School-Classics

With Explanatory Notes

ENOCH ARDEN

By

Alfred Tennyson.

New York:
Clark & Maynard, Publishers,
734 Broadway.
Anderson's Historical Series.

A Junior Class History of the United States. Illustrated with hundreds of portraits, views, maps, etc. 272 pages. 16mo.

A Grammar School History of the United States. Annotated; and illustrated with numerous portraits and views, and with more than forty maps, many of which are colored. 340 pp. 16mo.

A Pictorial School History of the United States. Fully illustrated with maps, portraits, vignettes, etc. 420 pp. 12mo.

A Popular School History of the United States, in which are inserted as a part of the narrative selections from the writings of eminent American historians and other American writers of note. Fully illustrated with maps, colored and plain; portraits, views, etc. 356 pp. 12mo.

A Manual of General History. Illustrated with numerous engravings and with beautifully colored maps showing the changes in the political divisions of the world, and giving the location of important places. 484 pp. 12mo.


A School History of England. Illustrated with numerous engravings and with colored maps showing the geographical changes in the country at different periods. 332 pp. 12mo.

A School History of France. Illustrated with numerous engravings, colored and uncolored maps. 373 pp. 12mo.


Anderson's Bloss's Ancient History. Illustrated with engravings, colored maps, and a chart. 445 pp. 12mo.

The Historical Reader, embracing selections in prose and verse, from standard writers of Ancient and Modern History; with a Vocabulary of Difficult Words, and Biographical and Geographical Indexes. 544 pp. 12mo.

The United States Reader, embracing selections from eminent American historians, orators, statesmen, and poets, with explanatory observations, notes, etc. Arranged so as to form a Class-manual of United States History. Illustrated with colored historical maps. 414 pp. 12mo.

CLARK & MAYNARD, Publishers,
734 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
ENGLISH CLASSICS.

ENOEH ARDEN.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON.

EDITED FOR SCHOOL AND HOME USE BY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL, A.M., M.D.,
AUTHOR OF "STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS," "OUTLINES FOR THE STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS," "FIRST BOOK IN ENGLISH LITERATURE."

NEW YORK:
CLARK & MAYNARD, PUBLISHERS,
734 BROADWAY.
1882.
Copyright,
1882,
By CLARK & MAYNARD.
LIFE OF TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, one of the greatest poets of our times, was born in 1810 at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, of which place his father was rector. He was the third of a large family, several other members of which shared with him in some measure the genius which has won for him his undisputed rank as the first English poet of his time. At the age of seventeen, Tennyson, in conjunction with his brother Charles, issued a small volume called "Poems, by Two Brothers," of which almost nothing has been preserved. While a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, he gained the Chancellor's Medal by a poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo," in which there is plainly to be seen some impress of his peculiar genius. His literary career, however, may properly be said to date from 1830, in which year a volume appeared called "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." It contained many exquisite pieces, and clearly marked the advent of a true poet, yet it was not received with great favor by the public.

Three years afterward another volume made its appearance, and it, too, though rich in poetic thought, failed to awaken public interest, and received unkindly criticism at the hands of the reviewers. For nine years thereafter the world heard nothing of Alfred Tennyson. In 1842, however, a third effort was made to win favor, by the publication of two volumes of poems. The effort was successful, the path to fame and fortune was open before him; and to the encouragement he then received we are largely indebted for the splendid poems which have since proceeded from his pen. Onward from this time the reputation of the poet slowly but surely extended itself. In 1847, appeared "The Princess, a Medley;" and in 1850, "In Memoriam," a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, the chosen friend of the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge. On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as poet-laureate. In 1855, appeared "Maud, and other Poems," which added nothing to the poet's fame. "The Idyls of the King," published in 1859, was everywhere received with enthusiasm. These poems at once took rank as
some of the noblest in our language. In 1864, Tennyson published a volume containing "Enoch Arden," one of his most finished and successful works; "Aylmer's Field;" a short piece, "Tithonus," remarkable for its beauty and finish, "The Holy Grail" and other poems appeared in 1870; and in 1872, "The Tournament" and "Gareth and Lynette." During the period from 1869 to 1873, the second series of the "Idyls of the King" was published. In 1875, Tennyson published a drama, called "Queen Mary;" two years later "The Lover's Tale," begun, and a fragment printed, in 1833, and a second drama entitled "Harold." "Ballads," a score of poems, appeared in 1880, since which time the poet-laureate has made occasional contributions to the leading periodicals. Tennyson's biography, even more than that of most authors, is given, as far as the public is concerned with it, in the simple enumeration of his works. His poetry is pure, tender, ennobling. No blot, no stain mars its beauty. His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow and the art displayed in the choice of words. As a painter, no modern poet has equaled him. His portraits and ideas of women are the most delicate in the whole range of English poetry. His language, although consisting for the most part of strong and pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versification.

