

ของคน ๆ หนึ่ง ได้ทีเดียว และสิ่งที่สำคัญคือ ทำไมคนเราจึงไม่ทำใจให้กว้าง พยายามมอง เข้าใจและยอมรับ ‘ความแตกต่าง’ ของคนอื่น

บทวิจารณ์ (Critical Commentary)

Daisy Miller นับเป็นผลงานที่ประสบความสำเร็จมากที่สุดเรื่องหนึ่งของ เฮนรี เจมส์ มีผู้อ่านและมีผู้วิจารณ์ผลงานชิ้นนี้มากมาย บทวิจารณ์ส่วนใหญ่มุ่ง ประเด็นไปที่ตัว เดซี มิลเลอร์ ในฐานะที่เธอเป็น ‘ภาพรวมของความบ้าบิ่น มุทะลุ และความซื่อบริสุทธิ์ ความมดงามสวยหรูและความหยาบกระด้าง ความปราณีต ละเอียดอ่อน และการเพิกเฉยเย็นชาต่อชนบทรรมนิยมที่สำคัญ’⁴ แต่มีบทความ ชิ้นหนึ่งชื่อ “*Cherbuliez’s Geneva in Daisy Miller*” ได้วิจารณ์เกี่ยวกับวินเทอร์บอร์น ไว้อย่างน่าสนใจ ผู้อ่านคงจะจำได้ว่าในเนื้อเรื่องตอนที่ เดซี มิลเลอร์ เจ็บหนัก เธอ ได้ขอร้องให้มารดาของเธอบอกวินเทอร์บอร์นว่า ‘*She never was engaged to . . . Giovanelli. . . . And [she wanted] to ask you if you remembered the time you went to that castle, in Switzerland.*’ (86; ch.4)

ปีแอร์ เอ วอล์กเกอร์ (Pierre A. Walker) กล่าวว่า การที่ เดซี มิลเลอร์ เตือนให้วินเทอร์บอร์นระลึกถึงการไปเที่ยวปราสาทซิลลองนั้นเป็นการบอกความนัย สำคัญ เธอเปรียบเทียบการไปเที่ยวปราสาทซิลลองตามลำพังกับวินเทอร์บอร์นกับการ ที่เธอไปชมโคลอสเซียมในแสงจันทร์ตามลำพังกับโจวานเนลลีว่าเป็นพฤติกรรมทำนอง เดียวกัน ถ้าการที่เธอไปกับโจวานเนลลีเป็นพฤติกรรมที่ไม่เหมาะสม การที่เธอไปกับ วินเทอร์บอร์นก็เป็นสิ่งที่ไม่เหมาะสมเช่นกัน ถ้าโจวานเนลลีเป็นผู้ชายที่ฉวยโอกาส วินเทอร์บอร์นก็ไม่ได้ต่างไปจากโจวานเนลลีสักเท่าใด และถ้าเขาคิดว่าเธอเป็นผู้หญิงที่

⁴ ฉันทนา ไชยชิต, *วรรณคดีอเมริกัน* (กรุงเทพฯ : โรงพิมพ์จุฬาลงกรณ์-มหาวิทยาลัย, 2532) 314.

