Pre-1914 Literature

Teacher Guide

The New English GCSE 2015

The new English GCSE will be a challenge for teachers in September 2015 because it will all be exam based, and there will be a shift in emphasis towards approaching unseen texts and pre-1914 texts.

English teachers have worked hard across London to produce some interesting and useful resources for anyone to pick up and adapt for their purposes. This bank of resources should help us all to start the new GCSE with more confidence, perhaps teaching unfamiliar and challenging texts, and ensuring we help our students develop the skills and knowledge they will need to enjoy pre-1914 literature and perform well in their exams. We have thought about 'ways in' to texts, and want to help with reducing fears and accepting and exploring ambiguity in literary texts. The idea is that these resources will help students to feel more confident in approaching texts independently.

Section A

Blake and Romantic poetry

This is designed as a transitional KS3 unit, aimed at helping young people tackle these types of pre-1914 poetry texts at GCSE. It is important that students have exposure before KS4 when they will be examined on them. In particular, being able to contextualise the work seems to often be one of the biggest challenges. This scheme of work starts by doing that, including a variety of different resources to make it stimulating. There are also powerpoints and activity suggestions for various Blake poems.

Please see attached a copy of the scheme of work and an example of the first context lesson, including the accompanying resources, and an example of another lesson on one of Blake's poems.

Section B

Approaching Unseen Texts

This section aims to prepare students to approach unseen texts from pre-1914. We have provided an introduction which outlines a strategy that students can follow in order to analyse and deconstruct texts, focusing on the overall message of the text and the ways in which the writer uses language, structure and form to convey meaning. This is followed by a range of texts from different literary periods which teachers can use to develop these skills. We hope that students will steadily become more familiar with the language used in pre-1914 texts, enabling them to approach this section of the exam with confidence.

Section C

Literary Context

In order to teach a wide range of unseen literature from different eras it is helpful for teachers to have a good grasp of the literary movements and major historical events which helped to shape the texts. Here is a broad guide followed by a quick reference chronology of Britain's literary heritage.

Section D

Stretch and Challenge. Difficult, but interesting

Thomas Hardy's poetry could be studied by able Key Stage 4 pupils or used for unseen analysis by Key Stage 5 students. Notes, powerpoints and suggested questions and group work activities are provided here for adaptation.

Section A

Transitional Unit: Blake and Romantic Poetry

The New English GCSE 2015

The new English GCSE will be a challenge for teachers in September 2015 because it will all be exam based, and there will be a shift in emphasis towards approaching unseen texts and pre-1914 texts.

English teachers have worked hard across London to produce some interesting and useful (we hope!) resources for anyone to pick up and adapt for their purposes. This bank of resources should help us all to start the new GCSE with more confidence, perhaps teaching unfamiliar and challenging texts, and ensuring we help our students develop the skills and knowledge they will need to enjoy pre-1914 literature and perform well in their exams. We have thought about 'ways in' to texts, and want to help with reducing fears and accepting and exploring ambiguity in literary texts. The idea is that these resources will help students to feel more confident in approaching texts independently.

Section A

Blake and Romantic poetry

This is designed as a transitional KS3 unit, aimed at helping young people tackle these types of pre-1914 poetry texts at GCSE. It is important that students have exposure before KS4 when they will be examined on them. In particular, being able to contextualise the work seems to often be one of the biggest challenges. This scheme of work starts by doing that, including a variety of different resources to make it stimulating. There are also powerpoints and activity suggestions for various Blake poems.

Please see attached a copy of the scheme of work and an example of the first context lesson, including the accompanying resources, and an example of another lesson on one of Blake's poems.

Subject:	Course/Year group:	Topic:

Overview: In order to develop students' creative response to poetry, students will be engaging with a selection of Blake's poems, and exploring links to the Romantic tradition.

Literacy Focus	Numeracy Focus	Habits of Mind Focus (delete as appropriate and add brief details)
Writing – anthology of creative work, inspired by Songs of Innocence and Experience Reading – comparative analysis of The Lamb and The Tyger Speaking and Listening – debate on London		**Inquisitive** - Wondering & questioning, Exploring possibilities, Challenging assumptions **Collaborative** - Co-operating appropriately, Giving & receiving feedback, Sharing the 'product' **Persistent** - Sticking with difficulty, Daring to be different, Tolerating uncertainty **Disciplined** - Crafting & improving, Reflecting critically, Developing techniques **Imaginative** - Using intuition, Making connections, Playing with possibilities

Key Concepts and Processes	Expectations and Assessment Objectives	Cross-curricular and inter-disciplinary links
	Writing AF **Reading AF** **S&L AF**	Music Art Drama

Learning Objectives including literacy, numeracy and habits of mind (as appropriate)	Differentiated teaching points/activities including stretch and challenge	Suggested resources	Suggested AfL activities and formal assessment (when appropriate)	Extended enquiry

Week 1	**Lesson 1** **To understand the conventions and themes of some Romantic poetry** • All: must be able to identify some of the basic features of the Romantic tradition • Most: will be able to understand the conventions of Romantic poetry, making connections between different stimuli • Some: will be able to evaluate the values and themes of the Romantic period.	**Starter:** Students walk in to the classroom with 'The Lamb' by Tavener playing as they enter (embedded into ppt). Ppt slide up asking questions about the song. **Introduction:** Teacher to give a very rough introductory explanation on Romantic poetry, explaining that this will be the focus of this half term and that pupils will be exploring the conventions and themes this lesson through different stimuli. Model annotations/thoughts on an image, a couple of facts etc. **Set homework** **Development:** Now they will look at some images, some aphorisms, and some facts about Blake and about the romantic period. These will be set out in a carousel on different tables in the lesson. Students to move around in 4 groups and they must make as many notes as possible about what they learn. 4 minutes at each station. **Plenary:** answer in their own words, the question: What do we associate with the Romantic tradition?	• Ppt • Images by Blake • List of aphorisms by Blake • List of facts about Romantic poetry • List of facts about Blake • Music by Tavener (on ppt) • Blake's timeline - handout for h/w (hard copy - pg of EMC guide)		Research 5 points from the timeline of Blake's life (handout) and write a paragraph on each aspect (cite their sources - no/not only Wikipedia!) Teacher to guide/highlight the most relevant points on the timeline, including 1750 - beginning of industrialisation; 1789 - French Revolution and Songs of Innocence is engraved etc; 1803 - Blake charged with sedition
	Lesson 2 **To explore the theme of innocence and link it to Infant Joy; to respond creatively to the theme in own writing**	**Starter:** Students to mind map the theme 'innocence' in their books. What do we associate with innocence? Can they give examples?	PPT Picture of the cover of "Innocence" by Blake		

	• All: will identify main links between innocence and Blake's poem, and start to include it in own writing • Most: will be able to annotate Infant Joy and respond creatively to the theme of innocence in own writing • All - will evaluate the theme of innocence in relation to the poem, and develop creative response critically	Show dictionary definition of 'innocent/innocence' as well as key quotations/front cover on PPT. Students to add to their mind maps based on this. **Development:** Read Infant Joy as a class, ideally asking different students to read the different voices. Ask students what voices are present in the poem, and why Blake may have included them. Students to annotate the poem, thinking of the main ideas explored by Blake, prompting for links to Romantic tradition. PP of annotations to support. Pose question: Is this from 'Innocence' or 'Experience'? Students to discuss this, considering their mind maps and evidence from the poem. **Development 2:** Students to mind map a happy experience from childhood (under 5 years preferably). They need to include: the situation, their feelings, who else was there. **Plenary:** Using Infant Joy as inspiration, students to write their own poem based on a happy experience from childhood. Encourage more able students to emulate the techniques used by Blake.	Anthology of poems (one per student)		
	Lesson 3	**Starter:** Recap on innocence mind			

	To contrast two poems, considering the themes of innocence and experience • All will be able to compare the two poems on some aspects • Most will be able to explore the comparisons between them and link this to what we know about Blake and Romantic poetry so far • Some will be able to exploit this contrast in their own poetry	maps from last lesson. Students to mind map the term 'experience.' You may need to prompt on this one, encouraging them to consider the context of the word in different sentences/scenarios. Use the pictures/prompts on the PPT to help students further fill up their mind maps. **Development 1:** Re-cap on Infant Joy, and discuss how the ideas in the poem could be subverted to turn it into Infant Sorrow. Encourage students to consider their own bad memories from childhood (try to steer the conversation away from anything too painful!) Read Infant Sorrow with the class. Is this poem from Innocence or Experience? Why? **Development 2:** Compare this poem with Infant Joy, considering: voices in the poem, relationship between mother/father and child, language used, particularly adjectives and verbs, overall meaning/message **Extension Task:** Students to write their own creative response to Infant Sorrow, drawing upon their own bad experiences from childhood. **Plenary:** Students to consider why			

		Blake wrote two contrasting poems with similar titles. What does this suggest about how he viewed the world? How does it link to what we know about him so far?			
Week 2	**Lesson 4** **To explore the language and rhythm in The Lamb** • All: will be able to show understanding of the language used by Blake, and how it links to the overall meaning of the poem • Most: will be able to explore the language, and perhaps also the rhythm, of the poem, linking it thoughtfully to the purpose of the writer • Some: will use the P-E-A chain to explore and evaluate the links between language and meaning	**Starter:** Students to mind map what they associate with a lamb (i.e. spring, countryside, innocence etc.) **Development:** Read the poem The Lamb as a class, and then discuss some ideas that arise from it (prompts on PP). Try and link it to what we already know about Blake and the Romantics. **Development 2:** Students to unpick the poem, finding the nouns, adjectives and verbs used by Blake. Once they have a list of these, discuss as a class what this reveals about the poem and its message. **EXTENSION:** Students to write a P-E-A paragraph analysing the language used in the poem. **Development 3:** There are resources on the slide for you to explore the theme of religion, and also the rhyme scheme used by Blake. Depending on your class and timings, this may go into the next lesson. **Plenary:** Students to consider Blake's purpose in writing the poem - what ideas was he	PPT Anthology - The Lamb	Peer assessment of PEA chain	Bring in a photograph of an animal of your choice

		exploring and what did he want the reader to consider? (More prompts on the PP)			
	Lesson 5 **To use The Lamb as an inspiration for creative writing** • All: will create a bank of interesting words to describe an animal of their choice • Most: will link these words to a wider idea or concept • Some: will fully engage with the concept of extended metaphors and embed one into their planning.	**Starter:** Depending on the needs of your class, starter should be grammar focused (there are lots of resources for this in the SPAG folder on the google drive) **Development:** Recap on some of the main ideas in The Lamb, and how Blake used this animal to explore wider issues. Explain task: students will be writing their own creative response, directed to an animal of their choice, exploring their own ideas and issues. **Development 2:** Using the photos brought in for homework, students to come up with a bank of words to describe their animal (adjectives, verbs, adverbs as well as imagery) Sample of this on PP. Introduce the idea of an extended metaphor, example on PP. Students to try and incorporate this idea into their own planning. EXTENSION: Students to write a sample paragraph to be peer assessed. **Plenary:** Discussion of their ideas - how can they describe their animal, and also explore wider issues/ideas associated with them. Ask students for their own ideas to be shared with the class.	PPT Thesauruses		

	Lesson 6 **To write a piece of creative writing inspired by The Lamb** • All: will describe an animal of their choice in detail, showing some awareness of wider ideas • Most: will use a variety of language techniques to describe their animal, linking to wider ideas and issues • Some: will fully embed an extended metaphor into their writing, and use Blake as an inspiration for the style and concepts within the piece.	**Students to be given the whole lesson to write their creative piece. This can be used as part of their WRITING ASSESSMENT.**			
Week 3	**Lessons 7 and 8 – analysis of The Tyger** **Lessons 9-10** Compare 'London' by Blake with Wordsworth's London Speaking and listening – debate on London				
Week 4	Reading assessment comparison - comparative analysis of The Lamb and The Tyger				
Week 5		• All: • Most: • Some:			
Week 6	Complete writing assessment – complete poetry anthologies	• All: • Most: • Some:			
Week 7		• All: • Most: • Some:			

'The Lamb' by John Tavener
Words by William Blake

What does the music make you feel?
What do you think the song is about?

Romantic poetry:
Blake's Songs of Innocence and Experience

LO: To understand the conventions and themes of some Romantic poetry.

Homework

- Choose 5 points to research from the timeline (handout) of Blake's life.
- Write a paragraph on each aspect (cite your sources - no/not only Wikipedia!)

Opposites: good vs evil

Natural setting

Religious and Supernatural imagery

Mythological creatures

Now you will make your own notes under the following four subheadings:

1) **Images** – note down what stands out to you. Are there any images that you can spot more than once? What themes can you pick out?
2) **Aphorisms** (proverbs/sayings) from Blake's book *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* – choose your favourite saying. Do you agree with them? Why/why not?
3) **Facts** about **Blake**
4) **Facts** about the **Romantic period.**

These will be set out in a carousel on different tables. **4 minutes** at each station!

Plenary:

In your own words, answer the question: **What do we associate with the Romantic tradition?**

What question(s) do you still have about Romantic poetry or about William Blake?

Before reading

Blake in his times

In these activities you will:

- think about the times in which Blake lived
- consider people's reactions to Blake during his lifetime and since
- compare what you have discovered about Blake with what you know of more modern artists, poets and musicians.

Resource and activity are included on the CD ROM.

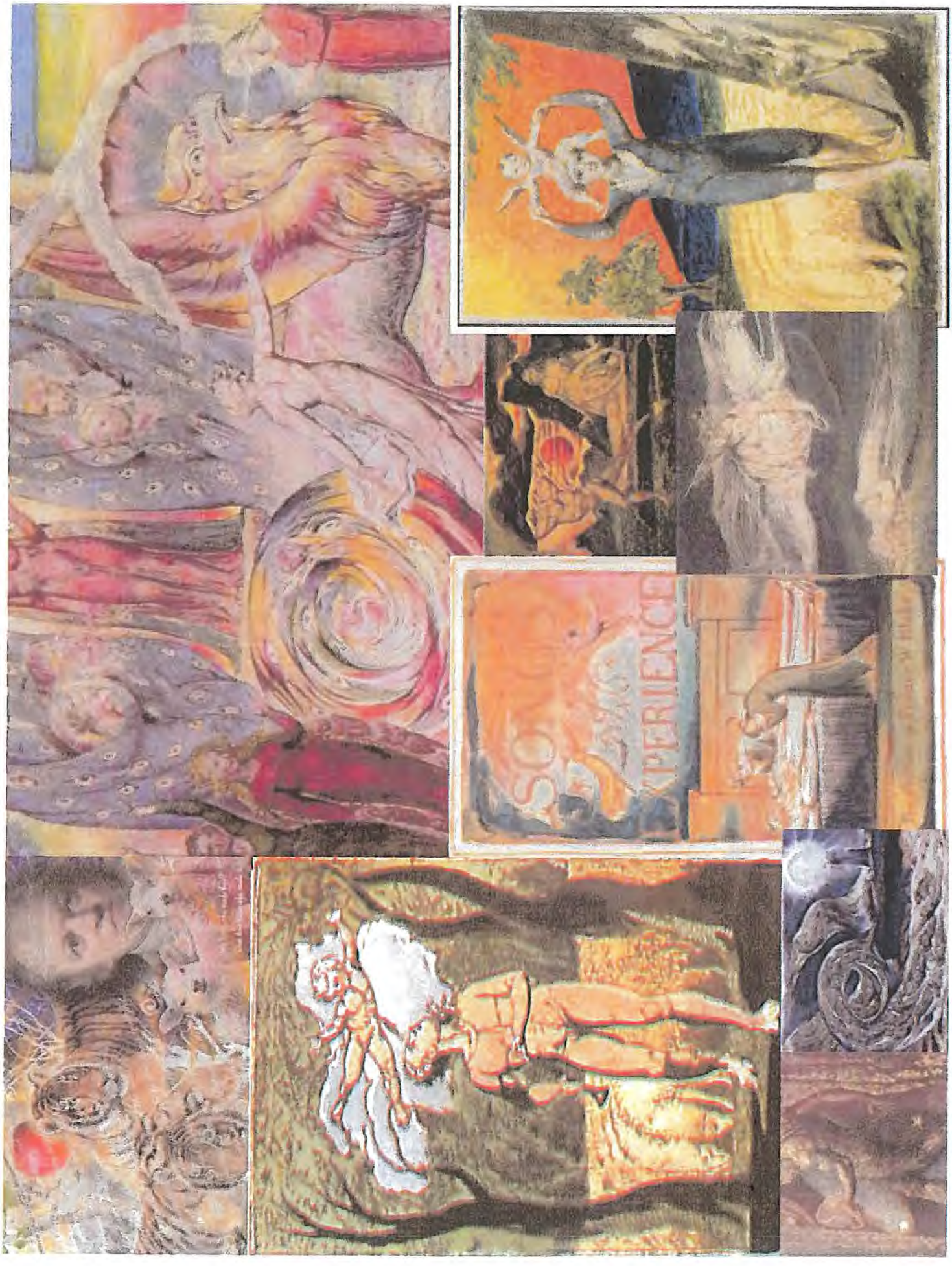
Blake – a few dates

■ Look carefully at the key dates in Blake's life, then, in pairs, explore the questions below.

