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EVANGELINE



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EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE



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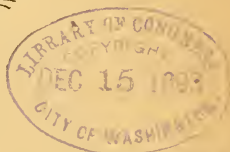
EVANGELINE  
BY HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
F. O. C. DARLEY

*PORTLAND EDITION*



*The House in Portland, Maine  
where Longfellow was born*



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Engravings by A. V. S. ANTHONY

- I. EVANGELINE . . . . . Title-Page
- II. " Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them " . . . . . 13
- III. " When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth  
was the maiden " . . . . . 16
- IV. " There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes  
to behold him  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as  
a plaything " . . . . . 21
- V. " In silent and mournful procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the sea-shore " . . . . . 65

u m v, Jan. 17, 1928

- VI. "Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
 one of the oarsmen,  
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
 venture  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,  
 blew a blast on his bugle" . . . . . 93
- VII. "He blew a blast, that resounded  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp  
 air of the evening" . . . . . 106
- VIII. "Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maid-  
 en and Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day  
 to o'ertake him" . . . . . 126
- IX. "Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
 bosom" . . . . . 153
- X. THE CHURCHYARD . . . . . 157



# EVANGELINE

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## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE country now known as Nova Scotia, and called formerly Quoddy by the Indians, Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was ceded by France to Great Britain, and has ever since remained in the possession of the English. But in 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River, and the English government exercised only a nominal control over them. It was not till 1749 that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country, and that year they laid the foundations of the town of Halifax. A jealousy soon sprang up between the English and French settlers, which was deepened by the great conflict which was impending between the two mother countries; for the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, which confirmed the English title to Nova Scotia, was scarcely

more than a truce between the two powers which had been struggling for ascendancy during the beginning of the century. The French engaged in a long controversy with the English respecting the boundaries of Acadie, which had been defined by the treaties in somewhat general terms, and intrigues were carried on with the Indians, who were generally in sympathy with the French, for the annoyance of the English settlers. The Acadians were allied to the French by blood and by religion, but they claimed to have the rights of neutrals, and that these rights had been granted to them by previous English officers of the crown. The one point of special dispute was the oath of allegiance demanded of the Acadians by the English. This they refused to take, except in a form modified to excuse them from bearing arms against the French. The demand was repeatedly made, and evaded with constant ingenuity and persistency. Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people, who desired only to live undisturbed upon their farms ; but there were some restless spirits, especially among the young men, who compromised the reputation of the community, and all were very much under the influence of their priests, some of whom made no secret of their bitter hostility to the English, and of their determination to use every means to be rid of them.



As the English interests grew and the critical relations between the two countries approached open warfare, the question of how to deal with the Acadian problem became the commanding one of the colony. There were some who coveted the rich farms of the Acadians ; there were some who were inspired by religious hatred ; but the prevailing spirit was one of fear for themselves from the near presence of a community which, calling itself neutral, might at any time offer a convenient ground for hostile attack. Yet to require these people to withdraw to Canada or Louisburg would be to strengthen the hands of the French, and make these neutrals determined enemies. The colony finally resolved, without consulting the home government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the colonies in such a way as to preclude any concert amongst the scattered families by which they should return to Acadia. To do this required quick and secret preparations. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops, brought thither for the capture of the forts lying in the debatable land about the head of the Bay of Fundy. These were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow, of Plymouth,

and to this gentleman and Captain Alexander Murray was intrusted the task of removal. They were instructed to use strategem, if possible, to bring together the various families, but to prevent any from escaping to the woods. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued a written order, addressed to the inhabitants of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., "as well ancient as young men and lads," — a proclamation summoning all the males to attend him in the church at Grand-Pré on the 5th instant, to hear a communication which the governor had sent. As there had been negotiations respecting the oath of allegiance, and much discussion as to the withdrawal of the Acadians from the country, though none as to their removal and dispersal, it was understood that this was an important meeting, and upon the day named four hundred and eighteen men and boys assembled in the church. Winslow, attended by his officers and men, caused a guard to be placed round the church, and then announced to the people his majesty's decision that they were to be removed with their families out of the country. The church became at once a guard-house, and all the prisoners were under strict surveillance. At the same time similar plans had been carried out at Pisiquid under Captain Murray, and less successfully at Chignecto. Mean-

while there were whispers of a rising among the prisoners, and although the transports which had been ordered from Boston had not yet arrived, it was determined to make use of the vessels which had conveyed the troops, and remove the men to these for safer keeping. This was done on the 10th of September, and the men remained on the vessels in the harbor until the arrival of the transports, when these were made use of, and about three thousand souls sent out of the country to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of sending them off, — a haste which was increased by the anxiety of the officers to be rid of the distasteful business, and a confusion which was greater from the difference of tongues, — many families were separated, and some at least never came together again.

