



“बेटी बचाओ, बेटी पढ़ाओ”

## JAYOTI VIDYAPEETH WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY, JAIPUR

### (Format for Preparing E Notes)

### Faculty of Education and Methodology

**Faculty Name-** JV'n Dr. Suman Devi  
**Teaching-** Methodology and Education  
**Program-** B.A.B.ED. 1<sup>st</sup> Sem  
**Course-** English Literature  
**Session-** 2023..... (1<sup>st</sup> Session)

#### Academic Day starts with –

- Greeting with saying ‘**Namaste**’ by joining Hands together following by 2-3 Minutes Happy session, Celebrating birthday of any student of respective class and **National Anthem**.

#### Lecture Starts with-

#### Review of previous Session- .....

Topic to be discussed today- Today We will discuss about ... “ My Last Duchess “ By Robert Browning.

- .....
- Lesson deliverance (ICT, Diagrams & Live Example)-
- PPT (5 Slides)
- Diagrams

Introduction & Brief Discussion About The Topic.....

- University Library Reference-

- ..... Journal

**Online Reference if any**

**My Last Duchess**

*Robert Browning*

**My Last Duchess**

**Launch Audio in a New Window**

**BY ROBERT BROWNING**

*FERRARA*

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps  
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps  
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule

She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked  
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody’s gift. Who’d stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech—which I have not—to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, “Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there exceed the mark”—and if she let  
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—  
E’en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene’er I passed her; but who passed without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will’t please you rise? We’ll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,  
The Count your master’s known munificence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretense  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter’s self, as I avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we’ll go  
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

***Explanation :-***

A guest is directed by the speaker, the Duke of Ferrara, to a painting on the wall that features his ex-wife, the Duchess of Ferrara. The Duke compliments the painting on its realism before pointing out how diligently Fra Pandolf worked on it. The duke invites the visitor to take a seat and study the piece. The duke goes on to explain that he purposefully disclosed the painter's name because outsiders, such as the emissary, are always drawn to the duke (and only the duke, since only he lifts the curtain that reveals the painting) and pretend to inquire as to how a one could go about asking how that kind of emotion appeared on her face. The duke restates that this is not the first time this question has been asked by the guest.

The duke goes on to say that his presence may not have been the only thing that caused the duchess's painted eyes to take on that expression or her painted cheek to flush with happiness. Fra Pandolf might have complimented her by remarking that "her shawl drapes over her wrist too much" or that "paint could never recreate the faint half-blush that's fading on her throat." The duke haltingly criticizes the former duchess for being too easily pleased or impressed, claiming that she believed that kind remarks like those were cause for blushing. In addition, he says that she enjoyed everything and everyone that she saw, even though his description makes it sound like she was staring at everyone in her way. The Duke complains Whether it was the sun sinking in the west, a cherry branch that someone intrudingly broke from a tree in the orchard for her, the white mule she rode around the terrace, or a jewelry or gift she wore at her chest. He says that in response to each one of them, she would respond with the same kind words or flush. The duke finds it difficult to articulate his objections, but he also takes issue with the way she thanks men. He specifically laments that she treats his 900-year-old name and social standing as valuable as any other person's gifts to her.

In a rhetorical question, the duke queries whether anyone would genuinely bring oneself to disagree with someone's actions. In his imagined scenario, the duke confronts the former duchess. He claims that even if he had the ability to express himself clearly and say something like, "This characteristic of yours disgusts me," or "Here you did too little or too much," and if the former duchess had changed rather than being obstinate and making excuses, even then the act of confronting her would be beneath him. He further declares that he will never lower himself to the point where doing so would be inappropriate.

The duke then goes back to complaining to his guest about his previous wife's indiscriminate happiness, pointing out that although the duchess smiled at him every time they passed, she also smiled at everyone else. The duke says that as she started grinning even more at everyone, he gave orders that caused her smiles to stop permanently—possibly because he had her slain. She only exists in the painting now.

The guest is then asked to get up and accompany the duke downstairs to meet the other guests. Additionally, he claims that the Count, who is revealed to be the guest's master and the father of the duke's future bride, is so well-known for his financial generosity that no dowry request from the duke could be denied. The duke also remarks swiftly that he has stressed from the start of their conversations that his main goal is to marry the Count's gorgeous daughter, not the dowry.

The duke concludes his speech by ordering the Count's messenger to accompany him downstairs. While they are downstairs, he points out to the emissary a unique bronze statue of the God Neptune taming a seahorse, which Claus of Innsbruck had cast especially for him.