

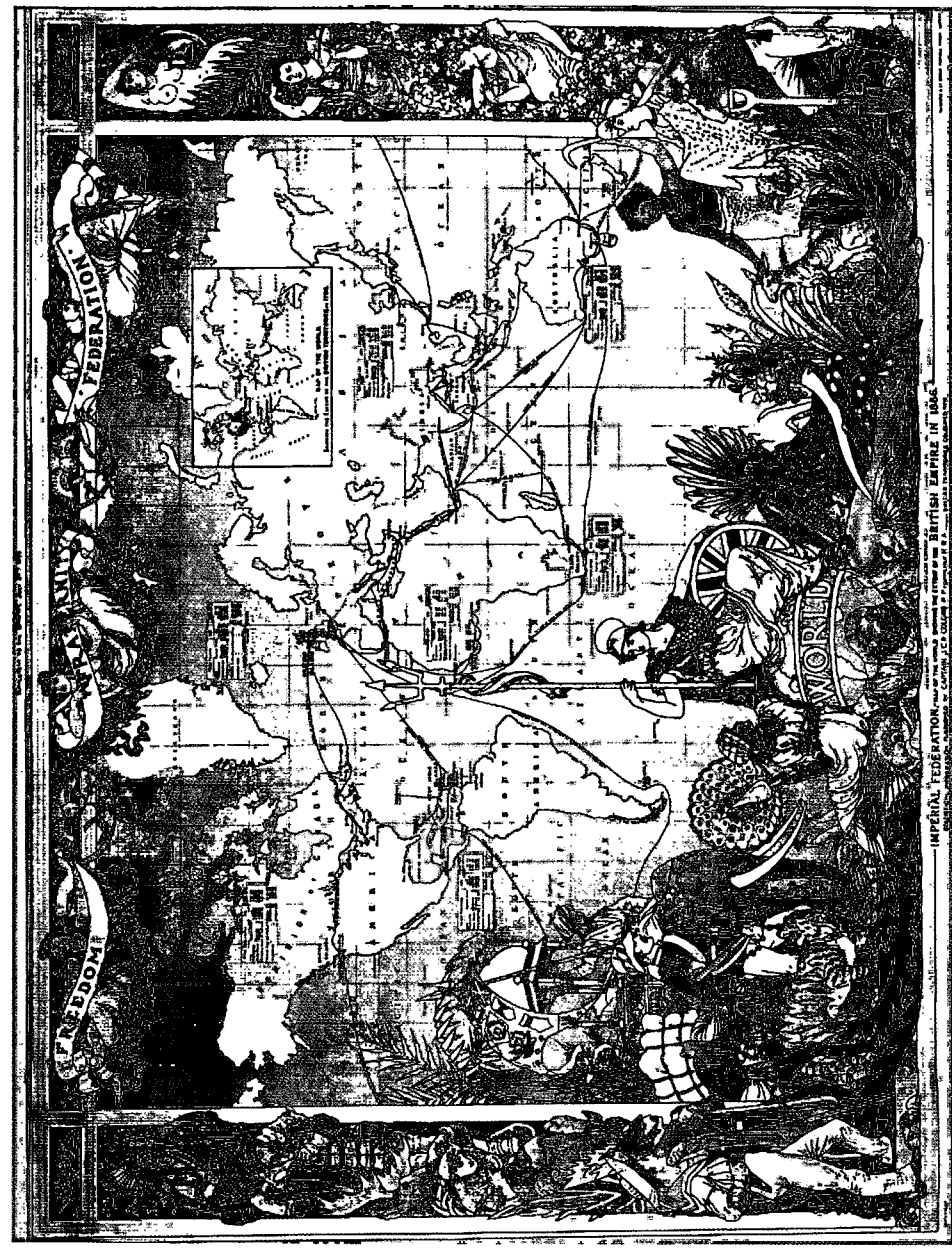
# The Longman Anthology of World Literature



VOLUME E.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

1800-1850  
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1990-2000



*Imperial Federation—Map of the World Showing the Extent of the British Empire in 1886.* The Empire's possessions are shown in red, while Britain's dominance of the seas is indicated in the lines that trace trade routes around the world from the British Isles. Below the map, Britannia sits on the world she rules, surrounded by a panoply of produce prof-fered by her colonial subjects, as a British sailor, soldier, ex-plorer, and settler family look on from the sides. Angels float above the world bearing banners that recall the French revolutionary principles of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality—with imperial "fed-eration" now taking equality's place. (Copyright © Corbis.)

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The Ancient Near East; Mesoamerica

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The Ancient Near East; Mesoamerica

**April Alliston**

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The Age of the Enlightenment

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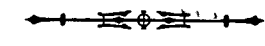
Early Modern Europe

**Pauline Yu**

AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES

China

# The Longman Anthology of World Literature



**David Damrosch**

*General Editor*

VOLUME E

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

**Marshall Brown**

**Bruce Robbins**

*with contributions by*

April Alliston, David Damrosch,

David L. Pike, Sheldon Pollock, and Pauline Yu



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## ❖ CROSSCURRENTS ❖

### The Folk and Their Tales

Folk song, folktale, folkways, folk legend, folk belief, folk saying, folk wisdom. These have existed, of course, ever since there were people to share them. But only in the later eighteenth century did Europeans feel enough distance from "the folk" to stand back and admire. Indeed, it was only then that these very phrases were coined and entered our language. The first modern collection of folk songs was Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765), which mixed popular ballads with well-known poems from the last three centuries. In England Percy was followed notably by the young Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-1803), which pursued the association of folk writing with rural and regional cultures. But it was especially in the politically fragmented and culturally backward Germany that the search for roots and commonalities fueled a compelling interest in folk materials. In 1778 and 1779 Johann Gottfried Herder, a friend of Goethe's and a prolific literary critic, philosopher, world historian, preacher, theologian, educator, poet, and translator, issued *Folksongs*, a collection with the newly minted word as its title and with a novel arrangement by regions and cultural groups; mostly European but ending with a section entitled "Songs of the Savages." For Herder, folk literature was the authentic expression of original cultures: "It cannot be doubted that poetry and especially song were originally entirely popular ["volksartig"], i.e., light, simple, from objects and in the language of the crowd as well as of nature's richness and universal feeling. Song loves the crowd, the concord of many. . . . The whole world and its languages, particularly the oldest, gray orient, provides a host of traces of this origin."

