ศักร์ที่ 19

ในศักร์ที่ 19 ได้มีการก้าวเข้าไปในแนวคิดและวิถีการเรียนรู้ของชั้นออกซิเดนซ์ อีกครั้งหนึ่ง เนื่องจากการเปลี่ยนแปลงทางคติและค่านิยม ร่วมกันกับการเปลี่ยนแปลงทางเทคโนโลยี ที่ส่งผลต่อการเรียนรู้ของศักร์ที่ 20 ประเทศที่มีความทันสมัยกับการเรียนรู้ในศักร์นี้ มีคุณค่าอย่างมาก ที่สำคัญอยู่ใน Puritans ที่ยุคกลาง William Cullen Bryant (1794 – 1878) เขียนเพลงเกี่ยวกับธรรมชาติ ที่มีวัตถุประสงค์ในการเรียนรู้ความคิดเห็นที่กบฏกับความคิดใน "Phanostaopsis" โดยผู้เขียน Bryant หลังจากเพลงแสดงให้เห็นว่ามีความเข้าใจในเรื่องที่ได้รับของธรรมชาติที่มีความหมายสำหรับการใช้สติปัญญาของผู้คน

Edgar Allan Poe (1809 – 1849) เขียนเพลงเกี่ยวกับความทันสมัย ความคิดและจินตนาการในเรื่องปล่อยไป Poe เขียนเรื่องที่มีนัยสำคัญทางค่านิยมทางศิลป์ของความคิดในเรื่องที่ว่า เรื่องเกี่ยวกับความคิด ซึ่งมาจากจินตนาการของวีรบุรุษวัยใหม่ของ Annabel Lee, "The Raven" ปี ค.ศ. 1820

ถึงแม้ว่าจะมีการเปลี่ยนแปลงทัศนคติของชั้นออกซิเดนซ์ แต่ก็มีการเปลี่ยนแปลงความคิดในเรื่องที่ 1835 – 1860 มีความคิดทางปรัชญาเกิดขึ้นใหม่ เรียกว่า transcendentalism ซึ่งเริ่มต้นในเมือง Concord รัฐ Massachusetts ครั้งที่มีแนวคิด transcendentalism นี้เริ่มในเรื่องความคิดของมนุษย์ว่าความมหัศจรรย์ของพระเจ้าและอยู่ในตัว พระเจ้าคือสิ่งที่เกิดขึ้นจาก Over-Soul ที่มีความรู้สึก Over-Soul อยู่ในตัว พระเจ้าคือสิ่งที่เกิดขึ้นจาก intuition ซึ่งยืนยันให้เห็น (transcends reason) Intuition นี้จะนำคนไปสู่การเรียนรู้โดยการเข้าใจธรรมชาติ ธรรมชาติทำให้คนสามารถค้นพบความจริงได้ ตั้งแต่ที่ใจหลงลับไปแล้ว จึงมีการเปลี่ยนแปลง ที่ก้าวไปข้างหน้า ผู้ที่เชื่อว่าความคิดนี้ คือ Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803 – 1882),
Henry David Thoreau (1817 - 1862) และ Walt Whitman (1819 - 1892)

โคลงบางคลองของ Emerson ซึ่งยืนหยัดเห็นความบริสุทธิ์แบบ transcendentalism เช่น "Each and All," "Dharma," เป็นต้น แต่ความนิยมแพร่หลายของ Emerson และ Thoreau เริ่มลุกลามและการเรียนรู้เกี่ยวกับความคิดนั้นมากกว่าร้อยปี

กรีกกลุ่มหนึ่งในศิลปะที่ 19 ของยุคแรกที่ยุคเช่นเดียวกันกลุ่ม Concord มีเรื่อง Cambridge poets เพราะกวีในกลุ่มนี้ยอมลงมือ Cambridge ซึ่งเป็น


กุ ส บางคนเรียกกลุ่มนี้ว่า Gentle poets กวีกลุ่มนี้ไม่ใส่ใจในกลองใจวัยกับปรัชญาแบบ transcendentalism แต่เรียนรู้เกี่ยวกับเรื่องจริงโลกทั่วไป บางกลองใจก็ยังสร้างสรรค์คุณ

ถึง Longfellow เน้นกวีที่มีเนื้อในเรื่องเช่นเกียวกับทะเล เป็นคนบางครั้งเรียนเกี่ย

กับศิลปะทางคณิตศาสตร์มาก

ในยุคปลายศิลปะที่ 19 เริ่มที่มีเรื่องเรียกในเรื่องเรื่องซึ่งมีในศิลปะที่ 19 เริ่มมีเรื่องยุคปลายใหม่ กวีเรื่องแบบที่แสดงให้เห็นความจริงบางอย่าง

