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Lakeside Series.

- Lincoln: GETTYSBURG SPEECH
- Hawthorne: THE GREAT CARBUNCLE
- Webster: BUNKER HILL ORATION
- Goldsmith: THE DESERTED VILLAGE
- Tennyson: ENOCH ARDEN

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The Lakeside Series of English Readings

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

LINCOLN

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

HAWTHORNE

BUNKER HILL ORATION

WEBSTER

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

GOLDSMITH

ENOCH ARDEN

TENNYSON

*EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
AND WITH STUDIES*

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Instructor in English in the Medill High School, Chicago



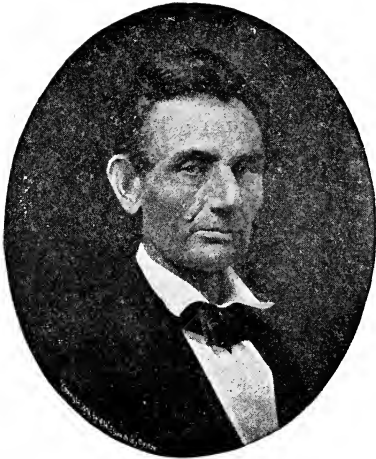
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1900

Dr. Kelly

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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## LINCOLN.

*February 12, 1862 — April 15, 1865.*

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### SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

November 19, 1863.

‘For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With ‘uff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise and steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.’

—LOWELL, S “Commemoration Ode.”

## GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

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THIS address, brief as it is, is one of the purest gems in the whole realm of literature. It should be committed to memory by every pupil in our schools. The long and studied oration delivered by Edward Everett on the same occasion is one of the masterpieces of American rhetoric and oratory. He was our greatest scholar and most finished speaker, and yet these few utterances of the martyr President will be read by millions while the great oration remains dust-covered on the shelves of the scholar's library. It is said that Mr. Everett told Mr. Lincoln he would gladly give his forty pages for Mr. Lincoln's twenty lines.

The relation of the battle of Gettysburg to the Civil War should be carefully studied. The field should be explained, the cemetery and monument described, and pupils should be encouraged to learn all possible from books, and from their friends in the Grand Army of the Republic, about this, the most hotly contested, bloody, and decisive battle of the entire Civil War.\*

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a

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\* From selections from Washington, Lincoln, and Bryant, edited by Harry T. Nightingale.



great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

# STUDY OF LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

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## PARAGRAPH-ANALYSIS.

- Paragraph 1.** A narrative of a past event.
- Paragraph 2.** The time, place, and occasion of the oration.
- Paragraph 3.** Proof of the statement: "In a larger sense we can not dedicate . . . this ground."

## NOTES.

1. Verify this analysis.  
What is the past event?  
What is the time, place, and occasion?
2. Number the sentences in the third paragraph.  
What words in the first sentence are further explained by the second sentence?  
What words in the second sentence by the third sentence, and so on?

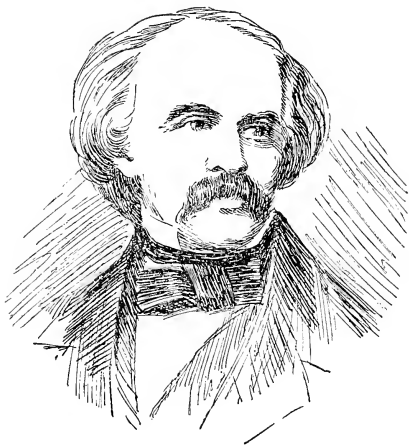
When a word is repeated at the beginning of successive clauses, we have what is called parallel construction, as in the following:—

"Those *who* roused the people to resistance, *who* directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, *who* formed out of the most unpromising materials the finest army that Europe had ever seen . . . were no vulgar fanatics."

Find an example of parallel construction in this address.

Commit this address to memory.





NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1804-1864.

“As a master of style, Hawthorne is inimitable. No one ever wrote purer English or used words more delicately and powerfully.”—*Hart*.

This greatest of American novelists was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, and graduated at Bowdoin in 1825 in the class with Longfellow. His life after leaving college was one of seclusion, varied by little communication with anyone but his immediate circle of friends.

His first publication was “Twice Told Tales.” This received hearty praise from Longfellow, but it was not cordially welcomed by the public. At this time sociological theories were being tested at Brook Farm; Hawthorne took an active part in the enterprise, but his lack of sympathy with its principles was shown in “The Blithedale Romance.” During his residence in the “Old Manse” at Concord, “Mosses from an Old Manse” appeared; this was a collection of papers republished from various magazines. In 1846 he was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem. A graphic picture of the custom-house and its inmates served as an introduction to “The Scarlet Letter,” his masterpiece. In keen and subtle analysis, in patient, almost insensible development of plot, as well

as in beauty of description, and purity and elegance of diction, it stands alone in American fiction, unapproached except by other works of the same great master.

Hawthorne also wrote "The Marble Faun," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Snow Image," and several volumes for young people. His special characteristics are his power of analyzing and developing the weird and mysterious, and of breathing a living soul into everything that he touched with the magic wand of his genius. Unfortunately there runs through his writings a deep vein of melancholy, amounting almost to hopelessness.

# THE GREAT CARBUNCLE.<sup>1</sup>

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## A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

1 AT nightfall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends, nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines that had drifted down the headlong current of the Ammonoosuc, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a

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<sup>1</sup>The Indian tradition, on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded, is both too wild and too beautiful to be adequately wrought up in prose. Sullivan, in his "History of Maine," written since the Revolution, remarks, that even then, the existence of the Great Carbuncle was not entirely discredited.

mile above their heads was that black verge, where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds, or tower naked into the sky. / The roar of the Ammonoosuc would have been too awful for endurance, if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

2 The adventurers therefore exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again, in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

3 The eldest of the group, a tall, lean weather-beaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did



well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise—the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Doctor Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes during his researches in chemistry and alchemÿ. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that, at the commencement of his studies, he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment, and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pignort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story, that

Master Pignort was accustomed to spend a whole hour, after prayer-time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name, that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature, to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine, whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry, which flowed from him, had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jeweled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial vault of his dead progenitors, rummaging their moldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust;

so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

4 Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person, in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's, Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

5 Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone, in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it, as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedition, full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the

trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon, and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other, in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions, that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it, either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit; all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

6 In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

7 "So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel—who, doubtless, is as wise as any gray-beard of the company :

here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss, that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear-skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

8 "How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it—that folly has passed long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone, because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me, in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength—the energy of my soul—the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet, not to have my wasted lifetime back again, would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me forever."

