English 315

17th Century English Literature

Monday, Wednesday, Friday 2-2:50
PAC 214

Contact Information

Dr. DeWall
E-mail: nbdewall@mckendree.edu
Office: Carnegie 211
Office Hours: Tuesday and Thursday 1-3, and by appointment
Office Phone: 618.537.6495

Required Texts

John Milton, Paradise Lost; Daniel Defoe, A Journal of the Plague Year; Seventeenth-Century British Poetry: 1603-1660; William Shakespeare, King Lear

All texts are available in the bookstore

Assignments and Final Grade

Your final grade will be determined as follows:

Essay #1 .................. 20
Essay #2 .................. 20
Midterm Exam .......... 20
Final Exam .............. 20
Presentation ........... 10
Readiness ............... 10

Extra Credit ........... up to 6 points

Essays: 4-5 pages, double-spaced; literary analysis.
Exams: multiple choice, passage identification, short essays.
Presentation: 8-10 minute informal talk on any aspect of Daniel Defoe’s Journal of a Plague Year.
Readiness: read the material before class; participate in class discussion.
Extra Credit: Memorization. To earn 3 extra points on your final grade, you may memorize a poem or a passage from a longer work. The poem or passage must be at least 14 lines long. You may choose anything that strikes your fancy throughout the semester (or you may ask me for suggestions). You may do this twice, for a total of six additional points on your final grade. You will recite the poem for me, in my office.
Class Policies

Attendance: Because this is a class based primarily on discussion, you need to be present at every class meeting; I will take role at the start of every class. You may acquire two unexcused absences with no penalty. If you acquire three unexcused absences, I will drop your final letter grade by 5 points; if you acquire four unexcused absences, I will drop your final letter grade by 10 points. If you acquire five unexcused absences, you must withdraw from the course (you will receive an email from me asking you to discontinue attendance).

Unexcused absence: oversleeping, leaving early for a holiday, taking a day off

Excused absence: religious holiday (talk to me in advance), illness (doctor’s note required), family emergency (advisor’s note required)

Tardiness: Chronic lateness to class will seriously affect your grade. Three latenesses will count as one absence.

Late Work: Late work will not be accepted; if you don’t have the assignment at the start of class on the day it is due, it will receive an automatic “F.” If you need to be absent from class for any reason, get your work to me beforehand. You get one freebie here: if you can’t get your assignment in on time, just show up the day it’s due and tell me that you’re using your freebie (I don’t need to hear why, just that you’re using it). The assignment will then be due the next class session, with no penalty.

Plagiarism: If you submit work that is not yours, you will fail this class. I will also report you to the university. We will discuss plagiarism in greater detail before our first essay is due.

Office Hours: My office hours are Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 1-3 p.m. I have an open door policy, though, and I’m in my office every day. Feel free to drop by unannounced, or set up an appointment if my office hours don’t work with your schedule.

Electronic Protocols

Feel free to e-mail me (nbdewall@mckendree.edu). During weekdays, I will get back to you within 24 hours; on the weekends, it is at my discretion.

Making up for missed work is your responsibility. Email me only if you haven't been able to gain an adequate answer from your peers.

Under no circumstances should you email me attachments of your papers (I will not open such files). All papers to me should be submitted in hard paper copy only.

Make multiple electronic and paper copies of all materials throughout the course. File losses/problems are beyond my control.

All course materials for this class (syllabus, assignments, student contract, etc.) can be found on Blackboard.
All assignments (excluding in-class writing) should be done on computer, since much of the work you do will be revised more than once. Remember to always back up your work. Typed work must conform to the following requirements:
- stapled
- titled or labeled by assignment
- typed double-spaced (12-point font, something like Times New Roman)
- with standard margins on all sides
- correct MLA documentation where necessary

