Name: _____ **Date:** _____

H-O-H: Romanticism- Document Packet

Document 1

0, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, -like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: 0, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow.

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, 0, hear!. . .

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its won!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce.
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an un-extinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to un-awakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! 0, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SOURCE: *Ode to the West Wind*, Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1820.

Document 2

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning: the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same color as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardor that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. . . .

I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and its eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably give life.

SOURCE: Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, *Frankenstein*, 1818.

Document 3

The first, original, and truly natural boundaries of states are beyond doubt their internal boundaries. Those who speak the same language are joined to each other by a multitude of invisible bonds by nature herself, long before any human art begins; they understand each other and have the power of continuing to make themselves understood more and more clearly; they belong together and are by nature one and an inseparable whole. Such a whole, if it wishes to absorb and mingle with itself any other people of different descent and language, cannot do so without itself becoming confused, in the beginning at any rate, and violently disturbing the even progress of its culture. From this internal boundary, which is drawn by the spiritual nature of man himself, the marking of the external boundary by dwelling place results as a consequence; and in the natural view of things it is not because men dwell between certain mountains and rivers that they are a people, but, on the contrary, men dwell together-and, if their luck has so arranged it, are protected by rivers and mountains-because they were a people already by a law of nature which is much higher.

Thus was the German nation placed-sufficiently united within itself by a common language and a common way of thinking, and sharply enough severed from the other peoples-in the middle of Europe, as a wall to divide races not akin ....

That things should remain thus did not suit the selfishness of foreign countries, whose calculations did not look more than one moment ahead. They found German bravery useful in waging their wars and

German hands useful to snatch the booty from their rivals. A means had to be found to attain this end, and foreign cunning won an easy victory over German ingenuousness and lack of suspicion. It was foreign countries which first made use of the division of mind produced by religious disputes in Germany-Germany, which presented on a small scale the features of Christian Europe as a whole-foreign countries, I say, made use of these disputes to break up the close inner unity of Germany into separate and disconnected parts..

. . . They knew how to present each of these separate states that had thus arisen in the lap of the one nation-which had no enemy except those foreign countries themselves, and no concern except the common one of setting itself with united strength against their seductive craft and cunning-foreign countries, I say, knew how to present each of these states to the others as a natural enemy, against which each state must be perpetually on its guard. On the other hand, they knew how to make themselves appear to the German states as natural allies against the danger threatening them from their own countrymen-as allies with whom alone they would themselves stand or fall, and whose enterprises they must in turn support with all their might. It was only because of this artificial bond that all the disputes which might arise about any matter whatever in the Old World or the New became disputes of the German races in their relation to each other. Every war, no matter what its cause, had to be fought out on German soil and with German blood; every disturbance of the balance had to be adjusted in that nation to which the whole fountainhead of such relationships was unknown; and the German states, whose separate existence was in itself contrary to all nature and reason, were compelled, in order that they might count for something, to act as make-weightsl to the chief forces in the scale of the European equilibrium, whose movement they followed blindly and without any will of their own. Just as in many states abroad the citizens are designated as belonging to this or that foreign party, or voting for this or that foreign alliance, but no name is found for those who belong to the party of their own country, so it was with the Germans; for long enough they belonged only to some foreign party or other, and one seldom came across a man who supported the party of the Germans and was of the opinion that this country ought to make an alliance with itself.

Now, at last, let us be bold enough to look at the deceptive vision of a universal monarchy, which people are beginning to hold up for public veneration in place of that equilibrium which for some time has been growing more and more preposterous, and let us perceive how hateful and contrary to reason that vision is. Spiritual nature was able to present the essence of humanity in extremely diverse gradations in individuals and in individuality as a whole, in peoples. Only when each people, left to itself, develops and forms itself in accordance with its own peculiar quality, and only when in every people each individual develops himself in accordance with that common quality, as well as in accordance with his own peculiar quality-then, and then only, does the manifestation of divinity appear in its true mirror as it ought to be; and only a man who either entirely lacks the notion of the rule of law and divine order, or else is an obdurate enemy thereto, could take upon himself to want to interfere with that law, which is the highest law in the spiritual world! Only in the invisible qualities of nations, which are hidden from their own eyes-qualities as the means whereby these nations remain in touch with the source of original life-only therein is to be found the guarantee of their present and future worth, virtue, and merit. If these qualities are dulled by admixture and worn away by friction, the flatness that results will bring about a separation from spiritual nature, and this in its turn will cause all men to be fused together in their uniform and collective destruction.

SOURCE: Johann Gottlieb Fichte, *Address to the German Nation*, 1806.

Document 4

. . . I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, - both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

SOURCE: Excerpt from William Wordsworth's poem, "Tintern Abbey," 1798.

