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BENGALURU
CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

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BE BOUNDLESS

Mindsapes

Volume II
II Semester BA Optional English
British Literature (Transition
Period, Romantic Age and Facets
of Languages)



Editor
Dr. Chitra Panikkar

PRASARANGA
BENGALURU CENTRAL UNIVERSITY
Bengaluru

Mindscapes – II: Optional English Textbook for II Semester BA coming under Faculty of Arts, Bengaluru Central University, prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru Central University and Published by Bengaluru Central University Press.

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First Edition 2020

Published by:
Bengaluru Central University Press
Bengaluru Central University
Bengaluru - 560001

FOREWORD

It's my pleasure to present *Mindscales II* the Optional English text book for II Semester BA, under Faculty of Arts, Bengaluru Central University, Bengaluru. This is a text book comprising selections, which give historic and social perspective of literature and a language component, giving an insight to pronunciation and usage of language. This book is the result of the initiative taken by the Members of the Board of studies of Bengaluru Central University and the members of the Text Book Committee.

I congratulate all the members for their efforts in bringing out this text which is the result of an earnest effort on their part. I thank the Editor Dr. Chitra Panikkar and the Director of the Bengaluru Central University Press and each and every one of their staff involved in bringing out this text on time.

Wish and hope that the students would make fullest use of this text and that it kindles their interest in English Literature and Language.

Prof. S. Japhet

Vice-Chancellor

Bengaluru Central University

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PREFACE

The Optional English Text book for II Semester, Mindsapes – II, introduces undergraduate students to a marvellous selection of British literary writing covering the period from the Age of Transition to the Romantic Age. The first three modules honour conventional genre-based divisions like poetry, drama, and prose while the fourth module has its spotlight on language.

It is hoped that students, even while they get trained in traditional methods of literary and textual interpretations, would move beyond these limits to embrace critical thinking practices. Lessons are structured to facilitate this movement -- from appreciative analysis to incisive critiquing. The language part has been specially structured to accommodate sounds of English language and Literary Devices, specifically relevant for a full comprehension of English literature. Language exercises have been designed to understand and practice the principles regulating the use of sounds in spoken English.

I would like to thank the Chairperson and her team of teachers who have worked relentlessly to put together this text book. I thank the Vice Chancellor and the Registrar of BCU for their consistent support. I also thank the Prasaranga, Bengaluru Central University, Bengaluru, who helped us to bring out the book on time.

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About the Text

‘**Mindscales II**’ is the Optional English Text Book for the second semester students of the newly formed *Bengaluru* Central University. This book comprises literary narratives representing British Literature belonging to Age of Transition, Romantic Age and Facets of Language. The study of these literary selections enables students to conceptualize the author’s thoughts and perceive the spirit of the society of that age. This book also aims to show the students how literature has gradually developed from poetry and prose up to nineteenth century British Literature. Every selection follows a brief introduction of the age, it was created in. The study of each literary epoch tells us how each epoch is an extension of its previous epoch and the basis to the following epoch. Each Literary selection has a brief biography of the poet/author and the facts responsible for the creation of the literary piece.

OBJECTIVES

- To familiarize the students with general trends, themes and concerns of Transition and Romantic British Poetry.
- To equip the student with skills, literary textual interpretation, literary analysis and appreciation along with fostering critical thinking skills as applicable to works of literary narratives.
- An Introduction to Phonetics and Literary Devices to enable the students to interpret and analyze literature.
- To address the felt need of the students and enhance their spoken and written communicative skills.

This text helps students who are capable of research, analysis, and criticism of literary and cultural texts from different historical periods and genres graduate and reach higher goals.

This Text Book is the result of an earnest effort of the Editor Dr. Chitra Panikkar, the members of the Board of studies, members of the Text Book Committee.

Dr. Padmalochana R

Note to the Student

This text is only a guide to your learning. It is not a directory or an encyclopedia. As long as you view this book as a text, it will look uninteresting, but if you consider it as a book that you would like to read, to enjoy, it may inspire you to read.

Now that you are no longer in school, but college students preparing for a University degree, you cannot expect your professors to spoon-feed you. They are facilitators who guide you and help you to become an independent learner. They show you how you can develop study skills such as note-making and note-taking.

Pre-reading in a literature class is always helpful both to the students and the teachers. Teachers have to complete each module in about 15hrs and this is not an easy task. If you are already prepared for the class, then teaching learning process can go on smoothly.

You belong to an era in which huge amounts of information is available at your fingertips. You have an abundance of sources at your disposal, which help you to write your assignments and prepare for your presentations without much difficulty. However, remember that any text book or technological aid should only be a tool to help you create and not a crutch to lean on. No matter what sources you rely on, it is academically unacceptable to engage in plagiarism. Never cut and paste from your reference sources and present the work of other scholars as your own. By all means refer to them in your writing but always mention the sources using the conventions of academic citation. If you are quoting directly from the work of a critic put the chosen passage within quotation marks and mention author, text and year of publication. May this book bring you hours of pleasant reading and may it expand your aesthetic and intellectual horizons!

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SECTION: 1
Poetry
(Age of Transition and Romantic Age)

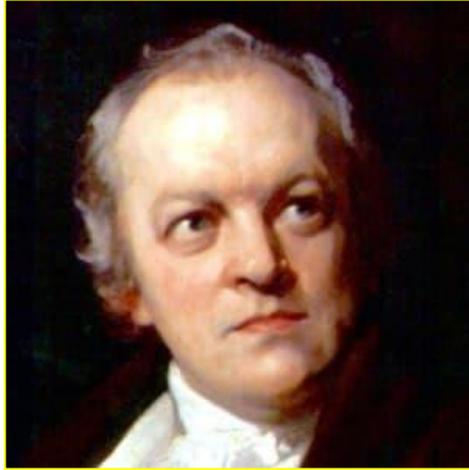
The Age of Transition- (1740-1800)

The Age of Transition was a historical and cultural period in the middle of the 18th Century. The stability which English thought and society regained at the end of the 17th century could not be maintained for long. The beginning of the Industrial Revolution produced a change in the way of thinking from that which had been established in the earlier generation. The poets of the time were growing tired of the Neo-Classical principles of wit and reason. They felt the need to leave the portals of the city far behind and return to the simple countryside in the midst of rustic men and women. They appreciated simple ways of life and indicated a renewal of interest in folk literature.

Between the Augustan age and Romantic Age there was a shift in emphasis from the concepts of regularity, clarity and order to the rediscovery of feelings and emotions. There was a clear move from the idea that poetry was the reflection of human nature to the view that its main objective was to express the poet's emotions.

These interests which clearly paved the way to Romanticism were reflected in the works of poets like Thomas Gray, William Cowper, William Blake, Robert Burns and James Thomson. They were caught in the middle of Neo-Classic writing and the Romantic Age and are therefore fittingly known as the Transitional poets or often referred to as the pre- Romantic poets.

The Little Black Boy



William Blake (1757-1827)

William Blake was an English poet, engraver, and artist and perhaps the most important transitional poet. He combined lyrical and pictorial talent to explore life boldly through his thought and art.

Blake was born in London, England, on November 28, 1757. He was the second son of a clothing merchant who spent most of his life in London. Blake was a visionary whose ideas originated in the form of clearly visualized encounters with angels prophets and other symbolic characters. If these were not true mystical visions, they were the result of the artist's intense spiritual understanding of the world. Blake wrote poems from his early teens, often setting them to melodies of his own composition.

At the age of fourteen he began a seven-year apprenticeship to an engraver. It was as an engraver that Blake earned his living for the rest of his life. In August 1782 Blake married Catherine his "sweet shadow of delight," who was a devoted and loving wife.

His major concerns were closely related to a society in transition and he rebelled against reason and conventional religion and upheld the imagination as a transformative power.

Blake produced his most significant, imaginative and moving lyrics- Songs of Innocence in 1789 and Songs of Experience in 1794, which he described as ' the

two contrary states of the human soul.” The magnificent lyrics in these two collections carefully compare the openness of innocence with the bitterness of experience. They are a milestone because they are a rare instance of the successful union of two art forms by one man.

In the last six years of his life, Blake produced some of his best pictorial work: the illustrations to the Book of Job and his unfinished Dante. In 1824 his health began to weaken, and he died in London, England, on August 12, 1827.

About the Poem: *The Little Black Boy* was published in 1789, in Blake’s *Songs of Innocence*, at a time when slavery was still permitted and the movement for the abolition of slavery was still new. The poem is considered to be one of the most uncomfortable of Blake’s lyric poems as it deals with the subject of racism and slavery. He questions the practices of his time in the light of basic Christian ideals in this poem.

A black child narrates the story of how he came to understand and accept his own identity and to know God. He despises his colour as it is a hindrance to how the world perceives the beauty of his soul. The little boy conveys this message to an English child and explains that colour is merely a cloud that will disappear once they are in the presence of God where they will rejoice like lambs. Since the black boy has experienced greater suffering on earth, he will help the white boy learn to bear the beams of God’s love, then touching the white boy will become possible.

Blake uses the recurrent metaphor of the sun for God and His Kingdom and the fact that it is "rising" and therefore represents change.

Blake’s concern for humanity is apparent in this poem. In an age when black people were treated worse than animals, he makes a black woman and child the custodians of unselfish giving which is at the heart of true Christianity. Still, the black child has to shed his colored skin in order to earn the friendship of the white child.

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say.

Look on the rising sun: there God does live
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning joy in the noonday.

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

Ill shade him from the heat till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him and he will then love me.

Glossary:

1. **the southern wild:** African forest
2. **White as an angel:** African natives believed that only angels were fair complexioned.
3. **bereav'd of light:** bereft of light
4. **Earth a little space:** in the vast universe the Earth is but a small area.
5. **bear the beams of love:** one should accept and take everything as God's blessing
6. **Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove:** Dark skin is like a dark cloud or a shadow
7. **Be like him and he will then love me:** Whites who never accept blacks as humans, and believe that they are savages, will accept and love the blacks only when they are in heaven with God where they are without their skins.

Suggested Questions:

1. Critically examine the development of the thought, in the poem 'The Little Black Boy'.
2. How did the mother of the black boy console him and teach him to accept what is given by God?

The Romantic Age

The period between 1750 to about 1870 came to be known as the Romantic Age in Literature. During this time, literature began to move in channels that were not entirely new but were in strong contrast to the standard literary practice of the eighteenth century.

The word *romantic* came to be applied to this period from Latin or Roman dialects. Formerly the word was applied to the dialects used in the Roman provinces, especially France, and to the stories written in these dialects. *Romantic* is derived from the word *romant*, which was borrowed from the French *romaunt* in the sixteenth century. *Romantic*, according to L. P. Smith in his *Words and Idioms*, connoted "false and fictitious beings and feelings, without real existence in fact or in human nature"; it also suggested "old castles, mountains and forests, pastoral plains, waste and solitary places" and a "love for wild nature, for mountains and moors."

Three important historical events were responsible for this movement.

1. *The American Revolution (1775 – 1783)*
2. *The French Revolution (1789 -1799)*
3. *The Napoleonic war (1796 -1815)*

The Romantic Movement lasted from about 1750 to about 1870. This movement is defined as the second Renaissance. Imagination is the source of knowledge and the Romantic poet transcends himself from the real world into an imaginary world in search of new ideas. After the three events mentioned above the poets realized their inadequacy in representing the society which to they belonged and so they became aware of man's unhappiness. "Romanticism cannot be identified with a single style, technique, or attitude, but romantic writing is generally characterized by a highly imaginative and subjective approach, emotional intensity, freedom of thought and expression, an idealization of nature, and a dreamlike or visionary quality".

The Romantic Movement is a result of the Industrial Revolution. People disillusioned by the increasing materialism sought a revival of their ideals in the Romantic Movement. This movement in literature and the radical idealism in European politics are both created by the same human yearning for freedom from traditions and oppression. The Romantic Movement resuscitates the poetic ideals of love, beauty, emotion, imagination, romance and beauty of Nature. While Keats rejoiced in beauty, Shelley adulates love, Wordsworth venerates nature, Byron romanticizes humanism, and Coleridge fuses nature and the supernatural. This mutiny by the Romantic Movement against the Augustan period, which marked the development of capitalism and the triumph of trade, imbibed flexibility in form which was rigid.

