

Name of Student

Name of Teacher

Am. Lit. remote unit # 1: Dark Romanticism packet checklist

- _____ 1. Complete the power notes packet.
- _____ 2. Review Gothic Fiction notes.
- _____ 3. Review Dark Romanticism Terms / Notes for "The Raven".
- _____ 4. Read the poem "The Raven"
(Google the Christopher Walken reading online if you have internet access)
- _____ 5. Using annotations, summarize each stanza of the poem "The Raven".
- _____ 6. Using annotations, identify examples of the unit literary terms in the poem "The Raven".
- _____ 7. Complete the Respond and Think Critically questions on the Edgar Allan Poe handout.
- _____ 8. Look up the word parody. View "The Simpsons" version of "The Raven" online (if you have internet access) and write a one paragraph explanation of how it is a parody of the original poem.
- _____ 9. Review the notes on Understanding Literary Archetypes.
- _____ 10. Identify a common archetype in a TV show or movie you've seen recently.
- _____ 11. Read "The Devil and Tom Walker".
- _____ 12. Complete the questions for "The Devil and Tom Walker" on the Washington Irving handout.
- _____ 13. Read and summarize the poem "Eldorado" by Edgar Allan Poe.
- _____ 14. Explain the four different meanings of the word "shadow" as they are used in the poem.
- _____ 15. According to the poem, what is the literal meaning of the term Eldorado? What is the figurative meaning? Explain your answer in a well developed paragraph citing textual evidence from the poem.

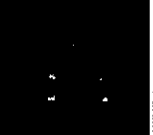
The Dark Romantics

Challenge to the Transcendentalists

A Dark Romantic View

I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible.

From "The Fall of the House of Usher" by Edgar Allan Poe



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P. 1

Who Were the Dark Romantics?

- The Dark Romantics were a group of nineteenth-century writers who explored the dark side of human nature.
- Dark Romantic writers explored the human potential for evil, including the psychological effects of guilt, sin, and madness.
- The Dark Romantic view countered the optimism of the Transcendentalist writers of the time.

Who Were the Transcendentalists?

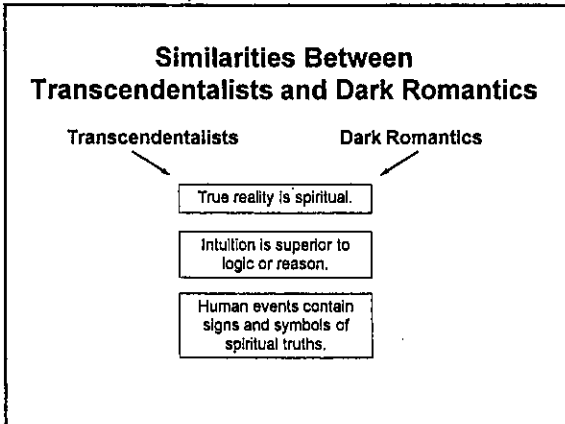
- The Transcendentalists were a group of nineteenth-century writers and artists who believed in the goodness and ultimate perfectibility of human beings.
- The Transcendentalists valued self-reliance and individualism over custom and tradition.
- They saw the natural world as a doorway to a mystical or ideal reality.

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Differences Between Transcendentalists and Dark Romantics

Transcendentalists	Dark Romantics
<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; margin-bottom: 10px;">Saw divine goodness and beauty beneath everyday reality</div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Embraced the mystical and idealistic elements of Puritan thought</div>	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; margin-bottom: 10px;">Believed spiritual truths may be ugly or frightening</div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">Reintroduced the dark side of Puritan beliefs: the idea of Original Sin and the human potential for evil</div>



The Dark Romantics

DIRECTIONS: Use the outline to take notes as you view The Dark Romantics presentation.

- I. Who Were the Dark Romantics?
 - A. The Dark Romantics were a group of 19th century writers who explored _____
 - B. Dark Romantic writers explored the human potential for _____, including the psychological effects of _____, _____, and _____.
 - C. The Dark Romantic view countered the _____ of the Transcendental writers of the time.

- II. Who Were the Transcendentalists?
 - A. The Transcendentalists were a group of 19th century writers & artists who believed in the goodness and _____ of human beings.
 - B. The Transcendentalists valued _____ and individualism over _____ and _____.
 - C. They saw the natural world as a _____ to a mystical ^{or} ideal _____.

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The Dark Romantics

III. Differences Between Transcendentalists and Dark Romantics

Transcendentalists	Dark Romantics

IV. Similarities Between Transcendentalists and Dark Romantics

- A. True reality is _____.
- B. Intuition is superior to _____
or _____.
- C. Human events contain _____ and
_____ of spiritual truths.

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The Dark Romantics

V. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864)

A. Hawthorne's short stories and novels reflect

1. In "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," four people drink a magical elixer and choose the foolishness of false youth over age & wisdom.
2. In "The Minister's Black Veil," A Puritan minister decides to wear a black veil for the rest of his life to represent the universality of
3. The novel *The Scarlet Letter* tells a story of
and and explores
the evil of.