9 "Oh wretch, regardless of the interests of science!" cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. "Thou art not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the luster of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may

desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible, or set on fire with the blowpipe. By these various methods, I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world in a folio volume.”

10 “Excellent!” quoth the man with the spectacles. “Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother’s son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own.”

11 “But verily,” said Master Ichabod Pignort, “for mine own part, I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages—and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Car-

buncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the Evil One. Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate without a reasonable chance of profit?"

12 "Not I, pious Master Pignort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

13 "Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore, I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on ship-board, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into Heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

14 "That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it—my soul shall drink its radiance—it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers,

and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name !”

15 “Well said, Master Poet !” cried he of the spectacles. “Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o’lantern !”

16 “To think?” ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse — “to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, on the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres !”

17 “It is a noble thought,” said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. “Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship’s progeni-



tors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

18 "Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand-in-hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

19 "How, fellow!" exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

20 "No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle, because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us. It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing, as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

21 There was a general smile among the adventurers, at the simplicity of the young couple's project, in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression

of ill-natured mirth, that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

22 "The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing, in *rerum naturâ*. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man, one whit less an ass than myself, that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

23 Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness, instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains, and the rock-bestrown bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial-points

of Heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

24 The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry, while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke, from visions of unearthly radiance, to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were, than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain, and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

25 "Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

26 In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither, that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing

precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Ammonoosuc, and then to taste a morsel of food, ere they turned their faces to the mountain side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind, and cloud, and naked rocks, and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths, rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

27 "Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her, and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

28 But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

29 "Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

30 "Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage, and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again, the moment that he grew bold.

31 And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of native rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants, in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one center, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the

appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again, more intensely, alas! than beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation, when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together, with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

32 Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that, her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feeble effort. At last, she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

33 "We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And, oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

34 "Dear heart! — we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid, I

can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

35 "The sun can not be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time, it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

36 "But look!" repeated Matthew in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

37 Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were inter-fused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff, im-

pending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

38 They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate—and the consciousness was fearful. Often, from childhood upward, they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest luster on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, the sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance, they beheld an object which drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

39 "It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead." "The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or, perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

40 "The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."



41 They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light, as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet, as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

42 "Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

43 "There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round toward the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you can not help seeing it!"

44 Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep shuddering groan, he dropped his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them

of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

45 "Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence!"

46 Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

47 "Yes, dearest," cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast, "we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

48 "No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle!"

49 Out of the hollow of their hands, they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they drew a farewell

glance toward the cliff, and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskiily.

50 As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pignort soon gave up the quest, as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town dock, in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered, that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burnt with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And, for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say,

that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

51 The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the wilful blindness of his former life. The whole night long, he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward at sunrise, as duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of Saint Peter's church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

52 Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, toward the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient luster of the gem. For it is affirmed, that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a

jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noontide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

53 Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing, as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned, that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

## STUDY OF "THE GREAT CARBUNCLE."

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Type of plot—the story of a quest.

Compare with this the type of plot in Hawthorne's "The Dragon's Teeth."

1. Read the whole selection for the story merely, and tell the story orally.

2. Reread the selection carefully to find illustrations of the following descriptions in paragraphs 1-23:—

(a) Of an assemblage.

(b) Of personal appearance.

(c) Of character.

In each of these descriptions what is the general impression made upon you?

What details are selected? Does each of these details contribute to the general effect, or have some of them no point in the description?

Read the following poem with the notes upon it:—

### THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN.

The way was long and weary,  
But gallantly they strode;  
A country lad and lassie  
Along the heavy road.  
The night was dark and stormy,  
But blithe of heart were they;  
For shining in the distance  
The lights of London lay;  
O gleaming lamps of London, that gem the city's crown,  
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of London Town.

The years passed on and found them  
Within the mighty fold,  
The years had brought them trouble,  
But brought them little gold.

Oft from their garret window,  
 On long, still summer nights,  
 They'd seek the far-off country,  
 Beyond the London lights ;  
 O mocking lamps of London, what weary eyes look down  
 And mourn the day they saw you, O Lights of London Town.

With faces worn and weary,  
 That told of sorrow's load,  
 One day a man and woman  
 Crept down a country road.  
 They sought their native village  
 Heart-broken from the fray ;  
 Yet shining still behind them  
 The lights of London lay ;  
 O cruel lamps of London, if tears your light could drown,  
 Your victims' eyes would weep them, O Lights of London Town.  
 — *George R. Sims.*

## NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

Note in the first stanza, the following thought-elements :—

(a) The mention of time : “The *night* was dark and stormy.”

(b) The mention of place : “The heavy road,” “the lights of London.”

(c) The mention of characters : “A country lad and lassie.”

(d) The mention of occasion, i. e., the reason for the characters' being in the place named. This is implied in : “What fortune lies within you, O Lights of London Town ?”

Find the same elements in each of the other two stanzas.

This telling of the story in a series of pictures containing the four elements mentioned above is often used. Kingsley's “The Three Fishers,” Longfellow's “Hanging of the Crane,” and George Eliot's “Two Lovers” are examples.

Use this method in telling the story of “The Great Carbuncle.”

Part I. The evening meeting of the adventurers. (Elaborate your description of each of the elements : place, character, etc.).

Part II. The finding of the gem.

Part III. Hannah and Matthew in their home.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

(1782-1852).

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WEBSTER,\* who was one of the greatest orators and statesmen this country ever produced, was born in Salisbury, N. H., on the 18th of January, 1782. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a distinguished soldier and officer in the Revolutionary War. After the war, he moved with his family into what was then the savage wilds of New Hampshire. In a humble house built in the woods on the outskirts of civilization, Daniel Webster was born. During his childhood he was sickly and delicate, and gave no promise of the robust and vigorous frame which he had in his manhood. It may well be supposed that his early opportunities for education were very scanty. In those days books were scarce, and he eagerly read every book he could find. In his Autobiography he says: "I remember that my father brought home from some of the lower towns Pope's Essay on Man, published in a sort of pamphlet. I took it, and very soon I could repeat it from beginning to end. We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart."

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\* From "Lessons in Literature," published by Ainsworth & Company.