Other popular traditions long preceded folk songs. From antiquity came beast fables, and the magical tales of *The Thousand and One Nights* were translated into French in the seventeenth century, riding a wave of fascination with the Near and Far East. All these currents came together in another German collection that has surely become one of the most widely read of books, the *Children's and Domestic Tales* of the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm (1812, 1815), more often known by some version of the title *German Folktales*. The Grimms collected their tales from informants, then adapted them into a distinctive mix of sentimental propriety with a sometimes gory notion of primitive purity. An essay written in 1816 by Wilhelm Grimm reflects the idealization of folkways that emerged out of the combined interests in ballad, magic, and exoticism:

A good angel is granted to man from his homeland and accompanies him on his journey through life as a companion; he who does not feel the benefits that he reaps thereby may well feel them when he crosses the borders of his fatherland, where the angel abandons him. This benevolent companionship is the inexhaustible reward of fairy tales, legends, and story, which, together, strive to bring us ever after into proximity with the fresh and enlivening spirit of primitive times.

Especially in its German form (*Volk*, pronounced "folk" with an audible *V*), the term "folk" has sometimes been corrupted by modern racism and genocide. But a fruit may be wholesome before it rots. The fables of Aesop and their French imitations were long used as school texts on account of their accessible simplicity, their palatable morality, and (in La Fontaine's case) their wry humor. After Herder and Grimm, literature for children came to be understood as the literature of childhood, representing both individual development and the early stages of society. A new interest in different cultures and different stages of life made folk documents into powerful sources of inspiration and understanding. Some degree of condescension toward "primitives" and "savages" remained and was inseparable from the dawning apprehension of their contributions to humanity; it is hard to learn from children, to respect them, and to teach them all at the same time, and the complexity increases when it becomes an issue

of regional cultures, alien civilizations, and the dark reaches of the psyche. In the tales and in their telling it is worth the effort of sorting out and understanding all these intricate motivations beneath the fascinating surface.

—◆◆◆—

### *Aesop's Fables*

c. 6th century B.C.E.

Aesop's fables were popular in ancient Athens. Their author and exact nature remain a mystery. The name Aesop is attached to a sixth century B.C.E. slave. It is said that he was very ugly and that the citizens of Delphi threw him off a cliff for nonpayment of a charity; the gods punished them with a plague. Written fables survive only from centuries after the time of the supposed author, originally in prose, later in verse. The best-known collection consists of ninety-seven fables in easy but not childish Latin verse written by a freed slave named Phaëdrus in the first century B.C.E. These were perennially used as introductory readings for students learning Latin, as all educated European men (but few women) did throughout the nineteenth century. Given here are several fables in an anonymous prose translation typical of the more childlike versions of the nineteenth century, in which the fables are both charming in style and pointed in their conclusions.

#### The Wolf and the Lamb

Once upon a time a Wolf was lapping at a spring on a hillside, when, looking up, what should he see but a Lamb just beginning to drink a little lower down. "There's my supper," thought he, "if only I can find some excuse to seize it." Then he called out to the Lamb, "How dare you muddle the water from which I am drinking?"

"Nay, master, nay," said the Lamb; "if the water be muddy up there, I cannot be the cause of it, for it runs down from you to me."

"Well, then," said the Wolf, "why did you call me bad names this time last year?"

"That cannot be," said the Lamb; "I am only six months old."

"I don't care," snarled the Wolf; "if it wasn't you it was your father," and with that he rushed upon the poor little Lamb and—

WARRA WARRA WARRA WARRA WARRÁ—

ate her all up. But before she died she gasped out—

"ANY EXCUSE WILL SERVE A TYRANT."

#### The Lion's Share

The Lion went once a-hunting along with the Fox, the Jackal, and the Wolf. They hunted and they hunted till at last they surprised a Stag, and soon took its life. Then came the question how the spoil should be divided. "Quarter me this Stag," roared the Lion; so the other animals skinned it and cut it into four parts. Then the Lion took his stand in front of the carcass, and pronounced judgment: "The first quarter is for me in my capacity as King of Beasts; the second is mine as arbiter; another share comes to me for my part in the chase; and as for the fourth quarter, well, as for that, I should like to see which of you will dare to lay a paw upon it."

"Humph," grumbled the Fox as he walked away with his tail between his legs; but he spoke in a low growl—

"YOU MAY SHARE THE LABOURS OF THE GREAT, BUT YOU WILL NOT SHARE THE SPOIL."

The pair of geese brought a stick and said to the turtle: "Now, hold on to the middle of this stick firmly with your teeth. We will then take hold of the ends and carry you through the air to a large lake far away."

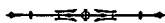
So they did this, and as the turtle was being flown over a town near that lake, the town's people saw this and caused a commotion, shouting: "What is that pair of birds carrying in the air? It looks like a cart wheel."

When the turtle, whose end was near, heard this, he let go of the stick and asked: "What is the commotion?"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he lost his grip on the stick, fell to the ground, and was killed. As soon as he fell down, people eager for his flesh cut him up into pieces with sharp knives.

The lady sandpiper continued: "Therefore I say:

When a man does not heed the words of friends . . ."



Jean de La Fontaine

1621-1695

The French poet and dramatist Jean de La Fontaine made his career in Paris, where he was supported by noble patrons who were charmed by his wit even though they were often unsettled by his religious skepticism and easy-going morality. The raciness of some of his tales drew the disapproval of King Louis XIV, but the purity and grace of his style led to his election to the Académie Française, the group of forty leading writers charged with protecting and perfecting the French language. La Fontaine is best known for his witty, ambiguous *Fables*, published in several series between 1668 and 1692. The first series was modeled on Aesop, but then La Fontaine turned to oriental sources. He knew the *Panchatantra* tales from a French translation of a Persian or Arabic translation ascribed to Pilpay (the name derives ultimately from the Indian sobriquet, Vidyapati, "Lord of knowledge"), of the Sanskrit original. That La Fontaine should have found the work so pertinent to the perilous world of Absolutist France, with which he was intimately familiar as a client of the courtly nobility, is testament not only to the enduring value of a good story but also to the enduring need for understanding the small ways of getting ahead, or getting away—knowing how to use your wits and, above all, when to bite your tongue.