### Schedule

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Assignment</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Monday, August 25</td>
<td>Introduction to class</td>
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, September 1</td>
<td><strong>NO CLASS: Labor Day</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, September 3</td>
<td>Read Amelia Lanyer, “The Description of Cookham” (14-19); Ben Jonson, “To Penhurst” (97-100)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, September 5</td>
<td><strong>God</strong>: Read John Donne, “At the round earth’s imagined corners” (71), “Batter my heart” (73)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, September 10</td>
<td>Read Lanyer, “From Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum” (11-14)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, September 12</td>
<td>Read John Milton, <em>Paradise Lost</em>, Book 1</td>
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<td>Assignment</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, September 15</td>
<td>Read Milton, <em>Paradise Lost</em>, Book 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, September 17</td>
<td>Read Milton, <em>Paradise Lost</em>, Book 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, September 19</td>
<td>Read Milton, <em>Paradise Lost</em>, Book 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, September 22</td>
<td>Read Milton, <em>Paradise Lost</em>, Book 12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, September 24</td>
<td>In-class workshop</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, September 26</td>
<td>Essay #2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, September 29</td>
<td><strong>Kingship and Revolution:</strong> Read Katherine Philips, “Upon the Double Murder of K. Charles I in Answer to a Libelous Copy of Rhymes by Vavasor Powell” (655), “On the Third of September, 1651” (657-58)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, October 1</td>
<td>Read Richard Lovelace, “The Grasshopper. Ode. To My Noble Friend, Mr. Charles Cotton” (494-95); Aphra Behn, “A Pindaric on the Death of our Late Sovereign: With an Ancient Prophecy on His Present Majesty” (<em>photocopy provided</em>)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, October 3</td>
<td>Read William Shakespeare, <em>King Lear</em>, Acts 1 and 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, October 6</td>
<td>Read Shakespeare, <em>King Lear</em>, Acts 3 and 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, October 8</td>
<td>Read Shakespeare, <em>King Lear</em>, Act 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, October 10</td>
<td>Watch <em>King Lear</em> <em>(Note: I’m at a conference during this class session)</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, October 13</td>
<td>Finish watching <em>King Lear</em>; discuss</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, October 15</td>
<td>Mid-term Exam</td>
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<td>Friday, October 17</td>
<td>NO CLASS: Fall Break</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, October 20</td>
<td><strong>Love, Courtship, and Marriage:</strong> Read Herrick, “To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time” (195-96); Marvell, “To His Coy Mistress” (543-44)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, October 22</td>
<td>Read John Donne, “The Bait” (35), “The Good-Morrow” (23)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, October 24</td>
<td>Read Donne, “A Nocturnal upon St. Lucy’s Day, Being the Shortest Day” (33-35), “A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning” (36)</td>
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<td>Wednesday, October 29</td>
<td>Read Lady Mary Wroth, “When night’s black mantle could most darkness prove” (169)</td>
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<td>Friday, October 31</td>
<td>Read Wroth, “My pain, still smothered in my grievéd breast” (173), “In this strange labyrinth how shall I turn?” (174)</td>
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<td>Monday, November 3</td>
<td>Read Ben Jonson, <em>Epithalamion</em> (144)</td>
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<td>Wednesday, November 5</td>
<td>Reread Ben Jonson <em>Epithalamion</em> (144)</td>
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<td>Friday, November 7</td>
<td>Aphra Behn, “The Disappointment” <em>(photocopy provided)</em></td>
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<td>Monday, November 10</td>
<td>Read Milton, “Lycidas” (398-403)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, November 12</td>
<td>Read Philips, “To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship” (662)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, November 14</td>
<td>In-class workshop</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, November 17</td>
<td><strong>Due: Essay #2</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, November 19</td>
<td><strong>The Plague:</strong> Read Daniel Defoe, <em>A Journal of the Plague Year</em>, pgs. 1-43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, November 21</td>
<td>Read Defoe, <em>Journal</em>, pgs. 44-92</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, November 24</td>
<td>Read Defoe, <em>Journal</em>, pgs. 92-142</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, November 26</td>
<td>NO CLASS: Thanksgiving Holiday</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, November 28</td>
<td>NO CLASS: Thanksgiving Holiday</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, December 1</td>
<td>Read Defoe, <em>Journal</em>, pgs. 142-193</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wednesday, December 3</td>
<td>Read Jonson, “On My First Son” (85-86)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friday, December 5</td>
<td>Course evaluations; wrap-up; discuss final exam</td>
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**Final Exam:** Monday, December 8th, 3:30-5:30
The Disappointment
by Aphra Behn
(1640?-1689)

1.