At the age of fourteen he was sent to Phillips Academy, in Exeter, N. H., but remained only nine months on account of the poverty of the family. Upon leaving college, he immediately commenced his legal studies, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1805. He was elected to Congress in 1813, and at once took his place among the solid and eloquent men of the House. He served as United States Representative nine years in all, as Senator eighteen years, and he was three times Secretary of State. In 1852 he retired from public life, and died in his home by the seaside at Marshfield, Mass., October 25 of the same year.

Daniel Webster is universally acknowledged to be the foremost of constitutional lawyers and of parliamentary debaters, and is without a peer in the highest realms of classic and patriotic oratory. Physically, Webster was a magnificent specimen of manhood. Wherever he went, men turned to gaze at him. His face was striking both in form and color. The eyebrow, the eye, and the dark and deep socket in which it glowed, were full of power. His smile was beaming and fascinating, lighting up his whole face like a sudden sunrise. His voice was rich, deep, and strong, filling the largest space without effort, and when under excitement, rising and swelling into a violence of sound, like the roar of a tempest. His oratory was in perfect keeping with the man, gracious, logical, and majestic. He was by nature free, generous, and lav-

ish in his manner of living; as a result his private finances were often much embarrassed.

His literary works consist of speeches, forensic arguments, and diplomatic papers. Of his orations, three, the "Bunker Hill Monument Discourses," the "Plymouth Rock Discourse," and the "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson," have been declared "the very choicest masterpieces of all ages and all tongues."

Pupils are advised to read parts of the life of Webster, published in the American Statesmen series. He was without doubt the brainiest man America has ever produced, and perhaps its greatest constitutional lawyer. The names of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun are inseparably linked, and they have been called The Great Triumvirate. Webster's marvelous debates in Congress, especially his reply to Hayne, when he uttered that wonderful sentence, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," are among the most statesmanlike utterances in the annals of American politics. Repeatedly a candidate for president, the idol of his party, he made a fatal mistake in his great "seventh of March" speech, 1850, when he told the people of the North they must conquer their prejudices to pacify the South.

His followers began to desert him, the South would not trust him, and he did not secure the highest position in the gift of the people, to which his talents and his services so eminently entitled him. He

delivered the oration both at the laying of the corner stone and at the final dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, erected in memory of those who fought and fell in the first real battle of the Revolution. The monument is made of Quincy, Massachusetts, granite, and was conveyed in parts to the harbor on the first steam railroad built in the United States. Pupils should be instructed to study the beautiful language, the masterly rhetoric, the splendid imagery of this oration, and thus learn to imitate an oratorical style that can scarcely be excelled.

## THE BUNKER HILL ORATION.

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT AT CHARLESTOWN, MASS., ON THE 17TH OF JUNE, 1825.

1 THIS uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

2 If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of

successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event, without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic, scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

4 Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it.<sup>1</sup> No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

5 But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution.

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<sup>1</sup>An interesting account of the voyage of the early emigrants to the Maryland Colony, and of its settlement, is given in the official report of Father White, written probably within the first month after the landing at St. Mary's. The original Latin manuscript is still preserved among the archives of the Jesuits at Rome. The Ark and the Dove are remembered with scarcely less interest by the descendants of the sister colony than is the "Mayflower" in New England, which thirteen years earlier, at the same season of the year, bore thither the Pilgrim Fathers.

In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

6 The Society whose organ I am was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the work of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

7 We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached

the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events



on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that wearied and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

8 We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not far the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to *twelve*, the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry, and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

9 Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost

every man, has shaken to the center her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed, and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the south pole, is annihilated forever.<sup>1</sup>

10 In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge, such the improvement in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

11 Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it, and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we still have among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theater of their courage and patriotism.

<sup>1</sup>This has special reference to the Monroe Doctrine.

12 VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. / Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of

distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

13 But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like —

“another morn,

Risen on mid-noon;”

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

14 But, ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands,

whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

15 But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

16 VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your

fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

17 But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

18 The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the 17th of June, 1775,

nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the Province, and in that for shutting up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the Colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been anticipated that while the Colonies in general would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power which possessed the whole American people! Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized, everywhere, to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest. The tempta-



tion to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned, in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism. "We are deeply affected," said its inhabitants, "with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston some imagine that the course of trade may be turned hither and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors." These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters, assuring them that the cause was a common one, and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances; and in an address to the Congress at Philadelphia,

bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last, of the immortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared that this Colony "is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America."

19 But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof, and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread, than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined,—

"Totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."<sup>1</sup>

War on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it, and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plough was stayed in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons, to the battles of a civil war. Death might come in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they

<sup>1</sup> "And a Mind, diffused throughout the members, gives energy to the whole mass, and mingles with the vast body."

were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. "Blandishments," said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men."

20 The 17th of June saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever, — one cause, one country, one heart.

21 The Battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the Colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say, that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration,

or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary state papers exhibit. These papers will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.

22 To this able vindication of their cause, the Colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and given evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw, that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and, in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, that had been recently known to fall in the wars of Europe.

23 Information of these events, circulating throughout the world, at length reached the ears of one who now *hears me*.<sup>1</sup> He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill, and the name of Warren, excited in his youthful breast.

24 Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, Sir, your

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<sup>1</sup> Among the earliest of the arrangements for the celebration of the 17th of June, 1825, was the invitation to General Lafayette to be present.

interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

25 Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God, for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted through you from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, Sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the corner stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, Mc Cleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war.

Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

26 Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms,—to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. “*Serus in coelum redeas.*”<sup>1</sup> Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, O, very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

27 The leading reflection to which this occasion seems to invite us, respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age, that, in looking at these changes, and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider, not what has been done in our country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate

<sup>1</sup> “Late may you return to heaven.”

and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current, strong enough to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

28 A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge amongst men in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson, that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the world will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country, every wave rolls it; all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered;

and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors or fellow-workers on the theater of intellectual operation.

29 From these causes important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevails. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce which contribute to the comforts and the decencies of life; an augmentation which has far outrun the progress of population. And while the unexampled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and their capacity.

30 Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made during the last half-century in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn for a moment to the contem-



plation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, has been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted, by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field; and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude, and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided, and the smoke cleared away, we may begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state and condition of human society. And, without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent, that, from the before-mentioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, highly favorable, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

31 The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the

chariot wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

32 We learn from the result of this experiment how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for setting the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great degree of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the ax was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded

imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

33 It need not surprise us, that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the master-work of the world, to establish governments entirely popular on lasting foundations ; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It can not be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, in a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained ; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won ; yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power ; all its ends become means ; all its attainments are helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has limited, and nothing can limit, the amount of ultimate product.

