

**ГАОУ ВО «Дагестанский государственный университет народного хозяйства»**

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**Учебное пособие (курс лекций)**

**по дисциплине**

**«История литературы стран первого иностранного  
языка»**



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## *Аннотация*

Учебное пособие по курсу «История литературы стран ПИЯ» предназначено для студентов 2 курса факультета иностранных языков, а также для всех желающих приобрести практические навыки перевода, пересказа, анализа и понимания текста англоязычных авторов. Пособие рассчитано на 72 часа аудиторной и самостоятельной работы в течение семестра.

Пособие способствует расширению словарной базы и развитию навыков перевода текстов художественной литературы.

Данное пособие представляет собой сборник, включающий в себя отрывки из произведений английской и американской литературы, а также биографии авторов.

Наряду с переведенными произведениями, студентам необходимо знакомиться с зарубежной литературой в оригинале, что способствует обогащению лексики. В пособии представлены самые значительные и наиболее известные отрывки из произведений, взятые из печатных изданий англоязычных авторов. По данной дисциплине предусмотрены курсовые работы на первом курсе.

Учебное пособие составлено Мугуевой Д. Т., преподавателем кафедры «Теория и практика перевода».

Учебное пособие составлено в полном соответствии с требованиями Государственных образовательных стандартов по направлению подготовки **45.03.02. Лингвистика**. Учебное пособие обсуждено на заседании кафедры 25 мая 2017г., протокол №10, рекомендовано к изданию и использованию студентами в учебном процессе.

### *1. Цели освоения дисциплины.*

Основной целью курса «История литературы стран ПИЯ» является дать представление о развитии литературного процесса в англоязычных странах.

Задачи изучения дисциплины:

- изучение специфики развития зарубежной литературы в контексте истории мировой культуры;
- характеристика художественных направлений, творческих методов, эстетических программ;
- анализ этапов литературного развития и творчества крупнейших писателей;

## ***2. Место дисциплины в структуре ООП:***

Курс «История литературы стран ПИЯ» относится к базовой части гуманитарного цикла основной образовательной программы бакалавриата для профилей – «Перевод и переводоведение» и «Теория и методика иностранных языков».

Для наилучшего освоения данной дисциплины рекомендуется параллельное изучение таких дисциплин как: «Теория перевода», «Практический курс перевода», «История и культура стран ПИЯ».

### *3. Лекционный материал по дисциплине*

#### **I. Anglo-Saxon literature and the literature of the Norman period.**

In the 7th—11th centuries the culture of the early Britons changed greatly under the influence of Christianity. The monasteries where the art of reading and writing was practiced became the centres of almost all the learning and education in the country. No wonder many poets and writers imitated those Latin books about the early Christians, and they also made up many stories of their own about saints.

Though the poets were English they wrote in Latin.

A writer of this time was Bede. His famous book "The History of the English Church" was well known in France and in Italy because the people of the Middle Ages considered it a scientific book. The book is important and interesting for us because it shows what the country was like thirteen hundred years ago and how men acted and thought at that time.

One of the greatest kings of England was Alfred who is famous not only for having built the first navy but for trying to enlighten his people. He drew up a code of laws. To him the English owe the famous Anglo-Saxon Chronicle which may be called the first history of the early Britons and includes miniature sagas.

Various writers of different times wrote for the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles.

In the year 1066, the Norman Duke William crossed the Channel and conquered the English in the great battle fought at Hastings. Within five years William the Conqueror was complete master of the whole of England.

Most of the British writers and poets about whom we are going to speak were educated at Universities. In 1168 some professors founded schools at the town of Oxford, which formed the first university. A second university was formed in 1209 at Cambridge.

In the first half of the 14th century king of England was Edward III. This powerful feudal lord wished to make himself king of France as well. Wishing to make his people believe that he defended English trade, the king made war with France in 1337. This war is now called the Hundred Years' War because it lasted over a hundred years.

## Beowulf

*The beautiful Saxon poem called "Beowulf" tells us of the times long before the Anglo-Saxons came to Britain. There is no mention of England. The poem was compiled in the 10th century by an unknown scribe. The manuscript is in the British Museum, in London. It is impossible for a non-specialist to read it in the original, so the text is in the English translation.*

*The scene is set among the Jutes who lived on the Scandinavian peninsula at the time, and the Danes, their neighbours across the strait. The Danes and the Jutes were great sailors. The poem shows us these warriors in battle and at peace, their feasts and amusements, their love for the sea and for adventure.*

*Beowulf is a young knight of the Jutes, or Geats, as the Jutes were called. His adventures with a sea-monster abroad, in the country of the Danes, and later with a fire-dragon at home, form two parts in this heroic epic. Though fierce and cruel in war, he respected men and women. He is ready to sacrifice his life for them. Beowulf fights for the benefit of his people, not for his own glory, and in battle he strives to be fair to the end.*

### I

A long, long time ago the king of Denmark was Hrothgar. He was brave, just and kind, and his people loved him. He built a large and beautiful palace for himself and his warriors. Men came from all parts of the country to look at the fine palace. Every evening many people gathered in the palace, and they ate and drank, told stories and sang songs, danced and laughed.

Not far from the palace there was a large lake. A great monster lived in that lake. His name was Grendel. Grendel heard the singing and laughing in Hrothgar's palace every evening and did not like it. He was lonely in his lake and he was very angry with the warriors because they were making merry. He got more and more angry every day. Late one night Grendel got out of his lake and went to Hrothgar's palace. Soon he came near it. It was still and dark inside, and Grendel went in. There were many warriors in the palace, but they were all asleep. Grendel killed one of the warriors and drank his blood. Then he killed another warrior and drank his blood, too. That night the monster killed thirty warriors and drank their blood. Then he took the bodies of the dead men and went back to his lake.

The next night Grendel came to the palace again. Again he killed

thirty warriors, drank their blood and carried their dead bodies into the lake.

Night after night, month after month, winter after winter the terrible monster came to the palace and killed men. There was no laughing and singing now. The bravest and strongest warriors could do nothing against him. Their spears, arrows and swords could not kill Grendel. This went on for twelve years.

## II

On the other side of the sea was the country of Geats. There was a young man among the Geats whose name was Beowulf. He was very brave and strong. He was the strongest man in the whole country. He was stronger than thirty men. One day he heard about the terrible monster Grendel who killed thirty warriors every night in Denmark. Beowulf wanted to help King Hrothgar. He found fourteen strong and brave warriors from among his friends, got on a ship with them and sailed off across the sea. They sailed the whole night, and in the morning they came to Denmark.

When they got off the ship, they saw a man on horseback. He was one of King Hrothgar's warriors. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" he asked them.

"We are warriors from the country of the Geats," answered Beowulf. "We know about Grendel. We want to help you to fight the monster."

The warrior took Beowulf and his friends, to Hrothgar's palace. King Hrothgar smiled when he saw the Geats.

"I am glad to see you and your friends brave Beowulf," he said, "but I must tell you that your task will not be easy. You must know that many warriors spent a night in the palace. They tried to kill the monster but they are all dead now."

"I am not afraid," said Beowulf, "I shall stay in the palace for the night and meet Grendel. And I shall fight without sword or spear or arrows, because they won't help against him."

Night came. Everybody left the palace. Only Beowulf and his friends remained. Beowulf told his fourteen friends to lie down and sleep. He himself waited for Grendel in the dark.

Grendel appeared in the middle of the night. He quickly entered the palace, killed one of the sleeping warriors and began to drink his blood, as he always did. But at that moment he saw Beowulf and a terrible fight began. They fought for a long time. Grendel was very

strong, but Beowulf was stronger. He caught Grendel by the arm and tore it off. The monster howled and ran out of the palace. He ran back to his lake and died there.

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In the morning King Hrothgar and his men came to the palace. They looked with great surprise at Grendel's arm which was hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the palace. Then they went to the lake. The water of the lake was red with Grendel's blood.

People from all parts of the country came to look at Beowulf and thank him. Everybody was very glad. Till late at night they talked, sang and laughed in the palace as before.

At night everybody went to sleep. But the troubles of Hrothgar and his men were not over. An ugly witch came out of the lake and quickly ran to the palace. She was Grendel's mother. She ran into the palace, caught one of the warriors, killed him and carried him to the lake.

"I ask you to help me once more, brave Beowulf," said Hrothgar. "I shall gladly help you, King Hrothgar," answered Beowulf. "Let us go to the lake at once. I shall kill this witch."

They got on their horses and rode to the lake. When they reached it, they saw that the lake was not quiet and its water was black. They waited. It became cold and dark. The witch did not appear. The warriors did not know what to do. Then Beowulf got off his horse and jumped into the lake.

When his feet touched the bottom, the witch jumped on him and tried to kill him, but she could not. Then Beowulf saw the witch's cave and ran into it. And here he was very surprised. There was no water in the cave. In the middle of the floor there was a bright fire. In the light of the fire Beowulf saw a magic sword on the wall. He quickly took it and killed the witch with it.

At that moment the sun appeared over his head, and he saw the dead body of Grendel in a corner of the cave.

Beowulf took the magic sword and came out of the lake. His

friends were happy to see him alive.

In the palace Beowulf told King Hrothgar and his warriors about his fight with the witch. King Hrothgar thanked Beowulf many times and gave him and his men many rich presents. When Beowulf and his friends were going home, many people came to say good-bye to him and to thank him again and again.

## Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)

*The greatest writer of the 14th century was Geoffrey Chaucer. He was born in 1340 in London. At 17 he was page to a lady at the court of Edward III. At 20 he was in France and was then taken prisoner by the French. When he returned to England, his education was none the worse for that, though he had not been to a university.*

*Chaucer's earliest poems were written in imitation of the French romances. During 1373 and the next few years, Chaucer travelled much and lived a busy life. He went to France, and made three trips to Italy.*

*Chaucer was well read in the old Roman authors. Italian literature taught him the meaning of national literature.*

*In 1384 Chaucer wrote his masterpiece, the "Canterbury Tales".*

*It was a long time ago in the 14th century. One day some people met at an inn in London. These people wanted to go to the town of Canterbury. It was a long journey. To make it shorter and more interesting they decided to tell stories on their way. Each of them had to tell two stories on the way to Canterbury and two on the way back.*

*Such is the contents of the book written by the greatest writer of that time Geoffrey Chaucer. The book is called the "Canterbury Tales". It was written more than 600 years ago, but it's still read today.*

### Three young men, death and a bag of gold.

Three young men were sitting in an inn. They were drinking wine and making merry. Suddenly they heard a noise outside. They looked out of the window and saw some people carrying a coffin. "Who has died?" they asked.

The innkeeper told them the name of the dead man. It was the name of their friend, also a young man. The three young men were very much surprised. They could not believe their ears. But the innkeeper said: "Yes, it is true. Your friend is dead. Death takes young and old. He takes many people. There is a village not far from here. Every day Death kills somebody in that village. Nearly all the people there are dead. Death lives in that village, I think."

Our three young friends were drinking wine so they did not understand quite clearly what the innkeeper had said. They thought that Death really lived not far from that place and they were very angry

with Death for killing their friend. They said, "Let's go and kill Death! Let's do it before night comes."

"Be careful," the innkeeper said, "if you meet Death, he will kill you, too."

"We are not afraid," the young men answered. "We shall go and look for Death. And we shall be brothers, and we shall defend each other. And when we find Death, we shall kill him."

With these words they left the inn and went along the road. Soon they met a very old man. They asked him, "Do you know where we can find Death?"

"Oh, yes," the old man replied. "It is not difficult to find Death. Do you see that wood? Go there and you will find him under an old oak."

The young men thanked the old man and went into the wood. Soon they saw a very large old oak. When they came up to the oak, they saw a bag full of gold coins under it. They were so glad that they forgot all about Death. They thought only about the gold.

"Fine!" one of them said. "Now we shall be very rich. Let's take this gold to the house of one of us and divide it into three parts. Let's go! Quick!"

"Wait," another said. "Listen to me. We cannot carry all these gold coins now, in the daytime. We shall meet people on the way, and they will ask us questions. They will say: 'What are you carrying? Whose gold is it? Where did you get so much gold?' And if we say that we found the coins in this wood, they won't believe us. No, my friends, we cannot go now. We must stay here till night. At night, when it is dark and people are asleep, we can take the gold home and divide it."

"You are right," the third said. "We must stay here till night. Only it's a long time to wait and soon we shall be hungry. Let one of us go to town and buy some wine and something to eat."

So the youngest of them went to town and the other two remained under the oak with the gold coins.

## II

Now you will see what kind of friends these young men were. When the two of them who stayed there under the oak were sitting and waiting for the third, one of them said, "Look here, I don't want to divide this gold into three parts, do you? Can't we divide it into two parts, between you and me?"

"Why not?" the other noted. "But how can we do it?"

"Oh, it's very simple, you fool! Two are stronger than one. When he comes back, we can easily kill him, that's all, and all the gold will be ours!"

The two young men liked the plan very much and they began to wait for their friend.

And what was their friend thinking about at that time? About the gold, of course. He was thinking how good it was to have so much money. "But," he was saying to himself, "if we divide it into three parts, there won't be so much! I wish I could have all of it for myself!"

He thought and thought... At last it occurred to him, that he would poison them.

He knew a man in the town who sold poison to kill rats. He went to that man and bought some poison from him. Then he went and bought some bread and meat, and three bottles of wine.

When the young man left the town, he stopped at a place where nobody could see him, put the poison into two of the bottles of wine, and hurried to the old oak to join his friends. He wanted very much to have all the gold for himself.

When he reached the oak, the other two were waiting for him with their knives ready, and they killed him at once. They were very glad: the gold was all theirs. They opened the bottles and drank all the wine. Soon they were dead, too.

This is how the three young men found Death.

## William Shakespeare (1564—1616)

*One can hardly come across any other name in world literature that could be compared with the name of William Shakespeare.*

*The greatest and best interpreter of human nature, the poet of the widest sympathies, of the most profound knowledge of mankind, came into the world at the pleasant town of Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564. His birthday is uncertain. He was baptised, as the Parish Register states, on April 26, 1564, but there is nothing to prove on what day he was born. His father, John Shakespeare was a wool-dealer and glover. He stood, at all events, in good estimation. He was a yeoman and held some landed property. In 1557, John married Mary Arden. It was her destiny to become the mother of William Shakespeare. She had eight children: four sons and four daughters. William was the third child.*

*Being the eldest son William was no doubt looked carefully after. The year of his birth was one of terror in Stratford, for the plague spread not only in London, but over other parts of England and the red cross was seen everywhere. But, fortunately for mankind, the plague spared the house of the Shakespeares.*

*They show the room in which William was born. It is a low-roofed, antique compartment, but yet possessing an air of comfort.*

*And when in happy boyhood, he opened his eyes upon the world; he found the scenes that surrounded his home full of romantic beauty. William, like all the boys in Stratford, loved the river Avon. He had "an eye for all he saw". Under the hedgerow, through the meadows, on the uplands, and in the beautiful bosom of the country he noted every weed and wildflower. William was twelve years old when Queen Elizabeth made her famous visit to the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth. And it's more than probable that he was one of the spectators.*

*We may take it for granted that William went to a good grammar school. We do not know how many years he attended this school. But we do know that he had a quick and ready wit, a keen perception, and an admirable faculty in the acquisition of knowledge. His poems and plays show that he was greatly influenced by the ancient Greek and Roman poets, historians and orators. He knew several languages: Latin, Greek, French, and Italian.*

*Soon his father's fortunes declined and in 1578 William was taken from school.*

*In 1582 he married Anne Hathaway who was eight years older than William (he was 18 at that time). Whether Anne was beautiful in reality we do not know; but she was to be our Shakespeare's wife, and so she is of interest for all ages.*

*William had three children. His son Hamnet died when he was eleven years and six months. His daughters Susannah and Judith grew up to womanhood, married and survived their father a number of years. They must have been well educated and well brought up.*

*In a few years after his marriage Shakespeare went to London to push his fortune. William became an actor; at first he only helped the actors. By and by he began to write plays for the theatre. Shakespeare wrote on an average a play every six months for nearly twenty years. It was human life that Shakespeare cared for.*

*Shakespeare was not old when he died he had barely reached his fifty-third year.*

### The monologue of Hamlet

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep:  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

A sonnet xc

<p>Then hate me when thou wilt; if          ever, now;          Now, while the world is bent my          deeds to cross,          Join with the spite of fortune,          make me bow,          And do not drop in for an after-          loss:          Ah! do not, when my heart hath          'scap'd this sorrow,          Come in the rearward of a con-          quer'd woe;          Give not a windy night a rainy          morrow,          To linger out a purpos'd over-          throw.          If thou wilt leave me, do not leave          me last,          When other petty griefs have done          their spite,          But in the onset come: so shall I          taste          At first the very worst of fortune's          might;          And other strains of woe, which          now seem woe,          Compar'd with loss of thee will          not seem so.</p>	<p><i>Уж если ты разлюбишь, — так          теперь,          Теперь, когда весь мир со мной          в раздоре          Будь самой горькой из моих по-          терь,          Но только не последней каплей          горя!          И если скорбь дано мне превоз-          мочь,          Не нанеси удара из засады.          Пусть бурная не разрешится          ночь          Дождливым утром — утром          без отрады.          Оставь меня, но не в последний          миг,          Когда от мелких бед я ослабею.          Оставь сейчас, чтоб сразу я          постиг,          Что это горе всех невзгод          больше.          Что нет невзгод, а есть одна          беда —          Твоей любви лишиться наве-          гда.</i></p> <p><i>(Перевод С. Маршака)</i></p>
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A sonnet 66

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

<p> <i>Ни жить, ни видеть          больше не могу:          Величье побирается под          дверью,          И высота — у низости в          долгу,          И верю командует без-          верье,          И почести бесчестью          воздают,          И честь девичья пущена          по кругу,          И перед правдой прав не-          правый суд,          И услуженье ставится в          заслугу,          И свет доверья обратился          в тьму,          И власть уста замкнула          златоусту,          И доброта сама идет в          тюрьму,          И ложь диктует истины          искусству...          Не жить, не видеть,          сжечь бы все мосты,          Да пропади всё пропадом!          Но ты...          Перевод Н. Голя</i> </p>	<p> <i>Измучась всем, я умереть хочу.          Тоска смотреть, как мается          бедняк,          И как шутя живется богачу,          И доверять, и попадать впро-          сак,          И наблюдать, как наглость ле-          зет в свет,          И честь девичья катится ко          дну,          И знать, что ходу совершен-          ствам нет,          И видеть мощь у немощи в пле-          ну,          И вспоминать, что мысли за-          ткнут рот,          И разум сносит глупости хулу,          И прямодушие простотой слы-          вет,          И доброта прислуживает злу.          Измучась всем, не стал бы          жить и дня,          Да другу трудно будет без ме-          ня.          Перевод Б.Пастернака</i> </p>
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<p> <i>Я жизнью утомлен, и          смерть — моя мечта,          Что вижу я кругом?          Насмешками покрыта,          Проголодалась честь, в          изгнанье правота,          Корысть — прославлена,          неправда — знаменита.</i> </p>	<p> <i>Зову я смерть. Мне ви-          деть невтерпеж          Достоинство, что про-          сит подаянья,          Над простотой глумящу-          юся ложь,          Ничтожество в роскош-          ном одеянье,</i> </p>
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<p>Где добродетели святая красота? Пошла в распутный дом, ей нет иного сбыта!.. А сила где была последняя — и та Среди слепой грозы пара- личом разбита. Искусство сметено со сцены помелом, Безумье кафедрой владе- ет. Праздник адский! Добро ограблено разбой- нически злом, На истину давно надет колпак дурацкий. Хотел бы умереть, но друга моего Мне в этом мире жаль оставить одного. Перевод В. Бенедиктова</p>	<p>И совершенству ложный приговор, И девственность, пору- ганную грубо, И неуместной почести по- зор, И мощь в плену у немощи беззубой, И прямоу, что глупо- стью сльвет, И глупость в маске мудре- ца, пророка, И вдохновения зажатый рот, И праведность на службе у порока. Все мерзостно, что вижу я вокруг... Но как тебя покинуть, милый друг! Перевод С. Маршака</p>
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### A sonnet 73

