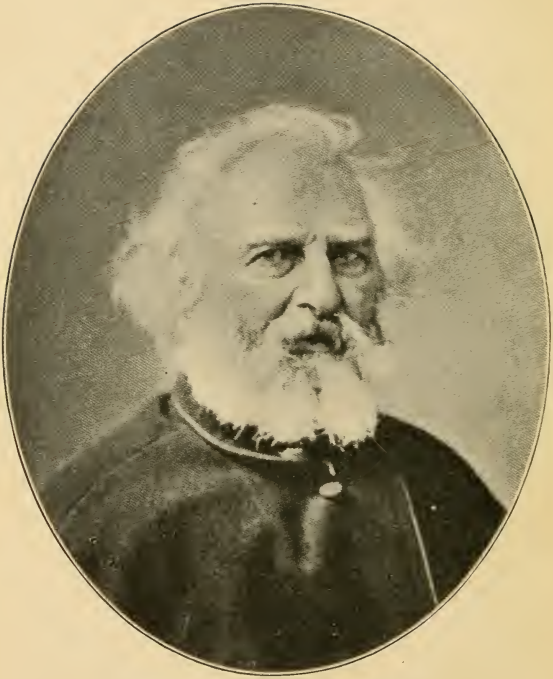

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Classics in the Grades

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,
EXPLANATORY NOTES
AND CRITICAL OPINIONS

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE TEACHER

Before the reading of "Evangeline" is taken up for class work the teacher should make a careful study of the historic facts with which the poem deals, in order to give a correct interpretation of this great masterpiece. While "Evangeline" will appeal to the ordinary reader, yet some preparation on the part of the teacher is essential for class-room work. This critical study should be of a two-fold character: first, the foundations upon which the author built his story; and, second, references to poems of other authors, similar in character, with which portions of "Evangeline" may be compared and contrasted. It should be kept in mind that the background of "Evangeline" is not biographical, but historical. The teacher should be thoroughly familiar with the historical conditions that made the banishment of the Acadians possible, in order to get in the atmosphere of the poem. In teaching any classic it should be the aim of the teacher to implant in the minds of the pupils a strong desire to read that particular story.

Outline for Class Reading

A classic improves with each reading, and this poem should be read by the class at least three times.

First Reading

The first step in the reading of any classic is to read it as a whole for the purpose of permitting the pupil to get the thread of the story. In no sense should this reading be used as a formal reading lesson. We shall make an inevitable failure if we

attempt to teach reading in connection with literary appreciation of a classic. The first lessons, then, should require merely an intelligent reading of the poem. The poem should be read aloud in a pleasing manner to get a good understanding and appreciation of the story. Each day's lesson should be so planned that it will stop at some interesting place in order to keep up a sustained interest on the part of the class. When we have read and have grasped the poem as a whole, we are ready for the second reading.

Second Reading

In reading the poem a second time we should aim to study the mechanical means by which the author secured his effects. In this detailed study the teacher should do all the reading, planning each day's lesson so that it will stop at some logical place in the story. During the second reading the student should form clear conceptions of—

(a) *The Characters.*—Are the people in the poem life-like? Are they real? Can you *see* them? What are the prominent traits of each character? Has this poem a hero? a heroine? Which is your favorite character? Why? How many of the characters are real persons? Which characters are fictional—that is, creations of the poet? Poetic beauty is often found in comparisons and contrasts. Frequently poets present two characters to bring out the individuality of the other more strongly, *i. e.*, the two friends—Benedict, the contented farmer, and Basil, the impulsive smith. Contrast these two characters, showing them to be men of different type, yet drawn toward each other by strong ties of friendship; show their difference in character; their difference in thought (how each regarded the coming of the British ships), their difference in temperament (as shown in the church and how each bore misfortune), and how the poet characterized each by the adjectives that he used. Then compare these persons and see in what respects they are alike. Father Felician is portrayed as a model priest. To add interest to the work the teacher may tell of other characters that have

been portrayed in literature as pastors—the kind-hearted priest in *Les Miserables*, the benevolent preacher in *The Deserted Village*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who appears as priest and king. Compare Basil with "Henry of the Wynd" in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. In this connection read Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith*. The theme of the poem is "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion." Justify this statement by selections from the poem. Can you picture Evangeline's childhood, her home, her exile, her endurance of sorrow, her wanderings, her hopes, her faith and her devotion to her father and to her lover? Which character is the most vividly portrayed? the most dimly portrayed? Which character in the poem is historical? Gather together all that the poet says of the principal characters.

(b) *The Setting.*—Where are the scenes of this poem laid? Are the descriptions true to nature? At what time of the year did the dispersion take place? Can you see the ideal village of Grand-Pré, surrounded by rich meadows and with its quaint Normandy cottages, the costumes of its peasants, and its mediæval church? In Part I the poet has presented a Utopian village—everything is idealistic—the happy, contented, and prosperous villagers, the prospects of an abundant harvest, the marriage contract between Gabriel and Evangeline, the feast of betrothal, and the anticipation of a new home. Then comes the contrast—the gathering of the villagers in the church, the announcement of the cruel sentence, the separation of the lovers, the death of Benedict, and the dispersion of the Acadians. In Part II we hopefully follow Evangeline in her search for Gabriel and sympathize with her as her disappointments and sorrows increase. We see her with old friends in Louisiana; we see her at the squalid Indian camp in the far west, and we journey with her to the Michigan forests, but all in vain. She missed Gabriel at first by a few hours, then by a day, and finally they became more and more separated from each other until the beauty and strength of her devotion is rewarded by the reunion of the lovers at Gabriel's death-bed in the old Alms House in Philadelphia.

Does the poet mention any "local color," that is, objects, customs, and costumes peculiar to the time and place? Do the descriptions of nature surpass the delineations of personal portraits?

(c) *The Plot.*—Is the story interesting? Does it hold your interest? Is the story devoid of dramatic incidents? Do the facts follow each other in the sequence of time? Are there any parts where the interest flags? Does the story lack unity? At what point in the story is the interest (climax) at the highest pitch? Why were the stories of Mowis and Lilinau introduced?

(d) *The Style.*—Name the colloquial and idiomatic expressions. Select words that are strong and terse; those that are highly polished or ornamental. Notice that many of the sentences are inverted, *i. e.*, "White as the snow were his locks."

Notice that the poet frequently begins a sentence in the middle of a line and lets it run over into the next line. Call attention to the various allusions:

"Stand like Druids of eld," I, 3.
"Louisburg is not forgotten," I, 249.

Note the Biblical allusions. Is the language different from that of prose? Teach the pupils to recognize the commonest figures of speech. What is Longfellow's favorite figure of speech?

(e) *Memory Gems.*—The pupils should be encouraged to select choice passages for memorization and to state the reasons for their selection.

(f) *Collateral Reading.*—The study of this poem should be presented in such an interesting manner as to give the pupils a desire to read other narrative poems. The following poems are suggestive: Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*, Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, and Scott's *Marmion*.

(g) *Composition and Outline Work.*—Brief compositions may be written upon selected topics or in reproducing parts of the story. The following list of composition subjects from Evangeline may be profitably used in connection with the study of the poem:

a. The Village of Grand-Pré.
b. Benedict's Home.
c. Benedict and Basil.
d. Evangeline's Childhood.
e. Evangeline and her Father.
f. Autumn in Acadia.
g. Evangeline's Lovers.
h. The Notary.
i. The Story of Justice.
j. The Night of the Contract.
k. The Feast of the Betrothal.
l. The Message from the King.
m. The House of the Prince of Peace.
n. The Last Night in Acadia.
o. The Death of Benedict.
p. Weary Years of Wandering.
q. The Journey to Opelousas.
r. Basil's Southern Home.
s. The Passing of Gabriel.
t. Evangeline's Stay at the Mission.
u. Evangeline, a Sister of Mercy.
v. Was the expulsion of the Acadians justifiable? discuss either side of the question.

