsylvania* and comment on his style:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether this nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate –we can not consecrate –we can not hallow –this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion –that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain –that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom –and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from earth.

61. Set in rural New York, **Washington Irving's** *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is widely considered to be one of the very first modern short stories. Read and discuss the extract from the story. The following is a description of Sleepy Hollow, a fascinating blend of fad and fiction, whimsicality and charm:

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang all over the land, and pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, had his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; have trances and visions, and see strange sights, and hear voices and music in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a canon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by various of the country people, hurrying along in the gloom of the night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege, that the body of the trooper having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before day-break.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows, and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Answer the questions:

1. What kind of place is Sleepy Hollow? Does it strike you as a real or an imaginary place? Or is it a mixture of both? Support your answer with evidence from the text.
2. How does Irving attempt to convince his readers of the authenticity of his story?
3. Why is the horseman headless, and why does he continue to appear at night?
4. In what sense might this story be considered "American" instead of English?

62. *The Raven* is a narrative poem by **Edgar Allan Poe**, first published in January 1845. It is often noted for its musicality, stylized language, and supernatural

atmosphere. The Raven made Poe a household name almost immediately and turned him into a national celebrity. Readers began to identify poem with poet, earning Poe the nickname “The Raven”. The poem was soon widely reprinted, imitated, and parodied. Comment upon the poem. Learn a fragment by heart:

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; —vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
“Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you” - here I opened wide the door: —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —
’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though the crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning-little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never-nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there— is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our bird or fiend!” I shrieked, sign of parting, upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! —quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Answer the questions:

1. What is the main theme of the poem? 2. The narrator assumes that the word “Nevermore” is the raven’s “only stock and store.” Why does he continue to ask it questions? What conflict does the narrator experience regarding his deceased love? 3. Poe’s prose is very poetic. Find example of poetry in this story. 4. The raven perches on a bust of Pallas Athena. What does this goddess symbolize? Besides the narrator

reads “many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore”. What is his occupation in life? 5. What happens to the narrator in the end? 6. What creates the mysterious atmosphere of the poem? 7. Why do you think Poe chose the raven as the central symbol of the poem? What can it symbolize? 8. Why is the action set in December? What could the “forgotten lore” deal with?

63. Read and discuss Poe’s *Morella*:

Αυτο καθ’ αυτο μεθ’ αυτου, μονο ειδεξ αιει [[αιει]] ον

Itself — alone by itself — eternally one and single. —Plato. *Sympos*

With a feeling of deep yet most singular affection I regarded my friend Morella. Thrown by accident into her society many years ago, my soul from our first meeting, burned with fires it had never before known; but the fires were not of Eros, and bitter and tormenting to my spirit was the gradual conviction that I could in no manner define their unusual meaning or regulate their vague intensity. Yet we met; and fate bound us together at the altar, and I never spoke of passion nor thought of love. She, however, shunned society, and, attaching herself to me alone rendered me happy. It is a happiness to wonder; it is a happiness to dream.

Morella’s erudition was profound. As I hope to live, her talents were of no common order —her powers of mind were gigantic. I felt this, and, in many matters, became her pupil. I soon, however, found that, perhaps on account of her Presburg education, she placed before me a number of those mystical writings which are usually considered the mere dross of the early German literature. These, for what reason I could not imagine, were her favourite and constant study —and that in process of time they became my own, should be attributed to the simple but effectual influence of habit and example.

In all this, if I err not, my reason had little to do. My convictions, or I forget myself, were in no manner acted upon by the ideal, nor was any tincture of the mysticism which I read to be discovered, unless I am greatly mistaken, either in my deeds or in my thoughts. Persuaded of this, I abandoned myself implicitly to the guidance of my wife, and entered with an unflinching heart into the intricacies of her studies. And then —then, when poring over forbidden pages, I felt a forbidden spirit enkindling within me —would Morella place her cold hand upon my own, and rake up from the ashes of a dead philosophy some low, singular words, whose strange meaning burned themselves in upon my memory. And then, hour after hour, would I linger by her side, and dwell upon the music of her voice, until at length its melody was tainted with terror, and there fell a shadow upon my soul, and I grew pale, and shuddered inwardly at those too unearthly tones...

It is unnecessary to state the exact character of those disquisitions which, growing out of the volumes I have mentioned, formed, for so long a time, almost the sole conversation of Morella and myself. By the learned in what might be termed theological morality they will be readily conceived, and by the unlearned they would, at all events, be little understood. The wild Pantheism of Fichte; the modified Paliggenedia of the Pythagoreans; and, above all, the doctrines of Identity as urged by Schelling, were generally the points of discussion presenting the most of beauty to the imaginative Morella. That identity which is termed personal, Mr. Locke, I think, truly

defines to consist in the saneness of rational being. And since by person we understand an intelligent essence having reason, and since there is a consciousness which always accompanies thinking, it is this which makes us all to be that which we call ourselves, thereby distinguishing us from other beings that think, and giving us our personal identity. But the principium individuationis, the notion of that identity which at death is or is not lost for ever, was to me, at all times, a consideration of intense interest; not more from the perplexing and exciting nature of its consequences, than from the marked and agitated manner in which Morella mentioned them.