'flirt' เขาก็เป็น ผู้ชายประเภท 'womanizer' เพราะเขาก็ฉกฉวยโอกาสที่จะอยู่ใกล้ชิด เธอและพยายามเข้ามาพัวพันเธอเช่นกัน⁵ ผู้เขียนบทความนี้กล่าวว่าข้อความสุดท้ายของ เดซีเตือนใจทั้งวินเทอร์บอร์นและผู้อ่านเรื่องค่านิยมในการตัดสินคน บางครั้งคนเรามัก จะมี *double standard* หรือมาตรฐานที่แตกต่างกันในการตัดสินเรื่อง ๆ เดียวกันที่ เกิดกับบุคคลที่ต่างกัน ดังจะเห็นได้จากในฉากที่เดซีกล่าวตอบวินเทอร์บอร์นที่ตำหนิ พฤติกรรมของเธอว่า *'It [Flirting] seems to me much more proper in young unmarried woman than in old married one,'* (69; ch. 4) ถ้าเป็นสมัยปัจจุบัน เดซี มิลเลอร์ จะเป็นนักเรียกร้องสิทธิสตรี (feminist) คนหนึ่งที่เดียวเพราะเธอ ตระหนักถึงมาตรฐานที่แตกต่างกันในการตัดสินพฤติกรรมระหว่างผู้หญิงและผู้ชาย ผู้อ่านคงไม่ลืมว่าในตอนต้นที่ เฮนรี เจมส์ ได้กล่าวแนะนำวินเทอร์บอร์นว่า *'What I should say is, simply, that when certain persons spoke of him they affirmed that the reason of his spending so much time at Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there - a foreign lady - a person older than himself.'*(8; ch.1)

บทวิจารณ์ที่น่าสนใจอีกเรื่องหนึ่ง คือ บทวิจารณ์จากหนังสือชื่อ *The Ambiguity of Henry James* ในตอน *"Innocence Exposed"* ชาร์ลส์ ธอมัส ซามูเอลส์ (Charles Thomas Samuels) กล่าวว่า ในเรื่อง *Daisy Miller* นั้น เฮนรี เจมส์ ตั้งใจ จะแสดงให้เห็นว่าความไร้เดียงสาเป็นความผิดได้เช่นกัน

For 'Daisy Miller' is the simplest, clearest expression of James's knowledge that innocence can be guilt. Daisy herself is guilty of the social innocence that makes her

⁵Pierre A. Walker, "Cherbuliez's Geneva in *Daisy Miller*," *Reading Henry James in French Cultural Context* (Dekalb : Northern Illinois UP, 1995) 17.

*frivolous and the sexual innocence that makes her a
flirt.*

นอกจากนั้นซามูเอลส์ยังกล่าวว่า วินเทอร์บอร์นผิดพลาดในแง่ที่เขาเย็นชา
ไม่ 'รู้สึกรู้สึก' ต่อความรู้สึกที่ เดซี มิลเลอร์ มีต่อเขา ที่เป็นเช่นนี้เพราะเขามัวแต่
สนใจว่าเธอเป็นเด็กสาวชาวอเมริกันที่ 'ไร้เดียงสา' จริงหรือไม่ เมื่อเขาคิดว่า
พฤติกรรมของเธอบ้าบิ่นเกินกว่าที่เขาจะยอมรับ เขาก็ปลื้มตัวห่างออกจากเธอ ผู้เขียน
สรุปว่า วินเทอร์บอร์น คือ ผู้ต้องมีส่วนรับผิดชอบในการเสียชีวิตของเธอ 'Thus,
Winterbourne literally kills the girl he loves in an effort to purify her.'

บทตัดตอน (Excerpt)

เนื้อความต่อไปนี้ตัดตอนมาจากบทที่ 2 ตอนที่ เดซี มิลเลอร์ ไปเที่ยว
ปราสาทซิลลองกับวินเทอร์บอร์น

*Two days afterwards he went off with her to the Castle of Chillon.⁶ He
waited for her in the large hall of the hotel, where the couriers, the servants, the
foreign tourists were lounging about and staring. It was not the place he would
have chosen, but she had appointed it. She came tripping downstairs, buttoning
her long gloves, squeezing her folded parasol against her pretty figure, dressed in
the perfection of a soberly elegant travelling-costume. Winterbourne was a man
of imagination and, as our ancestors used to say, of sensibility; as he looked at
her dress and, on the great staircase, her little rapid, confiding step, he felt as if
there were something romantic going forward. He could have believed he was*

