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نموذج الوثيقة البيداغوجية لتدعيم منصة التعليم عن بعد
في اطار الوقاية من وباء كورونا

اسم ولقب الأستاذة: Dr. Belfar Boubaaya Naciera	
المقياس: The history of American Literature	تطبيق <input type="checkbox"/>
محاضرة <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	X

نوع الوثيقة – محاضرة Weeks 1+2+3+4 on line
الفئة المستهدفة من الطلبة: ماستر
المستوى: Master 1 Civ/Lit
المجموعة: all the students in one group
التخصص: lit/Civ تاريخ تسليم الوثيقة: March, 29th, 2020

Résumé des cours

وصف مختصر لمفردات المحاضرات

Week 1 on line lesson 1+2

Master One. Literature and Civilization

The History of American Literature

The following weeks, we will have a look at a great variety of excerpts in order to illustrate the different periods that we have previously studied. We need to pay attention to the style, the influence of European and mostly British Literature and the slow but sound detachment in literary style and vocabulary that testify of pure American Literature.

In this class, we will have a look at five excerpts:

- I. Michael Drayton's "To the Virginian Voyage."
- II. Robert Beverly's History and Present State of Virginia,
- III. William Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, with a focus on the trip of the Mayflower.
- IV. John Winthrop's Journal on board the ship Arbella.
- V. Mather's the "prose epic of New England Puritanism,"

I. What is Colonial American literature characterized by ?

It is characterized by the narrative, which was used extensively during this period. Most of the literary works of this genre are letters, journals, diaries, sermons, biographies and memoirs.

In 1607 the first permanent English colony of the United States was planted at Jamestown in Virginia. It was founded for commercial reasons by the London Company, formed to secure profits from colonization. large profits were expected from the gold mines and the precious stones to be discovered. Adventurers thought a successful settlement would result. The expedition sailed from England in December, 1606.

I. Michael Drayton's "To the Virginian Voyage."

Michael Drayton, an Elizabethan poet, wrote verses dedicated "To the Virginian Voyage." The following stanzas show some of the reason for colonizers to go and settle in Virginia:

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home with shame,
Go and subdue.

* * * * *

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold;
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

II. Robert Beverly's History and Present State of Virginia,

Robert Beverly, Clerk of the Council of Virginia, published in London in 1705 a History and Present State of Virginia. This is an account of the colony and its people in the first part of the eighteenth century. In those early days Virginians are reported to have been welcoming and this has contributed to be known as southern hospitality.

"The inhabitants are very courteous to travellers, who need no other recommendation, but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do, but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality. This good nature is so general among their people, that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servant to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords. And the poor planters, who have but one bed, will very often sit up, or lie upon a form or couch all night, to make room for a weary traveller to repose himself after his journey."

III. Are there any accounts of the difficult trip of the Mayflower?

William Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, with a focus on the trip of the Mayflower.

In 1897 the United States came into possession of the manuscript of the famous History of Plymouth Plantation, by William Bradford. Few of the English seem to have read it. After the ship finally cleared from England, only five incidents of the voyage are briefly mentioned: the death of a young seaman who cursed the Pilgrims on the voyage and made sport of their misery; the cracking of one of the main beams of the ship; the washing overboard in a storm of a good young man who was providentially saved; the death of a servant; and the sight of Cape Cod.

Here is a summary:

"I do not think many Americans will gaze upon it without a little trembling of the lips and a little gathering of mist in the eyes, as they think of the story of suffering, of sorrow, of peril, of exile, of death, and of lofty triumph which that book tells,--which the hand of the great leader and founder of America has traced on those pages. There is nothing like it in human annals since the story of Bethlehem. These Englishmen and English women going out from their homes in beautiful Lincoln

and York, wife separated from husband and mother from child in that hurried embarkation for Holland, pursued to the beach by English horsemen; the thirteen years of exile; the life at Amsterdam, 'in alley foul and lane obscure'; the dwelling at Leyden; the embarkation at Delfthaven; the farewell of Robinson; the terrible voyage across the Atlantic; the compact in the harbor; the landing on the rock; the dreadful first winter; the death roll of more than half the number; the days of suffering and of famine; the wakeful night, listening for the yell of wild beast and the war whoop of the savage; the building of the State on those sure foundations which no wave or tempest has ever shaken; the breaking of the new light; the dawning of the new day; the beginning of the new life; the enjoyment of peace with liberty,--of all these things this is the original record by the hand of our beloved father and founder."

What about another trip aboard the Arbella?

IV. John Winthrop's Journal on board the ship Arbella.

The hardships of travelling by boat are reported as the trips would last months.

"Riding at the Cowes, near the Isle of Wight, in the Arbella, a ship of 350 tons, whereof Capt. Peter Milborne was master, being manned with 52 seamen, and 28 pieces of ordnance, (the wind coming to the N. by W. the evening before,) in the morning there came aboard us Mr. Cradock, the late governor, and the masters of his 2 ships, Capt. John Lowe, master of the Ambrose, and Mr. Nicholas Hurlston, master of the Jewel, and Mr. Thomas Beecher, master of the Talbot."

The entry for Monday, April 12, 1630, is:

"The wind more large to the N. a stiff gale, with fair weather. In the afternoon less wind, and our people began to grow well again. Our children and others, that were sick and lay groaning in the cabins, we fetched out, and having stretched a rope from the steerage to the main-mast, we made them stand, some of one side and some of the other, and sway it up and down till they were warm, and by this means they soon grew well and merry."

V. Mather's the "prose epic of New England Puritanism,"

What is the *Magnalia Christi Americana*?

The "prose epic of New England Puritanism," is the most famous of Mather's many works. It is a large folio volume entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana: or the Ecclesiastical History of New England*. It records whatever seemed to the author most striking in early New England history in terms of vivid accounts of early New England life. His point of view was religious. The work contains a rich store of biography of the early clergy, magistrates, and governors, of the lives of eleven of the clerical graduates of Harvard, of the faith, discipline, and government of the New England churches, of remarkable manifestations of the divine providence, and of the "Way of the Lord" among the churches and the Indians. This text gives a vivid impression of the influence of the early clergy.

"The keeper of the inn where he did use to lodge, when he came to Derby, would profanely say to his companions, that he wished Mr. Cotton were gone out of his house, for he was not able to swear while that man was under his roof...."

"The Sabbath he began the evening before, for which keeping of the Sabbath from evening to evening he wrote arguments before his coming to New England; and I suppose 'twas from his reason and practice that the Christians of New England have generally done so too."