The pleasure which his poetry gives springs largely from the cordial interest he displays in the life and pursuits of men, in his capacity for apprehending their higher and more beautiful aspirations, and in a certain purity and strength of spiritual feeling. In character he is modest and unassuming, and shrinks from publicity.

Caroline Fox, in her "Memories of Old Friends," says that "Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders, like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and mustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely chiseled mouth. His eyes are large and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering."
ALFRED TENNYSON. 1810–

"Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet’s art." — Longfellow.

"Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, nor more command of the keys of language." — Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Versification broken and irregular, but inexpressibly charming; sometimes fantastic. Of the living poets of England, Tennyson at this time occupies the highest rank." — Alison.

"Every stanza in his descriptive poems brings up a vivid scene to the least imaginative reader; the earth, the sky, and the sea are to be seen in harmony with the feeling of the hour; and by their sympathetic aspect give dignity and intensity to the human interest." — F. H. Underwood.

"To describe his command of language, by any ordinary terms expressive of fluency or force, would be to convey an idea both inadequate and erroneous. It is not only that he knows every word in the language suited to express his every idea: he can select with the ease of magic the word that is, of all others, the best for his purpose." — Peter Bayne.
SELECTIONS FOR STUDY.

The young student of Tennyson should begin with several of the simpler poems, as "Lady Clare," "Enoch Arden," "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Edward Gray," and gradually get used to the style before attempting to read the more difficult, as "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Locksley Hall." The following list includes the most widely known of Tennyson's poems, from which a selection may be made for school or home use:

- "The Deserted House.
- "The Miller's Daughter.
- "Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
- "The May Queen.
- "Margaret.
- "The Death of the Old Year.
- "Dora.
- "St. Agnes's Eve.
- "Edward Gray.
- "Lady Clare.
- "The Lord of Burleigh.
- "A Farewell.
- "The Beggar Maid.
- Songs: "Come not when I am Dead," and "Break, Break, Break.
- "The Charge of the Light Brigade.
- "Enoch Arden.

ADVANCED STUDY.—" The Lady of Shalott.
- "Oenone.
- "A Dream of Fair Women.
- "The Lotus-Eaters.
- "Locksley Hall.
- "The Talking Oak.
- "The Day-Dream.
- "The Two Voices.
- "St. Simeon Stylites.
- "Ulysses.
- "The Princess.
- "In Memoriam.
- "Maud.
- "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
- "Idylls of the King.
- "Enid.
- "Vivian.
- "Elaine.
- "Guinevere.

- "Gareth and Lynette.
- "Pelleas and Ettarre.
- "The Last Tournament.
- "The Passing of Arthur.
- "Morte d'Arthur.
- "Sea Dreams.
- "Tithonus.
- "The Northern Farmer.

REFERENCES.

For any desired information concerning Tennyson and his writings, consult, besides the ordinary reference books, essays by Peter Bayne, Dowden, Hutton, and Bayard Taylor; Brightwell's "Concordance to Tennyson;" Stedman's "Victorian Poets;" "N. A. Review" for January, 1863; Howitt's "Homes and Haunts;" and Powell's "Living Authors of England." Taine's "English Literature" has a valuable criticism on Tennyson.