One Day the *Amarous Lisander*,
By an impatient Passion sway'd,
Surpris'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
Who cou'd defend her self no longer;
All things did with his Love conspire,
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the *World*,
But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.

In alone *Thicket*, made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids Consent,
She with a charming Languishment
Permits his force, yet gently strove?
Her Hands his *Bosom* softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilst he lay trembling at her feet;
Resistance 'tis to late to shew,
She wants the pow'r to say -- *Ah!* what do you do?

3.

Her bright Eyes sweat, and yet Severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh Vigor to *Lisander* give:
And whispring softly in his Ear,
She Cry'd -- Cease -- cease -- your vain desire,
Or I'll call out -- What wou'd you do?
My dearer Honour, ev'n to you,
I cannot -- must not give -- retire,
Or take that Life whose chiefest part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

4.

But he as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed Minutes to improve,
Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair!
Each touch her new Desires alarms!
His burning trembling *Hand* he prest
Upon her melting Snowy Breast,
While she lay panting in his Arms!
All her unguarded Beauties lie
The *Spoils* and *Trophies* of the Enemy.

5.

And now, without Respect or Fear,
He seeks the Objects of his Vows;
His Love no Modesty allows:
By swift degrees advancing where
His daring *Hand* that Alter seiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice;
That awful *Throne*, that Paradise,
Where Rage is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd;
That Living *Fountain*, from whose *Trills*
The melted Soul in liquid Drops distils.

6.
Her balmy Lips encountering his,
Their Bodies as their Souls are join'd,
Extend themselves upon the Moss.
Cloris half dead and breathless lay,
Her Eyes appear'd like humid Light,
Such as divides the Day and Night;
And now no signs of Life she shows,
But what in short-breath-sighs returns and goes.

7.

He saw how at her length she lay,
He saw her rising Bosom bare,
Her loose thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play;
Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
She do's her softest Sweets dispence,
A Victim to Loves Sacred Flame;
Whilst th' o'er ravish'd Shepherd lies,
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

8.

Ready to taste a Thousand Joys,
Thee too transported hapless Swain,
Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain:
Pleasure, which too much Love destroys!
The willing Garments by he laid,
And Heav'n all open to his view;
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the defenceless lovely Maid.
But oh! what envious Gods conspire
To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire!

9.

Natures support, without whose Aid
She can no humane Being give,
It self now wants the Art to live,
Faintness it slacken'd Nerves invade:
In vain th' enraged Youth assail
To call his fleeting Vigour back,
No Motion 'twill from Motion take,
Excess of Love his Love betray'd;
In vain he Toils, in vain Commands,
Th' Insensible fell weeping in his Hands.

10.

In this so Am'rous cruel strife,
Where Love and Fate were too severe,
The poor Lisander in Despair,
Renounce'd his Reason with his Life.
Now all the Brisk and Active Fire
That should the Nobler Part inflame,
Unactive Frigid, Dull became,
And left no Spark for new Desire;
Not all her Naked Charms cou'd move,
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

11.

Cloris returning from the Trance
Which Love and soft Desire had bred,
Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,
Or guided by Design or Chance,
Upon that Fabulous Priapus,
That Potent God (as Poets feign.)
But never did young Shepherdess
(Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)
More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
Finding beneath the Verdant Leaves a Snake.

12.

Then Cloris her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires,
And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the
Morning-dew.
Who can the Nymphs Confusion guess ?
The Blood forsook the kinder place,
And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
Which both Disdain and Shame express ;
And from Lisanders Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

13.

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
Or Daphne from the Delphick God ;
No Print upon the Grassie Road
She leaves, t' instruct pursuing Eyes.
The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
And with her ruffled Garments plaid,
Discover'd in the flying Maid
All that the Gods e're made of Fair.