The History of American Literature

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAL

William Bradford and John Winthrop were governors of two religious commonwealths. The Puritans came to America to secure a higher form of spiritual life. In the reign of Elizabeth, disappointment was caused by the belief that the Revival of Learning would cure all ills. Thus the gates of happiness would be unlocked. Disappointment resulted. Puritanism ushered in a new era of spiritual aspiration.

This class deals with five excerpts which are:

- I. Michael Wigglesworth's The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment.
- II. Anne Bradstreet's "Dialogue Between Old England and New"
- III. Samuel Sewall's diary
- IV. Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758)'s prose hymn of a maiden's love for the Divine Power
- V. Captain John Smith's , A True Relation of Virginia

The search for happiness that is a recurrent theme in American Literature might have found its source in the aspiration for better and nobler concerns than those that caused disappointment. Wealth and earthly power did not secure the purity that was necessary to reach happiness. The Puritans deal with these concerns in a style that is known as The Plain Style.

What is it?

The sermons, that lasted from two to four hours long, replaced the magazines, newspapers, and modern musical and theatrical entertainments.

- I- Michael Wigglesworth's The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment.

Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705) was a Harvard graduate and Puritan preacher. He published, in 1662, a poem setting forth some of the tenets of Calvinistic theology. This poem, entitled The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, had the largest circulation of any colonial poem.

The following lines represent infants pleading against the sentence of child damnation:

"Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit was interdicted;
Yet on us all of his sad fall the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been, or how is his sin our,
Without consent, which to prevent we never had the pow'r?"

Wigglesworth represents the Almighty as replying:

"You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect;
Such you shall have, for I do save none but mine own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.
"A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell;

But unto you I shall allow the easiest room in Hell."

II. Anne Bradstreet's "Dialogue Between Old England and New"

Why is Anne Bradstreet (March 20, 1612 – September 16, 1672), considered to be the first puritan poet?

because she was the most prominent poet of North America and first writer in England's North American colonies to be published.

She often felt homesick and her imagination is reflected in her poem "Dialogue Between Old England and New". It emphasizes the relationship between the motherland and the colonies as parental and the bond Bradstreet feels as an early colonist to her home country.

Alas, dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace happy and blest,
What ails thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms,
And sit i' the dust to sigh these sad alarms?
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelm
The glories of thy ever famous Realm?
What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?
Ah, tell thy Daughter; she may sympathize.

What was life like for puritan children?

III. Samuel Sewall's diary

Samuel Sewall was considered to be the greatest colonial diarist. He was born in England in 1652 at Bishopstoke, Hampshire in England, and he sailed for New England when he was nine years old. His Diary proves a mine of wealth. In Sewall's Diary closeness to life can be felt. The following extract is about children in a Puritan household:

"Nov. 6, 1692. Joseph threw a knop of brass and hit his sister Betty on the forehead so as to make it bleed and swell; upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipped him pretty smartly. When I first went in (called by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the cradle: which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage."

Sewall grew up to be one of the seven judges who sentenced persons for witchcraft at Salem. After this terrible delusion, he rose in church before all the members, and acknowledged "the blame and shame of his decision".

Individual feelings are unavoidable. The following section deals with love feelings in a religious context. American literature is already paying attention to secret feelings in its own way.

IV. JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703-1758)'s prose hymn of a maiden's love for the Divine Power

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him, that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always.

She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her"

Edwards married at the age of seventeen, in 1727. The year of his marriage, he became pastor of the church in Northampton in Massachusetts. With his wife's help, he inaugurated the greatest religious known as the "Great Awakening," which spread to other colonial churches, and stimulated a call for sinners to repentance.

Edwards formed a series of resolutions among which three are well known:

"To live with all my might, while I do live."

"Never to do anything, which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him."

He went from Northampton to the frontier town of Stockbridge, as a missionary to the Indians. He was so poor that he wrote his books on the backs of letters and on the blank margins cut from newspapers. He died in 1758, after less than three months' service in a new position while his wife was still in Stockbridge. He is reported to have asked his daughter to tell his wife: "Tell her," he said to his daughter, "that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever." In September of the same year his wife died and was buried beside him in the graveyard at Princeton.

As a writer, Jonathan Edwards won fame in three fields.

1. America's greatest metaphysician
2. America's greatest theologian
3. America's unique poetic interpreter of the universe as a manifestation of the divine love.

His best known metaphysical work is *The Freedom of the Will* (1754). The central point of which is that the will is determined by the strongest motive, that it is "repugnant to reason that one act of the will should come into existence without a cause." He says that God is free to do only what is right. Edwards emphasizes the higher freedom which is only gained through repeated acts of the right kind and becomes the greatest when the inclination and the power to do wrong disappear.

V. Captain John Smith's, *A True Relation of Virginia* **Captain John Smith (1579-1631)**

The hero of the Jamestown colony, and its savior during the first two years, was Captain John Smith, born in Willoughby, Lincolnshire, in 1579, twenty-four years before the death of Elizabeth and thirty-seven before the death of Shakespeare. Smith was a man of Elizabethan stamp: active, ingenious, imaginative, craving new experiences. While a mere boy, he could not stand the tediousness of ordinary life, and so betook himself to the forest where he could hunt and play knight.

In the first part of his young manhood he crossed the Channel, voyaged in the Mediterranean, fought the Turks, killing three of them in single combat, was taken prisoner and enslaved by the Tartars, killed his inhuman master, escaped into Russia, went thence through Europe to Africa, was in desperate naval battles, returned to England, sailing thence for Virginia, which he reached at the age of twenty-eight.

He soon became president of the Jamestown colony and labored strenuously for its preservation. The first product of his pen in America was *A True Relation of Virginia*, written in 1608, the year in which John Milton was born. The last work written by Smith in America is entitled: *A Map of*

Virginia, with a Description of the Country, the Commodities, People, Government, and Religion. His description of the Indians shows his capacity for quickly noting their traits:

They are inconstant in everything, but what fear constraineth them to keep. Crafty, timorous, quick of apprehension and very ingenious. Some are of disposition fearful, some bold, most cautious, all savage.

Generally covetous of copper, beads, and such like trash. They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury: they seldom steal one from another, lest their conjurers should reveal it, and so they be pursued and punished. That they are thus feared is certain, but that any can reveal their offences by conjuration I am doubtful. Smith has often been accused of boasting, and some have said that he was guilty of great exaggeration or something worse, but it is certain that he repeatedly braved hardships, extreme dangers, and captivity among the Indians to provide food for the colony and to survey Virginia. After carefully editing Captain John Smith's Works in a volume of 983 pages, Professor Edwin Arber says: "For [our] own part, beginning with doubtfulness and wariness we have gradually come to the unhesitating conviction, not only of Smith's truthfulness, but also that, in regard to all personal matters, he systematically understates rather than exaggerates anything he did."

