ENG 303: Practice ID Passages (Victorian/Modernist) Prof. Moy

A) The rain set early in tonight,

 The sullen wind was soon awake,

It tore the elm-tops down for spite,

 And did its worst to vex the lake:

 I listened with heart fit to break.

When glided in -----; straight

 She hut the cold out and the storm,

And kneeled and made the cheerless grate

 Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;

B) Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or utterance of feeling: but, if we may be excused the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard;* poetry is *over*heard. Eloquence supposes an audience…All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy.

C) Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man’s power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender…But the woman’s power is for rule, not for battle,--and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision.

D) Yet is it now my chosen task

 To sing her worth as Maid and Wife;

Nor happier post than this I ask,

 To live her laureate all my life.

E) A man’s brains splattered on

A stretcher-bearer’s face;

His shook shoulders slipped their load,

But when they bent to look again

The drowning soul was sunk too deep

For human tenderness.

F) Use no superfluous word, no adjective, which does not reveal something….

Let the candidate fill his mind with the finest cadences he can discover, preferably in a foreign language so that the meaning of the words may be less likely to divert his attention form the movement…

Don’t imagine that a thing will “go” in verse just because it’s too dull to go in prose.

G) Take up the White Man’s burden—

 Send forth the best ye breed—

Go bind your sons to exile

 To serve your captives’ need;

To wait in heavy harness,

 On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught, sullen peoples,

 Half-devil and half-child

H) For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer’s men were coming. And then…what a morning—fresh as if issued to children on a beach. What a lark! What a plunge! For so it had always seemed to her, when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the French windows and plunged at Bourton into the open air. How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning: like the flap of a wave the kiss of a wave….