เช่นเรื่องเกี่ยวกับความ

ความตาย การทับดับความหมาย กวีที่สำคัญคือ Stephen Crane (1871 - 1900) และ A.E. Robinson โคลงทางโลกลองของ Stephen Crane แต่ง

ได้ทั้งเรื่องความจริงบางอย่างของมนุษย์ทางกลวิทยาและการเข้าใจความรู้ของมนุษย์ โคลงเพิ่ม ๆ

ที่เรียกว่า "A man said to the Universe" แสดงความรู้สึกของวัตถุนิยมของมนุษย์ตาม

กลางจักวรรคลั้นกลางใจผู้ที่ไม่สนใจมนุษย์
Fair flower, that does so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat;  
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet;  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters murmuring by;  
Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay  
I grieve to see your future doom:  
They died -- nor were those flowers more gay,  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitying frosts, and autumn's power  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came;  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between, is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower,

Philip Freneau
Questions

1. What does the beauty of the flower remind the poet?

2. What is the tone of the poem?

3. The beauty of this poem lies in the sound of words. Point out the examples.

4. Do you agree with the idea that this poem is considered the best American nature poem before the Romantic Period? Discuss.

To the Fringed Gentian

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
A kind of flowers nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.
Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
look through its fringes to the sky,
blue - blue- as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall. 2 deep blue

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
Bay look to heaven as I depart.

William Cullen Bryant

Questions
1. How is the fringed gentian different from the violets and the
   columbines?
2. What does the poet see in the fringed gentian that makes him
   think of death?
3. What lesson does the poem teach?
4. What is the mood of the poem? How do the sounds and rhythm effect
   its mood?
5. Why does the poet find comfort in the fringed gentian?
Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that over springle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
   From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
   What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats
   On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
   How it swells!
   How it dwells!
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
   Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
   bells, bells, bells –
To the rhyming and the chiming of the hells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
   brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
   In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
   Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
   Out of tune,
In a clamourous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
   Leaping higher, higher, higher,
   With a desperate desire,
   And a resolute endeavor
Now = now to sit or never,
   By the side of the pale-faced moon.
   Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
   What a tale their terror tells
   Of despair!
   How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
   By the twanging
   And the clanging,
   How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who rolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
= the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

**************
Gayly besight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

but he grew old --
This knight so bold --
And over his heart, a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow --
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be --
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains"
Of the moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied. --
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

Edgar Allan Poe

Questions

1. Does the knight find the city? What does the "pilgrim Shadow" answer in the last stanza?

2. Give the connotative meaning of the word "Shadow" found in every stanza.

3. What do you think Eldorado imply? Is it a symbol of something?
The Rhodora

On Being Asked, Whence is the Flower?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou were there, 0 rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Questions

1. What does the poet find in the rhodora?

2. Comparing to Freneau's "The Wild Honey Suckle", how does this poem differ?

3. Does Emerson show his religious belief? How is it related to nature?

4. Do you agree that "Beauty is its own excuse for being"? Discuss.
Forbearance

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men’s tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?

And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Mobility more nobly to repay?
0, be my friend, and teach me to be thinel

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Questions

1. What does each question in the first stanza suggest?
2. What kind of person does Emerson want for a friend?
3. Do you think this is a good poem? Give your reason.

Each and All
Each and All

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked Clown
Of thee *from the* hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
**Singing** at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it *cheers not now*;
For I did not *bring* home the *river and sky*;
He sang to my ear,
They sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the *bellowing* of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their *beauty on the shore*
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
*As 'mid* the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his *hermitage*,
Like the bird from the woodlands co *the cage*;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"--
As I spoke, *beneath my feet*
The ground-pine curled its *pretty* wreath,
Running over the *dub-moss* burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the *ground*;
*Over* me soared the *eternal* sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning *bird*;
*Beauty through my senses stole*;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.
Questions

1. Emerson observes nature closely and draws conclusion from what he Observes. Point out the lines you think is the main idea of the poem.

2. What does the poet suggest about the relationship of nature in line 10 - 28.

3. Why is the lover disappointed when his maiden is brought indoor?

4. The last 12 lines tell us about a change. What does the poet want to say or feel? How does his feeling relate to the title?