- What kind of world might Blake have been living in? Find adjectives to express your view (e.g. peaceful? stable? rural? dangerous?).
- What might have changed for Blake between his youth and his adult life?
- What else can you tell from these dates and facts about the *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*?

1750-	Process of industrialisation begins
1757	Born, in London
1767	Apprenticed as an engraver
1775-1783	War of American Independence and 1776, Declaration of Independence
1780	Gordon Riots in London – Blake sees the burning of Newgate Prison
1782	Marries Catherine
1784	Sets up print shop; the business fails within a few years
1788-89	Becomes involved in the Swedenborgian New Church, setting himself apart from orthodox religion
1789	French Revolution; *Songs of Innocence* is engraved and privately printed
1791-2	Thomas Paine publishes *The Rights of Man*; it is read and heard by two million people – a fifth of the total population of Britain
1792	The Paris Massacres – the ideals of the Revolution are destroyed by tyranny
1793	Execution of Louis XVI; France declares war on England; in England the Aliens' Act restricts liberty of foreigners; Traitorous Correspondence Bill gives the state the right to open mail; *America* and *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* are published
1794	*Songs of Innocence and of Experience* is engraved; Pitt suspends Habeas Corpus (which protects defendants from unjustified detention) and curbs the freedom of the press (the 'Gagging Acts')
1795	Pitt introduces Treasonable Practices and Seditious Meetings Bills
1799	Combination Laws suppress trade unionism
1803	Blake is accused of cursing the King and is charged with 'sedition' but finally acquitted of the charge
1811-13	Luddite rioters start machine breaking (17 rioters executed in 1813)
1815-17	Civil unrest sparked by bad harvest
1819	Peterloo massacre; repressive measures to prevent sedition
1824	Repeal of Combinations Act
1827	Blake dies


THE
HEAVEN
(and)
HELL
LONDON


PERIENCED

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

"Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate are necessary to Human existence."

[contraries = opposites]

"Art is the tree of life. Science is the tree of death."

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom."

[excess = extravagance/more than enough]

"Opposition is true friendship."

"The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction."

[wrath = extreme anger]

"He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence."

[pestilence = disease]

"Art can never exist without naked beauty displayed"

"...to the eyes of the man of imagination, nature is imagination itself"

Facts about William Blake

Blake was born on 28 November 1757 and died on 12 August 1827.

Blake was not only a poet, but an extraordinary artist and printmaker. He illustrated a lot of his own poetry.

Although Blake was religious, he was against the establishment of the Church and organised religion.

Blake earned his living as an engraver and was not well known as an artist during his lifetime.

He was concerned about the awful plight of young children who were forced to work in dangerous conditions, and this is reflected in some of his poetry.

Blake was a Londoner – apart from two years, he spent all his life in London.

His wife, Catherine, was illiterate; Blake taught her to read and write and also to use his printing press.

Blake was writing in the context of the industrial revolution and was against industrialisation and commercialisation.

He was considered by some of his contemporaries to be mad – he had 'visions' and a very strong imagination.

Facts about the Romantic period

From about 1780 to about 1830 is known as the 'Romantic' period.

Other writers from the period include Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth.

The Romantics worshipped nature.

Romanticism included a fascination with the medieval, the gothic, the foreign, the exotic (especially oriental) and supernatural.

Romantics really valued the senses, and indulgence in physical passion and sensation for their own sakes.

They lived for the joy of the present moment. Carpe diem – seize the day – was a favourite mantra.

Another key trait of writers and thinkers from the period was rebelliousness against the established social and political structures of the day.

The attitudes of the first generation of Romantic writers (including Blake) were influenced by the massive revolutions during that period (the American and French revolutions).

Writers and artists of the Romantic period prized emotion, imagination and sensuality above logic and reason.

The Romantics were partly reacting to the industrial revolution (the mechanisation and modernisation of production) and the loss of individuality.

Romantic poetry:
Infant Joy

LO: To explore the theme of innocence, and link to Blake, as well as to our own writing

Mind map the following theme in your books – what do you associate with it?

Innocence

Innocence

Infant Joy

- Is this poem from the' Innocence' or 'Experience' section of the anthology – how do you know this (think about your mind map from the starter)
- How does the poem link to the Romantic tradition?

Infant Joy

Simple structure – how does this link to meaning?

What features of a lullaby are present here?

Speech marks indicate two different voices – mother and child – or poet?

'I have no name
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

Repetition of 'sweet' and 'joy' – effect?

Links made between 'sweet' and 'smile' – effect?

'Thee' focuses on the child – effect?

Infant Joy

Discuss: How does the poem explores the theme of innocence?

Creative Response

You are going to be writing your own poem, entitled Infant Joy, about a happy moment from your childhood.

Consider:

- What moment would you choose?
- How did you feel during this moment?
- Who else was involved?
- How does it link to the theme of innocence?

EXT: Can you follow the same pattern as Blake?

Sample Poem – Infant Joy

'He has no name,
That's yours to choose.'
I beamed, 'He should be Rex.'
My new best friend,
This snuggly beast.
Forever known as Rex.

Section B

Approaching Unseen Texts

Section B

Approaching Unseen Texts

In your English Literature exam you will have to analyse a text that you have never seen before. This can seem a bit daunting at first, so it might be useful to approach your analysis of the text using the following method:

Message
Setting
Tone
Structure
Techniques
Imagery
Language
Effect

1. Message
The writer's overall message in a text is very important – what are they trying to say? It is essential that you understand the purpose of the text so that when you look at specific techniques used, you can explore how they convey the writer's message, and why this is effective.

Once you have worked out the overall message of the text, you can analyse specific techniques and features. As you analyse you should ask yourself the question: how does the writer convey this message through setting, tone, structure, techniques, imagery and language... and why is this effective?

2. Setting
Where is the text set? What role does this play – is it relevant to the story? What time period is it set in? Look at how the writer describes the setting – is this relevant to the atmosphere or tone of the text? Is it idyllic or dystopian or quite commonplace? How does the writer use setting to convey their overall message, and why is this effective?

2. Tone
How does the writer create mood, e.g. melancholy, celebratory, ominous? What specific words or phrases are used to create the tone of the text? Look at the narrative voice that the writer uses – does it convey a particular tone e.g. sarcastic or cynical? How is this revealed in the text? How does the writer use tone to convey their overall message, and why is this effective?

3. Structure
Structure is about how the writer organises and develops ideas; it essentially means the narrative arc of the text. A useful way to look at this is to track changes

throughout the text e.g. how does a character change? How does the mood change? Is tension created and then released? Is there a climax or anti-climax? Do events take place in chronological order, or does the text begin half way through or at the end? Why do you think the writer made this decision? Structure also involves sentence structure and paragraph length. How does the writer use structure to convey their overall message, and why is this effective?

4. Technique

What techniques does the writer use to create effect? Look out for metaphors, similes, personification, juxtaposition, alliteration, sibilance, onomatopoeia, hyperbole, imperatives, emotive language, repetition, anaphora and many more. It is important that you don't just 'spot' techniques; you must analyse why the writer has chosen to use each technique and the effect it creates. How does the writer use techniques to convey their overall message, and why is this effective?

5. Imagery

What kind of images are made vivid? How? Do certain images carry meaningful connotations that add to the overall purpose of the text? Could you interpret these in different ways? Are there any repeated images throughout the text, such as extended metaphors or motifs? How does the writer use imagery to convey their overall message, and why is this effective?

6. Language

How sophisticated is the language used? Is it purposefully colloquial, hyperbolic or simplistic? What does the language used tell us about the narrator? You should explore use of ellipsis, punctuation for effect, modal verbs, adjectives and adverbs, descriptions, lexical fields etc. Is there anything particularly interesting or undermining about the language used, for instance a seemingly naive narrator who uses surprisingly vulgar language? Look at the connotations of particular words and their effect. How does the writer use language to convey their overall message, and why is this effective?

7. Effect

This is the most important part of your analysis. For each of the techniques or features that you identify, you must discuss their effect. Do not make generic statements like 'this makes the reader read on'. Be specific – is it shocking? Unnerving? Comforting? Persuasive? Link this back to the writer's overall message.

Extract from *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë (1847)

Now have a go at using this method to analyse the following passage from *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë. Pick out key quotations for each stage of your analysis and explain their significance. Remember, first you must work out what Brontë's overall message is. Then analyse how this message is conveyed through various techniques and features (St Stile), and why it is effective.

In this extract Heathcliff, a young boy who has been adopted, recounts a recent adventure to his family's servant, Nelly. He explains how he and his sister Cathy (who is not adopted) peered through the window of their wealthier neighbours' house, but got caught in doing so.

'Cathy and I escaped from the wash-house to have a ramble at liberty, and getting a glimpse of the Grange lights, we thought we would just go and see whether the Lintons passed their Sunday evenings standing shivering in corners, while their father and mother sat eating and drinking, and singing and laughing, and burning their eyes out before the fire. Do you think they do? Or reading sermons, and being catechised by their manservant, and set to learn a column of Scripture names, if they don't answer properly?'
'Probably not,' I responded. 'They are good children, no doubt, and don't deserve the treatment you receive, for your bad conduct.'
'Don't cant, Nelly,' he said: 'nonsense! We ran from the top of the Heights to the park, without stopping - Catherine completely beaten in the race, because she was barefoot. You'll have to seek for her shoes in the bog to-morrow. We crept through a broken hedge, groped our way up the path, and planted ourselves on a flower-plot under the drawing-room window. The light came from thence; they had not put up the shutters, and the curtains were only half closed. Both of us were able to look in by standing on the basement, and clinging to the ledge, and we saw - ah! it was beautiful - a splendid place carpeted with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables, and a pure white ceiling bordered by gold, a shower of glass-drops hanging in silver chains from the centre, and shimmering with little soft tapers. Old Mr. and Mrs. Linton were not there; Edgar and his sisters had it entirely to themselves. Shouldn't they have been happy? We should have thought ourselves in heaven! And now, guess what your good children were doing? Isabella - I believe she is eleven, a year younger than Cathy - lay screaming at the farther end of the room, shrieking as if witches were running red-hot needles into her. Edgar stood on the hearth weeping silently, and in the middle of the table sat a little dog, shaking its paw and yelping; which, from their mutual accusations, we understood they had nearly pulled in two between them. The idiots! That was their pleasure! to quarrel who should hold a heap of warm hair, and each begin to cry because both, after struggling to get it, refused to take it. We laughed outright at the petted things; we did despise them! When would you catch me wishing to have what Catherine wanted? or find us by ourselves, seeking entertainment in yelling, and sobbing, and rolling on the ground, divided by the whole room? I'd not exchange, for a thousand lives, my condition here, for Edgar Linton's at Thrushcross Grange - not if I might have the privilege of flinging Joseph off the highest gable, and painting the house- front with Hindley's blood!'

'Hush, hush!' I interrupted. 'Still you have not told me, Heathcliff, how Catherine is left behind?'
'I told you we laughed,' he answered. 'The Lintons heard us, and with one accord they shot like arrows to the door; there was silence, and then a cry, 'Oh, mamma, mamma! Oh, papa!

Oh, mamma, come here. Oh, papa, oh!' They really did howl out something in that way. We made frightful noises to terrify them still more, and then we dropped off the ledge, because somebody was drawing the bars, and we felt we had better flee. I had Cathy by the hand, and was urging her on, when all at once she fell down. 'Run, Heathcliff, run!' she whispered. 'They have let the bull-dog loose, and he holds me!' The devil had seized her ankle, Nelly: I heard his abominable snorting. She did not yell out - no! she would have scorned to do it, if she had been spitted on the horns of a mad cow. I did, though: I vociferated curses enough to annihilate any fiend in Christendom; and I got a stone and thrust it between his jaws, and tried with all my might to cram it down his throat. A beast of a servant came up with a lantern, at last, shouting - 'Keep fast, Skulker, keep fast!' He changed his note, however, when he saw Skulker's game. The dog was throttled off; his huge, purple tongue hanging half a foot out of his mouth, and his pendent lips streaming with bloody slaver. The man took Cathy up; she was sick: not from fear, I'm certain, but from pain. He carried her in; I followed, grumbling execrations and vengeance.

'What prey, Robert?' hallooed Linton from the entrance.
'Skulker has caught a little girl, sir,' he replied; 'and there's a lad here,' he added, making a clutch at me, 'who looks an out-and- outer! Very like the robbers were for putting them through the window to open the doors to the gang after all were asleep, that they might murder us at their ease. Hold your tongue, you foul- mouthed thief, you! you shall go to the gallows for this. Mr. Linton, sir, don't lay by your gun.'
No, no, Robert,' said the old fool. 'The rascals knew that yesterday was my rent-day: they thought to have me cleverly. Come in; I'll furnish them a reception. There, John, fasten the chain. Give Skulker some water, Jenny. To beard a magistrate in his stronghold, and on the Sabbath, too! Where will their insolence stop? Oh, my dear Mary, look here! Don't be afraid, it is but a boy - yet the villain scowls so plainly in his face; would it not be a kindness to the country to hang him at once, before he shows his nature in acts as well as features?'

He pulled me under the chandelier, and Mrs. Linton placed her spectacles on her nose and raised her hands in horror. The cowardly children crept nearer also, Isabella lisping - 'Frightful thing! Put him in the cellar, papa. He's exactly like the son of the fortune-teller that stole my tame pheasant. Isn't he, Edgar?' 'While they examined me, Cathy came round; she heard the last speech, and laughed. Edgar Linton, after an inquisitive stare, collected sufficient wit to recognise her. They see us at church, you know, though we seldom meet them elsewhere. 'That's Miss Earnshaw?' he whispered to his mother, 'and look how Skulker has bitten her - how her foot bleeds!'
'Miss Earnshaw? Nonsense!' cried the dame; 'Miss Earnshaw scouring the country with a gipsy! And yet, my dear, the child is in mourning - surely it is - and she may be lamed for life!'

Analysis

Message

What do you think Brontë's overall message is in the text? What is she saying about the contrast between the Linton family and Cathy and Heathcliff? How does she create juxtaposition between the different characters and settings? Could she have an overall purpose in saying something about class, or the idea of civilised / uncivilised behaviour?

Perhaps Brontë's message could be that despite the fact that Cathy and Heathcliff are poorer than the Lintons, their behaviour towards each other is more civilised. Although the Lintons have a luxurious home which one would associate with well-mannered people, they act in a violent manner, use vulgar language and are prejudiced towards Heathcliff. Therefore, Brontë's message could be that social class is irrelevant and our expectations of civilised and uncivilised behaviour can sometimes be reversed.

Now that you have worked out the overall message of the text, have a look at the colour-coded quotations and use the guidance questions to help you analyse how Brontë conveys this message through StStile.