<p>That time of year thou mayst in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. In me thou see'st the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in the west, Which by and by black night doth take away, Death's second self, that seals up</p>	<p>То время года видишь ты во мне, Когда из листьев редко где ка- кой, Дрожь, желтеет в веток го- лизне, А птичий свист везде сменил покой. Во мне ты видишь бледный край небес,</p>
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<p>all in rest.  In me thou see'st the glowing of  such fire  That on the ashes of his youth  doth lie,  As the death-bed whereon it must  expire  Consumed with that which it was  nourish'd by.  This thou perceivest, which  makes thy love more strong,  To love that well which thou must  leave ere long.</p>	<p><i>Где от заката памятка одна,  И, постепенно взявши перевес,  Их опечатывает темнота.</i></p> <p><i>Во мне ты видишь то сгоранье  пня,  Когда зола, что пламенем была,  Становится могилою огня,  А то, что грело, изошло дотла.</i></p> <p><i>И, это видя, помни: нет цены  Свиданьям, дни которых со-  чтены.</i></p> <p><i>(Перевод Б.Пастернака)</i></p>
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<p><i>То время года видишь ты  во мне,  Когда, желтея, листья  стали редки,  И там, где птицы пели о  весне,  Оголены, дрожа от стуж-  жи, ветки.</i></p> <p><i>Во мне ты сумерки нахо-  дишь дня,  Что гаснет после яркого  заката;  Ночь темная, к покою всех  клоня  (Двойник твой, Смерть!),  его влечет куда-то!  Во мне ты видишь отблес-  ки огней,  Лежавших в пепле юности  своей;</i></p>	<p><i>Во мне перед собой ты видишь время  снега,  С кустов зеленая одежда их снята,  Поблеклый лист упал, исчезла песен  нега Певцов пернатых нет, в ор-  кестре пустота.</i></p> <p><i>Во мне перед собой ты видишь час  ночлега,  На западе дрожит чуть светлая  черта,  И все густеет мрак, мрак этот —  alter ego  Тьмы смертной, вечной тьмы,— не-  далека и та.</i></p> <p><i>Во мне перед тобой дней прошлых  лишь остаток,  Лишь искры под золой, а пламень  прекращен,  Убитый тем, чем жил и чем питал-  ся он.</i></p>
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<p>with thee remains.</p>	<p>священо.  (Перевод Б.Пастернака)</p>
<p><i>Но примиришь с моей безжалостной судьбой: Пусть смерть меня сразит, тогда исчезну я, А песни все мои останутся с тобой, И ты поймешь их смысл, что в них вся жизнь моя. И что я посвятил тебе в моих стихах, Отыщешь в песнях все — и усладишь твой слух. Владей моей душой. Отходит к праху прах, Но лучшее — твое, и лучшее — мой дух. Итак, утратишь ты осадок бытия, Добычею червей напрасно дорожа: Для памяти твоей плоть низменна моя, Негоднейший трофей злодейского ножа. И то, что в ней жило, вот чем ценна она: То песнь моя, тебе навеки отдана.</i> Перевод П. Быкова</p>	<p><i>Когда мой час пробьет и в положенный срок Сорвет меня с земли неумолимый рок — Я буду жить в стихах; в них сохранен судьбою, Всегда, мой верный друг, останусь я с тобою. Взгляни на них и знай, что в них моя сполна Существенная жизнь тебе посвящена. Земля! Возьми мой труп! Свое своим зачисли! Ты ж лучшее возьмешь — свет разума, свет мысли. Что потеряешь ты с кончиною моей? Мой неподвижный прах, горсть пыли, снесь червей, — Ведь памяти твоей прах этот недостойн. А если ценное кой-что заключено И было в прахе том, то, милый друг, оно Навек останется с тобою, — будь спокоен!</i> Перевод В. Бенедиктова</p>

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

*In the second half of the 18th century the life of small farmers in England as well as in Scotland was hard. The industrial revolution ruined them. Many of them would leave their farms for towns. But some of them would not leave the land on which they were born, but went*

*on ploughing their fields in struggle against the rising forces of capitalism. One of such was the father of Robert Burns.*

*The great poet of the Scotch people was born on the 25th of January, 1759 in a small clay-built cottage at Alloway. Robert's father, a poor farmer, worked from early morning till late at night. In his house he had a shelf of books brought from Edinburgh (a fact of importance for the future poet). It was from his father that Robert gained some first traces of education. Robert was lucky to have a good teacher at school, a serious young man who taught him good English, folk ballads, works by Milton, Shakespeare. At the age of 10, Robert would read anything that would come in his way.*

*Though Robert, being the elder son, had to help his father in the fields from the age of 13 ploughing all day long, he managed to make some acquaintances among fellows of his age from aristocratic society in the town of Ayr which he would visit on holidays. They were his first teachers of good manners.*

*When 15 years of age Burns fell in love for the first time in his life and it was then that he created his first poem. Nelly was a pretty girl of 14 who helped Robert ploughing the field. "This is how love and poetry sprang in me." In one of his daybooks he wrote: "There is a certain connection between love, music and poetry. I never dreamed of becoming a poet until I fell in love."*

*The family moved to Tarbolton. All farmers round the place sang songs created by young Burns. After his father's death the family knew misery.*

*In 1786, with the help of his friends Burns managed to publish his poems. A total of 600 copies of the book disappeared from the bookshops in several days. His name became known in London and Edinburgh. Burns found his way to the upper circles. Aristocrats were surprised to see the farmer who moved among them with much dignity, spoke refined English and recited best pieces of old and modern literature. His poems and he himself amused the higher society of Edinburgh. As for the poet he expressed his opinion of the society in his epigrams and some poems.*

*Burns left Edinburgh and started on a tour of the South of Scotland where he had never been. Then he visited the north of the country.*

*Burns had many attachments among women. He would easily fall in love. But his life-long love was Jean Armour, his wife, whom he*

*married secretly against the will of her parents. She was a great help to him throughout his life, she would forgive him his unexpected passions, the hardships of life. She had a beautiful voice and sang every song, created by him.*

*The last years of Burn's life were very hard. He gave up farming and with the help of his friends got a place at an office in Dumfries. In 1795 he fell seriously ill. Ten days before his death he wrote in to his cousin: "... a shopkeeper whom I owe a large sum of money took a proceeding against me. All that remains of me—bones and skin—they would surely throw into prison. Can you do me a favour and send me 10 pounds. Oh, James, if you knew my proud heart you would know how I feel. I am not accustomed to beg. Save me from the terror of prison!"*

*On 21st of July, 1796, being 37 years old, Burns died. His elder son was 9. Burns's friends took care of Jean and the children. They got education, Jean died at the age of 80 and was always proud to see her well-educated sons.*

*Burns was buried in Dumfries where a great monument was put several years later.*

### My Heart's in the Highland

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of the valour, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

The Merry Ploughman.

As I was wandering one morning in spring  
I heard a merry ploughman so sweetly sing

And as he was singing the words he did say  
There's no life like the ploughman's in the sweet month of May.

The Skylark in the morning she'll rise from her nest  
And mount in the air with the dew on her breast  
And with the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing  
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

### Epigrams

That there's a falsehood in his looks  
I must and will deny;  
They say their master is a knave  
And sure they do not lie.  
What of Earls with whom you have supped  
And of Dukes you dined with yestreen!  
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,  
Though it crawls on the curls of a Queen  
Through and through the inspired leaves  
Ye maggots, make your winding;  
But o respect his lordship's taste  
And spare the golden bindings.

### John Anderson

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent;  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonie brow was brent  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snow  
But blessings on your frosty pow  
John Anderson, My jo.  
John Anderson, my jo,  
John We clamb the hill thegither  
And mony a cantie day, John,  
We've had with ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
And hand in hand we'll go,

And sleep together at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

George Gordon Byron (1788-1824)

*The 27th of February 1812. The House of Lords is discussing the bill against Frame-breakers. A young man, unknown to anybody, but obviously a lord (others have no right to speak here), is taking the floors. What he says is unprecedented:*

*"I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Peninsula and Turkey; but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country."*

*The lords are keeping dead silence. They hate every word they hear. The name of an ardent orator is George Gordon Noel Lord Byron.*

*Byron was born in 1788. Belonged to an old aristocratic family. Spent his childhood in Aberdeen, Scotland. Attended a grammar school. In 1808 graduated from Cambridge University, receiving A.M. (Master of Arts). Travelled abroad visiting Portugal, Spain, Albania, Greece, Turkey. On returning to England took his seat in the Parliament. For five years lived in London. In 1815 married Anne Milbanke. Was compelled to leave England after parting with his wife. Visited Switzerland, Italy (Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, Genoa). Got engaged in the struggle against the Austrian rule. In 1823 went to Greece on invitation of his Greek friends. Took part in the struggle for national independence of Greece against the Turks. In 1824 fell ill and died.*

*Byron was a very bright person. He enjoyed great fame in his life-time. Being extremely popular among common people he was hated by his own class of aristocrats.*

*He was a person of great will. Since his early years he was lame. This was the cause of the poet's distress throughout his life. But it did not prevent him from becoming a first-rate sportsman...*

*Byron's life among English aristocrats was hard. When Byron revealed his love to liberty they made his life in his motherland unbearable. His unhappy marriage added to it. Byron's wife left him accusing him of many sins. His enemies seized on the opportunity and started a regular campaign against him. The poet was boycotted by*

society. Finally he had to leave England but his spirit was all the same high. "When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home, let him combat for that of his neighbours," he wrote half sadly, half in jest in one of his stanzas. So he did.

In Italy he joined the movement for national liberation. His house was turned into secret storehouse of arms. Byron together with devoted friends awaited impatiently the signal to join the uprising. But it never came. The uprising had been suppressed.

Soon after the oppression of the Italian liberation movement Byron joined the Greeks in the struggle against the Turks. National liberation became the main purpose of Byron's life. He spent his own money to buy arms for Greek partisans, shared with them all hardships of war. He wrote his best lines here:

*The dead have been awakened  
Shall I sleep?  
The world's at war with tyrants—  
Shall I crouch?  
The harvest's ripe—  
And shall I pause to reap?  
I slumber not—  
The thorn is in my couch,  
Each day the trumpet  
Soundeth in mine ear  
It's echo in my heart...*

*When he died he was deeply mourned by the Greek people.*

*The Greeks buried his lungs in their own country. His body was taken to England, but the government did not allow him to occupy the place of honour in the Westminster Abbey. He was buried in the family vault in Hucknall, Nottinghamshire.*

She walks in Beauty...

I

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.

II

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

III

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.

The Prisoner of Chillon

They chained us each to a column stone,  
And we were three—yet each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight.  
And thus together—yet apart,  
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,  
I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do—and did my best—  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him with eyes as blue as heaven—  
For him my soul was sorely moved;  
And truly might it be distressed  
To see such a bird in such a nest—  
For he was beautiful as day.

## About the second brother

He loathed and put away the food;  
It was not that it was coarse and rude,  
For what was this to us or him?  
This wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the free mountainside;  
But why delay the truth?—he died.  
I saw, but could not hold his head  
Nor reach his dying hand -nor dead,—  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain  
To reach and gnash my bonds in twain.  
He died, and they unlocked his chain  
And scooped for him a shallow grave.  
Even from the cold earth of our cave,  
I begged them as a boon to lay  
His corpse in dust whereon the day  
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,  
That even in death his freeborn breast  
In such a dungeon could not rest.  
I might have spared my idle prayer—  
They coldly laughed, and laid him there:  
The flat and turfless earth above  
The being we so much did love.  
His empty chain above it leant  
Such murder's fitting monument!

## THE CORSAIR

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Not thou, vain lord of Wantonness and Ease!  
Whom Slumber soothes not — Pleasure cannot please —  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried.  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide.  
The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening play.  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way"  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
And where the feebler faint can only feel —  
Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
No dread of Death — if with us die our foes —  
Save that it seems even duller than repose;  
Come when it will — we snatch the life of Life  
When lost — what reck's it by disease or strife?  
Let him who crawls, enamoured of decay,  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;  
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;  
Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed,  
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes control.  
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchers our dead.  
For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
And the brief epitaph in Danger's day,  
When those who win at length divide the prey,  
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
How had the brave who fell exulted now!"

## II

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle  
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:

Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks along,  
And unto ears as rugged seemed a song!  
In scattered groups upon the golden sand,  
They game — carouse — converse — or whet the brand;  
Select the arms — to each his blade assign,  
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine;  
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,  
While others straggling muse along the shore;  
For the wild bird the busy springes set,  
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net:  
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies.  
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;  
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,  
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:  
No matter where — their chiefs allotment this;  
Theirs to believe no prey nor plan amiss.  
But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore  
Is famed and feared — they ask and know no more.  
With these he mingles not but to command;  
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.  
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,  
But they forgive his silence for success.  
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,  
That goblet passes him untasted still —  
And for his fare — the rudest of his crew  
Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too;  
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,  
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,  
His short repast in humbleness supply  
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.  
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,  
His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.  
"Steer to that shore!" — they sail. "Do this!" —  
'tis done:  
"Now form and follow me!" — the spoil is won.  
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,  
And all obey and few inquire his will;  
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye  
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

### III

"A sail!—a sail!" — a promised prize to Hope!  
Her nation — flag — how speaks the telescope?  
No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail:  
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.  
Yes — she is ours — a home-returning bark —  
Blow fair, thou breeze! — she anchors ere the dark.  
Already doubled is the cape — our bay  
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.  
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!  
Her white wings flying — never from her foes  
She walks the waters like a thing of Life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.  
Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck!

### IV

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings:  
The sails are furled; and anchoring round she swings;  
And gathering loiterers on the land discern  
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.  
'Tis manned — the oars keep concert to the strand,  
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.  
Hail to the welcome shout! —the friendly speech!  
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;  
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,  
And the Heart's promise of festivity!  
The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd:  
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,  
And Woman's gentler anxious tone is heard —  
Friend's — husbands' — lovers' names in each dear word:  
"Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success —  
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?  
From where the battle roars, the billows chafe,  
They doubtless boldly did —but who are safe?  
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,  
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

### VI

"Where is our Chief? for him we bear report —  
And doubt that joy —which hails our coming —

short;  
Yet thus sincere — 'tis cheering, though so brief:  
But, Juan! Instant guide us to our Chief:  
Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return.  
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."  
Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way.  
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,  
By bushy brake, the wild flowers blossoming,  
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,  
Whose scattered streams from granite basins burst,  
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;  
From crag to cliff they mount —Near yonder cave.  
What lonely straggler looks along the wave?  
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,  
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?  
"Tis he — 'tis Conrad —here —as wont —alone;  
On —Juan! —on —and make our purpose known.  
The bark he views — and tell him we would greet  
His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:  
We dare not yet approach —thou know'st his mood.  
When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

## VII

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent; —  
He spake not, but a sign expressed assent.  
These Juan calls — they come — to their salute  
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.  
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek — the spy  
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:  
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report.  
Much that" — "Peace, peace!" — he cuts their  
prating short.  
Wondering they turn, abashed, while each to each  
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:  
They watch his glance with many a stealing look,  
To gather how that eye the tidings took;  
But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,  
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,  
He read the scroll —"My tablets, Juan, hark —

Where is Gonsalvo?" "In the anchored bark."  
"There let him stay — to him this order bear —  
Back to your duty — for my course prepare:  
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."  
"To-night, Lord Conrad?" "Aye! at set of sun:  
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.  
My corslet — cloak — one hour and we are gone.  
Sling on thy bugle — see that free from rust  
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;  
Be the edge sharpened of my boarding-brand,  
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.  
This let the Armourer with speed dispose;  
Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes;  
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,  
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

### VIII

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,  
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:  
Yet they repine not — so that Conrad guides;  
And who dare question aught that he decides?  
That man of loneliness and mystery,  
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh:  
Whose name appalls the fiercest of his crew,  
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;  
Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.  
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train  
Confess and envy — yet oppose in vain?  
What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?  
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!  
Linked with success, assumed and kept with skill,  
That moulds another's weakness to its will;  
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,  
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.  
Such hath it been — shall be — beneath the Sun  
The many still must labour for the one!  
'Tis Nature's doom — but let the wretch who toils,  
Accuse not — hate not — him who wears the spoils.  
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,

How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,  
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,  
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire:  
Robust but not Herculean — to the sight  
No giant frame sets forth his common height;  
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,  
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;  
They gaze and marvel how — and still confess  
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale  
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;  
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals  
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.  
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien.  
Still seems there something he would not have seen:  
His features' deepening lines and varying hue  
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view,  
As if within that murkiness of mind  
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined:  
Such might it be — that none could truly tell —  
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.  
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy  
The full encounter of his searching eye;  
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek  
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,  
At once the observer's purpose to espy,  
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,  
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray  
Some secret thought, than drag that Chiefs to day.  
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer.  
That raised emotions both of rage and fear:  
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled — and Mercy sighed farewell!

X

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought.  
Within — within — 'twas there the spirit wrought!

Love shows all changes — Hate, Ambition, Guile,  
Betray no further than the bitter smile;  
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown  
Along the governed aspect, speak alone  
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,  
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.  
Then — with the hurried tread, the upward eye,  
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
That listens, starting, lest the step too near  
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear:  
Then — with each feature working from the heart,  
With feelings, loosed to strengthen — not depart.  
That rise — convulse — contend — that freeze or glow.  
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow;  
Then — Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,  
Behold his soul — the rest that soothes his lot!  
Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears  
The scathing thought of execrated years!  
Behold — but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,  
Man as himself — the secret spirit free?

## XI

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent  
To lead the guilty — Guilt's worst instrument —  
His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven  
Him forth to war with Man and forfeit Heaven.  
Warped by the world in Disappointment's school.  
In words too wise — in conduct there a fool;  
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop.  
Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,  
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,  
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;  
Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men  
Had left him joy, and means to give again.  
Feared — shunned — belied — ere  
Youth had lost her force,  
He hated Man too much to feel remorse,  
And thought the voice of Wrath a sacred call,  
To pay the injuries of some on all.  
He knew himself a villain — but he deemed

The rest no better than the thing he seemed;  
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid  
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.  
He knew himself detested, but he knew  
The hearts that loathed him, crouched and dreaded too.  
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt  
From all affection and from all contempt:  
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;  
But they that feared him dared not to despise:  
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
The slumbering venom of the folded snake:  
The first may turn, but not avenge the blow;  
The last expires, but leaves no living foe;  
Fast to the doomed offender's form it clings,  
And he may crush — not conquer — still it stings!