The World is Too Much with Us



William Wordsworth
(1770 –1850)

(William Wordsworth Biography from 'The Biography.com' website)

*William Wordsworth was born on April 7, 1770, in Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. Wordsworth's mother died when he was 7, and he was an orphan at 13. Despite these losses, he did well at Hawkshead Grammar School—where he wrote his first poetry—and went on to study at Cambridge University. He did not excel there, but managed to graduate in 1791. In 1795, Wordsworth received an inheritance that allowed him to live with his younger sister, Dorothy. That same year, Wordsworth met Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The two became friends, and together worked on *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). The volume contained poems such as Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," and helped Romanticism take hold in English poetry.*

*The same year that *Lyrical Ballads* was published, Wordsworth began writing *The Prelude*, an epic autobiographical poem that he would revise throughout his life (it was published posthumously in 1850). While working on *The Prelude*,*

Wordsworth produced other poems, such as "Lucy Poems". He also wrote a Preface for the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*; it described his poetry as being inspired by powerful emotions and would come to be seen as a declaration of the Romantic principles.

Evolving Poetry and Philosophy

As he grew older, Wordsworth began to reject radicalism. In 1813, he was named as a distributor of stamps and moved his family to a new home in the Lake District. By 1818, Wordsworth was an ardent supporter of the conservative Tories.

Though Wordsworth continued to produce poetry—including the moving work that mourned the deaths of two of his children in 1812—he had reached a zenith of creativity between 1798 and 1808. It was this early work that cemented his reputation as an acclaimed literary figure.

In 1843, Wordsworth became England's Poet Laureate, a position he held for the rest of his life. At the age of 80, he died on April 23, 1850, at his home in Rydal Mount, Westmorland, England.

About the poem: *'The World is Too Much with Us'* talks about the consequences of industrialization. Due to industrialization man has lost the divine link with nature. Destruction of nature has resulted in loss of spiritualism. Due to the Industrial Revolution in Europe, materialism and consumerism turn out to be the main focus of man.

It's a Petrarchan sonnet, where Octave part of the sonnet deals with the problems of industrialization and sestet part offers solutions. Wordsworth feels that humans have lost the spiritual connection with nature and man's main focus is 'getting and spending'. Industrialization is to man a 'sordid boon' because the poet perceives more of 'sordidness' and less of 'benevolence'. If being civilized delinks humans from nature then he would rather remain a 'pagan'. He wants to go back in time and be with the mythical creatures like Proteus and Triton which are not to be seen anymore.

The World Is Too Much With Us

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Glossary:

1. **Sordid:** involving immoral or dishonourable actions and motives; arousing moral distaste and contempt.
2. **Boon:** blessing, Godsend, a thing that is helpful or beneficial.
3. **Howling:** producing a long, doleful cry or wailing sound. Here the sound of heavy winds blowing.
4. **Pagan:** a person holding religious beliefs other than those of the main world religions. A person believing in non-Christian Gods.
5. **Pagan suckled:** Wordsworth is disillusioned with his religion and feels that probably turning into archaic pagan religion might help solve the problem
6. **Forlorn:** pitifully sad and abandoned or lonely.

7. **Proteus:** Old man of the Sea, according to Greek mythology and takes different shapes and can be forced to predict the future.
8. **Triton:** son of Neptune, the sea god, and has the power to calm the seas with his conch-shell horn.
9. **Wreathed horn:** conch-shell horn found in the sea.

Suggested Questions

1. What is the reason for the tone of lament in the Poem?
2. Describe the Poet's attitude toward the growing materialistic tendency of man *The World Is Too Much with Us*.
3. Discuss the theme of the poem *The World is Too Much with Us*.
4. Why and how does Wordsworth look upon nature as a power that exerts a humanizing influence on man in *The World is Too Much with Us*?

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (Extract – Part VII)



Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 – 1834)

S.T. Coleridge was born in 1772 in Devonshire. He was the youngest of the thirteen children of the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary. When he was nine years old his father died. He obtained a place in Christ's Hospital. He was a precocious child. He says, "I never thought like a child, never had the language of a child." The French Revolution appealed to him and he welcomed it in some of his poems. He went to Cambridge in 1791, where he met Robert Southey, with whom he planned the founding of an ideal republic in America. This Utopian plan, which was influenced by the revolutionary ardour came to nothing. Coleridge expressed his political aspirations in Religious Musings. His works 'The Destiny of Nation' and 'Ode to the Departing Year' (1776), 'France an Ode' (1778) reveals the change in his thoughts.

In 1797 Coleridge met Wordsworth and planned the joint publication of the Lyrical Ballads. It was agreed that Coleridge should direct 'his endeavors to persons and characters supernatural', but 'procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief'. Coleridge has explained in his

Biographia Literaria, how with this in view, he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*. Though in his ‘*Kubla Khan and Christabel*’, Coleridge has used exotic images to conjure up an atmosphere both bright and sinister, it is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* that best illustrates his peculiar poetic treatment of experience.

About the poem: The poem, *The Rime of The Ancient Mariner*, by S.T. Coleridge is written in a folk ballad style and divided into seven parts. It has many scattering references to outdated beliefs and practices. It is not only the mariner, who is ancient, but even his rhyme is old. The extensive use of archaic words makes it sound old. The Mariner’s shabby yet charming appearance reminds the reader subtly through the constant focus on his ‘glittering eyes’ and ‘long beard’ that he is a spokesman of nature.

‘*The Rime Ancient Mariner*’ is about how the ship sailed past the Equator, and how it was driven by storms to the cold regions towards the South Pole; from there she (the ship) sailed back to the tropical Latitude of the Pacific Oceans; how the Ancient Mariner cruelly and inhospitably killed a sea-bird called the Albatross, and how he (the mariner) was followed by many and strange distresses; and also how he could come back to his own country. The poem traces the spiritual evolution of the Mariner; and his transformation is set against an unfamiliar background. It is the story of crime, punishment and purification. What counts is not the moral, neatly drawn from the poem towards the end, but the stages of the Mariners experience. Graham Hough says, “The poem does not state a result, it symbolizes a process.” The story is told in a series of images which are charged with symbolic significance; and the images make a two-fold appeal; one to our eyes and the other to our emotion and imagination.

The selected extract, the seventh part of the poem, after the ship sinks and the Mariner is hauled into the Pilot’s boat. The Pilot thinks him dead; The Ancient Mariner was cheered by the Hermits singing. As he neared the ship, the pilot and the Hermit wondered where the angels were, what they thought were merely beacon lights had gone. The ship is pulled under by a forceful undertow, but the Ancient Mariner cannot drown since he is doomed to a living death. He is compelled to tell the Wedding Guest his story, he is compelled to tell his tale

and must do so or suffer great pain. As he tells the Wedding Guest, he does not seek out certain people to whom to relate his tale, but rather knows them when he sees them. Since both the Hermit and the Wedding Guest are forced to listen to the tale, it is implied that there must be some similarity between the two men even though they appear to come from entirely opposite worlds. The Ancient Mariner travels from place to place to find the next person to tell his tale. The Wedding Guest yearns to join his friends in a social and merry setting, full of decadent pleasures such as fine food, wine; song and dance....he walks away from the wedding after the Mariner leaves him. The Ancient Mariner's final message is that by respecting all creatures, one can become closer to God. Coleridge reminds us that we are subject to the same moral laws and consequences as his characters. He also maintains a position of authorial power, as though to remind us that while we inhabit his story, we are in his hands. Just as the Ancient Mariner can compel men to listen to his tale, Coleridge compels us to read *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. The message to the reader is we become sadder and... wiser.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,

'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned

My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched

With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,

And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Glossary

1. **ancient mariner:** old sailor who roams from country to country to tell a strange tale
2. **hermit:** holy man who absolves the mariner and hears his story
3. **hath:** have

4. **moss:** plant that has very small leaves and no flowers that grows on bark or wet ground
5. **otted:** ruin
6. **Oak – stump:** small remaining 8. portions of the trunk with the roots still in the ground
7. **plagued:** troubled
8. **skiff-boat:** small boat propelled with oar
9. **trow:** believe or surprise
11. **sere:** dried and withered
12. **perchance:** by chance
13. **brook:** a natural stream of water smaller than a river
14. **vy-tod:** bush of ivy or some other plant
15. **owlet:** a bird with flat face and large eyes that hunts small animals at night
16. **whoops:** expressing regret
17. **pilot:** boatman who guides ships into and out of harbors
18. **fiendish:** unpleasant
19. **spake:** rumbled
20. **smote:** inflict by a heavy blow
21. **shrieve:** to hear the confession of a sinner
22. **woful:** wretched, unhappy
23. **ghastly:** inspiring horror
24. **hark:** listen
25. **Vesper's:** late afternoon, vespers Nine means the evening prayers in churches
26. **kirk:** church
27. **hoar:** crumbling stones 28. **sadder:** feeling or showing sorrow
29. **morrow morn:** the next day

Suggested Questions:

1. Identify the literary devices from the poem '*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*'?
2. Examine the theme of the poem '*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*'.
3. Comment on the story told by the Ancient Mariner to the wedding guest.

She walks in beauty



Lord Byron (George Gordon Byron)
(1788 – 1824)

Lord Byron is considered one of the most important and interesting poets of the romantic movement in England. Byron was born in 1788 in London to John Byron and Catherine Go a descendant of a Scottish noble family. He was born with a clubbed foot, with which he suffered throughout his life. Byron's father had married his mother for her money, which he soon squandered and fled to France, where he died in 1791. Byron's mother moved to Aberdeen, Scotland when Byron was a year old and he spent his childhood there.

*On the death of his great uncle in 1798, Byron became the sixth Baron Byron of Rochdale and inherited the ancestral home, Newstead Abbey in Nottingham. He attended Harrow School from 1801 to 1805 and then Trinity College at Cambridge University where he received his Master's degree in 1808. Byron's first publication was a collection of poems, *Fugitive Pieces* (1807).*

When he turned twenty-one in 1809, Byron was entitled to a seat in the House of Lords, and he attended several sessions of Parliament that year. In July, however, he left England on a journey through Greece and Turkey. He recorded his experiences in poetic form in several works, most importantly in 'Childe

Harold's Pilgrimage' (1812– 1818). He returned to England in 1811 and once again took his seat in Parliament. The publication of the first two cantos of Childe Harold in 1812 met with great acclaim, and Byron was hailed in literary circles.

Throughout his life, Byron gained notoriety for his scandalous private life. One of his most notorious relationships was with his half-sister, Augusta. In 1815 he married Annabella Millbank with whom he had a daughter, Augusta Ada, his only legitimate child. The couple separated in 1816 due to his abusive nature. Facing mounting pressure as a result of his failed marriage, scandalous affairs and huge debts, Byron left England in April 1816 and never returned. He spent the summer of 1816 at Lake Geneva with Percy Bysshe Shelley, his wife Mary and Mary's half-sister Claire Clairmont, with whom Byron had a daughter. In 1817, Byron moved on to Italy, where he worked on Canto IV, which was published the next year. For several years, Byron lived in many Italian cities, engaging in a series of affairs and composing large portions of his masterpiece Don Juan (1819–1824) as well as other poems. In 1823, he left Italy for Greece to join a group of insurgents fighting for independence from the Turks. On April 9, 1824, after being soaked in the rain, Byron contracted a fever from which he died ten days later. His body was brought back to England and buried at his ancestral home in Nottinghamshire.

About the poem: Lord Byron's poem "She Walks in Beauty" was written in praise of a beautiful woman. The major themes of the poem include beauty and harmony of mind and body. Some sources say that he wrote it for a female cousin, Mrs. Wilmot, whom he ran into at a party in London one night when she was in mourning, wearing a black dress with glittering sequins. The poem uses images of light and darkness interacting to describe the wide spectrum of elements in a beautiful woman's personality and looks.

The poem raises the issue of the mind-body duality. Lord Byron describes and compares beauty with a variety of phrases such as – "tender light". He believes that beauty lies within and that the body only projects that beauty.

She walks in beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Glossary:

1. **Climes:** a place with a particular type of climate.
2. **Gaudy:** bright, colorful in a crude or vulgar way.
3. **Impaired:** reduced or weakened in strength.
4. **Serene:** calm, peaceful, tranquil, composed
5. **Eloquent:** Speech which is well expressed and effective in persuading people

Suggested Questions

1. Describe the appearance and character of the lady in the poem 'She Walks in Beauty'.
2. How does Byron demonstrate the power of the woman's beauty?
3. Discuss the themes of beauty, harmony and physical and inner beauty of the woman as expressed by Lord Byron?
4. Write a note on Byron's use of imagery in the poem.