'Cathy and I escaped from the wash-house to have a ramble at liberty, and getting a glimpse of the Grange lights, we thought we would just go and see whether the Lintons passed their Sunday evenings standing shivering in corners, while their father and mother sat eating and drinking, and singing and laughing, and burning their eyes out before the fire. Do you think they do? Or reading sermons, and being catechised by their manservant, and set to learn a column of Scripture names, if they don't answer properly?'

'Probably not,' I responded. 'They are good children, no doubt, and don't deserve the treatment you receive, for your bad conduct.'

'Don't cant, Nelly,' he said: 'nonsense! We ran from the top of the Heights to the park, without stopping - Catherine completely beaten in the race, because she was barefoot. You'll have to seek for her shoes in the bog to-morrow. We crept through a broken hedge, groped our way up the path, and planted ourselves on a flower-plot under the drawing-room window. The light came from thence; they had not put up the shutters, and the curtains were only half closed. Both of us were able to look in by standing on the basement, and clinging to the ledge, and we saw - ah! it was beautiful - a splendid place carpeted with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables, and a pure white ceiling bordered by gold, a shower of glass-drops hanging in silver chains from the centre, and shimmering with little soft tapers. Old Mr. and Mrs. Linton were not there; Edgar and his sisters had it entirely to themselves. Shouldn't they have been happy? We should have thought ourselves in heaven! And now, guess what your good children were doing? Isabella - I believe she is eleven, a year younger than Cathy - lay screaming at the farther end of the room, shrieking as if witches were running red-hot needles into her. Edgar stood on the hearth weeping silently, and in the middle of the table sat a little dog, shaking its paw and yelping;

which, from their mutual accusations, we understood they had nearly pulled in two between them. The idiots! That was their pleasure! to quarrel who should hold a heap of warm hair, and each begin to cry because both, after struggling to get it, refused to take it. We laughed outright at the petted things; we did despise them! When would you catch me wishing to have what Catherine wanted? or find us by ourselves, seeking entertainment in yelling, and sobbing, and rolling on the ground, divided by the whole room? I'd not exchange, for a thousand lives, my condition here, for Edgar Linton's at Thrushcross Grange - not if I might have the privilege of flinging Joseph off the highest gable, and painting the house- front with Hindley's blood!'

'Hush, hush!' I interrupted. 'Still you have not told me, Heathcliff, how Catherine is left behind?'
'I told you we laughed,' he answered. 'The Lintons heard us, and with one accord they shot like arrows to the door; there was silence, and then a cry, 'Oh, mamma, mamma! Oh, papa! Oh, mamma, come here. Oh, papa, oh!' They really did howl out something in that way. We made frightful noises to terrify them still more, and then we dropped off the ledge, because somebody was drawing the bars, and we felt we had better flee. I had Cathy by the hand, and was urging her on, when all at once she fell down. 'Run, Heathcliff, run!' she whispered. 'They have let the bull-dog loose, and he holds me!' The devil had seized her ankle, Nelly: I heard his abominable snorting. She did not yell out - no! she would have scorned to do it, if she had been spitted on the horns of a mad cow. I did, though: I vociferated curses enough to annihilate any fiend in Christendom; and I got a stone and thrust it between his jaws, and tried with all my might to cram it down his throat. A beast of a servant came up with a lantern, at last, shouting - 'Keep fast, Skulker, keep fast!' He changed his note, however, when he saw Skulker's game. The dog was throttled off; his huge, purple tongue hanging half a foot out of his mouth, and his pendent lips streaming with bloody slaver. The man took Cathy up; she was sick: not from fear, I'm certain, but from pain. He carried her in; I followed, grumbling execrations and vengeance.

'What prey, Robert?' hallooed Linton from the entrance.
'Skulker has caught a little girl, sir,' he replied; 'and there's a lad here,' he added, making a clutch at me, 'who looks an out-and- outer! Very like the robbers were for putting them through the window to open the doors to the gang after all were asleep, that they might murder us at their ease. Hold your tongue, you foul- mouthed thief, you! you shall go to the gallows for this. Mr. Linton, sir, don't lay by your gun.'
'No, no, Robert,' said the old fool. 'The rascals knew that yesterday was my rent-day: they thought to have me cleverly. Come in; I'll furnish them a reception. There, John, fasten the chain. Give Skulker some water, Jenny. To beard a magistrate in his stronghold, and on the Sabbath, too! Where will their insolence stop? Oh, my dear Mary, look here! Don't be afraid, it is but a boy - yet the villain scowls so plainly in his face; would it not be a kindness to the country to hang him at once, before he shows his nature in acts as well as features?'

He pulled me under the chandelier, and Mrs. Linton placed her spectacles on her nose and raised her hands in horror. The cowardly children crept nearer also, Isabella lisping - 'Frightful thing! Put him in the cellar, papa. He's exactly like the son of the fortune-teller that stole my tame pheasant. Isn't he, Edgar?' 'While they examined me, Cathy came round; she heard the last speech, and laughed. Edgar Linton, after an inquisitive stare, collected sufficient wit to recognise her. They see us at church, you know, though we seldom meet them elsewhere. 'That's Miss Earnshaw?' he whispered to his mother, 'and look how Skulker has bitten her - how her foot bleeds!'

'Miss Earnshaw? Nonsense!' cried the dame; 'Miss Earnshaw scouring the country with a gipsy! And yet, my dear, the child is in mourning - surely it is - and she may be lamed for life!'

Analysis

1. Setting

- What are the connotations of the word 'bog'? What does the image of Cathy and Heathcliff running though a bog reveal about their character? Could the fact that Cathy lost her shoes be symbolic in some way? Think back to the overall message of class and social expectations.
- Look at the setting inside the Grange. What is the significance of all of the 'crimson' and 'gold' that is described? How does this convey Brontë's message about the upper class?
- How does Brontë juxtapose the two settings of outside and inside? Is it significant that Cathy and Heathcliff are looking in through a window (a threshold)?
- How does Brontë convey the theme of civilised and uncivilised behaviour through setting?

2. Tone

- 'The idiots! That was their pleasure!' How does the use of exclamative statements convey tone here? What does this reveal about the narrative voice (in this case, Heathcliff)? How does Heathcliff's judgement of the Lintons convey Brontë's overall message about class and social expectations?
- 'The dog was throttled off...' What tone does Brontë create through detailed description of the action? How does this tense atmosphere portray the Linton family and thus the upper class?

3. Structure

- At what point does the text begin – in the middle of the action of afterwards? Why?
- What effect does Nelly's questioning have on the structure of the narrative?
- How does tension fluctuate throughout the extract? What effect does this have? Consider the idea that for a long time we don't know why Heathcliff has returned alone, without Cathy.
- What do you notice about Brontë's use of sentence structure? Why is this effective?

4. Technique

- '...shrieking as if witches were running red-hot needles into her.' What technique does Brontë use here? Why and how is it effective? What are the connotations of the word 'shrieking'? What do you associate with 'witches' and why do you think Brontë used this image?
- 'I'd not exchange, for a thousand lives'. What technique is used here and why is it effective? How does it portray Brontë's message about the differences between the two families?
- Pick out any other techniques that you think are significant and analyse their meaning and effect.

5. Imagery

- 'The devil had seized her ankle'. What connotations does this image have? Why is it effective?
- '...she would have scorned to do it, if she had been spitted on the horns of a mad cow.' What image does this language create? How does it depict Cathy and what does it reveal about her character? Why does Brontë use such hyperbolic, violent imagery and what effect does it have?

6. Language

- Examine the language the Lintons use to describe Heathcliff, e.g. 'out and outer', 'robber', 'foul-mouthed thief'. See how many other examples you can find and underline them. What are the connotations of these words? What do they convey about the Lintons and their attitudes towards Heathcliff? What do you think Brontë is saying about the supposedly civilised upper-classes through this use of dialogue?

7. Effect

Look back at everything you have underlined and annotated in this text. What effect do the techniques have? What would a reader's reaction be to the text? What effect does Brontë's overall message have?

Exam Skills

This method is a useful way of analysing unseen texts. However, when you approach the unseen text in your English Literature exam, it is essential that you answer the specific question that you are presented with. Understanding the writer's message and the tools that they use to convey this message will help you to construct an overall argument in your essay and therefore to answer the exam question effectively.

You can now use this technique to approach any unseen text!

Tess of the d'Urbervilles - Thomas Hardy.

Her affection for him was now the breath and life of Tess's being; it enveloped her as a photosphere, irradiated her into forgetfulness of her past sorrows, keeping back the gloomy spectres that would persist in their attempts to touch her—doubt, fear, moodiness, care, shame. She knew that they were waiting like wolves just outside the circumscribing light, but she had long spells of power to keep them in hungry subjection there.

Little Dorrit - Charles Dickens

Thirty years ago, Marseilles lay burning in the sun, one day.

A blazing sun upon a fierce August day was no greater rarity in southern France then, than at any other time, before or since. Everything in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there. Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves.

Bleak House – Charles Dickens

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongey fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater - Thomas De Quincey

I here present you, courteous reader, with the record of a remarkable period in my life: according to my application of it, I trust that it will prove not merely an interesting record, but in a considerable degree useful and instructive. In *that* hope it is that I have drawn it up; and *that* must be my apology for breaking through that delicate and honourable reserve which, for the most part, restrains us from the public exposure of our own errors and infirmities. Nothing, indeed, is more revolting to English feelings than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers or scars, and tearing away that "decent drapery" which time or indulgence to human frailty may have drawn over them; accordingly, the greater part of *our* confessions (that is, spontaneous and extra-judicial confessions) proceed from demireps, adventurers, or swindlers: and for any such acts of gratuitous self-humiliation from those who can be supposed in sympathy with the decent and self-respecting part of society, we must look to French literature, or to that part of the German which is tainted with the spurious and defective sensibility of the French. All this I feel so forcibly, and so nervously am I alive to reproach of this tendency, that I have for many months hesitated about the propriety of allowing this or any part of my narrative to come before the public eye until after my death (when, for many reasons, the whole will be published); and it is not without an anxious review of the reasons for and against this step that I have at last concluded on taking it.

Journal of a Plague Year – Daniel Defoe

It was about the beginning of September, 1664, that I, among the rest of my neighbours, heard in ordinary discourse that the plague was returned again in Holland; for it had been very violent there, and particularly at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the year 1663, whither, they say, it was brought, some said from Italy, others from the Levant, among some goods which were brought home by their Turkey fleet; others said it was brought from Candia; others from Cyprus. It mattered not from whence it came; but all agreed it was come into Holland again.

We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days to spread rumours and reports of things, and to improve them by the invention of men, as I have lived to see practised since. But such things as these were gathered from the letters of merchants and others who corresponded abroad, and from them was handed about by word of mouth only; so that things did not spread instantly over the whole nation, as they do now. But it seems that the Government had a true account of it, and several councils were held about ways to prevent its coming over; but all was kept very private. Hence it was that this rumour died off again, and people began to forget it as a thing we were very little concerned in, and that we hoped was not true; till the latter end of November or the beginning of December 1664 when two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the plague in Long Acre, or rather at the upper end of Drury Lane. The family they were in endeavoured to conceal it as much as possible, but as it had gotten some vent in the discourse of the neighbourhood, the Secretaries of State got knowledge of it; and concerning themselves to inquire about it, in order to

be certain of the truth, two physicians and a surgeon were ordered to go to the house and make inspection. This they did; and finding evident tokens of the sickness upon both the bodies that were dead, they gave their opinions publicly that they died of the plague.

Notes from Underground - Fyodor Dostoyevsky,

"I am a sick man... I am a spiteful man. I am an unpleasant man. I think my liver is diseased. However, I don't know beans about my disease, and I am not sure what is bothering me. I don't treat it and never have, though I respect medicine and doctors. Besides, I am extremely superstitious, let's say sufficiently so to respect medicine. (I am educated enough not to be superstitious, but I am.) No, I refuse to treat it out of spite. You probably will not understand that. Well, but I understand it. Of course I can't explain to you just whom I am annoying in this case by my spite. I am perfectly well aware that I cannot "get even" with the doctors by not consulting them. I know better than anyone that I thereby injure only myself and no one else. But still, if I don't treat it, it is out of spite. My liver is bad, well then-- let it get even worse!"

Great Expectations – Dickens

... I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table. Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an armchair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see. She was dressed in rich materials--satins, and lace and silks -- all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on -- the other was on the table near her hand -- her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass. It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the

figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

Jane Eyre – Charlotte Bronte

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door: this, too, he opened. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

Hard Times – Charles Dickens

'NOW, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!'

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!'

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Doctor Faustus – By Christopher Marlowe

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentles,—we must now perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,

He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;

Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,

Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:

And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]

Act I, Scene i
FAUSTUS discovered in his study.:

FAUSTUS. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin

To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:

Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,

Yet level at the end of every art,

And live and die in Aristotle's works.

Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!

Bene disserere est finis logices.

Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?

Affords this art no greater miracle?

Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:

A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:

Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come:

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,

And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:

Summum bonum medicinoe sanitas,

The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]

Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,

alter valorem rei, &c.

A petty case of paltry legacies!

[Reads.]

Exhoereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.]

Stipendium peccati mors est.

Ha!

Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.]

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas;

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there

is no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so

consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O, what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,

Is promis'd to the studious artizan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces;

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;

A sound magician is a demigod:

Here tire, my brains, to gain a deity.

Pride and Prejudice - Jane Austen

Not all that Mrs. Bennet, however, with the assistance of her five daughters, could ask on the subject was sufficient to draw from her husband any satisfactory description of Mr. Bingley. They attacked him in various ways; with barefaced questions, ingenious suppositions, and distant surmises; but he eluded the skill of them all; and they were at last obliged to accept the second-hand intelligence of their neighbour Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favourable. Sir William had been

delighted with him. He was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and, to crown the whole, he meant to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love; and very lively hopes of Mr. Bingley's heart were entertained.

"If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield," said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, "and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for."

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet's visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had entertained hopes of being admitted to a sight of the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father. The ladies were somewhat more fortunate, for they had the advantage of ascertaining, from an upper window, that he wore a blue coat and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was soon afterwards dispatched; and already had Mrs. Bennet planned the courses that were to do credit to her housekeeping, when an answer arrived which deferred it all. Mr. Bingley was obliged to be in town the following day, and consequently unable to accept the honour of their invitation, &c. Mrs. Bennet was quite disconcerted. She could not imagine what business he could have in town so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire; and she began to fear that he might be always flying about from one place to another, and never settled at Netherfield as he ought to be. Lady Lucas quieted her fears a little by starting the idea of his being gone to London only to get a large party for the ball; and a report soon followed that Mr. Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the assembly. The girls grieved over such a large number of ladies; but were comforted the day before the ball by hearing that, instead of twelve, he had brought only six with him from London, his five sisters and a cousin. And when the party entered the assembly room, it consisted of only five altogether; Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the oldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant countenance, and easy, unaffected manners. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien; and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year. The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his large estate in Derbyshire could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend!

Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and every body hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour was sharpened into particular resentment by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes to press his friend to join it.

"Come, Darcy," said he, "I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance."

"I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."

"I would not be so fastidious as you are," cried Bingley, "for a kingdom! Upon my honour I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them, you see, uncommonly pretty."

"You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

"Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you."

"Which do you mean?" and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, "She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt me; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me."

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him. She told the story however with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in any thing ridiculous.

The evening altogether passed off pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr. Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been distinguished by his sisters. Jane was as much gratified by this as her mother could be, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth felt

Jane's pleasure. Mary had heard herself mentioned to Miss Bingley as the most accomplished girl in the neighbourhood; and Catherine and Lydia had been fortunate enough to be never without partners, which was all that they had yet learnt to care for at a ball. They returned therefore, in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived, and of which they were the principal inhabitants. They found Mr. Bennet still up. With a book, he was regardless of time; and on the present occasion he had a good deal of curiosity as to the event of an evening which had raised such splendid expectations. He had rather hoped that all his wife's views on the stranger would be disappointed; but he soon found that he had a very different story to hear.

"Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet," as she entered the room, "we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Jane was so admired, nothing could be like it. Every body said how well she looked; and Mr. Bingley thought her quite beautiful, and danced with her twice. Only think of that my dear; he actually danced with her twice; and she was the only creature in the room that he asked a second time. First of all, he asked Miss Lucas. I was so vexed to see him stand up with her; but, however, he did not admire her at all: indeed, nobody can, you know; and he seemed quite struck with Jane as she was going down the dance. So, he enquired who she was, and got introduced, and asked her for the two next. Then, the two third he danced with Miss King, and the two fourth with Maria Lucas, and the two fifth with Jane again, and the two sixth with Lizzy, and the Boulanger --"

"If he had had any compassion for me," cried her husband impatiently, "he would not have danced half so much! For God's sake, say no more of his partners. Oh! that he had sprained his ancle in the first dance!"

"Oh! my dear," continued Mrs. Bennet, "I am quite delighted with him. He is so excessively handsome! and his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw any thing more elegant than their dresses. I dare say the lace upon Mrs. Hurst's gown --"

Here she was interrupted again. Mr. Bennet protested against any description of finery. She was therefore obliged to seek another branch of the subject, and related, with much bitterness of spirit and some exaggeration, the shocking rudeness of Mr. Darcy.

"But I can assure you," she added, "that Lizzy does not lose much by not suiting his fancy; for he is a most disagreeable, horrid man, not at all worth pleasing. So high and so conceited that there was no enduring him! He walked here, and he walked there, fancying himself so very great! Not handsome enough to dance with! I wish you had been there, my dear, to have given him one of your set downs. I quite detest the man.'

The Odyssey - Homer

"When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, we admired the island and wandered all over it, while the nymphs Jove's daughters roused the wild goats that we might get some meat for our dinner. On this we fetched our spears and bows and arrows from the ships, and dividing ourselves into three bands began to shoot the goats. Heaven sent us excellent sport; I had twelve ships with me, and each ship got nine goats, while my own ship had ten; thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we ate and drank our fill,- and we had plenty of wine left, for each one of us had taken many jars full when we sacked the city of the Cicons, and this had not yet run out. While we were feasting we kept turning our eyes towards the land of the Cyclopes, which was hard by, and saw the smoke of their stubble fires. We could almost fancy we heard their voices and the bleating of their sheep and goats, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped down upon the beach, and next morning I called a council.

"'Stay here, my brave fellows,' said I, 'all the rest of you, while I go with my ship and exploit these people myself: I want to see if they are uncivilized savages, or a hospitable and humane race.'

"I went on board, bidding my men to do so also and loose the hawsers; so they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars. When we got to the land, which was not far, there, on the face of a cliff near the sea, we saw a great cave overhung with laurels. It was a station for a great many sheep and goats, and outside there was a large yard, with a high wall round it made of stones built into the ground and of trees both pine and oak. This was the abode of a huge monster who was then away from home shepherding his flocks. He would have nothing to do with other people, but led the life of an outlaw. He was a horrid creature, not like a human being at all, but resembling rather some crag that stands out boldly against the sky on the top of a high mountain.

"I told my men to draw the ship ashore, and stay where they were, all but the twelve best among them, who were to go along with myself. I also took a goatskin of sweet black wine which had been given me by Maron, Apollo son of Euanthes, who was priest of Apollo the patron god of Ismarus, and lived within the wooded precincts of the temple. When we were sacking the city we respected him, and spared his life, as also his wife and child; so he made me some presents of great value- seven talents of fine gold, and a bowl of silver, with twelve jars of sweet wine, unblended, and of the most exquisite flavour. Not a man nor maid in the house knew about it, but only himself, his wife, and one housekeeper: when he drank it he mixed twenty parts of water to one of wine, and yet the fragrance from the mixing-bowl was so exquisite that it was impossible to refrain from drinking. I filled a large skin with this wine, and took a wallet full of provisions with me, for my mind misgave me that I might have to deal with some savage who would be of great strength, and would respect neither right nor law.

"We soon reached his cave, but he was out shepherding, so we went inside and took stock of all that we could see. His cheese-racks were loaded with cheeses, and he had more lambs and kids than his pens could hold. They were kept in separate flocks; first there were the hoggets, then the oldest of the younger lambs and lastly

the very young ones all kept apart from one another; as for his dairy, all the vessels, bowls, and milk pails into which he milked, were swimming with whey. When they saw all this, my men begged me to let them first steal some cheeses, and make off with them to the ship; they would then return, drive down the lambs and kids, put them on board and sail away with them. It would have been indeed better if we had done so but I would not listen to them, for I wanted to see the owner himself, in the hope that he might give me a present. When, however, we saw him my poor men found him ill to deal with.

"We lit a fire, offered some of the cheeses in sacrifice, ate others of them, and then sat waiting till the Cyclops should come in with his sheep. When he came, he brought in with him a huge load of dry firewood to light the fire for his supper, and this he flung with such a noise on to the floor of his cave that we hid ourselves for fear at the far end of the cavern. Meanwhile he drove all the ewes inside, as well as the she-goats that he was going to milk, leaving the males, both rams and he-goats, outside in the yards. Then he rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cave- so huge that two and twenty strong four-wheeled waggons would not be enough to draw it from its place against the doorway. When he had so done he sat down and milked his ewes and goats, all in due course, and then let each of them have her own young. He curdled half the milk and set it aside in wicker strainers, but the other half he poured into bowls that he might drink it for his supper. When he had got through with all his work, he lit the fire, and then caught sight of us, whereon he said:

"'Strangers, who are you? Where do sail from? Are you traders, or do you sail the as rovers, with your hands against every man, and every man's hand against you?'

"We were frightened out of our senses by his loud voice and monstrous form, but I managed to say, 'We are Achaeans on our way home from Troy, but by the will of Jove, and stress of weather, we have been driven far out of our course. We are the people of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, who has won infinite renown throughout the whole world, by sacking so great a city and killing so many people. We therefore humbly pray you to show us some hospitality, and otherwise make us such presents as visitors may reasonably expect. May your excellency fear the wrath of heaven, for we are your suppliants, and Jove takes all respectable travellers under his protection, for he is the avenger of all suppliants and foreigners in distress.'

"To this he gave me but a pitiless answer, 'Stranger,' said he, 'you are a fool, or else you know nothing of this country. Talk to me, indeed, about fearing the gods or shunning their anger? We Cyclopes do not care about Jove or any of your blessed gods, for we are ever so much stronger than they. I shall not spare either yourself or your companions out of any regard for Jove, unless I am in the humour for doing so. And now tell me where you made your ship fast when you came on shore. Was it round the point, or is she lying straight off the land?'

"He said this to draw me out, but I was too cunning to be caught in that way, so I answered with a lie; 'Neptune,' said I, 'sent my ship on to the rocks at the far end of your country, and wrecked it. We were driven on to them from the open sea, but I and those who are with me escaped the jaws of death.'

"The cruel wretch vouchsafed me not one word of answer, but with a sudden clutch he gripped up two of my men at once and dashed them down upon the ground as though they had been puppies. Their brains were shed upon the ground, and the earth was wet with their blood. Then he tore them limb from limb and supped upon them. He gobbled them up like a lion in the wilderness, flesh, bones, marrow, and entrails, without leaving anything uneaten. As for us, we wept and lifted up our hands to heaven on seeing such a horrid sight, for we did not know what else to do; but when the Cyclops had filled his huge paunch, and had washed down his meal of human flesh with a drink of neat milk, he stretched himself full length upon the ground among his sheep, and went to sleep. I was at first inclined to seize my sword, draw it, and drive it into his vitals, but I reflected that if I did we should all certainly be lost, for we should never be able to shift the stone which the monster had put in front of the door. So we stayed sobbing and sighing where we were till morning came.

"When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, he again lit his fire, milked his goats and ewes, all quite rightly, and then let each have her own young one; as soon as he had got through with all his work, he clutched up two more of my men, and began eating them for his morning's meal. Presently, with the utmost ease, he rolled the stone away from the door and drove out his sheep, but he at once put it back again- as easily as though he were merely clapping the lid on to a quiver full of arrows. As soon as he had done so he shouted, and cried 'Shoo, shoo,' after his sheep to drive them on to the mountain; so I was left to scheme some way of taking my revenge and covering myself with glory.

"In the end I deemed it would be the best plan to do as follows. The Cyclops had a great club which was lying near one of the sheep pens; it was of green olive wood, and he had cut it intending to use it for a staff as soon as it should be dry. It was so huge that we could only compare it to the mast of a twenty-oared merchant vessel of large burden, and able to venture out into open sea. I went up to this club and cut off about six feet of it; I then gave this piece to the men and told them to fine it evenly off at one end, which they proceeded to do, and lastly I brought it to a point myself, charring the end in the fire to make it harder. When I had done this I hid it under dung, which was lying about all over the cave, and told the men to cast lots which of them should venture along with myself to lift it and bore it into the monster's eye while he was asleep. The lot fell upon the very four whom I should have chosen, and I myself made five. In the evening the wretch came back from shepherding, and drove his flocks into the cave- this time driving them all inside, and not leaving any in the yards; I suppose some fancy must have taken him, or a god must have prompted him to do so. As soon as he had put the stone back to its place against the door, he sat down, milked his ewes and his goats all quite rightly, and then let each have her own young one; when he had got through with all this work, he gripped up two more of my men, and made his supper off them. So I went up to him with an ivy-wood bowl of black wine in my hands:

"'Look here, Cyclops,' said I, you have been eating a great deal of man's flesh, so take this and drink some wine, that you may see what kind of liquor we had on board my ship. I was bringing it to you as a drink-offering, in the hope that you would take compassion upon me and further me on my way home, whereas all you do is to go on ramping and raving most intolerably. You ought to be ashamed yourself; how can you expect people to come see you any more if you treat them in this way?'

"He then took the cup and drank. He was so delighted with the taste of the wine that he begged me for another bowl full. 'Be so kind,' he said, 'as to give me some more, and tell me your name at once. I want to make you a present that you will be glad to have. We have wine even in this country, for our soil grows grapes and the sun ripens them, but this drinks like nectar and ambrosia all in one.'

"I then gave him some more; three times did I fill the bowl for him, and three times did he drain it without thought or heed; then, when I saw that the wine had got into his head, I said to him as plausibly as I could: 'Cyclops, you ask my name and I will tell it you; give me, therefore, the present you promised me; my name is Noman; this is what my father and mother and my friends have always called me.'

"But the cruel wretch said, 'Then I will eat all Noman's comrades before Noman himself, and will keep Noman for the last. This is the present that I will make him.'

As he spoke he reeled, and fell sprawling face upwards on the ground. His great neck hung heavily backwards and a deep sleep took hold upon him. Presently he turned sick, and threw up both wine and the gobbets of human flesh on which he had been gorging, for he was very drunk. Then I thrust the beam of wood far into the embers to heat it, and encouraged my men lest any of them should turn faint-hearted. When the wood, green though it was, was about to blaze, I drew it out of the fire glowing with heat, and my men gathered round me, for heaven had filled their hearts with courage. We drove the sharp end of the beam into the monster's eye, and bearing upon it with all my weight I kept turning it round and round as though I were boring a hole in a ship's plank with an auger, which two men with a wheel and strap can keep on turning as long as they choose. Even thus did we bore the red hot beam into his eye, till the boiling blood bubbled all over it as we worked it round and round, so that the steam from the burning eyeball scalded his eyelids and eyebrows, and the roots of the eye sputtered in the fire. As a blacksmith plunges an axe or hatchet into cold water to temper it- for it is this that gives strength to the iron- and it makes a great hiss as he does so, even thus did the Cyclops' eye hiss round the beam of olive wood, and his hideous yells made the cave ring again. We ran away in a fright, but he plucked the beam all besmirched with gore from his eye, and hurled it from him in a frenzy of rage and pain, shouting as he did so to the other Cyclopes who lived on the bleak headlands near him; so they gathered from all quarters round his cave when they heard him crying, and asked what was the matter with him.

"'What ails you, Polyphemus,' said they, 'that you make such a noise, breaking the stillness of the night, and preventing us from being able to sleep? Surely no man is carrying off your sheep? Surely no man is trying to kill you either by fraud or by force?

"But Polyphemus shouted to them from inside the cave, 'Noman is killing me by fraud! Noman is killing me by force!'

"'Then,' said they, 'if no man is attacking you, you must be ill; when Jove makes people ill, there is no help for it, and you had better pray to your father Neptune.'

"Then they went away, and I laughed inwardly at the success of my clever stratagem, but the Cyclops, groaning and in an agony of pain, felt about with his

hands till he found the stone and took it from the door; then he sat in the doorway and stretched his hands in front of it to catch anyone going out with the sheep, for he thought I might be foolish enough to attempt this.

"As for myself I kept on puzzling to think how I could best save my own life and those of my companions; I schemed and schemed, as one who knows that his life depends upon it, for the danger was very great. In the end I deemed that this plan would be the best. The male sheep were well grown, and carried a heavy black fleece, so I bound them noiselessly in threes together, with some of the withies on which the wicked monster used to sleep. There was to be a man under the middle sheep, and the two on either side were to cover him, so that there were three sheep to each man. As for myself there was a ram finer than any of the others, so I caught hold of him by the back, esconced myself in the thick wool under his belly, and flung on patiently to his fleece, face upwards, keeping a firm hold on it all the time.

"Thus, then, did we wait in great fear of mind till morning came, but when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, the male sheep hurried out to feed, while the ewes remained bleating about the pens waiting to be milked, for their udders were full to bursting; but their master in spite of all his pain felt the backs of all the sheep as they stood upright, without being sharp enough to find out that the men were underneath their bellies. As the ram was going out, last of all, heavy with its fleece and with the weight of my crafty self; Polyphemus laid hold of it and said:

"'My good ram, what is it that makes you the last to leave my cave this morning? You are not wont to let the ewes go before you, but lead the mob with a run whether to flowery mead or bubbling fountain, and are the first to come home again at night; but now you lag last of all. Is it because you know your master has lost his eye, and are sorry because that wicked Noman and his horrid crew have got him down in his drink and blinded him? But I will have his life yet. If you could understand and talk, you would tell me where the wretch is hiding, and I would dash his brains upon the ground till they flew all over the cave. I should thus have some satisfaction for the harm a this no-good Noman has done me.'

"As spoke he drove the ram outside, but when we were a little way out from the cave and yards, I first got from under the ram's belly, and then freed my comrades; as for the sheep, which were very fat, by constantly heading them in the right direction we managed to drive them down to the ship. The crew rejoiced greatly at seeing those of us who had escaped death, but wept for the others whom the Cyclops had killed. However, I made signs to them by nodding and frowning that they were to hush their crying, and told them to get all the sheep on board at once and put out to sea; so they went aboard, took their places, and smote the grey sea with their oars. Then, when I had got as far out as my voice would reach, I began to jeer at the Cyclops.

"'Cyclops,' said I, 'you should have taken better measure of your man before eating up his comrades in your cave. You wretch, eat up your visitors in your own house? You might have known that your sin would find you out, and now Jove and the other gods have punished you.'

"He got more and more furious as he heard me, so he tore the top from off a high mountain, and flung it just in front of my ship so that it was within a little of hitting the

end of the rudder. The sea quaked as the rock fell into it, and the wash of the wave it raised carried us back towards the mainland, and forced us towards the shore. But I snatched up a long pole and kept the ship off, making signs to my men by nodding my head, that they must row for their lives, whereon they laid out with a will. When we had got twice as far as we were before, I was for jeering at the Cyclops again, but the men begged and prayed of me to hold my tongue.

"'Do not,' they exclaimed, 'be mad enough to provoke this savage creature further; he has thrown one rock at us already which drove us back again to the mainland, and we made sure it had been the death of us; if he had then heard any further sound of voices he would have pounded our heads and our ship's timbers into a jelly with the rugged rocks he would have heaved at us, for he can throw them a long way.'

"But I would not listen to them, and shouted out to him in my rage, 'Cyclops, if any one asks you who it was that put your eye out and spoiled your beauty, say it was the valiant warrior Ulysses, son of Laertes, who lives in Ithaca.'