### The Turtle and the Two Ducks<sup>1</sup>

A turtle, none too quick of mind,  
And tiring of her hole, was quite inclined  
To roam the world and visit lands far-flung.

(A common wish, especially among

The lame, or slow of limb, confined

To lodgings that they come to hate,

Such as our tortoise friend.) At any rate,

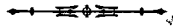
Two ducks she prattled to of her ambition

Assured her they could bring it to fruition:

1. Translated by N. R. Shapiro.

20 A simple stick. Each bites one end: "Now, there!"  
 They say. "You bite the middle." She complies.  
 The ducks advise: "Hold tight! Take care!"  
 And up they rise, high in the air,  
 Much to the wonder and surprise  
 25 Of those below, who see her, house and all,  
 Hanging between two ducks! "Come look!" they call.  
 "A miracle! The Turtle Queen is flying  
 Heavenward!" "Queen!" she boasts. "There's no denying . . ."  
 Those words would be her last. Poor fool! She should  
 30 Have kept her big mouth shut! Instead,  
 She opened it, and now it's shut for good,  
 As she lies—dashed to pieces—proud, but dead.

A babbling tongue, vain curiosity,  
 And witlessness: one family!  
 35 All of a kind, all kith and kin—  
 And all of them; in time, will do you in.



*The Pali Jātakas*  
 early centuries B.C.E.

It is not easy to conceive of two worlds more distant from each other in time, space, and mentality than that of the Buddhists of India in the last centuries B.C.E., and of African-American slaves of the antebellum South. Yet, in an even more remarkable episode in the global circulation of stories than the one just noted, some connections between them seem possible to trace. In the early stages of their discipline, folklorists vigorously debated whether an identical folk motif can be independently invented in several places (what is called *polygenesis*), or whether a motif is invented once only and disseminated from its place of origin (*monogenesis*, or diffusion theory). Often the peculiarity of the motif—and a sticky adversary is certainly peculiar—was thought to be significant for a judgment of monogenesis, and the next task was to figure out the exact route of diffusion.

The tale of Prince Five-Weapons is preserved in a story collection in the Pali Canon of Buddhist scripture, containing several hundred *jātakas*—stories told by the Buddha of his former births in the course of the vast cycle of transmigration. In each birth-story the Bodhisattva, or future Buddha, exemplifies some moral attainment of the Middle Path. Like the *Panchātantra*, the tale of Prince Five-Weapons along with other birth stories was translated into Persian and from Persian into Arabic. Arabs may then have passed along the stories to Africans who came within their ambit in the course of the Atlantic slave trade.

Two broader implications can be drawn from studying this kind of circulation. What is so often represented as the unique genius of a given folk and their authentic cultural property—everything from tales to musical motifs to textile patterns—often turns out to have been borrowed from another folk, who borrowed it from yet another, and so on indefinitely. Identifying any link in the chain as the ultimate source is therefore only to admit that historical research can take us no further; in fact, culture can be seen to flow through the world like water or air. That said, however, different folk clearly make different uses of the pieces of culture they acquire. For the early Buddhists the tale of the sticky adversary would afford an opportunity to reflect

on the need to overcome, and the possibility of overcoming through knowledge; all attachments—quite literally!—even to life, and all violence, which only condemns us to further transmigration. For the slaves of the American south, the tale was an opportunity to reflect on the dynamics of race and morality and the dangers of life in a social world of unjust force and unequal power.

#### PRONUNCIATION.

*Jatakas:* JAH-tuh-kuhs

*Bodhisatta:* BHOH-dee-SUH-tuh.

### from THE PALI JATAKAS<sup>1</sup> Prince Five-Weapons (*Panchavudha Jataka*);

“When no Attachment.”—This story was told by the Master<sup>2</sup> while at Jetavana,<sup>3</sup> about a Brother who had given up all earnest effort.

Said the Master to him, “Is the report true, Brother, that you are a backslider?”

“Yes, Blessed One.”

“In bygone days, Brother,” said the Master, “the wise and good won a throne by their dauntless perseverance in the hour of need.”

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brāhmadatta was reigning in Benāres, it was as his queen’s child that the Bodhisatta<sup>4</sup> came to life once more. On the day when he was to be named, the parents enquired as to their child’s destiny from eight hundred brahmins, to whom they gave their hearts’ desire in all pleasures of sense. Marking the promise which he shewed of a glorious destiny, these clever soothsaying brahmins foretold that, coming to the throne at the king’s death, the child should be a mighty king endowed with every virtue; famed and renowned for his exploits with five weapons, he should stand peerless in all Jambudīpa.<sup>5</sup> And because of this prophecy of the brahmins, the parents named their son Prince Five-Weapons.

Now, when the prince was come to years of discretion, and was sixteen years old, the king bade him go away and study.

“With whom, sire, am I to study?” asked the prince.

“With the world-famed teacher in the town of Takkasilā in the Gandhāra<sup>6</sup> country. Here is his fee,” said the king, handing his son a thousand pieces.

So the prince went to Takkasilā and was taught there. When he was leaving, his master gave him a set of five weapons, armed with which, after bidding adieu to his old master, the prince set out from Takkasilā for Benares.