So Venus, when her Love was Slain,
With fear and haste flew o're the fatal Plain.

14.

The Nymphs resentments, none but I
Can well imagin, and Condole ;
But none can guess Lisander's Soul,
But those who sway'd his Destiny :
His silent Griefs, swell up to Storms,
And not one God, his Fury spares,
He Curst his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
But more the Shepherdesses Charms ;
Whose soft bewitching influence,
Had Damn'd him to the Hell of Impotence.
A PINDARIC ON THE DEATH Of Our Late SOVEREIGN:
With an Ancient Prophecy on His Present MAJESTY.

[I.]
1: SAD was the Morn', the sadder Week began,
2: And heavily the God of Day came on:
3: From Ominous Dreams my wondering Soul lookt out,
4: And saw a Dire Confusion round about.
5: My Bed like some sad Monument appear'd,
6: Round which the Mournful Statues wring their hands and weep;
7: Distracted Objects all! with mighty Grief, prepar'd
8: To rouse me from my painful Sleep.
9: Not the sad Bards that wail'd Jerusalems woes,
10: (With wild neglect throu'out the peopl'd street,
11: With a Prophetick rage affrighting all they meet)
12: Had mightier Pangs of sorrow, mightier throes;
13: Ah! wretch, undone they Cry! awake forlorn,
14: The King! the King is Dead! rise! rise and Mourn.

II.
15: Again I bid 'em tell their sorrows Theam,
16: Again they Cry, The King! the King is Dead!
17: Extended, Cold and Pale, upon the Royal Bed;
18: Again I heard, and yet I thought it Dream.
19: Impossible! (I raving Cry)
20: That such a Monarch! such a God should dye!
21: And no Dire Warning to the World be given:
22: No Hurricanes on Earth! no Blazing Fires in Heaven!
23: The Sun and Tyde their constant Courses keep:
24: That cheers the World with its Life-giving Reign,
25: This hasts with equal Motion to the Deep;
26: And in its usual turns revives the Banks again,
27: And in its soft and easie way,
28: Brings up no Storms or Monsters from the Sea,
29: No Show'rs of Blood, no Temples Vale is rent,
30: But all is Calm, and all is Innocent.
31: When Nature in Convulsions should be hurl'd.
32: And Fate should shake the Fabrick of the World;
33: Impossible! Impossible I Cry!
34: So Great a King! so much a God! so silently should dye!

III.
35: True I Divin'd! when loe a Voice arriv'd,
36: Welcom as that which did the Crowd surprise,
37: When the Dead *Lazarus* from the Tomb reviv'd
38: And saw a *Pitying God* attend his rise!
39: *Our Sovereign lives!* it cry'd! *rise and Adore!*
40: *Our Sovereign lives!* Heaven adds one *Wonder* more,
41: *To the Miraculous History* of his Num'rous store:
42: Suddain as *thought*, or winged *Light'ning* flys,
43: This cha'sd the *Gloomy Terrors* from our Eyes,
44: And all from *Sorrows*, fall to *Sacrifice*,
45: Whole *Hacatoms of Vows* the Altars Crown,
46: To clear our *Sins* that brought this Vengeance down;
47: So the *Great Saviour* of the World did fall,
48: A Bleeding Victim to *attone* for all!
49: Nor were the Blest *Apostles* more reviv'd,
50: When in the *Resurrection* they beheld
51: Their *Faith* Establish'd, and their *Lord* surviv'd,
52: And all the *Holy Prophesies* fulfill'd.
53: Their Mighty *Love*, by Mighty *Joy* they show'd!
54: And if from *feabler Faith* before,
55: They did the Deity, and Man *Adore*:
56: What must they pay, when He *confirm'd* the God?
57: Who having *finish* all His wonders here,
58: And *full Instructions* given,
59: To make his bright *Divinity* more *Cleer*;
60: Transfigur'd all to Glory, *Mounts* to Heaven!

IV.