"On this he groaned, and cried out, 'Alas, alas, then the old prophecy about me is coming true. There was a prophet here, at one time, a man both brave and of great stature, Telemus son of Eurymus, who was an excellent seer, and did all the prophesying for the Cyclopes till he grew old; he told me that all this would happen to me some day, and said I should lose my sight by the hand of Ulysses. I have been all along expecting some one of imposing presence and superhuman strength, whereas he turns out to be a little insignificant weakling, who has managed to blind my eye by taking advantage of me in my drink; come here, then, Ulysses, that I may make you presents to show my hospitality, and urge Neptune to help you forward on your journey- for Neptune and I are father and son. He, if he so will, shall heal me, which no one else neither god nor man can do.'

"Then I said, 'I wish I could be as sure of killing you outright and sending you down to the house of Hades, as I am that it will take more than Neptune to cure that eye of yours.'

"On this he lifted up his hands to the firmament of heaven and prayed, saying, 'Hear me, great Neptune; if I am indeed your own true-begotten son, grant that Ulysses may never reach his home alive; or if he must get back to his friends at last, let him do so late and in sore plight after losing all his men [let him reach his home in another man's ship and find trouble in his house.']

"Thus did he pray, and Neptune heard his prayer. Then he picked up a rock much larger than the first, swung it aloft and hurled it with prodigious force. It fell just short of the ship, but was within a little of hitting the end of the rudder. The sea quaked as the rock fell into it, and the wash of the wave it raised drove us onwards on our way towards the shore of the island.

"When at last we got to the island where we had left the rest of our ships, we found our comrades lamenting us, and anxiously awaiting our return. We ran our vessel upon the sands and got out of her on to the sea shore; we also landed the Cyclops' sheep, and divided them equitably amongst us so that none might have reason to

complain. As for the ram, my companions agreed that I should have it as an extra share; so I sacrificed it on the sea shore, and burned its thigh bones to Jove, who is the lord of all. But he heeded not my sacrifice, and only thought how he might destroy my ships and my comrades.

"Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun we feasted our fill on meat and drink, but when the sun went down and it came on dark, we camped upon the beach. When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, I bade my men on board and loose the hawsers. Then they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars; so we sailed on with sorrow in our hearts, but glad to have escaped death though we had lost our comrades.

Frankenstein -Mary Shelley

Devil!" I exclaimed, "do you dare approach me? and do not you fear the fierce vengeance of my arm wreaked on your miserable head? Begone, vile insect! or rather stay, that I may trample you to dust! and, oh, that I could, with the extinction of your miserable existence, restore those victims whom you have so diabolically murdered!"

"I expected this reception," said the dæmon. "All men hate the wretched; how then must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life? Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends."

"Abhorred monster! fiend that thou art! the tortures of hell are too mild a vengeance for thy crimes. Wretched devil! you reproach me with your creation; come on then, that I may extinguish the spark which I so negligently bestowed."

My rage was without bounds; I sprang on him, impelled by all the feelings which can arm one being against the existence of another.

He easily eluded me, and said,

"Be calm! I entreat you to hear me, before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough, that you seek to increase my misery? Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear to me, and I will defend it. Remember, thou hast made me more powerful than thyself; my height is superior to thine; my joints more supple. But I will not be tempted to set myself in opposition to thee. I am thy creature, and I will be even mild and docile to my natural lord and king, if thou wilt also perform thy part, the which thou owest me. Oh, Frankenstein, be not equitable to every other, and trample upon me alone, to whom thy justice, and even thy clemency and affection, is most due. Remember that I am thy creature: I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel, whom

thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Every where I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous."

"Begone! I will not hear you. There can be no community between you and me; we are enemies. Begone, or let us try our strength in a fight, in which one must fall."

"How can I move thee? Will no entreaties cause thee to turn a favourable eye upon thy creature, who implores thy goodness and compassion. Believe me, Frankenstein: I was benevolent; my soul glowed with love and humanity: but am I not alone, miserably alone? You, my creator, abhor me; what hope can I gather from your fellow-creatures, who owe me nothing? they spurn and hate me.The desert mountains and dreary glaciers are my refuge. I have wandered here many days; the caves of ice, which I only do not fear, are a dwelling to me, and the only one which man does not grudge. These bleak skies I hail, for they are kinder to me than your fellow-beings. If the multitude of mankind knew of my existence, they would do as you do, and arm themselves for my destruction. Shall I not then hate them who abhor me? I will keep no terms with my enemies. I am miserable, and they shall share my wretchedness. Yet it is in your power to recompense me, and deliver them from an evil which it only remains for you to make so great, that not only you and your family, but thousands of others, shall be swallowed up in the whirlwinds of its rage. Let your compassion be moved, and do not disdain me. Listen to my tale: when you have heard that, abandon or commiserate me, as you shall judge that I deserve. But hear me. The guilty are allowed, by human laws, bloody as they may be, to speak in their own defence before they are condemned. Listen to me, Frankenstein. You accuse me of murder; and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man! Yet I ask you not to spare me: listen to me; and then, if you can, and if you will, destroy the work of your hands."

"Why do you call to my remembrance circumstances of which I shudder to reflect, that I have been the miserable origin and author? Cursed be the day, abhorred devil, in which you first saw light!Cursed (although I curse myself) be the hands that formed you! You have made me wretched beyond expression. You have left me no power to consider whether I am just to you, or not. Begone! relieve me from the sight of your detested form."

"Thus I relieve thee, my creator," he said, and placed his hated hands before my eyes, which I flung from me with violence; "thus I take from thee a sight which you abhor. Still thou canst listen to me, and grant me thy compassion. By the virtues that I once possessed, I demand this from you. Hear my tale; it is long and strange, and the temperature of this place is not fitting to your fine sensations; come to the hut upon the mountain. The sun is yet high in the heavens; before it descends to hide itself behind yon snowy precipices, and illuminate another world, you will have heard my story, and can decide. On you it rests, whether I quit forever the neighbourhood of man, and lead a harmless life, or become the scourge of your fellow-creatures, and the author of your own speedy ruin."

As he said this, he led the way across the ice: I followed. My heart was full, and I did not answer him; but, as I proceeded, I weighed the various arguments that he had

used, and determined at least to listen to his tale. I was partly urged by curiosity, and compassion confirmed my resolution. I had hitherto supposed him to be the murderer of my brother, and I eagerly sought a confirmation or denial of this opinion. For the first time, also, I felt what the duties of a creator towards his creature were, and that I ought to render him happy before I complained of his wickedness. These motives urged me to comply with his demand. We crossed the ice, therefore, and ascended the opposite rock. The air was cold, and the rain again began to descend: we entered the hut, the fiend with an air of exultation, I with a heavy heart, and depressed spirits. But I consented to listen; and, seating myself by the fire which my odious companion had lighted, he thus began his tale.

A Vindication of the Rights of Woman – Mary Wollstonecraft

To account for, and excuse the tyranny of man, many ingenious arguments have been brought forward to prove, that the two sexes, in the acquirement of virtue, ought to aim at attaining a very different character: or, to speak explicitly, women are not allowed to have sufficient strength of mind to acquire what really deserves the name of virtue. Yet it should seem, allowing them to have souls, that there is but one way appointed by Providence to lead *mankind* to either virtue or happiness.

If then women are not a swarm of ephemeron triflers, why should they be kept in ignorance under the specious name of innocence? Men complain, and with reason, of the follies and caprices of our sex, when they do not keenly satirize our headstrong passions and grovelling vices. Behold, I should answer, the natural effect of ignorance! The mind will ever be unstable that has only prejudices to rest on, and the current will run with destructive fury when there are no barriers to break its force. Women are told from their infancy, and taught by the example of their mothers, that a little knowledge of human weakness, justly termed cunning, softness of temper, *outward* obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety, will obtain for them the protection of man; and should they be beautiful, every thing else is needless, for, at least, twenty years of their lives.

Thus Milton describes our first frail mother; though when he tells us that women are formed for softness and sweet attractive grace, I cannot comprehend his meaning, unless, in the true Mahometan strain, he meant to deprive us of souls, and insinuate that we were beings only designed by sweet attractive grace, and docile blind obedience, to gratify the senses of man when he can no longer soar on the wing of contemplation.

How grossly do they insult us who thus advise us only to render ourselves gentle, domestic brutes! For instance, the winning softness so warmly, and frequently, recommended, that governs by obeying. What childish expressions, and how insignificant is the being—can it be an immortal one? who will condescend to govern by such sinister methods! 'Certainly, says Lord Bacon, 'man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature!' Men, indeed, appear to me to act in a very unphilosophical manner when they try to secure the good conduct of women by

attempting to keep them always in a state of childhood. Rousseau was more consistent when he wished to stop the progress of reason in both sexes, for if men eat of the tree of knowledge, women will come in for a taste; but, from the imperfect cultivation which their understandings now receive, they only attain a knowledge of evil.

Children, I grant, should be innocent; but when the epithet is applied to men, or women, it is but a civil term for weakness. For if it be allowed that women were destined by Providence to acquire human virtues, and by the exercise of their understanding, that stability of character which is the firmest ground to rest our future hopes upon, they must be permitted to turn to the fountain of light, and not forced to shape their course by the twinkling of a mere satellite. Milton, I grant, was of a very different opinion; for he only bends to the indefeasible right of beauty, though it would be difficult to render two passages which I now mean to contrast, consistent. But into similar inconsistencies are great men often led by their senses.

> 'To whom thus Eve with *perfect beauty* adorn'd,
> My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
> *Unargued* I obey; so God ordains;
> God is *thy law, thou mine:* to know no more
> Is Woman's *happiest* knowledge and her *praise.*'

These are exactly the arguments that I have used to children; but I have added, your reason is now gaining strength, and, till it arrives at some degree of maturity, you must look up to me for advice—then you ought to *think,* and only rely on God.

Yet in the following lines Milton seems to coincide with me; when he makes Adam thus expostulate with his Maker.

> 'Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
> And these inferior far beneath me set?
> Among *unequals* what society
> Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
> Which must be mutual, in proportion due
> Giv'n and receiv'd; but in *disparity*
> The one intense, the other still remiss
> Tedious alike: of *fellowship* I speak
> Such as I seek, fit to participate
> All rational delight—

In treating, therefore, of the manners of women, let us, disregarding sensual arguments, trace what we should endeavour to make them in order to co-operate, if the expression be not too bold, with the supreme Being.

By individual education, I mean, for the sense of the word is not precisely defined, such an attention to a child as will slowly sharpen the senses, form the temper, regulate the passions, as they begin to ferment, and set the

understanding to work before the body arrives at maturity; so that the man may only have to proceed, not to begin, the important task of learning to think and reason.

To prevent any misconstruction, I must add, that I do not believe that a private education can work the wonders which some sanguine writers have attributed to it. Men and women must be educated, in a great degree, by the opinions and manners of the society they live in. In every age there has been a stream of popular opinion that has carried all before it, and given a family character, as it were, to the century. It may then fairly be inferred, that, till society be differently constituted, much cannot be expected from education. It is, however, sufficient for my present purpose to assert, that whatever effect circumstances have on the abilities, every being may become virtuous by the exercise of its own reason; for if but one being was created with vicious inclinations, that is positively bad, what can save us from atheism? or if we worship a God, is not that God a devil?

Consequently, the most perfect education, in my opinion, is such an exercise of the understanding as is best calculated to strengthen the body and form the heart. Or, in other words, to enable the individual to attain such habits of virtue as will render it independent. In fact, it is a farce to call any being virtuous whose virtues do not result from the exercise of its own reason. This was Rousseau's opinion respecting men. I extend it to women, and confidently assert that they have been drawn out of their sphere by false refinement, and not by an endeavour to acquire masculine qualities. Still the regal homage which they receive is so intoxicating, that till the manners of the times are changed, and formed on more reasonable principles, it may be impossible to convince them that the illegitimate power which they obtain, by degrading themselves, is a curse, and that they must return to nature and equality, if they wish to secure the placid satisfaction that unsophisticated affections impart. But for this epoch we must wait—wait, perhaps, till kings and nobles, enlightened by reason, and, preferring the real dignity of man to childish state, throw off their gaudy hereditary trappings: and if then women do not resign the arbitrary power of beauty—they will prove that they have *less* mind than man.

Section C

Exploring Context

Section C

Context

In order to teach a wide range of unseen literature from different eras it is helpful for teachers to have a good grasp of the literary movements and major historical events which helped to shape the texts. Here is a broad guide followed by a quick reference chronology of Britain's literary heritage.

The C16th

- By 1600, though English remained somewhat peripheral on the continent, it had been transformed into an immensely powerful expressive medium, as employed by Shakespeare, Marlowe, and the translators of the Bible.
- The development of the English language is linked to the consolidation and strengthening of the English state.
- Rather than the flowering of visual arts and architecture that had occurred in Italy, the Renaissance emerged in Britain through an intellectual orientation to humanism.
- The Protestant Reformation, with its emphasis on the authority of scripture (sola scriptura) and salvation by faith alone (sola fide), came to England as a result of Henry VIII's insistence on divorcing his wife, Catherine of Aragon, against the wishes of the Pope.
- A female monarch in a male world, Elizabeth ruled through a combination of adroit political manoeuvring and imperious command, enhancing her authority by means of an extraordinary cult of love.
- Renaissance literature is the product of a rhetorical culture, a culture steeped in the arts of persuasion and trained to process complex verbal signals.
- Around 1590, an extraordinary change came over English drama, pioneered by Marlowe's mastery of unrhymed iambic pentameter, or blank verse.

The English language had almost no prestige abroad at the beginning of the sixteenth century. One of the earliest sixteenth-century works of English literature, Thomas More's Utopia, was written in Latin for an international intellectual community. It was only translated into English during the 1550s, nearly a half-century after its original publication in Britain. By 1600, though English remained somewhat peripheral on the continent, it had been transformed into an immensely powerful expressive medium, as employed by Shakespeare, Marlowe, and the translators of the Bible.

The development of the English language is linked to the consolidation and strengthening of the English state. The Wars of the Roses ended with Henry VII's establishment of the Tudor dynasty that would rule England from 1485 to 1603. The Tudors imposed a much stronger central authority on the nation. The royal court was a centre of culture as well as power, finding expression in theatre, masques, fashion, and taste in painting, music, and poetry. The court fostered paranoia, and in this anxious atmosphere courtiers became highly practiced at crafting and deciphering graceful words with double or triple meanings. For advice on the

cultivation and display of the self, they turned to Castiglione's Il Cortigiano (The Courtier). Beyond the court, London was the largest and fastest-growing city in Europe, and literacy increased throughout the century, in part due to the influence of Protestantism as well as the rise of the printing press. Freedom of the press did not exist, and much literature, especially poetry, still circulated in manuscript.

The movement now known as the Renaissance unleashed new ideas and new social, political and economic forces that gradually displaced the spiritual and communal values of the Middle Ages. The Renaissance came to England through the spiritual and intellectual orientation known as humanism. Humanism, whose adherents included Sir Thomas More, John Colet, Roger Ascham, and Sir Thomas Elyot, was bound up with struggles over the purposes of education and curriculum reform. Education was still ordered according to the medieval trivium (grammar, logic, rhetoric) and quadrivium (arithmetic, geometry, astrology, and music), and it emphasized Latin, the language of diplomacy, professions, and higher learning. But the focus of education shifted from training for the Church to the general acquisition of "literature," in the sense both of literacy and of cultural knowledge.

Officially at least, England in the early sixteenth century had a single religion, Catholicism. The Protestant Reformation, with its emphasis on the authority of scripture (sola scriptura) and salvation by faith alone (sola fide), came to England as a result of Henry VIII's insistence on divorcing his wife, Catherine of Aragon, against the wishes of the Pope. Henry declared himself supreme head of the Church of England (through the Act of Supremacy). Those like Thomas More who refused the oath acknowledging the king's supremacy were held guilty of treason and executed. Henry was an equal-opportunity persecutor, hostile to Catholics and zealous reformers alike. His son Edward VI was more firmly Protestant, whilst Mary I was a Catholic. Elizabeth I, though a Protestant, was cautiously conservative, determined to hold religious zealotry in check.