The Cloud



Percy Bysshe Shelley
(1792 –1822)

(Biography form British Library web site)

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in Horsham, England in 1792. He was tutored at home before entering Syon House in Brentford at the age of ten, moving on two years later to Eton College and eventually to University College, Oxford. He published his first novel while at Oxford, during which time he also wrote and published several radical pamphlets. On refusing to abandon, what was seen as his extreme views, Shelley was eventually asked to leave the college, which he did in 1811, shortly before he eloped to Scotland to marry the sixteen year old Harriet Westbrook. This marriage did not last long, however, and soon after Shelley fell in love with Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter, Mary Godwin. The two undertook several journeys to Europe, where they associated with other Romantic poets such as Byron, and wrote and published poetry quite prolifically.

In 1816, Shelley's wife Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine, leaving Shelley free to marry Mary after which they moved to Buckinghamshire, where they continued to associate with poets, such as John Keats, before moving once again to Italy. It was in Italy, in 1822, that Shelley aged 29, drowned when the boat he was in, sank during an unexpected storm.

About the Poem: The poem *The Cloud* is one of the many poems of P.B Shelley, which depicts strong symbolism and imagery. A cloud is eternal and its actions are also eternal. Nature renews itself and this renewal is not possible without a cloud. Nature changes along with the time, like the seasons and clouds revitalises nature and brings back the fervour.

'The Cloud' also interacts with various elements to bring about changes in its landscape. The Cloud could be calm and white, dark and thundering and he always is supported by the ocean in completing water cycle, lightning or thunder. The Cloud is a symbol of refilling the waterbodies, regrowth of nature and replenishing food. While 'the cloud' is shown in many forms, the calm white cloud is eternal while its other forms are responsible for destruction and re- creation.

The poet has personified the cloud and made 'the cloud' talk about himself and his powers. Millenniums and generations have passed by but the cloud is here and Eternal.

The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till calm the rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

Glossary:

1. **Flail:** to wave something, esp. arms or legs, energetically but with little or no control: threshing tool consisting of a wooden staff with a short heavy stick swinging from it.
2. **Sift:** to separate what is useful from what is not.
3. **Sublime:** extremely good, beautiful, or enjoyable
4. **Fettered:** to keep someone within limits or stop them from making progress
5. **sanguine:** Latin sanguis "blood", colour of blood
6. **The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes, And his burning plumes outspread:** Bright coloured Sunrise; image of a bird (eagle) with bright eyes and flaming wings spread
7. **Jag of a mountain crag:** Edge of a mountain rock
8. **Ardour:** Ardour is a strong, intense feeling of love or enthusiasm for someone or something.
9. **Orbèd:** shape of a ball
10. **Woof:** a woven fabric or its texture
11. **girdle of pearl:** ring of pearl

12. **triumphal arch:** an arch built to commemorate a victory

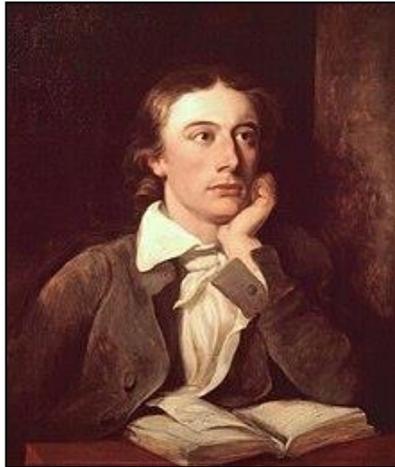
13. **Cenotaph:** a structure that is built in honour of soldiers who died in a war

14. **I arise and unbuild it again:** The cloud rises again from its tomb; the cloud is eternal.

Suggested Questions:

1. How does Shelley describe the *Sky after the rain* in his poem *The Cloud*?
2. Describe the various activities of *the cloud* in the sky.
3. The cloud says it changes but never dies. Substantiate.
4. Write a note on the imagery in the poem.

Ode to Autumn



John Keats (1795 – 1821)

John Keats. He was the son of a hostler and stable keeper and was born in the stable of the Swan and Hoop Inn, London, in 1795. Before Keats was fifteen years old both parents died, and he was placed with his brothers and sisters in charge of guardians. For five years he served his apprenticeship, and for two years more he was surgeon's helper in the hospitals, but though skillful enough to win approval, he disliked his work, and his thoughts were on other things.

Keats kept his senses awake to receive and record the varied impressions from the World of Nature and exercised his imagination to transform the world of reality into a world of rich, ideal, poetic beauty.

It has been said that "English Romanticism attains in Keats the final Stage of progress." Romanticism with Keats "was no conscious revolt, no adoption of a creed, but a subtle, permeating essence of the soul." All the romantic poets say Keats made poetry serve other interests than those that belong strictly to poetry. Keats was the pure poet, with an inexhaustible capacity for joy and for creating beauty for its own sake. The poetry of Keats is united with all the different elements of Romanticism - love of nature, Sensuousness and pictorial quality, supernaturalism and medievalism, Hellenism and a mystic worship of Beauty. His major works include the great odes of 1819: 'Ode to Psyche', 'Ode to a Nightingale', 'Ode on a Grecian Urn', 'Ode on Melancholy', 'Ode to Autumn'.

Feelings, emotions and thoughts are the dominating elements in the odes of John Keats; one cannot be deaf to the rush of the melodious music of his verse and the bewitching beauty of the imagery in his descriptions. Unlike Wordsworth, and like Shelley, Keats is a spontaneous reactor to the beauty of an object or the melody of music from afar or near.

Keats' senses, which were very sharp, reacted quickly to the beauties of the external world, and these sense impressions are transmitted into poetry by his imagination. The first line of Endymion strikes the keynote of his poetry- "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"- a joy even in the midst of disease, sufferings and disappointment of life. This joy of beauty came to him through the senses. He drank in the beauty of the external world with all his senses, and his whole being was excited by it, and he sang out with wonder and delight. 'Ode to Autumn' reveals the sensuous beauty of the season.

About the poem: *Ode to Autumn* is a poem of three stanzas, each of eleven lines. Like others of Keats's odes written in 1819, the structure is that of an odal hymn, having three clearly defined sections corresponding to the Classical divisions of strophe, antistrophe and epode. The stanzas differ from those of the other odes through the use of eleven lines rather than ten, and have a couplet placed before the concluding line of each stanza.

Ode to Autumn, is an unconventional appreciation of autumn, as a season of rejoicing. Autumn is personified and is perceived in a state of activity. Autumn is a friendly conspirator working with the sun to bring fruits to a state of perfect fullness and ripeness, it is a thresher sitting on a granary floor, a reaper asleep in a grain field, a gleaner crossing a brook, and, and lastly, a cider maker. Finally, autumn is seen as a musician, and the music which autumn produces is as pleasant as the music of spring – the sound of gnats, lambs, robins and swallows. The poem is artistically made to correspond with the ending of a day: "And gathering swallows twitter in the skies." In the evening, swallows gather in flocks preparatory to returning to their nests for the night.

Ode to Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn; Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble
soft The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Glossary:

1. **Mellow:** pleasantly smooth or soft
2. **bosom friend:** close friend, confidant
3. **maturing sun:** causes plants to mature
4. **thatch-caves:** the overhanging edges of roofs made of straw or leaves
5. **moss'd:** covered with moss
6. **hazel:** a kind of bush or small tree that produces nuts
7. **kernel: to** set budding more
8. **o've brimm'd:** filled to overflowing
9. **winnowing:** the separation of wheat from chaff by tossing it into the wind so that the heavy grain falls back down whilst the light refuse is blown away
10. **drows'd with the fume of poppies:** Keats is probably thinking of the drug made from opium
11. **furrow:** a ditch made by a plow
12. **gleaner:** a person who gathers what the reapers have left in a field
13. **cider-pres:** apparatus that squeezes apples to make cider
14. **soft-dying:** the day dying at sunset, but it's not a tragic or violent death
15. **gnats and animals:** a small fly that bites people
16. **garden-croft:** a small enclosed field
17. **hilly bourn eyes can see:** hills which limit how far the
18. **red-breast:** the robin, the bird which has distinctly red breast feathers
19. **gathering swallows:** swallows congregate in large numbers before they migrate south in the autumn

Suggested Questions

1. How is autumn personified in the poem *Ode to Autumn*?
2. Comment on Keats' unconventional description of the season of Autumn.
3. Write a note on the imagery in the poem.

SECTION: II
Novel
Wuthering Heights

Wuthering Heights



Emily Bronte (1818 -1848)

Emily Bronte was born in Thornton in Yorkshire, England, on August 20, 1818 to Patrick and Maria Branwell Bronte. Except for an unhappy year at a religious school, Emily's education was provided at home by her father, who let his children read freely and treated them as intellectual equals.

Living in the isolated Haworth village in the bleak West Riding area of Yorkshire, the family was separated socially and intellectually from the local people. The Bronte sisters (Charlotte, Emily, and Anne) and their brother Patrick Branwell spent a majority of their time in made-up worlds. They described these imaginary worlds in poems and tales and in 'magazines' written in miniature script on tiny pieces of paper.

*When at Haworth, living outdoors in the moors, gave Emily a feeling of freedom. She was here exposed to the forces of nature that can be considered neither as good nor as evil. She believed in the presence of supernatural powers (such as ghosts or spirits) and began to express her feelings in poems such as *To Imagination, The Prisoner, The Visionary, The Old Stoic, and No Coward Soul.**

The Bronte Sisters wrote under the pseudonyms Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. Emily's real name did not appear until 1850, when it was printed on the title page of an edited commercial edition.

Victorian Novels

During the Victorian Age, the genre of novels made rapid progress because literary art began to flourish increasingly, as the middle class rose in power and importance, partly because of the steady increase of the reading public with the growth of lending libraries, the development of publishing houses.

The main characteristics of Victorian novels are

- They were easy to read and easily understood by ordinary people.
- Had interesting plots.
- The protagonists were similar to the people who read it.
- the writer and his readers shared the same opinions, values and ideals.
- It was a kind of mirror which reflected society where self-identification of the readers was possible.
- An Omniscient narrator provided a comment on the plot and erected a rigid barrier between right and wrong with a didactic aim.

Wuthering Heights – a Note

Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* was first published in London, appearing as the first two volumes of a three-volume set of books that included Anne Bronte's *Agnes Grey*.

Wuthering Heights is an unusually stark depiction of mental and physical cruelty, and it challenges the strict Victorian ideals regarding religious hypocrisy, morality, social classes and gender inequality. The novel also explores the effects of envy, nostalgia, pessimism and resentment. It also contains elements of gothic fiction, and the moorland setting is a significant aspect of the drama. The setting of the novel is like those of gothic romance novels. It takes place in a very secluded hilltop area far away from any other town. Extreme landscapes, like rugged mountains, wild moors etc. set the stage for the gothic elements in the novel. The story shuttles between two houses

‘Wuthering Heights’ and ‘Thrushcross Grange’. In the winter of 1801, Mr. Lockwood arrives at Wuthering Heights to make arrangements with Heathcliff the owner of Wuthering Heights to rent the nearby manor, Thrushcross Grange. Heathcliff, the landlord, makes no effort to be pleasant to him. Heathcliff immediately becomes a source of deep curiosity to Lockwood. A snowstorm forces Lockwood to spend the night at Wuthering Heights, and he has nightmares about a wailing ghost named Catherine Linton trying to come through the window.

Lockwood requests the housekeeper of Thrushcross Grange, Nelly Dean, who was earlier the house keeper of Wuthering Heights to tell the story of the curious inhabitants of Wuthering Heights. Nelly recounts the dark tale of the Earnshaws, the Lintons, and, mostly, Heathcliff. Lockwood writes down his recollections of her tale in his diary and these written recollections form the main part of *Wuthering Heights*.

Nelly narrates that Mr. Earnshaw, the owner of Wuthering Heights goes to Liverpool and returns home with an orphan boy whom he raises with his own children. At first, Earnshaw’s son Hindley, and his daughter Catherine, detest the dark-skinned Heathcliff. But Catherine quickly comes to love him, and the two soon grow inseparable, spending their days playing on the moors. After his wife’s death, Mr. Earnshaw grows to prefer Heathcliff to his own son, and Hindley continues to be cruel to Heathcliff. Mr. Earnshaw sends Hindley away to college, keeping Heathcliff nearby.