Document 5

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan (1)
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, (2) the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills, (3)
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! (4)
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently (5) was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer (6)
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian (7) maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice, (8)
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

(1) The 13th-century founder of the Yuan dynasty in China, Kublai Khan ruled over a lavishly luxurious court known to Europeans main through the descriptions of the Italian merchant and traveler Marco Polo.
(2) Magical river in western Greece.
(3) Meandering streams.
(4) Through a wood of cedars.
(5) Suddenly.
(6) String instrument struck with two light hammers, used both in China and in Europe, in different forms.
(7) Abyssinia is the northeastern African country now known as Ethiopia.
(8) A protective ritual.

SOURCE: Excerpt from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem, "Kublai Khan or, A Vision is a Dream," 1816.

Document 6

There was a village where all the peasants were rich except for just one poor one, whom they called the little peasant. He did not own a single cow, and had even less money to buy one with, but he and his wife would have liked to have one ever so much.

One day he said to her, "Listen, I have a good idea. Our kinsman the cabinetmaker should make us a calf out of wood and paint it brown so that it looks like any other calf, and with time it is sure to grow big and be a cow."

His wife liked this idea, and their kinsman the cabinetmaker skillfully put together the calf and planed it, then painted it just right. He made it with its head hanging down as if it were grazing.

When the cows were being driven out the next morning the little peasant called to the herder and said, "Look, I have a little calf here, but it is still small and has to be carried."

The herder said, "All right," and taking it in his arms he carried it to the pasture where he set it in the grass.

The little calf stood there like one that was grazing, and the herder said, "It will soon be walking by itself. Just look how it is already grazing."

That evening when he was about to drive the herd home again, he said to the calf, "If you can stand there and eat your fill, you can also walk on your four legs. I don't want to carry you home again in my arms."

When the herder drove the cows through the village the little peasant was standing outside his door waiting for his little calf. It was missing, and he asked where it was.

The herder answered, "It is still standing out there grazing. It would not stop and come with us."

The little peasant said, "Oh, I must have my animal back again."

Then together they went back to the pasture, but someone had stolen the calf, and it was gone.

The herder said, "It must have run away."

The little peasant said, "Don't tell me that," and he took the herder before the mayor, who condemned him for his carelessness, and required him to give the little peasant a cow for the lost calf.

The little peasant and his wife now had the cow that they had long wanted. They were very glad, but they had no feed for it, and could give it nothing to eat, so it soon had to be slaughtered.

They salted the meat, and the little peasant went to town to sell the hide, hoping to buy a new calf with the proceeds.

On the way he came to a mill, and there sat a raven with broken wings. Out of pity he picked it up and wrapped it in the hide.

But then the weather turned very bad with a wind and rain storm. Unable to continue on his way, he returned to the mill and asked for shelter.

The miller's wife was alone in the house, and she said to the little peasant, "You can sleep in the straw there," and she gave him a piece of bread and cheese.

The little peasant ate and then lay down with his hide at his side. The woman thought, "He is tired and has fallen asleep."

In the meantime the priest arrived. The miller's wife received him well, and said, "My husband is out, so we can have a feast."

The little peasant listened, and when he heard them talking about feasting he was angry that he had had to make do with a piece of bread and cheese. Then the woman served up four different things: a roast, salad, cake, and wine. They were just about to sit down and eat when someone knocked on the outside door.

The woman said, "Oh, God, it's my husband." She quickly hid the roast inside the tile stove, the wine under the pillow, the salad on top of the bed, the cake under the bed, and the priest in the hallway chest.

Then opening the door for her husband, she said, "Thank heaven, you are back again. That is such a storm, as if the world were coming to an end."

The miller saw the little peasant lying in the straw and asked, "What is that fellow doing there?"

"Oh," said his wife, "The poor rascal came in the storm and rain and asked for shelter, so I gave him a piece of bread and cheese, and let him lie in the straw."

The man said, "I have nothing against that, but hurry and get me something to eat."

His wife said, " I have nothing but bread and cheese."

"I'll be satisfied with anything," answered her husband. "Bread and cheese will be good enough for me." Then he looked at the little peasant and said, "Come and eat some more with me."

The little peasant did not have to be asked twice, but got up and ate.

Afterward the miller saw the hide with the raven in it lying on the ground, and asked, "What do you have there?"

The little peasant answered, "I have a fortune-teller inside it."

"Can he predict anything for me?" said the miller.

"Why not?" answered the little peasant. "But he only says four things, and the fifth he keeps to himself."

The miller was curious and said, "Let him predict something."

Then the little peasant pressed against the raven's head, so that he cawed and said, "krr, krr."

The miller said, "What did he say?"