34 Under the influence of this rapidly increasing

knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think, and to reason, on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations, and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

35 When Louis the Fourteenth said, "I am the State," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the state; they are its subject, it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they can not be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian champion, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions:—

“ Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,  
Give me TO SEE — and Ajax asks no more.”

36 We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiment will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, or to execute the system of pacification by force, and, with united strength, lay the neck of the Christian and civilized Greek at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have

mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by anyone who would hazard it.

37 It is, indeed, a touching reflection, that, while, in the fullness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency can not extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

38 Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolution of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish colonies, now independent States, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended

our own revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provision for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established States more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce, at this moment, creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able, by an exchange of commodities, to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations.

39 A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but itself constitutes the highest and most essential improvement.

40 When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "continent." Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The

southern hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out, in beauty, to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire.

41 And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

42 We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case,



the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

43 These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

44 And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the

side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and perservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

# STUDY OF WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION.

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(The answer to each of the following questions will be found in the paragraph of the oration which corresponds in number).

## PART I.

### Dealing with matters immediately connected with the occasion.

1. What is said of the feeling inspired by this occasion ?
2. What reasons are there why the audience should be thus inspired ?
3. What remote event in our history inspires the same feeling in a lesser degree ?
4. What event nearer to our own time inspires us ?
5. What is the event in our history which most profoundly stirs us ?
6. How is the present occasion connected with that event ?
7. Does this event need an edifice to commemorate it ? What three purposes are there in its erection ?
8. What is said of the progress of events in our own history since the Revolution ?
9. What is said of the progress of events among other nations since our Revolution ?
10. Show that this paragraph gives a summary of the thoughts expressed in paragraphs 8 and 9.
11. How does Webster lead up to his address to the veterans of the battle of Bunker Hill ?
12. How does the scene on Bunker Hill on the present occasion differ from the scene on the day of the battle which these veterans remember ?
13. What is said in the apostrophe to the soldiers, now dead, who fought at Bunker Hill ?
14. What is said in the apostrophe to Warren ?
15. Whom does Webster next address ?
- 16 and 17. What does he say to these ?

18. Give an account of the events which led to the battle of Bunker Hill.  
 19 and 20. What spirit did the Americans exhibit as the hour of conflict with England approached?  
 21 and 22. What were the results of the battle of Bunker Hill?  
 23. How does Webster introduce his address to Lafayette? Why did Webster not address Lafayette immediately after the veterans of the whole Revolution, that is, in paragraph 18?  
 24-26. What is said in compliment to Lafayette?

### PART II.

#### Dealing with reflections to which the occasion gives rise — the growth of popular government.

27. What is the leading thought suggested by the occasion?  
 28. What is said of the effects of the spread of intelligence?  
 29. What effect has this diffusion of knowledge had upon the general condition of men?  
 30. What effect has it had upon the question of politics and government?  
 31. What is the difference between the effects of our political revolution and those of European revolution?  
 32. Why was our political revolution a success?  
 33. What has Europe gained from revolution despite its evil effects?  
 34. What is said of the demand for popular government?  
 35. What two theories of government are here set forth?  
 36. What influence will the increasing power of public opinion have upon the war policy of the world? What is the historical allusion in this paragraph?  
 37. What expression of sympathy for Greece is found in this paragraph?  
 38. What does Webster consider one of the greatest events of the last fifty years? Why?  
 39 and 40. What have been the effects of this revolution upon the general condition of South America?  
 41. What is to be America's mission in the future drama of human affairs?  
 42. What should be America's policy in promoting the spread of popular government? Should she go abroad and preach the doctrine of free government, or perfect her institutions at home?

43. Does Webster believe in the permanence of popular government ?  
 44. How does the task of the present generation differ from that of our forefathers ?

Reread the oration with attention to the following points : —

In paragraphs 1–19 study examples of descriptions,—

(a) Of place.

(b) Of an occasion.

(c) Of a feeling. (Find two such instances).

The orators are very fond of using parallel construction. Study the following examples of this device, and then examine for parallel construction the following paragraphs in this oration : 2, 4, 5, 7, 14, 25.

1. "We should see it lying *so*<sup>1</sup> *fair* UPON THE <sup>2</sup> SEA *so*<sup>1</sup> *graceful* AGAINST THE <sup>2</sup> SKY." — *George William Curtis's "Prue and I."*

2. "Another chance was given them for liberty. *Were*<sup>1</sup> *they* to throw it away as they had thrown away the former ? *Were*<sup>1</sup> *they* again to advance their money on pledges that had been forfeited over and over again ?" — *Macaulay's "Essay on Milton."*

3. "You shall hear *how*<sup>1</sup> Pau-Pak-Keewis,  
*How*<sup>1</sup> the handsome Yenadizze  
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
*How*<sup>1</sup> the gentle Chibiabos,  
 HE THE SWEETEST <sup>2</sup> OF MUSICIANS,  
 Sang his songs of love and longing ;  
*How*<sup>1</sup> Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 HE THE MARVELOUS <sup>2</sup> STORY-TELLER,  
 Told his tales of strange adventure."

— *Longfellow's "Hiawatha."*



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.\*

(1728-1774).

“No man was ever so foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had.”—*Samuel Johnson*.

“Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity.”—*W. M. Thackeray*.

Oliver Goldsmith, the most charming and versatile writer of the eighteenth century, was born at Pallas, County of Longford, Ireland, in the year 1728. His father was a curate of the Established Church, and is described in the characters of the Man in Black in “The Citizen of the World,” the preacher in “The Deserted Village,” and Dr. Primrose in “The Vicar of Wakefield.” At the age of eighteen Oliver obtained a servant’s scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin. He neglected his studies, and became noted for his disobedience to authority and for his improvidence. After four years at the university, he tried successively the professions of teacher, clergyman, lawyer, and physician, but failed in all. In 1755-56 he traveled on foot through Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and returned to England in poverty, but still hopeful and happy. In 1762 he published “The Citizen of the World,” which was originally con-

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\* From “Lessons in Literature,” published by Ainsworth & Company.

tributed to the *Public Ledger* in the form of letters supposed to be written by a Chinese philosopher resident in England.