When Mr. Earnshaw dies, Hindley returns home with his wife Frances, to claim his place as master of Wuthering Heights. The Hindleys make life miserable for Heathcliff by treating him like a servant. But Catherine and Heathcliff remain allies and friends. One night they wander to Thrushcross Grange, their neighbouring manor, hoping to tease Edgar and Isabella Linton, the children of Mr. Linton, the owner of Thrushcross Range. Catherine is bitten by a dog and is forced to stay at the Grange to recuperate for five weeks; the Lintons welcome Catherine into their home but shun Heathcliff. Treated as an outsider once again, Heathcliff begins to think about revenge. During the five weeks, Mrs. Linton works to make her a proper young lady. By the time Catherine returns, she becomes infatuated with Edgar, and her relationship with Heathcliff grows

complicated.

Catherine, at first, splits her time between Heathcliff and Edgar, but soon she spends more time with Edgar, which makes Heathcliff jealous. When Heathcliff overhears Catherine tell Nelly that she can never marry Heathcliff, he leaves Wuthering Heights and is gone for three years when Catherine marries Edgar. Their happiness is short-lived because they are from two different worlds, and their relationship is strained further when Heathcliff returns.

On his return, Heathcliff immediately sets about seeking revenge on all who have wronged him. He becomes the passion-driven, wilful villain-hero. Having come into a vast and mysterious wealth, he deviously lends money to the drunken Hindley, knowing that Hindley will increase his debts and fall into deeper despondency. When Hindley dies, Heathcliff inherits the manor. He also places himself in line to inherit Thrushcross Grange by marrying Isabella Linton, whom he treats very cruelly.

Catherine and Heathcliff's passion for one another is the centre of *Wuthering Heights*, as it is stronger and more lasting than any other emotion displayed in the novel, and it is also the source of major conflicts that structure the novel's plot. Heathcliff continues to visit Catherine at Thrushcross Grange, though her husband Edgar treats him like a low-born outsider. A violent argument between Edgar and Heathcliff sends Catherine to the sickbed, from which she does not recover. When Catherine dies after giving birth to Edgar's daughter, Heathcliff's sorrow and rage increase and he pleads for Catherine's ghost to haunt him. He begs her spirit to remain on Earth, take whatever form she wishes to, haunt him, drive him mad, and not leave him alone. Shortly thereafter, Isabella flees to London and gives birth to Heathcliff's son, Linton and keeps the boy with her there.

Thirteen years pass, during which Nelly Dean serves as Catherine's daughter's nursemaid at Thrushcross Grange. Young Catherine is beautiful and headstrong like her mother, but her temperament is modified by her father's gentler influence. Young Catherine grows up at the Grange with no knowledge of Wuthering Heights. One day, however, wandering through the moors, she discovers the manor and meets Hareton, Hindley's son and plays with him.

When Isabella dies, Edgar retrieves his fragile, dismal nephew Linton and

brings him back to live with them at Thrushcross Grange. But Heathcliff demands that his son live with him, though Linton did not even know his father existed. The contrast between Linton and Hareton is stark, but Heathcliff can't stand either of them.

Three years later, Catherine meets Heathcliff on the moors, and makes a visit to Wuthering Heights to meet Linton. She and Linton begin a secret romance conducted entirely through letters. When Nelly destroys Catherine's collection of letters, the girl begins sneaking out at night to spend time with her frail young lover, who asks her to come back and nurse him back to health. However, it quickly becomes apparent that Linton is pursuing Catherine only because Heathcliff is forcing him to; Heathcliff hopes that if Catherine marries Linton, his legal claim upon Thrushcross Grange—and his revenge upon Edgar Linton—will be complete. One day, as Edgar Linton grows ill and nears death, Heathcliff lures Nelly and Catherine back to Wuthering Heights, and holds them prisoner until Catherine marries Linton. Soon after the marriage, Edgar dies, and his death is quickly followed by the death of the sickly Linton. Heathcliff now controls both Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. He forces Catherine to live at Wuthering Heights and act as a common servant, while he rents Thrushcross Grange to Lockwood.

Nelly's story ends as she reaches the present. Lockwood, appalled, ends his tenancy at Thrushcross Grange and returns to London. However, six months later, he pays a visit to Nelly, and learns of further developments in the story. Although Catherine originally mocked Hareton's ignorance and illiteracy (in an act of retribution, Heathcliff ended Hareton's education after Hindley died), Catherine grows to love Hareton as they live together at Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff becomes more and more obsessed with the memory of the elder Catherine, to the extent that he begins speaking to her ghost. Everything he sees reminds him of her. Shortly after a night spent walking on the moors, Heathcliff dies. Hareton and young Catherine inherit Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange, and they plan to be married on the next New Year's Day. After hearing the end of the story, Lockwood goes to visit the graves of Catherine and Heathcliff.

The plot is structured around two parallel love stories, the first half of the novel

centering on the love between Catherine and Heathcliff, while the second half features the developing love between young Catherine and Hareton. In contrast to the first, the second tale ends happily, restoring peace and order to Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. The most important feature of young Catherine and Hareton's love story is that it involves growth and change and thus bringing positivity at the end of the story.

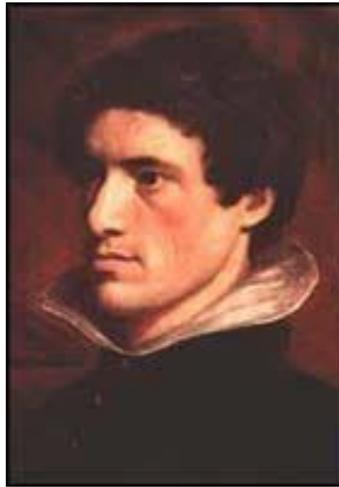
Suggested Questions:

- 1) Consider *Wuthering Heights* as a comment on Heathcliff's thirst for revenge.
- 2) Examine the role of Edgar Linton in the novel.
- 3) What are Linton's true feelings toward Catherine in *Wuthering Heights*?
- 4) Discuss the themes of love and revenge in *Wuthering Heights*.
- 5) Comment on the role of Mrs. Dean in the novel.

SECTION: III

PROSE

MODERN GALLANTRY



Charles Lamb
(1775 – 1834)

Charles Lamb: Charles Lamb was the youngest son of John Lamb and Elizabeth Field, born in 1775 at Crown Office Row, London, where his father was clerk to Samuel Salt, a Bencher (senior member of the Inns of Court) of the Inner Temple. He had an older brother, John (1763–1821), and a sister, Mary (1764–1847). He was educated at Christ’s Hospital in Newgate Street, where he was a contemporary of Coleridge.

When his sister in her weak state of mind stabbed their mother and injured their father he promised to take care of her at home, to avoid her being permanently incarcerated. He had met Coleridge and Wordsworth and was closely associated with them. This friendship served as his education and helped boost his career as a writer.

He published his first novella ‘Rosamund Gray’. He has written many poems. He along with his sister Mary published ‘Tales from Shakespeare’. He wrote for many journals including ‘Leigh Hunt’s Reflector’, ‘Examiner’ and ‘Indicator’. His collection of essays ‘Essays of Elia’ and ‘Last Essays of Elia’ are regarded as some of the finest essays in English Literature.

About the Essay: *Essays of Elia* is a collection of essays written by Charles Lamb. In these essays Lamb himself is Elia and his sister Mary is ‘Cousin Bridget’. While he worked on the South Sea Horse an Italian man with the last name Elia worked with him. Charles Lamb used this pseudonym for an essay he wrote then and he continued using the name. *Essays of Elia* was first published in a book form in 1823, with a second volume, *Last Essays of Elia*, issued in 1833 by the publisher Edward Moxon. This collection of essays first appeared in a *London Magazine* in 1820 and continued to 1825.

MODERN GALLANTRY

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally -- hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated. I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed -- when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman, who is

passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain -- when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear -- to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female* old age without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer: -- when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "over stood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea company -- the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet -- was the only pattern of consistent

gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed -- smile if you please -- to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street -- in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him -- nay, smile not -- tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth, he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley -- old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton -- who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speech -- the common gallantries -- to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance -- but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day finding her a little better

humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that -- a little before he had commenced his compliment -- she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady -- a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, -- I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me -- but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*), -- and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour -- though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them -- what sort of compliments should I have received then? -- And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man -- a pattern of true politeness to a wife -- of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister -- the idolater of his female mistress -- the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate -- still female -- maiden cousin. Just so much respect

as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed -- her handmaid, or dependent -- she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall loose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first -- respect for her as she is a woman; -- and next to that -- to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments -- as many, and as fanciful, as you please -- to that main structure. Let her first lesson -- with sweet Susan Winstanley -- *to reverence her sex*.

Glossary:

1. **Obsequious:** too eager to praise or obey someone
2. **Deferential:** polite and showing respect
3. **Dorimant:** A character in Etherege's *The Man of Mode* based on Rochester
4. **Pageant:** a show, usually performed outside, that consists of people wearing traditional clothing and acting out historical events
5. **Preux Chevalier:** a gallant knight: chivalrous fighter
6. **Sir Calidore:** The Knight of Courtesy, the hero of Book VI of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. He pursues and chains the Blatant Beast.
7. **Sir Tristan:** Sir Tristan, *or Tristram in Old English*, was a contemporary of King Arthur and a Knight of the Round Table.
8. **Profusion:** an abundance or large quantity of something.
9. **Expostulate:** express strong disapproval or disagreement
10. **Diminution:** a reduction in the size, extent, or importance of something
11. **Additaments:** a thing added: ADDITION

Suggested questions:

1. How does Lamb bring out the falsity of the claim made by nineteenth century people that their society manifests more gallantry?
2. Elucidate Lamb's idea of gallantry.

On The Punishment of Death: a Fragment



(Percy Bysshe Shelley)
(1792 –1822)

Percy Bysshe Shelley is regarded as one of the most popular English Romantic poets, and is also considered as one of the best lyrical poets of his times. He was born on 4th of August 1792 in England. Shelley embraced highly fundamental societal, political views which set him against the prevailing social norms. This outlook of his made him unpopular during his lifetime. However, the poetry of Shelley gained better recognition following his death.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was a contemporary of many writers like Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt and Mary Godwin (who later became his wife Mary Shelley and who was the author of Frankenstein)

In 1811, Shelley eloped with Harriet Westbrook to Edinburgh but their marriage collapsed soon and he then eloped with Mary Godwin. They travelled to Germany, Switzerland and France. On their return to London, Shelley wrote “Alastor” in 1816, a first poem, which brought him popularity and recognition. Later on, they went to Italy, where he wrote the sonnet “Ozymandias” and translated Plato’s “Symposium”. Shelley has authored many essays and fragments.

About the Essay: In this essay Shelley talks about punishment of death and says that one should possess humanity and be civilized enough to absolve criminals from punishment. Only a man with a hint of kindness can feel for others and use

his discretion, reasoning and logic to present the truth and at the same time avoid punishment of death.

On the Punishment of Death: a Fragment

THE first law which it becomes a Reformer to propose and support, at the approach of a period of great political change, is the abolition of the punishment of death.

It is sufficiently clear that revenge, retaliation, atonement, expiation, are rules and motives, so far from deserving a place in any enlightened system of political life, that they are the chief sources of a prodigious class of miseries in the domestic circles of society. It is clear that however the spirit of legislation may appear to frame institutions upon more philosophical maxims, it has hitherto, in those cases which are termed criminal, done little more than palliate the spirit, by gratifying a portion of it; and afforded a compromise between that which is best;—the inflicting of no evil upon a sensitive being, without a decisively beneficial result in which he should at least participate;—and that which is worst; that he should be put to torture for the amusement of those whom he may have injured, or may seem to have injured.

Omitting these remoter considerations, let us inquire what *Death* is; that punishment which is applied as a measure of transgressions of indefinite shades of distinction, as soon as they shall have passed that degree and colour of enormity, with which it is supposed no inferior infliction is commensurate.

And first, whether death is good or evil, a punishment or a reward, or whether it be wholly indifferent, no man can take upon himself to assert. That that within us which thinks and feels, continues to think and feel after the dissolution of the body, has been the almost universal opinion of mankind, and the accurate philosophy of what I may be permitted to term the modern Academy, by showing the prodigious depth and extent of our ignorance respecting the causes and nature of sensation, renders probable the affirmative of a proposition, the negative of which it is so difficult to conceive, and the popular arguments

against which, derived from what is called the atomic system, are proved to be applicable only to the relation which one object bears to another, as apprehended by the mind, and not to existence itself, or the nature of that essence which is the medium and receptacle of objects.