Although by far the greater part of Smith's literary work was done after he returned to England, yet his two booklets written in America entitle him to a place in colonial literature. He had the Elizabethan love of achievement, and he records his admiration for those whose 'pens writ what their swords did.' He was not an artist with his pen, but our early colonial literature is the richer for his rough narrative and for the description of Virginia and the Indians.

In one sense he gave the Indian to literature, and that is his greatest achievement in literary history. Who has not heard the story of his capture by the Indians, of his rescue from torture and death, by the beautiful Indian maiden, Pocahontas, of her risking her life to save him a second time from Indian treachery, of her bringing corn and preserving the colony from famine, of her visit to England in 1616, a few weeks after the death of Shakespeare, of her royal reception as a princess, the daughter of an Indian king, of Smith's meeting her again in London, where their romantic story aroused the admiration of the court and the citizens for the brown-eyed princess? It would be difficult to say how many tales of Indian adventure this romantic story of Pocahontas has suggested. It has the honor of being the first of its kind written in the English tongue.

Did Pocahontas actually rescue Captain Smith? In his account of his adventures, written in Virginia in 1608, he does not mention this rescue, but in his later writings he relates it as an actual occurrence. When Pocahontas visited London, this story was current, and there is no evidence that she denied it. Professor Arber says, "To deny the truth of the Pocahontas incident is to create more difficulties than are involved in its acceptance." But literature does not need to ask whether the story of Hamlet or of Pocahontas is true. If this unique story of American adventure is a product of Captain Smith's creative imagination, the literary critic must admit the captain's superior ability in producing a tale of such vitality. If the story is true, then our literature does well to remember whose pen made this truth one of the most persistent of our early romantic heritages. He is as well known for the story of Pocahontas as for all of his other achievements. The man who saved the Virginia colony and who first suggested a new field to the writer of American romance is rightly considered one of the most striking figures in our early history, even if he did return to England in less than three years and end his days there in 1631.

William Strachey (1572-1621)

Captain James Smith was not the only Englishman writing in the colonies in the early seventeenth century. William Strachey, a contemporary of Shakespeare and secretary of the Virginian colony, wrote at Jamestown and sent to London in 1610 the manuscript of *A True Repertory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas*. This is a story of shipwreck on the Bermudas and of escape in small boats. The book is memorable for the description of a storm at sea, and it is possible that it may even have furnished suggestions to Shakespeare for *The Tempest*. Strachey tells how "the sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven." He speaks of "an apparition of a little round light, like a faint star, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the main mast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud." Ariel says to Prospero:

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join."

Strachey voices the current belief that the Bermudas were harassed by tempests, devils, wicked spirits, and other fearful objects. Shakespeare as Ferdinand with fewer words intensify Strachey's picture:

"Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

The possibility that incidents arising out of Virginian colonization may have turned Shakespeare's interest to Strachey's *True Repertory*. But, aside from Shakespeare, this has an interest of its own. It has the Anglo-Saxon touch in depicting the wrath of the sea, and it shows the character of the early American colonists who braved a wrath like this.

A Unique American style and The 1800s

With the War of 1812 and an increasing desire to produce uniquely American literature and culture, a number of key new literary figures emerged.

Washington Irving, (1783, New York, 1859, Tarrytown, N.Y.), often considered the first writer to develop a unique American style and called the "first American man of letters." He was part of the first generation of post-Revolutionary American writers who helped established a distinctly American mythology about the new United States. He is best known for the short stories "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle." He's actually considered the father of American literature because it is his writing that began shaping the American identity. He helped America develop a distinctive and unique literary voice of its own by writing his fiction. Romantic elements are the way that Irving takes European based legends and archetypes and re-writes them, planting them firmly in America, and thus satirising and ridiculing various aspects of American History. A key aspect of Romantic literature is the importance of myths and supernatural elements available in his short stories mentioned earlier as well as in *The Devil and Tom Walker*. In doing this, Irving was a Romantic, if we understand romanticism as depicting the world the way we would like it to be rather than the way it is. As Irving himself stated, he

"looked at things poetically rather than politically.' . . . I have always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humor with one another . . . When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also."

Although his fiction is the result of lots of borrowing from European sources, Irving made his storytelling unique by incorporating his sardonic voice to his work, making it distinctive and also transforming himself into a literary celebrity. Irving could sometimes critique America, but on the whole he was an enthusiast for the democratic experiment and showed that enthusiasm in his writing.

He wrote a five-volume admiring biography of George Washington, an admiring biography of Christopher Columbus, and in his short stories often pitted an effete, backward-looking, and passive "Europeanism" against the vigor and energy of the new American republic. For example, Irving's Ichabod Crane is a thin, effeminate, bookish, and superstitious schoolmaster who is bested by the manly all-American Brom Bones. Brom is handsome, pragmatic, strong as an ox, and represents what is good about the American way of life. He is an early prototype for Paul Bunyan, the mythically strong American hero. Likewise, Rip Van Winkle represents the apathy and sleepiness of the American colonies under British rule. He awakens to find a new level of energy and involvement as he finds his peers have won the Revolutionary War and become citizens of a republic rather than subjects of a Crown.

When Irving was around the age of 15, yellow fever had broken out in Manhattan, so his parents sent him away with some friends in Tarrytown, New York. Tarrytown and the near-by village of Sleepy Hollow are, of course, where his later stories are set. It was during this time too that he first saw the Catskill Mountains, which set the scene for his character Rip Van Winkle's 20-year sleep.

At the age of 17, his father sent Washington to Europe to help with the family business, which he was not real keen on and finds he can't save once he's there. But even though his business endeavors there are a bit disheartening, he does get involved with the literary scene there and befriends Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter Scott gives him some advice about writing. Scott tells him to begin reading the German Romantic authors and to consider folklore and legends for some inspiration. Washington, of course, takes this advice, and it works well for him. He begins to set himself apart from the other writers in America at that time. One of the things you have to remember is that Washington Irving had a great sense of humor, which transcended into his writings. Rather than use a tired, old narrator to tell his stories, he creates personas and uses pseudonyms to publish his stories.

One of his early pseudonyms was Diedrich Knickerbocker, which he used as the author of a book he wrote called *A History of New-York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*. This was a political satire, a piece of writing that uses irony and sarcasm to show flaws in something. Before he published this piece, Irving actually posted in the newspaper that a man named Diedrich Knickerbocker had gone missing from a hotel. This went on for a while before Irving then posted, as the landlord of the hotel, that Knickerbocker had left some papers behind that would be published as payment for rent that Knickerbocker had not paid. By the time the piece was actually published, people were already interested and Irving became a quick success.