On his way he came to a forest haunted by an ogre named Hairy-grip; and, at the entrance to the forest, men who met him tried to stop him, saying:—“Young brahmin, do not go through that forest; it is the haunt of the ogre Hairy-grip, and he kills every one he meets.” But, bold as a lion, the self-reliant Bodhisatta pressed on, till in the heart of the forest he came on the ogre. The monster made himself appear in stature as

1. Translated by Robert Chalmers.

2. The Buddha.

3. The site of a famous monastery.

4. Future Buddha.

5. The “Rose-apple Island,” a name for the inhabited world.

6. In the northeast of present-day Afghanistan.



In this, and other ways the Bodhisatta showed the evil consequences of the five bad courses; and the blessing that comes of the five good courses; and so wrought in divers ways upon that ogre's fears that by his teaching he converted the monster, imbuing him with self-denial, and establishing him in the Five Commandments.<sup>8</sup> Then making the ogre the fairy of that forest, with a right to levy dues, and charging him to remain steadfast, the Bodhisatta went his way, making known the change in the ogre's mood as he issued from the forest. And in the end he came, armed with the five weapons, to the city of Benares, and presented himself before his parents. In later days, when king, he was a righteous ruler; and after a life spent in charity and other good works he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts:

This lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:—

When no attachment hampers heart or mind,  
When fighteóusness is practised peace to win,  
He who so walks, shall gain the victory  
And all the Fetters utterly destroy.

When he had thus led his teaching up to Arahats<sup>9</sup> as its crowning point, the Master went on to preach the Four Truths,<sup>1</sup> at the close whereof that Brother won Arahats<sup>9</sup>. Also, the Master showed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Angulimāla<sup>2</sup> was the ogre of those days, and I myself Prince Five-Weapons.

— — — — —  
Joel Chandler Harris  
1848—1908

Joel Chandler Harris grew up in rural Georgia, where he worked as a reporter for local newspapers. Fascinated with the rhythms and dialects of rural African-American speech, Harris began writing humorous sketches in African-American dialect, and these began to reach a wider audience after he was hired by the *Atlanta Constitution* in 1876. He published his most famous dialect story, "The Tar-Baby," in 1879, one of a series he wrote in the voice of a wise old former slave, Uncle Remus, who tells animal tales to the son of his plantation's owner. In many of these, the wily Brer Rabbit escapes the clutches of the hungry Brer Fox, in a pattern that recalls Native American "trickster tales" as well as the African and Asian traditions brought to America by the freed slaves' ancestors. Harris always claimed that his stories came directly from plantation workers: "Not one of them is cooked," he declared, "and not one of them nor any part of one is an invention of mine."

### The Wonderful Tar-Baby

"Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

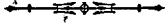
"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you born— Brer Fox did. One day after Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root,<sup>1</sup> Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some

8. The "five bad courses" are killing, taking what is not given, sexual misconduct, telling lies, and taking intoxicants. The "five good courses" are abstention from these acts. The Five Commandments refer to these abstentions.  
9. The "state of being a 'worthy one,'" or a disciple who has attained the final stage of spiritual development.  
1. The "truths" concerning suffering, the arising of suffering, the ending of suffering, and the path that leads to the

ending of suffering.

2. A notorious brigand so named because he wore a "necklace made of the fingers" of his victims. He was converted by the Buddha.

1. Brer Rabbit was invited to dinner by Brer Fox; when on arriving he became suspicious, he made his escape, claiming he needed calamus root to season the meat to be served for dinner.

  
*Charles Perrault*  
 1628–1703

Charles Perrault belonged to one of the best connected bourgeois families in France. After working as a lawyer for a few years, he took up a post with few duties attached as secretary to his brother, the Paris tax collector, which allowed him time to write. His career as a poet took a turn for the better when, in 1660, he started writing poems in praise of Louis XIV. Three years later he was promoted to the post of secretary for the king's powerful finance minister, Jean-Baptiste Colbert, which he held for twenty years. The years 1671 and 1672 were most eventful for Perrault. During that time he was put in charge of the royal buildings, elected to the Académie Française, and married to Marie Guichon. In the first of these capacities he influenced the design of the royal palaces of the Louvre and Versailles. In the last, he fathered three sons, whom he educated himself after their mother died in giving birth to the youngest in 1678. He is best known, however, for his contributions—direct and indirect—to the literary debates of the Académie.

Perrault retired from public life on a generous pension after the death of Colbert in 1683, and within a few years had ignited the already smoldering *querelle des anciens et modernes* (battle of ancients and moderns), whose consequences dominated literary aesthetics for the following century. The quarrel was between those who insisted on following classical models and rules of composition, and those who favored greater freedom of style and subject matter. Although the Sun King himself officially ended the dispute in favor of the conservative "ancients" in 1697, and Jonathan Swift reinforced the French king's judgment in *The Battle of the Books* in Britain the same year, Perrault was not to be silenced. That very year he published his still beloved collection of *Tales of Past Times, with Morals*, which he soon retitled *Mother Goose Tales*. Although he could no longer argue openly in favor of the moderns, he could publish a model of modern writing under a pseudonym. Literary fairy tales, not intended as children's literature, were already a favorite genre of many "modern," mainly female, writers; "Donkey-Skin," less well-known than "Cinderella" and others, is one in which Perrault more directly addresses the condition of women. Its "moral" typifies his playfully ironic approach: "Pure water and brown bread are enough nourishment for young women, so long as they have beautiful clothes." Although the Grimms' treatment of similar European folk material in "All-Kinds-of-Fur" (page 54) is earnest and nationalist by comparison with Perrault's urbanely ironic style, they and the rest of the Romantic movement are clearly the heirs of the "moderns" he championed.

### Donkey-Skin<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time lived the most powerful king in the world. Gentle in peace, terrifying in war, he was incomparable in all ways: His neighbors feared him while his subjects were content. Throughout his realm the fine arts and civility flourished under his protection. His better half, his constant companion, was charming and beautiful. Such was her sweet and good nature that he was less happy as king and more happy as her husband. Out of their tender, pure wedlock a daughter was born, and she had so many virtues that she consoled them for their inability to have more children.<sup>2</sup>

Everything was magnificent in their huge palace. They had an ample group of courtiers and servants all around them. In his stables the king had large and small horses of every kind, which were adorned with beautiful trappings, gold braids, and

1. Translated by Jack Zipes.

2. Louis XIV is clearly recognizable in this description

of the king. Louis had many mistresses, making "pure wedlock" ironic.

