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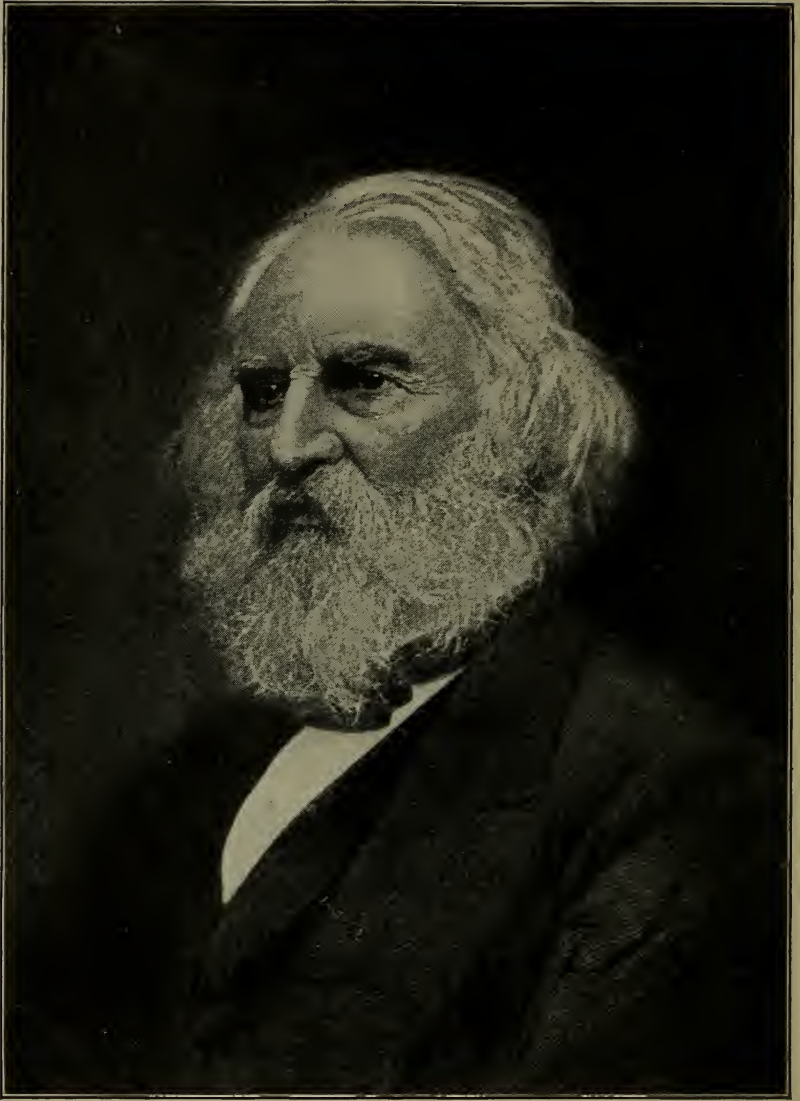
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Henry M. Jones Jellison

The Riverside Literature Series

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# EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NEW EDITION

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

AND INTRODUCTIONS AND STUDY HELPS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN



BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO  
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## CONTENTS

A SKETCH OF LONGFELLOW'S LIFE. <i>By Eva March Tappan</i> . . . . .	1
THE HISTORY OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE . . . . .	19
THE METER OF EVANGELINE . . . . .	22
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION . . . . .	24
EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE . . . . .	27
STUDY HELPS. <i>By Margaret Ashmun</i> . . . . .	98
A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE POEM . . . . .	107
COMPOSITION ASSIGNMENTS . . . . .	109
NOTES . . . . .	112
PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY . . . . .	118

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a.m.p.



## ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND . . . . .	2 ✓
THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE . . . . .	6 ✓
THE STUDY, CRAIGIE HOUSE . . . . .	16 ✓
“REVEREND WALKED HE AMONG THEM” . . . . .	28 ✓
“FAIR IN SOOTH WAS THE MAIDEN” . . . . .	34 ✓
“SPEAKING WORDS OF ENDEARMENT” . . . . .	54 ✓
“HE BLEW A BLAST, THAT RESOUNDED” . . . . .	74 ✓
MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA . . . . .	100 ✓
MAP OF LOUISIANA . . . . .	101 ✓





# A SKETCH OF LONGFELLOW'S LIFE

BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

OF the thousands of people who pass through Portland, Maine, in the summer season, there are few who do not visit a certain brick house on Congress Street. It is in the very heart of the city, a hotel on one side, a store on the other, electric cars by the score passing it every hour. The old house is somewhat withdrawn from the bustle of the street and stands with a quiet dignity, as if it realized that it had been the early home of Longfellow. The poet was born February 27, 1807, in a large square wooden house, which is still standing, on the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets; but the family moved to the brick house when he was a baby, and this was his boyhood home. Many of its furnishings remain exactly as they were a hundred years ago. The same heavy cooking utensils are ranged about the fireplace in the kitchen, and around one of the mantels is quaint old chintz printed with camp scenes of the War of 1812. On the third floor is a room with a four-posted, chintz-canopied bedstead, and here the poet slept both in his boyhood and also on his visits home in later years. Business blocks now cut off the view, but when Longfellow was a boy, he could see from his window the lighthouse of which he has written, —

“ Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
    Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
    The night o’ertaken mariner to save.”

Portland was a pleasant city for a boy to grow up in. There were long lines of shaded streets; there was charming Deering’s Woods; and, best of all, there was the ocean “ with its sea-tides tossing free.” There were islands near

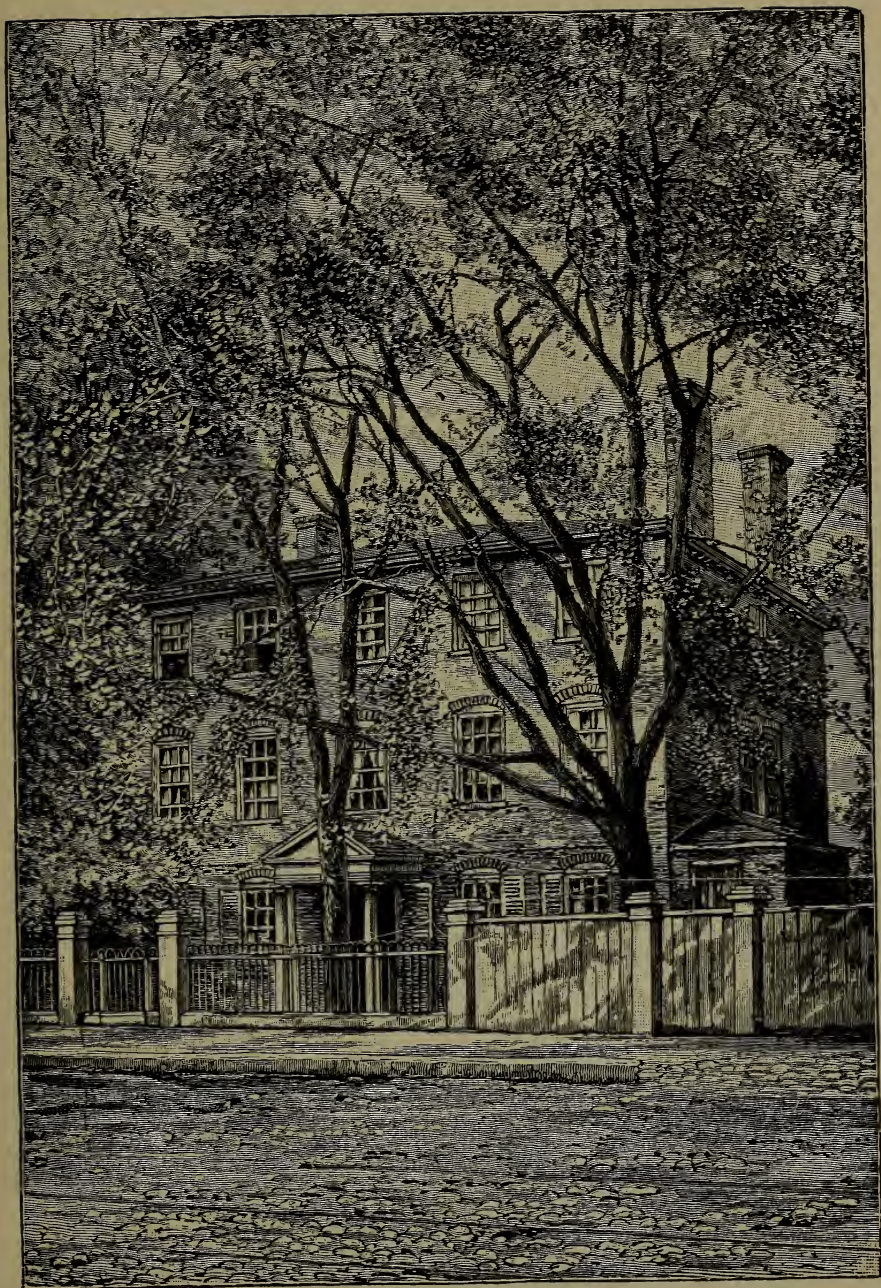
and islands far, wonderfully beautiful and fascinating; and there were the black wharfs at which the white-sailed ships from the other side of the world made their moorings. It was an enchanted city for an imaginative boy; and in his poem, *My Lost Youth*, Longfellow has told how delightful it all seemed to him.

The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a prominent lawyer, who held in the course of his life numerous prominent positions. Several times he was a member of the State Legislature, and from 1823 to 1825 he was a member of the National House of Representatives. His wife, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla of Mayflower fame. Her father had fought in the Revolution, and her brother Henry, only three years before the birth of his namesake, had been killed in an attack upon the pirates of Tripoli. The spacious sitting-room in the old brick house must have listened to many thrilling war stories, as the eight Longfellow children gathered around the big center table on winter evenings.

Little boys and girls usually went first to a "dame school," that is, one presided over by some old lady; and the small Henry was sent to one ruled by a certain "Marm Fellows." Later, he went to the public school. It is a long way back to 1813, but in that year, when the little boy was only six years old, he brought proudly home a report — still in existence — which declared that his conduct had been "very correct and amiable," and that he had made much improvement in spelling and writing. He was fond of poetry even in those days, and used to go about the house reciting any verses that had struck his fancy. He liked the flute, and soon learned to play it with spirit and charm.

The boy fitted for college at the Portland Academy. One of his teachers was Jacob Abbott, who wrote the *Rollo Books* and scores of other volumes for boys and girls. Henry Longfellow, too, was determined to become an author, a poet, and when he was only thirteen he wrote, among other verses, *The Battle of Lovell's Pond*. This pictured the attack of Captain John Lovell upon the Indian





THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND





villages on the Saco River. Lovell and thirty of his forty-six men were slain. This was in 1724, and was the last serious fight with the Indians in that part of the country. The young writer believed that this was "good enough to print." He screwed up his courage and dropped the manuscript into the box of one of the Portland weeklies. Evidently the editor did not agree with him, for the poem was not published. Thereupon the boy, with perhaps a bit of indignation, sent it to the rival weekly. It came out promptly, and he felt, as he said many years later, "such a thrill of delight" as none of his other publications had ever given him.