But, indeed, the time had now arrived when the mystery of my wife's manner oppressed me as a spell. I could no longer bear the touch of her wan fingers, nor the low tone of her musical language, nor the lustre of her melancholy eyes. And she knew all this, but did not upbraid; she seemed conscious of my weakness or my folly, and, smiling, called it fate. She seemed also conscious of a cause, to me unknown, for the gradual alienation of my regard; but she gave me no hint or token of its nature. Yet was she woman, and pined away daily. In time the crimson spot settled steadily upon the cheek, and the blue veins upon the pale forehead became prominent; and one instant my nature melted into pity, but in, next I met the glance of her meaning eyes, and then my soul sickened and became giddy with the giddiness of one who gazes downward into some dreary and unfathomable abyss.

Shall I then say that I longed with an earnest and consuming desire for the moment of Morella's decease? I did; but the fragile spirit clung to its tenement of clay for many days, for many weeks and irksome months, until my tortured nerves obtained the mastery over my mind, and I grew furious through delay, and, with the heart of a fiend, cursed the days and the hours and the bitter moments, which seemed to lengthen and lengthen as her gentle life declined, like shadows in the dying of the day.

But one autumnal evening, when the winds lay still in heaven, Morella called me to her bedside. There was a dim mist over all the earth, and a warm glow upon the waters, and amid the rich October leaves of the forest, a rainbow from the firmament had surely fallen.

"It is a day of days," she said, as I approached; "a day of all days either to live or die. It is a fair day for the sons of earth and life —ah, more fair for the daughters of heaven and death!"

I kissed her forehead, and she continued:

"I am dying, yet shall I live."

"Morella!"

"The days have never been when thou couldst love me —but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore."

"Morella!"

"I repeat I am dying. But within me is a pledge of that affection - ah, how little! - which thou didst feel for me, Morella. And when my spirit departs shall the child live - thy child and mine, Morella's. But thy days shall be days of sorrow - that sorrow which is the most lasting of impressions, as the cypress is the most enduring of trees. For the hours of thy happiness are over and joy is not gathered twice in a life, as the roses of Paestum twice in a year. Thou shalt no longer, then, play the Teian with time, but,

being ignorant of the myrtle and the vine, thou shalt bear about with thee thy shroud on the earth, as do the Moslemin at Mecca.”

“Morella!” I cried, “Morella! how knowest thou this?” but she turned away her face upon the pillow and a slight tremor coming over her limbs, she thus died, and I heard her voice no more.

Yet, as she had foretold, her child, to which in dying she had given birth, which breathed not until the mother breathed no more, her child, a daughter, lived. And she grew strangely in stature and intellect, and was the perfect resemblance of her who had departed, and I loved her with a love more fervent than I had believed it possible to feel for any denizen of earth.

But, ere long the heaven of this pure affection became darkened, and gloom, and horror, and grief swept over it in clouds. I said the child grew strangely in stature and intelligence. Strange, indeed, was her rapid increase in bodily size, but terrible, oh! terrible were the tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon me while watching the development of her mental being. Could it be otherwise, when I daily discovered in the conceptions of the child the adult powers and faculties of the woman? when the lessons of experience fell from the lips of infancy? and when the wisdom or the passions of maturity I found hourly gleaming from its full and speculative eye? When, I say, all this became evident to my appalled senses, when I could no longer hide it from my soul, nor throw it off from those perceptions which trembled to receive it, is it to be wondered at that suspicions, of a nature fearful and exciting, crept in upon my spirit, or that my thoughts fell back aghast upon the wild tales and thrilling theories of the entombed Morella? I snatched from the scrutiny of the world a being whom destiny compelled me to adore, and in the rigorous seclusion of my home, watched with an agonizing anxiety over all which concerned the beloved.

And as years rolled away, and I gazed day after day upon her holy, and mild, and eloquent face, and poured over her maturing form, day after day did I discover new points of resemblance in the child to her mother, the melancholy and the dead. And hourly grew darker these shadows of similitude, and more full, and more definite, and more perplexing, and more hideously terrible in their aspect. For that her smile was like her mother's I could bear; but then I shuddered at its too perfect identity, that her eyes were like Morella's I could endure; but then they, too, often looked down into the depths of my soul with Morella's own intense and bewildering meaning. And in the contour of the high forehead, and in the ringlets of the silken hair, and in the wan fingers which buried themselves therein, and in the sad musical tones of her speech, and above all—oh, above all, in the phrases and expressions of the dead on the lips of the loved and the living, I found food for consuming thought and horror, for a worm that would not die.

Thus passed away two lustra of her life, and as yet my daughter remained nameless upon the earth. “My child,” and “my love,” were the designations usually prompted by a father's affection, and the rigid seclusion of her days precluded all other intercourse. Morella's name died with her at her death. Of the mother I had never spoken to the daughter, it was impossible to speak. Indeed, during the brief period of her existence, the latter had received no impressions from the outward world, save such as might have been afforded by the narrow limits of her privacy. But at length the

ceremony of baptism presented to my mind, in its unnerved and agitated condition, a present deliverance from the terrors of my destiny. And at the baptismal font I hesitated for a name. And many titles of the wise and beautiful, of old and modern times, of my own and foreign lands, came thronging to my lips, with many, many fair titles of the gentle, and the happy, and the good. What prompted me then to disturb the memory of the buried dead? What demon urged me to breathe that sound, which in its very recollection was wont to make ebb the purple blood in torrents from the temples to the heart? What fiend spoke from the recesses of my soul, when amid those dim aisles, and in the silence of the night, I whispered within the ears of the holy man the syllables — Morella? What more than fiend convulsed the features of my child, and overspread them with hues of death, as starting at that scarcely audible sound, she turned her glassy eyes from the earth to heaven, and falling prostrate on the black slabs of our ancestral vault, responded — “I am here!”