⁶a thirteenth-century castle on Lake Geneva, made famous by Byron's
poem 'The Prisoner of Chillon'

going to elope with her. He passed out with her among all the idle people that were assembled there; they were all looking at her very hard; she had begun to chatter as soon as she joined him. Winterbourne's preference had been that they should be conveyed to Chillon in a carriage; but she expressed a lively wish to go in the little steamer; she declared that she had a passion for steamboats. There was always such a lovely breeze upon the water, and you saw such lots of people. The sail was not long, but Winterbourne's companion found time to say a great many things. To the young man himself their little excursion was so much of an escapade—an adventure—that, even allowing for her habitual sense of freedom, he had some expectation of seeing her regard it in the same way. But it must be confessed that, in this particular, he was disappointed. Daisy Miller was extremely animated, she was in charming spirits; but she was apparently not at all excited; she was not fluttered; she avoided neither his eyes nor those of anyone else; she blushed neither when she looked at him nor when she saw that people were looking at her. People continued to look at her a great deal, and Winterbourne took much satisfaction in his pretty companion's distinguished air. He had been a little afraid that she would talk loud, laugh overmuch, and even, perhaps, desire to move about the boat a good deal. But he quite forgot his fears; he sat smiling, with his eyes upon her face, while without moving from her place, she delivered herself of a great number of original reflections. It was the most charming garrulity he had ever heard. He had assented to the idea that she was 'common'; but was she so, after all, or was he simply getting used to her commonness? Her conversation was chiefly of what metaphysicians term the objective cast; but every now and then it took a subjective turn.

'What on earth are you so grave about?' she suddenly demanded, fixing her agreeable eyes upon Winterbourne's.

'Am I grave?' he asked. 'I had an idea I was grinning from ear to ear.'

'You look as if you were taking me to a funeral. If that's a grin, your ears are very near together.'

'Should you like me to dance a hornpipe on the deck?'

'Pray do, and I'll carry round your hat. It will pay the expenses of our journey.'

'I never was better pleased in my life,' murmured Winterbourne.

She looked at him a moment, and then burst into a little laugh. *'I like to make you say those things! You're a queer mixture!'*

In the castle, after they had landed, the subjective element decidedly prevailed. Daisy tripped about the vaulted chambers, rustled her skirts in the corkscrew staircases, flirted back with a pretty little cry and a shudder from the edge of the oubliettes,⁷ and turned a singularly well-shaped ear to everything that Winterbourne told her about the place. But he saw that she cared very little for feudal antiquities, and that the dusky traditions of Chillon made but a slight impression upon her. They had the good fortune to have been able to walk about without other companionship than that of the custodian; and Winterbourne arranged with this functionary that they should not be hurried - that they should linger and pause wherever they chose. The custodian interpreted the bargain generously - Winterbourne, on his side, had been generous - and ended by leaving them quite to themselves. Miss Miller's observations were not remarkable for logical consistency; for anything she wanted to say she was sure to find a pretext. She found a great many pretexts in the rugged embrasures of Chillon for asking Winterbourne sudden questions about himself - his family, his previous history, his tastes, his habits, his intentions - and for supplying information upon corresponding points in her own personality. Of her own

⁷ a secret dungeon with an entrance only through the top

tastes, habits, and intentions Miss Miller was prepared to give the most definite, and indeed the most favourable, account.

‘Well; I hope you know enough!’ she said to her companion, after he had told her the history of the unhappy **Bonivard**.⁸ ‘I never saw a man that know so much!’ The history of Bonivard had evidently, as they say, gone into one ear and out of the other. But Daisy went on to say that she wished Winterbourne would travel with them and ‘**go round with them**’; they might know something in that case. ‘Don’t you want to come and teach Randolph?’ she asked. Winterbourne said that nothing could possibly please him so much; but that he had unfortunately other occupations. ‘Other occupations? I don’t believe it!’ said Miss Daisy. ‘What do you mean? You are not in business.’ The young man admitted that he was not in business; but he had engagements which, even within a day or two, would force him to go back to Geneva. ‘Oh, bother!’ she said, ‘I don’t believe it!’ and she began to talk about something else. But a few moments later, when he was pointing out to her the pretty design of an antique fireplace, she broke out irrelevantly, ‘You don’t mean to say you are going back to Geneva?’