Stephen Longfellow was a graduate of Harvard, but he was also a trustee of Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, and, perhaps partly for this reason, he chose the smaller institution for his son. The boy was now fifteen, and entered as a sophomore. "He was slight and erect, his complexion light, his nose rather prominent, his eyes clear and blue, and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of brown hair waving loosely." He was always a gentleman, and one who knew him at the time speaks emphatically of his "well-bred manners." He was a favorite among the students, and he did the college work so well that he stood fourth in a class of thirty-eight. But he learned much more than the prescribed lessons, for he read widely. At graduation he begged his father for a year at Harvard. "The truth is," he pleaded, "I desire future eminence in literature. My whole soul burns most ardently for this, and every earthly thought centers in it." This confession was not altogether agreeable to the father. He had sympathy with his son's love of study, but prices paid for literature in 1825 were small, and to write seemed to him a very precarious fashion of attempting to make one's living. He replied that "eminence in literature" was well enough for men of means, but that a young man who had his way to make in the world would better set his ambition on something more likely to furnish him with bread and butter.

So spoke one of the trustees of Bowdoin, and the young

man yielded to his father's wish and began to study law. Another trustee, however, one Benjamin Orr, had quite a different scheme in mind. He was in the habit of visiting the oral examinations at the college, and was much dreaded by the students because of his keen criticisms and his high ideals of scholarship. On one of these visits Longfellow was called upon to read his translation of one of the odes of Horace. It was so well done that it made a deep impression upon the critical visitor; and when it was decided to establish a professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin, Mr. Orr said promptly; "Mr. Longfellow is your man. He is an admirable classical scholar. I have seldom heard anything more beautiful than his translation of one of the most difficult odes of Horace." The position was offered to Mr. Longfellow.

This prospective professor was only nineteen years old, but the college agreed to wait for him until he had reached the mature age of twenty-two, provided he would spend the three years in Europe. His father agreed to provide him with the necessary money, and he started joyfully. For three years he traveled in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and England. He studied the languages of these countries and he worked hard; but he also saw their beautiful sights and learned the thoughts and ways of their people, and he was radiantly happy.

Going to Europe was not the everyday occurrence that it is now, and when the young man returned, in 1829, to take up his work at Bowdoin, he was looked upon not only with the respect due to his attainments, but also with a sort of reverence for the wonderful advantages that he had enjoyed. He worked hard, — one class came before his seven-o'clock breakfast, — but his students liked him and were proud of him, and he was happy. His salary was eight hundred dollars a year, with the addition of an extra hundred for acting as college librarian; but nine hundred dollars was a sum to be looked upon with respect in those days of small expenses and low prices, and two years later the young professor ventured to take a wife, Mary Storer Potter, the daughter of Judge Potter, of Portland.

Longfellow the poet was thus far hardly more than Longfellow the professor. He did not give up writing, but his writing was closely connected with his teaching. He translated a French grammar and did still other translating and editing, and published articles on the literature of France and Spain. One of these he revised and expanded, and added to it a translation of some Spanish poems, from which it took its title of *Coplas de Manrique*. *Coplas* are short stanzas of a peculiar form, and these of Jorge Manrique were a series of beautiful meditations on the death of his father, written in the fifteenth century. This was Longfellow's first original volume, and was published by Allen and Ticknor, the same firm that, under another name, still publishes his poems. *Outre-Mer* — meaning *beyond the sea* — came next. This is a collection of sketches of his travels in Europe. All this writing was well done. It is graceful and thoughtful. It shows itself to be the work of a cultivated, scholarly man, and it was favorably spoken of. It was agreeable reading, but there was nothing in it to show that some day the writer would come close to the hearts of the people, that he would produce poems which would win not only their respect, but their eager affection.

The ability of the young professor had become known at Harvard, and on the resignation of Professor George Ticknor, who had occupied the chair of modern languages, Longfellow was asked to succeed him. He decided to take another trip to Europe to do still further work in languages and literature. In Holland, the first grief of his life came upon him in the death of his wife. He remained abroad a year and a half; he did the work for which he had come, but his heart was heavy with sadness. Some years later, his sorrow found expression in the poem *Footsteps of Angels*. In this he speaks of seeing, as in a vision, the forms of departed friends. Of her he says, —

“ And with them the Being Beauteous,  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven.



“ With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

“ And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.”

The poem closes, —

“ Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!”

When Longfellow returned to America, his seventeen years at Harvard began. He was thirty years old, but he looked some years younger; and when he appeared at the door of Craigie House and asked if he might engage a room there, the stately Madam Craigie demurred and said that she did not take students.

“ But I am not a student,” he replied. “ I am a professor in the University.”

“ A professor?” She looked curiously at one so like most students in appearance.

“ I am Professor Longfellow,” he said.

“ If you are the author of *Outre-Mer*, then you may come,” said the old lady, and proceeded to show him her house. She led him up the broad staircase, and, proud of the historic mansion, opened one spacious room after another, only to close the door of each, saying, “ You cannot have that,” until at length she led him into the southeast corner room on the second story. “ This was General Washington’s chamber,” she said; “ you may have this.” And here he gladly set up his home.

Craigie House is a roomy, dignified mansion on Brattle Street in Cambridge. Around it were then wide-spreading green fields, and there was a clear outlook across the meadows to the winding Charles River and the gentle hills





CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE



beyond. In 1759, a rich Tory merchant, John Vassall, built the house for his bride, who was a sister of the last royal governor of the province. When the Revolution broke out, Vassall fled to London, and the Province of Massachusetts took possession of the house. At one time a battalion of soldiers were sheltered within its walls; but when Washington arrived in Cambridge, this house, the most commodious in the place, served as his headquarters; and here he remained during the anxious days of the siege of Boston. In Longfellow's poem, *To a Child*, he says, —

“ Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
 One whom memory oft recalls,  
 The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
 And yonder meadows, broad and damp,  
 The fires of the besieging camp  
 Encircled with a burning belt.  
 Up and down these echoing stairs,  
 Heavy with the weight of cares,  
 Sounded his majestic tread;  
 Yes, within this very room  
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
 Weary both in heart and head.”

Later, the Vassall House was sold, and in 1792, it came into the hands of Andrew Craigie, who had been Apothecary-General to the Continental Army. It became now the Craigie House, and at the death of her husband, it was occupied alone by the august Madam Craigie, who would lodge professors but not students. At her death, Dr. Worcester of dictionary fame bought the house, and in 1843 he sold it to Longfellow.

As a professor, Longfellow was respected by the students for his knowledge and his increasing fame, but he was loved for his never-failing kindness and his gentle courtesy. On one occasion there was a rebellion among the college boys. They were assembled in the college yard, and one professor after another tried in vain to obtain a hearing from them. At last, Longfellow came forward, and then there was a hush, and the word went round, “ Let 's hear Professor

Longfellow, for he always treats us as gentlemen." The famous editor and clergyman, Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man without a Country*, was one of Longfellow's pupils, and says of him: —

"From the first he chose to take with us the relation of a personal friend a few years older than we were.

"As it happened, the regular recitation rooms of the college were all in use, and indeed, I think he was hardly expected to teach any language at all. He was to oversee the department and to lecture. But he seemed to teach us German for the love of it; I know I thought he did, and till now it never occurred to me to ask whether it were a part of his regular duty. Anyway, we did not meet him in one of the rather dingy 'recitation rooms,' but in a sort of parlor, carpeted, hung with pictures, and otherwise handsomely furnished, which was, I believe, called the 'Corporation Room.' We sat round a mahogany table, which was reported to be meant for the dinners of the trustees, and the whole affair had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion. These accidental surroundings of the place characterize well enough the whole proceeding.

"He began with familiar ballads, read them to us, and made us read them to him. Of course, we soon committed them to memory without meaning to, and I think this was probably part of his theory. At the same time we were learning the paradigms by rote. But we never studied the grammar except to learn them, nor do I know to this hour what are the contents of half the pages in the regular German grammars.

"This was quite too good to last; for his regular duty was the oversight of five or more instructors, who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese to two or three hundred undergraduates. All these gentlemen were of European birth, and you know how undergraduates are apt to fare with such men. Mr. Longfellow had a real administration of the whole department. His title was 'Smith Professor of Modern Literature,' but we always called him 'the Head,' because he was head of the depart-



ment. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and virtually conduct it. We were delighted to have him come. Any slipshod work of some poor wretch from France, who was tormented by wild-cat Sophomores, would be made straight and decorous and all right. We all knew he was a poet, and were proud to have him in the college, but at the same time we respected him as a man of affairs.

“ Besides this, he lectured on authors or more general subjects. I think attendance was voluntary, but I know we never missed a lecture.”

During this period, Longfellow wrote to a friend, “ Most of the time I am alone, smoke a good deal, wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frockcoat, and a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society.” This hardly sounds like the record of the busy man that he was. His teaching and the oversight of his department required much time, and he was also deep in literary work. He published the romance *Hyperion* which was received with far more enthusiasm than *Outre-Mer*. He wrote poems for magazines, and at last, in 1839, he collected these poems into a thin little volume called *Voices of the Night*. Here was *The Reaper and the Flowers*, which has brought comfort to many a sorrowing mother; and here was the poem that is like a trumpet call to duty, the *Psalm of Life*, the poem that has inspired thousands to

“ Be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,” —

the poem that to every one who reads it for the first time is always new and strong and wonderful.

There was no question of the welcome that awaited his next volume, which came out two years later. Here was *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, which was founded upon a real occurrence. Of this Longfellow wrote in his journal, —

“ *December 17.* — News of shipwrecks, horrible, on the coast. Forty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester. One woman lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place. Among

others the schooner *Hesperus*. Also, the *Seaflower*, on Black Rock. I will write a ballad on this.

“*December 30.* — Wrote last evening a notice of Allston’s poems, after which sat till 1 o’clock by the fire, smoking; when suddenly it came into my head to write the Ballad of the Schooner *Hesperus*, which I accordingly did. Then went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the Ballad. It was 3 by the clock.”

*The Village Blacksmith* is also in this volume, and so is *Excelsior*, whose title is the Latin word for *higher*. This word caught the poet’s eye one evening as he was glancing over a newspaper, and on the nearest bit of paper, which chanced to be a letter from Charles Sumner, he wrote the poem. This scrap of paper is now in the library of Harvard University. Thus far his poems had manifested thought and fancy and grace and beauty of expression, but in this little volume was *The Skeleton in Armor*, and here was imagination of a higher type than he had shown before. A skeleton in broken and corroded armor had been dug up at Fall River, and in the fancy of the poet it became that of a “viking bold.” He pictured the wild life of the northern seas, the theft of the willing maiden who became the viking’s wife, and his building for her the famous Round Tower of Newport, Rhode Island. Whatever the mysterious tower was really built for, Longfellow says serenely that his use of it is “sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad.”