5. Is the title of this poem appropriate? Discuss.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 - 1882)

โดย กล่าว "The Rainy Day" และ "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls" เกี่ยวกับการสังเกตธรรมชาติ พร้อมกันนี้เรียกให้ความศักยภาพอย่างงดงามให้กับรัศมีหมู่ยักษ์จากภารกิจปลดปล่อย Longfellow ได้ชัดเจนกับการจัดการเรียงลำดับบทบาทการกระทำได้ดีที่สุด มันยังสามารถส่งเสริมการเข้าใจและยกระดับความเข้าใจเนื้อหาที่สร้างสรรค์เพื่อให้ได้เหมาะสมในกล่าว "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls"
The Rainy Day

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
   And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth are lost in the blast,
   And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
   Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Questions

1. The poem is evidently referred to man's life in the second stanza. What do you think is the symbol of the rain and the wind?

2. What is the mood of the poem in the first two stanzas?

3. How does the mood of the last stanza differ from the first two?

4. The last line of the first two stanzas differ from the last line of the last stanza. What do you think of the meaning of this difference?

5. Point out the use of alliteration from this poem.
The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls

1. What time of day does the story take place?

2. What happened to the traveller who never returned to the shore?

3. The second stanza does not include the traveller but mentions only the footprints. What does the word "footprints" stand for?

4. Explain the connotative meaning of "soft white hands".

5. What is the tone of the poem? What techniques are used to create this tone?

6. How do you interpret the meaning of the repetition in each stanza, "And the tide rises, the tide falls"?

--

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fishermen, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh there wore kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
"I was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.
Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Questions

1. Which lines first lead you to think that this is not a serious poem?

2. Point out humorous details from this poem.

3. Why is the drowning in the last stanza considered a mock-heroic ending? Explain.
A noiseless patient spider,
I marked where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Marked how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you 0 my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be formed, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, 0 my soul.

Walt Whitman

Questions:

1. What does the poet admire in the action of the spider?
2. Notice the parallel in stanza one and two. In stanza one, the poet talks about the spider; in stanza two about the poet's soul. Fill in another column the similarity between these two.
The spider
(first stanza)

A. isolated
B. explore
C. the vacant vast surrounding
D. patient, tireless

The poet's soul
(second stanza)

A. What words suggest that the soul is alone?

B. What does the soul do?

C. Where does the soul stand?

D. What word implies that the soul is also tireless?

3. What does the soul try to "connect" or search for?

4. In what ways are the activities of the spider and the soul different?

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Walt Whitman
Questions

1. Why does the post get tired and sick?

2. What do you think he finds in "the mystical moist night-air"?

3. What is the poet's idea about the relationship between man and nature compared to science?

4. What is ironical about the word "learned"?

Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,
Give me a field where the unnow'd grass grows,
Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape,
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals teaching content,
Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars,
Give me Odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturbed,
Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman of whom I should never tire,
Give me a perfect child; give me away aside from the noise of the world a rural domestic life,
Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for my own ears only,
Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O Nature your primal sanities?

These demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless excitement, and rack'd by the war-strife,)
These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart, While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city,
Day upon day and year upon year O city, walking your streets,
Where you hold me enchain'd a certain time refusing to give me up, Yet giving to make me gluttoned, enrich'd of soul, you give me forever faces;
(0 I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries, I see my own soul trampling down what it ask'd for.)

Keep your splendid silent sun,
Keep your woods O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods,
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your cornfields and orchards,
Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;
Give me faces and streets -- give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs!
Give me interninablc eyes -- give me women -- give me comrades and lovers by the thousand!
Let me see new ones every day - let me hold new ones by the hand every day!

Give me such shows - give me the streets of Manhattan!

Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching - give me the sound of the trumpets and drums!

('the soldiers in companies or regiments - some starting away, flush'd and reckless,

Some, their time up, returning with thinn'd ranks, young, yet very old, worn, marching, noticing nothing;)

Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with black ships!

0 such for me! 0 an intense life, full to repletion and varied!

The life of the theatre, bar-mom, huge hotel! for me!

The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion for me! the torchlight procession!

The dense brigade bound for the war, with high piled military wagons following;

People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants, Manhattan streets with their powerful thumps, with beating drums as now,

'The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets,

(even the sight of the wounded,)

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus!

Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

Walt Whitman

Questions

1. Why does the poet say "Give me the splendid silent sun"?

2. What does the word "splendid" and "silent" suggest? Do you think these are the appropriate adjectives to describe the quality of the sun?

3. 'The pet does not leave the city. Why not?