The popular system of religion suggests the idea that the mind, after death, will be painfully or pleasurably affected according to its determinations during life. However ridiculous and pernicious we must admit the vulgar accessories of this creed to be, there is a certain analogy, not wholly absurd, between the consequences resulting to an individual during life from the virtuous or vicious, prudent or imprudent, conduct of his external actions, to those consequences which are conjectured to ensue from the discipline and order of his internal thoughts, as affecting his condition in a future state. They omit, indeed, to calculate upon the accidents of disease, and temperament, and organization, and circumstance, together with the multitude of independent agencies which affect the opinions, the conduct, and the happiness of individuals, and produce determinations of the will, and modify the judgment, so as to produce effects the most opposite in natures considerably similar. These are those operations in the order of the whole of nature, tending, we are prone to believe, to some definite mighty end, to which the agencies of our peculiar nature are subordinate; nor is there any reason to suppose, that in a future state they should become suddenly exempt from that subordination. The philosopher is unable to determine whether our existence in a previous state has affected our present condition, and abstains from deciding whether our present condition would affect us in that which may be future. That, if we continue to exist, the manner of our existence will be such as no inferences nor conjectures, afforded by a consideration of our earthly experience, can elucidate, is sufficiently obvious. The opinion that the vital principle within us, in whatever mode it may continue to exist, must lose that consciousness of definite and individual being which now characterizes it, and become a unit in the vast sum of action and of thought which disposes and animates the universe, and is called God, seems to belong to that class of opinion which has been designated as indifferent.

To compel a person to know all that can be known by the dead, concerning that which the living fear, hope, or forget; to plunge him into the pleasure or pain which there awaits him; to punish or reward him in a manner and in a degree incalculable and incomprehensible by us; to disrobe him at once from all that intertexture of good and evil with which Nature seems to have clothed every form of individual existence, is to inflict on him the doom of death.

A certain degree of pain and terror usually accompany the infliction of death. This degree is infinitely varied by the infinite variety in the temperament and opinions of the sufferers. As a measure of punishment, strictly so considered, and as an exhibition, which, by its known effects on the sensibility of the sufferer, is intended to intimidate the spectators from incurring a similar liability, it is singularly inadequate.

Firstly,—Persons of energetic character, in whom, as in men who suffer for political crimes, there is a large mixture of enterprise, and fortitude, and disinterestedness, and the elements, though misguided and disarranged, by which the strength and happiness of a nation might have been cemented, die in such a manner, as to make death appear not evil, but good. The death of what is called a traitor, that is, a person who, from whatever motive, would abolish the government of the day, is as often a triumphant exhibition of suffering virtue, as the warning of a culprit. The multitude, instead of departing with a panic-stricken approbation of the laws which exhibited such a spectacle, are inspired with pity, admiration and sympathy; and the most generous among them feel an emulation to be the authors of such flattering emotions, as they experience stirring in their bosoms. Impressed by what they see and feel, they make no distinction between the motives which incited the criminals to the actions for which they suffer, or the heroic courage with which they turned into good that which their judges awarded to them as evil, or the purpose itself of those actions, though that purpose may happen to be eminently pernicious. The laws in this case lose that sympathy, which it ought to be their chief object to secure, and in a participation of which, consists their chief strength in maintaining those

sanctions by which the parts of the social union are bound together, so as to produce, as nearly as possible, the ends for which it is instituted.

Secondly—persons of energetic character, in communities not modelled with philosophical skill to turn all the energies which they contain to the purposes of common good, are prone also to fall into the temptation of undertaking, and are peculiarly fitted for despising the perils attendant upon consummating, the most enormous crimes. Murder, rapes and extensive schemes of plunder are the actions of persons belonging to this class; and death is the penalty of conviction. But the coarseness of organization, peculiar to men capable of committing acts wholly selfish, is usually found to be associated with a proportionate insensibility to fear or pain. Their sufferings communicate to those of the spectators, who may be liable to the commission of similar crimes, a sense of the lightness of that event, when closely examined, which, at a distance, as uneducated persons are accustomed to do, probably they regarded with horror.

But a great majority of the spectators are so bound up in the interests and the habits of social union that no temptation would be sufficiently strong to induce them to a commission of the enormities to which this penalty is assigned. The more powerful, the richer among them,—and a numerous class of little tradesmen are richer and more powerful than those who are employed by them, and the employer, in general, bears this relation to the employed,—regard their own wrongs as, in some degree, avenged, and their own rights secured by this punishment, inflicted as the penalty of whatever crime. In cases of murder or mutilation, this feeling is almost universal. In those, therefore, whom this exhibition does not awaken to the sympathy which extenuates crime and discredits the law which restrains it, it produces feelings more directly at war with the genuine purposes of political society. It excites those emotions which it is the chief object of civilization to extinguish forever, and in the extinction of which alone there can lie any hope of better institutions than those under which men now misgovern one another. Men feel that their revenge is gratified and that their security is established by the extinction and the sufferings of beings, in most respects resembling themselves; and their daily occupations constraining them to a precise form in all their thoughts, they come to connect inseparably

the idea of their own advantage with that of the death and torture of others. It is manifest that the object of sane polity is directly the reverse; and that laws founded upon reason, should accustom the gross vulgar to associate their ideas of security and of interest with the reformation, and the strict restraint, for that purpose alone, of those who might invade it.

The passion of revenge is originally nothing more than an habitual perception of the ideas of the sufferings of the person who inflicts an injury, as connected, as they are in a savage state, or in such portions of society as are yet undisciplined to civilization, with security that that injury will not be repeated in future. This feeling, engrafted upon superstition and confirmed by habit, at last loses sight of the only object for which it may be supposed to have been implanted, and becomes a passion and a duty to be pursued and fulfilled, even to the destruction of those ends to which it originally tended. The other passions, both good and evil, Avarice, Remorse, Love, Patriotism, present a similar appearance; and to this principle of the mind over-shooting the mark at which it aims, we owe all that is eminently base or excellent in human nature; in providing for the nutriment or the extinction of which consists the true art of the legislator.

Nothing is more clear than that the infliction of punishment in general, in a degree which the reformation and the restraint of those who transgress the law does not render indispensable, and none more than death, confirms all the inhuman and unsocial impulses of men. It is almost a proverbial remark, that those nations, in which the penal code has been particularly mild, have been distinguished from all others by the rarity of crime. But the example is to be admitted to be equivocal. A more decisive argument is afforded by a consideration of the universal connexion of ferocity of manners, and contempt of social ties, with the contempt of human life. Governments which derive their institutions from the existence of circumstances of barbarism and violence, with some rare exceptions perhaps, are bloody in proportion as they are despotic, and form the manners of their subjects to sympathy with their own spirit.

The spectators, who feel no abhorrence at a public execution, but rather a self-applauding superiority, and a sense of gratified indignation, are surely excited to the most inauspicious emotions. The first reflection of such a one is the sense of his own internal and actual worth, as preferable to that of the victim, whom circumstances have led to destruction. The meanest wretch is impressed with a sense of his own comparative merit. He is one of those on whom the tower of Siloam fell not—he is such a one as Jesus Christ found not in all Samaria, who, in his own soul, throws the first stone at the woman taken in adultery. The popular religion of the country takes its designation from that illustrious person whose beautiful sentiment I have quoted. Anyone who has stript from the doctrines of this person the veil of familiarity will perceive how adverse their spirit is to feelings of this nature.

Glossary:

1. **Atonement:** reparation for an offense or injury: the reconciliation of God and humankind through the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ
2. **Receptacle:** a hollow object used to contain something.
3. **Expiation:** the act of making atonement
4. **Extenuate:** cause (an offence) to seem less serious.
5. **Tower of Siloam:** was a structure which fell upon 18 people, killing them. Siloam is a neighbourhood south of Jerusalem's Old City. In the Gospel of Luke, Jesus refers to the tower's collapse and the death of the 18 in a discourse on the need for individual repentance for sin.

Suggested questions:

1. List out the reasons for which people inflicted the punishment of death as mentioned in the essay.
2. Comment on Shelley's appeal for reason and logic in the essay.

Preface to Lyrical Ballads (An Extract)



William Wordsworth (1770 –1850)

William Wordsworth was born on April 7, 1770, in Cockermouth, Cumberland. His father, John, was a lawyer, and he encouraged his 5 children to pursue learning. When Wordsworth's mother Anne died in 1778, young William was sent to attend grammar school away from home.

*William was sent to Cambridge, and upon graduation he travelled in Europe for a time, but when the money ran out Wordsworth returned home. At this time Wordsworth met poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the two became firm friends. They collaborated on a volume of Romantic verse called *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), which was notable for its attempt to use ordinary language in a poetic fashion. Later, Coleridge's drug addiction and erratic behaviour put an end to their friendship*

In 1802 Wordsworth received money owed to his father, and he was financially secure enough to marry Mary Hutchinson, an old childhood friend. Mary, William, and his sister Dorothy lived together in the Lake District village of Grasmere.

In the absence of success for his poems, Wordsworth turned to travel writing. He published a travel guide to the Lake District which proved very popular.

When Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, died in 1843, Wordsworth was asked to take his place. He initially refused, pleading his advancing age, but was induced by Sir Robert Peel to take the post. He was still Poet Laureate when he died of pleurisy in 1850.

About the Essay: Wordsworth and Coleridge together published a collection of poems titled *Lyrical Ballads*. After the first edition there were many criticisms by the neoclassical writers. Neoclassicists adhered to a set of rules which Wordsworth was not in favour of. He was rather in favour of simplistic style which suited the common man and his tastes. Wordsworth wrote the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*' second edition supporting his ideas and opposed neoclassicist ideas, which he felt were seldom original and poetry, he opined, that their works were in need of originality.

Spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings

Wordsworth states that poetry is not a long thought but is spontaneous thought which comes naturally by feelings that have been deeply nurtured and thought out. Wordsworth's recalls his emotions and experiences in life, and has put them on paper. He has written more about rustic life and nature. Nature divulges ones thoughts. His poems like the 'Solitary Reaper' and 'Daffodils' elucidate his words 'Spontaneous overflow of feelings' and 'emotions recollected in tranquility'.

He puts forth his ideas and thoughts directly and refrains from using too many figures of speech. Since he has chosen to write about nature and rustic life, the language he uses is also in concurrence with the themes. While neoclassic writers have made use of personification extensively, Wordsworth has avoided usage the of such devices because they are not part of rustic life and diction used by them. Wordsworth says "The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems

was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect....”

The passion kindled by a poem should stir the reader, and arouse powerful emotions. By writing about rural and farm life, Wordsworth was able to show the intensity of these emotions, through everyday behaviour,

Preface to Lyrical Ballads **(An extract)**

The First volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed not very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality, and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task,

knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader: but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they

will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from

their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formerly conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall

describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connexion with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting, that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse. When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have

spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look

steadily at my subject; consequently, there is I hope in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. and it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasoning, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborates in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
 A different object do these eyes require;

My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word 'fruitless' for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connexion sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition?

They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears 'such as Angels weep,' but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial choir that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

Glossary:

1. **Approbation:** approval or praise
2. **Susceptible:** likely or liable to be influenced or harmed by a particular thing.
3. **Depraved:** actions, things, or people are morally bad or evil.
4. **Obtruding:** it becomes noticeable in an undesirable way.
5. **Gratify:** to satisfy or please or reward.
6. **Exponent:** an idea, theory, or plan, a person who supports and explains it, and who tries to persuade other people that it is a good idea.
7. **Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius:** Great Latin Poets who were considered as classic poets.
8. **Ostentatious:** characterized by pretentious or showy display; designed to impress
9. **Capricious:** given to sudden and unaccountable changes of mood or behaviour
10. **Pernicious:** having a harmful effect, especially in a gradual or subtle way.
11. **Influx:** an arrival or entry of large numbers of people or things or ideas.
12. **Culpable:** deserving to be blamed or considered responsible for something bad.
13. **Prosaism:** Noun form of prosaic. Being dull and uninteresting.
14. **Betwixt:** archaic another word for between.
15. **Phœbus:** Apollo as the Sun God. a personification of the sun.
16. **Amorous:** related to sexual desire, passion.
17. **Descant:** a tune which is played or sung above the main tune in a piece of

music.

Suggested questions:

1. Write a note on Wordsworth's use of poetic diction in Lyrical Ballads.
2. Why did Wordsworth write poetry different from the popular style used by other poets of his era?