Third Reading

This reading should be free from all criticism and should be given for the purpose of permitting the student to enjoy the revealed beauty of the poem.

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 pathetic,
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

Why "murmuring pines"? "deep-voiced ocean"? Does the forest really wail? Select and name figures of speech.

Primeval, belonging to the first ages; literally a forest which has never been cut.

Druids, an order of priests which in ancient times existed among certain branches of the Celtic race. The word, which is Celtic, means a magician. They practised magic and divination and sacrificed human beings. They performed their sacred rites in oak forests or in caves.

Eld, old English form of *old*.

Harpers Hoar, refers to ancient players upon the harp who were generally old men with long beards.

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

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 farmers 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.

What is the object of a prelude? Does the prelude of this poem in any way foreshadow the story? Which part of the prelude gives a mournful background? tells the fate of the Acadians? From the prelude determine the theme of the poem; the author's point of view.

GRAND-PRÉ (grän-prā), meaning a great meadow. French, *grand*, great, and *pré*, meadow.

PART THE FIRST

I

In 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

Basin of Minas, a small bay upon the northern coast of Nova Scotia—an arm of the Bay of Fundy.

Dike, an embankment to prevent inundations.

The Bay of Fundy has remarkable tides rising to the height of 50 to 60 feet.

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

Blomidon, a headland of red sandstone, four hundred feet high, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

Normandy, a province of France bordering the English Channel. The Acadians came from Normandy about 1633–38.

The Henries were the Kings of France, Henry III and Henry IV, who reigned during the 16th and 17th centuries.

Dormer-windows, the windows of a sleeping apartment.

Gable, the vertical triangular portion of the end of a building, from the level of the eaves to the ridge of the building.

THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE, NOVA SCOTIA

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 spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir 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 extended 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

Why are looms said to gossip? Select a word called onomatopoetic.

KIRTLE, a skirt worn over a petticoat.

DISTAFF, a staff for holding a bunch of flax or wool, from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.

SHUTTLE is an instrument used by weavers in shooting the thread of the woof (cross threads) between the threads of the warp (threads running lengthwise).

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, no 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, directing his household,

What is the meaning of the expression, "the vice of republics"?

Angelus refers to the tolling of the church bell in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, announcing the hour of prayer in memory of the announcement by the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary that she was to be the mother of Jesus.

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalwart 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 seventeen 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 blessings upon them,

What figure of speech is "the man of seventy winters"? white as the snow were his locks"?

Hyssop, a plant the twigs of which were used for sprinkling in the ceremony of purification.

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 ceasing 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 beneath; and a foot-path
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

CHAPLET OF BEADS means the rosary or string of beads by which the prayers are counted.

MISSAL, a book of prayers used in the Roman Catholic service.

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,

PENTHOUSE, a shed or roof sloping from the main wall or building as over a door or window.
MARY, the mother of Christ.
WAINS, wagons.
SERAGLIO, an inclosure.
LINE 96, see Luke XXII, 60, 61.

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 darkness 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,

WEATHERCOCK, a weathervane, so called because originally it was often in the figure of a cock.

MUTATION, change.

PATRON SAINT, a saint chosen as a special protector.

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 blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored 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

LAJEUNESSE, pronounced lä-zhe-nes.

PEDAGOGUE, schoolmaster.

PLAIN-SONG, the Gregorian chant in church music with tones of unvaried and of equal length.

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 expired 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;

CIRCLE OF CINDERS, name the figure of speech.

LINE 133, do you know of another similar saying?

LINE 136, why "populous nests"?

There is a French story to the effect that if one of the fledglings is blind, the mother bird seeks the sea-shore for a small stone with which she restores its sight.

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 Scorpion enters.

Why was Evangeline called "the sunshine of St. Eulalie"?

St. Eulalie's Day is February 12th. A saint of the Roman Catholic Church. According to the saying of the Norman French, "if the sun shines on St. Eulalie's Day there will be apples and cider in abundance."

Scorpion, in astronomy the eighth sign of the zodiac through which the sun enters about October 23d.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical 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 inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded 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.

LINE 153 refers to Jacob's wrestling with the angel, Gen. XXXII, 24, 30.

SUMMER OF ALL SAINTS, popularly known as Indian summer. All Saints' Day is November 1st. In the Roman Catholic Church it is known as the feast of All Saints.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
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 glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection 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.

LINE 170, the story is told of Xerxes, that when he was making an expedition against Greece, he discovered a plane-tree whose surprising beauty engaged his affection to such an extent that he dressed it with a woman's garments and jewels.

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.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barndoors,
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

DRESSER, a cupboard or set of shelves for holding dishes.

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 Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline 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 fragments 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.

What kind of an expression is "the clock clicked"?

Burgundy, a province in eastern France noted for its wines.

Bagpipe, a musical wind instrument now chiefly used in the Highlands of Scotland.

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 footsteps 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!

SETTLE, a bench with a high back.

Ever in cheerfulest 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 Evangeline 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 meantime
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

To pick up a horseshoe was an evidence of good luck to the finder.

Gaspereau's Mouth, see map of Nova Scotia on page 130.

Mandate, command; George II, 1727–1760.

By the 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 weapons 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:—

LOUISBURG, a French town and fort on Cape Breton Island which was captured by Gen. Pepperell in 1745.

BEAU SÉJOUR (pronounced bō sĕ-zhōōr). A French fort on a neck of land connecting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It surrendered to the English under Gen. Winslow on June 12, 1755, a short time before the expulsion of the Acadians. Among the forces captured were 300 Acadians.

PORT ROYAL, a town on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, about 60 miles from Grand-Pré. It was founded by the French in 1604 and captured by the English in 1710. It is now known as Annapolis.

"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 twelve-month.
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.

CONTRACT, the marriage contract between Gabriel and Evangeline.

GLEBE, soil. Now specifically the cultivable land belonging to a parish or church.

RENÉ LEBLANC, the notary public of the village who attests contracts, deeds, and other legal documents.

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,

Supernal, more than human.

Line 276, René Leblanc while in the English service had been captured and imprisoned by the French.

Loup-garou (pronounced, lōō-gă-rōō). A were-wolf. A man having the power to change himself into a wolf.

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,—

Létiche (pronounced, lā-tēsh). The spirit of a child doomed to wander at night in the form of a small white animal.

Line 284, there is an old Continental belief among the peasantry that on Christmas eve the cattle talk and fall on their knees in worship of the infant Christ.

Line 285, a popular belief in some countries that a nutshell with a spider in it will cure a fever.

Line 286, a fancy that a four-leaved clover will bring good fortune to the person who finds it.

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better 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 somewhat 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
Whenever neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice

Sooth, truth.

An old Florentine story used as the theme of Rossini's opera, entitled *La Gazza Ladra*.

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice 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

Why is "justice" represented with scales in its left hand and a sword in its right hand?

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 papers 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.

DOWER, the property which a woman brings to her husband at marriage.

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 bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lips 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 contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Seal, a small disk of paper attached to a document after the signature to make it binding in law.

Draught-board, checker board.

Embrasure, the enlargement of the aperture of a door or window on the inside of a wall designed to give more room or admit light.

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding 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. 352

Thus passed the evening away. 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. 355
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 Evangeline followed. 360

Name the figures of speech in lines 352 and 362.

From the French: *couvre feu*, cover fire. The ringing of a bell at an early hour (originally 8 o'clock) in the evening as a signal to the inhabitants of a town or village to extinguish their fires and lights and retire to rest. The custom was universal during the middle ages, and is said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror. "*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day*," Gray.

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 through 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 woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline 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,

Why "tremulous tides"? Why "clamorous labor"? Select and name the best figures of speech.

Hagar refers to Hagar with her son Ishmael who was driven out of Abraham's tent, Genesis xxi, 12, 21.