His didactic poem, "The Traveler," appeared in 1765, at which time he had long been settled in London, doing miscellaneous literary work for the booksellers. This poem was the beginning of his uninterrupted literary success. His writings were sought by publishers, who were ready to pay him generous prices, but his folly and his improvidence kept him always in debt. Great intellectual growth is visible in "The Deserted Village," which appeared in 1770. This, his finest poem, made him famous.

Goldsmith is the author of two amusing comedies, "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," the latter being one of the gayest, most amusing plays that the English stage can boast. "The Vicar of Wakefield," a much-admired domestic novel, is, in spite of the absurdity of the plot, one of those works that the world will not let die. The gentle and quiet humor embodied in the simple Dr. Primrose, the delicate yet vigorous contrast of character in the other personages, the purity, cheerfulness, and gayety which envelop all the scenes and incidents, insure the immortality of the work. His histories were hurriedly written, and are valueless as authorities, yet for their grace of composition and vivacity of narration, they have had an extensive sale.

In genuine and overflowing benevolence of heart,



few men have surpassed Goldsmith; but his want of high moral and religious tone is to be deplored. He was subject to depression of spirits, and in 1774 continued vexation of mind, arising perhaps from pecuniary troubles, brought on a nervous fever of which he died in his forty-sixth year. His grave was not marked by any inscription, and it can not now be found, but his hosts of friends erected to his memory a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The characteristics of Goldsmith are thus described by Dr. Johnson: "A man of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

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SWEET AUBURN ! loveliest village of the plain;  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,—  
<sup>10</sup> The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
<sup>20</sup> The young contending as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 30 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:  
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 40 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest:  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 50 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
60 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride;  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
70 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore;  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, returned to view  
80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;

To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 90 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as the hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to retire — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care that never must be mine,  
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these  
 100 A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,  
 Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 110 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling note came softened from below;

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
120 The playful children just let loose from school,  
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmur fluctuates in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widowed solitary thing,  
130 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:  
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish to change, his place  
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise,  
His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
150 He chid there their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
160 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride.  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
170 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 180 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 190 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
 The village master taught his little school,  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 200 The day's disasters in his morning face;  
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
 The village all declared how much he knew:  
 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;



Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
210 And 'en the story ran that he could gauge:  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;  
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
220 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlor splendors of that festive place:  
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;  
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all  
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

24<sup>o</sup> An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 25<sup>o</sup> Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;  
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 26<sup>o</sup> With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
 'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
 Between a splendid and a happy land.  
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,

270 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore:  
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
 And rich men flock from all the world around.  
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
 That leaves our useful products still the same.  
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;  
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
 280 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth,  
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
 Indignant, spurns the cottage from the green:  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;  
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all  
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
 290 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:  
 In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,  
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise:  
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
 300 The mournful peasant leads his humble band,

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.  
 Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?  
 310 To see profusion that he must not share;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign  
 320 Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train:  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!  
 Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes  
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 330 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn,— thine, the loveliest train,—  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 34° At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe,  
 Far different there from all that charmed before;  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,  
 35° But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
 And savage men more murderous still than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
 Far different these from every former scene,  
 36° The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrow gloomed that parting day,  
 That culled them from their native walks away;  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western main,  
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
 370 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.  
 The good old sire the first prepared to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 380 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,  
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,  
 While her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,  
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
 Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,  
 390 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.  
 At every draught more large and large they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;

Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
400 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;  
And piety with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love,  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame  
410 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!  
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
420 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the vigors of the inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:  
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,  
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
43° As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



## STUDY OF "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

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### I.

Read the selection for the story merely. Reproduce orally.

### II.

Reread and find examples of the following :—

1. Description of place.
2. Description of character.
3. Description of an occasion.

When the writer leaves off his story and stops to moralize upon some general truth suggested by the story, we have a general reflection.

4. Find five such general reflections.
5. Study the following description of mode of life :—

"St. Sampson was an ancient parish which had long been accustomed to the sound of the curfew bell, and which had a traditional habit of blowing out the candle at an early hour. Those old Norman villages are famous for early roosting, and the villagers are generally great rearers of poultry. When the winter evenings were ended and spring had come, the inhabitants were not long out of bed after sundown. The quarrying of stone and the fashioning of timber go on all day long, here the laborer with his pickaxe, there the workman with his mallet. At night they sink with fatigue and sleep like lead. Rude labor brings heavy slumbers." — *Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."*

### NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

The thought material used is the habits, tastes, opinions, etc., of a community.

Find four examples of the description of "mode of life" in "The Deserted Village." Note the material used in each description.

### III.

1. Reread the selection, and examine in detail each example of the

description of mode of life, place, character, and occasion with reference to the following points :—

(a) What is the general impression intended to be made by the description ?

(b) Mention all the details selected in each picture. Are any of the details without point; that is, do they fail to contribute to the general effect, the fundamental quality of the picture ?

(c) How are the details arranged in the description of place ? Are they merely enumerated, or is each object located ?

(d) Is the material, used in the description of character, *incident* showing taste, habit, etc. ?

2. Study the general reflections with reference to the following points :—

How often is the narrative interrupted by a general reflection ?

Are these general reflections long or short ?

Do you agree with the truth expressed in each of these general reflections ?

How many are in the form of an apostrophe ?





ALFRED TENNYSON.

## ALFRED TENNYSON.

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“TENNYSON is the most faultless of modern poets in technical execution, but one whose verse is more remarkable for artistic perfection than for dramatic action and inspired fervor. His adroitness surpasses his invention.”—*Stedman*.

Alfred Tennyson, the son of an Anglican clergyman, was born August 6, 1809, in the village of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and resided for many years at Aldworth, in Sussex, with a summer residence on the Isle of Wight.

He began to write verse almost as soon as he could write anything, and in his twelfth year compiled an epic of five thousand lines in imitation of Scott. Shortly after, his schoolboy days were concluded, and his education continued under his father's tuition. In 1828 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his lack of public-school training became apparent in a painful shyness. Before the year was gone, however, he had found congenial friends, although he never ceased to prefer solitude to the society of strangers. His most important intimate at college was Arthur Henry Hallam, who became his closest friend, and was afterward engaged to his sister Emily.

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\* From "The Princess," edited by Harry T. Nightingale.