A female monarch in a male world, Elizabeth ruled through a combination of adroit political manoeuvring and imperious command, enhancing her authority by means of an extraordinary cult of love. The court moved in an atmosphere of romance, with music, dancing, plays, and masques. Leading artists like the poet Edmund Spenser and the miniaturist Nicholas Hilliard celebrated Elizabeth's mystery and likened her to various classical goddesses. A source of intense anxiety was Mary Queen of Scots, a Catholic with a plausible claim to the English throne, whom Elizabeth eventually had executed. When England faced an invasion from Catholic Spain in 1588, Elizabeth appeared in person before her troops wearing a white gown and a silver breastplate; the incident testifies to her self-consciously theatrical command of the grand public occasion as well as her strategic appropriation of masculine qualities. By the 1590s, virtually everyone was aware that Elizabeth's life was nearing an end, and there was great anxiety surrounding the succession to the throne.

Renaissance literature is the product of a rhetorical culture, a culture steeped in the arts of persuasion and trained to process complex verbal signals. Aesthetically, Elizabethan literature reveals a delight in order and pattern conjoined with a profound interest in the mind and heart. In his Defence of Poesy, Sir Philip Sidney argued that poetry's magical power to create perfect worlds was also a moral power, encouraging readers to virtue. The major literary modes of the Elizabethan period included pastoral, as exemplified in Marlowe's *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, and heroic/epic, as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

A permanent, freestanding public theatre in England dates only from 1567. There was, however, a rich and vital theatrical tradition, including interludes and mystery and morality plays. Around 1590, an extraordinary change came over English drama, pioneered by Marlowe's mastery of unrhymed iambic pentameter, or blank verse. The theatres had many enemies; moralists warned that they were nests of sedition, and Puritans charged that theatrical transvestism excited illicit sexual desires, both heterosexual and homosexual. Nonetheless, the playing companies had powerful allies, including Queen Elizabeth, and continuing popular support.

The C17th

- After more than four decades on the throne, Elizabeth I died in 1603. James VI of Scotland succeeded her, becoming James I and establishing the Stuart dynasty.
- Political and religious tensions intensified under James's son, Charles I, who succeeded to the throne in 1625.
- In the early C17th, John Donne, Ben Jonson, and George Herbert led the shift towards "new" poetic genres.
- Many leading poets were staunch royalists, or Cavaliers, who suffered heavily in the war years. Yet two of the best writers of the period, John Milton and Andrew Marvell, sided with the republic.

After more than four decades on the throne, Elizabeth I died in 1603. James VI of Scotland succeeded her without the attempted coups that many had feared. Writers jubilantly noted that the new ruler had literary inclinations. Yet both in his literary works and on the throne James expounded authoritarian theories of kingship that seemed incompatible with the English tradition of "mixed" government. Kings, James believed, derived their power from God rather than from the people. James was notorious for his financial heedlessness, and his disturbing tendency to bestow high office on good-looking male favourites. The period had complex attitudes to same-sex relationships, and James's susceptibility to lovely, expensive youths was seen as more a political than a moral calamity. Yet James was successful in keeping England out of European wars, and encouraging colonial projects in the New World and economic growth at home. The most important religious event of James's reign was a newly commissioned translation of the Bible.

Political and religious tensions intensified under James's son, Charles I, who succeeded to the throne in 1625. Between 1629 and 1638, Charles attempted to rule without Parliament. Charles married the French princess Henrietta Maria, who promoted a conversion back to Catholicism. The appointment of William Laud as the archbishop of Canterbury further alienated Puritans, as Laud aligned the doctrine and ceremonies of the English church with Roman Catholicism. In 1642 a Civil War broke out between the king's forces and armies loyal to the House of Commons. The conflict ended with Charles's defeat and beheading in 1649. In the 1650s, as "Lord Protector," Oliver Cromwell wielded power nearly as autocratically as Charles had done. In 1660, Parliament invited the old king's son, Charles II, home from exile. Yet the twenty-year period between 1640 and 1660 had seen the emergence of concepts that would remain central to bourgeois thought for centuries to come:

religious toleration, separation of church and state, freedom from press censorship, and popular sovereignty. Among the more radical voices to emerge in the period were those of Roger Williams, who advocated religious toleration, the Leveller, John Lilburne, who advocated universal male suffrage, and the Digger, Gerrard Winstanley, who advocated Christian communism.

Early C17th writers such as John Donne, Ben Jonson, and Robert Burton inherited a system of knowledge founded on analogy, order, and hierarchy. In this system, a monarch was like God, the ruler of the universe, and also like a father, the head of the family. Yet this conceptual system was beginning to crumble in the face of the scientific and empirical approach to knowledge advocated by Francis Bacon. William Harvey's discovery of the circulation of blood and Galileo's demonstration that the earth revolved around the sun disrupted long-held certainties. As ideas changed, so did the conditions of their dissemination. Although elite poets like John Donne often preferred to circulate their works in manuscript, the printing of all kinds of literary works was becoming more common. Printers and acting companies were obliged to submit works to the censor before public presentation, and those who flouted the censorship laws were subject to heavy punishment. Since overt criticism or satire of the great was dangerous, political writing before the Civil War was apt to be oblique and allegorical.

In the early C17th, John Donne, Ben Jonson, and George Herbert led the shift towards "new" poetic genres. These included classical elegy and satire, epigram, verse epistle, meditative religious lyric, and the country-house poem. Jonson distinguished himself as an acute observer of urban manners. He mentored a group of younger poets, including Herrick and Carew, known as the Tribe or Sons of Ben. Donne's poetry concerns itself not with a crowded social panorama, but with a dyad—the speaker and either a woman, or God. Donne delights in making the overlap between sexual and religious love seem new and shocking, and he has been regarded as a founder of "Metaphysical" poetry. Among the "Metaphysical poets" Herbert, with his complex religious sensibility wedded to great artistic sensibility, had a profound influence on younger poets like Crashaw and Vaughan. The reigns of the first two Stuart kings also marked the entry of women in some numbers into authorship and publication.

The Civil War was disastrous for the English theatre, with the closure of the playhouses in 1642. Many leading poets were staunch royalists, or Cavaliers, who suffered heavily in the war years. Yet two of the best writers of the period, John Milton and Andrew Marvell, sided with the republic. Marvell's conflicted world-view is unmistakably a product of the Civil War decades. Milton's loyalty to the revolution remained unwavering despite his disillusion when it failed to realize his ideals. The revolutionary era also gave new impetus to women's writing on both sides of the political divide.

The Restoration and C18th

- The Restoration and the C18th brought vast changes to the island of Great Britain, which became a single nation after 1707.
- The Restoration of the monarchy in 1660 brought hope to a divided nation, but no political settlement could be stable until religious issues had been resolved.
- The long reign of George III (1760-1820) saw both the emergence of Britain as a colonial power and the cry for a new social order based on liberty and radical reform.
- The widespread devotion to direct observation of experience established empiricism, as employed by John Locke, as the dominant intellectual attitude of the age.
- Publishing boomed in the C18th Britain, in part because of a loosening of legal restraints on printing.
- The literature appearing between 1660 and 1785 divides conveniently into three lesser periods of about forty years each.

The Restoration and the C18th brought vast changes to the island of Great Britain, which became a single nation after 1707. The national population nearly doubled in the period, reaching ten million. Change came most dramatically to cities: in London, new theatres, coffeehouses, concert halls, pleasure gardens, picture exhibitions and shopping districts gave life a feeling of bustle and friction. Civil society also linked people to an increasingly global economy, as they shopped for diverse goods from around the world.

The Restoration of the monarchy in 1660 brought hope to a divided nation, but no political settlement could be stable until religious issues had been resolved. In the 1660s, parliament re-imposed the Anglican Book of Common Prayer and barred Nonconformists from holding religious meetings outside of the established church. The jails were filled with preachers like John Bunyan who refused to be silenced. A series of religion-fuelled crises forced Charles to dissolve Parliament, and led to the division of the country between two new political parties: Tories, who supported the king, and the Whigs, the king's opponents. Neither party proved able to live with the Catholic James II, who came to the throne in 1685 and was soon accused of filling the government and army with his coreligionists. Secret negotiations paved the way for the Dutchman William of Orange, a champion of Protestantism and the husband of James's Protestant daughter Mary. For more than half a century some loyal Jacobites (from Latin Jacobus, James), especially in Scotland, continued to support the deposed James II and his heirs. Nonetheless, the coming of William and Mary in 1688—the so-called Glorious Revolution—came to be seen as the beginning of a stabilized, unified Great Britain. The 1689 Bill of Rights limited the powers of the Crown and reaffirmed the supremacy of Parliament, while the Toleration Act of the same year granted a limited freedom of worship to Dissenters (though not to Catholics or Jews).

In the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-13), England and its allies defeated France and Spain. As these commercial rivals were weakened and war gains including new colonies flowed in, the Whig lords and London merchants supporting the war grew rich. In the C18th, the Whigs generally stood for the new

"moneyed interest," while the Tories stood for tradition, affirming landownership as the proper basis of wealth, power and privilege. The long reign of George III (1760-1820) saw both the emergence of Britain as a colonial power and the cry for a new social order based on liberty and radical reform. The wealth brought to England by industrialism and foreign trade had not spread to the great mass of the poor. New forms of religious devotion sprang up amid Britain's material success. The campaign to abolish slavery and the slave trade was driven largely by a passion to save souls.

Following the Restoration, French and Italian musicians, as well as painters from the Low Countries, migrated to England, contributing to a revolution in aesthetic tastes. The same period witnessed the triumph of the scientific revolution; Charles II chartered the Royal Society for the Improving of Human Knowledge in 1662. Encounters with little known societies in the Far East, Africa, and the Americas enlarged Europeans' understanding of human norms. The widespread devotion to direct observation of experience established empiricism, as employed by John Locke, as the dominant intellectual attitude of the age. Yet perhaps the most momentous new intellectual movement was a powerful strain of feminism, championed by Mary Astell. The old hierarchical system had tended to subordinate individuals to their social rank or station. By the end of the C18th many issues of politics and the law had come to revolve around rights, rather than traditions.

Publishing boomed in C18th Britain, in part because of a loosening of legal restraints on printing. The rise in literacy was also a factor; by the end of the C18th 60-70 per cent of men could read, with a smaller but still significant percentage of women. The literary market began to sustain the first true professional class of authors in British history. Aphra Behn was the first woman to make her living from writing, though she and successors like Delarivier Manley and Eliza Haywood were denounced for their scandalous works and lives.

The literature appearing between 1660 and 1785 divides conveniently into three lesser periods of about forty years each. The first, extending to the death of Dryden in 1700 is characterized by an effort to bring a new refinement to English literature according to sound critical principles of what is fine and right. Poetry and prose come to be characterized by an easy, sociable style, while in the theatre comedy is triumphant. The second period, ending with the deaths of Pope in 1744 and Swift in 1745, reaches out to a wider circle of readers, with special satirical attention to what is unfitting and wrong. Deeply conservative but also playful, the finest works of this brilliant generation of writers cast a strange light on modern times by viewing them through the screen of classical myths and forms. The third period, concluding with the death of Johnson in 1784 and the publication of Cowper's *The Task* in 1785, confronts the old principles with revolutionary ideas that would come to the fore in the Romantic period. A respect for the good judgement of ordinary people, and for standards of taste and behaviour independent of social status, marks many writers of the age. Throughout the larger period, what poets most tried to see and represent was nature, understood as the universal and permanent elements in human experience.

Romantics

- Some of the best regarded poets of the time were in fact women, including Anna Barbauld, Charlotte Smith, and Mary Robinson.
- Many writers of the period were aware of a pervasive intellectual and imaginative climate, which some called "the spirit of the age." This spirit was linked to both the politics of the French Revolution and religious apocalypticism.
- Wordsworth influentially located the source of a poem not in outer nature but in the psychology and emotions of the individual poet.
- Romantic poems habitually endow the landscape with human life, passion, and expressiveness.
- Although we now know the Romantic period as an age of poetry, the prose essay, the drama, and the novel flourished during this epoch.

Writers working in the time period from 1785 to 1830 did not think of themselves as "Romantics," but were seen to belong to a number of distinct movements or schools. For much of the C20th scholars singled out five poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Percy Shelley, and Keats—and constructed a unified concept of Romanticism on the basis of their works. Some of the best regarded poets of the time were in fact women, including Anna Barbauld, Charlotte Smith, and Mary Robinson. Yet educated women were targets of masculine scorn, and the radical feminism of a figure like Mary Wollstonecraft remained exceptional.

The Romantic period was shaped by a multitude of political, social, and economic changes. Many writers of the period were aware of a pervasive intellectual and imaginative climate, which some called "the spirit of the age." This spirit was linked to both the politics of the French Revolution and religious apocalypticism. The early period of the French Revolution evoked enthusiastic support from English liberals and radicals alike. But support dropped off as the Revolution took an increasingly grim course. The final defeat of the French emperor Napoleon in 1815 ushered in a period of harsh, repressive measures in England. The nation's growing population was increasingly polarized into two classes of capital and labour, rich and poor. In 1819, an assembly of workers demanding parliamentary reform was attacked by sabre-wielding troops in what became known as the "Peterloo Massacre." A Reform Bill was passed in 1832, extending the franchise, though most men and all women remained without the vote.

Wordsworth and Coleridge's sense of the emancipatory opportunities brought in by the new historical moment was expressed in their Lyrical Ballads (1798), which revolutionized the theory and practice of poetry. Wordsworth influentially located the source of a poem not in outer nature but in the psychology and emotions of the individual poet. In keeping with the view that poetry emphasizes the poet's feelings, the lyric became a major Romantic form. It was held that the immediate act of composition must be spontaneous—arising from impulse and free from rules. For

Shelley, poetry was not the product of "labor and study" but unconscious creativity. In a related tendency, Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and later Shelley would all assume the persona of the poet-prophet.

Romantic poetry for present-day readers has become almost synonymous with "nature poetry." Romantic poems habitually endow the landscape with human life, passion, and expressiveness. Wordsworth's aim was to shatter the lethargy of custom to renew our sense of wonder in the everyday. Coleridge, by contrast, achieved wonder by the frank violation of natural laws, impressing upon readers a sense of occult powers and unknown modes of being. The pervasiveness of nature poetry in the period can be linked to the idealization of the natural scene as a site where the individual could find freedom from social laws.

Books became big business, thanks to an expanded audience and innovations in retailing. A few writers became celebrities. Although we now know the Romantic period as an age of poetry, the prose essay, the drama and the novel flourished during this epoch. This period saw the emergence of the literary critic, with accompanying anxieties over the status of criticism as literature. There was a vibrant theatrical culture, though burdened by many restrictions; Shelley's powerful tragedy The Cenci was deemed unstageable on political grounds. The novel began to rival poetry for literary prestige. Gothic novelists delved into a pre-modern, pre-rational past as a means of exploring the nature of power. Jane Austen, committed like Wordsworth to finding the extraordinary in the everyday, developed a new novelistic language for the mind.

The Victorian Period

- The Victorian era was a period of dramatic change that brought England to its highest point of development as a world power.
- The early Victorian period (1830–48) saw the opening of Britain's first railway and its first Reform Parliament, but it was also a time of economic distress.
- Although the mid-Victorian period (1848–70) was not free of harassing problems, it was a time of prosperity, optimism, and stability.
- In the later period (1870–1901) the costs of Empire became increasingly apparent, and England was confronted with growing threats to its military and economic pre-eminence.
- The extreme inequities between men and women stimulated a debate about women's roles known as "The Woman Question."
- The most significant development in publishing was the growth of the periodical.