‘It is a melancholy fact that I shall have to return to Geneva tomorrow.’

‘Well, Mr. Winterbourne,’ said Daisy, ‘I think you’re horrid!’

‘Oh, don’t say such dreadful things!’ said Winterbourne, ‘just at the last.’

‘The last!’ cried the young girl; ‘I call it the first, I have half a mind to leave you here and go straight back to the hotel alone.’ And for the next ten

⁸ François de Bonivard (1493-1570), Swiss clergyman and politician, imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon, 1532-36, the ‘*prisoner of Chillon*’ of Byron’s poem

minutes she did nothing but call him horrid. Poor Winterbourne was fairly bewildered; no young lady had as yet done him the honour to be so agitated by the announcement of his movements. His companion, after this, ceased to pay any attention to the curiosities of Chillon or the beauties of the lake; she opened fire upon the mysterious charmer in Geneva, whom she appeared to have instantly taken it for granted that he was hurrying back to see. How did Miss Daisy Miller know that there was a charmer in Geneva? Winterbourne, who denied the existence of such a person, was quite unable to discover; and he was divided between amazement at the rapidity of her induction and amusement at the frankness of her persiflage.⁹ She seemed to him, in all this, an extraordinary mixture of innocence and crudity. 'Does she never allow you more than three days at a time?' asked Daisy, ironically. 'Doesn't she give you a vacation in summer? There's no one so hardworked but they can get leave to go off somewhere at this season. I suppose, if you stay another day, she'll come after you in the boat. Do wait over till Friday, and I will go down to the landing to see her arrive!' Winterbourne began to think he had been wrong to feel disappointed in the temper in which the young lady had embarked. If he had missed the personal accent, the personal accent was now making its appearance. It sounded very distinctly, at last, in her telling him she would stop 'teasing' him if he would promise her solemnly to come down to Rome in the winter.

'That's not a difficult promise to make,' said Winterbourne. 'My aunt has taken an apartment in Rome for the winter, and has already asked me to come and see her.'

'I don't want you to come for your aunt,' said Daisy; 'I want you to come for me.' And this was the only allusion that the young man was ever to hear her

⁹ light, flippant conversation

make to his invidious kinswoman. He declared that, at any rate, he would certainly come. After this Daisy stopped teasing. Winterbourne took a carriage, and they drove back to Vevey in the dusk; the young girl was very quiet.

In the evening Winterbourne mentioned to Mrs. Costello that he had spent the afternoon at Chillon, with Miss Daisy Miller.

‘The Americans—of the courier?’ asked this lady.

‘Ah, happily,’ said Winterbourne, ‘the courier stayed at home.’

‘She went with you all alone?’

‘All alone.’

Mrs. Costello sniffed a little at her smelling-bottle. ‘And that,’ she exclaimed, ‘is the young person you wanted me to know!’

เนื้อความต่อไปนี้ตัดตอนมาจากบทที่ 4 ตอนที่วินเทอร์บอร์นไปพบ เดซี มิลเลอร์ ที่โคลอสเซียมกับโจวานเนลลี

A week afterwards he went to dine at a beautiful villa on the Caelian Hill, and, on arriving, dismissed his hired vehicle. The evening was charming, and he promised himself the satisfaction of walking home beneath the Arch of Constantine¹⁰ and past the vaguely lighted monuments of the Forum.¹¹ There was a waning moon in the sky, and her radiance was not brilliant, but she was veiled in a thin cloud-curtain which seemed to diffuse and equalize it. When, on his return from the villa (it was eleven o'clock), Winterbourne approached the

¹⁰ an arch built to honor the victories of the Emperor Constantine (280–337)