61: So fell our *Earthly God*! so Lov'd, so Mourn'd,
62: So like a God again return'd.
63: For of His *Message*, yet a *part* was unperform'd,
64: But oh! our *Pray'rs* and *Vows* were made *too late*,
65: The Sacred *Dictates* were already past;
66: And open laid the *Mighty Book* of Fate,
67: Where the *Great MONARCH* read his lifes *short date*;
68: And for *Eternity* prepar'd in hast.
69: He saw in th'everlasting *Chains*
70: Of long past Time and Numerous Things,
71: The Fates, Vicisitudes, and *pains*,
72: Of Mighty *Monarchies*, and Mighty *Kings*,
73: And blest his Stars that in an Age so Vain,
74: Where Zealous *Mischiefs, Frauds, Rebellions*, Reign:
75: Like *Moses*, he had led the Murm'ring Crowd,
76: Beneath the *Peaceful Rule* of his Almighty Wand;
77: Pull'd down the *Golden Calf* to which they bow'd,
78: And left 'em *safe*, entring the promis'd Land;
79: And to good *JOSHUA*, now resigns his sway,
80: *JOSHUA*, by *Heaven* and *Nature* pointed out to lead the way.
V.

81: Full of the Wisdom and the Pow'r of God,

82: The Royal PROPHET now before him stood:

83: On whom His Hands the Dying MONARCH laid,

84: And wept with tender Joy, and Blest and said:

85: To Thee, kind Aid in all my Fates and Pow'rs,

86: Dear Partner of my sad and softest Hours,

87: Thy Parting King and Brother recommends.

88: His frighted Nations, and his Mourning Friends,

89: Take to Thy Pious Care, my Faithful Flock.

90: And tho' the Shelt'ring Cedar Fade,

91: Regard said he, regard my tender Stock;

92: The Noble Stems may shoot and grow

93: To Grace the spacious Plains, and bow

94: Their spreading Branches round Thee a defensive shade.

95: The Royal SUCCESSOR to all he hears

96: With sighs assented, and confirming Tears.

97: Much more he spoke! much more he had Exprest,

98: But that the Charming Accents of his Tongue

99: Flew upwards, to Compose a Heav'nly Song,

100: And left his speaking Eyes to Bless and tell the rest,

101: His Eyes so much Ador'd! whose less'ning light

102: Like setting Suns that hasten on the Night;

103: (Lending their Glories to another Sphere)

104: Those Sacred Lights are fading here,

105: Whilst every Beam above informs a Star,

VI.

106: Which shall a Nobler Business know,

107: And Influence his best lov'd Friends below.

108: But oh!

109: No Humane thought can paint the Grief and Love,

110: With which the Parting Hero's strove.

111: Sad was the Scene, soft looks the Voice supplies,

112: Anguish their Hearts, and Languishment their Eyes;

113: Not God-like Jonathan with greater pain,

114: Sigh't his last Farwell to the Royal Swain;

115: While Awful silence fill'd the Gloomy place,

116: And Death and Midnight hung on ev'ry Face.

117: And now the fatal Hour came on,

118: And all the Blessed Pow'rs above,

119: In hast to make him ALL their own,

120: Around the Royal Bed in shining order move.

121: Once more he longs to see the Breaking Day,

122: The last his Mortal Eyes shall e're behold,

123: And oft he ask'd if no Kind Ray,
Its near Approach foretold.
And when he found 'twas Dawning in,
(With the Cold Tide of Death that flow'd all o're)
Draw, draw, said he, this Clowd that hangs between,
And let me take my last adieu;
Oh let me take my last—last view,
For I shall never, never see it more.
And Now—
Officious Angels catch his dying Sighs,
And bear 'em up in Triumph to the Skys,
Each forms a Soul! of the Divinest dress!
For New-born Kings and Heroes to possess.
The last, that from the Sacred Fabrick flew,
Made CHARLES a God! and JAMES a Monarch too!

Source: http://dev.hil.unb.ca/Texts/EPD/UNB/view-works.cgi?c=behnaphr.1356&pos=7
Course Contract

I have read and understand the course policies set forth by Dr. Nichole DeWall’s ENG 315 syllabus.

Print Name________________________________________________

Signature___________________________________________________

Date_______________________________________________________