## XII

None are all evil — quickening round his heart,  
One softer feeling would not yet depart;  
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
By passions worthy of a fool or child;  
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,  
And even in him it asks the name of Love!  
Yes, it was love — unchangeable — unchanged,  
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;  
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,  
He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed them by;  
Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned bower,  
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.  
Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of tenderness,  
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,  
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,  
And yet — Oh more than all!—untired by Time;  
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,  
Could render sullen were She near to smile,  
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent  
On her one murmur of his discontent;  
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,  
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;  
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove —

If there be Love in mortals — this was Love!  
He was a villain — aye, reproaches shower  
On him — but not the Passion, nor its power.  
Which only proved — all other virtues gone —  
Not Guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

### XIII

He paused a moment — till his hastening men  
Passed the first winding downward to the glen.  
"Strange tidings!—many a peril have I passed,  
Nor know I why this-next appears the last!  
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,  
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.  
Tis rash to meet — but surer death to wait  
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;  
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,  
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.  
Aye, let them slumber — peaceful be their dreams!  
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams  
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)  
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.  
Now to Medora — Oh! my sinking heart,  
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!  
Yet was I brave — mean boast where all are brave!  
Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.  
This common courage which with brutes we share,  
That owes its deadliest efforts to Despair,  
Small merit claims — but 'twas my nobler hope  
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;  
Long have I led them — not to vainly bleed:  
No medium now — we perish or succeed!  
So let it be — it irks not me to die;  
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.  
My lot hath long had little of my care,  
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:  
Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last Hope,  
Power and Life upon a single cast?  
Oh, Fate! — accuse thy folly — not thy fate;  
She may redeem thee still — nor yet too late."

### XIV

Thus with himself communion held he, till  
He reached the summit of his tower-crowned hill:  
There at the portal paused — for wild and soft  
He heard those accents never heard too oft!  
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,  
And these the notes his Bird of Beauty sung:

1.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells.  
Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

"There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
Burns the slow flame, eternal — but unseen;  
Which not the darkness of Despair can damp.  
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

"Remember me — Oh! pass not thou my grave  
Without one thought whose relics there recline:  
The only pang my bosom dare not brave  
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

"My fondest — faintest — latest accents hear —  
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;  
Then give me all I ever asked — a tear,  
The first — last — sole reward of so much love!"  
I passed the portal, crossed the corridor,  
reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er:  
"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad —"  
"In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad?  
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,  
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:  
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,  
My heart unhushed — although my lips were mute!  
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,  
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the wind,  
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy sail  
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;  
Though soft — it seemed the low prophetic dirge.

That mourned thee floating on the savage surge:  
 Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,  
 Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;  
 And many a restless hour outwatched each star,  
 And morning came —and still thou wert afar.  
 Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,  
 And day broke dreary on my troubled view,  
 And still I gazed and gazed —and not a prow  
 Was granted to my tears—my truth —my vow!  
 At length — 'twas noon — I hailed and blest the mast  
 That met my sight — it neared — Alas! it passed!  
 Another came —Oh God! 'twas thine at last!  
 Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,  
 My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?  
 Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home  
 As bright as this invites us not to roam:  
 Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,  
 I only tremble when thou art not here;  
 Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,  
 Which flies from love and languishes for strife —  
 How strange that heart, to me so tender still.  
 Should war with Nature and its better will!"  
 "Yea, strange indeed — that heart hath long been  
 changed.  
 Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged —  
 Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,  
 And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.  
 Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn.  
 My very love to thee is hate to them,  
 So closely mingling here, that disentwined,  
 I cease to love thee when I love Mankind:  
 Yet dread not this — the proof of all the past  
 Assures the future that my love will last;  
 But — Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart;  
 This hour again — but not for long — we part."  
 "This hour we part — my heart foreboded this:  
 Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.  
 This hour — it cannot be — this hour away!  
 Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:

Her consort still is absent, and her crew  
 Have need of rest before they toil anew;  
 My Love! thou mock'st my weakness; and  
 wouldst steel  
 My breast before the time when it must feel;  
 But trifle now no more with my distress,  
 Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.  
 Be silent, Conrad! — Dearest! Come and share  
 The feast these hands delighted to prepare;  
 Light toil! To cull and dress thy frugal fare!  
 See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,  
 And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessed  
 At such as seemed the fairest: thrice the hill  
 My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;  
 Yes! Thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,  
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!  
 The grape's gay juice thy bosom never cheers;  
 Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:  
 Think not I mean to chide — for I rejoice  
 What others deem a penance is thy choice.  
 But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp  
 Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp:  
 Then shall my handmaids while the time along,  
 And join with me the dance, or wake the song;  
 Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,  
 Shall soothe or lull — or, should it vex thine ear,  
 We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,  
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.  
 Why, thou wert worse than he who broke his vow  
 To that lost damsel, should thou leave me now —  
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,  
 When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,  
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:  
 And thus half sportive — half in fear — I said,  
 Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread,  
 Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:  
 And he deceived me — for—he came again!"  
 "Again, again — and oft again—my Love!  
 If there be life below, and hope above,

He will return — but now, the moments bring  
The time of parting with redoubled wing:  
The why, the where — what boots it now to tell?  
Since all must end in that wild word — Farewell!  
Yet would I fain — did time allow — disclose —  
Fear not — these are no formidable foes!  
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,  
For sudden siege and long defense prepared:  
Nor be thou lonely, though thy Lord's away.  
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;  
And this thy comfort — that, when next we meet.  
Security shall make repose more sweet.  
List! — 'tis the bugle!" - Juan shrilly blew —  
"One kiss — one more — another — Oh! Adieu!"  
She rose — she sprung — she clung to his embrace.  
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face:  
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye.  
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.  
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,  
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;  
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt  
So full — that feeling seem'd almost unfelt!  
Hark — peals the thunder of the signal-gun!  
It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that sun.  
Again — again — that form he madly pressed,  
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed!  
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore.  
One moment gazed — as if to gaze no more;  
Felt that for him Earth held but her alone.  
Kissed her cold forehead — turned — is Conrad  
gone?

## XV

"And is he gone?" — on sudden solitude  
How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
"Twas but an instant past, and here he stood!  
And now" — without the portal's porch she rushed.  
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;  
Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell;  
But still her lips refused to send — "Farewell!"

For in that word — that fatal word — howe'er  
We promise — hope — believe—there breathes  
Despair.

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,  
Had Sorrow fixed what Time can ne'er erase:  
The tender blue of that large loving eye  
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy.  
Till — Oh, how far! — it caught, a glimpse of him,  
And then it flowed, and phrensied seemed to swim  
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dewed  
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.  
"He's gone!" — against her heart that hand is driven.  
Convulsed and quick — then gently raised to Heaven:  
She looked and saw the heaving of the main:  
The white sail set — she dared not look again:  
But turned with sickening soul within the gate —  
"It is no dream — and I am desolate!"

#### XVI

From crag to crag descending, swiftly sped  
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his head;  
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way  
Forced on his eye what he would not survey.  
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,  
That hailed him first when homeward from the deep:  
And she — the dim and melancholy Star,  
Whose ray of Beauty reached him from afar,  
On her he must not gaze, he must not think —  
There he might rest — but on Destruction's brink:  
Yet once almost he stopped — and nearly gave  
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:  
But no — it must not be — a worthy chief  
May melt, but not betray to Woman's grief.  
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,  
And sternly gathers all his might of mind:  
Again he hurries on — and as he hears  
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,  
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,  
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;  
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,

The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,  
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge  
That mute Adieu to those who stem the surge;  
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,  
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft.  
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast.  
He feels of all his former self possest;  
He bounds — he flies — until his footsteps reach  
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach.  
There checks his speed; but pauses less to breathe  
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;  
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view:  
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,  
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;  
His was the lofty port, the distant mien.  
That seems to shun the sight — and awes if seen:  
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye.  
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;  
All these he wielded to command assent:  
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,  
That Kindness cancelled fear in those who heard.  
And others' gifts showed mean beside his word.  
When echoed to the heart as from his own  
His deep yet tender melody of tone:  
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
He cared not what he softened, but subdued;  
The evil passions of his youth had made  
Him value less who loved — than what obeyed.

## XVII

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.  
Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared?"  
"They are — nay more—embarked: the latest boat  
Waits but my chief—"  
"My sword, and my capote."  
Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung.  
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung.  
"Call Pedro here!" He comes — and Conrad bends.  
With all the courtesy he deigned his friends;

"Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,  
Words of high trust and truth are graven there;  
Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark  
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark;  
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine  
On our return — till then all peace be thine!"  
This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,  
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.  
Flashed the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,  
Around the waves' phosphoric brightness broke;  
They gain the vessel — on the deck he stands,—  
Shrieks the shrill whistle, ply the busy hands —  
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,  
How gallant all her crew, and deigns to praise.  
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn —  
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?  
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,  
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;  
She — his Medora — did she mark the prow?  
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!  
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day —  
Again he mans himself and turns away;  
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,  
And there unfolds his plan — his means, and ends;  
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,  
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;  
They to the midnight watch protract debate;  
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?  
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,  
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863)

*William Makepeace Thackeray was born in India; after his father's death he was brought to England and put to school in London. He went to Cambridge, but did not stay there long. He was a good artist, but his vocation was writing. First he earned his living as a journalist, then began to publish books. His greatest work is "Vanity Fair"*

(1847-1848).

*Thackeray's political views were rather limited. He was afraid of the Chartist movement. In fact, he tried to avoid the great problems of labour in his books and very seldom, if ever, represented the English lower classes in them. Thackeray was a satirist. The world to him was Vanity Fair, where men and women are, to sue his own words, "greedy, pompous, mean, perfectly satisfied and at ease about their superious virtue. They despise poverty and kindness of heart. They are snobs." ("A snob" is a word rather invented by Thackeray: that is a person who fawns upon his social superior and looks down with contempt upon his inferiors.)*

### *The Main Ideas of the Novel.*

*A subtitle of the book is: "A Novel Without a Hero." The author's intention was to portray no individuals but the whole of the "Vanity Fair"—bourgeois and aristocratic society.*

*Thackeray's irony exposes the vices of this society: hypocrisy, money-worship, and moral degradation. That is why one can hardly find any positive character in the novel.*

*The central figure of the novel is Rebecca Sharp. She is a perfect embodiment of the spirit of Vanity Fair. She gets wealth and position by any means: through lies, speculations, hypocrisy. The character of Rebecca Sharp is drawn with admirable skill. She is full-blooded and many-sided: adventurous, gifted, with a keen sense of humour and deep understanding of people; she is clever enough to understand how mean, vain, worthless and shallow snobs are. Still she is eager to be among them.*

*Amelia and Dobbin may be considered as positive characters of the novel. Amelia is gentle, but too simple-hearted.*

*The author's attitude to Amelia is a bit ironical. Dobbin is, probably, the only character, worthy of the author's positive estimate.*

## *Vanity Fair Part One CHAPTER II.*

*IN WHICH MISS SHARP AND MISS SEDLEY PREPARE TO OPEN THE CAMPAIGN.*

*Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and, in that quality, had given*

lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile around Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover, after his third attack of delirium tremens wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil; her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions — often but ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton

let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The rigid formality of the place suffocated her; the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventional regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night; but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women; her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good-humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, otherwise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle, tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

The happiness — the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. "What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an earl's granddaughter!" she said of one. "How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth. I am as well bred as the earl's granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here. And yet, when I was at my father's, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?" She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practised incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at

home, she was overheard to play a piece so well that Minerva thought, wisely, she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them in music for the future.

The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. "I am here to speak French with the children," Rebecca said abruptly, "not to teach them music and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them."

Minerva was obliged to yield, and, of course, disliked her from that day. "For five-and-thirty years," she said, and with great justice, "I never have seen the individual who has dared in my own house to question my authority. I have nourished a viper in my bosom."

"A viper — a fiddlestick," said Miss Sharp to the old lady, almost fainting with astonishment. "You took me because I was useful. There is no question of gratitude between us. I hate this place, and want to leave it. I will do nothing here but what I am obliged to do."

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton? Rebecca laughed in her face, with a horrid sarcastic demoniacal laughter, that almost sent the schoolmistress into fits. "Give me a sum of money," said the girl, "and get rid of me — or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a nobleman's family — you can do so if you please." And in their further disputes she always returned to this point, "Get me a situation — we hate each other, and I am ready to go."

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength like that of her little apprentice, and in vain did battle against her, and tried to overawe her. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the before-mentioned plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old woman. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel, this monster, this serpent, this firebrand; and hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in want of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand and serpent as she was. "I cannot, certainly," she said, "find fault with Miss Sharp's conduct, except to myself; and must allow that her talents and accomplishments are of a high order. As far as the head goes, at least, she does credit to the educational system pursued at my establishment."

And so the schoolmistress reconciled the recommendation to her conscience, and the indentures were cancelled, and the apprentice was free. The battle here described in a few lines, of course, lasted for some months. And as Miss Sedley, being now in her seventeenth year, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp (" 'tis the only point in Amelia's behaviour," said Minerva, "which has not been satisfactory to her mistress"), Miss Sharp was invited by her friend to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

You may be sure that she showed Rebecca over every room of the house, and everything in every one of her drawers; and her books, and her piano, and her dresses, and all her necklaces, brooches, laces, and gimcracks. She insisted upon Rebecca accepting the white cornelian and the turquoise rings, and a sweet sprigged muslin, which was too small for her now, though it would fit her friend to a nicety; and she determined in her heart to ask her mother's permission to present her white Cashmere shawl to her friend. Could she not spare it, and had not her brother Joseph just brought her two from India?

When Rebecca saw the two magnificent Cashmere shawls which Joseph Sedley had brought home to his sister, she said, with perfect truth, that "it must be delightful to have a brother," and easily got the pity of the tender-hearted Amelia for being alone in the world, an orphan without friends or kindred.

"Not alone," said Amelia; "you know, Rebecca, I shall always be your friend, and love you as a sister — indeed I will."

"Ah, but to have parents, as you have — kind, rich, affectionate parents, who give you everything you ask for; and their love, which is more precious than all! My poor papa could give me nothing, and I had but two frocks in all the world! And then, to have a brother, a dear brother! Oh, how you must love him!"

Amelia laughed.

"What! don't you love him? you, who say you love everybody?"

"Yes, of course, I do — only —"

"Only what?"

"Only Joseph doesn't seem to care much whether I love him or not. He gave me two fingers to shake when he arrived after ten years' absence! He is very kind and good, but he scarcely ever speaks to me; I think he loves his pipe a great deal better than his — " but here Amelia checked herself, for why should she speak ill of her brother? "He

was very kind to me as a child," she added; "I was but five years old when he went away."

"Isn't he very rich?" said Rebecca. "They say all Indian nabobs are enormously rich."

"I believe he has a very large income."

"And is your sister-in-law a nice, pretty woman?"

"La! Joseph is not married," said Amelia, laughing again.

Perhaps she had mentioned the fact already to Rebecca, but that young lady did not appear to have remembered it; indeed, vowed and protested that she expected to see a number of Amelia's nephews and nieces. She was quite disappointed that Mr. Sedley was not married; she was sure Amelia had said he was, and she doted so on little children.

"I think you must have had enough of them at Chiswick," said Amelia, rather wondering at the sudden tenderness on her friend's part; and indeed in later days Miss Sharp would never have committed herself so far as to advance opinions the untruth of which would have been so easily detected. But we must remember that she is but nineteen as yet, unused to the art of deceiving, poor innocent creature! and making her own experience in her own person. The meaning of the above series of queries, as translated in the heart of this ingenious young woman, was simply this: "If Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him? I have only a fortnight, to be sure, but there is no harm in trying." And she determined within herself to make this laudable attempt. She redoubled her caresses to Amelia; she kissed the white cornelian necklace as she put it on; and vowed she would never, never part with it. When the dinner-bell rang, she went down-stairs with her arm round her friend's waist, as is the habit of young ladies. She was so agitated at the drawing-room door that she could hardly find courage to enter. "Feel my heart, how it beats, dear!" said she to her friend.

"No, it doesn't," said Amelia. "Come in, don't be frightened. Papa won't do you any harm."

George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

*George Bernard Shaw was an outstanding playwright and publicist.*

*He was born in Dublin in a well-to-do family. His father was a*

*petty official. Young Shaw hated the school which he attended.*

*Shaw's mother was a good singer with a beautiful voice. A lot of music was played at home all day long. It produced a deep impression on the boy, and helped him later on when he became a reporter and a music critic.*

*At the age of 15, Shaw was put into a job as a clerk in a land agent's office. The world around him was alarming and bewildering. He was no longer a personality, but a small machine tool—the fact which young Shaw could not put up with. It was mostly self-education that helped Shaw to become a well-educated person. He carefully studied the plays by Shakespeare (whose works he thought, later on, to be not worth staging in the 20th century—the fact that brought a quarrel between him and Ellen Terry, the most popular and famous actress of England of the first half of our century), Shelley, Byron, Dickens. He could easily discuss literature, paintings, music—all kinds of arts. Though his salary as a clerk was increasing (Shaw found no difficulty in mastering all problems of his work) Shaw left Ireland and went to London to try his luck as a journalist. He wrote music and dramatic critical articles for various periodicals for about ten years.*

*At the turn of the eighties Shaw took an active part in the socialist movement. In 1883 he entered the Socialist Party. A strong influence was exercised on Shaw by the Fabian Society.*

*Shaw started his literary career as a novelist. He wrote 5 novels which were of little success and then turned to drama. He was a creator of a new publicist drama. His role in the development of the drama was very great. It was in 1892 when Shaw was 36 that he wrote the play "Widowers' Houses". Then a great number of plays followed and before the First World War he was considered the greatest playwright in Europe. He was writing plays for almost 50 years and created about 50 of them, also a lot of articles, critical essays and pamphlets.*

*During the First World War Shaw raised his voice against militarism and denounced the war.*

*Bernard Shaw travelled a lot. He visited the USA, almost all countries of Europe and in 1932 he visited the Soviet Union where he was warmly greeted and where his 75th birthday was solemnly celebrated.*

*During the Second World War Shaw sympathetically followed*

*the struggle of the Soviet people against fascists.*

*Shaw died in 1950. He was 94 years old.*

*Shaw's private life was not rich in interesting events whereas Shaw's the writer's life merged with all remarkable events of his time. There was not a single significant event in Ireland, England or any other country of Europe that didn't attract Shaw's attention and was not commented by him as a writer. Shaw carried on an active part in social life of his epoch. The art for him was the means for active participation in the social struggle.*

*Shaw is famous as a brilliant master of paradox. The paradoxical contradictions of ideas in his plays have one motive— criticism of morals and mode of life. By decision of the World Peace Council his centenary was widely marked all over the world.*

## PYGMALION

(Higgins, Professor of phonetics, is convinced that it is only a manner of speaking which can distinguish a common flower-girl from a duchess. Meeting a Cockney flower-girl, Eliza Doolittle, he makes a wager with his friend, Colonel Pickering, saying that in six months he could teach her to speak like a lady.)