¹¹ the civic center of ancient Rome, now largely ruins

dusky circle of the *Colosseum*,¹² it occurred to him, as a lover of the picturesque, that the interior, in the pale moonshine, would be well worth a glance. He turned aside and walked to one of the empty arches, near which, as he observed, an open carriage – one of the little Roman street-cabs – was stationed. Then he passed in among the cavernous shadows of the great structure, and emerged upon the clear and silent arena. The place had never seemed to him more impressive. One half of the gigantic circus was in deep shade; the other was sleeping in the luminous dusk. As he stood there he began to murmur Byron's famous lines, out of *Manfred*;¹³ but before he had finished his quotation he remembered that if nocturnal meditations in the Colosseum are recommended by the poets, they are deprecated by the doctors. The historic atmosphere was there, certainly; but the historic atmosphere, scientifically considered, was no better than a villainous *miasma*.¹⁴ Winterbourne walked to the middle of the arena, to take a more general glance, intending thereafter to make a hasty retreat. The great cross in the centre was covered with shadow; it was only as he drew near it that he made it out distinctly. Then he saw that two persons were stationed upon the low steps which formed its base. One of these was a woman, seated; her companion was standing in front of her.

Presently the sound of the woman's voice came to him distinctly in the warm night air. 'Well, he looks at us as one of the old lions or tigers may have

¹² the great amphitheater of ancient Rome, partly dismantled in the Middle Ages

¹³ In Byron's *Manfred*, Act 3, Scene 4, the hero describes at length the beautiful effect of moonlight on the Colosseum and the thoughts of ancient Romans that it inspires

¹⁴ unwholesome atmosphere

looked at the Christian *martyrs!*¹⁵ These were the words he heard, in the familiar accent of Miss Diasy Miller.

'Let us hope he is not very hungry,' responded the ingenious Giovanelli. *'He will have to take me first; you will serve for dessert!'*

Winterbourne stopped, with a sort of horror; and, it must be added, with a sort of relief. It was as if a sudden illumination had been flashed upon the ambiguity of Daisy's behavior and the riddle had become easy to read. She was a young lady whom a gentleman need no longer be at pains to respect. He stood there looking at her - looking at her companion, and not reflecting that though he saw them vaguely, he himself must have been more brightly visible. He felt angry with himself that he had bothered so much about the right way of regarding Miss Daisy Miller. Then, as he was going to advance again, he checked himself; not from the fear that he was doing her injustice, but from a sense of the danger of appearing unbecomingly exhilarated by this sudden revulsion from cautious criticism. He turned away towards the entrance of the place; but as he did so he heard Daisy speak again.

'Why, it was Mr. Winterbourne! He saw me - and he cuts me!'

What a clever little reprobate she was, and how smartly she played an injured innocense! But he wouldn't cut her. Winterbourne came forward again, and went towards the great cross. Daisy had got up; Giovanelli lifted his hat. Winterbourne had now begun to think simply of the craziness, from a sanitary point of view, of a delicate young girl lounging away the evening in this nest of malaria. What if she were a clever little reprobate? That was no reason for her

¹⁵ a reference to early Christmas who were executed by being thrown to wild animals in the Colosseum

*dying of the perniciousa.*¹⁶ *'How long have you been here?' he asked, almost brutally.*

Daisy, lovely in the flattering moonlight, looked at him a moment. Then—'All the evening,' she answered gently . . . 'I never saw anything so pretty.'

*'I am afraid,' said Winterboume, 'that you will **not think Roman fever** very pretty. 'This is the way people catch it. I wonder,' he added, turning to Giovanelli, 'that you, a native Roman, should countenance such a terrible indiscretion.'*

'Ah,' said the handsome native,' for myself, I am not afraid.'

'Neither am I -for you! I am speaking for this young lady.'

Giovanelli lifted his well-shaped eyebrows and showed his brilliant teeth. But he took Winterboume's rebuke with docility. 'I told the Signorina'¹⁷ it was a grave indiscretion; but when was the Signorina ever prudent?'

'I never was sick, and I don't mean to be!' the Signorina declared. 'I don't look like much, but I'm healthy! I was bound to see the Colosseum by moonlight; I shouldn't have wanted to go home without that; and we have had the most beautiful time, haven't we, Mr. Giovanelli! If there has been any danger, Eugenio can give me some pills. He has got some splendid pills.'