Weeping with joy, he embraced her tenderly. Everyone wanted to share in his happiness, and the future husband was delighted to learn that he was to become the son-in-law of such a powerful king. At that moment the godmother arrived and told the entire story of how everything had happened and culminated in Donkey-Skin's glory.

Evidently, the moral of this tale implies it is better for a child to expose herself to hardships than to neglect her duty.

Indeed, virtue may sometimes seem ill-fated, but it is always crowned with success. Of course, strongest reason is a weak dike against mad love and ardent ecstasy, especially if a lover is not afraid to squander rich treasures.

Finally, we must take into account that clear water and brown bread are sufficient nourishment for all young women provided that they have beautiful clothes, and that there is not a damsel under the skies who does not imagine herself beautiful and somehow carrying off the honors in the famous beauty contest between Hera, Aphrodite, and Athena.<sup>5</sup>

The tale of Donkey-Skin is hard to believe,  
But as long as there are children on this earth,  
With mothers and grandmothers who continue to give birth,  
This tale will always be told and surely well received.

—◆◆◆—  
*Benedikte Naubert*  
1756–1818

Christiane Benedikte Eugénie Hebenstreit was born in Leipzig to parents whose families were both associated with the university there. Her father died when she was small, and her mother proved incapable of bringing her up. Like most educated women of the period, Benedikte was introduced by male relatives—her brother and stepbrother—to academic subjects such as classical languages, history, and philosophy, from which girls were normally excluded. She also learned French, English, and Italian, and studied music. When her brothers died, she had to support her mother and sisters, and in her late twenties she began writing at a furious rate. In all she published fifty original works of fiction, mostly historical novels and fairy tales, and thirty translations from English. Until the last year of her life, she published everything under what she called her "Vestal veil" of anonymity, for it preserved her domestic feminine modesty. At forty-one she married a wealthy vintner who died not long afterwards. A few years later, at forty-six, she married Johann Georg Naubert, mainly so he could tend the vineyards she had inherited from her previous husband. Having suffered from periodic blindness, she went back to Leipzig in 1818 for eye surgery, but instead died of pneumonia.

Like Madame de Lafayette in France and Sophia Lee in England, Naubert innovated the technique of weaving romance plots, told partly in personal letters, into well-researched histories. Sir Walter Scott acknowledged her influence in his adoption of the historical novel. Naubert was equally important in the development of the literary fairy tale. A few years after the appearance of Johann Musäus's *German Folk Tales* (1782–1786)—but long before the publication of

5. This contest is usually called the Judgment of Paris. The son of King Priam of Troy, Paris was chosen by three goddesses to judge their beauty. Aphrodite, the goddess of love, won by promising him possession of Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world. In fulfillment of this promise Paris later abducted Helen, sparking the Trojan War.

the Grimms' tales (1812-1815)—Naubert published *New German Folk Tales* in five volumes between 1789-1792. Less rationalist than those of Musäus, and less overtly nationalist than those of the Grimms, her tales show more strongly the French influence of Perrault and seventeenth-century women writers. The Grimms interviewed Naubert when putting together their own collection—along with twenty-four other women, the majority of whom were women of letters rather than simple peasants. There are notable similarities between Naubert's novella *The Cloak* and the Grimm stories "Dame Holle" and "All-Kinds-of-Fur" (page 54) among others. Ludwig Tieck borrowed from *The Cloak* in his famous tale "Fair-haired Eckbert" (page 445), and the fantastic tales of E. T. A. Hoffman also owe much to Naubert's work. *The Cloak* itself incorporates elements of medieval romance, as well as folk material.

from *The Cloak*<sup>1</sup>

The Britons, time out of mind, have fabled so much of their King Arthur that a portion of these wonderful tales have echoed across the sea, and been repeated by the neighboring people. Of course, the legends, when told by such various tongues, have not always remained the same: here, something has been added; there, something has been omitted; hence the many variations of the old English legends, and hence so many romances, the fruit of British soil, to which posterity has given the name of a Gallic or German hero.

The Emperor Charles the Great was particularly fortunate, in that the fabulous histories of King Arthur were so frequently set down to his account. Like him a hero, like him a friend to love, and like him a member of the society of Saint Gangolph,<sup>2</sup> most of those wonderful adventures fitted him very passably; and, were it not for our conscientious honesty, we might aptly enough, in compliance with the German tradition, set down this legend, which really belongs to the court of the old Briton, as having happened under the eyes of the son of the great Majordomo.<sup>3</sup> But to show you, gentle reader, that you may rely upon our word, we freely confess it is not Charles the Great and his countless wives or mistresses, but King Arthur and his lady Guinevere that are the hero and heroine who are to figure here.

The court at Carlisle had, besides the Queen, many a blooming, and many a fading beauty, who still maintained their rank on the score of seniority. Some of these we must name to you, as they have their parts to play in the course of the story. The loveliest amongst them was Iselda, the beloved of the brave Hector; who for fifteen long years had let her knight sigh for her love, without having as yet granted him any other favor than the liberty sometimes of kissing the hem of her veil. After her came Rosalia and Isabella, the wives of Sir Gawain—whose name cannot be unknown to you—and of the bold Iwain, the King's son; these ladies were sisters, and while the one had adopted Pride as the guardian of her honor, the other one took up Piety as her watchman. Next on the list is Sir Ydier's bride, the Lady Agnes, who, notwithstanding her sleepy watery blue eyes and her rather stupid dove-like looks, yet maintained her rank amongst the British goddesses. The wild Britomart follows, who used to punish with one or two years' banishment every presumptuous glance of her knight, the bashful Girflet. Below in charms, but, according to age and their own estimation, in the very first place, come the lusty wife of Sir Guy the Seneschal, and Lady

1. Translated by Jeannine Blackwell.

2. The patron saint of all cuckolded husbands [Naubert's note].

3. The reference is to Charles the Great or Charlemagne (742-814), son of Pépin the Short (745-768), king of the

Franks. Pépin was himself descended from a long line of Frankish lords of the same name, some of whom bore the title "Majordomo." Naubert is conflating these earlier ancestors with Charlemagne's father.