Distinct, coldly, calmly distinct, fell those few simple sounds within my ear, and thence like molten lead rolled hissing into my brain. Years — years may pass away, but the memory of that epoch never. Nor was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine - but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my fate faded from heaven, and therefore the earth grew dark, and its figures passed by me like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only — Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore — Morella. But she died; and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb; and I laughed with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first in the channel where I laid the second.

Answer the questions:

1. Poe used to say that in the story texture there is to be no single word but only those that add to the overall effect. Find proofs in this story.
2. Characterize Morella. Do you see any vicious intent in her doings?
3. Poe’s prose is very poetic. Find example of poetry in this story.
4. In what state of mind could Poe have written this story?
5. Why do you think Poe does not indicate the time in the story?
6. Define the phases of the plot in the story. What serves as a narrative hook here?
7. What atmosphere is created? What constitutes such a mood?
8. Comment on the hidden meaning and importance for the story of the following words: “but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore”.

64. Read and analyze the extract from Nathaniel Hawthorne’s *Young Goodman Brown*:

(The following extract comes from one of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s most famous short stories (1835). Set in Salem, scene of the famous witch trials in 1692, the story deals with the darker side of life – the role of good and evil in the lives of the individual, and the hypocrisy underlying the outward appearance of respect and decency in the life of a strictly law-abiding religious community. In this passage Goodman Brown and his wife, Faith, are invited by Satan and his followers to become members of the devil-worshipping community in Salem.)

At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the

sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well nigh sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and the good old deacon Gookin, seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be the queen of hell. A rampant hag was she! And there stood the proselytes, beneath the canopy of fire.

"Welcome, my children," said the dark figure, "to the communion of your race! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!" They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend-worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage. "There," resumed the sable form, "are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than, yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds, how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their father's wealth; and how fair damsels – blush not, sweet ones! – have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin, ye shall scent out all the places – whether in church, bed chamber, street, field, or forest – where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood-spot. Far more than this! It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which, inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power – than my power, at its utmost! – can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other."

They did so; and, by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his. Faith and the wile her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

"Lo, there ye stand, my children," said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad with its despairing in awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race.

"Depending upon one another's hearts, ye had still hoped that virtue were not all a dream. Now are ye undeceived. Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome again, my children, to the communion of your race."

Answer the questions:

1. Does Goodman Brown willingly participate in the ceremony? 2. The "dark figure" who organizes the ceremony reveals the evil nature of the community in which they live: find examples of the discrepancy between appearance and reality in this community. 3. Hawthorne later describes Brown's waking up in the forest, and his return to the community and its normal, everyday life. Brown cannot accept that the people going about their normal, pious lives are no longer the good people he thought

they were, and Hawthorne asks: “Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch meeting?” What point do you think Hawthorne is trying to make? 4. Satan-worshippers continue to exist even today: why do you think it is so? Do you think this kind of practice should be made illegal? Give reasons for your answer.

65. Comment upon the story *The Ambitious Guest* by **Nathaniel Hawthorne:**

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the driftwood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the “herb, hear’s-ease,” in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter – giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep, that the stones would often rumble down its sides and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence, on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The way-farer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night; and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome someone who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman, who wiped a chair

with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

“Ah, this fire is the right thing!” cried he; “especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face all the way from Bartlett.”

“Then you are going towards Vermont?” said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

“Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond,” replied he. “I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's tonight; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make myself at home.”

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

“The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, for fear we should forget him,” said the landlord, recovering himself. “He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well upon the whole. Besides we have a sure place of refuge hard by if he should be coming in good earnest.”

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family, so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit—haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place where no stranger may intrude. But this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty, that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should

gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb with none to recognize him.

“As yet,” cried the stranger—his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm—“as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth tomorrow, none would know so much of me as you: that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, ‘Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?’ But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!”

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man’s sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

“You laugh at me,” said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand, and laughing himself. “You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country round about. And, truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!”

“It is better to sit here by this fire,” answered the girl, blushing, “and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us.”

“I suppose,” said her father, after a fit of musing, “there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass.”

“Perhaps they may,” observed the wife. “Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?”

“No, no!” cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. “When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors and be called Squire, and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one—with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian.”

“There now!” exclaimed the stranger; “it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.”

“We're in a strange way, tonight,” said the wife, with tears in her eyes. “They say it's a sign of something, when folks' minds go a-wandering so. Hark to the children!”

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle,

and were outvying each other in wild wishes, and childish projects, of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he. "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded, in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door; and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, again. "They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind through the Notch took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who in old Indian times had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them

all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and, with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notions," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning; and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind a-wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before--a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding day. But this evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that if anything were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not set right, the corpse in the coffin and beneath the clods would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her nervous.

"Don't talk so, grandmother!" said the girl, shuddering.

"Now," continued the old woman, with singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly, "I want one of you, my children- when your mother is dressed and in the coffin -I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's right?"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments," murmured the stranger youth. "I wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean -that wide and nameless sepulchre?"

For a moment, the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips.

"The Slide! The Slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot--where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches -shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of the great Slide

had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Wo for the high-souled youth, with his dream of Earthly Immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved, his death and his existence equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death-moment?