Another pseudonym Irving used was Geoffrey Crayon. Geoffrey Crayon is the supposed author of a collection of stories under the title *The Sketch Book*. These stories, which were greatly influenced by German folk tales, included 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' and 'Rip Van Winkle,' two of the stories he is best known for. He also published an additional set of stories using the Crayon

pseudonym called *Tales of a Traveler*, which included the short story 'The Devil and Tom Walker' - another piece heavily influenced by the German legends.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and other American writers followed in the footsteps of Irving by continuing to communicate an idealized version of the young new country.

William Cullen Bryant wrote early romantic and nature-inspired poetry, which evolved away from their European origins.

In 1832, Edgar Allan Poe began writing short stories – including "The Masque of the Red Death", "The Pit and the Pendulum", "The Fall of the House of Usher", and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" – that explore previously hidden levels of human psychology and push the boundaries of fiction toward mystery and fantasy.

James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* about Natty Bumppo (which includes *The Last of the Mohicans*) were popular both in the new country and abroad.

Humorous writers were also popular and included Seba Smith and Benjamin P. Shillaber in New England and Davy Crockett, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Johnson J. Hooper, Thomas Bangs Thorpe, and George Washington Harris writing about the American frontier.

The New England Brahmins were a group of writers connected to Harvard University and its seat in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The core included James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.

In 1836, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882), an ex-minister, published a startling nonfiction work called *Nature*, in which he claimed it was possible to dispense with organized religion and reach a lofty spiritual state by studying and responding to the natural world. His work influenced not only the writers who gathered around him, forming a movement known as Transcendentalism, but also the public, who heard him lecture.

Emerson's most gifted fellow-thinker was perhaps Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862), a resolute nonconformist. After living mostly by himself for two years in a cabin by a wooded pond, Thoreau wrote *Walden*, a book-length memoir that urges resistance to the meddlesome dictates of organized society. His radical writings express a deep-rooted tendency toward individualism in the American character. Other writers influenced by Transcendentalism were Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Orestes Brownson, and Jones Very.

Just as one of the great works of the Revolutionary period was written by a Frenchman, so too was one of the great works about America from this generation, Alexis de Tocqueville's two-volume *Democracy in America*, which (like the colonial explorers) described his travels through the young country, making observations about the relations between democracy, liberty, equality, individualism and community.

The political conflict surrounding abolitionism inspired the writings of William Lloyd Garrison and his paper *The Liberator*, along with poet John Greenleaf Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe in her world-famous *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. These efforts were supported by the continuation of the slave narrative autobiography, of which the best known examples from this period include Frederick Douglass's *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, Harriet Jacobs's *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*.

At the same time, Native American autobiography develops, most notably in William Apess's *A Son of the Forest* and George Copway's *The Life, History and Travels of Kah-ge-gah-bowh*.

Moreover, minority authors were beginning to publish fiction, as in William Wells Brown's *Clotel*; or, *The President's Daughter*, Frank J. Webb's *The Garies and Their Friends*, Martin Delany's *Blake*; or, *The Huts of America* and Harriet E. Wilson's *Our Nig* as early African American novels, and John Rollin Ridge's *The Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murieta: The Celebrated California Bandit*, which is considered the first Native American novel but which also is an early story about Mexican American issues.

In 1837, the young Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864) collected some of his stories as *Twice-Told Tales*, a volume rich in symbolism and occult incidents. Hawthorne went on to write full-length "romances", quasi-allegorical novels that explore such themes as guilt, pride, and emotional repression in his native New England. His masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter*, is the stark drama of a woman cast out of her community for committing adultery.

Hawthorne's fiction had a profound impact on his friend Herman Melville (1819–1891), who first made a name for himself by turning material from his seafaring days into exotic and sensational sea narrative novels. Inspired by Hawthorne's focus on allegories and dark psychology, Melville went on to write romances replete with philosophical speculation. In *Moby-Dick*, an adventurous whaling voyage becomes the vehicle for examining such themes as obsession, the nature of evil, and human struggle against the elements.

In another fine work, the short novel *Billy Budd*, Melville dramatizes the conflicting claims of duty and compassion on board a ship in time of war. His more profound books sold poorly, and he had been long forgotten by the time of his death. He was rediscovered in the early decades of the 20th century.

Anti-transcendental works from Melville, Hawthorne, and Poe all comprise the Dark Romanticism subgenre of literature popular during this time.

American dramatic literature, by contrast, remained dependent on European models, although many playwrights did attempt to apply these forms to American topics and themes, such as immigrants, westward expansion, and temperance. At the same time, American playwrights created several long-lasting American character types, especially the "Yankee", the "Negro" and the "Indian", exemplified by the characters of Jonathan, Sambo and Metamora. In addition, new dramatic forms were created in the Tom Shows, the showboat theater and the minstrel show. Among the best plays of the period are James Nelson Barker's *Superstition*; or, *the Fanatic Father*, Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion*; or, *Life in New York*, Nathaniel Bannister's *Putnam*, the *Iron Son of '76*, Dion Boucicault's *The Octoroon*; or, *Life in Louisiana*, and Cornelius Mathews's *Witchcraft*; or, *the Martyrs of Salem*.

From now on the lessons will deal with some of the most notorious American writers. We will study them randomly and students will be organizing the sequence in time, according to themes or according to genres. These coming lessons are an orientation for observation, criticism and analysis.

Who is Thomas Paine? why is he important?

adapted from the article titled: Thomas Paine publishes "Common Sense"
available on line by : History.com Editors

On January 9, 1776, writer Thomas Paine publishes his pamphlet "Common Sense," setting forth his arguments in favor of American independence. Although little used today, pamphlets were an important medium for the spread of ideas in the 16th through 19th centuries.

Originally published anonymously, "Common Sense" advocated independence for the American colonies from Britain and is considered one of the most influential pamphlets in American history. Credited with uniting average citizens and political leaders behind the idea of independence, "Common Sense" played a remarkable role in transforming a colonial squabble into the American Revolution.

At the time Paine wrote "Common Sense," most colonists considered themselves to be aggrieved Britons. Paine fundamentally changed the tenor of colonists' argument with the crown when he wrote the following: "Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither they have fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home, pursues their descendants still."