Professions for Women



Virginia Woolf
(1882-1941)

*Virginia Woolf was an English author, feminist, essayist, publisher, and critic, considered as one of the foremost modernists of the twentieth century together with T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, James Joyce, and Gertrude Stein. She was born to Sir Leslie Stephen (1832–1904), a notable historian, author, critic and mountaineer, and Julia Prinsep Duckworth (1846–1895). As mentioned in Woolf's memoirs, her most vibrant childhood memories were not of London but of St. Ives in Cornwall, where the family spent every summer until 1895. St. Ives in Cornwall inspired her to write one of her masterpieces, *To the Lighthouse*.*

Her mother's death in 1895, when she was only 13, and her half-sister Stella's death two years later, were responsible for her going into depression. But the death of her father in 1904 was responsible for her final collapse and she was briefly hospitalized.

Woolf became an active member of this literary circle the Bloomsbury Group. Later, Virginia Stephen got married to writer Leonard Woolf and the couple shared a close bond.

Virginia's most famous works include the novels Mrs Dalloway (1925), To the Lighthouse (1927) and Orlando (1928), and the book-length essay A Room of One's Own (1929), with its famous dictum, "A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction." In some of her novels she moves away from the use of plot and structure to employ stream-of-consciousness technique to emphasise the psychological aspects of her characters.

After completing the manuscript of her last (posthumously published) novel, Woolf fell into a depression again. On 28 March 1941, Woolf put on her overcoat, filled its pockets with stones, and walked into the River Ouse near her home and drowned herself. Woolf's body was found days later on 18 April 1941. Her husband buried her cremated remains under an elm in the garden of Monk's House, their home in Rodmell, Sussex.

About the Essay: “Professions for Women” is a curtailed version of the speech Virginia Woolf **delivered before a division of the National Society for Women’s Service** on January 21, 1931; it was published posthumously in *The Death of the Moth and Other Essays*. This essay focuses on that Victorian phantom known as the Angel in the House (borrowed from Coventry Patmore’s poem celebrating domestic bliss)— that unselfish, sacrificial woman in the nineteenth century whose sole purpose in life was to soothe, to flatter, and to comfort the male half of the world’s population. “Killing the Angel in the House,” wrote Virginia Woolf “was part of the occupation of a woman writer.” That has proved to be a visionary proclamation, for today, not only in the domain of cultures, but in the entire professional world, women are still engaged in that deadly contest in their struggle for social and economic equality.

“Professions for Women”

When your secretary invited me to come here, she told me that your Society is concerned with the employment of women and she suggested that I might tell

you something about my own professional experiences. It is true I am a woman; it is true I am employed; but what professional experiences have I had? It is difficult to say. My profession is literature; and in that profession there are fewer experiences for women than in any other, with the exception of the stage — fewer, I mean, that are peculiar to women. For the road was cut many years ago — by Fanny Burney, by Aphra Behn, by Harriet Martineau, by Jane Austen, by George Eliot — many famous women, and many more unknown and forgotten, have been before me, making the path smooth, and regulating my steps. Thus, when I came to write, there were very few material obstacles in my way. Writing was a reputable and harmless occupation. The family peace was not broken by the scratching of a pen. No demand was made upon the family purse. For ten and sixpence one can buy paper enough to write all the plays of Shakespeare — if one has a mind that way. Pianos and models, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, masters and mistresses, are not needed by a writer. The cheapness of writing paper is, of course, the reason why women have succeeded as writers before they have succeeded in the other professions.

But to tell you my story — it is a simple one. You have only got to figure to yourselves a girl in a bedroom with a pen in her hand. She had only to move that pen from left to right — from ten o'clock to one. Then it occurred to her to do what is simple and cheap enough after all — to slip a few of those pages into an envelope, fix a penny stamp in the corner, and drop the envelope into the red box at the corner. It was thus that I became a journalist; and my effort was rewarded on the first day of the following month — a very glorious day it was for me — by a letter from an editor containing a cheque for one pound ten shillings and sixpence. But to show you how little I deserve to be called a professional woman, how little I know of the struggles and difficulties of such lives, I have to admit that instead of spending that sum upon bread and butter, rent, shoes and stockings, or butcher's bills, I went out and bought a cat — a beautiful cat, a Persian cat, which very soon involved me in bitter disputes with my neighbours.

What could be easier than to write articles and to buy Persian cats with the

profits? But wait a moment. Articles have to be about something. Mine, I seem to remember, was about a novel by a famous man. And while I was writing this review, I discovered that if I were going to review books, I should need to do battle with a certain phantom. And the phantom was a woman, and when I came to know her better, I called her after the heroine of a famous poem, *The Angel in the House*. It was she who used to come between me and my paper when I was writing reviews. It was she who bothered me and wasted my time and so tormented me that at last I killed her. You who come of a younger and happier generation may not have heard of her — you may not know what I mean by the *Angel in the House*. I will describe her as shortly as I can. She was intensely sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She excelled in the difficult arts of family life. She sacrificed herself daily. If there was chicken, she took the leg; if there was a draught, she sat in it — in short, she was so constituted that she never had a mind or a wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others. Above all — I need not say it — she was pure. Her purity was supposed to be her chief beauty — her blushes, her great grace. In those days — the last of Queen Victoria — every house had its *Angel*. And when I came to write I encountered her with the very first words. The shadow of her wings fell on my page; I heard the rustling of her skirts in the room. Directly, that is to say, I took my pen in my hand to review that novel by a famous man, she slipped behind me and whispered: “My dear, you are a young woman. You are writing about a book that has been written by a man. Be sympathetic; be tender; flatter; deceive; use all the arts and wiles of our sex. Never let anybody guess that you have a mind of your own. Above all, be pure.” And she made as if to guide my pen. I now record the one act for which I take some credit to myself, though the credit rightly belongs to some excellent ancestors of mine who left me a certain sum of money — shall we say five hundred pounds a year? — so that it was not necessary for me to depend solely on charm for my living. I turned upon her and caught her by the throat. I did my best to kill her. My excuse, if I were to be had up in a court of law, would be that I acted in self-defence. Had I not killed her she would have killed

me. She would have plucked the heart out of my writing. For, as I found, directly I put pen to paper, you cannot review even a novel without having a mind of your own, without expressing what you think to be the truth about human relations, morality, and sex. And all these questions, according to the Angel of the House, cannot be dealt with freely and openly by women; they must charm, they must conciliate, they must — to put it bluntly — tell lies if they are to succeed. Thus, whenever I felt the shadow of her wing or the radiance of her halo upon my page, I took up the inkpot and flung it at her. She died hard. Her fictitious nature was of great assistance to her. It is far harder to kill a phantom than a reality. She was always creeping back when I thought I had despatched her. Though I flatter myself that I killed her in the end, the struggle was severe; it took much time that had better have been spent upon learning Greek grammar; or in roaming the world in search of adventures. But it was a real experience; it was an experience that was bound to befall all women writers at that time. Killing the Angel in the House was part of the occupation of a woman writer.

But to continue my story, The Angel was dead; what then remained? You may say that what remained was a simple and common object — a young woman in a bedroom with an inkpot. In other words, now that she had rid herself of falsehood, that young woman had only to be herself. Ah, but what is “herself”? I mean, what is a woman? I assure you, I do not know. I do not believe that you know. I do not believe that anybody can know until she has expressed herself in all the arts and professions open to human skill. That indeed is one of the reasons why I have come here out of respect for you, who are in process of showing us by your experiments what a woman is, who are in process Of providing us, by your failures and successes, with that extremely important piece of information.

But to continue the story of my professional experiences, I made one pound ten and six by my first review; and I bought a Persian cat with the proceeds. Then I grew ambitious. A Persian cat is all very well, I said; but a Persian cat is not enough. I must have a motor car. And it was thus that I became a novelist — for it is a very strange thing that people will give you a motor car if you will tell

them a story. It is a still stranger thing that there is nothing so delightful in the world as telling stories. It is far pleasanter than writing reviews of famous novels. And yet, if I am to obey your secretary and tell you my professional experiences as a novelist, I must tell you about a very strange experience that befell me as a novelist. And to understand it you must try first to imagine a novelist's state of mind. I hope I am not giving away professional secrets if I say that a novelist's chief desire is to be as unconscious as possible. He has to induce in himself a state of perpetual lethargy. He wants life to proceed with the utmost quiet and regularity. He wants to see the same faces, to read the same books, to do the same things day after day, month after month, while he is writing, so that nothing may break the illusion in which he is living — so that nothing may disturb or disquiet the mysterious nosings about, feelings round, darts, dashes and sudden discoveries of that very shy and illusive spirit, the imagination. I suspect that this state is the same both for men and women. Be that as it may, I want you to imagine me writing a novel in a state of trance. I want you to figure to yourselves a girl sitting with a pen in her hand, which for minutes, and indeed for hours, she never dips into the inkpot. The image that comes to my mind when I think of this girl is the image of a fisherman lying sunk in dreams on the verge of a deep lake with a rod held out over the water. She was letting her imagination sweep unchecked round every rock and cranny of the world that lies submerged in the depths of our unconscious being. Now came the experience, the experience that I believe to be far commoner with women writers than with men. The line raced through the girl's fingers. Her imagination had rushed away. It had sought the pools, the depths, the dark places where the largest fish slumber. And then there was a smash. There was an explosion. There was foam and confusion. The imagination had dashed itself against something hard. The girl was roused from her dream. She was indeed in a state of the most acute and difficult distress. To speak without figure, she had thought of something, something about the body, about the passions which it was unfitting for her as a woman to say. Men, her reason told her, would be shocked. The consciousness of — what men will say of a woman who speaks

the truth about her passions had roused her from her artist's state of unconsciousness. She could write no more. The trance was over. Her imagination could work no longer. This I believe to be a very common experience with women writers — they are impeded by the extreme conventionality of the other sex. For though men sensibly allow themselves great freedom in these respects, I doubt that they realize or can control the extreme severity with which they condemn such freedom in women.

These then were two very genuine experiences of my own. These were two of the adventures of my professional life. The first — killing the Angel in the House — I think I solved. She died. But the second, telling the truth about my own experiences as a body, I do not think I solved. I doubt that any woman has solved it yet. The obstacles against her are still immensely powerful — and yet they are very difficult to define. Outwardly, what is simpler than to write books? Outwardly, what obstacles are there for a woman rather than for a man? Inwardly, I think, the case is very different; she has still many ghosts to fight, many prejudices to overcome. Indeed it will be a long time still, I think, before a woman can sit down to write a book without finding a phantom to be slain, a rock to be dashed against. And if this is so in literature, the freest of all professions for women, how is it in the new professions which you are now for the first time entering?

Those are the questions that I should like, had I time, to ask you. And indeed, if I have laid stress upon these professional experiences of mine, it is because I believe that they are, though in different forms, yours also. Even when the path is nominally open — when there is nothing to prevent a woman from being a doctor, a lawyer, a civil servant — there are many phantoms and obstacles, as I believe, looming in her way. To discuss and define them is I think of great value and importance; for thus only can the labour be shared, the difficulties be solved. But besides this, it is necessary also to discuss the ends and the aims for which we are fighting, for which we are doing battle with these formidable obstacles. Those aims cannot be taken for granted; they must be perpetually questioned and examined. The whole position, as I see it — here in this hall surrounded by women practising for the first time in history I know not how

many different professions — is one of extraordinary interest and importance. You have won rooms of your own in the house hitherto exclusively owned by men. You are able, though not without great labour and effort, to pay the rent. You are earning your five hundred pounds a year. But this freedom is only a beginning — the room is your own, but it is still bare. It has to be furnished; it has to be decorated; it has to be shared. How are you going to furnish it, how are you going to decorate it? With whom are you going to share it, and upon what terms? These, I think are questions of the utmost importance and interest. For the first time in history you are able to ask them; for the first time you are able to decide for yourselves what the answers should be. Willingly would I stay and discuss those questions and answers — but not to-night. My time is up; and I must cease.

Glossary:

1. **Fanny Burney (1752 – 1840):** Francis Burney, later known as Madame D’Arbly, she started her first novel of domestic life and manners in England with her first book ‘*Evelina*’ published in 1778.
2. **Aphra Behn:** She is a famous writer of restoration period.
3. **Harriet Martineau (1802 – 1817):** She was a powerful journalist and social reformer and she also has authored ‘*Deerbrook*’.
4. **Jane Austen:** one of the first women writers who wrote at home with great secrecy. Her novels *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Persuasion*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Emma* and *Mansfield park* are some of her popular novels.
5. **George Eliot (1819 – 1880):** Mary Ann Evans in real life, she was the most learned of women novelists. Her novels, *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Silas Mariner*, *Adam Bede*, *Mill on the Floss* and *Middle March* are some of her popular works.
6. **Paris, Vienna, Berlin:** Capital cities where Art Schools furnished.
7. **The Angel in the House:** is the title of a long poem by Coventry Patmore. ‘*The Angel in the House*’ is also a domestic idyll. Woolf has used her symbolically.

