The Crane Classics

No. 20

Evangeline

PRICE:

Paper, 10 Cents; Cloth, 25 Cents.

CRANE & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
110-112 EAST EIGHTH AVENUE, TOPEKA, KANSAS

THE CRANE CLASSICS

PAPER, TEN CENTS; CLOTH, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, POSTPAID
Except No. 18, which is a double number, at double price.

THE CRANE CLASSICS we planned to furnish reading matter of a high order for Teachers, Reading Circles, advanced class work, and for select general reading. Numbers published are as follows:

1. SELECTIONS FROM IRONQUILL, ... W. M. Davidson.
2. JAMES HENRY LANE, ... William Elsey Connelley.
3. WYANDOT FOLK-LORE, ... William Elsey Connelley.
4. BIRDS OF KANSAS, ... Benjamin F. Eyer.
5. KANSAS IN LITERATURE, Part I, ... William H. Carruth.
6. KANSAS IN LITERATURE, Part II, ... William H. Carruth.
7. THE GEOLOGIC STORY OF KANSAS, ... L. C. Wooster.
8. KANSAS TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS, ... William Elsey Connelley.
9. PLANTS AND FLOWERS OF KANSAS, ... Bernard B. Smyth.
10. JOHN BROWN, Part I, ... William Elsey Connelley.
11. JOHN BROWN, Part II, ... William Elsey Connelley.
12. RICHARD REALF'S FREE-STATE POEMS, ... Richard J. Hinton.
13. JULIUS CÆSAR, ... Introduction by Margaret Hill McCarter.
14. MACBETH, ... Introduction by Margaret Hill McCarter.
15. CHARLES ROBINSON, ... F. W. Blackmar.
16. BABBY REDSTART, AND OTHER BIRD STORIES, . . . Leander S. Keyser.
17. STUDY OF HISTORY, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS, . . . F. W. Blackmar.
18. SILAS MARNER, ... Introduction by Margaret Hill McCarter.
19. MERCHANT OF VENICE, ... Introduction by Margaret Hill McCarter.
20. EVANGELINE, ... Notes by P. H. Pearson.

In preparation: King Lear, The Great Stone Face, Snow Bound, Vision of Sir Launfal, MacCaulay's Essay on Milton.

No expense will be spared by the publishers or editor in charge to make this series of the highest order. Sample copies sent postpaid upon receipt of ten cents.

"Resolved, That the State Reading Circle Board gives its hearty indorsement to the plan of THE CRANE CLASSICS, published by Crane & Company, and recommend to the teachers of the State the said series." This resolution was passed by the State Teachers' Reading Circle Board. The novel plan has been commended by almost all who examine The Crane Classics.

The City Superintendent of Fredonia writes: "They are certainly very fine. I am delighted with them. Proud of the editorial work—proud of the publishing house in our State capable of producing publications that are models. I congratulate you upon your successful efforts along this line."

Crane & Company, Publishers, Topeka

THE CRANE CLASSICS

NOTES BY

P. H. PEARSON, A. M.
Professor of the English Language and Literature
at Bethany College

EVANGELINE

THE CRANE CLASSICS

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

**With a Biographical Sketch
Suggestions for Study
and Notes**

BY

P. H. PEARSON, A. M.

*Professor of the English Language and Literature
at Bethany College*

CRANE & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
TOPEKA, KANSAS
1904

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE year 1807 gave to America two poets, John Greenleaf Whittier and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the home of his father, a lawyer of the city of Portland, Longfellow had access to good books, and was early encouraged in his enthusiasm to make use of them. He was prepared for college in Portland Academy. Among his teachers at this institution were Mr. Carter and Mr. Jacob Abbott. In 1821 he passed the entrance examinations required for admission to Bowdoin College, but on account of his youth he did not go up for residence study until a year later.

At Bowdoin he had the advantage of living in the midst of a district noted for its attractive scenery: the forests, the pine hills, and the Androscoggin Falls were not far off. This region had, moreover, the charm of being associated with interesting Indian legends.

Among his fellow-students at Bowdoin were several who later became famous—Nathaniel Hawthorne, classmate of the poet; J. S. C. Abbott, the historian; and Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States.

During his college years, Longfellow contributed poems to publications in Portland and Boston. Some of these — as, for instance, "Thanksgiving"—appeared later on in

the collection, "Voices of the Night." At graduation he ranked fourth in a class of thirty-eight. To him was assigned the English oration, the one of the commencement parts that carried with it the greatest distinction.

Even before graduation he had attracted notice as a graceful and promising scholar. Consequently, when the trustees of Bowdoin were to select a professor for the recently established chair of modern languages, their eyes fell upon the young poet. He had, however, received no training that made him fully qualified to fill the position; and they appointed him with the understanding that he was to spend some time in Europe to prepare for the work.

Accordingly, in 1826 he set sail for Europe, and visited France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. During his stay in Europe he bent himself assiduously to the task of mastering foreign languages and of studying their literatures. The only writing attempted while on this trip was a series of sketches in prose, consisting of impressions jotted down on his travels. These were brought out in a little volume in 1835, under the title of "Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea."

In 1829 he came back to America, and entered upon his duties as teacher. He became devoted to his work at once. In the interest of his department he prepared a French grammar and edited some French and Spanish texts.

At Bowdoin he continued till 1834, when, through the resignation of Professor Ticknor, the chair of modern languages at Harvard became vacant. Longfellow was recommended for the position, and received a call to succeed Ticknor. According to the stipulations of the call he was

to be granted leave of absence for a year or eighteen months, to be spent in Europe "for the more perfect attainment of German."

His second European trip, on which he started in 1835, took him to northern Europe. He spent the summer of 1835 in Stockholm, Sweden, where he at once began to study Swedish and also Finnish. While here he studied the literature of the country, and it is said that "Swedish poetry exercised upon him an influence not to be shaken off." On this trip he visited Switzerland, but spent most of his time at Heidelberg, Germany, where he devoted his time to the study of German literature.