66. Read and comment upon the extract from *Moby-Dick* by **Herman Melville**. The following is taken from the 41st chapter and describes the origin of Captain Ahab's obsession with the white whale:

Judge, then, to what pitches of inflamed, distracted fury the minds of his more desperate hunters were impelled, when amid the chips' of chewed boats, and the sinking limbs of torn comrades, they swam out of the white curds of the whale's direful wrath into the serene, exasperating sunlight, that smiled on, as if at a birth or a bridal. His three boats stove around him, and oars and men both whirling in the eddies; one captain, seizing the line-knife from his broken prow, had dashed at the whale, as an Arkansas duellist at his foe, blindly seeking with a six inch blade to reach the fathom deep life of the whale. That captain was Ahab. And then it was, that suddenly sweeping his sickle-shaped lower jaw beneath him, Moby Dick had reaped away Ahab's leg, as a mower a blade of grass in the field. No turbaned Turk, no hired Venetian or Malay, could have smote him with more seeming malice. Small reason was there to doubt, then, that ever since that almost fatal encounter, Ahab had cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, all the more for that in his frantic morbidness he at last came to identify with him not only all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations. The White Whale swam before him as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them, till they are left living with half a heart and half a lung. That intangible malignity which has been from the beginning; to whose dominion even the modern Christians ascribe one-half of the worlds; which the – ancient Ophites of the east revered in their statue devil; – Ahab did not fall down and worship like them; but deliriously transferring its idea to the abhorred white whale, he pitted himself, all mutilated, against it. Ail that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain; all the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable in Moby Dick. He piled upon the whale's hump the sum of

all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it.

It is not probable that this monomania in him took its instant rise at the precise time of his bodily dismemberment. Then, in darting at the monster, knife in hand, he had but given loose to a sudden, passionate, corporal animosity; and when he received the stroke that tore him, he probably but felt the laceration, but nothing more. Yet, when by this collision forced to turn towards home, and for long months of days and weeks, Ahab and anguish lay stretched together in one hammock, rounding in mid winter that dreary, howling Patagonian Cape; then it was, that his torn body and gashed- soul bled into one another; and so interfusing, made him mad.

Answer the questions:

1. What did Moby Dick do to Captain Ahab? To what does the narrator compare this action? 2. Describe in your own words how Ahab reacted to this injury. 3. This is obviously much more than the simple story of a whale hunt: what do you think Melville is really trying to say in this passage? 4. Ahab's quest to destroy the whale eventually leads to his own destruction. Do you think obsessions like those can be positive?

67. Comment upon Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*:

From *Song of Myself*

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.
I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.
My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their
parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.
Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

6

A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green
stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
 A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see
 and remark, and say Whose?
 Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.
 Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
 And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
 Growing among black folks as among white,
 Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I
 receive them the same.
 And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.
 Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
 It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
 It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
 It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out
 of their mothers' laps,
 And here you are the mothers' laps.
 This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
 Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
 Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.
 O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,
 And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.
 I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
 And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken
 soon out of their laps.
 What do you think has become of the young and old men?
 And what do you think has become of the women and children?
 They are alive and well somewhere,
 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
 And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the
 end to arrest it,
 And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.
 All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

Answer the questions:

1. What mood does the poet celebrate in poem 1? What makes him so enthusiastic? 2. How does Whitman see himself in relation to nature and other people? 3. How do you understand “the original energy of Nature”? 4. Find

examples of alliteration. Comment on its function in the poem. 5. In poem 6, what episode from Whitman’s past comes to life? 6. What are Whitman’s metaphors referring to grass? What metaphors could you use? 7. How does the poet view death and life? What philosophical questions are raised here? 8. In answering the child’s question, Whitman accumulates many images into an extended metaphor. How does it differ from a usual one?

68. Read and discuss Emily Dickinson’s poems.

A. A common idea in Dickinson’s poems is that not having increases our appreciation or enjoyment of what we lack; the person who lacks (or does not have) understands whatever is lacking better than the person who possesses it. In this poem, *Success is Counted Sweetest*, the loser knows the meaning of victory better than the winners. The implication is that he has “won” this knowledge by paying so high a price, with the anguish of defeat and with his death.

Success is counted sweetest	Can tell the definition,
By those who ne’er succeed.	So clear, of victory!
To comprehend a nectar	
Requires sorest need.	As he, defeated, dying,
	On whose forbidden ear
Not one of all the purple host	The distant strains of triumph
Who took the flag to-day	Burst agonized and clear!

Notes:

sorest – greatest.

Answer the questions:

1. In stanza one, Dickinson repeats the s sound and, to a lesser degree, n. Why does she use this alliteration? i.e., are the words significant? 2. “Sorest” is used with the older meaning of greatest, but can it also have the more common meaning? 3. What are the associations of “nectar” –good, bad, indifferent? 4. In stanza two, “purple” connotes royalty; the robes of kings and emperors were dyed purple. It is also the colour of blood. Are these connotations appropriate to the poem? 5. In a battle, what does a flag represent? Why is victory described in terms of taking the losing side’s flag? 6. In stanza three, what words are connected by d sounds and by s sounds? Is there any reason for connecting or emphasizing these words? 7. Dickinson is compressing language and omitting connections in the last three lines. The dying man’s ears are not really “forbidden”; the triumphant sounds that he hears are not really “agonized”. Explain the metaphors.

B. In the following poem, *It was not death, for I stood up*, Dickinson is recreating a state of hopelessness, a depression so profound that a psychologist might diagnose it as clinical depression. The speaker is attempting to define or understand her own condition, to know the cause of her torment. Thus the poem starts with an unidentified “it”; the reader doesn’t know what the pronoun refers to because the speaker doesn’t know the cause of her anguish. The poem traces the speaker’s attempt to find a name for “it”

It was not death, for I stood up,	As if my life were shaven
And all the dead lie down;	And fitted to a frame,
It was not night, for all the bells	And could not breathe without a key;

Put out their tongues, for noon.