Tennyson's first recognition came in a prize poem called *Timbuctoo*, issued in 1829, which gained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement. In 1831, his father died, and he left college without taking his degree. Two years after, in 1833, occurred the death of Hallam which brought the deepest trouble into Tennyson's life, resulting in a spiritual battle with grief and doubt which, nearly twenty years afterward, found its fit expression in the poem "In Memoriam." In this Tennyson seeks to bring life and immortality to light.

In 1837 the home at Somersby was broken up, and thereafter, although from time to time he was with his mother, he lived mostly in London lodgings. Here he had the companionship of some of the strongest men of the time, — Mill, Landor, Thackeray, and Carlyle, — and the latter gives this description of him: "A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow, brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes, cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco."

In 1842, poems by Alfred Tennyson were published in two volumes; the first being in great part a reprint of previously published verse.

Nothing of note was issued in the next few years. Then in 1845, came a grant from Sir Robert Peel, the premier, of a royal pension of two hundred pounds per year.

"The Princess" was issued in 1847.

1847. 2 1/2

In 1850, upon the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed Laureate, and thereafter was looked upon as the greatest of living English poets. This year also notes the beginning of an exceptionally happy married life.

In 1855 Oxford conferred on him the degree of D. C. L.

In 1859 was issued his masterpiece, the "Idyls of the King," to which he had given the labor of twenty years. This is a rendering of the Arthurian legends into exquisitely musical verse. In this epic Tennyson has caught the medieval spirit; no other poet has written so beautifully of the much-maligned Middle Ages. In 1875 Tennyson appeared in a new rôle, that of dramatic poet; but "Queen Mary" was received with respectful and general dissatisfaction, a fate that "Harold" shared in 1877. "Becket," with which a theater was opened in New York by the Irving Company, was only an accidental success, and the ablest critics deem it a reading, not an acting play.

We quote below a striking paragraph from a recent portraiture of his character:—

"Tennyson is essentially a lyric poet, a graceful writer, a singer of many sweet melodies; but the beauty there is rather that of the cold mosaic than of 'the human face divine,' or if it is the beauty of the human countenance, a peaceful or happy soul does not beam through it. In his verse we seem ever to hear a sigh after something that is hopeless, ever a wail for sad days gone by—often most beautifully uttered, yet only a regretful wail with very little of a brightening glimmer of joy to look forward to in life or after it. Sadness is an element of poetry;

*Wm. J. L. L.*

grief and sorrow go home to the heart of every human being, but not the sadness of despair, not the gloom of endless death. True human sorrow has in it a gleam of hope, but 'Tennyson's Calvary has no Easter.'"

We suggest to those who read his poetry with an earnest degree of analysis, who look into its depths, to decide for themselves, whether they thus read the late poet laureate.

In middle life Tennyson had refused a baronetcy, but in 1884 he yielded to the general desire, and was created a Peer, with the title, "Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford," so that thereafter he bore the title of Lord Tennyson. Tennyson was a man of refined tastes, wide culture, profound thought, and studious habits; the beauty and purity of his works are but reflections of the character of the man. His last years were passed in the supreme quiet of Aldworth, and there, on October 6, 1892, shortly before the publication of his last volume, he died as calmly as he had lived. The close of his life was in keeping with the thoughts expressed in his last poem, entitled:

#### CROSSING THE BAR.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twilight and evening bell,  
 And after that the dark !  
 And may there be no sadness of farewell  
 When I embark!

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
 The flood may bear me far,  
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
 When I have crossed the bar.



## ENOCH ARDEN.

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### I.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster ; then a molder'd church ; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill,  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

### II.

<sup>10</sup> Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
<sup>20</sup> To watch them overflow'd, or following up  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

### III.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.

Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
 While Annie still was mistress ; but at times  
 Enoch would hold possession for a week ;  
 " This is my house and this my little wife."  
 " Mine too," said Philip, " turn and turn about."  
 30 When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch stronger-made  
 Was master ; then would Philip, his blue eyes  
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
 Shriek out, " I hate you, Enoch," and at this  
 The little wife would weep for company,  
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
 And say she would be little wife to both.

## IV.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
 Was felt by either, either fixed his heart  
 40 On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,  
 But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl  
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;  
 But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,  
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set  
 A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost  
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
 For Annie ; and so prosper'd that at last  
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
 50 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe  
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
 On board a merchantman, and made himself  
 Full sailor , and he thrice had pluck'd a life

From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas ;  
 And all men look'd upon him favorably ;  
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
 60 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

## V.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
 The younger people making holiday,  
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
 (His father lying sick and needing him)  
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand in hand,  
 70 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face  
 All kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;  
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
 And slipped aside, and like a wounded life  
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;  
 There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,  
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

## VI.

80 So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
 Seven happy years of health and competence,  
 And mutual love and honorable toil ;

With children; first a daughter. In him woke,  
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
 When two years after came a boy to be  
 90 The rosy idol of her solitudes  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,  
 Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
 100 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

## VII.

Then came a change, as all things human change.  
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven; thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
 In harbor, by mischance he slipped and fell;  
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one;  
 110 Another hand crept too across his trade  
 Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.

He seem'd as in a nightmare of the night,  
 To see his children leading evermore  
 Low, miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
 And her, he loved, a beggar; then he pray'd,  
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 120 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
 Reporting of his vessel China bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

## VIII.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 130 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
 And isles a light in the offing; yet the wife —  
 When he was gone — the children — What to do?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;  
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —  
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!  
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —  
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —  
 140 So might she keep the house while he was gone.  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
 This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice —  
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,

Become the master of a larger craft,  
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

## IX.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:  
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
 150 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.  
 Forward she started with a happy cry,  
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;  
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs.  
 Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,  
 But had no heart to break his purposes  
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

## X.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will;  
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
 160 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
 For her or his dear children, not to go.  
 He not for his own self caring, but her,  
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain,  
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

## XI.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
 170 To fit their little streetward sitting-room

With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home  
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and ax,  
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,  
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—  
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all  
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
 180 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

## XII.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God  
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,  
 Whatever came to him: and then he said,  
 190 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us,  
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,  
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—  
 Nay — for I love him all the better for it —  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
 And make him merry, when I come home again,  
 200 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go,"

## XIII.

Him running on thus hopefully she heard  
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
 The current of his talk to graver things  
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

## XIV.

210 At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;  
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

## XV.

"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.  
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
 (He named the day); get you a seaman's glass,  
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

## XVI.

But when the last of those last moments came,  
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
 Look to the babes; and till I come again,  
 220 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
 Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
 Is he not yonder in those uttermost  
 Parts of the morning? If I flee to these  
 Can I go from him? and the sea is His,  
 The sea is His: He made it."