In 1836 he began his work at Harvard. Though he gave his time and energy faithfully to his duties, he disliked the work of teaching, on account of the time it took from those pursuits in authorship which he felt to be his chief work.

In 1854 he resigned his position at Harvard, and was succeeded by James Russell Lowell. The Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, which was held by these three men,—Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell,—accomplished the gigantic task of bringing American scholarship in the modern tongues and literatures up to a rank equal with that long held in the classics. Since the death of Lowell (1891) this professorship has remained vacant.

After 1854 he continued to live at the old historic Craigie House; and now that he enjoyed freedom from lecturing and from supervising assistants, he gave his time entirely to authorship. He made two more trips to Europe, in 1842 and in 1868. His last years were as busy as

those of his youth, so that up to the time of his death, in 1882, he continued to bring out successive volumes of verse.

Among his chief works may be mentioned the following: "Voices of the Night" and "Hyperion," brought out in 1839; "Ballads and Other Poems," 1841. In 1845 appeared "Poets and Poetry of Europe," a collection of translations from the principal European languages. "Evangeline" was brought out in 1847, while the poet was in the midst of his duties as teacher at Harvard. "Hiawatha" was published in 1855; "Birds of Passage" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in 1858; "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in 1863, and "The Divine Tragedy" in 1871.

Among these works, some, indeed, bear close traces of European influence and inspiration, but taken as a whole they are the pride of our national American literature. Longfellow was a versatile writer. He wrote prose and poetry, made translations and adaptations, wrote stirring ballads, lyrics of sentiment and reflection, idyls, epics, and dramas. In respect to form, he made a success of meters that up to his time had very seldom been attempted in English. His poems appeal straight to the heart and to the best impulses in the human soul, so that he has justly earned the distinction of being "America's most beloved poet."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

The first principle according to the plan of study as here conceived, is to let the purpose and spirit of the masterpiece determine how it is to be treated in the class-room. This presupposes, at least on the part of the teacher, a ready responsiveness to the best elements in thought and form that the selection contains, an attitude certainly essential to the best results. Again, if the teacher has this kind of sympathetic appreciation of its value, he will be on his guard against allowing himself and his class to manipulate it as material merely for secondary purposes, no matter how useful these may be. He will find that the quickening thoughts and sentiments of a masterpiece, its truths and beauties, its form, its spirit as an organism, will insistently claim all the time, and more than he can give to it.

In regard to details of method, all that can usually be done in the class-room may be grouped under three heads:

Interpretation is such a process of dealing with a selection as leads the pupil to a clear realization of the thought and message the author intended to convey. Obscurities of whatever kind are cleared up—such as difficulties in language and construction; so also those references and allusions that tend to obstruct the way. The pupil is led to take cognizance of the hints and suggestions given, in order that every thought, sentiment, scene, character, and situation may be realized in its completeness and fullness. Then, instead of dealing with the matter pre-

sented as mere shadowy conceptions, he will re-live it as a vitalizing experience, thereby instituting a true organic connection between the new truths and beauties and those already assimilated.

At this stage the process will be largely analytic. So far as time allows, each thought is closely followed up, and each suggestion worked out. Here it is of importance to shape the work for the pupil in such a way that it becomes definite and manageable. The teacher should, in fact, see to it that the work is cast into a form which, by its suggestiveness, furnishes a point of approach, calls for, and, so to say, invites the best efforts of the pupil. Again, the issue must not be something microscopic, thin, or fanciful; it must always have a vital relation to the central idea, and must always be something worth while.

The readiest way, as it seems to the editor, of bringing the essential part of the work before the pupils in this manageable form is by means of a series of questions suggestively framed and consistently and logically correlated. These should be before the pupils while they prepare the portion of the text assigned as the lesson. The answers, to a part of these at least, should be written and handed in before the recitation begins.

Appreciation is such further study of a masterpiece in its larger units as will lead to definite and ordered impressions of it as a whole. This does not necessarily call for a certain number of readings and re-readings. Though a fair amount of time should be allowed if thorough work is to be done, yet good results may be reached even by working through it once. In such cases the teacher and his class may stop at the natural divisions to gather up the

threads, and, when the piece is finished, bring together the results in a synthetic review. It should be kept in mind that the larger problems will assume definite shape only after the selection has received some study. Appreciation is a synthetic process, the completion required by Interpretation, which is analytic.

Besides attempting to reach a definite, rational conception of a piece as an organic unit, there is a further step involved in appreciation, namely, that of noting how it is related to other literary productions of its kind,—an attempt, in short, to ascertain its position historically.

The special characteristics of a work taken up at this stage of the study require time for reflection. The problems should, in fact, always be so formulated that the pupil, in dealing with them, will be necessitated to hold them before his mind for some time; concentration of attention and efforts at steady thinking are essential. The final result may be given either in a brief paper or in written propositions to be presented in full orally. Several topics of the kind mentioned, together with suggestions and questions, are appended to this discussion.

Disciplinary or Constructive Work. Though this kind of study does not apply (except in a special sense) to the poem "Evangeline," it is still mentioned here for the sake of the completeness of the outline. In the study of modern prose-writers, particularly the essayists, the teacher will find a most valuable aid in teaching composition. Here literary study and composition-writing go hand in hand. After reading the sentences and paragraphs of Thoreau, Burroughs, Hawthorne, Stevenson, and Macaulay, the pupil should be able to make his own sentences and

paragraphs better in point of form. In the class of writers mentioned the teacher may adapt the work so as to afford some training like this, and still be fairly within the province of literary study.

So far as this line of study can be applied to the present poem, it will take the form of an examination of the more primary principles that govern the movement of verse. A few of the topics to be taken up should be: The general character of the hexameter; the kind of foot that prevails; the difference in rhythm imparted by the use of the dactyl and the spondee respectively; the function of pauses; the distinction between "end-stopped" lines and "run-on" lines, etc. A good deal is accomplished if the pupil has been led to give reasons for the movement of any certain line, and to tell whether or not it follows the thought closely. A few such exercises are included in this plan.