Paine was born in England in 1737 and worked as a corset maker in his teens and, later, as a sailor and schoolteacher before becoming a prominent pamphleteer. In 1774, Paine arrived in Philadelphia and soon came to support American independence. Two years later, his 47-page pamphlet sold some 500,000 copies, powerfully influencing American opinion. Paine went on to serve in the U.S. Army and to work for the Committee of Foreign Affairs before returning to Europe in 1787. Back in England, he continued writing pamphlets in support of revolution. He released "The Rights of Man," supporting the French Revolution in 1791-92, in answer to Edmund Burke's famous "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790). His sentiments were highly unpopular with the still-monarchal British government, so he fled to France, where he was later arrested for his political opinions. He returned to the United States in 1802 and died in New York in 1809.

"Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'Tis time to part'. The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end. And a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward, under the painful and positive conviction, that what he calls the present constitution is merely temporary."

Who was Harriet Beecher Stowe ? What did she contribute to American literature ?

adapted from : Harriet Beecher Stowe Biography, available at Biography.com Editors
Website Name The Biography.com website

Harriet Beecher Stowe was an author and social activist best known for her popular anti-slavery novel 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Who Was Harriet Beecher Stowe?

Harriet Beecher was a leading Congregationalist minister and the patriarch of a family committed to social justice. Stowe achieved national fame for her anti-slavery novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which fanned the flames of sectionalism before the Civil War. Stowe died in Hartford, Connecticut, on July 1, 1896.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born on June 14, 1811, in Litchfield, Connecticut. She was one of 13 children born to religious leader Lyman Beecher and his wife, Roxanna Foote Beecher, who died when Harriet was a child. Harriet's seven brothers grew up to be ministers, including the famous leader Henry Ward Beecher. Her sister Catharine Beecher was an author and a teacher who helped to shape Harriet's social views. Another sister, Isabella, became a leader of the cause of women's rights.

Harriet enrolled in a school run by Catharine, following the traditional course of classical learning usually reserved for young men. At the age of 21, she moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, where her father had become the head of the Lane Theological Seminary.

Lyman Beecher took a strong abolitionist stance following the pro-slavery Cincinnati Riots of 1836. His attitude reinforced the abolitionist beliefs of his children, including Stowe. Stowe found like-minded friends in a local literary association called the Semi-Colon Club. Here, she formed a friendship with fellow member and seminary teacher Calvin Ellis Stowe. They were married on January 6, 1836, and eventually moved to a cottage near Brunswick, Maine, close to Bowdoin College.

Career

Along with their interest in literature, Harriet and Calvin Stowe shared a strong belief in abolition. In 1850, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, prompting distress and distress in abolitionist and free black communities of the North. Stowe decided to express her feelings through a literary representation of slavery, basing her work on the life of Josiah Henson and on her own observations. In 1851, the first installment of Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, appeared in the *National Era*. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published as a book the following year and quickly became a best seller.

Stowe's emotional portrayal of the impact of slavery, particularly on families and children, captured the nation's attention. Embraced in the North, the book and its author aroused hostility in the South. Enthusiasts staged theatrical performances based on the story, with the characters of Tom, Eva and Topsy achieving iconic status.

After the Civil War began, Stowe traveled to Washington, D.C., where she met with Abraham Lincoln. A possibly apocryphal but popular story credits Lincoln with the greeting, "So you are the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war." While little is known about the meeting, the persistence of this story captures the perceived significance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the split between North and South.

Later Life

Stowe continued to write and to champion social and political causes for the rest of her life. She published stories, essays, textbooks and a long list of novels, including *Oldtown Folks* and *Dred*. While none of these matched *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in terms of popularity, Stowe remained well known and respected in the North, particularly in reform-minded communities. She was often asked to weigh in on political issues of the day, such as Mormon polygamy.

Despite the moral rectitude of the Beechers, the family was not immune to scandal. In 1872, charges of an adulterous affair between Henry Ward Beecher and a female parishioner brought national scandal. Stowe maintained that her brother was innocent throughout the subsequent trial. While Stowe is closely associated with New England, she spent a considerable amount of time near Jacksonville, Florida. Among Stowe's many causes was the promotion of Florida as a vacation destination and a place for social and economic investment. The Stowe family spent winters in Mandarin, Florida. One of Stowe's books, *Palmetto Leaves*, takes place in northern Florida, describing both the land and the people of that region.

Stowe died on July 1, 1896, in Hartford, Connecticut. She was 85. Her body is buried at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, under the epitaph "Her Children Rise up and Call Her Blessed."

Uncle Tom's Cabin was Stowe's own contribution to American reform. Published in serial form in the *National Era* between June 1851 and April 1852 and as a book early in 1852, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* became an instantaneous and phenomenal success. Portraying slavery as a threat to both Christianity and domesticity, Stowe's novel helped galvanize anti-slavery sentiment in the North. In the following excerpt from chapter 23, the two St. Clare brothers debate the possible onslaught of a "San Domingo hour" in the South after witnessing the young Henrique beat the slave Dodo.

Excerpt from Uncle Tom's Cabin :

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P—, in Kentucky.

There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

For convenience sake, we have said, hitherto, two gentlemen. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors, attached to it,—which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray's Grammar, and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

'That is the way I should arrange the matter,' said Mr. Shelby.

'I can't make trade that way—I positively can't, Mr. Shelby,' said the other, holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

'Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock.'

'You mean honest, as niggers go,' said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

'No; I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion ata camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really did get it. I've trusted him, since then, with everything I have,—money, house, horses,—and let him come and go round the country; and I always found him true and square in everything.'

'Some folks don't believe there is pious niggers, Shelby,' said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, 'but I do. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans—'twas as good as a meetin', now, really, to hear that critter pray; and he was quite gentle and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeyable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine article, and no mistake.'

'Well, Tom's got the real article, if ever a fellow had,' rejoined the other. 'Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. 'Tom,' says I to him, 'I trust you, because I think you're a Christian—I know you wouldn't cheat.' Tom comes back, sure enough; I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him—'Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada?' 'Ah, master trusted me, and I couldn't—they told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience.'

'Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep,—just a little, you know, to swear by, as 'twere,' said the trader, jocularly; 'and then, I'm ready to do anything in reason to 'blige friends; but this yer, you see, is a leetle too hard on a fellow—a leetle too hard.' The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy.

'Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?' said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

'Well, haven't you a boy or gal that you could throw in with Tom?'

'Hum!—none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my hands, that's a fact.'