Among the most systematic critical studies on Tennyson are Tanish's "Studies of the Works of Tennyson;" Elsdale's "Studies in the Idyls;" Japp's "Three Great Teachers;" Buchanan's "Master Spirits;" Forman's "Our Living Poets;" Robertson's "Analysis of In Memoriam;" Gatty's "Key to In Memoriam;" and Shepherd's "Tennysoniana."
"Enoch Arden is a true idyl. It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows; not aspiring to the dimensions or pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits; but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. The poet indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. On the one hand, there is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative; on the other, there is no hurry in the march, and no excessive compression of any of its portions. Among other things we have been struck by the delicate management of that slight infusion of the supernatural which adds dignity to its humble hero's fate. But if the laureate thus knows how to deal with the unwarranted beliefs of the simple, and how to extract from them poetic embellishment, he also knows how to make a noble use of their religious faith. And it is not too much to say that some of the most beautiful passages in Enoch Arden are those in which Holy Scripture is reverently quoted."


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 tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down

4. Molder'd.—A. S. molde, dust, soil, earth. "The literal sense is crumbled."—Skeat. To turn to dust by natural decay, to crumble, to waste away gradually.

6. Down.—A. S. aun, a hill. Fr. dunes, sand-hills by the sea-side. Fris. döhne, a hillock of sand driven by the wind.
With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

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
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

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;"
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.

7. **Danish Barrows.**—Saxon, *beorh*, a mound, a hillock: an ancient tumulus. It is the same as *borough, burg, bury*, etc. A mound either of stones or earth over the graves of warriors and nobles, especially those killed in battle. These mounds are quite common in parts of England once ruled by the Danes.

17. **Swarthy.**—From the action of the salt water of the ocean upon the threads of the nets.
But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life’s ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
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 asked, 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,
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 plucked a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas;
And all men looked upon him favorably;
And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May,
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way up
The narrow street that clamber’d toward the mill.

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 climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,

69. Prone.—Lat. *pronus*, bending forward, inclined towards, sloping. The sparse vegetation of the sea-shore becomes stunted as it approaches the sand-hollows. Hence the poet uses the figure, "to feather."
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned 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 slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud with merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

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
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-reddened 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 yew-tree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.

97. Osier.—Fr. *osier*, a willow, willow twig, wicker basket.
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 slipt 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:
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
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.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
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!

136. Offing.—The part of the visible sea remote from the shore. Merely formed from off (above) with the noun-suffix ing.
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—
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.

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

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
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'.

160.—Appraise.—Lat. pretium. Fr. prix, a price value; apprécier, to rate, esteem.
For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
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 axe,
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,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

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,
"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.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

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.

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.”

“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.”

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,
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.”

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
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.

231-235.—Cf. 1. Peter v. 7; Heb. vi. 19; Ps. cxxxix. 9; Ps. xcv. 5.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
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.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
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 past.

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,
She set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But thro' not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
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.

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 called 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.

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,  
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
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 falteringingly,  
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."  
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 sets himself beside her, saying to her,

"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.  
And if he come again, vex't 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
His 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,
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.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, "I cannot 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;
Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask'd
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd,
She rose and fixt 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.

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,

343. Garth.—An inclosure, a yard, a garden—"this garth most dulce and redolent."—Dunbar.
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,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offense of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

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:
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 called him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed 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,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

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 called him) too.
Him like the working bee in blossom dust,

358. Whistled.—The shrill noise made by the wind as it blow through the wings of the wind-mill.
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him, 385
"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,
For was not Annie with them? and they went. 390

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: 395
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
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

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.
"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."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
"Annie there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
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 cannot 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
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 burthen, save my care for you and yours;
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

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 answer’d, “to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “O,” she cried,
Scared as it were, “dear Philip, wait a while:
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 answered, "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
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."  
Then Annie weeping answer'd, "I am bound."