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 brothers 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 bee-hives,
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 dizzying dances

BETROTHAL, a French custom.

LINE 413 (pronounced, tōō lā bŏŏrzhwä de shärtr and Le kär-e-yôhn de dun-kirk), popular French songs, "All the Citizens of Chartres" and "The Chimes of Dunkirk."

Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict'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 ere long 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 marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

LINE 422, "In obedience to the summons, 418 men assembled." —*Haliburton.*

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 yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

LINE 430, Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow of Marshfield, Massachusetts, great-grandson of Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim Fathers.

ROYAL COMMISSION, an order from the king.

LINE 432, see historical material, page 129.

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 wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
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,—

SOLSTICE, June 21, when the sun is farthest from the equator.

"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 merciless 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 people,
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!

LINE 456, see historical material, page 129.

TOCSIN, a signal bell.

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, forgive 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,

Line 476, see Luke xxiii, 34.

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 ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings 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 splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned 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.

Ave Maria, Latin for "Hail Mary," the first words of a prayer said in the Roman Catholic Church.

Elijah, see 2 Kings II, 11.

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 forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate 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, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

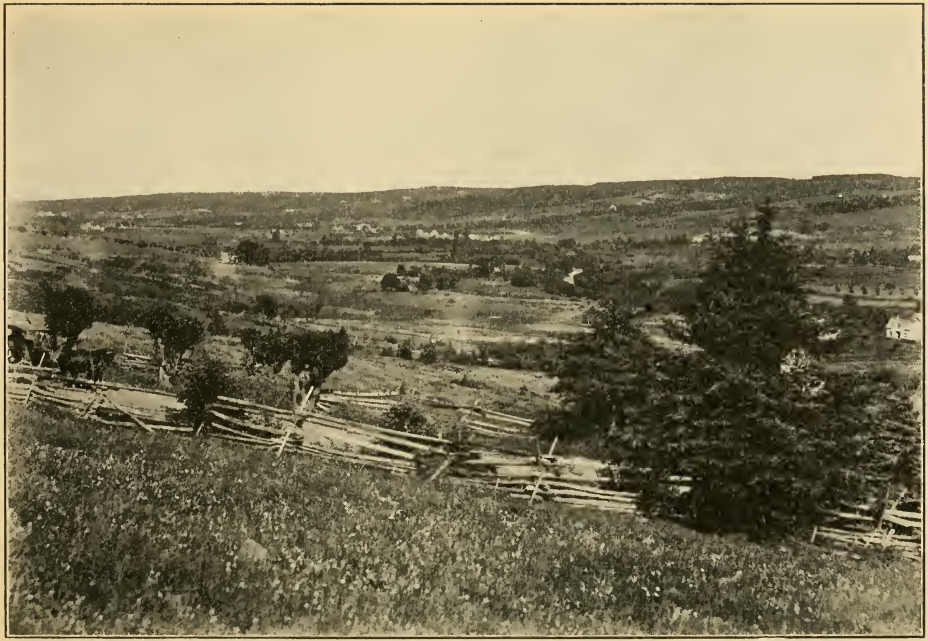
Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows

Ambrosial, delighting the taste or smell. Ambrosial is formed from the noun ambrosia, meaning *the food of the gods.*

Prophet, Moses. See Exodus xxxiv, 29–35.

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome 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 disconsolate 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 peacefully slumbered till morning.

What is meant by "the gloomier grave of the living"?



THE GASPEREAUX VALLEY, NOVA SCOTIA

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 farmhouse.
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 seashore,
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 Gaspereaux' 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.

Line 524, September 10, 1755.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing 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, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journeyed afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,
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 submission and patience!"
Then the old men as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside

Line 545, see notes, page 136.

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway 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 mischances 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 confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, 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 refluent 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 battle,

Refluent, flowing back, ebbing.
Leaguer, camp of an army.

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing 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 blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
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 flickering firelight.
"*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,

PAUL, see Acts XXVII, XXVIII.

BENEDICITE, a salutation used by the Roman priests, meaning "God bless you."

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.

TITAN-LIKE, giant-like.

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 farmyards,
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 of forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

GLEEDS, hot burning coals.

See historical material, page 129.

The destruction of the village took place between the 5th and 10th.

NEBRASKA, the Platte River is sometimes called the Nebraska.

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 seashore
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 sea-side,
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 service 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.

Line 657, no bell to toll the knell and no book from which to read the services of the dead.

Dirge, a funeral hymn; a song expressing grief, lamentation, and mourning.

'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. 665

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 Southern savannas,
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters

Banks, shallow part of the Atlantic Ocean bordering on Newfoundland.

Savanna, a treeless plain.

Father of Waters, the Mississippi.

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, despairing, 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, imperfect, unfinished;

LINE 677 refers to the formation of the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi.

MAMMOTH, an extinct species of elephant.

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; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Give a reason for Evangeline straying in churchyards.

Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, 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,

COUREURS-DES-BOIS (pronounced kōō-rûr-da-bwā). The literal meaning is "runners through the woods." They were French guides who conducted the fur traders through the woods.

VOYAGEUR, a class of men in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company who transported goods by rivers into Canada.

ST. CATHERINE is the patron saint of virgins, who was martyred A. D. 307 under the Roman Emperor Maximillian. This French proverb means to lead a life of celibacy.

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 endurance 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 wanderer'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 continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

What relation has this canto to part second? In what way does this canto state the moral of the poem?

SHARDS, pieces or fragments, as of earthen vessels; here meaning troubles of life.

MUSE, the goddess of song or poetry.

II

It 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.

LINE 741, the Ohio, which means "beautiful river."

WABASH, a tributary to the Ohio River.

KITH AND KIN, kith is now obsolete except in this phrase: it means one's own people and kindred.

LINE 750, in 1765 over 600 Acadians sought their kith and kin in Louisiana and founded settlements at Attakapas and Opelousas and later extended their settlements on both sides of the Mississippi as far as Baton Rouge.

OPELOUSAS, a section of Louisiana directly west from Baton Rouge. See map on page 138

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 sandbars
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,

LAGOON, an area of shallow water bordering on the sea and usually separated from the region of deeper water by a belt of sand.

WIMPLING, rippling.

CHINA-TREE, an evergreen-tree bearing red berries, used as a substitute for soap.

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, entering 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 the 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.

GOLDEN COAST, southern section of Louisiana.
BAYOU OF PLAQUEMINE, see map on page 138.
TENEBROUS, dark, gloomy.

Dream-like, 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 wandered 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 peradventure

Mimosa, the sensitive plant.

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,
And through the night were heard the mysterious 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.

What is meant by "colonnades and corridors"? How did the blast of the bugle give tongues to the forest? Why was the silence painful? What figure of speech is involved in the words "awoke and died"?

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
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.

ATCHAFALAYA, see map on page 138.

LOTUS, a water-plant bearing a beautiful flower.

SYLVAN, wooded.

WACHITA refers to willows growing on the banks of the Ouachita river.

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, ever nearer, among the numberless 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 careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

Cope, covering.

Line 821, read Genesis xxviii, 10, 12.

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

THOLES, pins set up in the rim of a boat to serve as oarlocks.

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, they 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.

TÊCHE (pronounced tesh), a bayou in Louisiana.

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 delirious 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 Têche, 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

Bacchus was the god of wine. Women who took part in wild dances and song in honor of Bacchus were called Bacchantes.

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yuletide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. 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,

Spanish Moss, see lines 1 and 2 of the prelude.

Mistletoe, an evergreen plant that grows sometimes, but rarely, on the oak and other trees. The mistletoe was intimately connected with many of the superstitions of the ancient Germans and of the British Druids. When it was found upon an oak, it was cut down with a golden sickle with great ceremony by a white-robed priest. Another priest, standing on the ground, received it in the folds of his white robe.