The Victorian era was a period of dramatic change that brought England to its highest point of development as a world power. The rapid growth of London, from a population of 2 million when Victoria came to the throne to one of 6.5 million by the time of Victoria's death, indicates the dramatic transition from a way of life based on the ownership of land to a modern urban economy. England experienced an enormous increase in wealth, but rapid and unregulated industrialization brought a host of social and economic problems. Some writers such as Thomas Babington Macaulay applauded England's progress, while others such as Mathew Arnold felt the abandonment of traditional rhythms of life exacted a terrible price in human happiness.

The early Victorian period (1830–48) saw the opening of Britain's first railway and its first Reform Parliament, but it was also a time of economic distress. The Reform Bill of 1832 extended voting privileges to men of the lower middle classes and redistributing parliamentary representation more fairly. Yet the economic and social difficulties associated with industrialization made the 1830s and 1840s a "Time of Troubles," characterized by unemployment, desperate poverty, and rioting. The Chartists, an organization of workers, helped create an atmosphere open to further reform. The "condition of England" became a central topic for novelists including Charles Kingsley, Elizabeth Gaskell, and Benjamin Disraeli in the 1840s and early 1850s.

Although the mid- Victorian period (1848–70) was not free of harassing problems, it was a time of prosperity, optimism, and stability. The achievements of modern industry and science were celebrated at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park (1851). Enormous investments of people, money, and technology created the British Empire. Many English people saw the expansion of empire as a moral responsibility, and missionary societies flourished. At the same time, however, there was increasing debate about religious belief. The Church of England had evolved into three major divisions, with conflicting beliefs about religious practice. There were also rationalist challenges to religion from philosophy (especially Utilitarianism) and science (especially biology and geology). Both the infallibility of the Bible and the stature of the human species in the universe were increasingly called into question.

In the later period (1870–1901) the costs of Empire became increasingly apparent, and England was confronted with growing threats to its military and

economic pre-eminence. A variety of socialist movements gained force, some influenced by the revolutionary theories of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. The literature of the 1890s is characterized by self-conscious melancholy and aestheticism, but also saw the beginnings of the modernist movement.

The extreme inequities between men and women stimulated a debate about women's roles known as "The Woman Question." Women were denied the right to vote or hold political office throughout the period, but gradually won significant rights such as custody of minor children and the ownership of property in marriage. By the end of Victoria's reign, women could take degrees at twelve universities. Hundreds of thousands of working-class women laboured at factory jobs under appalling conditions, and many were driven into prostitution. While John Stuart Mill argued that the "nature of women" was an artificial thing, most male authors preferred to claim that women had a special nature fitting them for domestic duties.

Literacy increased significantly in the period, and publishers could bring out more material more cheaply than ever before. The most significant development in publishing was the growth of the periodical. Novels and long works of non-fiction were published in serial form, fostering a distinctive sense of a community of readers. Victorian novels seek to represent a large and comprehensive social world, constructing a tension between social conditions and the aspirations of the hero or heroine. Writing in the shadow of Romanticism, the Victorians developed a poetry of mood and character. Victorian poetry tends to be pictorial, and often uses sound to convey meaning. The theater, a flourishing and popular institution throughout the period, was transformed in the 1890s by the comic masterpieces of George Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde. Very different from each other, both took aim at Victorian pretence and hypocrisy.

C20th

- The war produced major shifts in attitudes towards Western myths of progress and civilization.
- The C20th witnessed the emergence of internationally acclaimed voices from the former imperial dominions.
- The years leading up to World War I saw the start of a poetic revolution.
- By the end of the century modernism had given way to the striking pluralism of postmodernism and post-colonialism.

The roots of modern literature are in the late C19th. Rejecting Victorian notions of the artist's moral duty, the aesthetic movement widened the bread between writers and the general public. The "alienation" of the artist underlies key works of modernism. The last decades of Victoria's reign also saw the emergence of a mass literate population. Modernity disrupted the old order, casting into doubt previously stable assumptions about the self, community, and the divine. Freud's psychoanalysis changed understandings of rationality and personal development. As the influence of organized religion weakened, many writers looked to literature as an alternative.

As terms applied to cultural history, Edwardian (1901-1910) suggests a period marked by intellectual change but social continuity with Victorian times, while Georgian refers to the lull before the storm of World War I. The war produced major shifts in attitudes towards Western myths of progress and civilization. The 1930s in Britain were called the red decade, for the only solution to economic dislocation seemed to lie in socialism or communism. Victory in World War II was accompanied by diminution in British political power. In the 1980s, Margaret Thatcher's conservative policies widened the gap between rich and poor and between the constituent parts of the United Kingdom. Under Tony Blair, elected in 1997, Scotland and Wales were empowered to elect their own legislative bodies.

In 1914, nearly a quarter of the earth's surface and more than a quarter of its population were under British dominion. Following victory in the Second World War, Britain lost its empire. The C20th witnessed the emergence of internationally acclaimed voices from the former imperial dominions. Migrants to Britain from the Commonwealth brought distinctive vernaculars and cultural identities with them, prompting a large-scale and on-going rethinking of national identity. In the 1970s and 1980s a younger generation of black and Asian British writers emerged, including Salman Rushdie, Hanif Kureishi and John Agard.

The years leading up to World War I saw the start of a poetic revolution. The imagist movement arose in reaction against Romantic fuzziness and emotionalism in poetry. A new critical movement went hand in hand with the new poetry, and T. S. Eliot was high priest of both. Poets looked back to the Metaphysical poets of the C17th and produced work of much greater intellectual complexity than the Victorians. In the 1950s, poets such as Philip Larkin and Thom Gunn were members of "the Movement," which emphasized purity of diction and a neutral tone. Leading poets at the close of the century were the Irishman Seamus Heaney and the West Indian Derek Walcott, both of whom combine elements of the English literary tradition with the rhythms of their native lands.

The C20th novel experienced three major movements. High modernism, lasting through the 1920s, celebrated personal and textual inwardness, complexity, and difficulties. High modernists like Woolf and Joyce wrote in the wake of the shattering of confidence in old certainties. The 1930s through the 1950s saw a return to social

realism and moralism as a reaction against modernism. Writers like Murdoch and Golding were consciously retrospective in their investment in moral form. By the end of the century modernism had given way to the striking pluralism of postmodernism and post-colonialism.

Although there were major innovations in Continental drama in the first half of the C20th, in Britain the impact of these innovations was delayed by a conservative theater establishment until the late 1950s and 1960s. Samuel Beckett played a leading role in the anglophone absorption of modernist experiment in drama. In the shadow of the mass death of World War II, Beckett's absurdist intimation of an existential darkness without redemption gave impetus to a seismic shift in British drama. The Theatres Act of 1968 abolished the power of censorship that had rested in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Wole Soyinka and Derek Walcott, two eminent poets from Britain's former dominions, helped breathe new life and diversity into English drama.

	Monarch	Periods	Genres	Authors
Fourteenth century	Richard II (1377–99)	Medieval; Gothic (Middle English)	Tales, fabliaux, mystery/ morality plays, heroic verse	Geoffrey Chaucer (1343–1400)
Fifteenth century			Epic prose	Sir Thomas Malory (1400–71)
Sixteenth century	Henry VIII (1509–47) Elizabeth I (1558–1603)	Renaissance Elizabethan	Tragedies, comedies, sonnets, classical verse, allegorical poetry	Edmund Spenser (1552–99) Sir Philip Sidney (1554–86) William Shakespeare (1564–1616) Christopher Marlowe (1564–93)
Seventeenth century	James I (VI) (1603–25) Charles I (1625–49) Commonwealth (1649–60) Charles II (1660–85)	Jacobean Caroline (Civil war) Restoration	Metaphysical poetry, revenge tragedies, Restoration drama, social comedies, religious essays	Ben Jonson (1572–1637) John Donne (1572–1631) John Webster (1580–1625) John Milton (1608–74) Andrew Marvell (1621–78) John Dryden (1631–1700) William Wycherley (1640–1716) William Congreve (1670–1729)
Eighteenth century	Anne, George I, II (1700–60) George III (1760–1820)	Regency Augustan (Enlightenment) Romantic I	Satire, epic political essays, lyric poetry, diaries, epistolary and picaresque novels, bawdy verse	Daniel Defoe (1660–1731) Jonathan Swift (1667–1745) Alexander Pope (1688–1744) Henry Fielding (1707–54) Dr (Samuel) Johnson (1709–84) William Blake (1757–1827) William Wordsworth (1770–1850) Walter Scott (1771–1832) Samuel Coleridge (1776–1849)
Nineteenth century	George IV (1820–37)	Romantic II	Narrative poetry, Gothic poetry and prose, lyric poetry, Romantic novels	Jane Austen (1775–1817) Lord Byron (1788–1824) Percy Shelley (1792–1822) John Keats (1795–1821)
		(Industrial Revolution)		Mary Shelley (1797–1851) Elizabeth Gaskell (1810–65) Charlotte Brontë (1816–55)
	Victoria (1837–1901)	Victorian	Serial novels, political/ patriotic and religious verse, social and industrial novels	Emily Brontë (1818–48) George Eliot (1819–80) Elizabeth Browning (1806–61) Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–92) Charles Dickens (1812–70) Robert Browning (1812–89) Thomas Hardy (1840–1928) Oscar Wilde (1856–1900) W. B. Yeats (1865–1939)
		(Pre Raphaelite)		
Twentieth century	Edward VII (1901–10)	Edwardian	War poetry, psychological novels, symbolist novels, short stories	H.G. Wells (1866–1946) Edward Thomas (1878–1917) Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967) Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)
	George V (1910–36)	Modernism	Science fiction	E. M. Forster (1879–1970) Virginia Woolf (1882–1941) James Joyce (1882–1941) D. H. Lawrence (1885–1930)
	George VI (1936–52)		Socialist poetry and fiction, novels written in exile	T. S. Eliot (1888–1965) Samuel Beckett (1906–89) W. H. Auden (1907–73) Tennessee Williams (1911–83)
	Elizabeth II (1952–)	Postmodernism	Postmodernist novels, political and social poetry and drama, 'kitchen sink' drama, absurd drama, Postcolonial and feminist poetry, prose and drama	Philip Larkin (1922–85) Brian Friel (1929–) Ted Hughes (1930–98) Sylvia Plath (1932–63) Tom Stoppard (1937–) Margaret Atwood (1939–) Seamus Heaney (1939–) Alice Walker (1944–) Ian McEwan (1948–) Carol Ann Duffy (1955–)

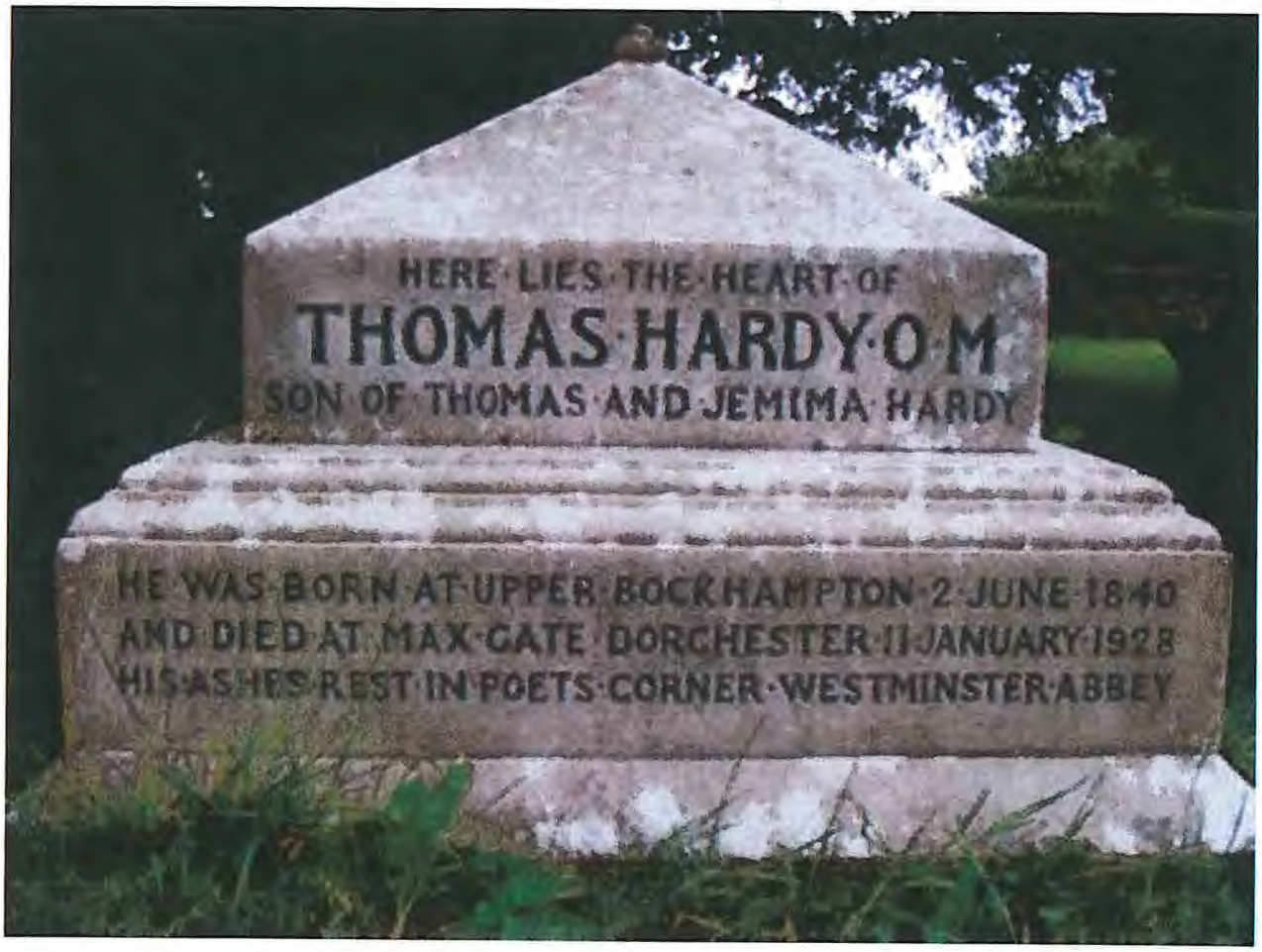
Section D

Stretch and Challenge

Section D

Stretch and Challenge. Difficult, but interesting.

The following Hardy poetry could be studied by able Key Stage 4 pupils or used for unseen analysis by Key Stage 5 students. Notes, powerpoints and suggested questions and group work activities are provided here for adaptation.



It was Hardy's wish to be buried at Stinsford, in Dorset ('Mellstock' in Hardy's novels). However, after his death, the authorities at Westminster Abbey suggested he be buried in 'Poets' Corner'. His second wife, Florence, decided that Hardy's heart should be buried at Stinsford and his ashes interred in the Abbey. It is rumoured that when the local doctor was removing Hardy's heart he left the room momentarily, leaving the heart in a biscuit tin. When the doctor returned he found his cat eating the heart. The cat is said to have been killed and its body also placed in the grave at Stinsford.

Thomas Hardy

Born: June 2 1840
Died: January 11 1928

Thomas Hardy's birthplace, Higher Bockhampton, Dorset

Hardy's drawing of his birthplace

Hardy in 1861, age 21.

1874 Around the time of his marriage to Emma Gifford

St Juliot Church, Boscastle Cornwall

'Beeny Cliff'

Emma Gifford

Hardy lived at 172 Trinity Road, Tooting, SW17 Wandsworth, from 1878 to 1881.

Max Gate, Dorset, the house that Thomas Hardy designed and lived in from 1885 until his death in 1928.

Emma Hardy (Gifford), in later life.

Florence Dugdale.

Florence Dugdale was 39 years younger than Thomas Hardy.

She first met him in 1905.

They married in 1914.

She died in 1937.

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
    When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
    The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
    Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
    Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
    The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
    The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
    Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
    Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
    The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
    Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
    In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
    Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
    Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
    Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
    His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
    And I was unaware.

31 December, 1900.

The Darkling Thrush

CONTENT

In *The Darkling Thrush,* Hardy is outside, alone, contemplating the cold, barren landscape. It is the year's end (and the end of the C19th), and Hardy feels that life has almost slowed to a stop. And then, at once, he hears a small thrush singing: it fills him with hope, as he realises that there is some hope for the future. Hardy hears joy in the bird's song: it seems as if the bird has knowledge about life which he does not.