'I should advise you,' said Winterboume, 'to drive home as fast as possible and take one!'

'What you say is very wise,' Giovanelli rejoined. 'I will go and make sure the carriage is at hand.' And he went forward rapidly.

¹⁶ Roman fever

¹⁷ The Italian title of courtesy for an unmarried woman, equivalent to the English 'Miss'

Daisy followed with Winterbourne. He kept looking at her; she seemed not in the least embarrassed. Winterbourne said nothing; Daisy chattered about the beauty of the place. 'Well, I have seen the Colosseum by moonlight!' she exclaimed. 'That's one good thing.' Then, noticing Winterbourne's silence, she asked him why he didn't speak. He made no answer; he only began to laugh. They passed under one of the dark archways; Giovanelli was in front with the carriage. Here Daisy stopped a moment, looking at the young American. 'Did you believe I was engaged the other day?' she asked.

'It doesn't matter what I believed the other day,' said Winterbourne, still laughing.

'Well, what do you believe now?'

'I believe that it makes very little difference whether you are engaged or not!'

He felt the young girl's pretty eyes fixed upon him through the thick gloom of the archway; she was apparently going to answer. But Giovanelli hurried her forward. 'Quick, quick,' he said; 'if we get in by midnight we are quite safe.'

Daisy took her seat in the carriage, and the fortunate Italian placed himself beside her. 'Don't forget Eugenio's pills!' said Winterbourne, as he lifted his hat.

'I don't care,' said Daisy, in a little strange tone, 'whether I have Roman fever or not!' Upon this the cab-driver cracked his whip, and they rolled away over the desultory patches of the antique pavement.

Winterbourne—to do him justice, as it were—mentioned to no one that he had encountered Miss Miller, at midnight, in the Colosseum with a gentleman; but nevertheless, a couple of days later, the fact of her having been there under these circumstances was known to every member of the little American circle, and commented accordingly. Winterbourne reflected that they had of course

known it at the hotel, and that, after Daisy's return, there had been an exchange of jokes between *the porter* and *the* cab-driver. but the young *man was conscious at the same moment that it had ceased to be a matter of serious regret to him that the little American flirt should be 'talked about' by low-minded menials.* These people, a day or two later, had serious information to give; the little American *flirt* was alarmingly ill. Winterbourne, when the rumour came to *him, immediately went to the hotel for more news. He found that two or three charitable friends had preceded him, and that they were being entertained in Mrs. Miller's salon by Randolph.*

'It's going round at night,' said Randolph - 'that's what made her sick. She's always going round at night. I shouldn't mink she'd want to-it's so plaguey dark. You can't see anything here at night, except where there's a moon. In America there's always a moon!' Mrs. Miller was invisible; she was now, at least, giving her daughter the advantage of her society. It was evident that Daisy was dangerously ill.

Winterbourne went often to ask for news of her, and once he saw Mrs. Miller, who, though deeply alarmed, was rather to his surprise perfectly composed, and, as it appeared, a most efficient and judicious nurse. She talked a good deal about Dr. Davis, but Winterbourne paid her the compliment of saying *to himself that she was not, after all, such a monstrous goose. 'Daisy spoke of you the other day,' she said to him. 'Half the time she doesn't know what she's saying, but that time I think she did. She gave me a message; she told me to tell you. She told me to tell you that she never was engaged to that handsome Italian. I am sure I am very glad, Mr. Giovanelli hasn't been near us since she was taken ill. I thought he' was so much of a gentleman; but I don't call that very polite! A lady told me that he was afraid I was angry with him for taking Daisy round at night. Well, so I am; but I suppose he knows I'm a lady. I*

would scorn to scold him. Anyway, she says she's not engaged. I don't know why she wanted you to know; but she said to me three times – "Mind you tell Mr. Winterbourne." And then she told me to ask if you remembered the time you went to that castle, in Switzerland. But I said I wouldn't give any such messages as that. Only, if she is not engaged, I'm sure I'm glad to know it.