Historical Basis and Occasion of the Poem.

The wars waged between France and England during the eighteenth century extended to their colonies in America. The Peninsula of Nova Scotia, which had been alternately in the hands of the French and the English, was finally ceded to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The inhabitants, who were of French descent, were not much disturbed by the change of government until the French and Indian War, 1754–1763. They were then required to swear allegiance to the English. Many of them, however, refused to become assimilated with this people, alien to them in customs, language, and religion. It was then that the English resorted to the cruel expedient of

banishing them from their homes and their country. They were unexpectedly summoned to their places of worship, made prisoners, brought on board English transports, and carried to the New England colonies and the South.

In regard to the occasion, it is related that Longfellow got the first suggestion for the poem while dining one day with Hawthorne and a friend of the latter, Rev. Mr. Conolly, of Boston. This gentleman stated "that he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton." He then related the substance of the story. Longfellow was touched by it, and told Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem"; and to this Hawthorne consented.

When were the earliest French settlements made in North America? Ascertain the geographical location of Acadia. What was the form of religion of the Acadians? What was their chief employment? Describe as vividly as possible their environments. Were they in close communication with England or France? What was England's purpose in dispersing the settlers among her colonies? Would the material of this tale have been well suited for a prose romance in the style of Hawthorne? What features of the story had, in all probability, chief attraction for Longfellow?

The sources and references of which the poet makes constant use are mainly of three kinds:

(*a*) The Scriptures. The expressions and the language as well as the thought and spirit of the Bible are before

the poet throughout. Of the sources and direct references, those pertaining to the Scriptures are the most numerous.

Find instances where Scriptural sentiments and language are made use of in the utterances of the characters. Also, find instances of their occurrence in the descriptions and explanations given by the poet. Is it perfectly in keeping with the character of the people to find them making frequent reference to the Scriptures? What general tone is infused into the poem by these references? In respect to their religious character, what noticeable difference between them and the Puritans as portrayed in the "Courtship of Miles Standish"?

(*b*) Folk-lore and History. Part of the poet's plan was to bring these people before us in their individuality, to single them out as a distinct community with its own marked characteristics of thought and feeling. To do this he lets us know of their descent, and of the ancestral traditions preserved and cherished among the hardships incident to their seclusion.

Point out passages containing quaint beliefs and superstitions. Give instances where these beliefs have evidently been handed down as part of their ancestral traditions. Find also cases where they seem to be based on their present environments. What effect does the poet have in mind in weaving bits of folk-lore into the story? Are there anywhere in the story any touches of mysticism? Note whether their church service, betrothal ceremonies, domestic customs, or amusements present them as attached to the customs of their forefathers. Do the historic allusions throw any light upon the patriotism of the Acadians in

such a way as to show to whom they thought they owed allegiance? Are these touches and descriptions of their character given as separate bits of information, or are they brought in as organic parts of the story?

(*c*) Pioneer Life and Indian Traditions. The second half of the poem is made up largely of Western life. The descriptions are, in general, brought in as accounts of the life and employment of the exiled Acadians—*coureurs-des-bois, voyageurs,* hunters, and trappers. There is a good deal, too, of voyaging on the Ohio and the Mississippi, of camp life, plantations, Western ranches, of travel on the plains and in the mountains, of the early mission stations, etc. This also requires the constant mention of localities, which aids in imparting a distinct Western tone: Ozark Mountains, Opelousas, the Oregon, the Nebraska, Wind River Mountains, Sierras. The tales of Mowis the bridegroom of snow, and of the fair Lilinau, enrich the poem with Indian legends. A similar touch is found in the weather forecast by the Indians (156).

What was their usual hour for retiring? What custom is hinted at in line 260? Single out passages remarkable for local color. Mention some customs that will at once be recognized as true of a people in their situation. What expressions and descriptions bring the pioneer conditions before us most vividly? Point out passages in which Indian traits are depicted. Show how the appellation, "Black Robe Chief," is in truthful harmony with the environments. Was it part of the poet's plan to present a complete and fully developed picture of any Indian character?

Scope of the Story. The two parts of the poem exhibit a marked contrast in movement. The first part is crowded with descriptions, character portrayals, and incidents, and leads up to a climax in the death and burial of Evangeline's father and the simultaneous burning of the village. In tone it exhibits a contrast as it moves from joy to grief; the time covered is only a few days.

The second part relates the wanderings of Evangeline; as to time, it covers many years. Its tone is pathetic throughout, and works up to a climax in the concluding scene, where the lovers are brought together.

What is the purpose of the Prelude? In music a prelude forms either an approach to the main theme or introduces it in contrasted form. Why does the author divide the story into two parts? Why does the first part end with the burning of the village? What effect is gained by letting the proclamation be preceded by a scene of merriment and dancing? Does it contain any improbabilities?

Time and Place. The indefiniteness of the time is indicated by the first line and by such lines as "Naught but tradition remains." The places where the plot is laid are not concealed under the guise of fictitious names. The localities may easily be found on any good map.

How long time is covered by the first part? By the second part? Find passages that throw light on the time of the occurrences. Why is the time left indefinite? Locate the principal places on the map.

Description. The life of the poem consists in the continuous superb descriptions. In the very first words

is a touch rarely excelled—"This is the forest primeval." It brings before the reader as if by magic, the original undisturbed primordial conditions. Again the description flows on with a certain epic repose and fullness (43–57; 87–102; 330–352). As an example of sustained grandeur and impressiveness may be cited the portrayal of the burning of the village of Grand-Pré, beginning at line 613.

Note the general description of the village, and point out those expressions and epithets that are particularly suggestive. Observe that after the general portrayal, particulars are brought in and the scene is animated. Compare the order here followed with that in the Deserted Village. Select other passages remarkable for conciseness and suggestiveness. Passages that illustrate the author's delicate feeling for the value of expressions. Descriptions that indicate his accuracy of observation. Are there any instances of improbabilities or undue heightening for the sake of effect? What scene is described with most completeness?