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—  
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  
Till half-another year had slipt away.
By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
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
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest 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.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
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 a palm-tree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the book and slept;
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height
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

529. "Under a palm-tree."—It was under a little wood of palm-trees that the prophetess Deborah dwelt between Ramah and Bethel. Judges iv. 5.
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.”
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.
What aile’d her then, that ere she enter’d, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch
Fearing to enter; Philip thought he knew;
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child; but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew’d,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sail’d
The ship “Good Fortune,” tho’ at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm’d her, yet unvext
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

539. “Hosanna in the highest.”—Cf. Matt. xxi. 9; Mark xi. 10; John xii. 13.
562. Biscay.—The storms which sweep across the Bay of Biscay are noted for their severity.
566.—Refers to the trade winds of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, which blow steadily for months in one direction.
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.
There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage; at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figurehead
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
Storms, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
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.

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,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-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  
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "wait."

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 round the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever heard 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,  
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 hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

605. **Fire-hollowing.**—Ignorant of the use of tools, savages were wont to hollow the trunks of trees by fire in order to fashion their canoes.

613. **Convolvuluses.**—Lat. *convolvare*, to roll or wind together. A genus of plants comprising many species, especially in the tropics.
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 yew-tree and the lonely Hall, 
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill 
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs, 
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves, 
And the low moan of leaden-color’d seas.  

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears, 
Tho’ faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells; 
Then, though 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 
Let’s none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 
Surely the man had died of solitude.

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, 
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
Stept the long-hair’d long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem’d,
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 filled 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;
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
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.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?

704. Ghostly Wall.—Some parts of the English coast are bounded by steep, high cliffs of chalkstone, which have a “ghostly” appearance from the sea.
His home he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd 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;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

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!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, 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
Stiller with yet a bed for wandering men,
There Enoch rested silent many days.

721. Holt.—A grove or forest. "A holt or grove of trees about a house." Tilth.—Tillage, cultivated land; the produce of tilling.
    "Full tilth and husbandry."—Shakespeare.
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 brown, 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
No shadow past, nor motion; any one,
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 !”

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
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
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip’s dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished 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
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished 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 stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
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 towards her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe
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

783. *Shingle.*—A walk made of wooden tiles or planks. "Shyngled ship"—ship made of planks.
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

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.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
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.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced: but when he rose and paced
Back towards 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 burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
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, 855
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:"
"After the Lord has called 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. 860
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 earned a scanty living for himself;
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
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 returned, a languor came 870
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
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.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope 885
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 890
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.”
“Dead,” clamor’d the good woman, “hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.”
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 answered her;
“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—
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,
Saying only, “See your bairns before you go!

“Mercy on us, a barne! a very pretty barne!”—Shakespeare.
In an old poem the Saviour is called, “That blessed Barne that
brought us on the rode.”
Eh, let me fetch 'm, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

"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;
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 blest 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,
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;
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

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

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
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.

So passed the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.
Some General Questions on "Enoch Arden."

When was this poem written? Was it founded on fact? Did you ever read of a similar story? Have you any personal knowledge of a similar event? Is it at all probable? Do you suppose that similar events might have happened during the late war? Is this poem popular? How does it contrast with Tennyson's other poems? Mention several poems which show the variety of his genius. Has *Enoch Arden* been extensively dramatized? Does it make a good play? What can you say of the language and style in which it is written? What unfavorable criticisms can you make either on the language, style, or story?

How will you sum up the first nine lines? Is this typical of any seaport town? Is it especially true of the English seaports? Show wherein this description would not apply to our own seacoast villages? Have we a perfectly natural picture of children playing on the sand? If Annie loved Enoch, as the text says, why was she kinder to Philip? What was Enoch Arden's first resolve, and what was his success? What is meant by the "Friday fare" which he furnished the Hall? What was the origin of this custom? What was the cause of his subsequent poverty? How did he propose to help himself? Why not resume his former occupation? What was his plan for himself? wife? children? How will you explain Annie's dread foreboding that she would never see her husband again? What curious verification of her foreboding followed, as the vessel sailed by the town? What was Philip Lee's kindness to Annie and her children, and why was he so generous? Was she justified in listening to Philip's offer of marriage, after the long absence of her husband? What sign did she seek from the Bible,—with what result? What was her interpretation of the "palm-tree"? Can you in any way associate it with the subsequent events? How will you explain her dread foreboding, after her second marriage?