## XVII.

Enoch rose,  
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept,  
<sup>230</sup> After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,  
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.  
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipped  
 A tiny curl, and gave it; this he kept  
 Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

## XVIII.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd came.  
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain; perhaps  
<sup>240</sup> She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;  
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
 She saw him not; and while he stood on deck  
 Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

## XIX.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;  
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,  
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
 To barter, nor compensating the want  
<sup>250</sup> By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
 And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"

For more than once, in days of difficulty  
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold;  
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,  
 Expectant of that news which never came  
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance  
 And lived a life of silent melancholy.

## XX.

260 Now the third child was sickly-born and grew  
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
 With all a mother's care: nevertheless  
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,  
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,  
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell  
 What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,  
 After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —  
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

## XXI.

270 In that same week when Annie buried it,  
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long,  
 "Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,  
 May be some little comfort," therefore went,  
 Passed thro' the solitary room in front,  
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
 280 Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
 Cared not to look on any human face,

But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.  
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly,  
 "Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

XXII.

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,  
 "Favor from one so sad and so forlorn  
 As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd  
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
 He set himself beside her, saying to her:

XXIII.

290 "I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,  
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
 You chose the best among us — a strong man:  
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.  
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world —  
 For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal  
 To give his babes a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been or yours; that was his wish,  
 300 And if he come again, vexed will he be  
 To find the precious morning hours were lost,  
 And it would vex him even in his grave,  
 If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now  
 Have we not known each other all our lives?  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him and his children not to say me nay —  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,  
 Why, then he shall repay me — if you will,  
 310 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do,

Now let me put the boy and girl to school;  
This is the favor that I came to ask."

## XXIV.

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
Answer'd, "I can not look you in the face:  
I seem so foolish and so broken down.  
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down;  
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;  
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;  
He will repay you: money can be repaid;  
320 Not kindness such as yours."

## XXV.

And Philip asked:  
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

## XXVI.

There she turned,  
She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him,  
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
Then calling down a blessing on his head  
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
And passed into the little garth beyond.  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.  
330 Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
And bought them needful books, and every way,  
Like one who does his duty by his own,  
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,  
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent  
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall,

Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
 34° With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
 To save the offense of charitable, flour  
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

## XXVII.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:  
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,  
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;  
 From distant corners of the street they ran  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;  
 35° Lords of his house and of his mill were they;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him  
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd  
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
 Down at the far end of an avenue,  
 Going we know not where: and so ten years,  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
 36° Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

## XXVIII.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
 To go with others, nutting, to the wood,  
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd  
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:  
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,  
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him,

“Come with us, Father Philip,” he denied;  
 But when the children pluck’d at him to go,  
 He laugh’d, and yielded readily to their wish,  
 370 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

## XXIX

But after scaling half the weary down,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force  
 Fail’d her; and sighing, “Let me rest,” she said:  
 So Philip rested with her well-content;  
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
 Down thro’ the whitening hazels made a plunge  
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
 380 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

## XXX.

But Philip, sitting at her side, forgot  
 Her presence, and remember’d one dark hour  
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,  
 Lifting his honest forehead, “Listen, Annie,  
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
 Tired, Annie?” for she did not speak a word.  
 390 “Tired?” but her face had fall’n upon her hands;  
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
 “The ship was lost!” he said, “the ship was lost!  
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself,  
 And make them orphans quite? And Annie said,

“ I thought not of it: but — I know not why —  
Their voices make me feel so solitary.”

## XXXI.

Then Philip, coming somewhat closer, spoke.  
“ Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
400 That tho’ I know not when it first came there,  
I know that it will out at last. O, Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living; well then — let me speak:  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:  
I can not help you as I wish to do  
Unless — they say that women are so quick —  
Perhaps you know what I would have you know —  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
410 A father to your children: I do think  
They love me as a father: I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine own:  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad, uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of His creatures. Think upon it;  
For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,  
No burden, save my care for you and yours;  
And we have known each other all our lives,  
420 And I have loved you longer than you know.”

## XXXII.

Then answered Annie; tenderly she spoke:  
“ You have been as God’s good angel in our house;  
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,

Philip, with something happier than myself.  
 Can one love twice? Can you be ever loved  
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"

"I am content," he answered, "to be loved  
 A little after Enoch." "O," she cried,  
 Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while;  
 430 If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —  
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:  
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:  
 O, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,  
 "Annie, as I have waited all my life,  
 I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried,  
 "I am bound: you have my promise — in a year:  
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"  
 And Philip answer'd, "I will bide my year."

## XXXIII.

Here both were mute, till Philip, glancing up  
 440 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;  
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,  
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.  
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;  
 Then all descended to the port, and there  
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,  
 Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,  
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."  
 450 Then Annie weeping answer'd, "I am bound."

## XXXIV.

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,  
 While yet she went about her household ways,  
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,



That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
 And there he stood once more before her face,  
 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.  
 "Yes, if the nuts," he said "be ripe again:  
 Come out and see." But she — she put him off —  
 460 So much to look to — such a change — a month —  
 Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —  
 A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
 "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."  
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
 And yet she held him on delayingly  
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
 470 Till half another year had slipped away.

## XXXV.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
 Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,  
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;  
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
 And others laugh'd at her, and Philip, too,  
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly  
 480 Would hint at worse in either.

## XXXVI.

Her own son  
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish:  
 But evermore the daughter pressed upon her

To wed the man so dear to all of them  
 And lift the household out of poverty;  
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her  
 Sharp as reproach.

## XXXVII.

At last one night it chanced  
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
 490 Pray'd for a sign. "My Enoch, is he gone?"  
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,  
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,  
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
 "Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her;  
 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:  
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
 500 Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:  
 "He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing  
 Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines  
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms  
 Whereof the happy people strewing, cried  
 'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,  
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him:  
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."  
 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,  
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

## XXXVIII.

510 So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.

But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,  
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,  
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

## XXXIX.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd  
 The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth  
 "The Biscay," roughly ridging eastward shook  
 520 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvexed  
 She slipt across the summer of the world,  
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair  
 She passing thro' the summer world again  
 The breath of heaven came continually  
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

## XL.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
 530 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

## XLI.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed  
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head  
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:  
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,  
 Then baffling a long course of them; and last  
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
 Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came  
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all

540 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

## XLII.

No want was there of human sustenance,  
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;  
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut  
 550 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

## XLIII.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,  
 Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.  
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,  
 The two remaining found a fallen stem;  
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell  
 560 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
 In those two deaths he read God's warning, "wait."