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

Excerpt from Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe
Long after dusk, the whole weary train, with their baskets on their heads, defiled up to the building appropriated to the storing and weighing the cotton. Legree was there, busily conversing with the two drivers. "Dat ar Tom's gwine to make a powerful deal o'trouble; kept a puttin' into Lucy's basket.—One o'these yer dat will get all der niggers to feelin' 'bused, if Mas'r don't watch him!" said Sambo. "Hey-dey! The black cuss!" said Legree. "He'll have to get a breakin' in, won't he boys?" Both negroes grinned a horrid grin at this intimation. "Ay, ay! Let Mas'r Legree alone, for breakin in! De debil heself couldn't beat Mas'r at that!" said quimbo. "Wal, boys the best way is to give him the flogging to do, till hegets over his notions. Break him in!" "It'll have to come out of him, though!" said Legree, as he rolled his tobacco in his mouth. "Now, dar's Lucy,—de aggravatinst, ugliest wench on de place!" pursued

Sambo."Take care, Sam; I shall begin to think what's the reason for your spit agin Lucy." "Well, Mas'r knows she sot herself up agin Mas'r and wouldn't have me, when he telled her to." "Id a flogged her into 't," said Legree, spitting, "only there's such a press o' work, it don't seem wuth a while to upsether jist now. She's slender; but these yer slender gals with bear half killin' to get their own way!" "Wal, Lucy was real aggravatin' and lazy, sulkin' round; wouldn't do nothin',—and Tom he tuck up for her." "He did eh! Wal, then, Tom shall have the pleasure of floggin her. It'll be a good practice for him, and he won't put it on to the gal like you devils, neither." "Ho, ho! haw! haw! haw!" laughed both to the sooty wretches; and the diabolical sounds seemed, in truth, a not unapt expression of the fiendish character which Legree gave them. "Wal, but, Mas'r, Tom and Misse Cassy, and dey among 'em, filled Lucy's basket. I ruther guess der weight's in it, Mas'r!" "I do the weighing!" said Legree, emphatically. Both the drivers laughed again their diabolical laugh. "So!" he added, "Misse Cassy did her day's work."

"She picks like de debil and all his angels!" "She's got 'em all in her, I believe!" said Legree; and growling a brutal oath, he proceeded to the weighing room. Slowly, the weary dispirited creatures wound their way into the room, and, with crouching reluctance, presented their baskets to be weighed. Legree noted on a slate, on the side of which was pasted a list of names, the amount. Tom's basket was weighed and approved; and he looked, with an anxious glance, for the success of the woman he had befriended. Tottering with weakness, she came forward, and delivered her basket. It was of full weight, as Legree well perceived; but, affecting anger, her said,— "What, you lazy beast! short again! stand aside, you'll catch it pretty soon!" The woman gave a groan of utter despair, and sat sown on a board. The person who had been called Misse Cassy now came forward, and, with a haughty, negligent air, delivered her basket. As she delivered it, Legree looked in her eyes with a sneering yet inquiring glance. She fixed her black eyes steadily on him, her lips moved slightly, and she said something in French. What it was, no one know, but Legree's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression as she spoke; he half raised his hand as if to strike,—a gesture which she regarded with fierce disdain, as she turned and walked away. "And now: said Legree, "come here, you Tom. You see I telled ye I didn't buy ye jest for the common work; I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye; and tonight ye may jest as well begin to get yer hand in. Now, ye jest take this yer gal and flog her; ye've seen enough on't to now how." "I beg Mas'r's pardon," said Tom; "hopes Mas'r won't set me at that. It's what I an't used to,—never did,—and can't do, no way possible." "Ye'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know, before I've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cowhide and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows. "There" he said, as he stopped to rest, "now will ye tell me ye can't do it?" "Yes Mas'r,:" said Tom, putting up his hand to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to work night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, Mas'r Inevershall do it,—never!" Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a habitually respectful manner that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly, and easily subdued. When he spoke these last words, a thrill of amazement went through everyone, the poor woman clasped her hands and said, "O Lord!" and everyone involuntarily looked at each other and drew in their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst. Legree looked stupefied and confounded, but at last burst forth,— "What! Ye blasted black beast ! tellmeyer don't think it right to do what I tell ye! What have any of you cussed cattle to do with thinking what's right? I'll put a stop to it! Why, what do ye think ye are? May be ye think ye're a gentleman, master Tom, to be a telling your master what's right and what an't! So you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal!" "I think so, Mas'r," said Tom, "the poor crittur's sick and feeble; 't would be downright cruel, and it's what I never will do, nor begin to. Mas'r if you mean to kill me, kill me, but as to my raising my hand agin anyone here, I never shall,—I'll die first!" Tom spoke in a mild voice but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion; but, like some ferocious beast that plays with its victim before he devours it, he kept back his strong impulse to proceed to immediate violence and broke out into bitter raillery. "Well, here's a pious dog, at last, let down among us sinners!—a saint,

a gentleman, and no less, to talk to us sinners about our sins! Powerful, holy crittur, he must be! Here, you rascal, you make believe to be so pious,—didn't you never hear out of yer Bible, 'Servants, obey yer masters'? An't I yer master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is inside yer old cussed black shell? An't yer mine, now body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot. "Tell me!" In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and, looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed—"No! no! no! my soul an't yours, Mas'r! You haven't bought it,—ye can't buy it. It's been bought and paid for by open that is able to keep it—no matter, no matter, you can't harm me!" "I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer, "we'll see,—we'll see! Here Sambo, Quimbo, give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month!" The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of the powers of darkness. The poor woman screamed with apprehension, and all rose, as by a general impulse, while they dragged him unresisting from the place.

[From Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Or Life Among the Lowly* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1886), pp. 396–99.

Print Source: Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co., 1852).

The scene of the beating had been witnessed by the two brothers St. Clare, from another part of the garden.

Augustine's cheek flushed; but he only observed, with his usual sarcastic carelessness.

"I suppose that's what we may call republican education, Alfred?"

"Henrique is a devil of a fellow, when his blood's up," said Alfred, carelessly.

"I suppose you consider this an instructive practice for him," said Augustine, drily.

"I couldn't help it, if I didn't. Henrique is a regular little tempest; -- his mother and I have given him up, long ago. But, then, that Dodo is a perfect sprite, -- no amount of whipping can hurt him."

"And this by way of teaching Henrique the first verse of a republican's catechism, 'All men are born free and equal!'"

"Poh!" said Alfred; "one of Tom Jefferson's pieces of French sentiment and humbug. It's perfectly ridiculous to have that going the rounds among us, to this day."

"I think it is," said St. Clare, significantly.

"Because," said Alfred, "we can see plainly enough that all men are not born free, nor born equal; they are born anything else. For my part, I think half this republican talk sheer humbug. It is the educated, the intelligent, the wealthy, the refined, who ought to have equal rights and not the canaille."