4. What does the city offer that he can't find in nature?

5. What kind of a man do you think is the speaker?

6. How does this poem differ from other nature poems of the Romantic Period?
This Is My Letter

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me --
The simple News that Nature told
With tender Majesty
Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see -
For love of her - Sweet - countrymen -
Judge tenderly -- of Me

Questions

1. What news does the “letter to the World” tell?
2. Who is Her in the second stanza?
3. Why does the speaker tell in the last line to judge her tenderly?
4. What is the relationship between the poet and the world?

Exultation^1 is the going
Of an inland soul to sea,
Past the houses - past the headlands -
Into deep Eternity --

Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication^2
Of the first league out from land?

Emily Dickinson

Questions

1. Why does the sailor seem not to understand those who want to go to sea?
2. What is the poet’s feeling about “Eternity”?
3. What does the word “inland soul” imply?
4. What is the relationship between the first and the last stanza?
Because I Could Not Stop for Death

Because I could not stop for Death —
He kindly stopped for me —
The Carriage held but Just Ourselves —
And Immortality.

We slowly drove — He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility —

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess — in the Ring —
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain —
We passed the Setting Sun —

Or rather — He passed Us —
The Dews drew quivering and chill —
For only My tippet — my Gown —
My tippet — only Tulle —

We paused before a House that seemed
A swelling of the Ground —
The Roof was scarcely visible —
The Cornice — in the Ground —

Since then — 'tis Centuries — and yet
Peels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity —

Emily Dickinson

Questions

1. Death is usually regarded as a terrifying figure. But here death is personified as a gentle person. Point out words that show death's gentleness.

2. The images in stanza three suggest three stages of life. What are they? Are the images appropriate?
3. Why does the speaker feel "quivering and chill" in the fourth stanza?

4. In stanza five, what do you think is a "House"?

5. What is the time in the last stanza? Where is the speaker?

6. What is the poet's idea about life and death?

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**Much Madness Is Divinest Sense**

Much Madness is Divinest Sense -
To a discerning Eye -
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -
'Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail 1 win over
Assent 2 and you are sane -
Demur 3 you're straightway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -

Emily Dickinson

**Questions**

1. The poet expresses her idea about the relationship between the individual and society. What does the poet trust? The majority or the minority?

2. Which lines show the poet's opinion in question one?

3. Why is "demurring" from the majority considered dangerous?

4. Give the interpretation of line one and three.
I'm Nobody

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd rather be over—don't tell.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

Emily Dickinson

Questions

1. Give the connotative meaning of the word "nobody" and "somebody".

2. What is the accepted social value? To be "nobody" or "somebody"?

3. What does the speaker mean by the word they in the last line of the first stanza?

4. What is the similarity between the "frog" and "somebody"? Who or what is "an admiring bog"?

5. What is the tone of this poem?

6. Do you find any similarity between this poem and "Much Madness Is Divinest Sense"? Explain.
War Is Kind

Stephen Crane ได้ถูกคัดรับเป็น 2 นักเขียนที่ได้รับการยอมรับว่าเป็น "The Black Riders" และ "War Is Kind" โดยครีเอทีฟที่ได้รับรางวัล ที่ทำให้การเป็นที่ยอมรับในการเขียนสำหรับนักเขียนที่มีชื่อเสียง หรือความอิสระที่จะทำได้ก็ได้รับการยอมรับ

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little scoul who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom-
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Stephen Crane

Questions.

1. Who does the poet speak to? What three terrible scenes does he present to the persons he speaks to?
2. Is Crane praising the heroes in war? What does he mean by the word "unexplained glory" in the second stanza?

3. Line 4-5 are repeated in the poem. Why?

4. What is the tone of the whole poem?

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Truth

"Truth," said a traveler,
"Is a rock, a mighty fortress;
Often have I been to it,
Even to its highest tower,
From whence the world looks black."

"Truth," said a traveler,
"Is a breath, a wind,
A shadow, a phantom;
Long have I pursued it,
But never have I touched
The hem of its garment."

And I believed the second traveler;
For truth was to me
A breath, a wind,
A shadow, a phantom,
And never had I touched
The hem of its garment.

Stephen Crane

Questions

1. List metaphors of truth and discuss their meaning.

2. What is the difference between the definition of truth in stanza one and two?

3. Which meaning of truth do you prefer? Why?
A man said to the universe:

"Sir, I exist!"

"However," replied the universe,

"The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation."

Stephen Crane

Questions

1. How is the universe personified?

2. What is the significance of the man's statement? What does it show about his attitude towards himself?

3. What does the answer of the universe imply about man's relationship to the universe?

4. What feeling is implied in the poem?