The story of *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation. The removal of the Acadians was a blot upon the government of Nova Scotia and upon that of Great Britain, which never disowned the deed, although it was probably done without direct permission or command from England. It proved to be unnecessary, but it must also be remembered that to many men at that time the English power seemed trembling before France, and that the colony at Halifax regarded the act as one of self-preservation.

The authorities for an historical inquiry into this subject are best seen in a volume published by the government of Nova Scotia at Halifax in 1869, entitled *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records : and in a manuscript journal kept by Colonel Winslow, now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. At the State House in Boston are two volumes of records, entitled *French Neutrals*, which contain voluminous papers relating to the treatment of the Acadians who were sent to Massachusetts. Probably the work used by the poet in writing *Evangeline* was *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas C. Haliburton, who is best known as the author of *The Clockmaker, or The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, a book which, written apparently to prick the Nova Scotians into more enterprise, was for a long while the chief representative of Yankee smartness. Judge Haliburton's history was published in 1829. A later history, which takes advantage more freely of historical documents, is *A History of Nova Scotia, or Acadie*, by Beamish Murdock, Esq., Q. C., Halifax, 1866. Still more recent is a smaller, well-written work, entitled *The History of Acadia from its First Discovery to its*

*Surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris*, by James Hannay, St. John, N. B., 1879. W. J. Anderson published a paper in the *Transactions* of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part 7, 1870, entitled *Evangeline and the Archives of Nova Scotia*, in which he examines the poem by the light of the volume of *Nova Scotia Archives*, edited by T. B. Akins. The sketches of travellers in Nova Scotia, as *Acadia, or a Month among the Blue Noses*, by F. S. Cozzens, and *Baddeck*, by C. D. Warner, give the present appearance of the country and inhabitants.

The measure of *Evangeline* is what is commonly known as English dactylic hexameter. The hexameter is the measure used by Homer in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and by Virgil in the *Æneid*, but the difference between the English language and the Latin or Greek is so great, especially when we consider that in English poetry every word must be accented according to its customary pronunciation, while in scanning Greek and Latin verse accent follows the quantity of the vowels, that in applying this term of hexameter to *Evangeline* it must not be supposed by the reader that he is getting the effect of Greek hexameters. It is the Greek hexameter translated into English use, and some have maintained that the verse of the *Iliad* is better represented in the English by the trochaic

measure of fifteen syllables, of which an excellent illustration is in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*; others have compared the Greek hexameter to the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, used notably by Chapman in his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. The measure adopted by Mr. Longfellow has never become very popular in English poetry, but has repeatedly been attempted by other poets. The reader will find the subject of hexameters discussed by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in *English Hexameters*, in his recent volume, *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political and Historical, not relating to Bacon*; and by John Stuart Blackie in *Remarks on English Hexameters*, contained in his volume *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

The measure lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of the poem, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cæsural pause, should be carefully regarded; a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexa-

meter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.







## EVANGELINE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are  
the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the  
woodland the voice of the huntsman ?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home  
of Acadian farmers, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting  
an image of heaven ?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farm-  
ers forever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful  
village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and  
endures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of  
woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the  
pines of the forest ;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the  
happy.