"If you can keep the canaille of that opinion," said Augustine. "They took their turn once, in France."

"Of course, they must be kept down, consistently, steadily, as I should," said Alfred, setting his foot

hard down as if he were standing on somebody.

"It makes a terrible slip when they get up," said Augustine, -- "in St. Domingo, for instance."

"Poh!" said Alfred, "we'll take care of that, in this country. We must set our face against all this educating, elevating talk, that is getting about now; the lower class must not be educated."

"That is past praying for," said Augustine; "educated they will be, and we have only to say how. Our system is educating them in barbarism and brutality. We are breaking all humanizing ties, and making them brute beasts; and, if they get the upper hand, such we shall find them."

"They shall never get the upper hand!" said Alfred.

"That's right," said St. Clare; "put on the steam, fasten down the escape-valve, and sit on it, and see where you'll land."

"Well," said Alfred, "we will see. I'm not afraid to sit on the escape-valve, as long as the boilers are strong, and the machinery works well."

"The nobles in Louis XVI.'s time thought just so; and Austria and Pius IX. think so now; and, some pleasant morning, you may all be caught up to meet each other in the air, when the boilers burst."

"Dies declarabit," said Alfred, laughing.

"I tell you," said Augustine, "if there is anything that is revealed with the strength of a divine law in our times, it is that the masses are to rise, and the under class become the upper one."

"That's one of your red republican humbugs, Augustine! Why didn't you ever take to the stump; -- you'd make a famous stump orator! Well, I hope I shall be dead before this millennium of your greasy masses comes on."

"Greasy or not greasy, they will govern you, when their time comes," said Augustine; "and they will be just such rulers as you make them. The French noblesse chose to have the people 'sans culottes,' and they had 'sans culotte' governors to their hearts' content. The people of Hayti -- "

"O, come, Augustine! as if we hadn't had enough of that abominable, contemptible Hayti! 1 The Haytiens were not Anglo Saxons; if they had been there would have been another story. The Anglo Saxon is the dominant race of the world, and is to be so."

"Well, there is a pretty fair infusion of Anglo Saxon blood among our slaves, now," said Augustine. "There are plenty among them who have only enough of the African to give a sort of tropical warmth and fervor to our calculating firmness and foresight. If ever the San Domingo hour comes, Anglo Saxon blood will lead on the day. Sons of white fathers, with all our haughty feelings burning in their veins, will not always be bought and sold and traded. They will rise, and raise with them their mother's race."

"Stuff! -- nonsense!"

"Well," said Augustine, "there goes an old saying to this effect, 'As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be; -- they ate, they drank, they planted, they builded, and knew not till the flood came and

took them."

"On the whole, Augustine, I think your talents might do for a circuit rider," said Alfred, laughing. "Never you fear for us; possession is our nine points. We've got the power. This subject race," said he, stamping firmly, "is down and shall stay down! We have energy enough to manage our own powder."

"Sons trained like your Henrique will be grand guardians of your powder-magazines," said Augustine, -- "so cool and self-possessed! The proverb says, "'They that cannot govern themselves cannot govern others.'"

"There is a trouble there" said Alfred, thoughtfully; "there's no doubt that our system is a difficult one to train children under. It gives too free scope to the passions, altogether, which, in our climate, are hot enough. I find trouble with Henrique. The boy is generous and warm-hearted, but a perfect fire-cracker when excited. I believe I shall send him North for his education, where obedience is more fashionable, and where he will associate more with equals, and less with dependents."

"Since training children is the staple work of the human race," said Augustine, "I should think it something of a consideration that our system does not work well there."

"It does not for some things," said Alfred; "for others, again, it does. It makes boys manly and courageous; and the very vices of an abject race tend to strengthen in them the opposite virtues. I think Henrique, now, has a keener sense of the beauty of truth, from seeing lying and deception the universal badge of slavery."

"A Christian-like view of the subject, certainly!" said Augustine.

"It's true, Christian-like or not; and is about as Christian-like as most other things in the world," said Alfred.

"That may be," said St. Clare.

"Well, there's no use in talking, Augustine. I believe we've been round and round this old track five hundred times, more or less. What do you say to a game of backgammon?"

The two brothers ran up the verandah steps, and were soon seated at a light bamboo stand, with the backgammon-board between them. As they were setting their men, Alfred said,

"I tell you, Augustine, if I thought as you do, I should do something."

"I dare say you would, -- you are one of the doing sort, -- but what?"

"Why, elevate your own servants, for a specimen," said Alfred, with a half-scornful smile.

"You might as well set Mount AEtina on them flat, and tell them to stand up under it, as tell me to elevate my servants under all the superincumbent mass of society upon them. One man can do nothing, against the whole action of a community. Education, to do anything, must be a state education; or there must be enough agreed in it to make a current."

Who is Ernest Hemingway? How famous was he? What did he contribute to American Literature?

adapted from : You, Me & Literature, Worth-reading & worth-sharing as well

Ernest Miller Hemingway was an American author and journalist. His economical and understated style had a strong influence on 20th-century fiction, while his life of adventure and his public image influenced later generations. He was famous for his novels, short stories and essays, with works that include: "*The Sun Also Rises*" (1926), "*A Farewell to Arms*" (1929), "*For Whom the Bell Tolls*" (1940) and "*The Old Man and the Sea*" (1952). Many of his works are considered classics of American literature.

As a novelist, Hemingway is often assigned a place among the writers of **'the lost generation'**, along with Faulkner, Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis. These writers, including Ernest Hemingway, tried to show the loss the First World War had caused in the social, moral and psychological spheres of human life. They also reveal the horror, the fear and the futility of human existence.

Hemingway grew up under the influence of his father who encouraged him to develop outdoor interests such as swimming, fishing and hunting. His early boyhood was spent in the northern woods of Michigan among the native Indians, where he learned the primitive aspects of life such as fear, pain, danger and death. He was passionately involved with bullfighting, big game hunting and deep sea fishing, and his writing reflects this. When the Second World War broke out, he took an active part and offered to lead a suicide squadron against the Nazi U Boats. But in the course of the war, he fell ill and was nursed by Mary Walsh, who eventually became his fourth wife and continued to be with him until his death. In 1954, he survived two plane crashes in the African jungle. His adventures and trust with destiny made him a celebrity all over the English speaking world.

