

## Daisy Miller

### Selected quotes for class discussion

**Objective:** students are supposed to contribute to class discussion, and then, to write short paragraphs about the following quotes taking into consideration:

- addresser/ addressee
- occasion/ setting
- significance, i.e. what the quote illustrates (a commentary on a character, confession, a climax, ending .....etc.)

1. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady except under certain rarely occurring conditions; but here at Vevey, what conditions could be better than these?—a pretty American girl coming and standing in front of you in a garden. 3

2. "the only thing I don't like," she proceeded, "is the society. There isn't any society; or, if there is, I don't know where it keeps itself. Do you? I suppose there is some society somewhere, but I haven't seen anything of it. I'm very fond of society, and I have always had a great deal of it....In New York I had lots of society. 6

3. He felt that he had lived at Geneva so long that he had lost a good deal; he had become dishabituated to the American tone. Never, indeed, since he had grown old enough to appreciate things, had he encountered a young American girl of so pronounced a type as this. Certainly she was very charming, but how deucedly the pretty girls who had a good deal of gentlemen's society?...he was inclined to think Miss Daisy Miller was a flirt—a pretty American flirt. 6

4. He immediately perceived from her tone that Miss Miller's place in the social scale was low. "I am afraid you don't approve of them," he said. "They are very common," Mrs. Costello declared. "They are the sort of Americans that one does one's duty by not - not accepting."

"Ah, you don't accept them?" said the young man.

"I can't my dear Frederick. I would if I could, but I can't." 9

5. "The girl goes about alone with her foreigners. As to what happens further, you must apply elsewhere for information. She has picked up half a dozen of the regular Roman fortune hunters, and she takes them about to people's houses. When she comes to a party she brings with her a gentleman with a good deal of manner and a wonderful mustache."

"And where is the mother?"

"I haven't the least idea. They are very dreadful people."

Winterbourne mediated a moment. "They are very ignorant - very innocent only. Depend upon it they are not bad."

"They are hopelessly vulgar," said Mrs. Costello. "Whether or no being hopelessly vulgar is being bad is a question for the metaphysicians. They are bad enough to dislike, at any rate" 19

6. Daisy came after eleven o'clock; but she was not, on such an occasion, a young lady to wait to be spoken to. She rustled forward in radiant loveliness, smiling and chattering, carrying a large bouquet, and attended by Mr. Giovanelli. Everyone stopped talking and turned and looked at her. She comes straight to Mrs. Walker. "I'm afraid you thought I never was coming, so I sent mother off to tell you. 29

7. "About the streets? Cried Daisy with her pretty stare. "Where, then, would he have proposed to her to walk? The Pincio is not the streets, either; and I, thank goodness, am not a young lady of this country. The young ladies of this country have a deadfully poky time of it, so far as I can learn; I don't see why I should change my habits for THEM." 29

8. After this Daisy was never at home and Winterbourne ceased to meet her at the houses of their common acquaintances, because, as he perceived, these shrewd people had quite made up their minds that she was going too far. They intimated that they desired to express to observant Europeans the great truth that, though Miss Daisy Miller was a young American lady, her behavior was not representative—was regarded by her compatriots as abnormal. 33

9. Winterbourne came forward again and went toward the great cross. Daisy had got up; Giovanelli lifted his hat. Winterbourne had now began to think simply of the craziness, from a sanitary point of view, of a delicate young girl lounging away the evening in this nest of malaria... "How long have you been here?" he asked almost brutally.

Daisy, lovely in the flattering moonlight, looked at him a moment. Then—"All the evening," she answered, gently.\*\*\* "I never saw anything so pretty." 36

10. A week after this, the poor girl died; it had been a terrible case of the fever. Daisy's grave was in the little Protestant cemetery, in an angle of the wall of imperial Rome, beneath the cypresses and the thick spring flowers....Giovanelli was very pale...At last he said, "She was the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable"; and then he added in a moment, "and she was the most innocent." Winterbourne looked at him and presently repeated his words, "And the most innocent?"

"The most innocent!" 38