## PART THE FIRST

### I

I N the Acadian land, on the shores of the  
Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of  
Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows  
stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to  
flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated  
seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at  
will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and  
orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ;  
and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on  
the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from  
their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the  
Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of  
oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ;  
and gables projecting







Over the basement below protected and shaded  
the door-way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes  
on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps  
and in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spin-  
ning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shut-  
tles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the  
wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish  
priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he ex-  
tended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose  
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field,  
and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon  
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs  
of the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the  
    hearts of the owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest  
    lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer  
    the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of  
    Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, di-  
    recting his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the  
    pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of  
    seventy winters ;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered  
    with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his  
    cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seven-  
    teen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on  
the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine  
that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the  
reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth  
was the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while  
the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-  
ings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her  
chaplet of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of  
blue, and the ear-rings,





Brought in the olden time from France, and  
since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through  
long generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal  
beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her form,  
when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's  
benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceas-  
ing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house  
of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the  
sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine  
wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats be-  
neath ; and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared  
in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung  
by a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote  
by the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed  
image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the  
well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,  
were the barns and the farm-yard,

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the  
antique ploughs and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there,  
in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,  
with the selfsame



Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ;  
and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his  
deepest devotion ;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or  
the hem of her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the dark-  
ness befriended,

And, as he knocked and waited to hear the  
sound of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or  
the knocker of iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of  
the village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance  
as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of  
the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only  
was welcome ;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-  
smith,





Who was a mighty man in the village, and  
honed of all men ;

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages  
and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute  
by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister ; and  
Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had  
taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of  
the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily  
lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil  
the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering  
eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse  
as a plaything,  
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him  
the tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle  
of cinders.  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the  
gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the  
laboring bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks ex-  
pired in the ashes,  
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
into the chapel.  
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop  
of the eagle,  
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away  
o'er the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous  
    nests on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
    which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the  
    sight of its fledglings ;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest  
    of the swallow !

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no  
    longer were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the  
    face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
    thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and  
    hopes of a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called ;  
    for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their  
    orchards with apples ;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house  
delight and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of  
children.





## II

NOW had the season returned, when the  
nights grow colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scor-  
pion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,  
from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of trop-  
ical islands.

Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the  
winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old  
with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclem-  
ent.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoard-  
ed their honey

Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of  
love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
vapors around him ;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet  
and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glit-  
tering tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned  
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and af-  
fection and stillness.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and  
the herds to the homestead.  
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the  
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them  
followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride  
of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and  
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the  
stragglers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;  
their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the  
starry silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains  
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its  
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their  
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and  
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with  
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy  
with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded  
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in  
regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets  
descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard  
in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness ;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves  
of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season  
was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,  
idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the  
flames and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city.

Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with  
gestures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter  
plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of  
armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols  
of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers  
before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-  
gundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evan-  
geline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the  
corner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its  
diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like  
the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-  
ments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at  
intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of  
the priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured  
motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,  
and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung  
back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was  
Basil the blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who  
was with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-  
steps paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy  
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the  
box of tobacco;



Never so much thyself art thou as when through  
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered  
Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the  
fireside :—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others  
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evan-  
geline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued :—

“Four days now are passed since the English  
ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all  
are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in  
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the  
people.”

Then made answer the farmer :— “ Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the  
harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed  
their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said,  
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a  
sigh, he continued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,  
nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on  
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of  
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weap-  
ons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and  
the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the  
jovial farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks  
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the  
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's  
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no  
shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the  
night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads  
of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers  
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy  
of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand  
in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her  
father had spoken,  
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary  
entered.



## III

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the  
surf of the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public ;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
maize, hung

Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and  
glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom  
supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than  
a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard  
his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he  
languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the  
friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or  
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,  
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the  
children ;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the  
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to  
water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child  
who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the  
chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in  
the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut  
up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved  
clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the  
village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil  
the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly  
extending his right hand,

“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast  
heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of  
these ships and their errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the  
notary public:—

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am  
never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not bet-  
ter than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil  
intention



Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why  
then molest us ?”