Yule-tide, Christmas-tide.

A LOUISIANA BAYOU

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
Pushed 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.

ADAYES, a town in northern Texas.

OZARK MOUNTAINS, mountains in southern Missouri extending into Arkansas and Indian territory.

FATES, according to ancient mythology the three fates were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who were represented as holding the destinies of human life. Clotho spun the thread of life; Lachesis twisted it; and Atropos cut it with a scissors.

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, greeting 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,

OLYMPUS, a mountain in ancient Greece supposed to be the home of the Gods.

CI-DEVANT, former.

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 landscape 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,

NATCHITOCHES, a town and district located on the Red River.

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 unclaimed 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."

Line 997, Louisiana was originally settled by the French. In 1763 it became Spanish, and in 1801 was ceded back to France. It was acquired by the United States in 1803 through purchase. The Acadians reached New Orleans in 1765.

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 Felician, 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,

CREOLES, originally natives descended from French ancestors who had settled in Louisiana; later, any native of French or Spanish descent by either parent.

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.

CARTHUSIAN, a religious order of Monks founded in 1086 in Chartreux, France. They are remarkable for their austerity. They support themselves by manual labor and assume a vow of almost perpetual silence.

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 fire-flies,
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 whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,

TEMPLE, the sky.
UPHARSIN, read Daniel v, 5–29.

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,

Oracular Caverns, referring to the celebrated oracle of Apollo at Delphi in Greece, where men sought to know the future.

Prodigal Son, read Luke xv, 11–32.

Foolish Virgin, read Matthew xxv, 1–13.

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 emigrant'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, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.

Oregon, the Columbia River, formerly called the Oregon.

Walleway, a river in northwest Oregon.

Owyhee, a river in northern Nevada.

Wind-river Mountains, in the western part of Wyoming.

Sweet-water, name of a river in Wyoming.

Fontaine-qui-bout (pronounced, fon-tān-kē-bōō), French for "boiling spring." A creek flowing into the Arkansas at Pueblo, Colorado.

Sierras, the teeth of a saw. Saw-like ridges of mountains in Utah and New Mexico.

Amorphas, a plant known as the false indigo, or lead plant.

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 Ishmael'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 slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and their 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,

Ishmael's Children, read Genesis xxi, 14–21.
Monk, hermit.

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 campfire
Rise in the morning air from 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,

FATA MORGANA, the Italian name for an optical delusion or mirage.

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,

COUREUR-DES-BOIS, a Canadian guide.

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,

Why was the tale of Mowis incorporated in the poem? Recall the story of René Lablanc. Have these stories anything to do with the development of the main story?

INCANTATION, witchcraft.

LILINAU (pronounced lē-lē-nō), an Indian legend.

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy 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 Evangeline'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 region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.

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

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, 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,

BLACK ROBE CHIEF, a member of the sacred order of Jesuits, so called by the Indians on account of his black dress.

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 vespers,
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 benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the home-like 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

Susurrus, whispering.

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, 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 betimes 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 about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened 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 vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on this fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

COMPASS-FLOWER, a plant that grows in the prairies of the west, the leaves of which point due north and south, and hence the name.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms 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 rumor 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.

ASPHODEL, according to the ancient poets, it is a beautiful flower which grows in the Elysian fields; another name for the Greek heaven.

NEPENTHE, according to Homer, a magic draught from this plant produces forgetfulness of pain and sorrow.

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 Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous 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.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS, members of the Christian denomination, called the United Brethren, who formed a separate church in Moravia. They have been especially noted for their energy and missionary activity.

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 earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In 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,

Does the poem in any way give a hint as to where Evangeline was taken on leaving Acadia?

William Penn, the Quaker, founder of Pennsylvania.

Line 1254, Philadelphia.

Line 1256, many streets in Philadelphia are named for trees, Chestnut, Walnut, Pine, etc.

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 country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers 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,

DRYADS, nymphs of the woods.

Sun-illumined, 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 illumined 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 silence 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 Mercy; 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 dusty 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,

SISTERS OF MERCY, a religious order of women who devote their lives to attending the sick and poor.

LINE 1293, before the advent of policemen, night watchers cried out the hours and at the same time saying "all is well."

LINE 1295, Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia.

PESTILENCE, the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793.

OLD FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

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 natural 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

LINE 1308, the Old Friends' Almshouse near Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

LINE 1312, read Mark XIV, 7.

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 corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,

CHRIST CHURCH, a historic Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, on Second Street above Market.

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows 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 concealing 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 besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

LINE 1355, read Exodus XII, 22, 23.

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 multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"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, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly 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!"

Still 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.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

His Boyhood

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine, which he calls "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." His father was Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard College, a prominent lawyer in Portland, and at one time a member of Congress. His mother was Zilpah Wadsworth, a beautiful woman, fond of music, poetry, and social life. On his mother's side the poet traced his ancestral line to John Alden and Priscilla Mullen, whom he immortalized in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Henry Wadsworth, the second son, was named after his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in the American navy. His home was in every way favorable to the development of a love for literature. He was surrounded by books and an atmosphere of culture and refinement.

His College Days

He prepared himself for college at the Portland Academy, and in his fourteenth year was sent to Bowdoin College, where he became a member of the famous class of 1825. Some of his classmates were: Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, John S. C. Abbott, a clergyman and writer, George B. Cheever, the eminent lecturer, and Edward Preble, son of Commodore Preble. The year 1821, that Longfellow entered College, William Cullen Bryant published his first volume of poems, and James Fenimore Cooper, his novel, *The Spy*. His translation in the Sophomore year of one of Horace's Odes secured later a professorship in his

Alma Mater. He was a close student and ranked second in a class of thirty-seven.

Bowdoin Professorship

Upon graduation from Bowdoin, when he was but nineteen years of age, the trustees offered him the newly created professorship of modern languages, which he gladly accepted. He spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany preparing for his work, and returned to Bowdoin, where he remained for five years at an annual salary of a thousand dollars. He taught four modern languages and prepared his own text-books in French, Spanish, and Italian. One of the fruits of his European study was a little book in prose which he called *Outre Mer*. It is made up of a series of sketches in the manner of Irving's *Sketch Book*.

His Marriage

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, of Portland, a lady of rare beauty and of exceptional culture. Their happy married life lasted just four years. On his second visit to Europe she accompanied him and died suddenly at Rotterdam in November, 1835. She is the "being beauteous" commemorated in the poem, "The Footsteps of Angels."

Harvard Professorship

Longfellow's reputation as a teacher and as a writer was not confined to Bowdoin. He was looked upon as a teacher of rare ability and as a rising man in the world of letters. He was called to Harvard as professor of modern languages and belles lettres to succeed George Tichnor, the historian of Spanish literature. Before entering upon his duties at Harvard he went abroad the second time to study the Scandinavian tongues, and further acquaintance with Germany. At Interlaken he became acquainted with Miss Frances Appleton, who inspired the writing of his romance *Hyperion*. In this story Miss Appleton appears as Mary Ashburton, and the poet as Paul Fleming.

His Cambridge Home

In 1836 he returned to his duties at Harvard, and took up his residence in the Craigie House in Cambridge. This famous house belonged to an eccentric widow who supported herself by lodgers and was prejudiced against students. She consented to accept Longfellow as a boarder upon his assurance that he was not a student, and as a mark of special honor assigned him the room General George Washington had occupied. The Craigie House is the most historic house in New England save Faneuil Hall. It is a fine example of colonial architecture, guarded by stately poplars, and commands a fine view of the Charles River. It was the headquarters of General Washington for nine months after the battle of Bunker Hill; Jared Sparks, President of Harvard College, had kept house in it; Edward Everett, the orator, and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, lodged here with Mrs. Craigie; but it was destined to become still more illustrious as the home of America's most popular poet, the laureate of the common human heart. Upon the poet's marriage to Miss Appleton, this famous house was presented as a marriage present to the bride by her father, and it became Longfellow's home for forty years. "Here the poet received cordially his most distinguished foreign visitors and the humblest child admirer." In 1861 the poet suffered a great loss,through the tragic death by fire of his wife. She was buried on the anniversary of her wedding-day. The poet was too severely injured in trying to subdue the flames to attend her funeral. No direct mention of his loss appeared in his later poetry, but this bears a sadder tone. His translation of Dante became the poet's solace.