"Tell me, pray, who you are," she said, "I am puzzled by your appearance. The whole assembly calls you a young page, yet to me you seem the very reverse. I discover in you the form and features of a venerable old man, who once provided me with work and hope during the time of my poverty?"

"Do not ask too much," replied the stranger with a smile. "Know me, or know me not, 'tis all the same to me, but never forget that the threads of which your garment of honor was woven, were spun by your own hand in the time of your adversity."

Genelas had perhaps gone on with her questions, but the cloak-bearer was sent for to the King, who drew him aside, saying, "Tell me, pray, who is the high and noble lady that sent you to us with your wonderful present?"

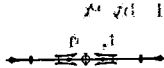
Before the page could answer, the Queen drew him to the other side to ask the same question. And now the questioners, male and female, increased so much about him that he found no better way of helping himself than by vanishing altogether.

"It is Morgana who has played us this trick," said the Queen, as her way was lighted to bed.

"It is Morgana!" exclaimed all.

But Genelas was much happier in her guess that the page was no other than the kindhearted German household spirit, the friend and protectress of female virtue, for whose favor she was indebted to honest Rose.

The next day Sir Carados solicited the hand of fair Genelas of Wales and obtained it without any opposition. She brought him nothing but her well-earned cloak and a heart full of loyalty and virtue; a dowry with which in those simple times people were wont to be contented. Soon after he hastened away with her from Arthur's seductive court to his lands in Scotland, where they were accompanied by Genelas's old friend, Rose, who willingly left her cottage and the neighborhood of Magdalene to lead a life of heaven at the side of the child of her heart.



Jacob Grimm  
1785-1863


and

Wilhelm Grimm  
1786-1859

Important philologists, medievalists, and cultural historians in their time, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm are best known today for their legacy as folklorists: the *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, originally published as *Nursery and Household Tales* (*Kinder- und Hausmärchen*; 1812-1815). Their scholarly thoroughness established the science of folklore, but their creative editing defined the modern genre of the fairy tale, from "Once upon a time" to "happily ever after."

Born into a large bourgeois Hessian family, Jacob and Wilhelm lost their comfortable home when their father died in 1796, and they were sent to live with an aunt in Kassel. They attended the University of Marburg to become lawyers like their father, but under the influence of their literature and history professors, Clemens Brentano and Friedrich Karl von Savigny, devoted themselves instead to German medieval studies. By 1808, when their mother died leaving them responsible for four younger siblings, they had already begun collecting traditional stories. They had also begun a twenty-three-year career as private librarians in Kassel, first to the occupying Bonaparte king of Westphalia, and afterward to the restored Elector of Kassel. During this period they published many collections of medieval and modern folktales, including some two hundred stories in the two annotated scholarly tomes of *Nursery and Household Tales*. Wilhelm married Dorothea Wild in 1825, and the unmarried Jacob lived with them. Having received several honorary doctorates, the brothers accepted professorships at the University of Göttingen in the German kingdom of

and gave orders that the dance should last quite long. When it was at an end, he wanted to hold her hands tight, but she tore herself away and slipped so quickly among the crowd that she disappeared before his eyes. She ran as fast as she could to her cubbyhole under the stairs, but because she'd stayed out too long, indeed more than half an hour, she hadn't time to take off the beautiful dress but merely threw her fur cloak over it. Neither did she in her haste quite cover herself with soot, but one of her fingers remained white. All-Kinds-of-Fur now hurried into the kitchen, cooked the bread pudding for the king and, when the chef was gone, put the gold reel in it. When the king found the reel at the bottom of the bowl, he summoned All-Kinds-of-Fur. Then noticing her white finger and seeing the ring he had put on her during the dance, he seized her by the hand and held her tight, and when she wanted to tear herself away and run off, her fur cloak opened a little and her starry dress gleamed forth. The king seized the cloak and tore it off. Then her golden hair appeared, and she stood there in full splendor and could no longer conceal herself. When she'd wiped the soot and ashes from her face, she was more beautiful than anybody had ever before seen on earth. "You are my dear bride," said the king, "and we shall never part." Then the wedding was celebrated and they lived happily until their death.



*Coyote Tales*

The indigenous peoples of North America had highly developed traditions of storytelling, ranging from tales of hunting and recent adventure back to mythic tales of creation and early times, such as the Navajo *Story of the Emergence*, which appears on page 683. These tales circulated widely around the continent, differently inflected in the varying natural and social settings in which they were told and retold. As early as the seventeenth century, French missionaries had begun to collect some of these tales, recognizing them as keys to native culture and beliefs. It was in the nineteenth century, though, that students of the new field of folklore began to collect them systematically, and to study and classify them. Among the most common types were "trickster tales"—stories involving a devious, self-seeking, yet powerful and even sacred character, often in animal form. Animals and humans have a close relation in Amerindian cultures, in which a person will often have a spirit double or guardian, usually in animal form. In many native cultures, sorcerers could change themselves into animal form at will, a practice recorded by the Spanish friar Ruiz de Alarcón in seventeenth-century Mexico (see Volume C).

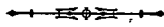
Particularly in the western and southwestern regions of North America, a common form for the trickster figure was (and still is today) that of the coyote, an elusive animal found on the edges of settlements, a scavenger and forager, able to survive in harsh conditions. The three coyote tales included here show several sides of this multifaceted character, who constantly seeks to get his way by trickery and double-dealing. Sometimes he is successful, but often he is foiled by his own deceit or his own appetites, including his insatiable curiosity. "Coyote and Bull" shows Coyote puffed up with pride and heading for a fall—a motif that goes back to Aesop. In "Coyote as Medicine Man," on the other hand, a sexually voracious Coyote gets everything he wants, thanks to his ability to transform himself in uncanny ways. Some of the tales of this sort were so explicit that the nineteenth-century folklorists couldn't bring themselves to render them in English at all, even for the select readership of scholarly journals, and translated them instead into Latin. In many tales, Coyote transgresses the bounds of propriety and even of physical possibility, committing cannibalism or incest, even changing himself into a woman and becoming pregnant. In "The Origin of Eternal Death" he and his chief, Eagle, cross the border between the living and the dead, with tragic consequences for the entire world.

with his hands. Then he laid it back in its place and resumed his seat by the wall, waiting for sunset and the voice of the chief outside.