In 1842, Longfellow made his third visit to Europe. A year later, he married Miss Frances Appleton of Boston. William Winter said that to remember her “is to wonder that so much loveliness and worth could take a mortal shape.” Longfellow himself has pictured her, as *Mary Ashburton*, in *Hyperion*. Eighteen years of quiet enjoyment followed. The old mansion rang joyously with the voices of his children; friends gathered around him; the days passed happily; and poem after poem came from his hand. Most of them were on foreign subjects, and those who were inclined to cavil whispered that there were poetic

themes in America as well as across the ocean. One day Hawthorne brought to dine with the poet a friend, who in the course of conversation said that he had been urging Hawthorne to write a romance on the story of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755. The homes of these French peasants were burned, and they themselves were driven on shipboard to be scattered along the American coast. Among them were the young couple, married only that morning, whom Longfellow pictures as Gabriel and Evangeline. In the confusion and wretchedness they were separated and put on different vessels. Evangeline searches for Gabriel throughout the colonies, and at last finds him on his deathbed in a hospital. This was the story. It did not appeal to Hawthorne as suited for a tale; but to Longfellow it was the suggestion for his first important American poem, *Evangeline*. Longfellow never visited the scenes of this poem. "He never came to see us," said one of the dwellers in Grand Pré. "I wish he had. We should have been so glad to welcome him and to do all that we could for him." His descriptions were all written from those given by others; but they are so accurate that travelers do not need to have pointed out to them the meadows and dikes of Grand Pré, the Basin of Minas, and the mist-wreathed summit of Blomidon. Of the conclusion of the poem, Longfellow says: —

"I was passing down Spruce Street [Philadelphia] one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flowerbeds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline*, I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death, at the poorhouse, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

America was young, and *Evangeline* was "the first good poem of any length on an American subject." The poet



had come to his own; he was moved by a new inspiration. The warmest of praises poured in upon him from far and near, and in his next volume he made a graceful acknowledgment: —

“ Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!  
 Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
 That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
 Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.”

The longest poem in the collection is *The Building of the Ship*, with its threefold significance: the making of a ship and giving it to the ocean; the marriage of the master's daughter to the youth of her choice; and, last, the noble apostrophe to the *Ship of State*. Mr. Noah Brooks one day recited to President Lincoln the closing stanzas, beginning with the launching of the vessel. When he came to

“ Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee! ” —

Lincoln's eyes were full of tears. For some minutes he could not speak; then he said with his own noble simplicity of expression, “ It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that.”

The long years of teaching and supervising had begun to seem wearisome to the poet, and at length he resigned his professorship and devoted himself to his writing and the enjoyment of his home. The inspiration of the earlier days of America did not leave him, and soon he published *The Song of Hiawatha*. Some of the critics had found fault with the meter of *Evangeline*, declaring that it belonged to Latin and had no proper place in English verse; and now some of them objected to the form and meter of *Hiawatha*. It is written in a Finnish meter, with a repetition of lines in nearly the same words. This was almost new in English verse. The critics criticized it and the parodists parodied it, but it held its place, and he would be laughed to scorn who should venture to object to it to-day. *Hiawatha* pictures the life and thoughts of the Indians, beautified, per-



haps, by the glow of the poetic imagination, but with a sympathetic and appreciative accuracy that have won for its author the love of the Indians themselves.

This same poetic imagination now shone upon the rather somber life of the Pilgrim Fathers, and Longfellow wrote *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the story of the love of his ancestors, John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, and her memorable "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" when, faithful to the stern demands of friendship, he tried honestly to plead the cause of the doughty captain, Miles Standish.

In 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was one day amusing her children by sealing up bits of their curls in little packages. Her dress caught fire from the burning wax, and a few hours later she died. More than a score of years remained to the poet, and he had the love of his children and the comfort of his work, but his grief was so deep and lasting that he could not trust himself to speak the beloved name of his wife. After his death there was found in his portfolio his poem on *The Cross of Snow*, which closes: —

" There is a mountain in the distant West  
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
 These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes  
 And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

The years went on. New volumes of verse were published, among them the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and a translation of one of the greatest poems of the world, Dante's *Divine Comedy*. It pictures the soul of man journeying through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Much of it is gloomy and terrible; but it has the name "comedy" because of its happy ending.

The work of some writers appeals only to certain classes of people, the educated, the traveled, the merry, or the sad; but Longfellow's appeals to the human heart and made friends wherever it went. It was widely read in England as well as in America, and in translations was

well known on the Continent. The poet now made a fourth visit to Europe; and honors were heaped upon him. Dickens and Tennyson gave him their warmest friendship. The Queen invited him to Windsor Castle. Harvard had already made him a Doctor of Laws, and now Cambridge conferred the degree a second time. Oxford gave him the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. An English reporter describes him as he appeared at Cambridge in the scarlet robes of an academic dignitary: —

“The face was one which, I think, would have caught the spectator's glance even if his attention had not been called to it by the cheers which greeted Longfellow's appearance in the robes of an LL.D. Long white silken hair and a beard of patriarchal length and whiteness inclosed a young, fresh-colored countenance, with fine-cut features and deep sunken eyes, overshadowed by massive black eyebrows. Looking at him, you had the feeling that the white head of hair and beard were a mask put on to conceal a young man's face; and that if the poet chose he could throw off the disguise, and appear as a man in the prime and bloom of life.”

During the years following his return from Europe, Longfellow published seven or eight more volumes of poetry. It is not always fair by any means to gauge an author's ability by his income, but it is at least interesting to note that for the *Psalm of Life* Longfellow never received even the five dollars that he was promised, but that for his *Hanging of the Crane*, which came out in 1873, he was paid four thousand dollars. On the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin College, he read his noble poem, *Morituri Salutamus*. These words, meaning, *we who are about to die salute you*, were spoken by Roman gladiators to the Emperor as they entered the arena; and though the poem showed no sign of waning powers, there was a sadness about it, for the end could not be expected to be many years away.

Longfellow named his next volume, which he realized would probably be his last, *Ultima Thule*. *Thule*, or Norway, was the most distant land known to the Romans, and

*ultima* means *the utmost*; therefore, the two words came to mean the extreme end, especially the end of life. In this volume is his poem of thanks and love to the children of Cambridge for their gift of an armchair. *The Village Blacksmith* had always been a general favorite, and pilgrims to Cambridge never failed to visit the spreading chestnut tree under which the smithy had once stood. In 1876, the city government decided to cut down the tree lest some forgetful driver of a high-piled load should be caught among its branches. It was suggested that some memento of this tree should be given to the poet by the children of the place, and the result was their presentation to him, on his seventy-second birthday, of a chair made of its wood. It is ebonized, and in the back and elsewhere are carvings of horsechestnut leaves and blossoms. Under the cushion is a brass plate on which is the following inscription: —

To  
The Author  
of  
The Village Blacksmith  
This chair, made from the wood of the  
spreading chestnut tree,  
is presented as  
An expression of grateful regard and veneration  
by  
The Children of Cambridge,  
who with their friends join in best wishes  
and congratulations  
on  
This Anniversary,  
February 27, 1879.

Around the seat, in raised German text, are the lines from the poem, —

“ And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.”



A year later, in 1880, Cambridge celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, and at the children's festival in Sanders Theatre, the chair stood in a prominent place on the platform. The Poem, *From My Armchair*, which begins —

“ Am I a king that I should call my own  
This splendid ebon throne ? ” —

was read aloud; and then the poet, who never made public speeches, stepped forward and made a little speech expressly to the children, thanking them in prose, as he had already done in verse, for their gift.

Housekeeping at Craigie House now became somewhat difficult, for hundreds of small boys and girls presented themselves at the door, asking to see the chair, but hoping to see its owner. The poet gave orders that not one child, no matter how muddy his feet might be, should be turned away. Each one received a printed copy of the poem, and often a few kindly words from the poet. Longfellow's friend, Luigi Monti, the original of *The Sicilian*, in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, came one Christmas Day to dine with the poet, and when near the gate met a girl of some twelve years who asked him shyly where Mr. Longfellow lived.

He showed her the house, and she asked, “ Do you think I can go into the yard? ”

“ Oh, yes,” said Signor Monti. “ Do you see the room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the windows on the right, you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow.”

The child looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head out of sight. When he went in, the kind-hearted Italian said: —

“ Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much.”



THE STUDY, CRAIGIE HOUSE



“ A little girl wants to see me very much? Where is she? ” He hastened to the door, and, beckoning with his hand, called out, “ Come here, little girl; come here, if you want to see me. ” She came forward, and he took her hand and asked her name. Then he kindly led her into the house, showed her the old clock on the stairs, the children’s chair, and the various souvenirs which he had gathered. This was but one little instance of many.

Longfellow’s courtesy never failed. He was patient with bores, and one day when Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the distinguished author, urged him not to allow himself to be annoyed by a certain troublesome man who was both bold and dishonest, Longfellow looked up with a reproving smile and queried with mock seriousness, “ But, Charles, if I were not kind to him, who would be? ” A cynical man of Cambridge, who had made up his mind that all the poor were good and all the rich bad, said, “ I will make an exception of one rich man, and that is Mr. Longfellow. You have no idea how much the laboring men of Cambridge think of him. There is many and many a family that gets a load of coal from him, without anybody’s knowing where it comes from. ”

As Longfellow’s seventy-fifth birthday drew near, there was a desire throughout the country to show him some special honor. This was done by having his poems recited by children in hundreds, perhaps thousands, of schools.

Not many weeks later, the children, as they passed his gate, whispered to one another, “ Don’t make any noise; Mr. Longfellow is sick. ” On the 24th of March, 1882, the bells tolled for his death. Two days later, followed by the love of thousands, he was laid in beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery.

It was of this, his last birthday, that Whittier wrote: —

“ With a glory of winter sunshine  
 Over his locks of gray,  
 In the old historic mansion  
 He sat on his last birthday.



“ With his books and his pleasant pictures,  
And his household and his kin,  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

“ It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain,  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

“ And his heart grew warm within him,  
And his moistening eyes grew dim,  
For he knew that his country's children  
Were singing the songs of him :

“ The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float forever  
On the winds of every clime.

“ All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

“ Grateful, but solemn and tender,  
The music rose and fell,  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

“ With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young;  
The last of earth and the first of heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

“ And waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel,  
Who calls God's children home!

“ And to him in a holier welcome  
Was the mystical meaning given  
Of the words of the blessed Master;  
' Of such is the kingdom of heaven ! ' ”



## THE HISTORY OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

THE origin of the tale brings out one of those interesting incidents of the relations of authors toward each other which happily are not uncommon. In Hawthorne's *American Note-Books*, under date of October 24, 1838, occurs this paragraph: "H. L. C.— [the Reverend H. L. Conolly, of Boston, a friend whom Hawthorne brought to visit Longfellow] heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day, all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

It may have been the same H. L. C. who dined with Hawthorne at Mr. Longfellow's one day, and told the poet that he had been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story on this theme. Hawthorne said he could not see in it the material for a tale, but Longfellow at once caught at it as the suggestion for a poem. "Give it to me," he said, "and promise that you will not write about it until I have written the poem." Hawthorne readily consented, and when *Evangeline* appeared was as quick to give expression to his admiration as the poet had been in reviewing *Twice-Told Tales*. He wrote to Longfellow and sent him a copy of a Salem newspaper in which he had noticed *Evangeline*. Longfellow replied: —

"MY DEAR HAWTHORNE,— I have been waiting and waiting in the hope of seeing you in Cambridge. . . . I have been

meditating upon your letter, and pondering with friendly admiration your review of *Evangeline*, in connection with the subject of which, that is to say, the Acadians, a literary project arises in my mind for you to execute. Perhaps I can pay you back in part your own generous gift, by giving you a theme for story in return for a theme for song. It is neither more nor less than the history of the Acadians *after* their expulsion as well as before. Felton has been making some researches in the state archives, and offers to resign the documents into your hands.