For seventeen years Longfellow faithfully discharged his duties as the head of the department of modern languages, giving no less than seventy lectures a year. On his seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, the school-children of Cambridge presented the poet with a chair made from the wood of "The Village Blacksmith's" chestnut tree, and called forth the poem "From My Arm Chair."

His Death

Longfellow's last years were eventless. Nine days before his death he completed his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," the spirit of which was in harmony with his whole life:

"Out of the shadows of the night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

On March 24, 1882, he passed away. There was mourning in two continents. A palm branch and a passion flower were laid upon the casket. At the service verses from "Hiawatha" were read, beginning:

"He is dead, the sweet musician."

I. CHRONOLOGY OF LONGFELLOW'S POETRY AND PROSE

1833. *Outre Mer.* A young poet's sketch-book.
1839. *Voices of the Night.* The volume that established his name as a poet. Its most popular poem, *The Psalm of Life.*
1839. *Hyperion.* A Romance. Hyperion is another sketch-book, but it is richer and more mature than *Outre Mer.*
1841. *Ballads and other Poems.* It included such popular poems as *The Skeleton in Armor, The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Village Blacksmith, Excelsior,* and *The Rainy Day.*
1843. *Spanish Student.* A three-act play.
1845. *Poets and Poetry of Europe.* Selections from 360 authors.
1846. *Belfry of Bruges and other Poems.* It included five popular poems: *To a Child, Nuremberg, The Day is Done, The Bridge,* and *The Old Clock On the Stairs.*
1847. *Evangeline.* The flower of American idyls. Longfellow's representative poem and his favorite among his own writings.
1849. *Kavanagh.* A tale of New England life.
1850. *The Seaside and the Fireside.* The most striking poems are *The Building of the Ship* and *Resignation.*

1851. *The Golden Legend.* Intended to illustrate Christianity in the Middle Ages.

1855. *Hiawatha.* America's national epic poem. "Like Arthur, Hiawatha seeks to redeem his kingdom from savagery and to teach the blessing of peace."

1858. *Courtship of Miles Standish.* The Plymouth idyl. A colonial romance.

1865–74. *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* The several poems appeared from time to time during a period of ten years. The plan of the poem is similar to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.* In the poems there are seven narrators: the Poet (T. W. Parsons), the Sicilian (Luigi Monti), the Musician (Ole Bull), the Student (Dr. Henry Wales), the Theologian (Prof. Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard), the Spanish Jew (Israel Edrehi), the Landlord (Squire Lyman Howe).

1867. Translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy.*

1872. *Christus.* A trilogy. The poet worked more than twenty years on this production. The three parts:

a. The Divine Tragedy (1871).
b. The Golden Legend (1851).
c. New England Tragedies.
   1. John Endicott (story of Quaker persecution).
   2. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms— a story of witchcraft.

1872. *The Three Books of Song.*

1873. *Aftermath.*

1874. *The Hanging of the Crane.* A picture of domestic life called forth by a visit of the poet to Thomas B. Aldrich and his newly wedded wife in their home.

1875. *Morituri Salutamus.* A noble poem read at the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin.

1875. *The Masque of Pandora.* The story is that of Hawthorne's *Paradise of Children.*

1878. *Keramos* (potter's clay).

1880. *Ultima Thule.*

1882. *In the Harbor.* A posthumous volume of poems.

II. THE ORIGIN OF THE POEM

It is interesting to learn just how Longfellow came into possession of the material that he used in writing Evangeline, the most read poem in American literature.

The first record that we have of the unfortunate Acadian lovers was made by Hawthorne in his American Note Books, October 4, 1838. The story had been told to Hawthorne by the Rev. H. L. Connolly, who, in turn, had received it from one of his Canadian parishioners. Connolly saw in this incident a fine theme for a romance, but somehow the subject did not appeal to Hawthorne. One day Hawthorne came to dine with Longfellow at the Craigie House, bringing with him his friend Connolly. At the dinner table Connolly again told the story, and was greatly surprised that Hawthorne did not care for it. "It was the story of the young Acadian maiden, who, at the dispersion of her people by the English troops, had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially the constancy of the heroine, and said to his friend, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem."[1]

Scott had never seen Melrose by moonlight when he wrote his well-known lines:

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Longfellow had never visited the scenes described in his poem, though travelers have testified to the accuracy of his portrayal. The sources from which Longfellow gathered the material for his poem are well known. "As far as I remember," he said, "the authorities I mostly relied upon in writing Evangeline were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Haliburton; the first for the

[1] "Life and Letters of Henry W. Longfellow," by Samuel Longfellow.

pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment." The Indian legends were taken from Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*. It is a well-known fact that he did not visit Grand-Pré nor the Mississippi, but trusted to the above-named authorities for his descriptions and Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. In his note-book, on December 17th and 19th, we find this entry: "I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river." "Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and sand-banks crested with cotton-wood and the bayous by moonlight."

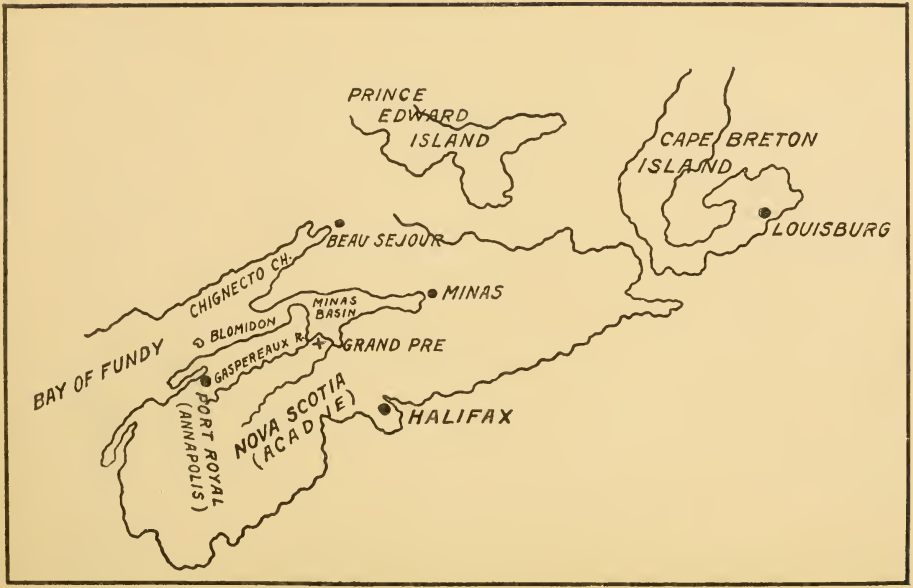
The question has often been asked, Why did Longfellow place the final scene in Philadelphia? The answer to this question is best answered in the language of the poet. "I was passing down Spruce Street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high inclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write Evangeline, I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at the poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

III. HISTORICAL MATERIAL

The Acadians

That section of North America which we now call Nova Scotia was discovered in 1497 by the Cabots, who claimed it for the

[1] Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia;* Hannay's *History of Acadia;* Smith's *Acadia;* Murdock's *History of Nova Scotia;* Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe.*



THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY, NOVA SCOTIA.

English. The settlement of Nova Scotia, however, was due to the French in 1598. By orders of Henry IV, Marquis de la Roche sailed with a single ship with a number of convicts from the prisons of France. He selected Sable Island, ninety miles southeast of Nova Scotia, as a fit place for settlement. The Marquis soon returned to France and left his colony of forty convicts to its fate. Seven years later only twelve of them were found alive, and when they were brought back to France, the king ordered a general pardon for their offenses.