### ACT I.

*London at 11.15 p. m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the portico of St. Paul's church (not Wren's Cathedral but Indigo Jones's church in Covent Garden vegetable market), among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. All are peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing.*

*The church clock strikes the first quarter.*

THE DAUGHTER [*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*] I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER [*on her daughter's right*] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER [*on the lady's right*] He wont get not cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER. But we must have a cab. We cant stand here

until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER. Well, it aint my fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER. If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER. What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER. Other people got cabs. Why couldnt he?

*Freddy rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet round the ankles.*

THE DAUGHTER. Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY. There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER. Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER. It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY. I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. I've been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER. Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER. Did you try?

FREDDY. I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER. You haven't tried at all.

THE MOTHER. You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY. I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER. And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on? You selfish pig —

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. *[He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into collision with a flower girl who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, orchestrates the incident].*

THE FLOWER GIRL. Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah. FREDDY. Sorry *[he rushes off]*.

THE FLOWER GIRL *[picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket]* Theres manners f yer! Too banches o voy-

lets trod into the mad. *[She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right.*

THE MOTHER. How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ow, eez yer-ooa san, is e? Wai, fewd dan y' da-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them? *[Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.]*

THE DAUGHTER. Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOTHER. Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?

THE DAUGHTER. No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL *[hopefully]* I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

THE MOTHER *[to Clara]* Give it to me. *[Clara parts reluctantly]* Now *[to the girl]* This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER. Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.

THE MOTHER. Do hold your tongue, Clara. *[To the girl]* You can keep the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER. Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I didn't.

THE MOTHER. I heard you call him by it. Don't try to deceive me.

THE FLOWER GIRL *[protesting]* Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant.

THE DAUGHTER. Sixpence thrown away! Really, mamma, you might have spared Freddy that. *[She retreats in disgust behind the pillar].*

An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into the shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella.

THE GENTLEMAN. Phew!

THE MOTHER *[to the gentleman]* Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago [*he goes to the plinth beside the flower girl; puts up his foot on it; and stoops to turn down his trouser ends*].

THE MOTHER. Oh dear! [*She retires sadly and joins her daughter*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*taking advantage of the military gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him*] If it's worse, it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm sorry. I haven't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I can give you change, Captain.

THE GENTLEMAN. For a sovereign? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.

THE GENTLEMAN. Now don't be troublesome: there's a good girl. [*Trying his pockets*] I really haven't any change — Stop: heres three ha'pence, if that's any use to you [*he retreats to the other pillar*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*disappointed, but thinking three half-pence better than nothing*] Thank you, sir.

THE BYSTANDER [*to the girl*] You be careful: give him a flower for it. Theres a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word youre saying. [*All turn to the man who is taking notes*].

THE FLOWER GIRL [*springing up terrified*] I aint done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. [*Hysterically*] I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE NOTE TAKER [*coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him*] There! there! there! there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

THE BYSTANDER. It's aw rawt: e's a gentleman: look at his boots. [*Explaining to the note taker*] She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.

THE NOTE TAKER [*with quick interest*] What's a copper's nark?

THE BYSTANDER [*inapt at definition*] It's a—well it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.

THE FLOWER GIRL [still hysterical] I take my Bible oath I never said a word —

THE NOTE TAKER [*overbearing but good-humoured*] Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

THE FLOWER GIRL [*far from reassured*] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just shew me what you've wrote about me. [*The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man*]. What's that? That aint proper writing. I cant read that.

THE NOTE TAKER. I can. [*Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly*] "Cheer ap, Keptin; n' baw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

### ACT III.

(*To check up the results of his experiment Higgins takes Eliza to his mother's at-home. The girl has been told to keep to two subjects only: the weather and everybody's health.*)

MRS HIGGINS. Now tell me about the girl.

HIGGINS. She's coming to see you.

MRS HIGGINS. I dont remember asking her.

HIGGINS. You didnt. I asked her. If youd known her you wouldnt have asked her.

MRS HIGGINS. Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS. Well, it's like this. She's a common flower girl. I picked her off the kerbstone.

MRS HIGGINS. And invited her to my at-home!

HIGGINS [*rising and coming to her to coax her*] Oh, that'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health — Fine day and How do you do, you know — and not to let herself go on things in general. That will be safe.

MRS HIGGINS. Safe! To talk about our health! about our insides! perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS [*impatiently*] Well, she must talk about something. [*He controls himself and sits down again*]. Oh, she'll be all right: don't you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. I've a sort of bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some months ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and she's been easier to teach than my middle-class

pupils because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PARLOUR-MAID [*opening the door*] Miss Doolittle. [She withdraws].

HIGGINS [*rising hastily and running to Mrs Higgins*] Here she is, mother. [*He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess*].

Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite fluttered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs. Higgins with studied grace.

LIZA [*speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone*] How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? [*She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful*]. Mr. Higgins told me I might come.

MRS HIGGINS [*cordially*] Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING. How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA [*shaking hands with him*] Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I feel sure we have met before. Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA. How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins*].

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My daughter Clara.

LIZA. How do you do?

CLARA [*impulsively*] How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes*].

FREDDY [*coming to their side of the ottoman*] I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.

HIGGINS [*suddenly*] By George, yes: it all comes back to me! [*They stare at him*]. Covent Garden! [*Lamentably*] What a damned thing!

MRS HIGGINS. Henry, please! [*He is about to sit on the edge of the table*]. Don't sit on my writing-table: you'll break it.

HIGGINS [*sulkily*] Sorry.

MRS HIGGINS [*at last, conversationally*] Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA. The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY. Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

LIZA. What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. I'm sure I hope it wont turn cold. Theres so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA [*darkly*] My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*clicks her tongue sympathetically*]!!!

LIZA [*in the same tragic tone*] But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS HIGGINS [*puzzled*] Done her in?

LIZA. Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come trough diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat till she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*startled*] Dear me!

LIZA [*piling up the indictment*] What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS [*hastily*] Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Eliza, horrified*] You surely don't believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA. Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. But it can't have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA. Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA. Drank! My word! Something chronic.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. How dreadful for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. [*Cheerfully*] On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him four pence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. There's lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. [*Now quite at her ease*] You see, it's like this. It a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. [*To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter*] Here! What are you sniggering at?

FREDDY. The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA. If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [*To Higgins*] Have I said anything I oughtnt?

MRS HIGGINS [*interposing*] Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. [*Expansively*] What I always say is —

HIGGINS [*rising and looking at his watch*] Ahem!

LIZA [*looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising*] Well: I must go. [*They all rise. Freddy goes to the door*]. So pleased to have met you. Good-bye. [*She shakes hands with Mrs Higgins*].

MRS HIGGINS. Good-bye.

LIZA. Good-bye, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING. Good-bye, Miss Doolittle. [*They shake hands*].

LIZA [*nodding to the others*] Good-bye, all.

FREDDY [*opening the door for her*] Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so —

LIZA [*with perfectly elegant diction*] Walk! Not bloody likely. [*Sensation*]. I am going in a taxi. [*She goes out*].

(*Higgins, Pickering and Eliza return from the party at an Embassy where Eliza passes as a princess. So she has won the professor's bet for him. The experiment completed, Higgins loses all his interest in the matter, entirely forgetting that he has been dealing with a human being. Eliza's feelings are wounded and now it is she who gives the professor a lesson.*)

ACT V.

*Mrs. Higgins's drawing room.*

HIGGINS. Well, Eliza, you've had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Have you had enough? and are you going to be reasonable? Or do you want any more?

LIZA. You want me back only to pick up your slippers and put up with your tempers and fetch and carry for you.

HIGGINS. I haven't said I wanted you back at all.

LIZA. Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS. About you, not about me. If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you. I can't change my nature; and I don't intend to change my manners. My manners are exactly the same as Colonel Pickering's.

LIZA. That's not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

HIGGINS. And I treat a duchess as if she was a flower girl.

LIZA. I see. [*She turns away composedly, and sits on the ottoman, facing the window*]. The same to everybody.

HIGGINS. Just so.

LIZA. Like father.

HIGGINS [*grinning, a little taken down*] Without accepting the comparison at all points, Eliza, it's quite true that your father is not a snob, and that he will be quite at home in any station of life to which his eccentric destiny may call him. [*Seriously*] The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

LIZA. Amen. You are a born preacher.

HIGGINS [*irritated*] The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat anyone else better.

LIZA [*with sudden sincerity*] I don't care how you treat me. I don't mind your swearing at me. I shouldn't mind a black eye: I've had one before this. But [*standing up and facing him*] I won't be passed over.

HIGGINS. Then get out of my way; for I won't stop for you. You talk about me as if I were a motor bus.

LIZA. So you are a motor bus: all bounce and go, and no con-

sideration for anyone. But I can do without you: don't think I can't.

HIGGINS. I know you can. I told you you could.

LIZA [*wounded, getting away from him to the other side of the ottoman with her face to the hearth*] I know you did, you brute. You wanted to get rid of me.

HIGGINS. Liar.

LIZA. Thank you. [*She sits down with dignity*].

HIGGINS. You never asked yourself, I suppose, whether I could do without you.

LIZA [*earnestly*] Don't you try to get round me. You'll have to do without me.

HIGGINS [*arrogant*] I can do without anybody. I have my own soul: my own spark of divine fire. But [*with sudden humility*] I shall miss you, Eliza. [*He sits down near her on the ottoman*]. I have learnt something from your idiotic notions: I confess that humbly and gratefully. And I have grown accustomed to your voice and appearance. I like them, rather.

LIZA. Well, you have both of them on your gramophone and in your book of photographs. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn the machine on. It's got no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS. I can't turn your soul on. Leave me those feelings; and you can take away the voice and the face. They are not you.

LIZA. Oh, you are a devil. You can twist the heart in a girl as easy as some could twist her arms to hurt her. Mrs. Pearce warned me. Time and again she has wanted to leave you; but you always got round her at the last minute. And you don't care a bit for her. And you don't care a bit for me.

HIGGINS. I care for life, for humanity; and you are a part of it that has come my way and been built into my house. What more can you or anyone ask?

LIZA. I won't care for anybody that doesn't care for me.

HIGGINS. Commercial principles, Eliza. Like [*reproducing her. Covent Garden pronunciation with professional exactness*] s'yollin voylets [*selling violets*], isn't it?

LIZA. Don't sneer at me. It's mean to sneer at me.

HIGGINS. I have never sneered in my life. Sneering doesn't become either the human face or the human soul. I am expressing my righteous contempt for Commercialism. I don't and won't trade in affection. You call me a brute because you couldn't buy a claim on me

by fetching my slippers and finding my spectacles. You were a fool: I think a woman fetching a man's slippers is a disgusting sight: did I ever fetch your slippers? I think a good deal more of you for throwing them in my face. No use slaving for me and then saying you want to be cared for: who cares for a slave? If you come back, come back for the sake of good fellowship; for you'll get nothing else. You've had a thousand times as much out of me as I have out of you; and if you dare to set up your little dog's tricks of fetching and carrying slippers against my creation of a Duchess Eliza, I'll slam the door in your silly face.

LIZA. What did you do it for if you didn't care for me?

HIGGINS [*heartily*] Why, because it was my job.

LIZA. You never thought of the trouble it would make for me.

HIGGINS. Would the world ever have been made if its maker had been afraid of making trouble? Making life means making trouble. There's only one way of escaping trouble; and that's killing things. Cowards, you notice, are always shrieking to have troublesome people killed.

LIZA. I'm no preacher: I don't notice things like that. I notice that you don't notice me.

HIGGINS [*jumping up and walking about intolerantly*] Eliza: you're an idiot. I waste the treasures of my Miltonic mind by spreading them before you. Once for all, understand that I go my way and do my work without caring two pence what happens to either of us. I am not intimidated, like your father and your stepmother. So you can come back or go to the devil: which you please.

LIZA. What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS [*bouncing up on his knees on the ottoman and leaning over it to her*] For the fun of it. That's why I took you on.

LIZA [*with averted face*] And you may throw me out tomorrow if I don't do everything you want me to?

HIGGINS. Yes; and you may walk out tomorrow if I don't do everything you want me to.

LIZA. And live with my stepmother?

HIGGINS. Yes, or sell flowers.

LIZA. Oh! if I only could go back to my flower basket! I should be independent of both you and father and all the world! Why did you take my independence from me? Why did I give it up? I'm a slave now, for all my fine clothes.

HIGGINS. Not a bit. I'll adopt you as my daughter and settle money on you if you like. Or would you rather marry Pickering?

LIZA [*looking fiercely round at him*] I wouldn't marry you if you asked me; and you're nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS [*gently*] Than he is: not "than what he is."

LIZA [*losing her temper and rising*] I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher now.

HIGGINS [*reflectively*] I don't suppose Pickering would, though. He's as confirmed an old bachelor as I am.

LIZA. That's not what I want; and don't you think it. I've always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes to me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS [*disagreeably surprised*] Damn his impudence! [*He recoils and finds himself sitting on his heels*].

LIZA. He has a right to if he likes, poor lad. And he does love me.

HIGGINS [*getting off the ottoman*] You have no right to encourage him.

LIZA. Every girl has a right to be loved.

HIGGINS. What! By fools like that?

LIZA. Freddy's not a fool. And if he's weak and poor and wants me, may be he'd make me happier than my betters that bully me and don't want me.

HIGGINS. Can he make anything of you? That's the point.

LIZA. Perhaps I could make something of him. But I never thought of us making anything of one another; and you never think of anything else. I only want to be natural. I want a little kindness. I know I'm a common ignorant girl and you a book-learned gentleman; but I'm not dirt under your feet. What I done [*correcting herself*] what I did was not for the dresses and the taxis: I did it because we were pleasant together and I come — came — to care for you; not to want you to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us, but more friendly like.

HIGGINS. Well, of course. That's just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza: you're a fool.

LIZA. That's not a proper answer to give me [*she sinks on the chair at the writing-table in tears*].

HIGGINS. It's all you'll get until you stop being a common idiot. If you can't stand the coldness of my sort of life, and the strain of

it, go back to the gutter.

LIZA [*desperate*] Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me: I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that you're nothing but a bully. You know I can't go back to the gutter, as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldn't bear to live with a low common man after you two; and it's wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS [*thunderstruck*] Freddy!!! that young fool! That poor devil who couldn't get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman: do you not understand that I have made you a consort for a king?

LIZA. Freddy loves me: that makes him king enough for me I don't want him to work: he wasn't brought up to it as I was' I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS. What'll you teach, in heaven's name?

LIZA. What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS. Ha! ha! ha!

LIZA. I'll offer myself as an assistant to that hairy faced Hungarian.

HIGGINS [*rising in fury*] What! That impostor! that humbug! that toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! my discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. [*He lays hands on her*]. Do you hear?

LIZA [*defiantly non-resistant*] Wring away. What do I care? I knew you'd strike me some day. [*He lets her go, stamping with rage, at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman*] Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You can't take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! [*Purposely dropping her aitches to annoy him*] That done you, Enry Iggins, it az. Now I don't care that [*snapping her fingers*] for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertize it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach any-

body to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS [*wondering at her*] You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? [*Rising*] By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA. Yes: you turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

HIGGINS. Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a millstone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength: a consort battleship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors instead of only two men and a silly girl.

*Mrs. Higgins returns, dressed for the wedding. Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant.*

MRS HIGGINS. The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

LIZA. Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS HIGGINS. Certainly not. He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation.

LIZA. Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Good-bye. [*She goes to the door*].

Graham Greene (1904-1991)

*Graham Greene is one of the most readable writers in modern England. He is very famous for his wonderful clever detective stories and novels. But there are also other kinds of books: psychological, philosophical to some extent, where Greene analyses the inner world of a man paying much attention to the dark sides of Man's nature, to the origin of the crime, to wickedness and weakness of a man. He describes horrible things and is criticized by many, but this is his strong point: "It is not the writer who chooses the topic, but usually it's the topic that chooses the writer," he said.*

*Graham Greene's life was hard and unusual. Being a son of a headmaster, he ran away from school, because he hated his teachers and learning. He learned depression quite early, was about to commit a suicide, though he lived in a friendly atmosphere of careful parents.*

*Greene started writing at the end of the twenties. He himself*

called his books "serious" and "entertaining". His first novel was published in 1929. He wrote some novels before the Second World War: "England Made Me" (1935), "The Power and Glory" (1940). One of the most famous novels "The Quiet American" was published in 1955. Here the author contemplates about the psychology of the crime; the background of all events is the war in Vietnam; the French are leaving the country, the Americans are taking their place. The novel is built as a detective story: a murder is committed, the reader is supposed to find out the murderer with the help of the author. There are three main characters in the book: Fowler—an Englishman, a reporter; Pyle—an American, an officer; and Phuong, a Vietnamese girl. The two men are friends. Still the logic of events leads to a crime which practically does not exist: Fowler kills Pyle, but the action is the result of a great inner struggle, of hard meditations, of deep thinking and of recognizing one fact—a person must interfere into events if they are shameful bloodshed. No reader will doubt that it was political and psychological reasons that made Fowler do it, not jealousy.

Still the end of the book, though it seems from the first to be a happy one, is rather sad: Fowler gets what he wanted—his wife gives him a divorce, Phuong is with him and he can marry her but..!

"But it is wonderful. I must go and tell my sister. She'll be so pleased. I will say to her: "Do you know who I am? I am the second Mrs. Fowlair."

I said to Phuong, "Do you miss him much?"

"Who?"

"Pyle," Strange how even now, even to her, it was impossible to use his first name.

"Can I go, please? My sister will be so excited."

"You spoke his name once in your sleep."

"I never remember my dreams."

"There was so much you could have done together. He was young."

"You are not old."

"The skyscrapers. The Empire State Building."

"What are you sorry for? It is a wonderful telegram. My sister..."

"Yes, go and tell your sister kiss me first." Her excited mouth skated over my face, and she was gone.

I thought of the first day and Pyle sitting beside me at "the Continental" with his eye on the soda-fountain across the way. Everything

*had gone right with me since he had died, but how I wished there existed someone to whom I could say that I was sorry.*

## The Quiet American

### Part II

### Chapter 2

A small oil lamp burned on the floor and two men crouched against the wall, watching me. They looked like schoolboys, but with the Vietnamese age drops suddenly like the sun—they are boys and then they are old men. I was glad that the color of my skin and the shape of my eyes were a passport—they wouldn't shoot now even from fear.

I came up out of the floor, talking to reassure them, telling them that my car was outside that I had run out of petrol. Perhaps they had a little I could buy—somewhere: it didn't seem likely as I stared around. A couple of pans with the remains of rice and some wooden chopsticks showed they had been eating without much appetite.

Then I heard Pyle: he must have come to the foot of the ladder. "You all right, Thomas?"

"Come up," I called back.

"We've got a long night ahead." Now that Pyle was with me, I didn't hear the noises. Even the two soldiers seemed to have relaxed a little.

"What happens, if the Viets attack them?" Pyle asked.