VI. Herman Melville (1819-1891)

A. Herman Melville's short stories and novels also reflect a dark Romantic view of nature and humanity.

1. In the novel *Moby-Dick*, Captain Ahab doubts whether there is any real
or behind the appearances of nature.
2. In "Bartleby the Scrivener," a lawyer watches his copyist

PowerNotes

STUDENT'S NOTES

The Dark Romantics

VII. Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849)

A. Poe's masterful short stories told tales of _____,
_____ and _____.

1. In "The Cask of Amontillado," the mad narrator takes
_____ on a man who

2. In the classic horror tale The Pit and The Pendulum,
the narrator barely escapes _____

3. In "The Tell-Tale Heart," a man commits murder
and is driven to confess by the _____

VIII. The Dark Romantic Legacy

A. Dark Romantic themes still appear in
_____, _____, _____, _____,
_____ and _____.

1. Present-day horror stories and movies
borrow images and _____ from
the original master of horror, Edgar Allan Poe.

2. The conflict between _____ and
_____ and the effects of _____
and _____ are major themes in
current literature, popular writing, & T.V.

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Gothic Fiction

The Characteristics of Gothic Fiction are:

- Using haunting, eerie settings and strange, chilling events.
- Romantic interest in intuition, imagination, and hidden truths.
- Reaction against the optimism of the Transcendentalists.
- Exploration of evil and the irrational depths of the human mind.

The Dark Side of Romanticism:

Not all American writers agreed that people are essentially good. Some believed that the Transcendentalists did not adequately take into account the darker side of human nature, the presence of suffering in the world, and the ongoing conflict between good and evil.

The Dark Romantics shared the value of intuition and imagination over rationalism, and they wanted to explore the mysteries of human existence, but where the Transcendentalists saw goodness and hope, the Dark Romantics found madness, evil, and alienation.

European Beginnings:

A Gothic novel is a tale of terror which often adopted the setting of the medieval Gothic castle and used its pointed arches and vaults, dark dungeons, and underground passages to evoke fear. The term Gothic was later expanded to describe any fiction that created a haunting atmosphere and included strange and chilling events, such as live burials, horrifying tortures, and the earthly resurrection of corpses.

American Developments:

Americans transformed the Gothic novel with an emerging trend, the short story – stories that were meant to be read in one sitting. For this reason, the plot was generally uncomplicated. The simplified story structure allowed writers to focus on the internal workings of the main character's mind.

Dark Romantics show the madness and violence under the seemingly tranquil surface of civilization.

Name: _____ Date: _____ Block: _____

Dark Romanticism Terms / Notes for "The Raven"

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Atmosphere = mood

Examples of atmosphere in Gothic Fiction: rotting mansion, mysterious illness, a person buried alive...

Allusion: references to history, literature, or some other branch of culture

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symbol: a concrete object, a person, a place, or an action that works on at least two levels. It functions as itself and implies a deeper meaning.

Symbolic meaning: it emerges from an overall interpretation of its individual symbols.

Why should you *retell* as you read? to understand what is happening, to review. Think about causes and effects.

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internal rhyme: rhyme that occurs within a line of poetry or within consecutive lines, such as the words dreary and weary in line 1 of The Raven.

Alliteration: repetition of a consonant sound.

Onomatopoeia: words that echo their sense (sound).

Refrain: repetition of a phrase or line, usually at the end of a stanza.

What is the purpose of an oral reading in poetry? it draws your attention to the use of rhyme, onomatopoeia, and refrain. The sound effects have a purpose - in the case of "The Raven", they help establish mood.

Directions:

1. Read the poem "The Raven".
2. Summarize the poem.
3. Using annotations, identify examples of each of the above literary terms in the poem "The Raven".

The Raven

by Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is, and nothing more,'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what theraat is, and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never-nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

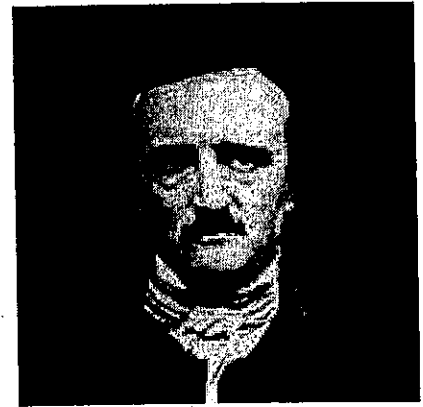
'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil! -
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - *is* there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting -
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

Edgar Allan Poe p. 318-319



(1809 - 1849)

- Detective shows, ghost stories, horror movies
- orphaned before 3rd birthday
- raised by John & Frances Allan - never adopted
- University of VA - gambling
- 1827 - published "Tamerlane" - a small book of poems
- Army - rank of Sgt. Maj.
- West Point - 1829 - Had himself dismissed - published "Al Aaraaf"
- 1835 - married 13 yr old cousin, Virginia (he was 26)
- His writing laid the foundation for the detective story & psychological thriller

Respond and Think Critically • humiliating poverty • alcoholic

6. **Analyze.** How would you describe the mood, or feeling, created by the poem's setting? Which images are integral to the mood?