Characters. We may study the characters of fiction from two points of view. First, as to the degree of their completeness. Then we shall find that the author has bestowed more care and attention on the development of one or two of them than on any of the others; in fact, the entire story has their portrayal as its purpose. These are the chief figures, or, as they are often called, heroes and heroines. Then we have a second class, that are sketched only sufficiently for the exigencies of the story; for the purpose they serve, not for their own sake. A third class consists of those whose function in the story is simply

mechanical: they have a name, and sometimes not that; at any rate, no individuality.

The second point of view from which we may regard the characters of fiction is the degree of their individuality. Then we have the individual, whose power and temperament differentiate him from all the other characters, and bring him into prominence as a distinct force in the story. Next, we have the conventional figure or the type. He is less distinct, because he is one of a class, as the typical soldier, peasant, stubborn uncle, comic doctor, maiden aunt. Sometimes the author may take extra pains with one of these, and cause him to rise out of the class into distinct individuality. Lastly, there is the mere figure who is not developed or even sketched, but simply mentioned.

Find instances of character contrast; note the portrayal of Benedict Bellefontaine and Basil the blacksmith. What traits of Evangeline are most admirable? Who is the more heroic—Evangeline, or Gabriel? What incidents in the story give us the clearest insight into their character? Find analogies to the personages here depicted in the figures of John Alden and Priscilla in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Elements of Pathos and Tragedy. Grand forces wasted or paralyzed without reaching a consummation corresponding to their nature, produce the effect of tragedy. Youth, beauty, and affections are such forces. In the case of Evangeline they are united with mental energies of a very high order: witness her tireless search through the length and breadth of a vast continent. Under propitious conditions such energy would have made her a very promi-

nent character in the pursuits of ambition. We see these powers slowly crushed under a particularly adverse fate. The tale is no less pathetic because the hero and heroine do not succumb to sudden or violent forces.

What do you regard as the most dramatic incident? What effect is served by such incidents as the one in which Gabriel passes Evangeline and her party on the Mississippi without discovering her? Are there any supernatural elements in the story?

Its National Character. The poem is as distinctly national and American as a poem can be that deals with the universal subjects of youth, love, and frustrated hopes. Among the single features that impart such a character to it may be mentioned the historical occurrence on which it is based, locality of the incidents, descriptions of pioneer life, Indian habits and traditions, and the men and women that appear. Another feature not to be overlooked is the way in which it is cut off from nearly all other poems not American. Here is almost a total absence of traditional poetic material, such as classic myths and allusions.

Has its national character anything to do with its value as poetry? Poetry springs from life, and depends for its poetic content on life; again, poetry reacts on life, and moulds it. If this is true, we may well ask, "What kind of life has the poet depicted?" Incidents, episodes, sentiments and feelings produce a different effect on us if they lie close at hand from what they do if they are remote. The poem which deals with themes and problems arising from our own environments and with the struggles of our own national existence, reflects the poetic side of life in a way

that is more helpful and more readily appreciated than if the theme were a foreign one.

Diction. The poet reaches the greatest effects through the use of the simplest means; hence in the choice of expressions we find everywhere moderation and repose. A suggestion of the epic manner may often be observed in the accompaniment of objects by epithets of praise: "odorous corn-loft"; "foaming streamlets"; "deep-voiced neighboring ocean"; "diligent shuttle"; "laboring oar"; "honey fragrant with wild flowers." The principal figure of speech is the simile. It is employed to give clearness and vigor to the description; but it is never allowed to expand into an independent picturesqueness like many of the similes of Milton and Homer.

Find the passages that illustrate the poet's skilful employment of plain unadorned language. Note cases of brevity peculiar to poetic constructions. Does the poet often use archaic or obsolete expressions? Find instances where the effect is heightened by the use of such words. Cite passages where picturesqueness is imparted by the simile and other figures. Are there any cases of the fixed adjective, like Homer's "swift-footed Achilles" or Tennyson's "lily maid"?

The Metre is the old classic hexameter, that of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and of Virgil's Æneid. In English the best examples we have are Evangeline, Clough's Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, and Kingsley's Andromeda.

In the hexameter each line is made up of six measures, or feet. The feet here are of two kinds—the dactyl, which

consists of three syllables, the first one accented, the other two unaccented (´ ◡ ◡). The other foot is the spondee; it is made up of two syllables, both long, or with equal accent (´ —). Many spondees are really trochaic in character.

"This is the | forest pri | meval. The | murmuring | pines and the | hemlocks."

The scanning here shows that the first five are dactyls and the sixth a spondee.

"Bearded with | moss, and in | garments | green, indis- | tinct in the | twilight."

Here the first, second, fourth and fifth are dactyls; the third and sixth, spondees.

A more extended examination will show that the dactyl is the predominating foot; hence the name of the metre, "dactylic hexameter."

Other factors on which the movement of the verse depends are the pauses (usually called cæsuras), the stress required by the sense, and the musical qualities of the words themselves. In the first line there is a cæsural pause after the word "primeval." Counting the feet and syllables that precede it, this pause would be marked $2\frac{2}{3}$. In the second line a pause follows "moss" ($1\frac{1}{3}$) and "green" ($3\frac{1}{3}$).

It will be noticed further, that in reading the first line there is a tendency to let the voice dwell with more weight on the words "primeval," "pines," and "hemlocks," than on any of the others; so also in the second line, "moss," "green," and "twilight" take the sense stress. Again, the

tone qualities of the words give a character to the lines that determines their music and rhythm. In the line,

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean,"

there is something in the tone-quality of the words themselves that moves in close harmony with the thought,—something that aids in bringing up before the mind the roll and swell of the ocean.

The exercises that follow are chosen with the view of making clear the main elements on which the rhythm depends.

Prepare a scheme for lines 1–19 in which the syllables and feet are marked according to the scheme of lines 1 and 2 of the preceding discussion.