“Pray come and see me about it without delay. Come so as to pass a night with us, if possible, this week, if not a day and night. Ever sincerely yours,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.”

The poet never visited the scenes of his poem, though travelers have testified to the accuracy of the portraiture. “I have never been in Nova Scotia,” he wrote to a friend. “As far as I remember, the authorities I mostly relied on in writing *Evangeline* were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Hali-burton: the first for the pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment.” He gave to a Philadelphia journalist a reminiscence of his first thought of the material which forms the conclusion of the poem. “I was passing down Spruce Street [Philadelphia] one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death, at the poorhouse, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks.”

The Abbé Raynal was a French priest (1711–96) who published *A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*, in which

he included an account of affairs in Canada and Nova Scotia. He probably exaggerated the simplicity and innocence of the Acadians. Thomas C. Haliburton wrote *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, published in 1829.

## THE METER OF EVANGELINE

THE meter of *Evangeline* is what is called *hexameter* (from two Greek words meaning *six* and *measure*). In each line there are six divisions, or measures. In the first five measures there are usually three syllables, the first of which is accented or stressed. The last measure of the line usually has only two syllables, the first of which is stressed. Thus we may represent the meter of a line in this way: —

|Some' <sub>1</sub> what a| part' <sub>2</sub> from the| vil'lage <sub>3</sub> and| near'er <sub>4</sub> the| Ba'sin <sub>5</sub> of| Mi'nas|

An examination will show a great variation among the lines, as to the number of syllables and the placing of the accents. This variation, though slight, helps to prevent a sense of monotony in form. Each line has, near the middle, a pause called a *cesura*, which saves the line from sounding “breathless,” or too long-drawn-out.

The measure that Longfellow uses in *Evangeline* is imitated from the old Greek poems the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Some of the poet's friends were alarmed when they heard that he was using this meter, for they said it was not suitable for the English language, which is less light and flexible than the Greek. But a reading of the poem convinced them that the meter was well chosen. It lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of *Evangeline*, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cesural pause, should be carefully regarded; a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and

then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.



## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

THE country now known as Nova Scotia, and at one time called Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was yielded by France to Great Britain. It has ever since remained in the possession of the English. In 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River. Over these people the English Government exercised only slight control. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Halifax was founded, that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country. Between the English and French settlers a jealousy soon sprang up, which was increased by the beginning of the Seven Years' War, in which the two mother countries were to settle the question of supremacy in North America. The French engaged in a long dispute with the English regarding the boundaries of Acadie, which had not been clearly agreed upon by treaty. The sympathies of the Acadians were, of course, with the French, but they claimed the right to remain neutral in all disagreements between the Governments. One point that caused great trouble was the oath of allegiance to the Crown of England. The Acadians refused to take this oath, except in a form that would excuse them, in case of war, from fighting against the French, to whom they were bound by ties of blood and religion.

Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people, who only wanted to live quietly on their own land and trouble nobody; but there were a few restless and spirited young men, and some priests, who made no secret of their hatred for the English, and their intention of defying the power that now ruled in the peninsula. As the feeling between the two nationalities grew more bit-

ter, the problem of how to deal with the Acadians became more difficult to the English colony. The officers of the colony finally resolved, without consulting the home Government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the Eastern and Southern Colonies, so that there would be no danger of their getting together for purposes of revenge. To take this harsh and unusual action required secret preparation. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops who had been brought to Nova Scotia to capture the forts at the head of the Bay of Fundy. These troops were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Governor Winslow, of Plymouth. He and his assistant, Captain Murray, were told to think of some apparently harmless scheme for bringing the Acadians together, so that none might take alarm and escape. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued an order to the inhabitants of the Minas region, requesting all the men over ten years of age to meet in the church at Grand Pré, on the 5th, to hear some news from the governor. Upon the day named, 418 men and boys came together at the church. Winslow placed a guard around the building, and then made his terrible announcement: The Acadians were all to be removed from the country. At the same time similar plans were carried out at two other points in the Acadian territory.

Ships had been ordered from Boston, but there was so much danger of rebellion among the prisoners that it was decided to take them aboard the vessels that had brought the troops. This was done on the 10th of September. When the other ships arrived, the Acadians — men, women, and children, to the number of seven thousand — were carried away to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of embarking, many families and friends were separated, some of whom were never again united. *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation.





# 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 5  
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, 10  
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. 15

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

## PART THE FIRST

### I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
 Minas, 20  
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grande-  
 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 25  
 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 30  
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their sta-  
 tion descended.  
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian  
 village.  
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and  
 of hemlock,



REVEREND WALKED HE AMONG THEM





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

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and  
gables projecting 35

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 40

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors

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

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

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose ma-  
trons and maidens, 45

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-  
renely 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, 50

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; 55  
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, 60  
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 sum-  
mers; 65  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed  
in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at  
noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the  
maiden. 70  
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 75

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 benedic-  
tion upon her. 80

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 wreath-  
ing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and  
a footpath 85

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 90

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 95  
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
 Peter.  
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-  
 lage. 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 inno-  
 cent inmates 100  
 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. 105  
 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 be-  
 friended,  
 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 ; 110  
 Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he  
 whispered



Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music.  
But among all who came young Gabriel only was  
welcome;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-  
smith, 115  
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, 120  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught  
them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the  
church and the plain-song.  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson  
completed,  
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the  
blacksmith.  
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to  
behold him 125  
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, 130  
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. 135

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. 140

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 ; 145

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, 150

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

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



JWS

FAIR IN SOOTH WAS THE MAIDEN





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 155

Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters as-  
serted

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 160

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

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

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in har-  
mony 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, 165

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,  
and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden va-  
pors 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. 170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection  
and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-  
light 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. 175

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, 180

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. 185

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, 190

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patently 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 de-  
scended.  
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in  
the farm-yard, 195  
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 200  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Be-  
hind 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 205  
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 Burgun-  
dian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
seated, 210  
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 inter-  
 vals ceases, 215  
 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, 220  
 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; 225  
 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 fire-  
 side:— 230  
 "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, 235

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 240

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

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-  
ple."

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

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-  
vests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted, 245

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, 250

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, 255

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 260

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, 265

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 no-  
tary public ;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
maize, hung 270

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 lan-  
guished a captive, 275  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of  
the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-  
picion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and  
childlike.  
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the chil-  
dren;  
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the for-  
est, 280  
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, 285  
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 extend-  
ing his right hand,  
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard  
the talk in the village, 290  
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 inten-  
 tion 295  
 Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then  
 molest us ? ”

“God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat iras-  
 cible 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, — 300

“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. 305

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer re-  
 member,  
 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. 310  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of  
 the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-  
 shine 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 noble-  
man's palace 315  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a sus-  
picion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the house-  
hold.  
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 as-  
cended, 320  
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." 325  
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, 330  
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. 335  
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 sil-  
ver ;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
bridegroom, 340  
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 fire-  
side,  
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its  
corner.  
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
the old men 345  
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœu-  
vre,  
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 mead-  
ows. 350  
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. 355  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the  
door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with  
gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed  
on the hearthstones,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the  
farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline fol-  
lowed. 360  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-  
ness,  
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 care-  
fully folded 365  
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 370  
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. 375  
 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, 380  
 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 385  
 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 numer-  
 ous meadows, 390



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 to-  
gether. 395  
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; 400  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-  
come 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 be-  
trothal.  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and  
the notary seated; 405  
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-  
smith.  
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 410

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 415

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

Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
daughter!

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

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-  
mons sonorous 420

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the mead-  
ows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-  
out, 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 425

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, 430

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. 435

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!” 441

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, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-  
closures;

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. 450

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, — 455  
 “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 con-  
 tention, 460  
 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 465  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the  
 clock strikes.  
 “What is this that ye do, my children ? what mad-  
 ness 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 ? 470  
 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 gaz-  
ing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy  
compassion! 475

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 pas-  
sionate outbreak, 480

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, 485

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, 490

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 ;

495

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 am-  
brosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial  
ascended, —

500

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,  
and patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the vil-  
lage,

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.

505

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmer-  
ing vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descend-  
ing from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evange-  
line lingered.

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

510

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. 515  
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 520  
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  
farm-house. 525  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-  
cession,  
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,

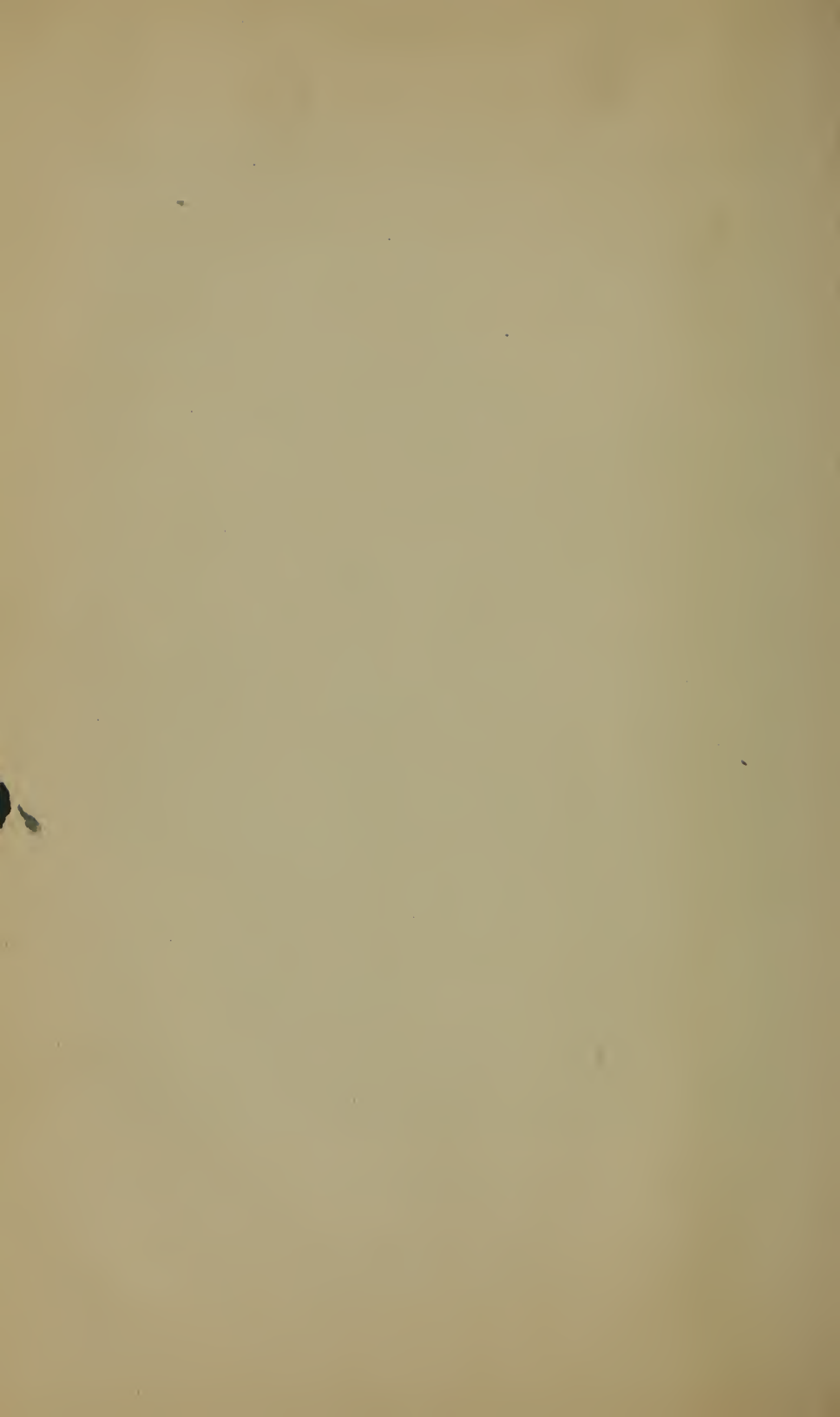
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and  
the woodland. 530  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on  
the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-  
ments of playthings.