And I was like midnight, some,

It was not frost, for on my flesh
I felt siroccos crawl,
Nor fire, for just my marble feet
Could keep a chancel cool.
And yet it tasted like them all;
The figures I have seen
Set orderly, for burial,
Reminded me of mine,

When everything that ticked has stopped,
And space stares, all around,
Or grisly frosts, first autumn morns,
Repeal the beating ground.
But most like chaos, –stopless, cool,
Without a chance or spar, –
Or even a report of land
To justify despair.

Notes:

spar: a strong pole used for a mast, boom, etc.

Answer the questions:

1. What concrete details about the body does Dickinson use to describe the speaker's psychological state? 2. Though the speaker describes her confusion about a chaotic emotional state, the poem is neither chaotic nor confused. What stylistic device gives order to her description? 3. In stanza 4, in what sense does the speaker's life become "shaved"? 4. Stanza five gives us more information about her despair. What is it? 5. The last stanza expresses an overwhelming hopelessness. What images does Dickinson use to show the sentiment? 6. Indicate the paradox that is contained in the last line of the poem. Dickinson has a profound understanding of the human psyche and a rare ability to communicate a sense of despair and depression. Have you ever tried to tell someone else about some profound feeling or psychological state? Or have you ever tried to understand someone telling you about his or her emotional condition? How much time and how much energy were expended in this effort? Was it successful?

C. In this poem, *I'm nobody! Who are you?*, Dickinson revises the meanings of the pronouns *nobody* and *somebody*:

I'm nobody! Who are you? How dreary to be somebody!
Are you nobody, too? How public, like a frog
Then there's a pair of us –don't tell! To tell your name the livelong day
They'd banish us, you know. To an admiring bog!

Answer the questions:

1. In this poem, Dickinson adopts the persona of a child who is open, naive, and innocent. However, are the questions asked and the final statement made by this poem naive? 2. If they are not, then the poem is ironic because of the discrepancy between the persona's understanding and view and those of Dickinson and the reader. Under the guise of the child's accepting society's values, is Dickinson really rejecting those values? 3. Is Dickinson suggesting that the true somebody is really the "nobody"? 4. In stanza 2, does the child-speaker reject the role of "somebody"? How do you know that? 5. Why does the speaker use the frog comparison to depicts "somebody"? What characteristics of a frog are implied? 6. Does the word "bog" (wet, spongy ground) have positive or negative connotations? What qualities are associated with the sounds a frog makes (croaking)? 7. Is there satire in this poem?

8. Some readers, who are modest and self-effacing or who lack confidence, feel validated by this poem. Why?

D. In the following poem, *The soul selects her own society*, Dickinson presents the individual as absolute and the right of the individual as unchallengeable. In this poem, the soul's identity is assured. The unqualified belief in the individual and in self-reliance is characteristically and quintessentially American.

The soul selects her own society,	I've known her from an ample nation
Then shuts the door;	Choose one;
On her divine majority	Then close the valves of her attention
Obtrude no more.	Like stone.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

Answer the questions:

1. This poem about friendship or of love, if you prefer, illustrates why Dickinson has been called the poet of exclusion. The poem describes choosing a friend (or lover), and rejecting (excluding) all others. Do you feel a difference in her presentation of these two actions, selecting and rejecting? Does she emphasize selecting the friend more than rejecting all others, or is the act of excluding emphasized? 2. This poem also illustrates Dickinson's tendency to write lines in units of two. If you look at the lines, you will see that all the lines in this poem are organized in units of two. In lines 1 and 2, what sound is repeated? Is she emphasizing key words with this alliteration? 3. Dickinson has the "soul" doing the choosing. What aspects or part of the human being does "soul" represent? For example, the stomach would represent appetite and hunger or express our physical needs; the brain, our rational or intellectual side. Does using "soul" give a high or a low value to the way this individual selects friends? 4. In the phrase "divine majority", "divine" does more than just continue the image of "soul." It confers status, and status is an important idea in Dickinson's poetry. As to the word "majority", it has several meanings: (1) more than half, (2) the age of legal adulthood, no longer a minor, (3) the military rank of major, (4) superiority (an obsolete meaning today). Which definition or definitions are meant here? Think about how each one fits into the meaning of the poem and how it adds to the effect of the poem. It is possible, in a poem, for all these meanings to be intended. 5. What kind of a gesture is shutting the door? Is it, for example, an action that leaves open the possibility of change, or is it a final action? 6. What are the connotations of the word "obtrude"? Does it suggest a charming interruption, an offensive action, or some other type of behavior on the part of the people who have been excluded? 7. The soul is not won by worldly rank or power. A number of words indicate status: chariot, low gate, emperor, kneeling, mat. Who has the superior worldly status? Is there a suggestion of status and superiority in some other scale of values? Consider that the emperor has come to her, for his chariot is at her gate. Is there a hint that he is courting her? 8. Having chosen one from many ("ample nation"), the soul closes the "valves" of her attention. Do closed valves allow anything in? Is the phrase "like stone" relevant here? 9. What is like stone –the soul's

choice, her attention, or the valves? What qualities do we associate with stone – warmth, cold, softness, flexibility, hardness? 10. In the first two stanzas, the second and fourth lines have four syllables. However, in the last stanza, the second and fourth lines are shorter than in the preceding stanzas; each line has only two syllables. How do these lines sound? Is it an appropriate effect for the idea expressed in these lines?

69. Read Mark Twain's *Advice To Little Girls* and speak of his style:

Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offense. This retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravated circumstances.