His fortunes took a turn for the worse, when Fidel Castro came to power and ordered the Americans out of Cuba. It proved a great shock to Hemingway and added to his agony over the decline of his creative talents. He fell victim to acute fits of depression and attempted suicide twice. He was hospitalized and treated for his psychological problems. But after a few months of doubts, anxieties and depression, he shot himself on the 2nd of July 1961, bringing to an end one of the most eventful and colorful lives of our times.

An Excellent Story Teller

A Farewell to Arms shows Hemingway's talent for story-telling. Although the novel contains two stories—one about war and the other about love—they have successfully been inter-woven and fused. The narrative is so gripping that we read the book breathlessly till the very end. The story has all the ingredients to give it a popular appeal—action, adventure, violence, excitement, suspense.

In fact all of Hemingway's novels and stories are full of these elements. His short story *The Killers* abounds in suspense and his novel *The Old Man and the Sea* is a tale of an unhappy adventure of Santiago.

Themes of His Novels

Written in a simple but unconventional style, with the problems of war, disappointment, violence and death as their themes, his novels present a symbolic interpretation of life.

His preoccupation with violence and death has especially been noted and commented upon by critics as the cult of death, a death wish, an obsession with death and so on. Hemingway himself said that death, violent death, was one of the subjects about which he most wanted to write. One critic goes so far as to say that “in reality Hemingway has only one theme—death”. *A Farewell to Arms* depicts the violence of war. But apart from that, the dominant emotion behind this story is one of disappointment, suffering, defeat, and despair. The theme of *The Old Man and the Sea* is that a man is born courageous. He can be destroyed but not defeated.

Hemingway - himself a great sportsman - liked to portray soldiers, hunters, bullfighters whose courage and honesty are set against the brutal ways of modern society.

The Hemingway Hero and The Hemingway Code

Hemingway conceives his protagonists as alienated individuals fighting a losing battle against the odds of life with courage, endurance and will as their only weapons. The Hemingway Hero is a lonely individual, wounded either physically or emotionally. He exemplifies a code of courageous behavior in a world of irrational destruction. He offers up and exemplifies certain principles of honor, courage and endurance in a life of tension and pain which make a man a man. He is conscious of the fact that, through no fault of his own, life proves to be a disappointing affair. However, the solution to the problem is not a mood of hopelessness or pessimism because that would be a denial of life.

The Hemingway Hero is not a coward, and his capacity for a stoic endurance of his sad fate means a kind of victory even in defeat.

The finest and best known of these code-heroes is Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea*. The chief point about Santiago is that he behaves perfectly—honorably, with great courage and endurance—while losing to the sharks, the giant fish he has caught. This is life; such is the message the code hero always brings; one must lose, of course; what counts is how one behaves while one is being destroyed.

The Use of Symbolism

There is often an element of symbolic writing in Hemingway’s novels. Carlos Baker has pointed out the use of mountains and plains as symbolizing Home and Not-Home respectively in *A Farewell to Arms*. Even more striking is the use of rain as a symbol of disaster in this novel: it is raining when Henry parts with Catherine in Milan to go back to his duties; it is raining during the Caporetto retreat; it is raining when Henry confronts the Italian military police; it is raining when Catherine dies.

In *The Old Man and the Sea*, Santiago stands for humanity. His courage and determination make him fight against the odds of life. His struggle indicates that man’s greatness lies in his power to stay. The sea in this novel represents a sacred field where Santiago finds his personal identity. The boy Manolin is the symbol of the old man’s lost youth. Similarly the repeated attacks of sharks; Santiago’s thinking of DiMaggio, the baseball champion and his dreaming of lions—all have symbolic significance.

Autobiographical Elements in His Writings

Hemingway’s interesting life could easily be perceived through his writing. His 62 years were packed with excitement. Living through adventure after adventure, he told stories of his life and love on the Left Bank in Paris, of death and bull-fights he saw in Spain, the fierce beasts he hunted

in the African Jungles, the two world wars in which he played a part in Europe, and a giant 1000 pound fish he battled off the coast of Cuba.

When Hemingway was in Italy for World War I, he was an ambulance driver (like Frederic Henry in *A Farewell To Arms*), fell in love with an older woman who was his nurse there (as Frederic falling in love with his nurse, Catherine Barkley), and his wife had a difficult labor while delivering their son, Patrick (like in the end of the story when Catherine delivers a stillborn baby, then dies). His experiences on the war front form the theme of another best seller '*For Whom the Bell Tolls*'. The story of Santiago's catching and losing a gigantic fish in *The Old Man and the Sea* is also based on Hemingway's own experience.

Hemingway's Style

A great deal has been written about Hemingway's distinctive style. In fact, the two great stylists of twentieth-century American literature are William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway, and the styles of the two writers are so vastly different that there can be no comparison.

Ernest Hemingway did more to change the style of English prose than any other writer in the twentieth century, and for his efforts he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1954. Short and solid sentences, delightful dialogues, and a painstaking hunt for an apt word or phrase to express the exact truth, are the distinguishing features of his style. "***A writer's style,***" he said, "***should be direct and personal, his imagery rich and earthy, and his words simple and vigorous.***"

For the most part his prose is colloquial, characterized chiefly by simplicity of diction and sentence structure. The words are normally short and common ones and there is severe economy, and also a curious freshness, in their use. He evokes an emotional awareness in the reader by a highly selective use of suggestive pictorial detail, and has done for prose what Eliot has done for poetry.

To sum up, Hemingway is one of the most promising classic novelists of all time. He eventually gained huge recognition and raked in award after award. His writing is more than just adventurous stories; his novels and short stories, presents human life as a perpetual struggle which ends only in death. Moreover, he helped to set the style for the modern novel. His lean, muscular prose and dramatic plots have, perhaps, been copied more than any other modern author's and his work has been translated into all the world's major languages. The influence of his work has continued through the years, not only on American literature but worldwide. His novels have been made into successful films. You have not read American classic until you've read an Ernest Hemingway novel.

Extract from *The Old Man and the Sea*

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks.

The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him."

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal."

"He hasn't much faith."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home."

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

"Santiago," the boy said.

"Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

"Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?"

"No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net."

"I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way."

"You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man."

"How old was I when you first took me in a boat?"

"Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me."

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?"

"I remember everything from when we first went together."

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

"If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat."

"May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too."

"I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box."

"Let me get four fresh ones."

"One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

"Two," the boy said.

"Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?"

"I would," the boy said. "But I bought these."

"Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

"Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said.

"Where are you going?" the boy asked.

"Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light."

"I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid."

"He does not like to work too far out."

"No," the boy said. "But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin."

"Are his eyes that bad?"

"He is almost blind."

"It is strange," the old man said. "He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes."

"But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good."

"I am a strange old man."

"But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?"

"I think so. And there are many tricks."