Suggested Questions:

1. According to Virginia Woolf, what are the two main obstacles to women's professional identity? Are these still the two main obstacles?
2. Does the contemporary woman face different hurdles? Explain.
3. "Killing the Angel in the House was part of the occupation of a woman writer." Elucidate.
4. Why does Virginia Woolf think it would have been impossible for a woman of Shakespeare's time to have written plays of equal calibre?

SECTION: IV

Facets of Language

PHONETICS

Phonetics is the systematic study of speech sounds i.e. their production, transmission and reception. The word phonetics is derived from the Greek word *phone* which means sound/voice.

There are twenty-six letters of the alphabet in English but forty-four sounds. There is no one to one relationship between the letters of the alphabet and the sound it represents. The sounds are divided into consonants and vowels. The sounds are represented by specific symbols; one symbol represents only one sound. Many notations are used, the IPA (International Phonetic Alphabet) is the most frequently used one.

Speech sounds are produced by an airstream mechanism. There are three airstream mechanisms- pulmonic, glottalic and velaric. A few organs in the human body modify the air that flows out of the mouth into speech sounds. These organs are called as organs of speech. The organs of speech can be divided into three groups: *articulatory, phonatory and respiratory*.

The Articulatory System comprises the *nose* the *teeth*, the *roof of the mouth* (*teeth ridge/ alveolar ridge, hard palate* and *soft palate/velum, uvula*), the *tongue*, and the *lips*.

When the soft palate is raised, it touches the back wall of the pharynx and the passage to the nose is blocked. Sounds produced with the closure of the nasal passage and through the mouth are called **Oral Sounds**.

Nasal Sounds are produced when the soft palate is lowered and the nasal passage is opened. These sounds are produced with the closure of the passage into the mouth and the opening of the nasal passage.

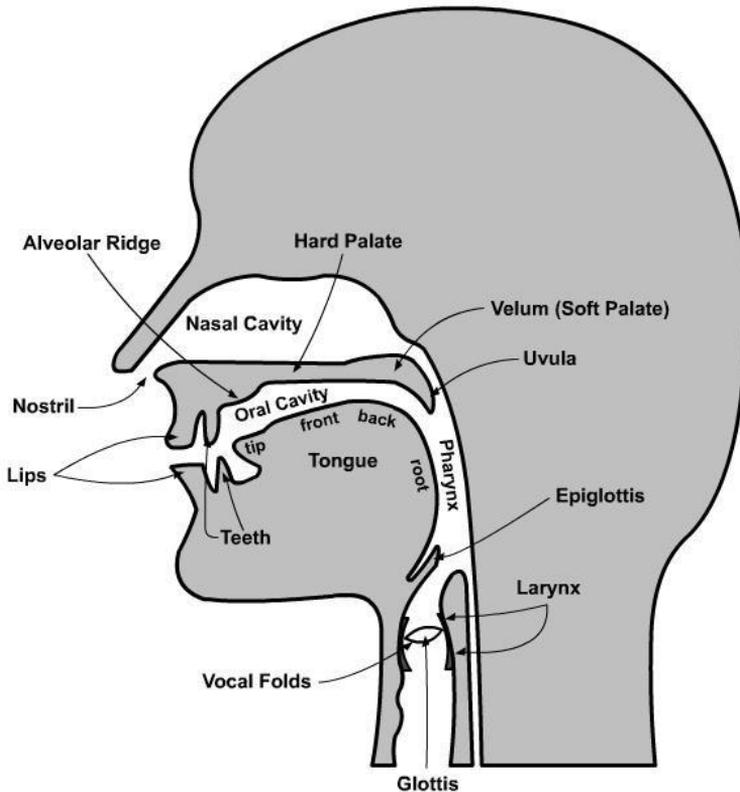
Respiratory System comprises the *lungs*, the *muscles of the chest* and the *windpipe/trachea*.

Phonatory System comprises the *larynx* (*vocal cords* and *glottis*).



In the larynx are situated two thick lip-like structures which are called as **Vocal Cords**. The vocal cords are horizontally placed from front to back and are attached in the front and separated at the back. The space or the opening between the vocal cords is called the **Glottis**. Some sounds are produced with the vocal cords wide open i.e. the glottis is open; these sounds are called **Voiceless Sounds**. The initial sounds in paper, kettle, and five, happy are voiceless sounds. Sounds produced when the vocal cords are loosely held together and the pressure of the air from the lungs makes the vocal cords open and close rapidly(vibrate) are called **Voiced Sounds**. The sounds in bead, vine, and red are voiced sounds. All the **vowels** in English are voiced sounds.

Organs of Speech



Consonants and Vowels

The sounds in English are classified into two broad categories- Consonants and Vowels.

Consonants

There are twenty-four consonants in English. When consonants are produced there is either a closure or narrowing of the air passage in the mouth.

Consonants are described on the basis of

- a) place of articulation

- b) manner of articulation

- c) the state of the glottis.

Place of Articulation means the two articulators involved in the production of the consonants.

Bilabial: the lips are the articulators. /p, /b/, /m/, /w/

Labiodental: The lower lip and upper front teeth are the articulators. /f/, /v/

Dental: The tongue and the upper front teeth are the articulators. /θ/, /ð/

Alveolar: The tip/blade of the tongue and the teeth ridge are the articulators.

/t/, /d/, /s/, /z/, /n/, /l/

Post Alveolar: The tip of the tongue and the part of the roof of the mouth

immediately behind the teeth ridge are the articulators. /r/

Palato- Alveolar: The tip of the tongue or the tip and blade of the tongue and

the teeth ridge are the articulators. /tʃ/, /dʒ/, /ʃ/, /ʒ/

Palatal: The front of the tongue and the hard palate are the articulators. /j/

Velar: The back of the tongue and the soft palate are the articulators. /k/, /g/, /

ŋ/

Glottal: The vocal cords are the articulators. Sound produced in the glottis. /h/

Manner of Articulation: means the stricture involved i.e. the way in which the passage of air is restricted by the various organs of speech.

Plosives/Stop: Stricture of complete closure and sudden release. /p/, /b/, /t/,

/d/, /k/, /g/

Affricates: Stricture of complete closure and sudden release. /tʃ/, /dʒ/



Fricatives: Stricture of close approximation. /f/, /v/, /θ/, /ð/, /s/, /z/, /ʃ/, /ʒ/, /h/

Nasals: Stricture of complete oral closure. /m/, /n/, /ŋ/

Lateral: Air escapes along the sides of the mouth. /l/

Approximants: Articulators come close and the air escapes freely through the gap. /w/, /r/, /j/

(/r/ is also called as a retroflex sound as during the production of this sound, the tip of the tongue curled towards the back of the roof of the mouth.)

State of the Glottis: Voiced or Voiceless

Voiceless Consonants: The voiceless consonants in English are /p/, /t/, /k/, /f/, /θ/, /s/, /ʃ/, /h/ and /tʃ/

Voiced consonants: /b/, /d/, /dʒ/, /g/, /v/, /ð/, /m/, /n/, /ŋ/, /z/, /ʒ/, /r/, /l/, /j/ and /w/

IPA symbols for consonants

p	pencil	s	son
b	balloon	z	zero
t	table	ʃ	ship
d	dark	ʒ	pleasure
k	kite	h	help
g	go	m	mango
tʃ	church	n	neat
dʒ	judge	ŋ	ring
f	fan	l	lamp
v	velvet	r	rain
θ	think	j	yesterday
ð	this	w	wet

Classification of English Consonants

Place of Articulation	Bilabial	Labio dental	Dental	Alveo lar	Palato- Alveolar	Palatal	Velar	Glottal
Manner of Articulation								
Plosive								
<i>Voiceless</i>	/p/			/t/			/k/	
<i>Voiced</i>	/b/			/d/			/g/	
Fricative								
<i>Voiceless</i>		/f/	/θ/	/s/	/ʃ/			/h/
<i>Voiced</i>		/v/	/ð/	/z/	/ʒ/			
Affricate								
<i>Voiceless</i>					/tʃ/			
<i>Voiced</i>					/dʒ/			
Nasal								
<i>Voiced</i>	/m/			/n/			/ŋ/	
Lateral								
<i>Voiced</i>				/l/				
Approximant								
<i>Voiced</i>	/w/				/r/	/j/		

Vowels

Vowels are produced when the air escapes through the mouth without any friction, therefore all vowels are voiced.

There are twenty vowels in English, twelve pure vowels/monophthongs and eight diphthongs.

Vowels are described on the basis of:

- a) The part of the tongue raised- front, centre or back.

- b) The vertical difference between the tongue and the roof of the mouth- open, half open, close and half-close.
- c) The shape of the lips- rounded or unrounded.

Pure vowels or monophthongs are classified into Front vowels, Back vowels and Central vowels.

Front vowels are those during the production of which the front of the tongue is raised in the direction of the hard palate. The front vowels are /ɪ/, /i:/, /e/, /æ/

Back vowels are those during the production of which the back of the tongue is raised in the direction of the soft palate. The back vowels are /ɑ:/, /ɒ/, /ɔ://ʊ/, /u:/

Central vowels are those produced by raising the centre of the tongue in the direction of the roof of the mouth between the hard palate and soft palate.

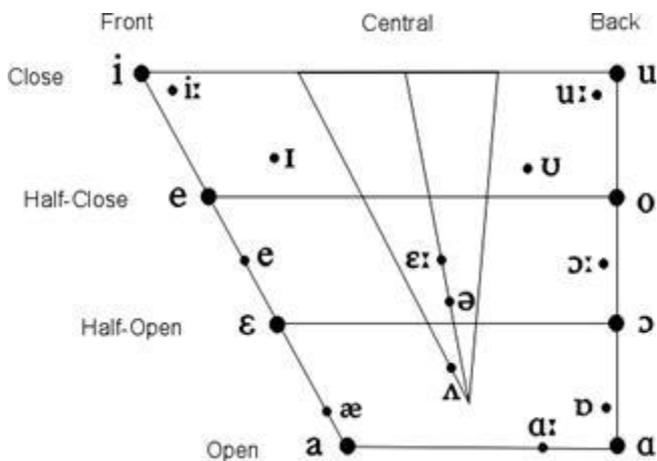
Pure vowels can be further classified into short vowels and long vowels.

Short vowels

/ɪ/	sit
/e/	end
/ʊ/	pull
/æ/	apple
/ʌ/	mutton
/ɒ/	cot

Long vowels

/ɑ:/	car
/i:/	bee
/ɔ:/	caught
/u:/	pool
/ɜ:/	gir
/ə/	about



Description of pure vowels

/ə/	a central, half-open, unrounded vowel
/ɑ:/	A back, open, unrounded vowel
/ɪ/	A centralized front, just above half-close, unrounded vowel
/i:/	A front, close, unrounded vowel
/ʊ/	A centralized, back, rounded vowel, just above half-close position
/u:/	A back, close, rounded vowel
/e/	A front, unrounded vowel between half-close and half-open
/æ/	A front, unrounded vowel just below the half-open position
/ʌ/	A central, unrounded vowel between open and half open
/ɜ:/	A central, unrounded vowel between half-close and half-open
/ɒ/	A back, open, rounded-vowel
/ɔ:/	A back, rounded vowel between half-open and half-close

Diphthongs

There are eight diphthongs. During the production of these sounds the tongue glides from one point of articulation to another point of articulation. In a diphthong the quality of a vowel changes during the course of its production, it glides from one vowel position to another.