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; 535  
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 sud-  
den the church-doors  
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in  
gloomy procession 540  
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 de-  
scended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives  
and their daughters. 545  
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!”





SPEAKING WORDS OF ENDEARMENT, WHERE WORDS OF COM-  
FORT AVAILED NOT



Then the old men, as they marched, and the women  
that stood by the wayside 550  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-  
shine 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, 555  
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 shoul-  
der, and whispered, —  
“ Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one an-  
other  
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances  
may happen! ” 560  
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, 565  
Speaking words of endearment where words of com-  
fort availed not.  
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mourn-  
ful 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 570  
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 575  
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
sand-beach  
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slip-  
pery 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, 580  
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; 585  
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. 590



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, 595  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing  
and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's delicate 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, 600  
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  
fire-light.  
" *Benedicite!* " murmured the priest, in tones of com-  
passion. 605  
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 pres-  
ence 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 610

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 moun-  
tain and meadow, 615

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. 620

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 inter-  
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in  
their anguish, 625

“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village  
of Grand-Pré ! ”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing  
of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs  
interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleep-  
ing encampments 630  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the  
Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with  
the speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the  
herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows. 635

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 de-  
parted. 640  
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. 645  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-  
passion.  
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. 650  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the peo-  
ple, —  
“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, 655  
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. 660  
'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. 665



## PART THE SECOND

## I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of  
Grand-Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
parted,

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; 670

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 675

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, despair-  
ing, 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. 680

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 ex-  
tended,

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, 685

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 sun-  
shine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-  
scended

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 ; 695

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 be-  
side him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whis-  
per,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-  
ward. 700

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her be-  
loved 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 ;

Coueurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers." 705

"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? 710

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 Saint Catherine's tresses."

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

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. 715

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; 720

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. 725

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!" 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-  
less discomfort,

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

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's foot-  
steps;—

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

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through  
the valley: 735

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. 740

## 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 Mis-  
sissippi,

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian  
boatmen.



It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the  
shipwrecked 745  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a com-  
mon 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 Ope-  
lousas. 750  
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 755  
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 pel-  
icans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the  
river, 760  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gar-  
dens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and  
dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns per-  
petual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
eastward. 765

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 mid-  
 air 770

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

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

Home to their roots 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, 775

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-  
 taining 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. 780

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 785

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, 790

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. 795

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-  
tance,

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, 800

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. 805

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 undula-  
 tions  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,  
 the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-  
 men. 810  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magno-  
 lia 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. 815  
 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 820  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
 Jacob,  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-  
 scending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blos-  
 som 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 825  
 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. 830  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
ful 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. 835  
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the  
island,  
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-  
mettos ;  
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed  
in the willows ;  
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-  
seen, were the sleepers ;  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-  
ing maiden. 840  
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. 845  
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, — 850

"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, 855

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 860

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; 865

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 mo-  
tionless water.  
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
sweetness. 870  
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, 875  
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 lam-  
entation ;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad  
in derision, 880  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the  
tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on  
the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed  
with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Tête, where it flows through  
the green Opelousas,  
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the  
woodland, 885  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbor-  
ing 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, 890  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.  
 A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blos-  
 soms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was  
 of timbers  
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted to-  
 gether.  
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns  
 supported, 895  
 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 sym-  
 bol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of  
 rivals. 900  
 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 ex-  
 panding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
 rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a  
 pathway 905  
 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. 910

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. 915

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 920

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. 925

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. 930  
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 935  
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, 940  
"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. 945  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit



A BLAST, THAT RESOUNDED . . . THROUGH THE STILL DAMP AIR  
OF THE EVENING





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, 950

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 fugi-  
tive lover; 955

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. 960

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 Arcadian  
minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and  
straightway 965

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 gos-  
sips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and  
daughters.  
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant  
blacksmith, 970  
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, 975  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the sup-  
per 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, 980  
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 end-  
less profusion.  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchi-  
toches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled  
as they listened : — 985  
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been  
friendless and homeless,  
Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-  
chance 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, 990  
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. 995  
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, 1000  
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, 1005  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in  
a nutshell !”  
Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-  
steps 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. 1010  
 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, pro-  
 ceeding 1015  
 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 flutter-  
 ing garments. 1020

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 1025  
 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. 1030  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their pray-  
ers 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 1035  
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 measure-  
less prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite  
numbers. 1040  
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, 1045  
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 wood-  
lands around me! 1050

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 whippoor-  
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the  
neighboring thickets, 1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into  
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular cav-  
erns of darkness;

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

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

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed  
his tresses 1060

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 1065

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

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sun-  
shine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speed-  
ing 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,  
1070  
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  
1075  
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,  
1080  
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 the Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
1085  
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 sun-  
     shine, 1090  
 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 rider-  
     less horses ;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary  
     with travel ;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
     children, 1095  
 Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terri-  
     ble war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vul-  
     ture,  
 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 ; 1100  
 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. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark  
     Mountains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers  
     behind him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden  
     and Basil



Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
o'ertake him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke  
of his camp-fire 1110

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 Mor-  
gana

Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and  
vanished before them. 1115

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there si-  
lently 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 Ca-  
manches, 1120

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, 1125

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the  
deer and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where  
the quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and re-  
peated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
Indian accent, 1130  
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, 1135  
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, 1140  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from  
the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sun-  
shine,  
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, 1145  
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 1150  
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 splen-  
dor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and fill-  
ing the woodland. 1155  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the  
branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whis-  
pers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,  
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of  
the swallow. 1160  
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 1165  
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, 1170  
 "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. 1175  
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the  
 village,  
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A cru-  
 cifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by  
 grapevines,  
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneel-  
 ing beneath it.  
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intri-  
 cate arches 1180  
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of  
 the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
 approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening  
 devotions.  
 But when the service was done, and the benediction  
 had fallen 1185  
 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 be-  
 nignant expression,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in  
 the forest,  
 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into  
 his wigwam. 1190



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 solem-  
nity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-  
poses, 1195

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, 1200

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 af-  
flicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on  
the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides  
and companions, 1205

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 1210

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 corn-field.  
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not  
 her lover. 1215  
 "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 1220  
 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 here-  
 after 1225  
 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 1230

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. 1235

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; — 1240

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, and 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; 1245

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,  
 1250  
 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,  
 1255  
 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,  
 1260  
 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, 1265  
 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 morn-  
ing 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and ham-  
lets,

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. 1275

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 ; 1280

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. 1285

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 ; fre-  
quenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of  
the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from  
the sunlight, 1290  
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 1295  
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. 1300  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Sep-  
tember,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake  
in the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural mar-  
gin,  
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,  
the oppressor; 1305  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger;—  
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor at-  
tendants,  
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 1310

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 be-  
hold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
splendor, 1315

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 dis-  
tance.

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, de-  
serted and silent, 1320

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 fra-  
grance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
cooled by the east-wind, 1325

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;" 1330

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers  
of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attend-  
ants,

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. 1335

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline en-  
tered,

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. 1340

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, 1345

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of  
the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terri-  
ble 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 ; 1350

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, 1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass  
over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit ex-  
hausted

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, 1360

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 si-  
lence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of  
his childhood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
them, 1365

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 1370

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. 1375

✓ 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!" 1380 ✓

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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 un-  
noticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them, 1385

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 com-  
pleted their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the  
shade of its branches 1390  
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; 1395  
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, neigh-  
boring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail  
of the forest.

# STUDY HELPS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

## PART THE FIRST

**Prelude, and Section I.** The events related in the first part of the poem took place in 1755. Read the *Historical Introduction* as far as the sentence beginning, *The officers of the colony*. Consult the map of Nova Scotia on page 100 while you are reading. Now, read carefully <sup>1</sup> but without interruption the *Prelude* and Section I. Consult the *Notes* for information if necessary, but read chiefly for the story. When you have read all of the section, go back and study it with the help of the *Notes* and the following questions and suggestions: —

What is the use of the *Prelude*? Notice, in Section I, how you are given, first, the surroundings or the geography of the scene; then the village with its ordinary inhabitants; then the chief characters of the story. Does this seem like a good method? Why, or why not? Why does the author give so short a description of Benedict, and so long a description of Evangeline? Can you describe either of them more fully? By means of what details does the author give you a clear idea of Benedict's home? Why mention the chickens and the doves? How does the author lead to the subject of Gabriel? How long have Evangeline and Gabriel known each other? Why does the author give such a long account of their childhood?