"They'll fire a shot and run."

"It's a bad prospect."

"There are forty towers like this between us and Saigon. The chances always are that it's the other chap who's hurt."

"We could have done with those sandwiches," Pyle said. "I do think one of them should keep a look-out."

"He's afraid a bullet might look in." Now that we too had settled on the floor, the Vietnamese relaxed a little. I felt some sympathy for them: it wasn't an easy job for a couple of ill-trained men to sit up here night after night, never sure of when the Viets might creep us on the road through the fields of paddy. I said to Pyle, "Do you think they know they are fighting for Democracy? We ought to have York Harding here to explain it to them."

"You always laugh at York," Pyle said.

"Cigarette?"

"I don't smoke—except opium. Give one to the guards. We'd better stay friends with them." Pyle got up and lit their cigarettes and came back. I said, "I wish cigarettes had a symbolic significance like salt."

"Don't you trust them?"

"No French officer," I said, "would care to spend the night alone with two scared guards in one of these towers. I don't blame them. They don't believe in anything either. You and your like are trying to make a war with the help of people who just aren't interested."

"They don't want Communism."

"They want enough rice," I said. "They don't want to be shot at. They want one day to be much the same as another. They don't want our white skins around telling them what they want."

"If Indo-China goes..."

"I know that record. Siam goes. Malaya goes. Indonesia goes. What does 'go' mean? If I believed in your God and another life, I'd bet my future harp against your golden crown that in five hundred years there may be no New York or London, but they'll be growing paddy in these fields, they'll be carrying their produce to market on long poles wearing their pointed hats. The small boys will be sitting on the buffaloes. I like the buffaloes, they don't like our smell, the smell of Europeans. And remember—from a buffalo's point of view you are a European too."

"They'll be forced to believe what they are told, they won't be allowed to think for themselves."

"Thought's a luxury. Do you think the peasant sits and thinks of God and Democracy when he gets inside his mud hut at night?"

"You talk as if the whole country were peasant. What about the educated? Are they going to be happy?"

"Oh, no," I said, "we've brought them up in our ideas. We've taught them dangerous games, and that's why we are waiting here, hoping we don't get our throats cut. We deserve to have them out. I wish your friend York was here too. I wonder now he'd relish it."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"I don't know what I'm talking politics for. They don't interest me and I'm a reporter. I'm not engaged."

"Aren't you?" Pyle said.

"For the sake of an argument—to pass this bloody night, that's

all. I don't take sides. I'll be still reporting, whoever wins."

"If they win, you'll be reporting lies."

"There's usually a way round, and I haven't noticed much regard for truth in our papers either."

I think the fact of our sitting there talking encouraged the two soldiers: perhaps they thought the sound of our white voices - for voices have a colour too, yellow voices sing and black voices gargle, while ours just speak—would give an impression of numbers and keep the Viets away. They picked up their pans and began to eat again, scraping with their chopsticks eyes watching Pyle and me over the rim of the pan.

"So you think we've lost?"

"That's not the point," I said. "I've no particular desire to see you win. I'd like those two poor buggers there to be happy— that's all. I wish they didn't have to sit in the dark at night scared."

"You have to fight for liberty."

"I haven't seen any Americans fighting around here. And as for liberty, I don't know what it means. Ask them." I called across the floor in French to them. "La Liberte—qu'est-ce que c'est la liberte?" They sucked in the rice and stared back and said nothing.

### Part III Chapter 2

The explosion had been so close that my ear-drums had still to recover from the pressure.

I thought rather petulantly, "another joke with plastics: what does Mr. Heng expect me to write now?" but when I got into the Place Gamier, I realized by the heavy clouds of smoke that this was no joke. The smoke came from the cars burning in the car-park in front of the National Theatre, bits of cars were scattered over the square, and a man without his legs lay twitching at the edge of the ornamental gardens. The sirens of police-cars, the bells of the ambulances and fire-engines came at one remove to my shocked ear-drums. For one moment I had forgotten that Phuong must have been in the milk-bar on the other side of the square. The smoke lay between I couldn't see through.

I stepped out into the square and a policeman stopped me. They had formed a cordon round the edge to prevent the crowd increasing, and already the stretchers were beginning to emerge. I implored the

policeman in front of me, "Let me across. I have a friend..."

"Stand back," he said. "Everyone here has friends."

He stood aside to let a priest through, and I tried to follow the priest, but he pulled me back. I said, "I am the Press," and searched in vain for the wallet in which I had my card, but I couldn't find it: had I come out that day without it? I said, "At least tell me what happened to the milk-bar." The smoke was clearing and I tried to see, but the crowd between was too great. He said something I didn't catch.

"What did you say?"

He repeated, "I don't know. Stand back. You are blocking the stretchers."

Could I have dropped my wallet in the Pavillion? I turned to go back and there was Pyle. He exclaimed, "Thomas."

"Pyle," I said, "for Christ's sake, where's your legation pass? We've got to get across. Phuong's in the milk-bar."

"No, no," he said.

"Pyle, she is. She always goes there. At eleven thirty. We've got to find her."

"She isn't there, Thomas."

"How do you know? Where's your card?"

"I warned her not to go."

I turned back to the policeman, meaning to throw him to one side and make a run for it across the square: he might shoot; I didn't care—and then the words warn reached my consciousness. I took Pyle by the arm. "Warn?" I said. What do you mean "warn"?"

"I told her to keep away this morning."

The pieces fell together in my mind.

An ambulance forced its way up the Rue Catinat into the square, and the policeman who had stopped me moved to one side to let it through. The policeman beside him was engaged in an argument. I pushed Pyle forward and ahead of me into the square before we could be stopped.

We were among a congregation of mourners. The police could not prevent others entering the square; they were powerless to clear the square of the survivors and the first-comers. The doctors were too busy to attend to the dead, and so the dead were left to their owners, for one can own the dead as one owns a chair. A woman sat on the ground with what was left of her baby in her lap; with a kind of modesty she had covered it with her straw peasant hat. She was still and

silent and what struck me most in the square was the silence. It was like a church I had once visited during Mass—the only sounds came from those who served, except where here and there the Europeans wept and implored and fell silent again as though shamed by the modesty, patience and propriety of the East. The legless torso at the edge of the garden still twitched, like a chicken which has lost its head. From the man's shirt, he had probably been a trishaw-driver.

Pyle said, "It's awful." He looked at the wet on his shoes and said in a sick voice, "What's that?"

"Blood," I said. "Haven't you ever seen it before?"

He said, "I must get them cleaned before I see the minister." I don't think he knew what he was saying. He was seeing a real war for the first time.

I said, "This is the hour when the place is always full of women and children—it's the shopping hour. Why choose that of all hours?"

He said weakly, "There was to have been a parade."

"And you hoped to catch a few colonels. But the parade was cancelled yesterday, Pyle."

"I didn't know."

"Didn't know!" I pushed him into a patch of blood where a stretcher had lain. "You ought to be better informed."

"I was out of town," he said, looking down at his shoes. "They should have called it off."

"And missed the fun?" I asked him. "Do you expect General The to lose his demonstration? This is better than a parade. Women and children are news, and soldiers aren't in a war. This will hit the world's press. You've got the Third Force and National Democracy all over your right shoe. Go home, to Phuong and tell her about your heroic deed -there are a few dozen less of her country people to worry about."

Pyle had been silent a long while, and I had nothing more to say. Indeed I had said too much. He looked white and beaten and ready to faint, and I thought: "What's the good? He'll always be innocent, you can't blame the innocent, they are always guiltless."

He said, "They wouldn't have done this. I'm sure he wouldn't. Somebody deceived him. The Communists..."

I left him standing in the square. Already people were flocking in: it must have been a comfort to them to be able to pray for the dead to the dead.

Unlike them, I had reason for thankfulness, for wasn't Phuong alive? Hadn't Phuong been "warned"? But what I remembered was the torso in the square, the baby on its mother's lap. They had not been warned; they had not been sufficiently important. And if the parade had taken place would they not have been there just the same, out of curiosity, to see the soldiers, and hear the speakers, and throw the flowers? A two-hundred-pound bomb does not discriminate. How many dead colonels justify a child's or a trishaw-driver's death when you are building a national democratic front? I stopped a motor-trishaw and told the driver to take me to the Guai Mytho.

## II. American literature

Washington Irving (1783-1859)

*Washington Irving was as much a writer of the age of Reason as of Romanticism. He never surrendered his cheerful criticism and his romance is at the same time a satirical pamphlet. Irving was the first great prose stylist. He introduced Romanticism as a literary trend in America pointing out the way for Cooper and later Longfellow. He was the first American writer recognized in Europe.*

*Life of Washington Irving*

*Washington Irving was born in New York in 1783. His father was a prosperous merchant who had come to America from Scotland. Washington, the youngest of eleven children, being sickly in childhood, was not sent to school. His mother had him educated at home. He was well read in Chaucer and Spenser and the 18th-century English literature. So, amid New-World surroundings he developed a natural talent for writing in Old-World ways.*

*Washington was fond of wandering around the countryside. On the outskirts of his native city he made familiar with places famous in history and legends. Tales of voyages became his passion and he would spend hours at the port watching departing ships with longing eyes.*

*At fifteen, he tried his hand in writing. Some little satires on New York life were even printed in his brother's magazine. Writing became his hobby, but his father wanted him to be a lawyer, and at seventeen he was sent to studying law. In 1804, a journey to Europe undertaken for the sake of his health stimulated his interest in foreign culture. In London, at the library of the British Museum, he turned over worm-eaten volumes, reading whatever pleased him. In Paris, he studied science at the university. Later he also visited Sweden, Holland and Italy.*

*After two years of travelling Washington Irving returned to the United States. Jointly with some friends he started a paper entitled "Salmagundi" or "The Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff". The very title of the paper showed it to be a humorous periodical published by the authors just for fun. Irving wrote on topics of modern America in the style of the English 18th-century essay. The paper was popular for its good humour. "We despise trouble as we do everything that is low and mean," the authors wrote in their first editorial, and the paper did not stand aloof of politics. Letters, invented*

*by Irving from a fictitious Tripolitanian Mustapha Rub-a-dub Kely Khan, gave amusingly simple accounts of the New York assemblies. At that time New York was the citadel of Federalists. No wonder that the President was severely criticized in those letters. But the letters were all written in the optimistic style of the Enlightenment.*

*Thus we see that the first period of Irving's writings was humorous and satirical.*

*The following seventeen years Irving travelled and worked in various European countries. Though he remained true to the rational trend of thought, Irving, with an ironical smile, retreated from the present into the romantic past. His love of the past was a sort of rest from the cares of life. At first he thought of describing American picturesque landscapes. But this did not satisfy Irving.*

*Irving wrote as much for America as for Europe. In Europe his books were enjoyed for their humour, beautiful style.*

*After seventeen years abroad, Irving returned to America wishing to portray his country again. In "A Tour of the Prairies" (1833) he showed sympathy for the Indians.*

*Irving, jealous of his freedom, refused to run for Mayor of New York. He made his home in a place in his beloved valley of the Hudson River, where he wrote "Life of George Washington". He died in 1859.*

## THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook

glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

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

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adja-

cent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

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

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried", in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable

to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a wit he twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out: an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." - Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the

smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live".

When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his wordly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church-gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way

which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook", the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a super-numerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! Gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house: so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mother's "History of New England Witchcraft", in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mother's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream, and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whippoorwill from the hill-side; the boding cry

of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out", floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! - With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! - How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! -How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! - and how often was he thrown into com-

plete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of town devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was - a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that

might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart - sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion-sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchard burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild

land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying showel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner-cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789—1851)

*James Fenimore Cooper was born in New Jersey, but then he was brought to the State of New York. His father was a rich landowner. When James was only thirteen years old, he entered Yale University. In his third year he failed in his examinations and had to leave the University. In 1806 his father sent him to sea, he served on a merchant ship. He spent 6 years as sailor and later on as officer. He*

*loved the sea and was ready to spend all his life at sea. When he married in 1811 he left the ship.*

*After the death of his father Cooper became a country gentleman in Cooperstown, devoting himself to his family of seven children and to social interests. Cooper began writing at the age of thirty. His first novel was about an English family living in England. It was not a great novel, but it was good enough to be published. His second novel "The Spy" (1821) was a historical novel about the days of the War of American Independence. Its hero is a common soldier who loved America. The book was successful. Cooper wrote six novels over a period of five years, and they were translated into other languages.*

*In 1826 Fenimore Cooper went to Europe. He wanted to give his children a good European education and he placed them in foreign schools. For seven years Cooper travelled throughout various European countries together with his large family. He worked without interruption all the time. He wrote many books about his travels.*

*When Fenimore Cooper returned to the United States, he began writing his famous "Leather Stocking" novels: "The Pioneers" (1823), "The Last of the Mohicans" (1826), "The Prairie" (1827), "The Pathfinder" (1840) and "The Deerslayer" (1841). These are his best works, all exciting stories about of settlers and American Indians.*

*The main character in all these novels is Leather Stocking, as he was called by the Indians. He was a white man, a hunter, named Natty Bumppo. He was just and kind, and though he was an ordinary man with little education, he knew much about forest life. He also said that all men, white, black, yellow or red, were brothers. He was against civilization because he thought it spoilt nature and people. But he brought the Indians knives of English make. He himself preferred to live in the woods far from cities. The Indians, with whom he was very friendly, were closer to him than the white civilized Americans. When he became old, he joined one of the Indian tribes and died there.*

*James Fenimore Cooper died at Cooperstown on September 14, 1851, the day before his sixty-second birthday.*

## The Last of the Mohicans

*"The Last of the Mohicans" is the second of Fenimore Cooper's books about Leather Stocking. It describes North America of the 18th*

*century when it was colonized by Europeans, who came to live in the best parts of the North-East and drove the Indians, the first inhabitants of the country, from their land. The book tells much about the life and traditions of the Indians. The author shows that Indians, like white men, could be both good and bad. The title of the novel gives the readers quite a definite understanding about the fate of the North-American Indians. The coming of the white men brought death to them. The main character of the novel is a young Indian, Uncas. It is he that is the last of his tribe, the Mohicans. Natty Bumppo is given here under the name of Hawk-eye.*

### CHAPTER III

On that day, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person or the approach of some expected event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water, and shadowing its dark glassy current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds, and rested in the atmosphere. Still that breathing silence, which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July, pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men in question, an occasional and lazy tap of a reviving woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the ear from the dull roar of a distant water-fall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these loiterers showed the red skin and wild accoutrements of a native of the woods, the other exhibited, through the mask of his rude and nearly savage equipments, the brighter though sun-burnt and long-faded complexion of one who might claim descent from an European parentage. The former was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest language, by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely-shaved head, on which no other

hair than the well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume, that crossed his crown, and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, were in his girdle; while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full-formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior, would denote that he had reached the vigor of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared to have yet weakened his manhood.

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who had known hardships and exertion from earliest youth. His person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscle appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest-green, fringed with faded yellow, and a summer cap of skins which had been shorn of their fur. He also bore a knife in a girdle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his underdress which appeared below the hunting-frock was a pair of buckskin leggings, that laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees, with the sinews of a deer. A pouch and horn completed his personal accoutrements, though a rifle of great length, which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught them, was the most dangerous of all fire-arms, leaned against a neighboring sapling. The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game, or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking enemy. Notwithstanding these symptoms of habitual suspicion, his countenance was not only without guile, but at the moment at which he is introduced, it was charged with an expression of sturdy honesty. "Even your traditions make the case in my favor, Chingachgook," he said, speaking in the tongue which was known to all the natives who formerly inhabited the country between the Hudson and the Potomac, and of which we shall give a free translation for the benefit of the reader; endeavoring, at the same time, to preserve some of the peculiarities, both of the individual and of the language. "Your fathers came from the setting sun, crossed the big river, fought the people of the country, and took the

land; and mine came from the red sky of the morning, over the salt lake, and did their work much after the fashion that had been set them by yours; then let God judge the matter between us, and friends spare their words!"

"My fathers fought with the naked red man!" returned the Indian, sternly, in the same language. "Is there no difference, Hawk-eye, between the stone-headed arrow of the warrior, and the leaden bullet with which you kill?"

"There is reason in an Indian, though nature has made him with a red skin!" said the white man, shaking his head, like one on whom such an appeal to his justice was not thrown away. For a moment he appeared to be conscious of having the worst of the argument; then, rallying again, he answered to the objection of his antagonist in the best manner his limited information would allow: "I am no scholar, and I care not who knows it; but, judging from what I have seen at deer chases and squirrel hunts of the sparks below, I should think a rifle in the hands of their grandfathers was not so dangerous as a hickory bow and a good flint-head might be, if drawn with an Indian judgment, and sent by an Indian eye."

"You have the story told by your fathers," returned the other, coldly, waving his hand in proud disdain. "What say your old men? - do they tell the young warriors, that the pale-faces met the red men, painted for war, and armed with the stone hatchet or wooden gun?"

"I am not a prejudiced man, nor one who vaunts himself on his natural privileges, though the worst enemy I have on earth, and he is an Iroquois, daren't deny that I am genuine white," the scout replied, surveying, with secret satisfaction, the faded color of his bony and sinewy hand, "and I am willing to own that my people have many ways, of which as an honest man, I can't approve. It is one of their customs to write in books what they have done and seen, instead of telling them in their villages, where the lie can be given to the face of a cowardly boaster, and the brave soldier can call on his comrades to witness for the truth of his words. In consequence of this bad fashion, a man, who is too conscientious to misspend his days among the women, in learning the names of black marks, may never hear of the deeds of his fathers, nor feel a pride in striving to outdo them. For myself, I conclude all the Bumppos could shoot, for I have a natural turn with a rifle, which must have been handed down from generation to generation, as, our holy commandments tell us, all good and evil gifts

are bestowed; though I should be loath to answer for other people in such a matter. But every story has its two sides; so I ask you, Chingachgook, what passed, according to the traditions of the red men, when our fathers first met?"

A silence of a minute succeeded, during which the Indian sat mute; then, full of the dignity of his office, he commenced his brief tale, with a solemnity that served to heighten its appearance of truth.

"Listen, Hawk-eye, and your ear shall drink no lie. 'Tis what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans have done." He hesitated a single instant, and bending a cautious glance toward his companion, he continued, in a manner that was divided between interrogation and assertion. "Does not this stream at our feet run toward the summer, until its waters grow salt, and the current flows upward?"

"It can't be denied that your traditions tell you true in both these matters," said the white man; "for I have been there, and have seen them; though why water, which is so sweet in the shade, should become bitter in the sun, is an alteration for which I have never been able to account"

"And the current!" demanded the Indian, who expected his reply with that sort of interest that a man feels in the confirmation of testimony, at which he marvels even while he respects it; "the fathers of Chingachgook have not lied!"

"The Holy Bible is not more true, and that is the truest thing in nature. They call this up-stream current the tide, which is a thing soon explained, and clear enough. Six hours the waters ran in, and six hours they ran out, and the reason is this: when there is higher water in the sea than in the river, they ran in until the river gets to be highest, and then they ran out again."

"The waters in the woods, and on the great lakes, ran downward until they lie like my hand," said the Indian stretching the limb horizontally before him, "and then they ran no more."