In 1603 Monsieur De Mont was made governor-general of the province. The commission of De Mont extended from the 40th to the 46th degrees of north latitude, that is, from Virginia almost to the head of Hudson Bay. The region was named Acadia, and DeMont sailed thither with four vessels in March, 1604, with Champlain acting as pilot. De Mont entered the Bay of Fundy and anchored in a harbor on the northern shore of the peninsula. There a settlement was begun to which the name of Port Royal was given.

In 1621 Sir William Alexander received from James I the gift of a province in America, lying on the east side of a line drawn in a northern direction from the river St. Croix to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This country was named in the patent, *Nova Scotia*, or *New Scotland*. It was in this manner that confusion at a subsequent period caused so much difficulty and gave rise to an intricate discussion whether Nova Scotia and Acadia were names for the same country, or whether they were distinct and separate provinces.

For centuries the French and English had been enemies, and it was but natural for their continental quarrels to be taken up by their respective subjects in the new world. In colonial history these wars between England and France were known as Queen Anne's War, King George's War, and the French and Indian War. Even in times of peace the peninsula of Nova Scotia was not large enough for the English and French to live peacefully side by side, and as a natural consequence one side had to conquer the other. The English were constantly encroaching upon the claims

of the French, and the French were as equally determined that the English should not get a foothold in the province.

By the treaty of Breda (1667), England gave up all claim to Acadia, and the province passed under French control. During Queen Anne's War, an English fleet of thirty-six vessels captured Port Royal, and the name was changed to Annapolis, so called in honor of Queen Anne. Acadia was annexed to Great Britain under the title of Nova Scotia, and so for a period of one hundred and fifty years this territory passed back and forth under the control of the two nations.

By the treaty of Utrecht (1713) between France and England, all of Nova Scotia was ceded to Great Britain. By the terms of that treaty, the inhabitants of Acadia were to hold their lands subject to the Crown of England; they were to be protected in their religion and to be exempted from bearing arms against the French and Indians. This gave them the name of French neutrals, being French in sympathy and English in government.

The English did not like to see this fertile country given up entirely to the French, and so they decided to establish a colony there. This brought up the question of ownership. Now the serious troubles of the simple-minded Acadians began. "Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, proposed to remove the Acadians altogether, and to distribute them among the English colonies. This atrocious policy was opposed at first by the British ministry. A more humane policy was adopted. It was to settle so many Englishmen among the Acadians that the obedience of the French inhabitants to British authority would be secured. Finally, the British government induced disbanded British soldiers and marines to accept lands among the Acadians and to settle there. During the year 1749 about 1400 of these, led by Colonel Cornwallis, went among the Acadians and planted the first English town east of the Penobscot, in a dreary place, and called it Halifax."

"Twenty years before, when the Acadians bowed submissively to English rule, they had been promised freedom in religious matters and exemption from bearing arms against the French

and Indians, but now they were ordered to take another oath of allegiance to Great Britain and the supremacy of the Crown in religious matters, and be subjected to all the duties of English subjects. A thousand men signed a petition humbly asking permission to sell their lands and remove to some place to be provided by the French government. Their hearts bore allegiance to France and their church, and they begged not to be compelled to take arms against one, nor to forswear the other. The haughty Cornwallis said to the ambassadors, who brought the petition to him: 'Take the oath or your property will be confiscated. It is for me to command, you to obey.' "

The French and Indian War brought matters to a crisis. It now became a question of supremacy between the French and English in America. Upon the arrival of General Braddock in the colonies, four separate plans of campaign were agreed upon to dislodge the French from their strongholds. General Braddock was to proceed against Fort DuQuense; Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, was to attack Fort Niagara; Colonel William Johnson was to capture Crown Point; while a fourth campaign was in progress to drive the French out of Nova Scotia. Three thousand New England troops sailed from Boston May 20, 1755, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, a great grandson of Edward Winslow, who came over in the Mayflower. Landing near the head of the Bay of Fundy, they were joined by Colonel Monckton and a force of regulars. There were only two fortified posts in the province, both on the neck of land uniting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Beau se jour, the principal one, stood at the head of Chignecto Bay. The landing was made June 3, 1775, and the siege of the fort was begun the following day. Upon the surrender of the fort, three hundred French neutrals were actually found in arms. To bear arms against the King of England was a violation of the conditions of neutrality. Yet, notwithstanding, an offer was made to such of the Acadians as had not been openly in arms to be allowed to continue in the possession of their land if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualification. This they unani-

mously refused to do. The violation of their obligation to their king was a great cause of their misfortune. To this may be added a distrust of the right of the English to the territory which they inhabited, and the indemnity promised them at the surrender of Fort Beau se jour. Inasmuch as they had violated the conditions of their neutrality it was determined to remove and disperse this whole people among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive manner, and where they might be neutralized to the government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces under Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow. At a consultation held between Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements requiring the attendance of the people, at the respective posts, on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms, as to insure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County was as follows:

"To the inhabitants of the District of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., as well ancient, as young men and lads:

"Whereas, his Excellency the Governor, has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you such as they have been given to him; we therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above named District, as of all the other Districts both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the Church at Grand Pré, on Friday the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate

to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate. Given at Grand-Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's reign.

"John Winslow."

On the next day, in obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church (for that too had become an arsenal), Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow placed himself and his officers in the centre and addressed them through an interpreter, thus:

"Gentlemen:

"I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any parts of his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely—that your lands and tenants, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province. Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole

families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command."

He then declared them the king's prisoners. The whole number of persons collected at Grand-Pré finally amounted to 483 men and 387 women, heads of families; and their sons and daughters, to 527 of the former, and 576 of the latter; making in the whole 1923 souls. Their stock consisted of 1269 oxen, 1557 cows, 5007 young cattle, 493 horses, 8690 sheep, and 4197 hogs. Some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, and all possible means were adopted to force them back into captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the District of Minas alone there were destroyed 255 houses and 276 barns. In all about 6000 Acadians were taken from their homes and sent to the various English colonies.

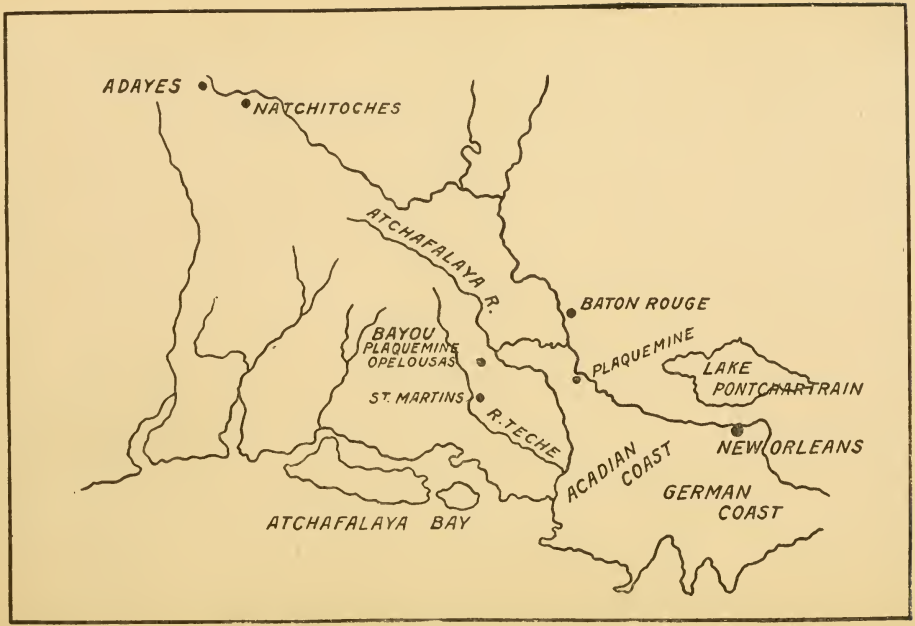
Inasmuch as Longfellow depended upon Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia" for his incidents and point of view, the following account of the "dispersion" has been taken largely from Haliburton. Preparations having been completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, 161 in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels, but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and

their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns—this detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereaux; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived their wives and children followed, and the whole population of the District of Minas were transported from Nova Scotia.