The little peasant answered, "First of all, he says that there is some wine under the pillow."

"That would be something!" cried the miller, and went there and found the wine. "Say some more," he said.

The little peasant made the raven caw again, then said, "Secondly, he says that there is a roast in the tile stove."

"That would be something!" cried the miller, and went there and found the roast.

The little peasant made the raven prophesy still more, and said, "Thirdly, he says that there is some salad on top of the bed."

"That would be something!" cried the miller, and went there and found the salad.

At last the little peasant pressed against the raven once more until he cawed, and said, "Fourthly, he says that there is a cake under the bed."

"That would be something!" cried the miller, and looked there and found the cake. Then the two of them sat down at the table together. But the miller's wife was frightened to death and went to bed, taking all the keys with her.

The miller would have liked very much to know the fifth thing, but the little peasant said, "First, let us eat the four things in peace, for the fifth thing is something bad."

So they ate, after which they bargained as to how much the miller would pay for the fifth prophesy, finally

agreeing on three hundred talers. Then the little peasant once more pressed against the raven's head until he cawed loudly.

The miller asked, "What did he say?"

The little peasant answered, "He says that the devil is hiding out there in the hallway chest."

The miller said, "The devil must leave," and opened the outside door.

Then the woman had to give up the keys, and the little peasant unlocked the chest. The priest ran out as fast as he could, and the miller said, " I saw the black fellow with my own eyes. It was true."

The next morning at dawn the little peasant quickly made off the with the three hundred talers.

At home the little peasant gradually began to prosper. He built a nice house, and the peasants said, "The little peasant has certainly been to the place where golden snow falls and people carry money home by the bushel."

Then the little peasant was summoned before the mayor and ordered to tell where his wealth came from.

He answered, "I sold my cow's hide in the town for three hundred talers."

When the peasants heard this, they too wanted to benefit from this favorable exchange. They ran home, slaughtered all their cows, and stripped off their hides in order to sell them in the town at this great profit.

The mayor, however, said, "But my maid must go first."

When she came to the buyer in the town, he did not give her more than three talers for one hide, and when the others came, he did not give them even that much, saying, "What am I to do with all these hides?"

Then the peasants were angry that the little peasant had deceived them. Wanting to take revenge against him, they accused him of fraud before the mayor. The innocent little peasant was unanimously sentenced to death, and he was to be rolled into the water in a barrel pierced with holes. He was led out, and a priest was brought who was to say a mass for his soul. The others had to step back, and when the little peasant looked at the priest he recognized the man who had been with the miller's wife.

He said to him, "I freed you from the chest. Free me from the barrel."

Just then a shepherd came by with a flock of sheep. It was the very shepherd who, as the little peasant knew, had long wanted to be mayor. Then the little peasant cried out with all his might, "No, I will not do it! Even if the whole world insists on it, I will not do it!"

Hearing this, the shepherd came up to him, and asked, "What are you up to? What is it that you will not do?"

The little peasant said, "They want to make me mayor, if I will get into the barrel, but I will not do it."

The shepherd said, "If that is all that is needed to be mayor, I would get into the barrel at once."

The little peasant said, "If you will get in, then you will be mayor."

The shepherd agreed and got in, and the little peasant nailed the top down. Then he took the shepherd's flock for himself, and drove it away. The priest went to the people and told them that the mass had been read. Then they came and rolled the barrel towards the water. As the barrel began to roll, the shepherd cried

out, "I will gladly be mayor."

They believed that it was the little peasant who was saying this and answered, "That is what we intend, but first take a look around down there," and they rolled the barrel into the water.

After that the peasants went home, and as they were entering the village, the little peasant approached them, happily driving a flock of sheep. The astonished peasants said, "Little peasant, where are you coming from? Did you come out of the water?"

"Yes indeed," answered the little peasant. "I sank deep, deep down, until at last I reached the bottom. I pushed the bottom out of the barrel, and crawled out. There were beautiful meadows there, where many lambs were grazing. I brought this flock with me from there."

The peasants said, "Are there more there?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "More than you could use."

Then the peasants decided that they too would get some sheep for themselves, a flock for each one of them, but the mayor said, "I come first."

So they went to the water together, and just then in the blue sky there were some of the small fleecy clouds that are called little lambs. They were reflected in the water, and the peasants cried out, "We can already see the sheep down there on the bottom."

The mayor pushed his way to the front, saying, "I will go down first, and take a look around. If everything is all right, I shall call you." Then he jumped in.

"Plop," went the water. They thought that he was calling them to come, and the whole lot of them hastily plunged in after him.

Then the entire village was dead, and the little peasant, as the only heir, became a rich man.

SOURCE: "The Little Peasant" from *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, 1812.