Description of diphthongs

/eɪ/	A glide from a front, unrounded vowel just below half-close to a centralized, front, unrounded vowel just above half-close Examples: Bake, Rain, Lay
/aɪ/	A glide from a front, open, unrounded vowel to a centralized, front, unrounded vowel just above half-close Examples: Cry, My, Like
/ɔɪ/	A glide from a back, rounded vowel between open and half-open position to a front, unrounded vowel just above half-close position Examples: Boy, Foil, Coin
/ɪə/	A glide from a centralized front unrounded vowel just above half-close to a central, unrounded vowel between a half-close and half-open. Examples: Here, Pear, Pier
/eə/ /	A glide from a front, half-open unrounded vowel to a central, unrounded vowel between a half-close and half-open Examples: Care, Bear, Liar
/ʊə/ /	A glide from a centralized, back rounded vowel just above half-close to a central, unrounded vowel between a half-close and half-open Examples: Sure, Pure, Manure
/aʊ/ /	A glide from back, open, unrounded position to a centralized, back, rounded vowel just above the half-close position Examples: House, Brown, How
/əʊ/ /	A glide from a central, unrounded vowel between half-close and half-open to a centralized, back rounded vowel just above the half-close position. Examples: Slow, Go, Though

Syllable

Syllable is the unit next in hierarchy of phonemes. Words are made up of one or more syllables. A syllable consists of consonants and vowels. Syllable division is usually marked with a hyphen, examples: pen-cil, po-llu-tion, and e-xa-mi-na-tion.

A syllable can be analysed in terms of its segments i.e. consonants and vowels. A consonant function as a marginal element. If the consonant occurs at the beginning of a syllable it is called as a **releasing consonant** and the one that occurs at the end of a syllable is called as an **arresting consonant**. The vowel is the **nucleus** or the central part of a syllable. When the structure of a syllable is described, the symbol C is used to represent a *consonant* and V to represent a *vowel*.

Stress

Stress is the degree of emphasis given to a sound or syllable in speech. Generally in words of two or more syllables one syllable is pronounced more prominently than the other syllables. The one that is pronounced prominently is said to be accented or stressed. Stressed syllable is differentiated from unstressed syllable based on one or more of the following features: a) length b) loudness c) pitch movement d) vowel quality. Stress patterns can help distinguish the meanings of two words or phrases that otherwise appear to be the same.

Stress may fall on any syllable of a word. Stress depends on the grammatical function of a word. If the words are used as nouns or adjectives the stress is on the first syllable and if they are used as verbs the stress is on the second syllable. Stress is marked with a vertical bar (') above and in front of the syllable to which it refers.

Noun

'object
'produce
'desert
'convict
'contact

Verb

ob'ject
pro'duce
de'sert
con'vict
con'tact

Exercises:**I Answer the following in a sentence or two.**

1. What is the difference between voiced and voiceless sounds?
Give examples.
2. Name the air-stream mechanism used for producing English sounds.
3. What kinds of sounds are produced when the glottis is open?
4. Define a consonant.
5. What is a diphthong?
6. What are the differences between a stressed syllable and an unstressed syllable?

II) Mark the syllabic division in the following words

- i) investigate
- ii) pleasant
- iii) bitter
- iv) frolic
- v) maple

III) a) From the jumbled group of words below, identify the pairs that contain identical consonant phonemes:

eg. page - cap /p/

Skin, zoo, fan, child, bus, half, call, quiz, mad, fashion, pitch, balloon, doctor, sheep, lit, sack, cheer, sheer.

b) From the jumbled group of words given below, identify the pairs of that contain identical vowel phonemes:

eg. about - taboo | ə |

apple, gate, city, cut, opt, saw, foil, during, may, girls, cup, cot, sir, caught, sure, up, cap, boil, try, nice.

IV) Fill in the blanks with suitable words/words:

1. The frequency of vibration of the vocal words determines the _____ of the voice.

2. When the soft palate is lowered we get _____ sounds.
3. Diphthongs are also called as _____
4. During the articulation / z/ the tips are _____
5. There are _____ consonants and _____ vowels in RP of English.
6. Plosives are sounds that are produced with a stricture of _____ and _____
7. The organs of speech are divided into _____ system, _____ system
8. The soft palate is also known as _____.
9. _____ Nasals are articulated with a stricture of _____
10. The vowel in a syllable is called _____

V) Transcribe the following words:

- a. Map
- b. Lamp
- c. Book
- d. Cap
- e. Bottle
- f. Now
- g. Mutton
- h. Car
- i. Soup
- j. Play

Literary Devices

In Literature and writing, a **figure of speech** (also called a stylistic device) is the use of any of a variety of techniques to give an auxiliary meaning, idea or feeling. Sometimes a word diverges from its normal meaning or a phrase and has a specialized meaning not based on the literal meaning of the words in it.

Example - metaphor, simile, personification etc.

Stylistic devices often provide emphasis, freshness of expression or clarity.

Literary devices

1. Alliteration

Alliteration is the repetition of a speech sound in a sequence of nearby words. Usually the term is applied only to consonants and only when the recurrent sound is made emphatic because it begins a word or a stressed syllable within a word.

Example: i) The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
the furrow followed free;

ii) Black bug bit a big black bear

2. Allusion

Allusion is a passing reference, without explicit identification to a literary or historical person, place or event or to another literary work or passage.

Example: i) But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;

ii) This place is like a Garden of

Eden.

3. Archaism

Archaism is the literary use of words and expressions that have become

obsolete in the common speech of an era.

Example: i) **Thee** sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind; I find **thee** apt;

ii) And **duller shouldst thou** be than the fat weed

1. Simile

In a simile a comparison between two distinctly different things is explicitly indicated by the word 'like' or 'as'

Example: i) I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats high over vales and hills

ii) **Othello:** She was false as water.

Emilia: Though are rash as fire

2. Metaphor

In a metaphor, a word or expression that in literal usage denotes one kind of thing is applied to a distinctly different kind of thing without asserting a comparison

Example: i) "She's all states, and all princes, I ..."

ii) Her voice is music to his ears

3. Personification

In personification an inanimate object or an abstract concept is spoken of as though it were endowed with life for with human attributes or feelings

Example: i) "Because I could not stop for Death –

He kindly stopped for me –

ii) Time and tide wait for none

4. Paradox

A paradox is a statement which seems on its face to be logically contradictory or absurd, yet turns out to be interpretable in a way that makes sense. It appears to be self-contradictory or silly, but may include a latent truth.

Example: i) I must be cruel to be kind.
 ii) The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is Rainbow in her womb?

5. Oxymoron

If the paradoxical utterance conjoins two terms that in ordinary usage are contraries it is called an oxymoron. The common oxymoron phrase is a combination of an adjective proceeded by a noun with contrasting meanings, such as "cruel kindness," or "living death".

Example: i) Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
 O anything, of nothing first
 create! O heavy lightness! Serious
 vanity!
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
 health! Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Difference Between Oxymoron and Paradox

A paradox may consist of a sentence, or even a group of sentences. An oxymoron, on the other hand, is a combination of two contradictory or opposite words. A paradox seems contradictory to the general truth, but it does contain an implied truth. An oxymoron, however, may produce a dramatic effect, but does not make literal sense.

6. Hyperbole

Hyperbole is a bold over statement of an extravagant exaggeration of fact or of possibility.

Example: i) “Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No. This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one
red.”

ii) Your suitcase weighs a ton!

7. Refrain

A line, or a part of a line or a group of lines which is repeated in the course of a poem, sometimes with slight changes and usually at the end of each stanza.

Example: i) “The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I
sleep.”

ii) It is magical, yes, this life that I
live Each day it gives something
Something it gives each day.
It is magical, absolutely magical the life that I live.

8. Synecdoche

In synecdoche, a part of something is used to signify the whole or (more rarely) the whole is used to signify a part.

Example: i) “Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
things, The hand that mocked them.”

ii) The word “sails” refers to a whole ship.

9. Metonymy

The literal term for one thing is applied to another with which it has become closely associated because of a recurrent relation in common experience.

- Example:**
- i) “Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.”
 - ii) The crown—a royal person

10. Anaphora

Anaphora is the repetition of the same word or phrase at the beginning of successive clauses or versus

- Example:**
- i) ‘Five years have passed;
Five summers, with the length of
Five long winters! and again I hear these waters...’
 - ii) Tell them to be good, tell them to follow their elders, and tell them to mind their manners.

11. Apostrophe

It is directly addressing a non-existent person or an inanimate object as though it was a living being.

- Example:**
- i) Death be not proud, though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so
 - ii) Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The handle towards my hand?
Come let me clutch thee,
I have thee not and yet still see thee

12. Antithesis

Antithesis, which means “opposite,” is a rhetorical device in which two opposite ideas are put together in a sentence to achieve a contrasting effect.

Example: i) Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and
bower, Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

ii) Man proposes, God disposes.

Sample poem

Although I shelter from the
rain Under a broken tree,
My chair was nearest to the
fire In every company
That talked *of love or politics*, - **Antithesis**
Ere Time transfigured me. – **Archaism, Alliteration**

Though lads are making pikes
again For some conspiracy,
And crazy rascals rage their
fill At human tyranny;
My contemplations are of Time
That has transfigured me. - **Refrain**

There's not a woman turns her
face Upon a broken tree,
And yet the beauties that I loved

Are in my memory;
 I spit into the *face of Time* - **Personification**
That has transfigured me. - **Refrain**

1. Identify the refrain in the poem.
2. Pick out an example of alliteration.
3. Identify the example of personification in the poem.
4. Give an example of antithesis
5. Mention an example of archaism.

Read the following poem and answer the questions set on it

I knelt beside the little stream
 All this time peering into the water's gleam
 It shimmered and danced down the meandering steps
 Like a beautiful sunfish in the ocean's depth
 I watched it corrode the soil therein
 As if purging its pathway from material sin
 The pebbles and silt hopped with glee
 To the end of the river, to the beginning of the sea
 They glided to the ocean's glistening light
 Tossed by waves, to the water's height
 Tossed by waves, to the water's height

I saw the beaming sun going to rest
 Like a tired child ascending from a mother's breast
 As it descended into the ocean's blue
 It coloured the hydrosphere with a beautiful hue
 I looked with intent at the darkening sky
 With extended lips, and tearful eyes
 With extended lips, and tearful eyes

- a) Identify two personifications in the poem.
- b) Identify the alliteration in the poem
- c) Identify one simile in the poem
- d) Identify the refrain in the poem

Question Paper Pattern

Semester II

Paper II

Maximum Marks – 100

Section A: Annotation	3x5	15
Section B : Poetry 1 essay type question (15 marks)+ I short note(5 marks)		20
Section C : Drama 1 essay type question (15 marks)+ 2 short notes(10 marks)		25
Section D : Prose 1 essay type question (15 marks)+ I short note(5 marks)		20
Section E : Literary Devices		20
Internal Assessment Marks		50

II Semester B.A
Model Question Paper
OPTIONAL ENGLISH (Paper – II)

Time: 3 Hours

Max. Marks: 100

Instruction: Answer all Sections

Section – A

I. Annotate any three of the following: (3X5 = 15)

- a) Look on the rising sun: there God does live
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning joy in the noonday.
- b) The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
- c) And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
- d) I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
- e) And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Section – B
(Poetry)

II A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15 = 15)

- i. Examine the issues of racism and slavery in Blake’s poem ‘The Little Black Boy’.
- ii. Comment on the autobiography of the cloud in ‘The Cloud’.

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5 =5)

- i. The Mother in ‘The Little Black Boy’.
- ii. The materialistic tendency of man in Wordsworth’s ‘The World is too much with us’.
- iii. The description of Autumn in ‘Ode to Autumn’

Section – C
(Novel)

II A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15 = 15)

- i. Comment on the themes of love and revenge in ‘Wuthering Heights’.
- ii. Examine the role of Edgar Linton in the novel.

B) Write a short note on any two of the following: (2X5 = 10)

- i. Mr. Lockwood
- ii. Catherine’s ghost
- iii. Heathcliff and Isabella
- iv. Climax of the story

Section – D
(Essays and Short stories)

II A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15 = 15)

- i. Lamb's 'Modern Gallantry' brings out the false gallantry in modern men. Elaborate.
- a. What according to Wordsworth is the principal object that is to be presented through poetry?

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5 = 5)

- i. The spectators in 'On the Punishment of Death'
- ii. Wordsworth's address to the readers in 'Preface to Lyrical Ballads' – An extract.
- iii. 'The Angel in the House' in Wollstonecraft's essay.

Section – E
(Facets of Language)

V. Answer all the questions

1) What is the difference between voiced and voiceless sounds? Give an example. 2

2)

A) Mark the syllabic division in the following words 2

- i) question
ii) examine

B) What are diphthongs? Identify the diphthongs in the following words 3

- i) boy
ii) doubt

C) Transcribe the following words

3

- i) sing
- ii) cheap
- iii) food

3) A) Define the following figures of speech with an example each.

- i) Refrain 2
- ii) Oxymoron 2

B) Read the following poem and answer the questions set on it

THE COCK is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The Snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

- i) Pick out an example of alliteration. 2
- ii) Identify the example of personification in the poem. 2
- iii) Give an example of simile 2