For several successive evenings the cattle assembled around the smoldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watchdogs of the neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.

These poor unfortunate exiles were scattered in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, and eventually a large number of them found their way to Louisiana. They were not too kindly received in many of the colonies with the exception of Louisiana, where kindred speech won sympathy for them to the extent that farming implements were furnished free to them by the government. They found homes, as the poem tells, along the river Têche, where they became prosperous farmers and herders.

From time to time these exiles sent remonstrances to the king, but without avail. One sent by the exiles in Pennsylvania sets forth at great length the trials and hardships undergone at home and in exile. It recites the experience of René Leblanc, the only historical person named in the poem, as follows: "He was seized, confined, and brought away from the rest of the people and his family, consisting of twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put ashore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than



THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY, LOUISIANA.

any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labor and deep suffering for your Majesty's service." Notwithstanding the severity of the treatment the Acadians had experienced, they sighed in their exile to revisit their native land. That portion of them who had been sent to Georgia actually set out on their return, and by a circuitous and hazardous route had reached Boston when they were met by orders from Governor Lawrence for their detention, and were compelled to give up hope of returning to their native land. As time went on a few of them found their way back to Grand-Pré, as the poet says:

"Only on the shores 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."

Such was the fate of these deluded and unfortunate people. As to the justice of the act, many historians differ. It is claimed by one historian that these lands were unusually fertile, and that the English coveted them, and hence the expulsion. Another asserts that the Acadians might have remained if they had been willing to renew their oath of allegiance, and that the refusal to do so was construed as an act of hostility which undoubtedly aroused suspicion on the part of the English. Still another claims that the expulsion was a political necessity. Haliburton, the historian of Nova Scotia, in summing up the matter, says: "Upon an impartial review of the transactions of this period, it must be admitted that the transportation of the Acadians to distant colonies, with all the marks of ignominy and guilt peculiar to convicts, was cruel; and although such a conclusion could then be drawn, yet subsequent events have disclosed that the expulsion was unnecessary. It seems totally irreconcilable with the idea, as at this day entertained, of justice that those who are not involved in the guilt should participate in the punishment, or that a whole community should suffer for the misconduct of a part. It is doubtless a stain on the Provincial Councils, and we shall not attempt to justify that which all good men have agreed

to condemn. But we must not lose sight of the offense in pity for the culprits, nor in the indulgence of our indignation forget that although nothing can be offered in defence, much may be produced in palliation of this transaction. Had the milder sentence of unrestricted exile been passed upon them, it was obvious that it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada, and that they would naturally have engaged in those attempts which the French were constantly making for the recovery of the province. Three hundred of them had been found in arms at one time, and no doubt existed of others having advised and assisted the Indians in those numerous acts of hostility which at that time interrupted the settlement of the country. When all were suspected of being disaffected, and many were detected in open rebellion, what confidence could be placed in their future loyalty? If the Acadians, therefore, had to lament that they were condemned unheard, that their accusers were also their judges, and that their sentence was disproportionate to their offence, they had also much reason to attribute their misfortunes to the intrigues of their countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from their allegiance to a government which was disposed to extend to them its protection and regard and instigated them to a rebellion which was easy to foresee would end in their ruin."

"Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried and failed. The agents of the French court, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, made some act of force a necessity. The government of Louis XV began with making the Acadians its tools, and ended with making them its victims."[1]

A Picture of Acadian Life

Abbé Reynal, who knew nothing of this people except from hearsay, has drawn the following ideal picture of them, which later writers have copied and embellished. "They were a simple

[1] Francis Parkman, "Montcalm and Wolfe."

and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal, till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world, with little of that spirit of adventure which marked their Canadian kindred; having few wants, and those of the rudest. Hunting and fishing, which had formerly been the delight of the Colony, and might have still supplied it with subsistence, had no further attraction for a simple and quiet people, and gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands by repelling with dikes the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks. They computed as many as sixty thousand head of horned cattle; and most families had several horses, though the tillage was carried on by oxen. Their habitations, which were constructed of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as substantial farmers' houses in Europe. Their usual clothing was in general the product of their own flax or the fleeces of their own sheep; with these they made common linens and coarse cloths. If any of them had a desire for articles of greater luxury, they procured them from Annapolis or Louisburg, and gave in exchange corn, cattle, or furs. The neutral French had nothing else to give their neighbors, and made still fewer exchanges among themselves; because each family was able, and had been accustomed, to provide its own wants. They therefore knew nothing of paper currency, which was so common throughout the rest of North America. Their manners were extremely simple. There was seldom a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the Court of Judication established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their Pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills; for which and their religious services the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest.

"Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation, on the one hand,

and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind. As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelve-month. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. In 1755, all together made a population of eighteen thousand souls."

The Meter of Evangeline

The meter in which Evangeline is written is called dactylic hexameter,—that is, each line contains six feet, hence the name, hexameter. Each foot, except the last, contains one accented syllable followed by two unaccented syllables. The last foot contains an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one. "The name given to a verse is determined by the foot which prevails, but not every foot in the line needs to be the same kind. Just as in music, we may substitute a quarter for two eighth notes, so may we in poetry substitute one foot for another, provided it is given the same amount of time." [1]

While the normal meter of Evangeline is dactylic hexameter, there are some exceptions to the rule. To avoid monotony in having the regular feet constantly recurring, a trochee is frequently used as a substitute for a dactyl. The following, from Evangeline, illustrates the substitution of trochees for dactyls:

"Wăste ăre thōse | pleăsănt | fărms, ănd thĕ | fărmĕrs fŏr | ĕver dĕ | părted |
Scăttered lĭke | dŭst ănd | leăves whĕn thĕ | mĭghty | blăsts ŏf Oc | tŏber |
Seĭze thĕm ănd | whĭrl thĕm ă | lŏft, ănd | sprĭnklĕ thĕm | ŏvĕr thĕ |
ŏcean |
Naught bŭt tra | dĭtĭon rĕ | mains ŏf thĕ | beautĭful | vĭllage ŏf | Grand-Prĕ." |

Frequently a verse contains more than one substituted foot:

"List tŏ ă | tale ŏf | love ĭn | Acadĭe, | hŏme ŏf thĕ | happy."

[1] Brooks and Hubbard's "Rhetoric."

The meter that Longfellow selected in which to write Evangeline has its defects from the fact that each line must begin with an accent, yet upon a careful investigation of the poem you will find that less than fifty per cent. of the lines begin with an accented syllable. The poet cleverly avoided this:

First. By placing an unnatural accent on the first word of the sentence, *e. g.:*

"But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil, the Blacksmith.—Line 123.

Second. By changing the order of the words in the sentence:

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers."
"Sweet was her breath, as the breath of the kine that fed in the meadows."—Line 68.