Where was the vessel bound in which Arden sailed? Mention some of the figures of rhetoric used by Tennyson in describing the voyage? in describing the desert island? What
phantoms seemed to move before him as he watched for a sail? How do you explain these phantoms? What did he seem to hear ringing in his ears? Describe his rescue from the island by a vessel in search of water. How did Nature seem to sympathize with him, as he approached his native town? Describe how the news of the past was imparted to him by his landlady; his glimpse of his wife and children. What was his prayer? his resolve? How were Arden's last days passed? What was the real cause of his death? Explain how the secret was finally revealed to Miriam Lane on his death-bed. How will you explain his last words: "A sail! a sail!" What may you infer from the last lines? Do you think Enoch Arden did right in keeping secret his identity until after his death?
REVIEW ANALYSIS FOR "ENOCH ARDEN."

Intended as a guide analysis for the student in the first reading of the poem, and also as a blackboard exercise in review.

Part I.

1. Description of the seaport town:
   "Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm."

2. The three children play on the shore:
   "Three children of three houses,—
   —played
   Among the waste and lumber of the shore."

3. Enoch Arden’s resolve,—his success,—marries Annie:
   "So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells."

4. Happy years of married life,—subsequent misfortunes,—resolves to go on a foreign voyage:
   "And merrily ran the years,—
   Then came a change."

5. Breaks the news to Annie,—preparations and farewell to wife and children:
   —"hastily caught
   His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way."

6. Poverty,—Philip aids her and the children,—no tidings of her long absent husband,—Philip proposes marriage:
   —"lived a life of silent melancholy.
   —and so ten years,
   —and no news of Enoch came."

7. The entreaty for a year’s delay,—"seeks a sign from the holy Book;"
   —finally marries Philip:
   "You have my promise,—in a year.
   —under a palm-tree.
   Merrily rang the bells, and they were wed."

Part II.

1. Enoch sails to the Orient,—wrecked on his return,—death of his comrades and subsequent life on the desert island:
   "A shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail."

2. Dreams of home, wife, and babes,—discovered and carried home by a vessel seeking water and provisions:
   —"They landed him
   E’en in that harbor whence he sailed before."
3. The story Miriam Lane told him,—seeks Philip’s house,—what he saw,—despair:
   —“So that falling prone he dug
   His fingers into the wet earth and pray’d.”

4. His prayer for strength,—loss of health,—confides his secret and the story of his wanderings to Miriam Lane:
   “As this woman heard,
   Fast flowed the current of her easy tears.”

5. His dying request,—promise,—death:
   “A sail! a sail!
   I am saved; and so fell back and spake no more:
   So passed the heroic soul away.”

---

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON TO COMMIT TO MEMORY.

“Hundreds of Tennyson’s lines and phrases have become fixed in the popular memory; and there is scarcely one that is not suggestive of beauty, or consoling, or heartening.”—Bayard Taylor.

Some of the most beautiful verses in our literature are found in Locksley Hall and The Princess. Select also some of the best lines from The Deserted House, St. Agnes’s Eve, and The Brook. Commit to memory the whole or portions of the exquisite songs: “Break, break, break;” “Flower in the crannied wall;” “Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,” from In Memoriam; “The Flower,” and the following songs from The Princess: “As thro’ the land at eve we went;” “Sweet and low, sweet and low;” “The splendor falls on castle walls.”

“This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.”

---

“I hold, in truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

---

“Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”
"I falter where I firmly trod,
   And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs,
Which slope through darkness up to God,

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
   And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."


"Break, break, break,
   On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
   The thoughts that arise in me.

"Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
   That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
   That he sings in his boat on the bay!

"And the stately ships go on
   To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
   And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
   At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
   Will never come back to me!"


"I chatter over stony ways,
   In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
   I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
   By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
   With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
   To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
   But I go on forever."
A Complete Course in Two Books Only.

GRADED LESSONS IN ENGLISH.
144 Pages, 16mo. Bound in Cloth.