**Section II.** Read the entire section without stopping. Then read it again, more carefully. Why does the author break the poem up into sections? Why does he give such a long description here? How does he bring out the idea of

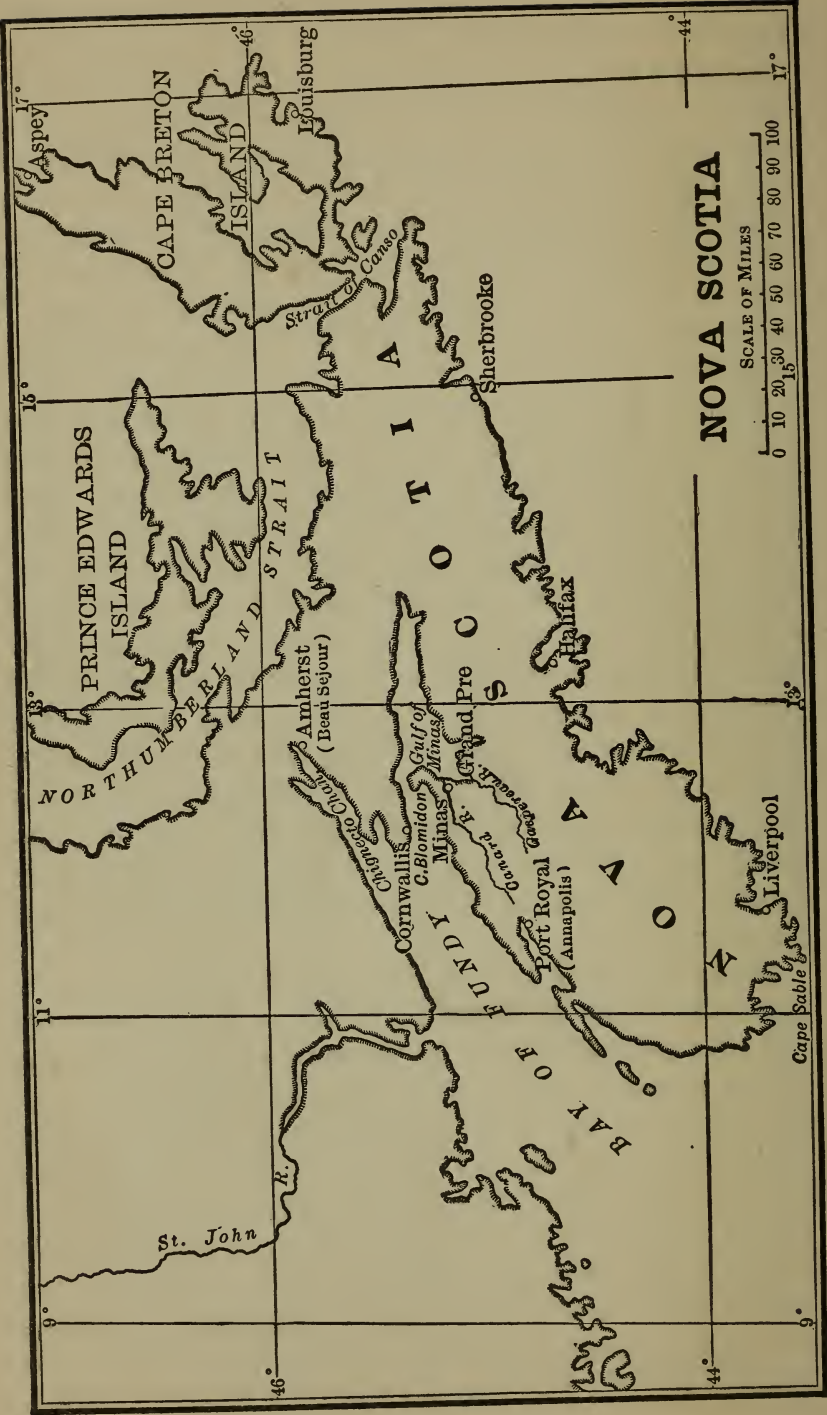
<sup>1</sup> The reading ought to be begun in class.



peace in Acadia? What sort of life do the Acadians lead? What is the daily life of Evangeline? By what means does the author bring out the fact that these people are French? What sort of man is Basil the blacksmith? Do you get a clear idea of the appearance and character of Gabriel? Read carefully the conversation between Benedict and Basil. What do you learn from it as to the recent events in Acadia? How does the conversation show the characters of the two men? What is meant by "*the house and the barn*"? What do you discover of the marriage customs among the Acadians?

**Section III.** Read the entire section, consulting the *Notes* as necessary, but not stopping long on any one point. Now, go back to the beginning of the section. What is the notary's errand at Benedict's house? What details make his portrait clear? Find what is said of him in the *Notes*. Do you think that the stories he told the village children were suitable for little people? Does the story about the orphan girl and the statue show the triumph of justice or of injustice? How does this story apply to the ships in the harbor? What *thoughts* were *congealed into the lines* on the face of the blacksmith? Note how in the rest of the section the author emphasizes the peace and confidence of the group, and their prospects of future happiness. What is gained by the descriptions of the moon and the stars?

**Section IV.** Read the entire section. Then read the remainder of the *Historical Introduction*. What was going on in Grand-Pré? How does the author keep up the idea of contentment? The betrothal among these French people was almost as binding as the marriage. What is meant by *every house was an inn*? Note the contrast between the passage beginning, *Under the open sky*, and that beginning, *So passed the morning away*. What is gained by this contrast? Of what nationality were the guard from the ships? Who was their commander? Remember, in reading this passage, that the people are French; that their language is French; and that the church is Roman Catholic.





Who is *his Majesty*? Were the orders really from the king? (See page 25.) What did the hearts of the peasants reply when the commander asked them how they had repaid the king's *kindness*? Were the *other lands* to be under the rule of the English? Why does the commander mention the king so often? Was it true that the Acadians had never sworn allegiance to England? What sort of man was Father Felician? Was he right in counseling peace? Did the Acadians really forgive their enemies? Notice how, in this section, the author keeps Evangeline always before you. How does he bring out her character at the end of the section?

**Section V.** Read the entire section. Notice how the author passes over the four days that the men spent in the church. What boats were the men taken to? Why did they sing as they marched to the shore? How does Evangeline conduct herself? Was it true that *nothing in truth* could harm her and Gabriel? How does Benedict feel about the action of the English? What was likely to be the effect of the difference in language of the captives and the soldiers? How does the author make you feel the confusion and the sadness of the night? What is suggested by Benedict's *vacant stare*? Is this effect on him in keeping with his character? Why did the English burn the houses of the Acadians? Was such action necessary? Was it excusable? How would it make the people feel? What was the cause of Benedict's death? What is suggested by the priest's words, *a happier season*? Did this *happier season* ever come?

## PART THE SECOND

**Section I.** Read the entire section for the story. Then read it again, more carefully. How does the author show the lapse of time? Was it the intention of the English to scatter the Acadians? How do you think the exiles lived? Why did the English not make up the losses of the Acadians and give them a place to live? Note the line in this section in which Evangeline is introduced. Could the



separation of Evangeline and Gabriel take place and continue nowadays? What means have we of uniting people who have been separated by accident? Do you think that Gabriel made any attempt to search out Evangeline? Do you think it good advice that was given in the passage beginning, *Dear child?* How has Evangeline's character been developing during the years of exile? What does the priest mean when he says, *Affection never was wasted?* Is it true? What is meant by the words, *bleeding and bare-foot?* Explain the passage beginning, *Let me essay* and ending with *reaches an outlet.*

**Section II.** Read the entire section. Consult the map of Louisiana on page 101 while you are reading. Many Acadians settled in Louisiana, drawn thither by their feeling of kinship with the French who had long lived there. The descendants of the Acadians still live in Louisiana, where the common people call them "Cajuns." Note the contrast between methods of travel in Evangeline's time and in ours. Did the Acadians make a bad exchange when they came from Nova Scotia to Louisiana? How does the author make you feel the warmth and beauty of this tropical region? The mystery of the swamps and bayous? Note how the author keeps Evangeline always before you. What are her thoughts regarding Gabriel? Why does the oarsman blow his horn? What is meant by the *desert* (line 803)? Read carefully the description of the lakes of Atchafalaya. How does the author make you feel their beauty? In what direction is the *light, swift boat* going? Do you get a clear idea of Gabriel's appearance and his feelings? Compare your knowledge of him with your knowledge of Evangeline: Why this difference? Why was Gabriel *seeking oblivion of self and of sorrow?* Do you think it possible for Evangeline to feel the nearness of Gabriel? What does the priest mean when he says, *Trust to thy heart?* Is it a good method to bring in so much description here?

**Section III.** Read the entire section. Then read it again, more carefully. Who is the herdsman mentioned in line 891? Can you discover anything about him from the

description of his house? Note the description of the man in lines 913-21. Why do the cattle rush over the prairies? How has Basil prospered in exile? How do you suppose he gained his success? Why does Evangeline not ask about Gabriel? Why has Gabriel's spirit been *tried and troubled* (line 946)? What is Gabriel's errand away from home? What is meant by *the Fates and the streams are against him*? What is meant by *his prison*? Where did we last see Michael the Fiddler? What is his present way of living? Was it true that numberless herds were *his who would take them*? What light does this throw on Basil's prosperity? How is the character of Basil brought out? Notice what he says about the contrast between Nova Scotia and Louisiana. Does he regret leaving Grand-Pré? Note his words, "*No King George.*" Who ruled over Louisiana? You will see later why the fever is mentioned here. Note the contrast between Evangeline's feelings and the feelings of others. Why does she go into the garden? What are her thoughts and feelings (lines 1045-58)? Why does the priest remain at the settlement? What is meant by *the blast of fate*? What is meant by *the day that succeeded*? Is there any good reason why they do not overtake Gabriel?

**Section IV.** Read the entire section. How does the author make you feel the bigness of the West? What does he show of the vastness and the dangers of the prairie? Why is Gabriel in the Ozark Mountains? Who is with Evangeline? What is gained by the story of the Indian woman? Why does the Indian woman speak of the bridegroom of snow and the phantom lover? What does she mean to suggest? How does she make Evangeline feel (lines 1159-63)? Why does Evangeline go to the Mission? What is meant by *his children*? What was his *native tongue*? Why does Evangeline stay at the Mission? How does the author indicate the passing of time, in this section? What *maidens* are meant in line 1212? What is *this humble plant* (line 1225)? How long would it take Evangeline to get to the Saginaw River? How did she go? Note that lines

1239-51 cover a long period of time. What *army* is mentioned in line 1242?

**Section V.** Read the entire section. This scene is laid in Philadelphia. What was Evangeline's reason for making her home in that city (lines 1258, 1259)? Why was her search ended (lines 1267, 1268)? What is meant by the lines that say she *saw the world far below her*? What is her character as we see it in this last section? How does she feel about Gabriel? What is her work? Note the year of the pestilence. (See *Notes*.) How long has it been since Evangeline saw Gabriel? Who is *the oppressor* (line 1305)? Why were the streets deserted and silent? What was the *something* that spoke to her? *An old man*: How old would Gabriel be? How is it that Evangeline can recognize him (lines 1351-53)? Re-read slowly and quietly the passage beginning, *Suddenly* (line 1343), through to line 1380. What becomes of Evangeline at the last? Go back and read the *Prelude*; then read the *Conclusion*. Do you see a good reason for each? Do you think the story well ended?

**General suggestions.** Sit down quietly and run through the poem from beginning to end, reading a good deal of it, and bearing in mind the story as a whole. Do you see why it has always been so well liked and so much admired? Try to find the right words with which to describe the poem to some one who has not read it. Find the right words to express your idea of Evangeline's character; Father Felician's; Basil's. Pick out seven or eight of the passages you like best, and prepare yourself to read any one of them before the class. Pick out some of the best lines and learn them. Pick out here and there expressions which seem especially beautiful and full of meaning; learn them. Observe that one of the most striking features of the poem is its wealth of imagery; commit to memory the lines containing similes, metaphors, and other figures of speech which impress you as most happily conceived. Other outstanding features are: (1) the accounts of the manners and customs of the Acadian peasants; (2) the descriptions of persons and places, and (3) the many contrasting epi-

sodes and scenes. In the following brief outline of the poem, insert references to your favorite passages relating to these subjects, and to any others which have impressed you as distinguishing the poem.

Remembering that the action of the narrative takes place between September, 1755 (Part the Second opening in May, 1765), and 1793, the year of the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia, recall the important events in United States history occurring within this period. In this connection, read sections 125-211 in Thwaite's and Kendall's *History of the United States*; note also the "Recommended Readings" in history, biography, fiction, and poetry listed on page 214 of that book.