Represent by numbers the feet and fractional part of a foot that precede the cæsural pause.

Compare lines made up of dactyls with lines made up chiefly of spondees, and determine the difference in movement.

Which of the six feet of the hexameter cannot be substituted by any other foot?

Find ten lines in which the movement is light and rapid; find also ten lines in which it is decidedly heavy. Discuss and explain, so far as possible, the causes of this difference.

EVANGELINE.

PRELUDE.

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

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the 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 women's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of
the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

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

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 hemlock,
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
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 gossipping 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
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of 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 noon-tide
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,
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 footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the 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,
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 lessons completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks 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;
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.
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.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the region 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.
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 farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright 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.

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!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that 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 mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike 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:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warrior grown, without all guile or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, and patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk of the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know 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
When his 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
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
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.
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 lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly 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,
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.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
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.
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 woollen 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,
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 beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folks 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
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!
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 door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the 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!
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,
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.
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 mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, 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
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.

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 sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

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

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the 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,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

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

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the 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,
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.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, 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;
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:
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,
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.

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.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, 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 their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in midair
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel 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
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the 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.

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.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
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
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?"
Then with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

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

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of 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
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the 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,
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 grapevines.

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.
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 hear his tales of the soil and the blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,

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

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the 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,
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."
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,
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 fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the 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,
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, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the 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.
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 there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his campfire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And 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,
Subtle 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,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial 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 homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the 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;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
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.
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 battlefields 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.
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 reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country,
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian 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,
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 gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its 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
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,
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
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 saint-like,

"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, 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 church-yard,
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.

NOTES.

LINE 3. *Druids.* A name applied to the priests among the Celts of Ancient Gaul and Great Britain. Their places of worship were in the forests; they exercised also the functions of prophets, physicians, and judges.

8. The two-fold nature of the calamity that befell the Acadians is foreshadowed in lines 8 and 9. The last three lines of the Prelude give the scope of the theme.

15. *Grand-Pre.* A village on the Bay of Minas, on the northwest coast of Nova Scotia. A railway runs through it at the present day. Population now about six hundred.

25. *Turbulent tides.* The tides on the coast of Nova Scotia are very strong, causing a marked swelling and subsiding of the streams.

19–32. These lines give the geography of the place where the scene of the first events is laid. With the aid of a map of Nova Scotia the locality may be charted, and in this way more clearly realized.

34. *Normandy.* A province in northern France.

Reign of the Henries. Henry II., III., and IV. Kings of France who reigned during the last half of the 16th and the first years of the 17th century.

49. *Angelus.* The bell tolled at stated times of the day, to indicate the time when prayers were to be said.

1–57. Longfellow had not visited this locality; he probably got some hints for this description from Normandy, through which he had traveled.

63. *Hearty and hale.* Phrase owing its form, and possibly its current use, to the effect of alliteration; like "cranny and crevice" (130) and "bell and book" (657). Many phrases in common use have a like form — "fast and furious," "wild and woolly," etc.

65. *Seventeen summers.* Compare the way in which the age of her father is stated (62).

72. *Hyssop.* A bushy herb used by the Israelites in sprinkling the purifying waters.

74. *Missal.* A prayer-book.

94. *Seraglio.* The palace of the Sultan of Turkey; a name applied to the residences of Eastern princes and their families.

96. *Penitent Peter.* Reference to St. Matthew xxvi: 75.

111. *Patron Saint.* The saint regarded as the particular protector of the village.

117. *Since the birth of time.* The poet possibly has in mind among others Tubal-cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." (Gen. iv: 22.)

122. *Plain-song.* A recitative in the church service.

133. *They were nuns.* Each nun is thought of as carrying a light, and, as she disappears in the chapel, the light vanishes, resembling the disappearance of each glowing coal as it goes out.

137. *Wondrous stone.* According to a belief current among the French peasants, the swallow would search on the beach for a certain stone effective in restoring sight to the blind; she would carry this to her nest in order that her young might be made to see.

144. *Saint Eulalie.* A Christian maiden of Barcelona, Spain, who suffered martyrdom under Emperor Diocletian. Her day in the calendar is Feb. 12. If the sun shone bright on this day, the ensuing season would be rich in fruit.

149. *The sign of the scorpion.* One of the signs of the zodiac. The sun enters this sign on the 23d of October.

153. *As Jacob of old.* (Gen. xxxii: 24.)

157. The predictions here are based on signs and observations quite common even to-day. Nature had provided the fox with a thick fur against an inclement winter; so also for the same reason the instinct of bees had impelled them to lay up abundant stores.

159. *Summer of All-Saints.* Our Indian summer. The French have also given it the name of "Little Summer," and the Germans, "Old Women Summer."

170. *The plane-tree.* A recollection of a passage from Herodotus, the historian, who relates (vii: 31) that as Xerxes was marching from Phrygia towards Lydia, he found a plane-tree of such beauty that he had it adorned with a golden jewel. The American plane-tree is generally known as the sycamore.

172. *Burden and heat.* Biblical language. (Matt. xx: 12.)

207. *Carols of Christmas.* Joyous songs in keeping with Christmas festivities.

227. *Jovial.* Properly, it means to be born under the influence of the planet Jupiter. According to astrology, such people are of a cheerful and happy disposition. Compare "martial," "saturnine."

234. *Horseshoe.* The finder of a horeshoe has a charm against lightning and fire. If it is nailed to the door-post in such a way that the points turn outward it will bring luck; reversed, it will bring bad luck.

249. *Louisburg.* A town on the southeast coast of the island of Cape Breton, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was founded by the French in 1713, surrendered to the English in 1745, passed back into the hands of the French in 1748, and in 1758 once more restored to the English. The population was once about three thousand; now it is only a little over one thousand, mostly fisher folk.

Port Royal, now Annapolis. Town on the Bay of Fundy. Oldest settlement in Nova Scotia.