## XLIV.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
 And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,  
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
 The luster of the long convolvuluses  
 That coil'd around the stately stems and ran

Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
 57<sup>o</sup> All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
 He could not see, the kindly human face,  
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
 58<sup>o</sup> A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
 The blaze upon his island overhead;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,  
 The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

## XLV.

59<sup>o</sup> There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,  
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
 Before him haunting him, or he himself  
 Moved haunting people, things and places, known  
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,

The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
 600 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

## XLVI.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
 Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —  
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle  
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
 Spoken with That, which being everywhere  
 610 Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone.  
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

## XLVII.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head  
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,  
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
 Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom  
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
 Like the "Good Fortune" from her destined course,  
 620 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:  
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
 The silent water slipping from the hills,  
 They sent a crew that landing burst away  
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores  
 With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge  
 Stepped the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,

Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,  
 630 With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue,  
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard;  
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
 Scarce-credited at first but more and more,  
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;  
 640 And clothes they gave him and free passage home;  
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
 His isolation from him. None of these  
 Came from his country, or could answer him,  
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.  
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore  
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
 650 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning breath  
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall;  
 And that same morning officers and men  
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:  
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
 Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

## XLVIII.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,  
 But homeward — home — what home? had he a home?  
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,

660 Sunny but chill: till drawn thro' either chasm,  
 Where either haven opened on the deeps,  
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelmed the world in gray;  
 Cut off the length of highway on before,  
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right  
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.  
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:  
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;  
 670 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

## XLIX.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home  
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
 But finding neither light nor murmur there  
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
 Still downward, thinking "dead, or dead to me!"

## L.

680 Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,  
 So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone  
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,  
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;  
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now



Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
There Enoch rested silent many days.

## LI.

690 But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
Told him, with other annals of the port,  
Not knowing — Enoch was so brownd, so bow'd,  
So broken — all the story of his house.  
His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance  
700 No shadow passed, nor motion: anyone,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
Less than the teller: only when she closed  
“ Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,”  
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated, muttering, “ cast away and lost;”  
Again, in deeper inward whispers, “ lost!”

## LII.

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;  
“ If I might look on her sweet face again,  
And know that she is happy.” So the thought  
710 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth.  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill,  
There he sat down gazing on all below;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,

Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
 720 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

## LIII.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward; but behind,  
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,  
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd;  
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
 A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
 730 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs  
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

## LIV.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board  
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:  
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees,  
 And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand  
 740 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:  
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,

But turning now and then to speak with him,  
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

## LV.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
 750 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
 And his own children, tall and beautiful,  
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—  
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd  
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
 760 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

## LVI.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,  
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

## LVII.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
 770 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.  
 "Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou

That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
 Not to tell her, never to let her know,  
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
 My children, too! must I not speak to these?  
 They know me not. I should betray myself.  
 780 Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl  
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

## LVIII.

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,  
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced  
 Back toward his solitary home again,  
 All down the long and narrow street he went  
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
 As tho' it were the burden of a song,  
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

## LIX.

He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
 790 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
 Prayer from a living source within the will,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"  
 He said to Miriam, "that you told me of,  
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"  
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!  
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought,  
 800 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know;  
 I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,

Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.  
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;  
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself;  
 Yet since he did but labor for himself,  
 810 Work without hope, there was not life in it  
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year  
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came  
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
 820 The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

## LX.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope  
 On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,  
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last."  
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane, and said,  
 "Woman, I have a secret — only swear,  
 Before I tell you — swear upon the book  
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."  
 830 "Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear him talk!  
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."  
 "Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."

And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.  
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
“Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?”  
“Know him?” she said, “I knew him far away.  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;  
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”  
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer’d her:

<sup>840</sup> “His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
I think I have not three days more to live;  
I am the man.” At which the woman gave  
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.  
“You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot  
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again,  
“My God has bow’d me down to what I am;  
My grief and solitude have broken me;  
Nevertheless know you that I am he  
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—  
<sup>850</sup> I married her who married Philip Ray.  
Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,  
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve.  
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,  
Fast flow’d the current of her easy tears,  
While in her heart she yearn’d incessantly  
To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;  
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,  
<sup>860</sup> Saying only, “See your bairns before you go!  
Eh, let me fetch ’em, Arden,” and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
A moment on her words; but then replied,

## LXI.

“Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;  
870 Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she laid her head beside my own,  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blessed him too;  
He never meant us anything but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
880 I am their father; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:  
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:  
890 It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he.”

## LXII.

He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
 She promised.

## LXIII.

Then the third night after this, *was*  
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
 900 There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
 That all the houses in the haven rang.  
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
 Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!  
 I am saved;" and so fell back, and spoke no more.

## LXIV.

So passed the strong heroic soul away.  
 And when they buried him, the little port  
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.



## STUDY OF "ENOCH ARDEN."

---

### I.

Read the poem for the story merely. Reproduce it orally.

### II.

Reread the poem, finding illustrations of the following motives:—

#### **Paragraphs 1-6.**

A description of place.

A situation.

[A situation is a passage containing a mention of the place, time, characters, and occasion, as in the stanzas of "The Lights of London Town." ]

A description of mode of life.

A description of feeling or mood

#### **Paragraphs 7-19.**

Three descriptions of mood.

A description of character.

A description of mode of life.

#### **Paragraphs 20-27.**

Two descriptions of mood.

Two descriptions of mode of life

#### **Paragraphs 28-38.**

An example of persuasion.

A description of mood.

#### **Paragraphs 39-52.**

Descriptions of place, mood, personal appearance.

#### **Paragraphs 53-64.**

Descriptions of place, mood, mode of life.

### III.

Reread the poem, and study each of the descriptions in detail.  
Determine the fundamental quality in each description.

Note the details selected, and the plan by which Tennyson arranges the details; for instance, in the opening paragraph the plan of arrangement is as follows: The observer is placed on the sea looking inland. The objects nearest him are first mentioned, then those a little farther inland and higher, and so on. Verify this.

Note the variety in the verbs which Tennyson used in this description. Observe that he does not use the verb "is" in mentioning each detail.

Note also the variety in his expressions for "higher up."

## IV.

Reproduce orally each description. Imagine yourself before a canvas on which you are to paint a picture containing each detail mentioned in the description.

END

End End

E End



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