"Longfellow used for the poem a meter which had been but seldom used in English literature—the old hexameter of Homer and Virgil. As a result, few poems in American literature have been more criticized. It seems to be the opinion generally of critics that the real classic hexameter cannot be reproduced in English. The language is too harsh and unbending, and the quantity of English syllables depends upon accent and is not unchangeable, as is the case with the Greek. There is much to criticize in Longfellow's hexameters. He ignored the spondees, which add such a peculiar charm to the Greek and Latin epics; he sometimes wrenched words violently to bring them to his use; he has many faulty lines that are not even good prose. There is a fatal facility about the meter that is very liable to make the poem written in it monotonous, "sounding," as one critic has said, "like hoof-beats on a muddy road." But notwithstanding these criticisms, all must admit that to change the meter of Evangeline would be to rob it of much of its beauty. It has a sweet, lilting movement, very pleasing to the popular ear, and it is peculiarly fitted to the sentimental, melancholy atmosphere of the poem. There are lines in it that lose nothing when compared

with the best of the classical hexameters. The twenty-three lines describing the burning of Grand Pré, commencing "Suddenly arose from the south" while not perfect metrically, are nevertheless Homeric in their grandeur." [1]

Suggestive Questions

1. From what sources did the poet get the material for his story?
2. Give the origin of the poem.
3. Name the four regions of North America in which the principal scenes are laid.
4. Mention some of the superstitions believed in by the Acadians.
5. Explain how Evangeline came to receive the name, "The Sunshine of St. Eulalie."
6. Does the poem give you the impression that Gabriel and Evangeline were married?
7. Which scene do you consider the most pathetic? the most heroic?
8. What predominates in the poem: character, sketching, nature study, or dramatic incidents?
9. What comparison in the prelude strikes the key-note of the poem?
10. Give a reason for Evangeline straying in grave-yards.
11. What is the climax of the story?
12. Why does the poet make use of so many biblical allusions?
13. Which passage do you consider the most beautifully written?
14. Trace upon a map the wanderings of Evangeline as revealed by the poem.
15. How many different classes of men are described?
16. Gather together all that the poet says of the following characters: René Leblanc, Basil, Benedict, and Father Felician.
17. What was Evangeline's first disappointment?

[1] Pattee's "History of American Literature," pp. 266, 267.

18. What difference in character, occupation, and temperament is shown in Benedict and Basil? How does each bear misfortune?

19. Why did the poet select Philadelphia as the particular place for the closing scene of the poem?

20. At what particular port do you imagine that Evangeline was landed?

21. Name some other characters in literature that will compare with Longfellow's delineation of Father Felician.

22. Could the poem be called a panorama of beautiful pictures?

23. Is Evangeline as sharply characterized as are some of the great heroines of tragedy?

24. Find several examples of Longfellow's use of analogy.

25. What similarity is there between the fate of the orphan girl and that of the Acadians?

26. Why are the stories of Mowis and Lilinau introduced into the poem?

27. Which variety of scenery does Longfellow seem to prefer—Canadian forests, southern bayous by moonlight, prairies, or great American rivers?

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF EVANGELINE.

"By this work of his maturity he has placed himself on a higher eminence than he has yet attained and beyond the reach of envy. Let him stand there, at the head of our list of native poets, until some one else shall break up the rude soil of our American life, as he has done, and produce from it a lovelier and nobler flower than this poem."—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"As it is the longest, so it is the most complete, the most artistically finished, of all your poems. I know nothing better in the language than all the landscape painting. The South-western pictures are strikingly vigorous and new. The story is well handled and the interest well sustained. Some of the images are well conceived and as statuesquely elaborated as anything you have ever put out of your atelier—which is saying a great deal."—*From letter of John Lothrop Motley to Longfellow.*

"One cannot read this delightful poem without feeling that the heart of the writer is in it, not less than in the "Psalm of Life." While the delineation of natural scenery, and of the simplicity of rural life and manners is minutely faithful and distinct; while the characters are so well conceived, and so graphically drawn, that in the progress of the piece they become to one as familiar friends—the highest power of the story results from the fact that the author was so possessed by his theme that he wrote almost as if narrating a personal experience. Every line throbs with vitality, and the whole is suffused with a glow of genuine feeling. The result is originality, fascination, pathos. Evangeline has become as much a real person to the reading world as Joan of Arc; and the incidents of her history hold the attention and are believed in like those of Robinson Crusoe."—Ray Palmer.

"This work did more to establish Longfellow's reputation than any of his previous ones, and if, as has been said by one of the profoundest critics, poems are to be judged by the state of mind in which they leave the reader, the high place which Evangeline occupies in popular esteem is justly awarded to it; for its chaste style and homely imagery, with its sympathetic and occasionally dramatic story, produce a refined and elevated impression, and present a beautiful and invigorating picture of 'affection that hopes and endures, and is patient,' of the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."—Henry Norman.

"It is what the critics had been so long demanding and clamoring for—an American poem—and it is narrated with commendable simplicity, and a fluency which is not so commendable. Poetry, as poetry merely, is kept in the background; the descriptions, even when they appear redundant, are subordinated to the main purpose of the poem, out of which they rise naturally; the characters, if not clearly drawn, are distinctly indicated, and the landscapes through which they move are perfectly characteristic of the New World."—Richard Henry Stoddard.

"A beautiful, pathetic tradition of American history, remote enough to gather a poetic halo, and yet fresh with sweet humani-

ties; tinged with provincial color which he knew and loved, and in its course taking on the changing atmosphere of his own land; pastoral at first, then broken into action, and afterward the record of shifting scenes that made life a pilgrimage and dream. There are few dramatic episodes; there is but one figure whom we follow—that one of the most touching of all, the betrothed Evangeline, searching for her lover through weary years and over half an unknown world. There are chance pictures of Acadian fields, New World rivers, prairies, bayous, forests by moonlight and starlight and midday; glimpses, too, of picturesque figures, artisans, farmers, soldiery, trappers, boatmen, emigrants, and priests. But the poem already is a little classic, and will remain one, just as surely as 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the 'Deserted Village,' or any other sweet and pious idyl of our English tongue; yet we find its counterpart more nearly, I think, in some faultless miniature of the present French school."—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"Evangeline is as interesting as a novel. Try it on those acute, unbiased critics, the children. It fascinates them, for there is just enough description to make a background, and then the incidents follow naturally and cumulate, each succeeding picture adding to the effect, brought in at just the right time and dwelt on just long enough, with fine unconscious art."—CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

"Evangeline in which he sweeps on broad cæsural hexameter pinions, from the fir-fretted valleys of Acadia to the lazy, languorous tides which surge silently through the bayous of Louisiana. There was an outcry at first that this poem showed classic affectation; but the beauty and the pathos carried the heroine and the metre into all hearts and homes in all English-speaking lands."—DONALD G. MITCHELL.

"Evangeline was published October 30, 1847, one of the decisive dates in the history of American literature. It was the first narrative poem of considerable length by an American showing genuine creative power. Its purity of diction and elevated style, its beauties of description, its tenderness, pathos,

and simplicity, its similes and metaphors at once true, poetic, and apt, its frequent passages betokening imaginative power, all embodied in a form unconventional, yet peculiarly appropriate, stamped it as a new and individual creation. It was the highest inspiration in idyllic poetry produced in America. The impression left by a perusal of the poem is like that attributed to the passing of the heroine. It 'seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.' "—James L. Onderdonk.

"In Evangeline, Mr. Longfellow has managed the hexameter with wonderful skill. The homely features of Acadian life are painted with Homeric simplicity, while the luxuriance of a Southern climate is magnificently described with equal fidelity and minuteness of finish. The subject is eminently fitted for this treatment; and Mr. Longfellow's extraordinary resources of language have enabled him to handle it certainly with as perfect a mastery of the dactylic hexameter as any one has ever acquired in our language. Of the other beauties of the poem, we have scarcely left ourselves the space to say a word; but we cannot help calling our reader's attention to the exquisite character of Evangeline herself. As her virtues are unfolded by the patience and religious trust with which she passes through her pilgrimage of toil and disappointments, she becomes invested with a beauty as of angels. Her last years are made to harmonize the discords of a life of sorrow and endurance. The closing scenes, though infused with the deepest pathos, inspire us with sadness, it is true, but at the same time leave behind a calm feeling that the highest aim of her existence has been attained."—Cornelius Conway Felton.

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