# A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE POEM

## PART THE FIRST

- I.
  - (a) The Little Village of Grand-Pré (lines 20-57).
  - (b) The farmer and his daughter (lines 58-81).
  - (c) Evangeline's home (lines 82-102).
  - (d) Evangeline's suitors (lines 103-47).
- II.
  - (a) An autumn evening (lines 148-217).
  - (b) Benedict and Basil (lines 218-67).
- III.
  - (a) The notary (lines 268-329).
  - (b) The marriage contract (lines 330-52). ]
  - (c) The curfew (lines 353-81).
- IV.
  - (a) The betrothal feast (lines 382-419).
  - (b) The gathering at the church (lines 420-59). 1
  - (c) Father Felician (lines 460-81).
  - (d) The evening service (lines 482-86).
  - (e) The ill tidings spread (lines 487-523).
- V.
  - (a) The mournful procession (lines 524-67).
  - (b) The tumult and stir of embarking (lines 568-84).
  - (c) Night on the shore (lines 585-612).
  - (d) The burning of the village (lines 613-35).
  - (e) Benedict's death (lines 636-65).

## PART THE SECOND

- I.
  - (a) Evangeline begins her search for Gabriel (lines 666-740).
- II.
  - (a) Her journey down the Ohio River (lines 741-826).
  - (b) Gabriel's boat passes unseen (lines 827-62).
  - (c) Evangeline is inspired with new hope (lines 863-87).

## III.

- (a) Evangeline and Father Felician find Basil (lines 888-934).
- (b) Gabriel's errand (lines 935-58).
- (c) A reunion of old friends (lines 959-1058).
- (d) Basil and Evangeline follow Gabriel (lines 1059-77).

## IV.

- (a) Gabriel's wanderings (lines 1078-1115).
- (b) The Indian woman's tale (1116-64).
- (c) The Jesuit Mission (lines 1165-1235).
- (d) Evangeline resumes her search alone (lines 1236-51).

## V.

- (a) The Sister of Mercy (lines 1252-97).
- (b) The pestilence (lines 1298-1319).
- (c) The finding of Gabriel (1320-80).

## COMPOSITION ASSIGNMENTS

1. IMAGINE that you are making a visit to Longfellow's home in Cambridge. Starting from Harvard Square, you walk along Brattle Street for about half a mile, the same way that Longfellow must have taken many a day on his way home from the college. The street is wide, and lined with magnificent trees — elms, horse-chestnuts, and pines. You pass the place where the village blacksmith used to have his shop, and beyond it Tory Row, where the ancient houses of the English Royalists are still standing in the midst of velvety lawns and rhododendron hedges. Then you come to the Longfellow house. The poet's daughter, Alice Longfellow, still lives here, but the poet's study is open to visitors at certain times of the day, and it is kept just as it was when he used it. Directly opposite the house is the Longfellow Memorial Park, and midway between the house and Charles River Drive is the Longfellow Memorial. There is a bust of the poet with a bas-relief of the chief characters of his poems — Priscilla, Miles Standish, Evangeline, Hiawatha, and others. With these facts to guide you, write an account of your visit — of the many changes that must have come to Cambridge and Harvard since Longfellow's time, — of your feelings as you pass over the same ground that Longfellow traversed, and see many of the things which he saw — and of the recollections of his poems stirred by your visit to his study.

2. Write an account of an imaginary Sunday afternoon in Longfellow's home when the poet was alive. Bring two or three of his friends to his study, and write their conversation. Perhaps one of them might ask the poet how he came to write *Evangeline*. Imagine Longfellow telling the story.

3. Imagine that you are the little girl who wanted to see Longfellow, and write the conversation first with Luigi

Monti and then with Longfellow himself. Think how astonished and bashful and delighted she must have been when the poet himself came out to see her, and try to show all those feelings in what she says.

4. Imagine yourself a member of one of Longfellow's classes in English. Imagine how these classes seemed to the students who sat at the mahogany table in the Corporation Room and listened to the poet-professor who always treated his students like gentlemen. Describe the recitation and your own feelings toward Longfellow.

5. Write a character sketch of Father Felician as he was in the peaceful days before the exile. Picture him going about his daily duties among his people, and show how they regard him.

6. Write a description of Evangeline's kitchen in Grand-Pré, and show her at work in it churning, or getting dinner, or baking cookies. Try to show by what she does that she is a good housekeeper. Try to show her sweet, kindly nature. If one of the neighborhood children came in, do you think she would make him welcome?

7. Imagine a conversation between Colonel Winslow and his most trusted lieutenant aboard one of the English ships the day before the announcement is made that the Acadians must come to the church to hear the proclamation. Let the two men discuss the expulsion of the Acadians. Make their characters different — one stern, feeling that it is his duty to his country to scatter the Acadian colony, the other tender-hearted and quick to feel the sorrow of the exiles. Try to make the conversation as true to historic facts as possible.

8. Write the conversation between Basil and Gabriel in Louisiana when the young man grows so restless and unhappy that Basil sends him to trade for mules at Adayes.

9. Write an imaginary adventure of Gabriel's with the Indians in the Western forests and prairies. Make it exciting and true to life. You might let Gabriel tell the story himself to the Black Robe chief at the Mission; but if you



do, remember that the man who is really brave is usually modest about it.

10. Imagine that you are Gabriel, and that as you are traveling alone through the wilderness, you meet another trapper cooking his supper over a camp-fire at the fork of some river. He wants to go to the country you have just left, and asks you what route he should take. You tell him how to go, and draw him a rough sketch-map of your travels. Use your geography in planning this composition, and put in all the places where Gabriel went, as far as the poem tells them. Add suggestions of your own. Write the conversation, and draw the map as you think Gabriel might have drawn it.

11. Describe Evangeline at her work among the poor in Philadelphia before she found Gabriel. She was doing much the same kind of work that the visiting nurses are doing in the cities to-day. Follow her all of one morning, and tell what you see.

## NOTES

### LINE

- 1 **the forest primeval:** A forest in its natural state, untouched by the axe.
- 3 **Druids:** The priests of the early inhabitants of England. These tribes considered the oak tree particularly sacred.
- 3 **eld:** Olden times.
- 20 **Acadian:** The name *Acadie* or *Acadia* was of Indian origin. Acadia was colonized by France in 1604, and ceded to Great Britain in 1713. The French settlers were carried away in 1755.
- 21 **Grand-Pre:** The name is French. It means *Great Meadow*.
- 24 **dikes:** Embankments to keep out the ocean.
- 29 **Blomidon:** A rough, towering headland of rock at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.
- 34 **Normandy:** A province in northeastern France.
- 34 **the Henries:** French kings — Henry III and Henry IV — who reigned from 1574 to 1610.
- 35 **dormer-windows:** Windows with gables, rising from a sloping roof.
- 39 **kirtles:** Skirts and jackets.
- 49 **Angelus:** The ringing of a bell at morning, noon, and night, in remembrance of the visit of the angel to the Virgin Mary.
- 62 **stalworth:** Stalwart, or strong. The word meant, originally, *good at stealing*.
- 72 **hyssop:** A plant mentioned in the Old Testament as being used for the sprinkling of the blood of a sacrifice (Exod. XII, 22), or holy water.
- 74 **missal:** The Roman Catholic mass-book.
- 87 **penthouse:** A small projecting roof, usually over a door.
- 93 **wains:** Heavy wagons.
- 93 **antique:** The accent is here on the first syllable.
- 94 **seraglio:** The apartment where the wives of a sultan are kept.
- 96 **Peter:** See Mark XIV, 29, 30, and 66–72, for the story of Peter's denial of his friendship with Jesus.

## LINE

- 102 **mutation:** Change. Is the word a good one here?
- 111 **Patron Saint:** A saint regarded as the special protector of some person or place.
- 122 **plain-song:** Simple, old-fashioned monotonous music, formerly used in churches.
- 139 **that stone:** In an old French fable we are told that if one of a swallow's brood is blind, the mother seeks on the seashore a pebble with which she restores the sight of the young bird. The stone was supposed to bring great luck to the person who found it.
- 144 **Saint Eulalie:** An old French proverb says that if the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's Day (February 12), there will be plenty of apples.
- 149 **Scorpion:** The eighth sign of the zodiac, which the sun enters late in October.
- 153 **Jacob:** For the story of Jacob and the angel see Gen. xxxii, 24-29.
- 159 **Summer of All-Saints:** Our Indian Summer. All-Saints' Day is November 1.
- 170 **plane-tree:** There is a story that Xerxes, the Persian king, once found a plane-tree so beautiful that he dressed it in fine robes and valuable jewels.
- 172 **its burden and heat:** A quotation from the Bible, — Matt. xx, 12.
- 188 **fetlocks:** Tufts of hair above a horse's hoofs.
- 209 **Norman orchards:** Orchards of Normandy, in France.
- 209 **Burgundian:** Burgundy was a province in eastern France, noted for its grapes and wine.
- 237 **English ships:** The ships that had brought the troops under the command of Colonel Winslow.
- 238 **Gaspereau:** A river flowing into the Basin of Minas. See map on page 100.
- 240 **his Majesty's mandate:** The command of King George II of England. He ruled from 1727 to 1760. Had he really issued an order for the removal of the Acadians?
- 249 **Louisburg:** A fort on Cape Breton Island (see map) built by the French, but taken by the English in 1745.
- 249 **Beau Séjour:** A French fort north of the Basin of Minas, captured by the English in 1755.
- 249 **Port Royal:** See map; captured by the English in 1710.
- 261 **glebe:** Turf.