260. *The merry lads,* etc. The unmarried men would build a house for the newly wedded couple, and provide it with the immediate necessaries for housekeeping. They would also break a portion of the ground adjoining and prepare it for tillage.

280. *Loup-garou.* A man supposed to have the power of transforming himself into a wolf. This superstition existed among the Scythians, the Greeks, and the Romans, but it appears to have been especially prevalent in France during the reign of Louis XIV.

281. *The goblin.* A domestic goblin who feeds and grooms the horses. He has often a favorite horse, and takes away the feed from the others and gives to this one. This superstition is widely diffused among German peoples.

282. *The white Letiche.* This story was brought into Acadia from Normandy. It is probably associated with the ermine and its milk-white color. The French word for milk is "lait"; hence "Laitice," and finally "Létiche."

285. *Fever.* To carry a spider in a nutshell on the chest was thought to cure the fever; it was also said to bring good luck. Compare line 1006.

314. *Ruled with an iron rod.* (Rev. ii: 27.)

354. *Curfew.* (Fr. *couvre-feu.*) Time (marked by the ringing of a bell) when all lights were to be put out and all fires safely covered over. An evening bell. The custom was brought into England by William the Conqueror.

381. *Young Ishmael.* (Gen. xxi: 14.)

398. *All things were held in common.* Compare Acts iv: 32; "blessed the cup." Compare I. Cor. x: 16.

413. "Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres" and "Carillon de Dunkerque" were the names of familiar melodies and folk-songs.

441. *Majesty's pleasure.* This is the form in which royal proclamations end.

461. *Chancel.* The chancel designates the space in a church adjoining the altar, and generally separated from the rest of the church by a screen or railing.

466–481. Father Felician's appeal to his parishioners is made up, as would be expected, of exhortations to patience and forgiveness. His counsels are the teachings and the language of the Bible: "To love one another"; "the Prince of Peace"; "Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!" "'O Father, forgive them!'"

486. *Elijah ascending to heaven.* (II. Kings ii: 11.)

492. *Emblazoned.* Ornamented in rich and varied colors.

507. *Like the Prophet descending from Sinai.* (Exodus xxxiv: 33.)

522. *Then she remembered the tale.* The story told by René Leblanc (306).

573. This climax in the plot is remarkable for brevity and directness. Lines 568 and 569 give the general situation; then follow in the next three lines specific instances of the calamities that befell these people; and, at the same time, these lines furnish a preparation for the main event told in 573.

597. *Like unto shipwrecked Paul.* (Acts xxvii: 22.)

605. "*Benedicite.*" Bless you! Very often with the sense of bless me! bless us!

615. *Titan-like.* The Titans were a race of giants of primordial times figuring in ancient classic mythology.

622. *From a hundred house-tops.* Moreau, the French historian, says that 100 houses and 500 barns and stables were burned. Nevertheless, there were left as plunder, besides household goods and implements, about 2000 oxen, 3000 cows, 600 horses, and 12,000 sheep.

631. *The Nebraska.* The Platte tributary of the Missouri.

657. *Without bell or book.* Without tolling the bell for the de-

parted, the passing-bell; without the regular form of the burial service.

660. *Dirge.* A funeral hymn. A hymn forming part of the service at funerals. One part of it began, "Dirige, Domine, Deus meus, in conspectu tuo viam meam." Direct, O Lord, my God, my way in thy sight.

668. *Household gods.* The Penates of the Romans, who were the special genii of the family. Here it means those household belongings that had been inherited, or that had become dear to them for some other reason.

674. *Savannas.* Prairies.

677. An allusion to the vast delta of the Mississippi. In the sand of which this delta is made up have been found the bones of animals now extinct; the mastodon and the mammoth, for instance.

705. "*Coureurs-des-bois.*" Runners of the woods. Whites who had adopted Indian modes and ways of life. They figure conspicuously in the early Indian wars.

707. "*Voyageurs.*" A class of men employed by the trading companies to transport goods between points in the wilds of Canada. They made their trips mostly on the rivers, and in small canoes.

713. *To braid St. Catharine's tresses.* To take vows that pledge one to remain single. Catharine means "the one always pure." At a heathen festival St. Catharine offended the Emperor Maxentius by declaring the folly of idol-worship. She was thrown into prison, where, it is said, fifty heathen philosophers were sent to convert her; but instead of accomplishing their purpose, they themselves left the prison as Christians. She was beheaded in the year 307; and angels carried her head to the top of Mount Sinai. The Catholic Church celebrates the 25th of November as the day of her death.

733. *Let me essay, O Muse!* This is the epic manner from the times of Homer and Virgil to Milton. The deity or power whom the poet thought of as the patron of his verse was appealed to, often in an elaborate prologue.

741. *Month of May.* Not the month of May next succeeding the October of the exile. A little further on (lines 911–974) we learn that Basil the blacksmith had lived long enough in his new home to become wealthy, to acquire vast herds, and to test the soil of the prairies. Father Felician, Evangeline and others evidently belonged

to those exiles who were left along the Atlantic coast in Maryland and Virginia. After the lapse of some few years they resolved to seek their compatriots and kindred in Louisiana.

750. *Acadian coast.* This is a place in Louisiana, taking its name from the exiled Acadians who had settled there.

Opelousas. Village about sixty miles west of Baton Rouge.

755. *Chutes.* Rapids.

757. *Lagoon.* An area of water separated from the stream or sea by sand-dunes.

764. *Golden Coast.* This is a name applied to a stretch of country bordering on the Mississippi, in southern Louisiana.

766. *Bayou of Plaquemine.* An inlet south from Baton Rouge.

782. *Shrinking mimosa.* Sensitive plant; it will droop and close its leaves at the slightest touch.

807. *Atchafalaya.* One of the arms of the Mississippi.

809. *Lotus.* "The lotus-tree; native in northern Africa and southern Europe. It yields a pleasant-flavored fruit, the size of an olive." (*Century Dictionary.*)

816. *Wachita,* or Ouachita, is the name of a river in northern Louisiana.