"No honest man will deny it," said the scout, a little nettled at the implied distrust of his explanation of the mystery of the tides; "and I grant that it is true on the small scale, and where the land is level. But everything depends on what scale you look at things. Now, on the small scale, the earth is level; but on the large scale it is round. In this manner, pools and ponds, and even the great fresh-water lakes, may be stagnant, as you and I both know they are, having seen them; but when you come to spread water over a great tract, like the sea, where

the earth is round, how in reason can the water be quiet? You might as well expect the river to lie still on the brink of those black rocks a mile above us, though your own ears tell you that it is tumbling over them at this very moment!"

If unsatisfied by the philosophy of his companion, the Indian was far too dignified to betray his unbelief. He listened like one who was convinced, and resumed his narrative in his former solemn manner.

"We came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over great plains where the buffaloes live, until we reached the big river. There we fought the Alligewi, till the ground was red with their blood. From the banks of the big river to the shores of the salt lake, there was none to meet us. The Maquas followed at a distance. We said the country should be ours from the place where the water runs up no longer on this stream, to a river twenty suns' journey toward the summer. The land we had taken like warriors we kept like men. We drove the Maquas into the woods with the bears. They only tasted salt at the licks; they drew no fish from the great lake; we threw them the bones."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man, observing that the Indian paused; "but it was long before the English came into the country."

"A pine-tree grew then where this chestnut now stands. The first pale-faces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe, when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the red men around them. Then, Hawk-eye," he continued, betraying his deep emotion, only by permitting his voice to fall to those low, guttural tones, which render his language, as spoken at times, so very musical; "then, Hawk-eye, we were one people, and we were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer, and the air its birds. We took wives who bore us children; we worshipped the Great Spirit; and we kept the Maquas beyond the sound of our songs of triumph!"

"Know you anything of your own family at that time?" demanded the white. "But you are a just man for an Indian, and as I suppose you hold their gifts, your fathers must have been brave warriors, and wise men at the council-fire."

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an unmixed man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until

the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land. Foot by foot, they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers."

"Graves bring solemn feelings over the mind," returned the scout, a good deal touched at the calm suffering of his companion; "and they often aid a man in his good intentions; though, for myself, I expect to leave my own bones unburied, to bleach in the woods, or to be torn asunder by the wolves. But where are to be found those of your race who came to their kin in the Delaware country, so many summers since?"

"Where are the blossoms of those summers! Fallen, one by one; so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill-top, and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps there will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here," said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones, near his elbow; "who speaks to Uncas?"

The white man loosened his knife in its leathern sheath, and made an involuntary movement of the hand toward his rifle, at this sudden interruption; but the Indian sat composed, and without turning his head at the unexpected sounds.

At the next instant, a youthful warrior passed between them, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. No exclamation of surprise escaped the father, nor was any question made, or reply given, for several minutes; each appearing to await the moment when he might speak without betraying womanish curiosity or childish impatience. The white man seemed to take counsel from their customs, and, relinquishing his grasp of the rifle, he also remained silent and reserved. At length Chingachgook turned his eyes slowly toward his son, and demanded:

"Do the Maquas dare to leave the print of their moccasins in these woods?"

"I have been on their trail," replied the young Indian, "and know that they number as many as the fingers of my two hands; but they lie hid like cowards."

"The thieves are outlying for scalps and plunder," said the white man, whom we shall call Hawk-eye, after the manner of his compan-

ions. "That busy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel!"

"'Tis enough," returned the father, glancing his eye toward the setting sun; "they shall be driven like deer from their bushes. Hawk-eye let us eat tonight, and show the Maquas that we are men tomorrow."

"I am as ready to do the one as the other," replied the scout, "but to fight the Iroquois, 'tis necessary to find the skulkers; and to eat, 'tis necessary to get the game-talk of the devil and he will come; there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have been this season, moving the bushes below the hill! Now, Uncas," he continued, in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learned to be watchful. "I will bet my charger three times full of powder against a foot of wampum, that I take him betwixt the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left."

"It cannot be!" said the young Indian, springing to his feet with youthful eagerness; "all but the tips of his horns are hid!"

"He's a boy!" said the white man, shaking his head while he spoke, and addressing the father, "Does he think when a hunter sees a part of the creature, he can't tell where the rest of him should be!"

Adjusting his rifle, he was about to make an exhibition of that skill on which he so much valued himself, when the warrior struck up the piece with his hand, saying:

"Hawk-eye! Will you fight the Maquas?"

"These Indians know the nature of the woods, as it might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the buck to your arrow Uncas, or we may kill a deer for them thieves, the Iroquois, to eat." The instant the father seconded this intimation by an expressive gesture of the hand, Uncas threw himself on the ground, and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the twang of the cord was heard, a white streak was seen glancing into the bushes, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover, to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat, when bounding to the edge of the river, it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood to a great distance.

"Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 'twas a pretty sight to behold! Though an arrow is a near shot, and needs a knife to finish the work."

"Hugh!" ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented his game.

"By the Lord, there is a drove of them!" exclaimed the scout, whose eyes began to glisten with the ardor of his usual occupation; "if they come within range of a bullet I will drop one, though the whole Six Nations should be lurking within sound! What do you hear, Chingachgook? for to my ears the woods are dumb."

"There is but one deer, and he is dead," said the Indian, bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. "I hear the sounds of feet!"

"Perhaps the wolves have driven the buck to shelter, and are following on his trail."

"No. The horses of white men are coming!" returned the other, raising himself with dignity, and resuming his seat on the log with his former composure. "Hawk-eye, they are your brothers; speak to them." "That will I, and in English that the king needn't be ashamed to answer," returned the hunter, speaking in the language of which he boasted; "but I see nothing, nor do I hear the sounds of man or beast; 'tis strange that an Indian should understand white sounds better than a man who, his very enemies will own, has no cross in his blood, although he may have lived with the red-skins long enough to be suspected! Ha! there goes something like the cracking of a dry stick, too - now I hear the bushes move - yes, yes, there is a trampling that I mistook for the falls - and -but here they come themselves; God keep them from the Iroquois!"

### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was to a great extent under the influence of the most progressive movement of the time, that of abolitionism. The ideas of abolitionists, who wanted the Negro people freed from slavery, helped Longfellow understand the hard life of the common people. Longfellow continued the fine tradition begun by Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper, of describing the life of the Indian people.*

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in the little town of*

*Portland on the Atlantic coast, in the family of a well-to-do lawyer. The family kept alive the memory of the War of Independence, and as a boy Longfellow was told about the heroic deeds of his grandfather who had been a general in Washington's army, and about his uncle Henry who had been an officer in the US Navy and had been killed in 1804 while defending his country.*

*The family traditions of heroism played a considerable role in the life of young Longfellow.*

*At the age of 16, Henry entered Bowdoin College, and there he wrote his first verses and stories. In 1826, Longfellow was sent to Europe to study foreign languages. He visited England, France, Spain, Italy and Germany. In 1829 he returned home and began teaching foreign languages.*

*In 1835, Longfellow visited Europe a second time. In 1841 he published a book of poems. By that time he was well known as an American poet, and his fame steadily spread.*

*After his third trip to Europe Longfellow published his masterpiece, a collection of verses "Poems on Slavery" (1842). Slavery had become the most urgent question of the day. In these verses Longfellow expressed his sympathy with the abolitionists and condemned the shameful institution of slavery. But he was by no means a rebel by nature. In everyday life he was a gentle and modest man, an intellectual, who spent all his time in the family circle or writing.*

*Longfellow compiled and translated during some 30 years a vast anthology called "Poets of Europe". This colossal work of translating poets of different times and different peoples was finished by the end of the seventies when the last of the 31 volumes was printed. Up to the present day this anthology remains one of the best of this kind. By the end of his life Longfellow had won recognition all over the world. Many Universities awarded him honorary degrees. He was also elected to membership by the Spanish, British and French Academies of Sciences. Even when an old man, Henry Longfellow continued writing verses, ballads, dramas, essays and stories. He is the only American poet whose bust occupies a niche in Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner.*

*Longfellow died at the age of 75 when he was at the peak of his fame.*

## The Song of Hiawatha

### I

At the door on Summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha;  
Heard the whisperings of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder,  
The little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them.  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."  
Of all the beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers".  
You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.  
...And he saw a youth approaching  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendour of the sunset;  
...Standing in the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion  
Oh his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South Wind in the tree-tops  
Said he: "oh my Hiawatha!  
All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
For you pray not like the others,

Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.  
From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labour  
You shall gain what you have prayed for,  
Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"  
...Tall and beautiful he stood there  
In his garments green and yellow  
And he cried: "O Hiawatha!  
Bravely you have wrestled with me,  
And the Master of Life who sees us  
He will give to you the triumph!"  
Then he smiled and said: "To-morrow  
Make a bed for me to lie in  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me,  
Lay me in the earth and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.  
Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine."  
...Home went then Hiawatha  
But the place was not forgotten,  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin,  
Nor forgotten, nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine...  
Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it.  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept in clean from weeds and insects.  
Till at length a small green feather

From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty  
With its shining robes about it  
And its long soft yellow tresses;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud: "It is Mondamin!  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

#### IV.

### HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

Out of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labors.  
Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him!  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen!  
He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasins enchanted,  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;  
When he bound them round his ankles,  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father;  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.  
Then he said to old Nokomis,  
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
At the portals of the Sunset!"  
From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,  
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;  
On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.  
Warning said the old Nokomis,  
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha!  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning!"  
But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
As of burning woods and prairies,

For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.  
So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison;  
Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw,  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.  
Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.  
Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him  
In the face of Hiawatha,  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before him.  
"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!  
Long have I been waiting for you!  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah!"  
Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis

Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.  
Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.  
Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you?  
Nothing that you are afraid of?"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"  
And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!  
Is there anything can harm you?  
Anything you are afraid of?"  
But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"  
And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,  
Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
"Kago! Kago! I do not touch it!"  
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis.

"No, indeed, I will not touch it!"  
Then they talked of other matters;  
First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Has remembered and related.  
And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;  
You confess it! you confess it!"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed his gray hairs to the West-Wind,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.  
Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it.  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.  
But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from him,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres

From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!  
Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains;  
From his eyrie screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great War-Eagle,  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.  
Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"  
Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the mountains,  
Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes.  
"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!  
Tis impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage;  
Now receive the prize of valor!  
"Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,

Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.  
"And at last when Death draws near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk,  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you.  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."  
Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.  
Homeward now went Hiawatha;  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance,  
From his heart the burning fever.  
Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly.  
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.  
Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the lands of the Dacotahs?  
Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water,  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches?  
Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;  
Not a word he said of arrows,

## Not a word of Laughing Water!

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

*The great poet Walt Whitman was America's first critical realist. Walt (Walter) Whitman was born in the family of a farmer, in a little village near New York. When Walt was eleven years old, he had to leave school and start working. He became an office-boy at a lawyer's office. Later he worked for a small newspaper where he learned printing.*

*At seventeen, Walt Whitman became unemployed and could not find a job in town. He went to the country where for some time he worked as a school-teacher.*

*Whitman understood very well that his education was very poor and when he had time he studied literature or history and tried to write. He wrote poems, short stories and newspaper articles. The critics did not like his poems and they were seldom published, because he wrote about the common people of America and their hard life. Whitman loved the common people of America whose life he knew very well.*

*Whitman's collection of poems was named "Leaves of Grass". It was first published in 1855, by Whitman himself. The book did not make the poet famous. But later it became a masterpiece of world literature.*

*In those days the problem of slavery was very important. Progressive people in the USA wanted to free the Negro slaves and Whitman supported them.*

*During the Civil War between the North and the South (1861-1865) Whitman served in the Northern army, and continued writing poems. At the beginning of his literary work Whitman was a Romantic, but the Civil War made him a Realist.*

*Whitman knew America and Americans better than any poet before him. He wrote with understanding about the farmer in the field, the teacher in the classroom, the publisher at his desk, etc. He also knew the different nationalities that made up the population of his country: the Negroes, the Italians, the Irish, the Germans, and many others.*

*Whitman seldom used rhymes in his poems and there are very few "poetic" words in them. He used everyday words and his poems*

*were more like prose than poetry.*

*Whitman has a special place in American literature. He wrote in a way that was typically American.*

From "Song of myself"

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

\*\*\*

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But o heart! heart! heart!  
    O the bleeding drops of red,  
        Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
        Fallen cold and dead.  
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up- for you the flag is flung – for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths – for you the shores a-  
crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
    Here Captain! Dear father!  
    This arm beneath your head!  
    It is some dream that on the deck,  
    You've fallen cold and dead.



Ever returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,  
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,  
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!  
O shades of night – O moody, fearful night!  
O great star disappear'd – O the black murk that hides the star!  
O cruel hands that hold me powerless – O helpless soul of me!  
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farmhouse near the whitewash'd  
palings,

Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of  
rich green,

With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with perfume  
strong I love,

With every leaf a miracle – and from this bush in the dooryard,

With delicate – color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich  
green,

A spring with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,  
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,

The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,

Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,

Death's outlet sons of life (for well dear brother I know,

If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die).

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,

Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets  
peep'd from the

ground, spotting the  
gray debris,

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the  
endless grass,

Passing the yellow - spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud  
in the dark-

fields uprisen,

Passing the apple –tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,  
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,  
Night and day journeys a coffin.

### O. Henry (1862-1910)

*O. Henry is one of the best known short-story writers of our century. The real name of the writer was William Sydney Porter. He was born in Greenboro, North Carolina, in the family of a doctor. He was brought up by his aunt because his mother died when he was a small boy. After finishing school at the age of fifteen, Porter worked as a clerk for five years in his uncle's chemist shop in Greenboro. Then he went to Texas because he wanted to see new places. There he saw cowboys, prairies and mustangs, but it was not easy for him to find work. For two years he worked on a farm, then he became a clerk in an office and at last got a job in a small bank. During this period he studied languages and became interested in literature.*

*Soon he married and when a daughter was born to them, Porter was a happy husband and father, but his happiness did not last long.*

*One day a theft of a thousand dollars was discovered at the bank where he worked. Though it was not he who had taken the money, Porter left the town and went to Central America where he stayed for some time. But when he heard that his wife was very ill, he returned home and was put into prison for three years.*

*After his wife's death Porter very often thought about his little daughter. She was living with her relatives and was told that her father had gone very far away and would not return soon. The thought that she would not receive a Christmas present from him that year was a sad one. To get some money for a present, Porter decided to write a story and send it to one of the American magazines. The story "Whistling Dick's Christmas Present" was published in 1899, and Porter's daughter received a Christmas present. Porter had signed the story "O. Henry" - the first pen-name that came into his head. While he was in prison, he published many other stories.*

*In 1901, when he was released from prison, he settled in New York, and continued writing short stories for different magazines. Very soon he became one of the most popular short-story writers in*

*America.*

*O. Henry's stories won great popularity and have been translated into many languages. Most of them have unexpected endings and the reader is always taken by surprise.*

*During his short literary activity, O. Henry wrote 273 short stories and one novel "Cabbages and Kings" (1904).*

*In his stories O. Henry describes amusing incidents of everyday life in large cities, on the farms, and on the roads of America. The author's sympathy is with the common people of America, whose life he knew very well. His greatest wish was that people should be happy.*

### Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet

Jeff Peters has been engaged in as many schemes for making money as there are recipes for cooking rice in Charleston, S.C.

Best of all I like to hear him tell of his earlier days when he sold liniments and cough cures on street comers, living hand to mouth, heart to heart with the people, throwing heads or tails with fortune for his last coin.

"I struck Fisher Hill, Arkansaw," said he, "in buckskin suit, moccasins, long hair and a thirty-carat diamond ring that I got from an actor in Texarkana. I don't know what he ever did with the pocket knife I swapped him for it.

"I was Dr. Waugh-hoo, the celebrated Indian medicine man. I carrier only one best bet just then, and that was Resurrection Bitters. It was made of life-giving plants and herbs accidentally discovered by Ta-qua-la, the beautiful wife of the chief of the Choctaw Nation, while gathering truck to garnish a platter of boiled dog for annual corn dance.

"Business hadn't been good at the last town, so I only had five dollars. I went to the Fisher Hill druggist and he credited me for a half gross of eight ounce bottles and corks. I had the labels and ingredients in my valise, left over from the last town. Life began to look rosy again after I got in my hotel room with the water running from the tap, and the Resurrection Bitters lining up on the table by the dozen.

"Fake? No, sir. There was two dollars' worth of fluid extract of cinchona and a dime's worth of aniline in that half-gross of bitters. I've gone through towns years afterwards and had folks ask for 'em again.

"I hired a wagon that night and commenced selling the bitters on

Main Street. Fisher Hill was a low, malarial town; and a compound hypothetical pneumo-cardiac anti-scorbutic tonic was just what I diagnosed the crowd as needing. The bitters started off like sweet-breads-on-toast at a vegetarian dinner. I had sold two dozen at fifty cents a piece when I felt somebody pull my coat tail. I knew what that meant; so I climbed down and sneaked a five-dollar bill into the hand of a man with a German silver star on his lapel.

"Constable," says I, "it's a fine night."

"Have you got a city license," he asks, "to sell this illegitimate essence of spooju that you Hatter by the name of medicine?"

"I have not," says I. "I didn't know you had a city. If I can find it tomorrow I'll take one out if it's necessary. "

"I'll have to close you up till you do, " says the constable.

I quit selling and went back to the hotel. I was talking to the landlord about it.

"Oh, you won't stand no show in Fisher Hill." says he. "Dr. Hoskins, the only doctor here, is a brother-in-law of the Mayor, and they won't allow no fake doctors to practice in town."

"I don't practice medicine, " says I, "I've got a State peddler's license, and I take out a city one wherever they demand it."

"I went to the Mayor's office the next morning and they told me he hadn't showed up yet. They didn't know when he'd be down. So Doc Waugh-hoo hunches down again in a hotel chair and lights a jimpson-weed regalia, and waits.

By and by a young man in a blue necktie slips into the chair next to me and asks the time.

"Half-past ten," says I, "and you are Andy Tucker. I've seer, you work. Wasn't it you that put up the Great Cupid Combination package on the Southern States? Let's see, it was a Chilian diamond engagement ring, a wedding ring, a potato masher, a bottle of soothing syrup and Dorothy Vernon— all for fifty cents."

"Andy was pleased to hear that I remembered him. He was a good street man; and he was more than that—he respected his profession, and he was satisfied with 300 per cent profit. He had plenty of offers to go into the illegitimate drug and garden business; but he was never to be tempted off of the straight path.

"I wanted a partner, so Andy and me agreed to go out together. I told him about the situation on Fisher Hill and how finances were low on account of the local mixture of politics and jalap. Andy had just got

in on the train that morning. He was pretty low himself, and was going to canvass the town for a few dollars to build a new battleship by popular subscription at Eureka Springs. So we went out and sat on the porch and talked it over.

"The next morning at eleven o'clock when I was sitting there alone, an Uncle Tom shuffles into the hotel and asked for the doctor to come and see Judge Banks, who, it seems, was the mayor and a mighty sick man.

"I'm no doctor," says I. "Why don't you go and get the doctor?"