If you have nothing but a rag-doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little play-mates has a costly China one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

You ought never to take your little brother's "chewing-gum" away from him by main force; it is better to rope him in with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to this time of life, he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.

If at any time you find it necessary to correct your brother, do not correct him with mud –never, on any account, throw mud at him, because it will spoil his clothes. It is better to scold him a little, for then you obtain desirable results. You secure his immediate attention to the lessons you are inculcating, and at the same time your hot water will have a tendency to move impurities from his person, and possibly the skin, in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterward act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your best judgment.

You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parents that you are indebted for your food, and your nice bed, and for your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on that you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little prejudices, and humor their little whims, and put up with their little foibles until they get to crowding you too much.

Good little girls always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to "sass" old people unless they "sass" you first.

Answer the questions:

1. What is meant by "peculiarly aggravated circumstances"? 2. What kind of typical behaviour is implied in the Advice? 3. By what means is humorous effect achieved?

70. Henry James, one of the greatest and most influential writers in American literature, explored the conflict between the culture of the New and Old World. He was especially worried about the moral and psychological changes in an innocent

character, usually Americans, who suddenly find themselves exposed to the cultural richness of Europe. Read and discuss a fragment from the author's *Daisy Miller: A Study*:

At the little town of Vevey, in Switzerland, there is a particularly comfortable hotel. There are, indeed, many hotels, for the entertainment of tourists is the business of the place, which, as many travelers will remember, is seated upon the edge of a remarkably blue lake—a lake that it behooves every tourist to visit (...) One of the hotels at Vevey, however, is famous, even classical, being distinguished from many of its upstart neighbors by an air both of luxury and of maturity. In this region, in the month of June, American travelers are extremely numerous; it may be said, indeed, that Vevey assumes at this period some of the characteristics of an American watering place (...) There is a flitting hither and thither of “stylish” young girls, a rustling of muslin flounces, a rattle of dance music in the morning hours, a sound of high-pitched voices at all times (...) But at the “Trois Couronnes,” it must be added, there are other features that are much at variance with these suggestions: neat German waiters, who look like secretaries of legation; Russian princesses sitting in the garden; little Polish boys walking about held by the hand, with their governors; a view of the sunny crest of the Dent du Midi and the picturesque towers of the Castle of Chillon.

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or the differences that were uppermost in the mind of a young American, who, two or three years ago, sat in the garden of the “Trois Couronnes,” looking about him, rather idly, at some of the graceful objects I have mentioned. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in whatever fashion the young American looked at things, they must have seemed to him charming. He had come from Geneva the day before by the little steamer, to see his aunt, who was staying at the hotel—Geneva having been for a long time his place of residence. But his aunt had a headache—his aunt had almost always a headache—and now she was shut up in her room, smelling camphor, so that he was at liberty to wander about. He was some seven-and-twenty years of age; when his friends spoke of him, they usually said that he was at Geneva “studying.” When his enemies spoke of him, they said—but, after all, he had no enemies; he was an extremely amiable fellow, and universally liked. What I should say is, simply, that when certain persons spoke of him they affirmed that the reason of his spending so much time at Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there—a foreign lady—a person older than himself. Very few Americans—indeed, I think none—had ever seen this lady, about whom there were some singular stories. But Winterbourne had an old attachment for the little metropolis of Calvinism; he had been put to school there as a boy, and he had afterward gone to college there—circumstances which had led to his forming a great many youthful friendships. Many of these he had kept, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him.

After knocking at his aunt's door and learning that she was indisposed, he had taken a walk about the town, and then he had come in to his breakfast. He had now finished his breakfast; but he was drinking a small cup of coffee, which had been served to him on a little table in the garden by one of the waiters who looked like an attache. At last he finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. Presently a small boy came

walking along the path –an urchin of nine or ten. The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance, a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindle-shanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into everything that he approached– the flowerbeds, the garden benches, the trains of the ladies' dresses. In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright, penetrating little eyes.

“Will you give me a lump of sugar?” he asked in a sharp, hard little voice –a voice immature and yet, somehow, not young.

Winterbourne glanced at the small table near him, on which his coffee service rested, and saw that several morsels of sugar remained. “Yes, you may take one,” he answered; “but I don't think sugar is good for little boys.”

This little boy stepped forward and carefully selected three of the coveted fragments, two of which he buried in the pocket of his knickerbockers, depositing the other as promptly in another place. He poked his alpenstock, lance-fashion, into Winterbourne's bench and tried to crack the lump of sugar with his teeth.

“Oh, blazes; it's har-r-d!” he exclaimed, pronouncing the adjective in a peculiar manner.

Winterbourne had immediately perceived that he might have the honor of claiming him as a fellow countryman. “Take care you don't hurt your teeth,” he said, paternally.

“I haven't got any teeth to hurt. They have all come out. I have only got seven teeth. My mother counted them last night, and one came out right afterward. She said she'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it. It's this old Europe. It's the climate that makes them come out. In America they didn't come out. It's these hotels.”

Winterbourne was much amused. “If you eat three lumps of sugar, your mother will certainly slap you,” he said.

“She's got to give me some candy, then,” rejoined his young interlocutor. “I can't get any candy here –any American candy. American candy's the best candy.” (...) “Are you an American man?” pursued this vivacious infant. And then, on Winterbourne's affirmative reply –“American men are the best,” he declared (...)

Winterbourne wondered if he himself had been like this in his infancy, for he had been brought to Europe at about this age.

“Here comes my sister!” cried the child in a moment. “She's an American girl.”