“God’s name !” shouted the hasty and some-  
what irascible blacksmith ;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and  
the why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right  
of the strongest !”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the  
notary public :—

“Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally  
justice

Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that  
often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort  
at Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he  
loved to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injus-  
tice was done them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no  
longer remember,  
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of  
Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales  
in its left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that jus-  
tice presided  
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and  
homes of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales  
of the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the  
sunshine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land  
were corrupted ;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak  
were oppressed, and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a  
nobleman’s palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long  
a suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue  
of Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit  
ascended,  
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts  
of the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath  
from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering  
scales of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest  
of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of  
pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but  
findeth no language ;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on  
his face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes  
in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on  
the table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength  
in the village of Grand-Pré ;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his pa-  
pers and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age  
of the parties,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of  
sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well  
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a  
sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw  
on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces  
of silver ;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride  
and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to  
their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by  
the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out  
of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly con-  
tention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-  
nœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach  
was made in the king-rów.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a  
window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, behold-  
ing the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots  
of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell  
from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,  
and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed; and silence  
reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good night  
on the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled  
it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that  
glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread  
of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evange-  
line followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in  
the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face  
of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door  
of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of  
white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were  
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-  
line woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to  
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow  
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the  
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she  
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of  
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees  
of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of  
her lamp and her shadow.



Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a  
feeling of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds  
in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room  
for a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw  
serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star  
follow her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered  
with Hagar!



## IV

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on  
the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the  
Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,  
were riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and  
clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden  
gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms  
and neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.  
Many a glad good morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the  
numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of  
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor  
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and  
noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped  
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like broth-  
ers together,

All things were held in common, and what one  
had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed  
more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her  
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of  
welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup  
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the  
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of  
betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest  
and the notary seated ;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the  
blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press  
and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest  
of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately  
played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face  
of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are  
blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of  
his fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de  
Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to  
the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-  
ing dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to  
the meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children min-  
gled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Bene-  
dict's daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of  
the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo! with  
a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the  
meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged erelong was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh  
from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and march-  
ing proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-  
sonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from  
ceiling and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the pon-  
derous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the  
will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from  
the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the  
royal commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his  
Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you  
have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural  
make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know  
must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will  
of our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you your-  
selves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you  
may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his  
Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice  
of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling  
of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and  
shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their  
enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the  
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless won-  
der, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and  
anger,



And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed  
to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and  
fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high  
o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil  
the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the  
billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;  
and wildly he shouted,—

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never  
have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on  
our homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merci-  
less hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him  
down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry  
contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the  
steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he  
awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake  
to his peoplè;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents  
measured and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly  
the clock strikes.  
"What is this that ye do, my children? what  
madness has seized you?  
Forty years of my life have I labored among  
you, and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one  
another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and  
prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love  
and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and  
would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing  
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross  
is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness  
and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer,  
'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, for-  
give them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the  
passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O  
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar.  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest,  
and the people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and  
the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their  
souls, with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascend-  
ing to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tid-  
ings of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the  
women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood,  
with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the  
sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-  
dor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-  
blazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white  
cloth on the table ;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey  
fragrant with wild-flowers ;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese  
fresh brought from the dairy ;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-  
chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door,  
as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance  
celestial ascended, —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-  
ness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into  
the village,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful  
hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
they departed.

Urged by their household cares, and the weary  
feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet  
descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-  
geline lingered.

All was silent within ; and in vain at the door  
and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, over-  
come by emotion,

“ Gabriel ! ” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ;  
but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the  
gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless  
house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board  
was the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted  
with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor  
of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the discon-  
solate rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree  
by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of  
the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed  
the world he created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of  
the justice of Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peace-  
fully slumbered till morning.









## V

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and  
now on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids  
of the farm-house.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms  
the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on  
their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding  
road and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged  
on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some  
fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;  
and there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of  
the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships  
did the boats ply ;

All day long the wains came laboring down from  
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near  
to his setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On  
a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching  
in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Aca-  
dian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their  
homes and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are  
weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants  
descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their  
wives and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came; and, raising  
together their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic  
Missions :—  
“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible  
fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-  
mission and patience!”  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the  
women that stood by the wayside  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the  
sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of  
spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited  
in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour  
of affliction, —  
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession  
approached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with  
emotion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running  
to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
shoulder, and whispered, —  
“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one  
another,  
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-  
chances may happen!”  
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly  
paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed  
was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire  
from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy  
heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his  
neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of  
comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that  
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and  
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-  
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and moth-  
ers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with  
wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel  
carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood  
with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went  
down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste  
the reflux ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of  
the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and  
the slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods  
and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a bat-  
tle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels  
near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Aca-  
dian farmers.



Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-  
ing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats  
of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of  
milk from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and  
the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church  
no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no  
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires  
had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and  
the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth  
in his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and bless-  
ing and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate  
sea-shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline  
sat with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of  
the old man,

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands  
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses  
to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he  
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flick-  
ering fire-light.

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of  
compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart  
was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of  
a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head  
of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that  
above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs  
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept  
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in  
autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and  
o'er the horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon  
mountain and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.  
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes  
of flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like  
the quivering hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the  
burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from  
a hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on  
the shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud  
in their anguish,  
“We shall behold no more our homes in the  
village of Grand-Pré!”  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in  
the farm-yards,  
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the  
lowing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of  
dogs interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the  
sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt  
the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with  
the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night,  
as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless,  
the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their  
silent companion,

Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
abroad on the sea-shore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and  
the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in  
her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber ;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld  
a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest  
compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined  
the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her  
wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to  
the people, —

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a  
happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in  
the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in  
haste by the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer  
of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the ser-  
vice of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a  
vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges.

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the  
waste of the ocean,



With the first dawn of the day, came heaving  
and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise  
of embarking ;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed  
out of the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore,  
and the village in ruins.





## PART THE SECOND

### I

MANY a weary year had passed since the  
burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels  
departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,  
into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example  
in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed ;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when  
the wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered  
from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-  
ern savannas, —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands  
where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them  
down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones  
of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes ; and many, de-  
spairing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer  
a friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone  
in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
all things.

Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her  
extended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life,  
with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert  
is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished ;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly  
descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had  
arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by  
the fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and  
thirst of the spirit,

She would commence again her endless search  
and endeavor ;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on  
the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that  
perhaps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon  
her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen  
her beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “O yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “O yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand  
and be happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's  
tresses."

Then would *Evangeline* answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my  
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp,  
and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden  
in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter ! thy God thus  
speaketh within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns  
again to the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy  
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient en-  
durance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered  
more worthy of heaven !”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline  
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of  
the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice  
that whispered, “Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and  
cheerless discomfort,



Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns  
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wander-  
er's footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful  
year of existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course  
through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the  
gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at  
intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan  
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its contin-  
uous murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it  
reaches an outlet.

## II

I T was the month of May. Far down the  
Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the  
Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift  
Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by  
Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from  
the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating  
together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a  
common misfortune ;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by  
hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the  
few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair  
Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river ;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped  
on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,  
where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they  
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery  
sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves  
of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores  
of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins  
and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves  
of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to  
the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-  
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous  
boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in  
mid-air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of  
ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save  
by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning  
at sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with  
demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and  
gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar  
sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as  
through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all  
things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of  
wonder and sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot  
be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf  
of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the  
shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings  
of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of  
doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,  
that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on  
through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed  
the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-  
dered before her,