821. *Ladder of Jacob.* See Gen. xxviii: 12.

856. *Teche.* Tributary to the Atchafalaya Bayou. On its banks are located the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin, which were founded by the Jesuit missionaries.

878. *Frenzied Bacchantes.* A Bacchante was a woman who took part in the celebration of the festivals of Bacchus. An intoxicated person indulging in noisy revelry.

889. *Mystic mistletoe.* A parasitic plant well known in Europe and America. The ancient Druids, when they chanced to find it on the oak (where it seldom grew), cut it down and used it for religious purposes.

908. *Shadowy canvas.* Sails made of dark material, or else, as is often the case, coated with tar.

913. *Doublet.* A jacket or other close-fitting garment for the upper part of the body.

914. *Sombrero.* A large broad-brimmed hat of straw or felt, first worn by the Mexicans, but now in general use through the West, particularly among the cowboys.

947. *This quiet existence.* This line suggests a contrast between Gabriel and Evangeline with respect to character and mood. Gabriel's restlessness prompts to action, but action without a purpose; Evangeline's, on the other hand, also to action, but with a very definite purpose.

953. *Ozark Mountains* extend northeast and southwest between the Arkansas and Missouri rivers. These mountains traverse parts of Arkansas, Missouri, and Indian Territory.

956. *Fates.* The destinies supposed to preside over the birth, life, and death of human beings. Their names in mythology are Clotho, Lachesis, and Athropos. Here the meaning is his bad luck so far as making progress is concerned; the necessity of rowing against the streams.

957. *Red dew.* The dew in which the morning sun is mirrored as red.

970. *Ci-devant.* A French word meaning "former."

1004. *Fever.* The yellow fever. Compare line 285.

1009. *Creoles.* Native whites, especially applied to native French or Spanish as distinguished from white settlers born in Europe.

1033. *Silent Carthusian.* This is an order of monks instituted in France in 1084. This order made it a duty for its members to observe silence. The name is derived from Chartreux, the place where their first monastery was erected.

1044. *Upharsin.* (Daniel v: 25.) "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

1063. *Prodigal Son.* (St. Luke xv.)

1064. *Foolish Virgin.* (St. Matt. xxv.)

1082. *Oregon.* The Columbia river. It receives the Walloway, and, through the Snake river, the Owyhee as tributaries.

1083. *Wind-river Mountains.* A mountain range in Wyoming, running northwest and southeast. It forms the dividing crest of the continent, so that on one side of it the streams flow into the Pacific, on the other into the Atlantic.

1084. *The Sweet-water River* rises at the southern end of the Wind-river Mountains.

1091. *Amorphas.* Sometimes known by the names of "false indigo" or "lead-plant."

1095. *Ishmael's children.* Indians, who, like Ishmael and Hagar, were driven out into the desert. (Gen. xxi: 14.)

1106. *Into this wonderful land at the base of the Ozark Mountains.* The description in lines 1078–1105 comprises a vast part of western United States. The Columbia and the Platte rivers form a general northern boundary. From these it extends southward, including the Sierras, the Rocky Mountains, and the Great Plains. The base of the Ozark Mountains is mentioned merely as a point on the extreme eastern line.

1114. *Fata Morgana.* A mirage; an optical illusion often seen in deserts. Objects such as vessels, trees, buildings, appear as if suspended in the air.

1119. *Shawnee.* The Shawnees are a tribe of Indians, who, during the early French and English wars, were the allies now of the French, now of the English. Some of them were located in Missouri in the early part of the last century. Those of the tribe that survive are now on agencies in Indian Territory.

1120. *Camanches.* War-like Indians originally occupying tracts of territory in Texas and Colorado. Most of them are now on reservations.

1139. *Mowis.* A legend relates that an Indian youth was cruelly jilted by his beloved. The protecting genius of the young man, to avenge him, caused him to fashion an image of a youth mostly from old rags limed together with snow. Manitou assisted, made him alive and gave him the name of Mowis; *i. e.*, rag man. The Indian girl fell in love with Mowis, and was married to him. On the morning after the wedding, they started on a journey; but the sun dissolved the snow of which Mowis was made, so that he was reduced to ugliness before her eyes, and finally vanished altogether. When she found that her lover was to return no more, she lay down and died.

1145. *Fair Lilinau.* Lilinau, the daughter of a famous Indian chief, was wont to seek distant and desert places, where she gave herself up to her own musings. She was warned by her mother to cease these trips, but without avail. A husband was selected for her, and the day set for the wedding. She decked herself for the ceremony and put flowers in her hair; but she begged to be allowed, as a favor, to visit her retreat in the forest once more. This was granted, but she never returned. The only thing ever heard of her

fate was that a fisherman had seen her carried away by a spirit, whose hair was decked with green feathers.

1167. *Black Robe Chief.* Called thus by the Indians on account of the black garment which the missionary wore.

1181. *Vespers.* Evening service.

1212. *Golden weather.* Our Indian summer.

1213. *Blushed at each blood-red ear.* Compare Hiawatha, XIII:

"And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
'Noska!' cried they all together,
'You shall have a handsome husband';
And whene'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man bent almost double."

1226. *Asphodel.* In Homer a flower that grows on the meadows of the underworld.

Nepenthe. A drug mentioned by Homer as giving relief from grief and sorrow.

1241. *Moravian Missionaries.* The Moravian Brethren, a religious community tracing its origin to the followers of John Huss. Of all the reformed churches this was the earliest and most active in missionary work.

1253. *Penn the apostle.* William Penn, one of the foremost among the Quakers; born in London in 1644, died 1718. In 1683 he founded the city of Philadelphia.

1297. *Pestilence.* A pestilence, the yellow fever, ravaged Philadelphia in 1793.

1298. *Then it came to pass.* Biblical expression, as for instance, St. Matt. ix: 10.

1299. *Presaged by wondrous signs.* An ancient superstition often given literary form as in Virgil, Cæsar, Herodotus. One of the few instances in the poem in which the author shows a leaning toward ancient classic forms.