Winterbourne looked along the path and saw a beautiful young lady advancing. (...) She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-colored ribbon. She was bareheaded, but she balanced in her hand a large parasol, with a deep border of embroidery; and she was strikingly, admirably pretty. “How pretty they are!” thought Winterbourne, straightening himself in his seat, as if he were prepared to rise.

The young lady paused in front of his bench, near the parapet of the garden, which overlooked the lake. The little boy had now converted his alpenstock

into a vaulting pole, by the aid of which he was springing about in the gravel and kicking it up not a little.

“Randolph,” said the young lady, “what ARE you doing?”

“I'm going up the Alps,” replied Randolph. “This is the way!” And he gave another little jump, scattering the pebbles about Winterbourne's ears.

“That's the way they come down,” said Winterbourne.

“He's an American man!” cried Randolph, in his little hard voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this announcement, but looked straight at her brother. “Well, I guess you had better be quiet,” she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner presented. He got up and stepped slowly toward the young girl, throwing away his cigarette. “This little boy and I have made acquaintance,” he said, with great civility. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady except under certain rarely occurring conditions; but here at Vevey, what conditions could be better than these? –a pretty American girl coming and standing in front of you in a garden. This pretty American girl, however, on hearing Winterbourne's observation, simply glanced at him; she then turned her head and looked over the parapet, at the lake and the opposite mountains. He wondered whether he had gone too far, but he decided that he must advance farther, rather than retreat. While he was thinking of something else to say, the young lady turned to the little boy again.

“I should like to know where you got that pole,” she said.

“I bought it,” responded Randolph.

“You don't mean to say you're going to take it to Italy?”

“Yes, I am going to take it to Italy,” the child declared. (...)

“Are you going to Italy?” Winterbourne inquired in a tone of great respect.

The young lady glanced at him again. “Yes, sir,” she replied. And she said nothing more.

“Are you –a –going over the Simplon?” Winterbourne pursued, a little embarrassed.

“I don't know,” she said. “I suppose it's some mountain. Randolph, what mountain are we going over?” (...)

“I don't know,” said Randolph. “I don't want to go to Italy. I want to go to America.” (...)

The young lady inspected her flounces and smoothed her ribbons again; and Winterbourne presently risked an observation upon the beauty of the view. He was ceasing to be embarrassed, for he had begun to perceive that she was not in the least embarrassed herself. There had not been the slightest alteration in her charming complexion; she was evidently neither offended nor flattered. If she looked another way when he spoke to her, and seemed not particularly to hear him, this was simply her habit, her manner.

Yet, as he talked a little more and pointed out some of the objects of interest in the view, with which she appeared quite unacquainted, she gradually gave him more of the benefit of her glance; and then he saw that this glance was perfectly direct and unshrinking. It was not, however, what would have been called an immodest glance,

for the young girl's eyes were singularly honest and fresh. They were wonderfully pretty eyes; and, indeed, Winterbourne had not seen for a long time anything prettier than his fair countrywoman's various features –her complexion, her nose, her ears, her teeth. He had a great relish for feminine beauty; he was addicted to observing and analyzing it; and as regards this young lady's face he made several observations. It was not at all insipid, but it was not exactly expressive; and though it was eminently delicate, Winterbourne mentally accused it –very forgivingly –of a want of finish. He thought it very possible that Master Randolph's sister was a coquette; he was sure she had a spirit of her own; but in her bright, sweet, superficial little visage there was no mockery, no irony. Before long it became obvious that she was much disposed toward conversation. She told him that they were going to Rome for the winter –she and her mother and Randolph. She asked him if he was a “real American”; she shouldn't have taken him for one; he seemed more like a German –this was said after a little hesitation –especially when he spoke. Winterbourne, laughing, answered that he had met Germans who spoke like Americans, but that he had not, so far as he remembered, met an American who spoke like a German. Then he asked her if she should not be more comfortable in sitting upon the bench which he had just quitted. She answered that she liked standing up and walking about; but she presently sat down. She told him she was from New York State –“if you know where that is.” Winterbourne learned more about her by catching hold of her small, slippery brother and making him stand a few minutes by his side.

“Tell me your name, my boy,” he said.

“Randolph C. Miller,” said the boy sharply. “And I'll tell you her name”; and he leveled his alpenstock at his sister.

“You had better wait till you are asked!” said this young lady calmly.

“I should like very much to know your name,” said Winterbourne.

“Her name is Daisy Miller!” cried the child. “But that isn't her real name; that isn't her name on her cards.”

“It's a pity you haven't got one of my cards!” said Miss Miller.

“Her real name is Annie P. Miller,” the boy went on.

“Ask him HIS name,” said his sister, indicating Winterbourne.

But on this point Randolph seemed perfectly indifferent; he continued to supply information with regard to his own family. “My father's name is Ezra B. Miller,” he announced. “My father ain't in Europe; my father's in a better place than Europe.”

Winterbourne imagined for a moment that this was the manner in which the child had been taught to intimate that Mr. Miller had been removed to the sphere of celestial reward. But Randolph immediately added, “My father's in Schenectady. He's got a big business. My father's rich, you bet!”

“Well!” ejaculated Miss Miller, lowering her parasol and looking at the embroidered border. Winterbourne presently released the child, who departed, dragging his alpenstock along the path. “He doesn't like Europe,” said the young girl. “He wants to go back... He hasn't got any boys here. There is one boy here, but he always goes round with a teacher; they won't let him play.”

“And your brother hasn't any teacher?” Winterbourne inquired.