"Boss," says he. "Doc Hoskin am done gone twenty mile: in the country to see some sick persons. He's de only doctor in de town, and Massa Banks am powerful bad off. He sent me to ax you to please, such, come."

"As man to man," says I, "I'll go and look him over." So I put bottle of Resurrection Bitters in my pocket and goes up o the hill to the mayor's mansion, the finest house in town with a mansard roof and two cast-iron dogs on the lawn.

"This Mayor Banks was in bed all but his whiskers and feet, He was making internal noises that would have had everybody in San Francisco hiking for the parks. A young man was standing by the bed holding a cup of water.

"Doc," says the Mayor. "I'm awful sick. I'm about to die. Can you do nothing for me?"

"Mr. Mayor," says I, "I'm not a regular preordained disciple of S. Q. Lapius, I never took a course in a medical college," says I. "I've just come as a fellow man to see if I could be of any assistance."

"I'm deeply obliged," says he. "Doc Waugh-hoo, this is my nephew, Mr. Biddle. He has tried to alleviate my distress, but without success. Oh, Lordy! Ow-ow-owi!" he sings out.

"I nods at Mr. Biddle and sets down by the bed and feels the mayor's pulse. "Let me see your liver—your tongue, I mean," says I. Then I turns up the lids of his eyes and looks close at the pupils of 'em.

"How long have you been sick?" I asked.

"I was taken down—ow-ouch—last night," says the Mayor. "Gimme something for it, Doc, won't you?"

"Mr. Fiddle," says I, "raise the window shade a bit, will you?"

"Biddle," says the young man. "Do you feel like you could eat some ham and eggs, Uncle James?"

"Mr. Mayor," says I, after laying my ear to his right shoulder blade and listening, "you've got a bud attack of super-inflammation of the right clavicle of the harpsichord!"

"Good Lord!" says he, with a groan. "Can't you rub something on it, or set it or anything?"

"I picks up my hat and stalls for the door.

"You ain't going, Doc?" says the Mayor with a howl. You ain't going away and leave me to die with this— superfluity of the clapboards, are you?"

"Common humanity. Dr. Whoa-ha," says Mr. Biddle, "ought to prevent your deserting a fellow-human in distress."

"Dr. Waugh-hoo, when you get through plowing," says i. And then I walks back to the bed and throws back my long hair.

"Mr. Mayor," says I, "there is only one hope for you. Drugs will do you no good. But there is another power higher yet, although drugs are high enough," says I.

"And what is that?" says he.

"Scientific demonstrations," says I. "The triumph of mind over sarsaparilla. The belief that there is no pain and sickness except what is produced when we ain't feeling well. Declare yourself in arrears. Demonstrate."

"What is this paraphernalia you speak of, Doc?" says the Mayor. "You ain't a Socialist, are you?"

"I am speaking," says I, "of the great doctrine of psychic financiering—of the enlightened school of long-distance, sub-conscientious treatment of fallacies and meningitis—of that wonderful in-door sport known as personal magnetism."

"Can you work it, Doc?" asks the Mayor.

"I'm one of the Sole Sanhedrims and Ostensible Hooplas of the Inner Pulpit," says I. "The lame talk" and the blind rubber whenever I make a pass at 'em. I am a medium, a coloratura hypnotist and a spirituous control. It was only through me at the recent seances at Ann Arbor that the late president of the Vinegar Bitters Company could revisit the earth to communicate with his sister Jane. You see me peddling medicine on the streets," says I, "to the poor. I don't practice personal magnetism on them. I do not drag it in the dust," says I, "because they haven't got the dust."

"Will you treat my case?" asks the Mayor.

"Listen," says I. "I've had a good deal of trouble with medical

societies everywhere I've been. I don't practice medicine. But, to save your life, I'll give you the psychic treatment if you'll agree as mayor not to push the license question."

"Of course I will," says he. "And now get to work, Doc, for them pains are coming on again."

"My fee will be \$250.00, cure guaranteed in two treatments," says I.

"Ail right," says the Mayor. "I'll pay it. I guess my life's worth that much."

"I sat down by the bed and looked him straight in the eye.

"Now," says I, "get your mind off the disease. You ain't sick. You haven't got a heart or a clavicle or a funny bone or brains or anything. You haven't got any pain. Declare error. Now you feel the pain that you didn't have leaving, don't you?"

"I do feel some little better, Doc," says the Mayor, "darned if I don't. Now state a few lies about my not having this swelling in my left side, and I think I could propped up and have some sausage and buckwheat cakes."

"I made a few passes with my hands.

"Now," says I, "the inflammation's gone. The light lobe of the perihelion has subsided. You're getting sleepy. You can't hold your eyes open any longer. For the sent the disease is checked. Now, you are asleep."

The Mayor shut his eyes slowly and began to snore.

"You observe, Mr. Fiddle," says I, "the wonders of modern science."

"Biddle," says he. "When will you give uncle me rest of the treatment, Dr. Pooh-pooh?"

"Waugh-hoo," says I. "I'll come back at eleven tomorrow. When he wakes up give him eight drops of turpentine and three pounds of steak. Good morning."

"The next morning I went back on time. Well, Mr. Riddle," says I, when he opened the bedroom door, "and how is uncle this morning?"

"He seems much better," says the young man.

"The Mayor's color and pulse was fine. I gave him another treatment, and he said the last of the pain left him.

"Now," says I, "you'd better stay in bed for a day or two, and you'll be all right. It's a good thing I happened to be in Fisher Hill, Mr.

Mayor," says I, "for all the remedies in the cornucopia that the regular schools of medicine use couldn't have saved you. And now that error has flew and pain proved a perjurer, let's allude to a cheerfuller subject—say the fee of \$250. No checks, please, I hate to write my name on the back of a check almost as bad as I do on the front."

"I've got the cash here," says the Mayor, pulling a pocket book from under his pillow.

"He counts out five fifty-dollar notes and holds 'em in his hand.

"Bring the receipt," he says to Biddle.

I signed the receipt and the Mayor handed me the money. I put it in my inside pocket careful.

"Now do your duty, officer," says the Mayor, grinning much unlike a sick man.

Mr. Biddle lays his hand on my arm.

"You're under arrest, Dr. Waugh-hoo, alias Peters," says he, "for practising medicine without authority under the State law."

"Who are you? I asks.

"I'll tell you who he is", says the Mayor, sitting up in bed. "He's a detective employed by the State Medical Society. He's been following you over five counties. He came to me yesterday and we fixed up this scheme to catch you. I guess you won't do any more doctoring around these parts, Mr. Fakir. What was it you said I had, Doc?" the Mayor laughs, "compound—well it wasn't softening of the brain, I guess, anyway detective," says I.

"Correct," says Biddle. "I'll have to turn you over to the sheriff."

"Let's see you do it," says I, and I grabs Biddle by the throat and half throws him out the window, but he pulls a gun and sticks it under my chin, and I stand still. Then he puts handcuffs on me, and takes the money out of my pocket.

"I witness," says he, "that they're the same bills that you and I marked, Judge Banks. I'll turn them over to the sheriff when we get to his office, and he'll send you a receipt. They'll have to be used as evidence in the case."

"All right, Mr. Biddle," says the Mayor. "And now, Doc Waugh-hoo," he goes on, "why don't you demonstrate? Can't you pull the cork out of your magnetism with your teeth and hocus-pocus them handcuffs off?"

"Come on, officer," say I, dignified. "I may as well make the best of it." And then I turns to old Banks and rattles my chains.

"Mr. Mayor," says I, "the time will come soon when you'll believe that personal magnetism is a success. And you'll be sure that it succeeded in this case, too. "

And I guess it did.

When we got nearly to the gate, I says: "We might meet somebody now, Andy. I reckon you better take 'em off, and - "Hey? Why, of course it was Andy Tucker. That was his scheme; and that's how we got the capital to go into business together."

Jack London (1876-1916)

*Jack London, the famous American novelist and short-story writer, was born in San Francisco, California. The family was very poor. Speaking of his childhood, the writer said later that those were the hungriest years in his life. When the boy was eight, he learned to read. Since that time he read everything he could get. He borrowed books from the public library and spent all his free time with a book. He began to work very early, when he was a boy of nine. He got up at three in the morning and delivered newspapers, after that he went to school. After school he delivered evening papers. On week-ends he worked as a porter at a hotel.*

*After graduating from a grammar school at the age of thirteen, he continued working as a newspaper boy and did other small jobs. His father was seriously ill at that time and Jack had to feed the family. He found work in a factory, but his wages were so low that he worked overtime, standing at his machine for eighteen hours a day. When Jack was a boy, he dreamed of being a sailor and now, when he had a little free time, he spent it near the sea. On one such day he was offered work as a sailor on board a ship going to Japan. Jack London worked on that ship for a year and in 1893 came back to San Francisco. His family was near starvation. Jack found a job at a factory where he earned one dollar for ten hours of hard work. After a day at the factory Jack could think of nothing but sleep. Then a San Francisco newspaper offered a prize for the best story. Jack sent his short story and was awarded the first prize.*

*It was more and more difficult to get a job in San Francisco and Jack London marched with the army of unemployed to Washington to ask for bread and work. Then he tramped all over the US and Canada and spent a month in prison for tramping. That month in prison helped him to understand the class struggle. He saw men go mad or*

*beaten to death there. When London returned home he began to read books on socialism and in 1895 joined the Socialist Labour Party. He decided to continue his education and after three months of study entered the University of California. But he studied there only for one term: his family needed his help. London found a job at a laundry and at the same time decided to try his luck in literature.*

*Working day and night, he wrote poetry, essays and stories. He sent them to magazines, but nothing was published. Gold was found in Alaska at that time, so London went there. He hoped to become rich enough to devote himself to literature. He worked there for a year, but didn't find any gold. But there he found the heroes of his stories: strong and brave people.*

*In 1896, London came back home and found his father dead. Again he had to take different jobs. At the same time he continued to write, and in 1898 his story "To the Man on Trail" was published and was a success.*

*In the next four years the writer published his northern stories "The Son of the Wolf" and "A Daughter of the Snows" among others, which made Jack London famous and brought him enough money to devote himself to literature.*

*In 1902 London visited the capital of England. He bought some old clothes, took a small room in the East End and lived there as a poor American sailor. He spent much time in the slums of London and later wrote one of his best books "The People of the Abyss" (1903), revealing a horrible picture of poverty of English working people at that time.*

*His works "The War of the Classes" (1905), "Revolution" (1908), "The Iron Heel" (1907) were written under the influence of the Russian Revolution.*

*The years 1905—1909 were most successful for the writer. He published "White Fang", "Martin Eden" and many other works which brought the author great fame. In "Martin Eden" he used many facts from his own life.*

*His literary works of his last years were less important.*

*In 1916, Jack London left the Socialist Labour Party. The same year the writer died.*

Love of life

The two men limped painfully down the bank. They were tired

and weak, and they carried heavy blanket packs on their backs. One walked in front, the other followed him. Each man carried a rifle.

"I wish we had just two of the cartridges that are lying in our cache," said the second man.

The first man, limping into the water that foamed over the rocks, made no reply. The other man followed at his heels. They were knee deep in the icy cold water, and it was difficult for them to stand.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth rock. He nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. When he took another step forward he again cried out with pain and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head. The man stood still for nearly a minute. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered on through the water. He did not look around. He limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little.

"Bill!" he cried out.

But Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping up toward the soft sky line of the low hill. He watched him go till he passed over the top of the hill and disappeared. The man was left alone. He slowly looked around.

There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses around him—nothing but low hills and soft sky line. He was all alone, and he grew frightened.

"Bill!" he whispered, once and twice, "Bill!" He stood in the midst of the water, and his body began to shake as with fever, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He pulled his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, to the bank. He did not stop. In spite of his pain he hurried up the hill over which his comrade had disappeared. But at the top he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, pulled the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and limped on down the hill. Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on, he knew, he would come to the "land of little sticks" which was on the shore of a little lake. And into that lake flowed a small stream. He would follow that stream till he came to

another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the river Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe. And in this cache would be cartridges for his empty gun. Also he would find flour—not much—a piece of bacon and some beans. Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would go in the canoe south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they reached the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them and the days grew cold, south to some warm Hudson's Bay Company post, where there was food without end. These were the thoughts of the man as he strove ahead. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. It was getting dark when his foot struck against a rock, and he fell from weariness and weakness. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he removed his pack and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting position. It was not yet dark, and in the twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap, he built a fire, and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, putting one of them into his empty tobacco pouch, another in his hat, a third portion under his shirt on the chest. When he had done this, a panic came upon him, and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven. He dried his wet moccasins by the fire. They were worn through in places and his feet were bleeding. Then he examined his ankle. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. Then he drank the pot of hot water and went to sleep between his blankets. He slept like a dead man. Early in the morning he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the great sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a caribou regarding him with curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away. Mechanically he reached for the gun. But he could not make a shot, for the gun was empty. The caribou snorted

and ran away. The man cursed and threw the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and hard task. He spent a minute or two in straightening up, so that he could stand as a man should stand. Then he limped up a small hill and looked around. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a grey sea of moss in which there were grey rocks, grey lakelets, and grey streamlets. The sky was grey. There was no sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far—possibly just over the next low hill. He went back to pack his things. He made sure that all his matches were safe, though he did not stop to count them. But he did stop to decide what to do with his leather sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds—as much as all the rest of the pack—and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the leather sack. Then he picked it up hastily; and when he rose to his feet to limp on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back. As he walked he felt a sharp pain in his ankle, but this pain was as nothing compared with the hunger pain in his stomach. He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from rocks and shrubs. "Ker-ker-ker" was the cry they made. He threw stones at them but he could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and crawled after them like a cat. The sharp rocks cut his knees so that they left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. And always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their "Ker-ker-ker" became a mock to him and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox, leaping away in fright, did not drop the ptarmigan. Then he shouldered his pack and went on. He was very weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on, not so much by his desire to reach the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north. He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a small fish in a pool. He reached for it with both hands. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was

too muddy, and he could not see the fish; so he was compelled to wait. When the water was clear again he made another attempt to catch the fish but failed, and the water was again muddied. This time he could not wait. He began to bail the water with his pot. He bailed wildly, and at the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to a larger pool which was nearby. That pool he could not bail in a night and day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his. Thus he thought and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs. He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking hot water. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry. Then he went to sleep between his wet blankets. He awoke cold and sick. There was no sun. A strong wind was blowing. It began snowing while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain. It covered the ground, putting out the fire. This was a signal for him to put the pack on his back and limp forward he knew not where. He thought neither of the land of little sticks nor of Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the river Dease. He was mastered by the verb "to eat". He was hunger-mad. He ate the grass which he pulled up from under the snow, but it was tasteless and did not satisfy. He had no fire that night, nor hot water, and he lay down under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his face. Day came—a grey day and no sun. It had stopped raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. There was pain in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He again was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the river Dease. He tore the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Then he started. He was weak, and often had to pause for rest. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had walked a few minutes, it would begin beating heavily against his chest, and he would choke. In the middle of the day he found two small fishes in a large pool. It was impossible to bail it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin pot. In the evening he caught three more fishes. He ate two of them and saved the third for breakfast. He had not covered more than ten miles that day; and the next day he covered no more than five miles. He was in a strange country, and the caribou were growing

more numerous, also the wolves. He heard them often, and once he saw three of them in the distance. Another night; and in the morning he untied the string that fastened the leather sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of gold dust and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves. He wrapped one half in a piece of blanket and hid it under a large rock. The other half he returned to the sack. He still carried his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the river Dease. This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak. Often he would stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell directly into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks a day old. He ate them alive. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great outcry. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. She could not fly, but when he tried to catch her she ran away. He pursued the mother ptarmigan, till she could run no more; but he too could run no more. She lay breathing heavily on her side. He lay breathing heavily on his side, a dozen feet away, unable to reach her. And as he recovered she recovered, and when his hungry hand went out to her she again started to run. The man pursued the mother ptarmigan until night came, and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and fell. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, and lay there until morning. Another day of fog. He stubbornly limped on. But he felt that his pack was too heavy for him. Again he divided the gold. This time he merely left half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away. Suddenly he saw a horse in the mist before him. He could not believe his eyes. He rubbed his eyes with both hands, and then he saw that it was not a horse but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with angry curiosity. The man drew his hunting knife. Before him was meat and life. He would attack the bear and kill it. But his heart began beating heavily in his chest, and he grew frightened. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him? The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps and growled. If the man ran, he would run after him; but the man did not run. He, too, in his fear growled terribly. The bear moved away to one side, growling menacingly. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue, till the danger was past. Then he trembled and sank down into the wet moss. He pulled himself together and went on. He was afraid now not that he should die from lack of food, but that he should be killed. There were the wolves. Now and again the wolves, in packs of two and three, crossed his path. But

they were in small numbers and did not dare to attack the man. In the late afternoon he came upon the bones of a caribou which had been killed by the wolves. No meat was left on the bones, only its taste. But he put the bones in his mouth and began to crunch. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, chewed and swallowed them. Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He rested wherever he fell. He, as a man, no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He crossed no more hills, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream, nor this valley. His mind was filled with dreams, and he saw only them. He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back. The sun was shining bright and warm. For some time he lay without movement. Then he rolled over on his side to look around and see where he was. Below him flowed a wide river. He had never seen it before. Slowly he followed it with his eyes toward the sky line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. In the middle of the shining sea he saw a ship lying at anchor. He did not believe what he saw. A dream, he thought, a trick of his disordered mind. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. The sea and the ship were still there. He heard a noise behind him. Very slowly, because of his weakness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near, but he waited. Again came the noise, and between two rocks about twenty feet away he made out the grey head of a wolf. The wolf moved with great difficulty. It seemed sick. That was real, at least, the man thought. He turned on the other side, and again saw the sea and the ship. But he did not believe that it was real. For him it was still a dream. He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had lost his way and had been going north, away from the Dease River and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson's Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear to him. He sat up to prepare for his journey to the ship. He knew that it would be a terrible journey. He was extremely weak and he wanted to have some hot water before he started. He had lost his rifle and knife, but he still had his tin pot. His movements were slow. When he started to collect dry moss he found he could not rise to his feet. He was compelled to crawl about on

hands and knees. After he had drunk some hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk. Every minute or so he had to rest. The wolf dragged itself behind him. The man knew that the sick wolf hoped that the man would die first. When night came, and the shining sea was seen no more he knew he had covered at most four miles. Next day in the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. He followed the trail of the other man and soon came to the end of it—a few bones on the moss where the wolves had killed and eaten the man. He saw a leather sack, similar to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha-ha! He would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. Suddenly the man stopped laughing. How could he have the laugh on Bill if that were Bill; if those bones, so white and clean, were Bill? He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. That day he covered three miles; the next day only two—for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled. At the end of the fifth day the ship was still seven miles away, and he could not make even a mile a day. Still he continued to crawl, while the sick wolf dragged after him. Once, glancing back, he saw the wolf licking his bleeding trail, and he saw clearly what his end would be—unless he could kill the wolf. The day came when the ship was no more than four miles away, but he knew that he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile. And yet he wanted to live. He must find strength to go on. He lay without movement on his back, and he could hear the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, still closer, and he did not move. It was at his ear. Then he felt the dry tongue against his cheek. The man had waited for this moment, and his hand closed on the wolf's jaw. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the wolf, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth of the man was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man felt a warm trickle in his throat. It was the warm blood of the wolf he had killed. Then he rolled over on his back and slept. There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whale ship "Bedford". From the deck they noticed a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whaleboat and went ashore to

see. And they saw something that was alive but which could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It crawled along the ground like some monstrous worm. Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whale ship "Bedford", and with tears streaming down his cheeks, told who he was and what had happened to him. He also spoke of his mother, of sunny southern California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers. The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He watched anxiously as the food from the table went into the mouths of others. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at mealtime. He was haunted by a fear that the food would not last. He asked the cook, the cabin boy, the captain about the food stores. They told him countless times that there, was much food on board; but he could not believe them. It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew fatter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and could not understand. They limited the man at his meals, but he still grew fatter. The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man they knew. They saw him approach a sailor like a beggar, with outstretched hand after breakfast. The sailor grinned and passed him a piece of sea biscuit. So did the other sailors. The scientific men said nothing to him. They let him alone. But they secretly examined his bunk. It was filled with sea biscuits. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, before the "Bedford" dropped anchor in San-Francisco Bay.