PURPOSE (think | feel | imagine)

- The first two stanzas create a sad and desolate mood (appropriate to winter); the last two, by contrast, create a sense of hope.

- Uncharacteristically for Hardy, this poem looks at how in the midst of a bleak season, there are sources of hope to be found. Hardy, as a follower of Charles Darwin and a sceptical thinker about a Christian God, finds his consolation in Nature (the song of the thrush seems to speak of a higher truth). Hardy has hope, not faith.

- the landscape & the season work as a metaphor for life.

- although we may (or do) not have faith in God, the bird song suggests that we still desire to hope that there is a higher truth beyond ourselves; that we are part of a larger pattern of Nature & life.

FORM

Regular 8-line stanzas: 8 syllables / 6 syllables. ABABCDCD
+ helps to reflect the regular pattern of life/ the alternation of the seasons.
+ imitates the 'carolings' of the thrush's song

Secular hymn (a response to *In the Bleak Mid-Winter?*)

IMAGERY

'For as long as I can remember, it has been my instinctive feeling to avoid the jewelled line in poetry, as being effeminate.' TH 1919

The Darkling Thrush

Stanza one	Before you start – what do you think the title means?
Find words/phrases which give you a strong impression of the time of year and weather.	
Find a simile used to describe the way that the stems of plants look.	
Are there any people present? Where are they?	
Stanza two	
What sort of landscape is Hardy writing about?	
What might the phrase 'the Century's corpse' mean? Bear in mind when this poem was published…	
Find as many words relating to death as you can in this stanza. How do they affect the poem's mood?	
What has happened to the landscape's 'pulse'? Why might this be?	
How do other people	

seem to be feeling?	
Stanza three	
Find words/phrases which give you a strong impression of the thrush's song	
How is the bird itself described?	
What do the final two lines of this stanza suggest?	
Find as many examples of alliteration as you can in this stanza.	
Stanza four	
The poet uses a few more important words to describe the bird's song. Find them!	
Does anything else in the vicinity share the bird's happiness? So what is the poet forced to conclude about this bird?	
Do you think this poem ends optimistically? Why is this fitting for a poem written at the end of a century?	

Neutral Tones

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
— They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago:
And some words played between us to and fro
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing....

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

1867 (published, *Wessex Poems,* December 1898.)

Neutral Tones

- a poem of a love gone cold, neutered—from fire into ash.
- it vividly recounts that moment in a relationship when lovers become aware that they are only prolonging the inevitable end.
- a poem which records what havoc love in its rage did as it passed into and through the lives of one couple (namely, it wrung them with wrong / transformed the world to a scene of desolation). Although the two discuss 'which lost the more by our love', the poem remains 'neutral' as to the answer. Blame is not attached to the lovers, but to love itself: 'love deceives'. As Hardy observed: 'lovers could be abandoned by love itself.'

The speaker recalls standing with his former love at the side of a pond in the middle of winter, surrounded by a dead landscape that serves as a metaphor for their withered relationship. Though they exchange both looks and words, in the end, they must both accept that they no longer care for each other. The speaker claims that it is only now that time has passed and other 'keen lessons' have been learned that he can look back upon this scene with some sense of perspective.

The first stanza sets the scene.

[*chidden* = rebuked or scolded]
[*starving sod* = dying / lingering/ to suffer from, or perish from the cold]

How does Hardy's use of natural imagery evoke a mood of desolation?
How is the description of the scene a metaphor for their dying love?

The second and third stanzas focus on 'Your eyes', 'some words', 'The smile on your mouth'.

How does this meeting emphasise how their love has changed?
How does she look at him now? What has he become? How would she have looked at him?
What do they talk about? Why is 'played' an ironic verb?

What has happened to her smile?
Explain the simile? Why 'ominous'?
[*rove* = to move in changing directions / to wander or travel about with no definite purpose]
[*ominous* = threatening]

The fourth stanza brings together the scene and the emotions.

The description of nature in the first stanza, and the ones of her face in the middle stanzas, are 'shaped' into permanent symbols of the pain of lost love.

It is not just that a sight of 'the God-curst sun', for example, will now remind him forever of that time of parting, but that these images will come into his mind whenever he thinks of that event. Hence the 'keen lessons that loves deceives / ... have shaped to me / Your face' (and the other images).

The poem was written in 1867 before Hardy left London after a five-year stay, working as an architect; he had been engaged to Eliza Nicholls from 1863, when she left London, until 1867. The key point, however, is that Hardy has transmuted a personal event into a symbol for a universal emotion.

In Hardy's first published novel, *Desperate Remedies* (1871), Cytherea's father falls off the scaffolding on the church spire: 'her eyes caught sight of the south-western sky, and, without heeding, saw white sunlight shining in shaft-like lines from a rift in a slaty cloud. Emotions will attach themselves to scenes that are simultaneous—however foreign in essence these scenes may be—as chemical waters will crystallize on twigs and wires. Even after that time any mental agony brought less vividly to Cytherea's mind the scene from the Town Hall windows than sunlight streaming in shaft-like lines.'

Samuel Johnson says of the witches' wicked incantations in Macbeth (IV.i) that 'it is observable that Shakespeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow.'

Something similar might be said of how thoroughgoing Hardy is, in *Neutral Tones*, with the imagery and phrasing of abjection. The scene must be barrenest winter, of course. The sky should be not merely white, but white as with fear, having not simply been cursed but 'God-curst.' The leaves must be 'few' in number (poverty even here!), and, of course, from an 'ash'—with the available figurative extension into the gray 'ashes' of a desire now utterly extinct. The sod must be 'starving.' The riddles must be 'tedious.' And above all, that 'smile' must be 'the deadest thing / Alive enough to have strength to die'—and, moreover, must be complemented by a 'grin' that crosses it 'like an ominous bird a-wing.' Could any poet 'multiply' the circumstances of bitterness more fully?

The diction is simple and stark.

The use of first person gives the poem a narrative, personal feel; he appears to be recounting the lesson he has learned, namely that love is fleeting and inevitably ends in negative feeling.

Nothing at all heated about the encounter, so absolutely bereft are they of desire. Even the meter lacks a certain dedication (so to speak) as to motive. The lines vary, in a desultory, unsystematic way, from 9 to 10 syllables, with some perhaps ranging out to 11 (depending on how one reckons the elisions, though the metrical contract calls for no strict reckoning: even here we fall back into lassitude). Still, there is pattern, with accentual meter. The first three lines of each stanza carry four stresses each, the truncated fourth lines three. Beyond the counted number of accents per line, however, its meter is an irregular combination of iambs and anapests, its rhythm an expressive alternation between speed and significant

deceleration. 'We stood by a pond that winter day,' it begins, with the anapest 'by a pond' slowing down the quicker iambs that surround it.

In the second line, two final anapests stress the sense of cosmic reprimand: 'And the sun was white, as though chidden of God.' The densely packed alliteration and assonance intensify what the rhythm signifies. The 'mind of winter,' in Wallace Stevens' phrase, grows more severe when the beat stops at 'white' and then, after two lightly stressed syllables, lands upon 'chidden.' The word 'hidden,' only barely buried in the chattering of 'chidden,' carries the suggestion that the form of chiding God has chosen for the sun is to strip it of its colour and heat. This is, of course, seen by the speaker, whose love has grown similarly colourless.

The last two lines of the poem have a weight and solemnity achieved by the main stresses falling heavily on each of the objects symbolising the loss of love in the penultimate line, and an extra foot being added to lengthen the final line (it has four stresses, whereas the final lines of the first three stanzas have only three).

Rhyme Scheme ABBA – *In Memoriam*

Neutral Tones 1898

Title

1. What do you think the title means?

Stanza 1

2. What do you think 'chidden' means ?
3. Why is the sod 'starving'?
4. How does Hardy's use of natural imagery evoke a mood of desolation?
5. How is the description of the scene a metaphor for something else?

Stanza 2

6. How does this meeting emphasise how their love has changed?
7. How does the woman look at the man now?
8. What does 'rove' mean?
9. What do they talk about?
10. Why is 'played' an ironic verb?

Stanza 3 and elsewhere

11. What has happened to her smile?
12. What other images about facial features are there in the poem? What does this focus upon the face suggest?
13. Find and explain the simile in stanza 3. What does 'ominous' mean? What does it suggest?

Stanza 4

14. What are the 'keen lessons' that the speaker has since learned?
15. How is the moment described in the poem connected to that understanding?
16. What effect does the image 'God-curst sun' have on the poem's meaning?
17. How does Hardy make the mood of this last verse sombre and dramatic?

Overall Meaning

18. From whose perspective is the poem? What effect does this have upon its meaning?
19. Can you sum up the meaning of the whole poem in a sentence?
20. Choose 5 different adjectives to describe the mood and tone of this poem.

Neutral Tones

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
— They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles solved years ago:
And some words played between us to and fro
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing....

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

1867 (published, *Wessex Poems,* December 1898.)

I look into my glass

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

Wessex Poems, December 1898.

Drummer Hodge

I

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
Uncoffined — just as found:
His landmark is a kopje-crest
That breaks the veldt around;
And foreign constellations west
Each night above his mound.

II

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew —
Fresh from his Wessex home—
The meaning of the broad Karoo,
The Bush, the dusty loam,
And why uprose to nightly view
Strange stars amid the gloam.

III

Yet portion of that unknown plain
Will Hodge forever be;
His homely Northern breast and brain
Grow to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellation reign
His stars eternally.

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
    The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
    Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
    In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
    Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
    Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
    Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
    His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
    And I was unaware.

31 December, 1900.

On the Departure Platform

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through
She left me, and moment by moment got
Smaller and smaller, until to my view
    She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff
That down the diminishing platform bore
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough
    To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,
Behind dark groups from far and near,
Whose interests were apart from ours,
    She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see
That flexible form, that nebulous white;
And she who was more than my life to me
Had vanished quite . . .

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,
And in season she will appear again —
Perhaps in the same soft white array —
But never as then!

— "And why, young man, must eternally fly
A joy you'll repeat, if you love her well?"
— O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,
I cannot tell!

The Pine Planters
(*Marty South's Reverie*)

I

We work here together
In blast and breeze;
He fills the earth in,
I hold the trees.

He does not notice
That what I do
Keeps me from moving
And chills me through.

He has seen one fairer
I feel by his eye,
Which skims me as though
I were not by.

And since she passed here
He scarce has known
But that the woodland
Holds him alone.

I have worked here with him
  Since morning shine,
He busy with his thoughts
  And I with mine.

I have helped him so many,
  So many days,
But never win any
  Small word of praise!

Shall I not sigh to him
  That I work on
Glad to be nigh to him
  Though hope is gone?

Nay, though he never
  Knew love like mine,
I'll bear it ever
  And make no sign!

II

From the bundle at hand here
  I take each tree,
And set it to stand, here
  Always to be;
When, in a second,
  As if from fear
Of Life unreckoned
  Beginning here,
It starts a sighing
  Through day and night,
Though while there lying
  'Twas voiceless quite.

It will sigh in the morning,
  Will sigh at noon,
At the winter's warning,
  In wafts of June;
Grieving that never
  Kind Fate decreed
It should for ever
  Remain a seed,
And shun the welter
  Of things without,
Unneeding shelter
  From storm and drought.

Thus, all unknowing
For whom or what
We set it growing
In this bleak spot,
It still will grieve here
Throughout its time,
Unable to leave here,
Or change its clime;
Or tell the story
Of us to-day
When, halt and hoary,
We pass away.

The Convergence of the Twain
(Lines on the loss of the 'Titanic')

I

In a solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity,
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II

Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III

Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent
The sea-worm crawls — grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV

Jewels in joy designed
To ravish the sensuous mind
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near
Gaze at the gilded gear
And query: "What does this vaingloriousness
down here?" . . .

VI

Well: while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges
everything

VII

Prepared a sinister mate
For her — so gaily great —
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

IX

Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said "Now!" And each one hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

The Going

Why did you give no hint that night
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,
You would close your term here, up and be gone
Where I could not follow
With wing of swallow
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye
Or lip me the softest call,
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house
And think for a breath it is you I see
At the end of the alley of bending boughs
Where so often at dusk you used to be;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,
And, reining nigh me,
Would muse and eye me,
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
Did we not think of those days long dead,
And ere your vanishing strive to seek
That time's renewal? We might have said,
"In this bright spring weather
We'll visit together
Those places that once we visited."

Well, well! All's past amend,
Unchangeable. It must go.
I seem but a dead man held on end
To sink down soon. . . . O you could not know
That such swift fleeing
No soul foreseeing —
Not even I — would undo me so!

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

At the Word 'Farewell'

She looked like a bird from a cloud
On the clammy lawn,
Moving alone, bare-browed
In the dim of dawn.
The candles alight in the room
For my parting meal
Made all things withoutdoors loom
Strange, ghostly, unreal.

The hour itself was a ghost,
And it seemed to me then
As of chances the chance furthermost
I should see her again.
I beheld not where all was so fleet
That a Plan of the past
Which had ruled us from birthtime to meet
Was in working at last:

No prelude did I there perceive
To a drama at all,
Or foreshadow what fortune might weave
From beginnings so small;
But I rose as if quicked by a spur
I was bound to obey,
And stepped through the casement to her
Still alone in the gray.

"I am leaving you . . . Farewell!" I said,
As I followed her on
By an alley bare boughs overspread;
"I soon must be gone!"
Even then the scale might have been turned
Against love by a feather,
— But crimson one cheek of hers burned
When we came in together.

During Wind and Rain

They sing their dearest songs —
He, she, all of them — yea,
Treble and tenor and bass.
And one to play;
With the candles mooning each face....
Ah, no; the years O!
How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss —
Elders and juniors — aye,
Making the pathways neat
And the garden gay;
And they build a shady seat....
Ah, no; the years, the years;
See, the white storm-birds wing across!

They are blithely breakfasting all —
Men and maidens — yea,
Under the summer tree,
With a glimpse of the bay,
While pet fowl come to the knee....
Ah, no; the years O!
And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,
He, she, all of them — aye,
Clocks and carpets and chairs
On the lawn all day,
And brightest things that are theirs....
Ah, no; the years, the years;
Down their carved names the raindrop ploughs.

In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'

I

Only a man harrowing clods
  In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
  Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
  From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
  Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
  Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
  Ere their story die.

1915

No Buyers
A Street Scene

A Load of brushes and baskets and cradles and chairs
  Labours along the street in the rain:
With it a man, a woman, a pony with whiteybrown hairs. —
  The man foots in front of the horse with a shambling sway
    At a slower tread than a funeral train,
  While to a dirge-like tune he chants his wares,
Swinging a Turk's-head brush (in a drum-major's way
      When the bandsmen march and play).

A yard from the back of the man is the whiteybrown pony's nose:
He mirrors his master in every item of pace and pose:
    He stops when the man stops, without being told,
  And seems to be eased by a pause; too plainly he's old,
      Indeed, not strength enough shows
    To steer the disjointed waggon straight,
  Which wriggles left and right in a rambling line,
  Deflected thus by its own warp and weight,
  And pushing the pony with it in each incline.

The woman walks on the pavement verge,
Parallel to the man:
She wears an apron white and wide in span,
And carries a like Turk's-head, but more in nursing-wise:
Now and then she joins in his dirge,
But as if her thoughts were on distant things,
The rain clams her apron till it clings. —
So, step by step, they move with their merchandize,
And nobody buys.

Nobody Comes

Tree-leaves labour up and down,
And through them the fainting light
Succumbs to the crawl of night.
Outside in the road the telegraph wire
To the town from the darkening land
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre
Swept by a spectral hand.

A car comes up, with lamps full-glare,
That flash upon a tree:
It has nothing to do with me,
And whangs along in a world of its own,
Leaving a blacker air;
And mute by the gate I stand again alone,
And nobody pulls up there.

9 October 1924