HIGHER LESSONS IN ENGLISH.
288 Pages, 16mo. Bound in Cloth.

TWELVE POINTS WHEREIN WE CLAIM THESE WORKS TO EXCEL.

Plan.—The science of the language is made tributary to the art of expression. Every principle is fixed in memory and in practice, by an exhaustive drill in composing sentences, arranging and rearranging their parts, contracting, expanding, punctuating, and criticising them. There is thus given a complete course in technical grammar and composition, more thorough and attractive than if each subject were treated separately.

Grammar and Composition taught together.—We claim that grammar and composition can be better and more economically taught together than separately; that each helps the other and furnishes the occasion to teach the other; and that both can be taught together in the time that would be required for either alone.

A Complete Course in Grammar and Composition, in only two Books.—The two books completely cover the ground of grammar and composition, from the time the scholar usually begins the study until it is finished in the High School or Academy.

Method.—The author's method in teaching in these books is as follows: (1) The principles are presented inductively in the "Hints for Oral Instruction." (2) This instruction is carefully gathered up in brief definitions for the pupil to memorize. (3) A variety of exercises in analysis, parsing, and composition is given, which impress the principles on the mind of the scholar and compel him to understand them.

Authors—Practical Teachers.—The books were prepared by men who have made a life-work of teaching grammar and composition, and both of them occupy high positions in their profession.

Grading.—No pains have been spared in grading the books so as to afford the least possible difficulty to the young student. This is very important and could scarcely be accomplished by any who are not practical teachers.

Definitions.—The definitions, principles, and rules are stated in the same language in both books, and cannot be excelled.

Models for Parsing.—The models for parsing are simple, original and worthy of careful attention.

System of Diagrams.—The system of diagrams, although it forms no vital part of the works, is the best extant. The advantage of the use of diagrams is: (1) They present the analysis to the eye. (2) They are stimulating and helpful to the pupil in the preparation of his lessons. (3) They enable the teacher to examine the work of a class in about the time he could examine one pupil, if the oral method alone were used.

Sentences for Analysis.—The sentences for analysis have been selected with great care and are of unusual excellence.

Questions and Reviews.—There is a more thorough system of questions and reviews than in any other works of the kind.

Cheapness.—In introducing these books, there is a great saving of money, as the prices for first introduction, and for subsequent use, are very low.

CLARK & MAYNARD, Publishers,
734 Broadway, N. Y.
A TEXT-BOOK ON RHETORIC:

Supplementing the Development of the Science with Exhaustive Practice in Composition.

A COURSE OF PRACTICAL LESSONS ADAPTED FOR USE IN HIGH-SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES AND IN THE LOWER CLASSES OF COLLEGES.

By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" and "Higher Lessons in English."

In preparing this work upon Rhetoric, the author's aim has been to write a practical text-book for High-Schools, Academies, and the lower classes of Colleges, based upon the science rather than an exhaustive treatise upon the science itself.

This work has grown up out of the belief that the rhetoric which the pupil needs is not that which lodges finally in the memory, but that which has worked its way down into his tongue and fingers, enabling him to speak and write the better for having studied it. The author believes that the aim of the study should be to put the pupil in possession of an art, and that this can be done not by forcing the science into him through eye and ear, but by drawing it out of him, in products, through tongue and pen. Hence all explanations of principles are followed by exhaustive practice in Composition—to this everything is made tributary.

When, therefore, under the head of Invention, the author is leading the pupil up through the construction of sentences and paragraphs, through the analyses of subjects and the preparing of frameworks, to the finding of the thought for themes; when, under the head of Style, he is familiarizing the pupil with its grand, cardinal qualities; and when, under the head of Productions, he divides discourse into oral prose, written prose, and poetry, and these into their subdivisions, giving the requisites and functions of each—he is aiming in it all to keep sight of the fact that the pupil is to acquire an art, and that to attain this he must put into almost endless practice with his pen what he has learned from the study of the theory.

276 pages, 12mo, attractively bound in cloth.

PUBLISHED BY

CLARK & MAYNARD, 734 Broadway, New York.