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

*Ernest Hemingway was one of the greatest American writers of his age. He was born in Oak Park, Illinois, in the family of a doctor. His father was fond of hunting and fishing and in his school-days Ernest became an excellent sportsman. He played football, was a member of the swimming team and learned to box, as a result of which his nose was broken and an eye injured. At school he was a successful pupil. He wrote poetry and prose to the school literary magazine and edited the school newspaper.*

*In 1917, when the United States entered the First World War, Hemingway wanted to join the army but was refused because of his eye. Then he left home and went to Kansas City. He lived in his uncle's*

house and worked as a newspaper reporter. In 1918, he tried to join the army again and was given the job of driving American Red Cross ambulances on the Italian front. Two months later he was badly wounded in the leg. He was taken to a hospital in Milan where he had twelve operations. Some time later he returned to the army. Hemingway was awarded a silver medal by the Italian Government. His war experiences influenced the life and all the works of the writer.

In 1920, Hemingway returned to the US and began to work as a foreign correspondent of a newspaper.

At that time, he was earning enough to support himself by his pen and he began writing stories. His dream was to become a novelist. To get the material for his future stories and novels Hemingway travelled all over the world. He visited Spain, Switzerland, Germany and other countries. His first work, "Three Stories and Ten Poems", was written in 1923. Hemingway's first novel "The Sun Also Rises" known in our country as "Fiesta", was published in 1926. Then followed his masterpiece, the novel "Farewell to Arms", a protest against war. It was published in 1929 and made the author famous.

Hemingway continued to write short stories. The collection includes "The Killer", "In Another Country" and others. Here the author shows the disappointment of young people in the post-war period.

In 1935, Hemingway published his novel "The Green Hills of Africa" in which he expresses the idea that nature and art are the two things that live long in the world.

When the Civil War in Spain began in 1936, Hemingway collected money (140,000 dollars) for an ambulance service in the Spanish Republic and went to Spain. He took part in the war as an anti-fascist correspondent. He met many progressive people in Spain. After the end of the Civil War in Spain Hemingway wrote one of his best novels "For Whom the Bell Tolls", where he speaks about the American, who died in the fight for the Republic in Spain. Hemingway's sympathy with the Spanish people and their struggle against fascism was expressed in his speech at the Congress of American Writers in 1937.

During the Second World War Hemingway was a war correspondent. He took part in air raids over Germany and fought against the fascists together with French partisans.

The last years of his life Hemingway spent in Cuba, visiting the USA and Spain. He loved freedom and supported the revolution in Cuba and greeted the revolutionary government there. Hemingway's

*last work, "The Old Man and the Sea" (1952), is about the courage of an old fisherman, who was fighting a big fish and the sea for many hours and won the victory over them. In 1954, the author was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature and "The Old Man and the Sea" was mentioned as one of his best works.*

*In 1960, he returned to the United States and very soon died there.*

## CAT IN THE RAIN

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees! Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the cafe a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

"I'm going down and get that kitty," the American wife said.

"I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed.

"No, I'll get it. The poor kitty out trying to keep dry under a table."

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

"Don't get wet," he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

"Il piove," the wife said. She liked the hotel keeper.

"Si, si, Signora, brutto tempo. It's very bad weather."

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the cafe. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along under the eaves. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

"You must not get wet," she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

"Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?"

"There was a cat," said the American girl.

"A cat?"

"Si, il gatto."

"A cat?" the maid laughed. "A cat in the rain?"

"Yes," she said, "under the table." Then, "Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty."

When she talked English the maid's face tightened.

"Come, Signora," she said. "We must get back inside. You will be wet."

"I suppose so," said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed, reading.

"Did you get the cat?" he asked, putting the book down.

"It was gone."

"Wonder where it went to," he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

"I wanted it so much," she said. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."

"Yeah?" George said from the bed.

"And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."

"Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

"Anyway, I want a cat," she said, "I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat."

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Avanti," George said. He looked up from his book.

In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoise-shell cat

pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

"Excuse me," she said, "the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora."

#### **4. Образовательные технологии:**

- технология продуктивного сотрудничества в обучении
- обучение в сотрудничестве
- индивидуальный и дифференцированный подход к обучению
- использование ресурсов Интернет в учебных целях

#### **5. Задания для текущего контроля усвоения материала**

##### **5.1. Тесты**

#### **1. Входное тестирование (выявление фоновых знаний)**

##### **Choose the correct answer:**

1. The time of foundation of critical realism  
a) 70 years of 19cent; b) 90 years of 20 cent; c) 50 years of 19 cent; d) 80 years of 18 cent.
2. The first story of «North Stories» by J. London was written in:  
a) 1846; b) 1890; c) 1899; d) 1889.
3. How many novels did O. Henry write?  
a) 270; b) 205; c) 273; d) 275.
4. Whose the idea of «plastic theatre» was?  
a) W. Faulkner; b) E. O'Neill; c) T. Williams; d) W. Whitman.
5. What nationalities were three main characters of «Quiet American»?  
a) Englishman, American, Italian; b) Englishman, American, German; c) Englishman, American, Vietnamese; d) Englishman, American, Russian.
6. Who was famous as a brilliant master of paradox?  
a) E. Poe; b) B. Shaw; c) O. Henry; d) W. Irving.
7. In what work did J. London use facts from his own life?  
a) «The Son of the Wolf»; b) «The people of the Abyss»; c) «The Iron Heel»; d) «Martin Eden».
8. What story of E. Hemingway was awarded The Nobel Prize?  
a) «The Old man and the Sea»; b) «For whom the bell tolls»; c)

«The Killer»; d) «The Green Hills of Africa».

9. William Shakespeare was born in a family of:

a) actor; b) farmer; c) wool- dealer; d) writer.

10. Where's the monument of R. Burns?

a) Tarbolton; b) Dumfries; c) London; d) Edinburgh.

## ***2. Промежуточное тестирование***

### **Choose the correct answer:**

1. Who is the creator of National American Literature?

a) W. Irving; b) F. Cooper; c) E. Poe; d) Th. Dreiser.

2. How many novels did F. Cooper write?

a) 30; b) 27; c) 25; d) 33.

1. In what genre F. Cooper didn't write?

a) sea novel; b) satirical novel; c) adventure novel; d) historical novel.

2. War between what countries was described in «The last of Mohicans»?

a) England, USA; b) England, Germany; c) England, Italy; d) England, France.

3. Who is the first professional critic of America?

a) C. Dickens; b) Th. Dreiser; c) E. Poe; d) W. Irving.

4. How many novels did E. Poe write?

a) 68; b) 60; c) 64; d) 66.

5. What feeling prevails in E. Poe's novels?

a) love; b) respect; c) passion; d) fear.

6. Whose name was given to the most famous H. Melville novel?

a) whale; b) dog; c) cat; d) fish.

7. Collection of poems «Leaves of grass» by W. Whitman doesn't include the following poem:

a) «Song of Myself»; b) «I hear America Singing»; c) «She walks in beauty...»; d) «When Lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd».

8. What's not a characteristic feature of Whitman's poems?

a) absence of rhyme; b) epiphora; c) anaphora; d) elliptical lines.

## ***6. Задания для итогового контроля усвоения материала***

### ***6.1. Перечень экзаменационных вопросов по дисциплине***

1. Проблема фронта в романе Ф. Купера «Последний из могикан».
2. Философская трагедия Шекспира «Гамлет».
3. Изображение природы в пенталогии Купера о Кожаном Чулке.
4. Трагедия Шекспира «Король Лир».
5. Трагический гуманизм У. Шекспира.
6. Образ Натти Бампо в пенталогии Ф. Купера.
7. Художественные особенности американского романтизма.
8. Трагедия У. Шекспира «Отелло».
9. Трагедия У. Шекспира «Ромео и Джульетта».
10. Творчество В. Ирвинга
11. Образ Макбета в одноименной трагедии У. Шекспира.
12. Проблема аболиционизма в романе Г. Бичер - Стоу «Жизнь дяди Тома».
13. Поэтика романа У. Теккерея «Ярмарка тщеславия».
14. Сборник стихов У. Уитмена «Листья травы».
15. Художественные особенности комедий Шекспира («Двенадцатая ночь», «Сон в летнюю ночь»).
16. Новеллистика О.Генри
17. Лиро-эпическая поэма Байрона «Паломничество Чайльд - Гарольда»
18. Образ Холдена Колфилда в романе «Над пропастью во ржи».
19. Поэтика романа Т. Драйзера «Сестра Керри»
20. Поэзия Р. Бернса.
21. Англо- саксонский эпос «Беовульф».
22. Жанровое своеобразие романа Г. Мелвилла «Моби Дик».
23. Образ Ахава в романе Г. Мелвилла «Моби Дик».
24. Поэзия Д. Китса.
25. Композиция романа Ч. Диккенса «Приключения Оливера Твиста».
26. Художественный анализ рассказа Э. Хемингуэя «Дома».
27. Образ Измаила в романе Г. Мелвилла «Моби Дик».
28. Особенности конфликта в драме Б. Шоу «Дом, где разбиваются сердца».
29. Пьеса Б. Шоу «Пигмалион».
30. Художественный анализ рассказа Э. Хемингуэя «Кошка под дождем»

31. Новеллистика Э. По.
32. Исторический роман В. Скотта «Айвенго».
33. Лирическая драма Шелли «Прометей освобожденный».
34. Художественные особенности романа Д. Сэлинджера «Над пропастью во ржи»
35. Революционно-романтическая драма П. Б. Шелли «Ченчи»
36. Литература потерянного поколения и роман Э. Хемингуэя «Прощай оружие».
37. Образ К. Гриффитса («Американская трагедия»)
38. Восточные поэмы Д. Байрона («Гяур», «Корсар»).
39. Роман В. Скотта «Квентин Дорвард».
40. Образ Тома Сойера в романе М. Твена «Приключения Тома Сойера».
41. Поэтика «Песни о Гайавате» Г. Лонгфелло.
42. Образ Гулливера в романе Д. Свифта «Путешествия Гулливера».
43. Притча Э. Хемингуэя «Старик и море»
44. Роман в стихах Д. Байрона «Дон Жуан».
45. Художественное своеобразие романа Д. Дефо «Робинзон Крузо».
46. Образ Гека Финна в романе М. Твена «Приключения Гекльберри Финна».
47. Новелла В. Ирвинга «Рип Ван Винкль».
48. Философские драмы Байрона («Каин», «Манфред»).
49. Поэтика романа Э. Бронте «Грозовой перевал».
50. Образ Мартина Идена в одноименном романе «Мартин Иден».
51. Художественный анализ новеллы Э. По «Падение дома Ашероу».
52. Композиция романа У. Теккерея «Ярмарка тщеславия».
53. «Кентерберийские рассказы» Д. Чосера.
54. Пьеса Ю. О'Нила «Страсть под вязами».
55. Поэтика романа Фитцджеральда «Ночь нежна».
56. Художественный анализ 1,2 книги «Путешествий Гулливера» Д. Свифта.
57. Художественный анализ 3,4 книги «Путешествий Гулливера» Д. Свифта.
58. Пьеса Т. Уильямса «Стеклянный зверинец».

59. Поэтика «Северных рассказов» Д. Лондона
60. Интеллектуальная пьеса Б. Шоу «Дом, где разбиваются сердца»
61. Пьеса Б. Шоу «Профессия Миссис Уоррен».
62. Поэтика романа У. Фолкнера «Шум и ярость»
63. Художественный анализ новеллы Э. По «Маска красной смерти».
64. Пьеса Е. Уильямса «Трамвай желание».
65. Роман Г. Грина «Тихий американец».
66. Пьеса А. Миллера «Смерть коммивояжера».
67. Поэтика романа Д. Лондона «Мартин Иден».
68. Образ Сомса Форсайта в романе Д. Голсуорси «Собственник»
69. Эстетизм и творчество О. Уальда.
70. Художественный анализ новеллы О. Генри «Джефф Питерс как персональный магнит».
71. Поэтика романа Ш. Бронте «Джейн Эйр».
72. Художественные особенности драматургии Т. Уильямса.

## ***6.2. Материалы итогового тестирования по дисциплине:***

### **Выберите правильный ответ:**

1. Время создания англо- саксонского эпоса «Беовульф»:
  - а) 10 – 11 вв; б) 9-10 вв; в) 8-9 вв; г) 11-12.
2. К жанру лирической комедии У. Шекспира не относится:
  - а) «Сон в летнюю ночь»; б) «Венецианский купец»; в) «Гамлет»; г) «Много шума из ничего».
3. Сколько книг включает роман-памфлет Д. Свифта «Приключения Гулливера»:
  - а) 3; б) 1; в) 4; г) 2.
4. «Ода на смерть Миссис Освальд» Р. Бернса относится к жанру:
  - а) травестия; б) эпиграмма; в) эпитафия; г) кантата.
5. Что являлось главной темой поэзии Д. Китса?
  - а) любовь; б) природа; в) красота; г) родина.
6. Название, какой поэмы Д.Г. Байрона означает «иноверец»?
  - а) «Каин»; б) «Корсар»; в) «Манфред»; г) «Гяур».

7. Кто является автором сатирического эссе «Книга снобов»?

а) Ч. Диккенс; б) У.М. Теккерей; в) В. Скотт; г) Б. Шелли.

8. Какое произведение имеет подзаголовок «Роман без героя»?

а) «Айвенго»; б) «Мартин Иден»; в) «Ярмарка тщеславия»; г) «Квентин Дорвард».

9. Год написания романа Ш. Бронте «Джен Эйр»

а) 1844; б) 1845; в) 1840; г) 1847.

10. Основателем эстетизма является:

а) В. Ирвинг; б) В. Скотт; в) О. Уайльд; г) Г. Мелвилл.

11. Особенностью драмы Б. Шоу не является:

а) социальная или экономическая основа конфликта; б) деление героев на антагонистов и протагонистов; в) логическая строгость ведения дискуссий; г) гротескное заострение проблем с целью наиболее четкого выявления их сущности.

12. Создателем интеллектуальной драмы является:

а) Г. Ибсен; б) Ю. О'Нил; в) Б. Шоу; г) Т. Уильямс.

13. Какая литература поставила проблему фронта?

а) Европейская; б) Американская; в) Английская; г) Немецкая.

14. Какой жанр не повлиял на литературу американского романтизма?

а) просветительский роман; б) готический роман; в) литература сентиментализма; г) исторический роман.

15. Трансцендентализм провозглашает божественность:

а) природы; б) стихии; в) человека; г) личности.

## **7. Задания для самостоятельной работы студентов:**

### **7.1. Перечень вопросов по дисциплине для самостоятельного изучения:**

1. Литература потерянного поколения и роман Э. Хемингуэя «Прощай оружие».
2. Революционная романтическая драма Шелли «Ченчи».
3. Проблема аболиционизма в романе Г. Бичерстоу «Хижина дяди Тома».
4. Поэтика романа Т. Драйзера «Сестра Кэрри».
5. Роман В. Скотта «Квентин Дорвард».
6. Художественные особенности драматургии Т. Уильямса и его пьеса «Стеклянный зверинец».
7. Пьеса Ю. О'Нила «Страсть под вязами».
8. Роман У. Фолкнера «Шум и ярость».
9. Пьеса А. Миллера «Смерть коммивояжера».
10. Роман Г. Грина «Тихий американец».

### **7.2. Тематика рефератов и творческих работ студентов:**

1. Художественные особенности американского романтизма.
2. Трагический гуманизм У. Шекспира.
3. Литература потерянного поколения и роман Э. Хемингуэя «Прощай оружие».
4. Эстетизм и творчество О. Уайльда.
5. Художественные особенности драматургии Т. Уильямса
6. Интеллектуальная драма Б. Шоу.
7. Творчество В. Скотта и его исторический роман.
8. Литература рубежа веков (XIX-XX) и творчество Д. Лондона.
9. Поэзия Д. Китса
10. Творчество У. Уитмена и его сборник стихов «Листья травы».

## *Литература*

<i>№ п/п</i>	<i>Автор издания</i>	<i>название</i>	<i>Место, год изда- ния, из- датель- ство</i>	коли- чество экзем- зем- пля- ров в биб- лио- теке ДГИН Х
1	Алексеев М. П., Жирмунский В.М, Мокуль- ский С.С, Смирнов А.А.	История западноевропей- ской литературы средних веков и Возрождения	Москва, 2000	3
2	Гапонова С.И.	Английская литература	Киев, 1998	10
3	Гиленсон Б.А.	История литературы США	Москва, 2003	5
4	Гиленсон Б.А.	История зарубежной ли- тературы конца 19 начала 20вв.	Москва, 2006	5
5	Зубанова О.В.	Guide to English and American literature	Москва, 2000	10
6	Луков В.А.	Зарубежная литература 19в. Практикум	Москва, 2002	10
7	Матрон Е. Д.	Художественные произ- ведения на уроках ино- стрannого языка.	Москва, 2002	5
8	Сидоренко Л.В., Апенко Е.М., Белобратов А. В.	История зарубежной ли- тературы 18в.	Москва, 1999	5
9	Соловьева Н. А.	История зарубежной ли- тературы 19в.	Москва, 2000	5
10	Трыков В.П.	Зарубежная литература конца 19 начала 20вв.	Москва, 2001	5

		Практикум		
11	Федотов О. И	История западноевропейской литературы средних веков	Москва, 2002	5
12	Храповицкая Г. Н., Коровин А.В.	История зарубежной литературы. Западноевропейский и американский романтизм	Москва, 2002	5
13	Храповицкая Г. Н.	Романтизм в зарубежной литературе	Москва, 2003	5

### *Дополнительная литература*

<i>№ п/п</i>	<i>Автор издания</i>	<i>название</i>	<i>Место, год издания, издательство</i>	<i>количество экземпляров в библиотеке ДГИНХ</i>
1	Максикова Н.А.	Страницы зарубежной драмы от античности до современности. Жанр. Проблематика. Поэтика.	Махачкала, 2005	10