“Mother thought of getting him one, to travel round with us... But Randolph said he didn’t want a teacher traveling round with us. He said he wouldn’t have lessons when he was in the cars. And we ARE in the cars about half the time. There was an English lady we met in the cars (...) She wanted to know why I didn’t give Randolph lessons –give him ‘instruction,’ she called it. I guess he could give me more instruction than I could give him. He’s very smart.”

“Yes,” said Winterbourne; “he seems very smart.”

“Mother’s going to get a teacher for him as soon as we get to Italy. (...) Or else she’s going to find some school. He ought to learn some more. He’s only nine. He’s going to college.”

And in this way Miss Miller continued to converse upon the affairs of her family and upon other topics. She sat there with her extremely pretty hands, ornamented with very brilliant rings, folded in her lap, and with her pretty eyes now resting upon those of Winterbourne, now wandering over the garden, the people who passed by, and the beautiful view. She talked to Winterbourne as if she had known him a long time. He found it very pleasant. It was many years since he had heard a young girl talk so much. It might have been said of this unknown young lady, who had come and sat down beside him upon a bench, that she chattered. She was very quiet; she sat in a charming, tranquil attitude; but her lips and her eyes were constantly moving. She had a soft, slender, agreeable voice, and her tone was decidedly sociable. She gave Winterbourne a history of her movements and intentions and those of her mother and brother, in Europe, and enumerated, in particular, the various hotels at which they had stopped. “That English lady in the cars,” she said – “Miss Featherstone –asked me if we didn’t all – live in hotels in America. I told her I had never been in so many hotels in my life as since I came to Europe. I have never seen so many –it’s nothing but hotels.” But Miss Miller did not make this remark with a querulous accent; she appeared to be in the best humor with everything. She declared that the hotels were very good, when once you got used to their ways, and that Europe was perfectly sweet. She was not disappointed –not a bit. Perhaps it was because she had heard so much about it before. She had ever so many intimate friends that had been there ever so many times. And then she had had ever so many dresses and things from Paris. Whenever she put on a Paris dress she felt as if she were in Europe.

“It was a kind of a wishing cap,” said Winterbourne.

“Yes,” said Miss Miller without examining this analogy; “it always made me wish I was here. But I needn’t have done that for dresses. I am sure they send all the pretty ones to America; you see the most frightful things here. The only thing I don’t like,” she proceeded, “is the society. There isn’t any society; or, if there is, I don’t know where it keeps itself. Do you? I suppose there is some society somewhere, but I haven’t seen anything of it. I’m very fond of society, and I have always had a great deal of it. I don’t mean only in Schenectady, but in New York. I used to go to New York every winter. In New York I had lots of society. Last winter I had seventeen dinners given me; and three of them were by gentlemen,” added Daisy Miller. “I have more friends in New York than in Schenectady –more gentleman friends; and more young lady friends too,” she resumed in a moment. She paused again for an instant; she was looking at

Winterbourne with all her prettiness in her lively eyes and in her light, slightly monotonous smile. "I have always had," she said, "a great deal of gentlemen's society."

Poor Winterbourne was amused, perplexed, and decidedly charmed. He had never yet heard a young girl express herself in just this fashion; never, at least, save in cases where to say such things seemed a kind of demonstrative evidence of a certain laxity of deportment. And yet was he to accuse Miss Daisy Miller of actual or potential inconduite, as they said at Geneva? He felt that he had lived at Geneva so long that he had lost a good deal; he had become dishabituated to the American tone. Never, indeed, since he had grown old enough to appreciate things, had he encountered a young American girl of so pronounced a type as this. Certainly she was very charming, but how deucedly sociable! Was she simply a pretty girl from New York State? Were they all like that, the pretty girls who had a good deal of gentlemen's society? Or was she also a designing, an audacious, an unscrupulous young person? Winterbourne had lost his instinct in this matter, and his reason could not help him. Miss Daisy Miller looked extremely innocent. Some people had told him that, after all, American girls were exceedingly innocent; and others had told him that, after all, they were not. He was inclined to think Miss Daisy Miller was a flirt –a pretty American flirt. He had never, as yet, had any relations with young ladies of this category. He had known, here in Europe, two or three women –persons older than Miss Daisy Miller, and provided, for respectability's sake, with husbands –who were great coquettes –dangerous, terrible women, with whom one's relations were liable to take a serious turn. But this young girl was not a coquette in that sense; she was very unsophisticated; she was only a pretty American flirt. Winterbourne was almost grateful for having found the formula that applied to Miss Daisy Miller. He leaned back in his seat; he remarked to himself that she had the most charming nose he had ever seen; he wondered what were the regular conditions and limitations of one's intercourse with a pretty American flirt. It presently became apparent that he was on the way to learn.

Answer the questions:

1. Where does the action take place? 2. What features of Vevey are characteristic of an American watering place and what are different? 3. What does the reader come to know about Winterbourne? 3. How did Winterbourne get acquainted with Randolph? Why was the boy so much impressed by his being American? Why did he think that American men, American candy were the best? 4. What was Winterbourne's first impression of Daisy Miller? 5. What did he come to know about the Millers' life in Europe? 6. What was Daisy's real name? What do you think the name she chose for herself implies? 7. Can the name "Winterbourne" bear any implications? 8. Why does the narrator emphasize Daisy's innocence and lack of sophistication? In what way do these features reveal themselves? 9. What do you suppose is going to happen next?

71. Read and discuss the initial passage from *Call of the Wild* by **Jack London** and speak about the author's themes and method:

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the

Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, –strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king, –king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large, –he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds, –for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness— faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny. The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'm," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

(...) Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door

rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.