But, as Winterbourne had said, it mattered very little. A week after this the poor girl died; it had been a terrible case of the fever. Daisy's grave was in the little Protestant cemetery, in an angle of the wall of imperial Rome, beneath the cypresses and the thick spring flowers. Winterbourne stood there beside it, with a number of other mourners; a number larger than the scandal excited by the young lady's career would have led you to expect. Near him stood Giovanelli, who came nearer still before Winterbourne turned away. Giovanelli was very pale; on this occasion he had no flower in his buttonhole; he seemed to wish to say something. At last he said, 'She was the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable.' And then he added in a moment, 'And she was the most innocent.'

Winterbourne looked at him, and presently repeated his words, 'And the most innocent?'

'The most innocent!'

Winterbourne felt sore and angry. 'Why the devil,' he asked, 'did you take her to that fatal place?'

Mr. Giovanelli's urbanity was apparently imperturbable. He looked on the ground for a moment, and then he said, 'For myself, I had no fear; and she wanted to go.'

'That was no reason!' Winterbourne declared.

The subtle Roman again dropped his eyes. 'If she had lived, I should have got nothing. She would never have married me, I am sure.'

'She would never have married you?'

'For a moment I hoped so. But no, I am sure.'

Winterbourne listened to him; he stood staring at the raw protuberance among the April daisies. When he turned away again Mr. Giovanelli, with his light slow step, had retired.

Winterbourne almost immediately left Rome; but the following summer he again met his aunt, Mrs. Costello, at Vevey. Mrs. Costello was fond of Vevey. In the interval Winterbourne had often thought of Daisy Miller and her mystifying manners. One day he spoke of her to his aunt - said it was on his conscience that he had done her injustice.

'I am sure I don't know,' said Mr. Costello. *'How did your injustice affect her?'*

'She sent me a message before her death which I didn't understand at the time. But I have understood it since. She would have appreciated one's esteem.'

'Is that a modest way,' asked Mrs. Costello, *'of saying that she would have reciprocated one's affection?'*

Winterbourne offered no answer to his question; but he presently said, *'You were right in that remark that you made last summer. I was booked to make a mistake. I have lived too long in foreign parts.'*

Nevertheless, he went back to live at Geneva, whence there continue to come the most contradictory accounts of his motives of sojourn; a report that he is *'studying'* hard - an intimation that he is much interested in a very clever foreign lady.

คำถาม

1. เฮนรี เจมส์ เขียนเรื่อง *Daisy Miller* โดยใช้แก่นเรื่องแบบใด เขามีจุดประสงค์อย่างไรในการใช้แก่นเรื่องแบบนี้
2. การนำเสนอเรื่อง *Daisy Miller* โดยผ่านมุมมองของตัวละครในเรื่องมีผลตีผลเสีย อย่างไร
3. จงวิเคราะห์บทบาทของนางคอสเทลโล
4. เรื่อง *Daisy Miller* เกิดขึ้นที่ใด และสถานที่นั้นมีความสำคัญอย่างไรในการดำเนินเรื่อง
5. ในความคิดของท่าน เดซี มิลเลอร์ เป็นหญิงสาวผู้ไร้เดียงสาหรือไม่
6. ทำไมนางวอลส์เคอร์จึงพยายามชักจูงให้ เดซี มิลเลอร์ ขึ้นรถม้าไปกับเธอ
7. ทำไมโจวานเนลลีจึงแน่ใจว่า เดซี มิลเลอร์ จะไม่มีวันหมั้นหมายกับเขา
8. ทำไม เดซี มิลเลอร์ จึงพยายามฝากมารดาให้บอกวินเทอร์บอร์นว่าเธอกับโจวานเนลลีไม่เคยหมั้นหมายกัน
9. ท่านคิดว่าวินเทอร์บอร์นรู้สึกอย่างไรต่อ เดซี มิลเลอร์
10. ท่านมีความคิดเช่นไรในเรื่องที่ เดซี มิลเลอร์ ตกเป็นจำเลยของสังคม