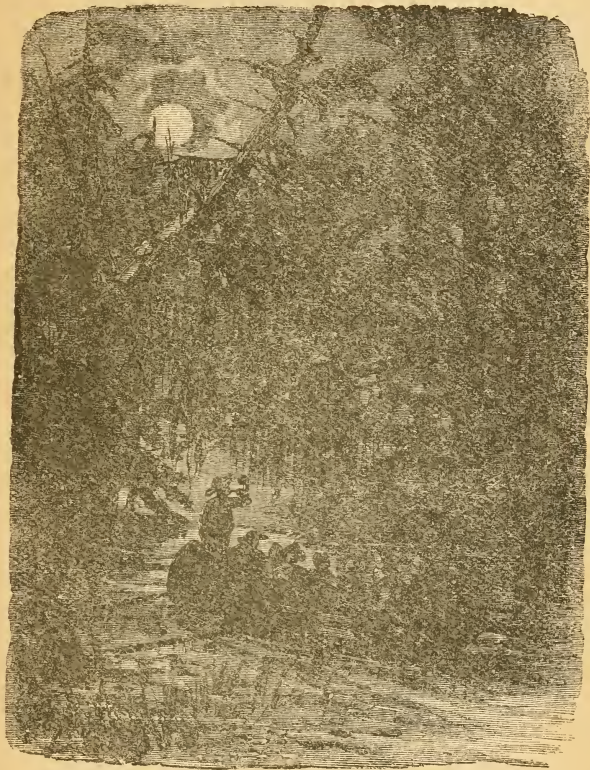
And every stroke of the oar now brought him  
nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat,  
rose one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them per-  
adventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,  
blew a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues  
to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just  
stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the  
distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from  
the darkness ;

And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense  
of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed  
through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian  
boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian  
rivers,  
While through the night were heard the myste-  
rious sounds of the desert,  
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in  
the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar  
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the  
shades ; and before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-  
falaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-  
lations







Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in  
beauty, the lotus  
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the  
boatmen.  
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of  
magnolia blossoms,  
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless  
sylvan islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming  
hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited  
to slumber.  
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were  
suspended.  
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew  
by the margin,  
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered  
about on the greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers  
slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of  
a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower  
and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder  
of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,  
descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she  
slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn  
of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of  
regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the number-  
less islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er  
the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of  
the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance  
thoughtful and care-worn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was  
legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and  
of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of  
the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen  
of palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay  
concealed in the willows,

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and  
unseen, were the sleepers,

Angel of God was there none to awaken the  
slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a  
cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had  
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and  
the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father  
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel  
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague super-  
stition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth  
to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my  
credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have  
no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled  
as he answered, —

" Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they  
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that  
floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the  
anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the  
world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to  
the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of  
St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given  
again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and  
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests  
of fruit-trees ;  
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest  
of heavens  
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls  
of the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the Eden  
of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and  
continued their journey.  
Softly the evening came. The sun from the  
western horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er  
the landscape ;  
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and  
forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and  
mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges  
of silver,



Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the  
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains  
of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-  
bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of de-  
lirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then  
soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of  
frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
lamentation ;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them  
abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through  
the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
on the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that  
throbbed with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Tête, where it flows  
through the green Opelousas,  
And, through the amber air, above the crest of  
the woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a  
neighboring dwelling ; —  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant  
lowing of cattle.

## III

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed  
by oaks, from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets  
at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-  
man. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself  
was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted  
together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender  
columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of  
the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly  
descending.  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless  
calm in the tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage  
of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf  
of the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle  
and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet  
of deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under  
the Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look  
of its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine,  
that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over  
the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that  
resounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp  
air of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns  
of the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents  
of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing  
rushed o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade  
in the distance.







Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,  
through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden  
advancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in  
amazement, and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations  
of wonder ;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil  
the blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to  
the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question  
and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent  
and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark  
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —

"Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.

Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet  
existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful  
ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his  
troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and  
to maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought  
me, and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with  
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the  
Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping  
the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the  
fugitive lover ;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and  
the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red  
dew of the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back  
to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the  
banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael  
the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god  
on Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to  
mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and  
his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave  
Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ;  
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-  
ing the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while  
Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the  
ci-devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanor ;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the  
soil and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds  
were his who would take them ;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would  
go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the  
breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already  
the supper of Basil  
Waited his late return; and they rested and  
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness  
descended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the land-  
scape with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars;  
but within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends  
in the glimmering lamplight.  
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the  
table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine together  
in endless profusion.  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet  
Natchitoches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and  
smiled as they listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long  
have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better  
perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like  
the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of  
the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,  
as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in  
blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-  
claimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering  
down on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Fe-  
lician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-  
way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were  
milder and gayer:—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware  
of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian  
climate,



Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's  
neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and  
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the  
breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of  
Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who  
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends  
to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music,  
proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon,  
On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a  
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened  
and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and  
the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
longings,  
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and  
fireflies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and  
infinite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God  
in the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to  
marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the  
walls of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon  
them, "Upharsin."  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars  
and the fireflies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel!