The day passed, the voice called, and the people entered. Coyote turned about and began to jump. Some thought there was something strange about the manner of jumping, but others said it was really the old woman. When he came to the last jump and slipped into the pit, many cried out that this was not the old woman, but Coyote quickly lifted the moon and put it into his mouth, covering the edge with his hands. When it was completely dark, Eagle placed the box in the doorway. Throughout the long night Coyote retained the moon in his mouth, until he was almost choking, but at last the voice of the chief was heard from the outside, and the dead began to file out. Every one walked into the box, and Eagle quickly threw the cover over and tied it. The sound was like that of a great swarm of flies. "Now, my brother, we are through," said Eagle. Coyote removed the dress and laid it down beside the moon, and Eagle threw the moon into the sky, where it remained. The two entered the canoe with the box, and paddled toward the east.

When they landed, Eagle carried the box. Near the end of the third night Coyote heard somebody talking; there seemed to be many voices. He awakened his companion, and said, "There are many people coming." "Don't worry," said Eagle; "it's all right." The following night Coyote heard the talking again, and, looking about, he discovered that the voices came from the box which Eagle had been carrying. He placed his ear against it, and after a while distinguished the voice of his wife. He smiled, and broke into laughter, but he said nothing to Eagle. At the end of the fifth night and the beginning of their last day of traveling, he said to his friend, "I'll carry the box now; you've carried it a long way." "No," replied Eagle, "I will take it; I am strong." "Let me carry it," insisted the other; "suppose we come to where people live, and they should see the chief carrying the load. How would that look?" Still Eagle retained his hold on the box, but as they went along Coyote kept begging, and about noon, wearying of the subject, Eagle gave him the box. So Coyote had the load, and every time he heard the voice of his wife he would laugh. After a while he contrived to fall behind; and when Eagle was out of sight around a hill he began to open the box, in order to release his wife. But no sooner was the cover lifted than it was thrown back violently, and the dead people rushed out into the air with such force that Coyote was thrown to the ground. They quickly disappeared in the west. Eagle saw the cloud of dead people rising in the air, and came hurrying back. He found one man left there, a cripple who had been unable to rise; he threw him into the air, and the dead man floated away swiftly.

"Look what you've done, with your curiosity and haste!" said Eagle. "If we had brought these dead all the way back, people would not die forever, but only for a season, like these plants, whose leaves we have brought. Hereafter trees and grasses will die only in the winter, but in the spring they'll be green again. So it would have been with the people." "Let's go back and catch them again," proposed Coyote; but Eagle objected: "They won't go to the same place, and we wouldn't know how to find them; they will be where the moon is, up in the sky."



*Mark Twain*

1835-1910

In 1865 a young journalist got into trouble in San Francisco by writing articles on local political corruption. Deciding he should make himself scarce for a while, Samuel Clemens took a job at

a California mining camp called Angel's Camp. Nearby at Jackass Hill, he heard a rambling tale about a jumping frog that failed to jump, and decided to write it up. Under the pen name "Mark Twain"—a riverboat term for dangerously shallow water—he had been writing humorous articles for newspapers, following several years as crew and pilot of Mississippi steamboats, and further time as a journalist and occasional prospector in Nevada. He then moved to San Francisco, where he became friendly with Artemis Ward, a leading humorist of the day, who invited him to contribute some sketches of Western life to a collection. "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" reached Ward too late for his book, but it was published by the New York *Evening Post*. In 1867 it became the title story for Twain's first book, and his career was launched as America's greatest comic writer.

As in many of his later books, from *The Innocents Aboard* (1869) to *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884), in this comic sketch Twain recreates the vivid language of oral storytelling with both a satiric wit and a warm affection. He draws on the tradition of the animal tale, adapted to the realistic setting of the mining camp; the animals in the story don't talk, but they are remarkably human in their attitudes and emotions, while the human actors play out old patterns of boasting and trickery well established in traditions like the Native American trickster tales. Twain's own language slyly mixes colloquial speech with clichés of sentimental fiction and of folkloristic research, in a brilliant performance on the borders between the oral and the written, producing a hilarious confrontation between the sophisticated city-dweller and the irrepressible man of the people.

### The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

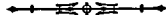
In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good day. I told him that a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key, to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't





## William Wordsworth

1770–1850

William Wordsworth's father was steward to the largest landowner in the Lake District, in England's remote northwest. It was wild country, and Lord Lonsdale suited it; Wordsworth's parents both died before he was fourteen, and the rapacious Lord withheld his inheritance for almost two decades. Wordsworth was happier in his early school than at university in Cambridge, and he spent his twenties restlessly, wandering about England and France, suspected of radical political activities possibly extending even to spying for the French, and writing his earliest poetry. He had a daughter in France; he may have intended to marry the mother, Annette Vallon, but international hostilities kept them apart. A bequest allowed him to settle modestly in the countryside with his talented sister Dorothy. In 1797 he met the younger, more precocious Coleridge, and in 1798 they published *Lyrical Ballads*, a joint collection of poems that enjoyed moderate and growing success, becoming the foundation of Wordsworth's reputation as the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century. "The very image of Wordsworth; as I prefigured it to my own planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or Saint Paul," Thomas De Quincey growled in 1839 in a bitter essay devoted to the poet, while in 1879 the great Victorian critic Matthew Arnold, in the introduction to a volume of Wordsworth's verse, called him "undoubtedly the most considerable [poet] in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time."