7. **Interpret.** The speaker's tone, or attitude toward his visitor, changes as the raven gradually transforms from a slightly comic figure into a demonic one. Is there evidence suggesting that the speaker is going mad? Explain.

8. **Interpret.** What, in your opinion, does the raven symbolize? Why do you suppose Poe chose a raven rather than a different kind of bird to carry this meaning?

Understanding Literary Archetypes

An archetype is a pattern from which copies can be made. That is, it is a universal theme that, on one level or another, all individuals understand. Common archetypes can be found all over the world and throughout history. Archetypal analysis of a work is one of the most common forms of literary analysis.

Archetypes fall into two major categories:

- characters
- situations/symbols

Listed below are some of the most common archetypes in each category.

Characters:

1. *The hero* - The courageous figure, the one who's always running in and saving the day. Example: D'Artagnan from Alexandre Dumas's "The Three Musketeers"
2. *The outcast* - The outcast is just that. He or she has been cast out of society or has left it on a voluntary basis. The outcast figure can oftentimes also be considered as a Christ figure. Example: Simon from William Golding's "The Lord of the Flies"
3. *The scapegoat* - The scapegoat figure is the one who gets blamed for everything, regardless of whether he or she is actually at fault. Example: Snowball from George Orwell's "Animal Farm"
4. *The star-crossed lovers* - This is the young couple joined by love but unexpectedly parted by fate. Example: Romeo and Juliet from William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"
5. *The shrew* - This is that nagging, bothersome wife always battering her husband with verbal abuse. Example: Zeena from Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome"

Situations/symbols:

- *The task* - A situation in which a character, or group of characters, is driven to complete some duty of monstrous proportion. Example: Frodo's task to keep the ring safe in J. R. R. Tolkien's "The Lord of the Rings" trilogy.
- *The quest* - Here, the character(s) are searching for something, whether consciously or unconsciously. Their actions, thoughts, and feelings center around the goal for completing this quest. Example: Christian's quest for salvation in John Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress"
- *The loss of innocence* - This is, as the name implies, a loss of innocence through sexual experience, violence, or any other means. Example: Val's loss of innocence after settling down at the mercantile store in Tennessee William's "Orpheus Descending"
- *The initiation* - This is the process by which a character is brought into another sphere of influence, usually (in literature) into adulthood. Example: Ayla's initiation both into the Clan and into adulthood in Jean Auel's "The Clan of the Cave Bear"
- *Water* - Water is a symbol of life, cleansing, and rebirth. It is a strong life force, and is often depicted as a living, reasoning force. Example: Edna learns to swim in Kate Chopin's "The Awakening"

Identify one of the common archetypes you've seen in a movie or TV show recently. Explain your example.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper colour, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d--d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbour's. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to below it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom. "Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild

tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forebore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain: midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety; especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others assert that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire on top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man with an axe on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he sat out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was no where to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull frog croaked dolefully from a neighbouring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamour of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of the tree; with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavour to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game however; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property with the loss of his wife; for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them at length, dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house; out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vain glory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly travelling Zionward, were struck with self reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious, as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio bible on his counting house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend which closes his story in the following manner.

On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting house in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom, "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety-"The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

Washington Irving p. 288

Genius for inventing fictional comic narrators. Established as the foremost New York satirical writer. Fell in love with the British literary scene and stayed abroad for 17 years. He read the German Romantics and found inspiration in folklore and legends. He based many stories on German folk tales with American settings.



(1783 – 1859)

Satire: the use of humor, irony, exaggeration, or ridicule to expose and criticize people's stupidity or vices, particularly in the context of contemporary politics, religion, and other topical issues.

Literary Focus p. 289

Mood - the overall feeling or atmosphere of a story, play, or poem

Inference - an educated guess

Prediction - an educated guess about what will happen next

Foreshadow - when clues in plot, setting or mood suggest what will happen next

Mood - the mood of a story depends largely on how the author describes the setting

Read The Devil and Tom Walker p. 290 – 290. Complete the 'Respond and Think Critically' questions below.

5. **Infer** - How does the physical setting of the story reflect the moral decay of the characters and, indeed, of the whole society presented in this story?

6. **Analyze** - Review the description of the devil when Tom first encounters him. What details suggest that he comes from a region of hellfire?

7. As the narrator tells the story, what **tone** prevails? _____ use details from the story to support your response

Eldorado

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow—
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

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

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,—
'If you seek for Eldorado!'