O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot  
behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice  
does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to  
the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of  
me in thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be  
folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-  
poorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through  
the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
into silence.

“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular  
caverns of darkness ;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
“To-morrow !”

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the  
flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and  
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their  
vases of crystal.

“Farewell !” said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold ;

“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from  
his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when  
the bridegroom was coming.”

“Farewell !” answered the maiden, and, smiling,  
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen  
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and  
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who  
was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over  
the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest  
or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but  
vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild  
and desolate country ;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides  
and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of  
the prairies.





## IV

FAR in the West there lies a desert land,  
where the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and  
luminous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where  
the gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
grant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway  
and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate  
leaps the Nebraska;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and  
the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by  
the wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, de-  
scend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and  
solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the won-  
drous, beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and  
purple amorphas.  
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the  
elk and the roebuck ;  
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of  
riderless horses ;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel ;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-  
mael's children,

Staining the desert with blood ; and above their  
terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaugh-  
tered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the  
heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of  
these savage marauders ;

Here and there rise groves from the margins  
of swift-running rivers ;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots  
by the brookside,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above  
them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the  
Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and  
trappers behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the  
maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day  
to o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the  
smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ;  
but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found  
only embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and  
their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata  
Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated  
and vanished before them.





Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose  
features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as  
great as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to  
her people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel  
Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-  
Bois, had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and  
warmest and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on  
the embers.  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and  
all his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase  
of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat  
and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of  
her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had  
been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had  
suffered was near her,



She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis ;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge,  
    in the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered  
    love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume  
    through the forest,  
And never more returned, nor was seen again  
    by her people.  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan-  
    geline listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the  
    region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swar-  
    thy guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains  
    the moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
    splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
    filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,  
and the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evange-  
line's heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite  
terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the  
nest of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the re-  
gion of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she  
felt for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pur-  
suing a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and  
the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was re-  
sumed ; and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst  
of the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children.

A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grape-vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through  
the intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-  
pers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and  
sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers,  
nearer approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the  
evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the bene-  
diction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed  
from the hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran-  
gers and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled  
with benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-  
tongue in the forest,  
And, with words of kindness, conducted them  
into his wigwam.  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and  
on cakes of the maize-ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the wa-  
ter gourd of the teacher.  
Soon was their story told; and the priest with  
solemnity answered:—  
“Not six suns have risen and set since Ga-  
briel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden  
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and  
continued his journey !”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake  
with an accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in  
winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds  
have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the  
priest ; “but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to  
the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek  
and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad  
and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and be-  
times on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian  
guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed  
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded  
each other, —

Days and weeks and months; and the fields  
of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she  
came, now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interla-  
cing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-  
laged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was  
husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that beto-  
kened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
in the cornfield.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought  
not her lover.



“Patience!” the priest would say ; “have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered !

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head  
from the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as  
true as the magnet ;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of  
God has planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the travel-  
ler’s journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of  
the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blos-  
soms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and  
fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and  
their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and  
hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet  
with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the  
winter, — yet Gabriel came not ;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes  
of the robin and bluebird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet  
Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a ru-  
mor was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of  
blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the  
Michigan forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the  
Saginaw river.

And, with returning guides, that sought the  
lakes of St. Lawrence,  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from  
the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the  
Michigan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen  
to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and  
in seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden ;—  
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Mo-  
ravian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields  
of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and popu-  
lous cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away  
unremembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began  
the long journey ;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment  
it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away  
from her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the  
gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks  
of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earth-  
ly horizon,

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of  
the morning.



**I**N that delightful land which is washed by  
the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn  
the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the  
city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the  
emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the names of the  
trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads  
whose haunts they molested.  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home  
and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when  
    he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred  
    descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly  
    streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made  
    her no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and  
    Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun-  
    try,  
Where all men were equal, and all were broth-  
    ers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed  
    endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth,  
    uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
    thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of  
the morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape  
below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities  
and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw  
the world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illuminated with love ;  
and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth  
and fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart  
was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as  
last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike si-  
lence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for  
it was not.