Wordsworth's subsequent life was moderately full of incident, domestically content, upstanding, enhanced by his promotion of public causes, yet in no sense remarkable. After a cold winter with Dorothy in Germany, where Coleridge was studying the language and the new German philosophers, he settled with her in the Lake District. His poetical output henceforth was steady and various: songs and ballads, long narrative poems, formal odes and elevated philosophical meditations, and over 500 sonnets, often on political and religious topics including the injustices of slavery and of the death penalty. He slowly advanced from his early poverty to considerable wealth and retreated from revolutionary politics into staunch conservatism; in 1802 he bid farewell to Annette and married a childhood friend; in 1813 the growing family moved to a grand house in the Lakes; in 1843 he was finally named Poet Laureate. Though full of learning, he demonstrates, like Shakespeare, that a great poet need not be a great man. He was physically unattractive, spoke in an uncouth North Country accent, was never gregarious, and grew increasingly vain and condescending. "I do not conceive," writes De Quincey, "that Wordsworth could have been an amiable boy." William Hazlitt, a political antagonist, opens an appreciation in a volume entitled *The Spirit of the Age*, with rapier-edged praise. "Mr. Wordsworth's genius is a pure emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of."

The ordinariness of Wordsworth's life and the lack of personal charisma are an important part of the story. He is the great poet of the commonplace and of the natural. "Wordsworth's poetry," wrote Arnold, is "as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him. He has no style." Condemning the artificial language of eighteenth-century poetry, Wordsworth aspired to write as "a man speaking to men" (Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*). His best-selling book was a prose *Guide to the Lakes*, where he protests against development desecrating the landscape. Fittingly, for an apostle of local values and cultures, his fame is limited to the English-speaking world. Within that world, no one did more to create a reverence for plants and flowers, for children and simple souls, for universal and unadorned humanity, even as he scorned those who lacked what one of his best-known lyrics calls "natural piety."

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a Man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

Before Wordsworth in England and Goethe in Germany it had never occurred to anyone to make a cult of simplicity. Poetry was supposed to be learned, "to instruct and to delight," as the Latin poet Horace had written. Wordsworth doesn't so much reject such traditional values as completely transform them. The rainbow poem does contain instructive hints at the end, but opens in unfettered delight. In moral life, leaping yields to binding. But in emotion, the ecstasy takes precedence. Pivoting on the "now" of an immediate present, the poet recognizes both what he preserves in memory and what he risks losing in reality. In linking past to future, he suggests how the child's naive excitement and the adult's reflective sensibility depend on one another; if the child remains buried in the man, so the man was already nascent in the child. And the divine rainbow serves as the emblem of the unity of all life that can be recognized if we shun the false sophistication of learned culture. "A Man" (the individual Wordsworth) rhymes naively and perfectly with "the Man" (humanity in general).

Often, Wordsworth's simplicity is harder won and more fragile. "To the Cuckoo" represents many poems addressed to or written about birds and flowers, yearning for their careless abandon or their self-sufficiency. "Tintern Abbey," one of Wordsworth's greatest achievements, looks to a sublimer natural scene, records the loss and recovery of childhood feelings with greater complexity and in more stages than the rainbow poem, and pits the impoverished inhabitants of its Welsh setting against the dehumanizing "din" of cities. Even more troubled are "Nutting," with its hints of a rape of the natural scene, and the Westminster Bridge sonnet, where the majestic calm hides intimations of death ("And all that mighty heart is lying still") in a poem associated with Wordsworth's farewell journey to Annette Vallon. "Mark the Concentred Hazels," representative of Wordsworth's later period, returns to a bower like that in "Nutting," but with lowered sight lines and reduced intensity. It exposes the paradox of a bourgeois humility at risk of turning into patriotic complacency. Poems like this one can be as indispensable to understanding the crosscurrents of natural piety as are Goethe's critique of modernization at the end of *Faust* or Thoreau's cultivation of wildness.

Wordsworth's great ambition was to write an extended philosophical poem in three parts. He completed only the first part, *The Excursion*, his longest poem, published to a lukewarm reception in 1815. As an introduction he projected an autobiographical poem, begun between 1798 and 1799 as a fragment of 978 lines and expanded and reworked throughout his life. Apart from brief excerpts, the poem was withheld during his lifetime and published only in 1850 under the posthumous title *The Prelude*. Describing childhood memories and traumas, adolescent travels and trials, and the political fervor of his early adulthood, *The Prelude* contains much of Wordsworth's most eloquent and famous poetry. The passages included here represent several of Wordsworth's most important roles—the revolutionary modernizer of cultural traditions, the prophet of the natural world, the innovative explorer of conscious and unconscious passions, and the partisan of justice for the oppressed. Epic themes are scattered throughout *The Prelude*, transformed and psychologized until they remain barely recognizable: the prophetic dream in Book 5, the wandering journey to a new world in Book 6, the heavenly journey of Book 14. The philosophical passage from Book 11 reorients readers from ancient myth to the natural world and human reason, while the two great mountain expeditions

of Books 6 and 14 correct hubris and reward submission to higher ideals of imagination and vision: notice how Wordsworth looks down as he climbs Mount Snowdon, "With forehead bent / Earthward" (14.28–29). The entire *Prelude* is full of such moments of mystery that translate the hidden motions of the spirit into bodily impulses, "as if in opposition set up / Against an enemy, I panted up / With eager pace" (14.29–31). Among the most fantastic and complex of these moments is the dream of the Arab in Book 5, where hallucinatory figures from Wordsworth's schooling blend with cultural and national fears and with private anxieties about abandonment and obliteration. Finally, the historical resonances of these fears are unfolded in the books on the French Revolution, where Wordsworth recounts his youthful enthusiasms for a government of freedom and reason and the ensuing depression at the inevitable disappointments.

No other writer so richly expresses the struggles of a newly industrialized and highly stratified urban culture to retain its anchor in unforced relations among humans and in contact with natural and local settings. Perhaps the poet's mixture of simplicity and arrogance was necessary to capture these contending impulses to their fullest. At the end of one of his grandest short poems, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," Wordsworth puts lines that memorably combine his capacious philanthropy, his indulgent sympathy for the humble creatures of the human and natural worlds, and his intricate psychological insight into sadness and joy, taking his own feelings as the model for the universe:

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey  
 On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour, July 13, 1798

Five years have past; five summers, with the length  
 Of five long winters! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again  
 5 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
 That on a wild secluded scene impress  
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
 The day is come when I again repose  
 10 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
 15 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
 20 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
 The Hermit sits alone.