1312. *The poor.* See St. Mark xiv: 7.

1318. *City celestial.* Reference to Rev. xxi: 10.

1326. *Christ Church.* One of the principal churches of Phila-

delphia. During the time of the Revolution, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin attended it regularly. Franklin lies buried in the adjoining churchyard.

1328. *The Swedes.* They settled in and around Philadelphia in 1631. At first they held services in Fort Christina, but in 1667 they built a small wooden church about two miles from the fort. A few years later a blockhouse in Wicaco (now a part of Philadelphia) was used as a church. This building afforded some protection against the Indians, who were not to be depended upon. It was here that Evangeline heard them singing psalms, the chorals used in the church service.

1354. *Like the Hebrew.* A reference to Exodus xii: 7.

1364. *Then he beheld,* etc. This is not a mere poetic vision that the poet grants Gabriel. In cases of fever, reminiscences like these will crowd upon the patient with astounding reality. Here it was of course prompted by Evangeline's voice and presence.

1388. *Where theirs have ceased from their labors.* See Rev. xiv: 13.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

The diacritical marks here used are those found in Webster's International Dictionary.

Acadie (ä-kä-dē′).
Ăcā′dian.
Ädā′yes.
Angelus Domini (ăn′jĕ-lŭs dŏm′ĭ-nī).
Atchafalaya (ăch-ȧ-fȧ-lī′ä).
Bacchantes (băk-kăn′tēz).
Bacchus (băk′ŭs).
Beau S′jour (bō sā-zho͝or′).
Bĕnēdĭç′ĭtē.
Bĕn′edĭct Bĕlle-fŏntāine′.
Cămăn′chēş.
Cape Brĕt′ŏn.
Chartreaux (shär-trē′).
ci-devant (sē-dĕ-vänh′)
coureurs-des-bois(ko͝o′rēr-dā-bwä).
couvre-feu (ko͝o′vr-fē).
Evăn′ġelĭne.
Fä′tȧ Môrgä′nȧ.
Father Felician (fē-lĭsh′-ĭ-ȧn).
Fontaine-qui-bout (fônh′tān-kē-bo͝o).
Gabriel Lajeunesse (lä-zhē-nĕs′).
Gasperau (gäs-pē-rō′).
Grand-Pré (gränh-prā′).
Le Carillon de Dunkerque
(lē kăr-ē-yônh′ dē dŭn-kērk′).
Létiche (lā-tēsh′).
Lilinau (lē′lĭ-nō).
Louisburg (lo͝o′ĭ-bûrg).

Loup-garou (lo͞o-gär-o͞o′).
Melita (mĕ-lē′ta).
Minas (mē′nȧs).
Mowis (mō′wēs).
Natchitoches (năck′ē-tŏsh).
nēpĕn′thē.
Opelousas (ŏp-ĕ′lo͞o′sȧs).
Owȳ′hee.
Plaquemine, Bayou of (plăk-mēn′, bīoo).
René Leblanc (rē-nā′ lē-blänhk′).
St. Maur (sănh mōr′).
seraglio (sē-răl′yō).
Tête (tāsh).
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres
(to͞o lā bo͞or-zhwä′ dē shärtr).
Upharsin (ū-fär′sĭn).
voyageur (vwä-yä-zhēr′).
Wachita (wosh′ē-taw).
Walleway (wŏl′ē-wā).
wēre-wolf.
Wicaco (wē-kä′kō).

SOME OF OUR EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS

The Crane First Reader,	$0.20
The Crane Second Reader,	.30
The Crane Third Reader,	.40
The Crane Fourth Reader,	.50
The Crane Fifth Reader,	.60
Commercial Geography, *Olin*,	1.00
Elementary Studies in Insect Life, *Hunter*,	1.25
Economics, *Blackmar*,	1.00
Complete Grammar, *Hoenshel*, (*readopted* for exclusive use in Kansas,)	.50
Key and Manual to Complete Grammar, *Hoenshel*,	.50
Language Lessons and Elementary Grammar, *Hoenshel*,	.30
Advanced Grammar, *Hoenshel*,	.60
Teacher's Manual to Elementary and Advanced Grammar, *Hoenshel*,	.50
Grammar Handbook, *Jacoby*, Paper, 25c., Cloth,	.35
Essentials of Orthography and Orthoepy, *Hoenshel*,	.15
Normal Institute Physiology, *Simmonds*, Paper, 30c.; cloth,	.50
First Steps in Public Speaking, *Hoss*, Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.50
Methods in Arithmetic, *Ferrell*,	.10
Manual of Arithmetic, *Ferrell*,	.50
Elementary Arithmetic, *Ferrell*,	.30
Advanced Arithmetic, *Ferrell*,	.60
The Wooster Primer, *Wooster*,	.25
The Wooster Recitations. Grades 1 and 2,	.25
The Wooster Arithmetic . . Grade 1, 25c.; Grade 2, 25c.; Grade 3,	.25
The Wooster Reading Chart,	15.00
Easel Writing Portfolio, (adopted text on writing in Kansas,)	.10
Manual for Easel Writing System,	.25
Industrial Drawing, *Walters*, . . Books 1 to 10, 10c.; Books 11 to 16,	.15
Outlines of Logic, *Westlund*,	.50
The Civil War by Campaigns, *Foster*,	1.00
Foster's Illustrated Historical Chart, with Tripod and Handbook complete,	18.00
Reference Manual and Outlines in U. S. History, *Foster*. Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.40
The Normal Institute Reader, *Wasson and Ramsey*, Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.40
Outlines Bookkeeping, *Field*, Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.35
Topical Outline of Civil Government, *Kuhn*, . . Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.40
Brief Course in Psychology, *Biddison*, Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.40
Outlines of School Management, *Gidinghagen*, . . Paper, 25c.; cloth,	.40
Stepping Stone to Singing, *Foote and Slie*,	.40

CRANE & COMPANY, TOPEKA, KANSAS