Over him years had no power ; he was not  
changed, but transfigured ;

He had become to her heart as one who is  
dead, and not absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion  
to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow  
had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some  
odorous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the  
air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but  
to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mer-  
cy ; frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded  
lanes of the city,



Where distress and want concealed themselves  
from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep,  
as the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was  
well in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light  
of her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as  
slow through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home  
from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell  
on the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by  
flocks of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught  
in their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month  
of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to  
a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natu-  
ral margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of  
existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to  
charm, the oppressor ;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of  
his anger ;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends  
nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of  
the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its  
gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble  
walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord :—“ The poor ye  
always have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister  
of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed,  
to behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead  
with splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of  
saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at  
a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the  
city celestial,

Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits  
would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,  
deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door  
of the almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of  
flowers in the garden ;  
And she paused on her way to gather the  
fairest among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in  
their fragrance and beauty.  
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corri-  
dors, cooled by the east wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from  
the belfry of Christ Church,  
While, intermingled with these, across the mead-  
ows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the  
Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the  
hour on her spirit ;  
Something within her said, "At length thy  
trials are ended" ;  
And, with light in her looks, she entered the  
chambers of sickness.  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful  
attendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching  
brow, and in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-  
cealing their faces,  
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of  
snow by the roadside.  
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline  
entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on  
the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,  
the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed  
it forever.  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the  
night-time ;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling  
of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,  
while a shudder  
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the  
flowerets dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and  
bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from  
their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the  
form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that  
shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face  
for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its  
earlier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those  
who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush  
of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-  
sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death 'might see the sign,  
and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his  
spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite  
depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multi-  
plied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the  
hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into  
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the  
home of his childhood;

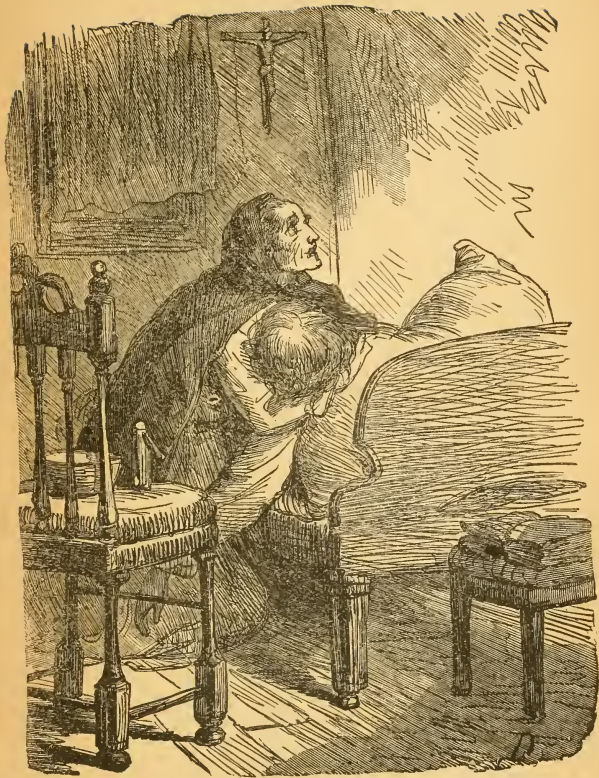
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers  
among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and,  
walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose  
in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he  
lifted his eyelids,







Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the  
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed  
what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneel-  
ing beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it sud-  
denly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of  
wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear,  
and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish  
of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless  
head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
“Father, I thank thee!”





**S**TILL stands the forest primeval ; but far  
away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the  
lovers are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown  
and unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing  
beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are  
at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no  
longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
    ceased from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have  
    completed their journey!

    Still stands the forest primeval; but under  
    the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and  
    language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
    Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers  
    from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in  
    its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom  
    are still busy;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
    kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's*  
    story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.







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