## LINE

- 263 **René Leblanc:** A real person. In a petition to the king, made many years later, it is stated of Leblanc that he was put ashore in New York with his wife and only two of his twenty children.
- 267 **notary:** An officer who makes out contracts and takes the oaths of parties entering into an agreement.
- 275 **the war:** Perhaps King George's War between the French and English, 1744-48; or possibly the much earlier war of Queen Anne, 1702-13.
- 280 **Loup-garou:** A were-wolf, or man who (either through his own will or through enchantment) is supposed to become a wolf and devour children.
- 284 **the oxen:** It is an old belief that at midnight on Christmas Eve, the oxen fall on their knees and worship the child Jesus.
- 306 **an ancient city:** Florence, in Italy.
- 335 **dower:** The money or property that a woman receives from her people when she marries.
- 337 **the great seal:** The official seal or impression made on wax or on a round gilded wafer pasted upon a document.
- 344 **draught-board:** Checker-board.
- 354 **curfew:** The word means *cover-fire*. The bell that warns people to put out their lights and go to bed.
- 381 **Ishmael:** Ishmael and his mother, Hagar, were driven out of the tents of Abraham, and wandered in the desert. Gen. xxi, 9-21.
- 413 **Tous les Bourgeois:** *The Burgers of Chartres*, and *The Chimes of Dunkirk*,— old French songs.
- 430 **their commander:** Colonel Winslow.
- 456 **never . . . sworn . . . allegiance:** See page 24.
- 466 **tocsin's alarum:** The tocsin was an alarm-bell or loud drum-beat to rouse a town or an army. *Alarum* is our word *alarm*.
- 472 **Prince of Peace:** Christ.
- 484 **Ave Maria:** Hail Mary; a prayer to the Virgin Mary.
- 486 **Elijah:** The prophet Elijah was caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire. 2 Kings ii, 11-12.
- 498 **ambrosial:** Very sweet and delicious. Ambrosia, in the Greek myths, was the food of the gods.
- 507 **the Prophet:** When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, after talking with God, his face shone so brightly that the children of Israel were afraid of him. He had to cover his



## LINE

- face while he spoke to them. Exod. xxiv, 12-18; xxxiv, 28-35.
- 575 **refluent**: Flowing back; ebbing.
- 579 **leaguer**: The camp of an army besieging a city.
- 597 **Paul**: The Apostle Paul was shipwrecked on the island of Melita. Acts xxviii, 1, 2.
- 605 **Benedicite**: Bless you. A Latin greeting used by priests.
- 615 **Titan-like**: In Greek mythology the Titans were giants, the sons and daughters of Heaven and Earth. Briareus, the hundred-handed monster, was son of the same parents.
- 621 **gleeds**: Burning coals.
- 657 **bell or book**: Tolling bell; the service-book of the church.
- 672 **Newfoundland**: The accent here is on the second syllable. The usual pronunciation is *New' fund land*.
- 674 **savannas**: Low level prairies.
- 677 **mammoth**: The huge hairy elephant of prehistoric times.
- 705 **coureurs-des-bois**: In French, this means *runners-of-the-woods*. Hunters and trappers in North America.
- 707 **voyageur**: A boatman; usually one who carried supplies from one trading-post to another.
- 713 **Saint Catherine's tresses**: Saint Catherine of Siena, in Italy (1347-80) vowed never to marry. Hence to *braid Saint Catherine's tresses* is to lead a single life.
- 732 **shards**: Sharp pieces of broken pottery.
- 733 **O Muse**: The author here follows the example of Greek and Latin authors, who called on the Spirit of Poetry to help them.
- 741 **Beautiful River**: The Ohio.
- 750 **Opelousas**: In Louisiana. A great many Acadians settled on both sides of the southern Mississippi. This region is still called the Acadian Coast.
- 755 **chutes**: Narrow channels with rushing currents.
- 766 **Plaquemine**: A large bayou not far south of Baton Rouge.
- 769 **tenebrous**: Dark.
- 782 **shrinking mimosa**: The sensitive plant; its leaves close at a touch or jar.
- 807 **Atchafalaya**: A river in Louisiana.
- 816 **Wachita**: The name of a river in Arkansas and Louisiana.
- 819 **cope**: The head or top.
- 821 **ladder of Jacob**: Jacob saw the angels ascending to heaven on a ladder in the clouds. Gen. xxviii, 10-12.

## LINE

- 842 **tholes:** Pins that support the oars of a rowboat.
- 856 **Tête:** Bayou Tête.
- 858 **pastor:** In Latin the word means *shepherd*.
- 878 **Bacchantes:** In Greek myths, those who worshiped Bacchus (the god of wine) with wild songs and dances.
- 890 **Yule-tide:** Christmas. The Druids considered the mistletoe sacred.
- 914 **sombrero:** The Spanish word for *hat*; usually a wide-brimmed hat.
- 952 **Adayes:** A town in northwestern Louisiana, ten miles from Natchitoches.
- 953 **Ozarks:** Mountains in Arkansas and Missouri.
- 961 **Olympus:** The mountain in Greece on which the gods were supposed to live.
- 970 **ci-devant:** A French word meaning *former*.
- 971 **patriarchal:** Like a dignified old man who rules over a large family.
- 984 **Natchitoches:** A parish in Louisiana. The word is pronounced *nă' ke tosh*, but the meter suggests that Longfellow pronounced it as it is spelled — *natch i tō' ches*.
- 1009 **Creoles:** Descendants of the French and Spanish settlers of Louisiana.
- 1033 **Carthusian:** A monk of the severe order founded by Saint Bruno in 1086. The chief monastery of the order is in the Swiss Valley of the Chartreuse — hence the name. The Carthusians keep almost complete silence.
- 1044 **Upharsin:** The last word of the message that King Belshazzar saw written on the wall. Dan. v, 25-28.
- 1057 **oracular:** As if coming from an oracle, or person through whom the gods were supposed to speak.
- 1060 **with their tears:** The reference is to the Magdalen's bathing the feet of Jesus. Luke vii, 36-38.
- 1063 **Prodigal Son:** Luke xv, 11-24.
- 1064 **Foolish Virgin:** Matthew xxv, 1-12.
- 1082 **Oregon:** The old name for the Columbia River.
- 1082 **Walleway:** In northwestern Oregon.
- 1082 **Owyhee:** A river in Idaho, flowing into the Snake River in Oregon.
- 1083 **Wind-River Mountains:** In Wyoming.
- 1084 **Sweet-water:** A mountain range of the Rockies, in Wyoming.

## LINE

- 1085 **Fontaine-qui-bout:** A creek emptying into the Arkansas at Pueblo, Colorado. The name means, in French, *boiling spring*.
- 1085 **sierras:** Mountain chains; from the Spanish word *sierra*, *a saw*.
- 1091 **amorphas:** Wild bean plants, covered with purple flowers.
- 1095 **Ishmael's children:** This probably refers to the passage in the Bible (Gen. xvi, 12): "He [Ishmael] will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Longfellow is speaking of the Indians.
- 1102 **anchorite:** A hermit.
- 1114 **Fata Morgana:** An Italian word for the mirage; lakes and rivers appear in the sky, and then disappear again.
- 1119 **Shawnee:** A tribe of Algonquin Indians.
- 1120 **Comanches:** The Comanche Indians, in Wyoming.
- 1167 **Black Robe chief:** A Catholic missionary.
- 1175 **Jesuit:** A member of the Roman Catholic Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius Loyola, in 1534.
- 1181 **vespers:** Evening service.
- 1182 **susurrus:** Pronounced *su sur'us*. Murmuring.
- 1219 **compass-flower:** The compass plant, found on the prairies. The lower leaves turn their edges to north and south.
- 1226 **asphodel:** In Greek story, the white flowers of the dead.
- 1226 **nepenthe:** A drink that dulls sorrow.
- 1233 **Saginaw River:** In Michigan.
- 1241 **Tents of Grace:** A name for the dwellings of the Moravians, a Christian sect founded by the disciples of John Huss, in Germany, 1722. The Moravians were quiet pious people.
- 1253 **sylvan shades:** Pennsylvania (Penn's Woods).
- 1256 **names of the trees:** Many of the streets of Philadelphia are named for trees, as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, etc.
- 1257 **Dryads:** In Greek mythology, the spirits of the trees.
- 1298 **a pestilence:** In 1793 there was a terrible epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia.
- 1312 **the poor:** Words spoken by Jesus: John XII, 3-8.
- 1328 **the Swedes:** The Swedes, as early as 1698, began a church at Wicaco, now inside the city limits of Philadelphia.
- 1355 **like the Hebrew:** The Hebrews marked their door-posts with the blood of a lamb so that the Angel of Death might pass the house without stopping. Exod. XII, 3, 6, 7, 12, 13.
- 1391 **another race:** The English settlers.

# PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

The diacritical marks given below are those found in Webster's New International Dictionary. Note that the pronunciation of French words can be given only approximately by means of signs and English equivalents.

## EXPLANATION OF MARKS

- A Dash ( ¯ ) above the vowel denotes the long sound.  
 A Curve ( ˘ ) above the vowel denotes the short sound.  
 A Circumflex Accent ( ^ ) above the vowels a or u denotes the sound of a in *câre*, or of u in *tûrn*; above the vowel o it denotes the sound of o in *ôbr*.  
 A Dot ( ˙ ) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *pâst*.  
 A Double Dot ( ˚ ) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *stâr*.  
 A Double Dot ( ˚ ) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in *trûpe*.  
 A Wave ( ˜ ) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in *hêr*.

g sounds like z.

ç sounds like s.

ĝ sounds like j.

â, ê, ô are similar in sound to ā, ē, ō, but are not pronounced so long.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Abb Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal<br>(ăb-bā/gē-yōm', etc.). | Cape Breton (kăp brēt/un).                     |
| Acadie (ă-kă-dē').  | Carthusian (kăr-thū/zhan).                     |
| Accadia (ăc-că/dī-ă).   | Celtic (çěl/tíc).                              |
| Adayes (ă-dă/yez).  | Charente Inferieur (shăr-ănht/ăn-h-fê-rê-êr'). |
| Aelian (ē/lī-ăn).   | Charnisay (shăr-nī-zā').                       |
| Aix-la-Chapelle (ăks-lă-shă-pěl').                            | Chartreuse (shar-trêhz').                      |
| Amorphas (ă-môr/fâz).   | Chartreux (shăr-trê').                         |
| Angelus Domini (ăn/jê-lūs dôm/ī-nī).                          | ci-devant (sê-dê-vănh').                       |
| Arcadia (ăr-că/dī-ă).   | Contes Populaires (kôht pöp-ŭ-lăr').           |
| asphodel (ăs/fô-dêl).   | coplas (kôp/laz).                              |
| Atchafalaya (ăch-ă-fă-lī-ă).                                  | Cotelle (kô těl').                             |
| Attakapas (ăt-tŭk/ă-paw).                                     | coureurs-des-bois (kôô/rêr-dă-bwă).            |
| Ave Maria (ă/vē mă-rê-ă).                                     | couvre-feu (kôô/vr-fê).                        |
| Bacchantes (băk-kăn/têz).                                     | Craigie (cră/ghê).                             |
| Bacchus (băk/ŭs).   | Creole (crê/ôl).                               |
| Basil (băz/il).   | Dante (dăn/tê).                                |
| bayou (bī/ôô).  | Divina Commedia (dī-ve/nă côm-me-dī-ă).        |
| Beau Sejour (bô sâ-zhōôr').                                   | dryad (drī/ăd).                                |
| belles lettres (bêl lêtr').                                   | Ducauroi (dŭ-kô-rwă').                         |
| Benedicite (bên-ê-dīs/ī-tê).                                  | Elijah (ē-lī/jă).                              |
| Benedict Bellefontaine (bên/ê-dīct bêt-fôn-tăn').             | Eulalie (yew-lă/lê).                           |
| Blomidon (blôm/ī-dôn).  | Evangeline (ê-văn/gê-līn).                     |
| Bowdoin (bô/dn).  | Fata Morgana (fă/tă môr-gă/nă).                |
| Briareus (brī-ă-rūs).   | Father Felician (fê-līsh/yân).                 |
| Bruges (brŭzh).   | Fontaine-qui-bout (fônhtăn kê-bôô).            |
| Burgundian (bŭr-gŭn/dī-ăn).                                   | Gabriel Lajeunesse (lă-zhê-nês).               |
| Cadie (că-diê').  | Gaspereau (găs-pê-rô').                        |
| Camanches (că-măn/chêz).                                      |  |
| Canard (căn-ărd').  |  |



Gayarre (gī-ä-rä').  
 Gnadenhutten (gnä-dēn-hyt'ēn);  
 Grand-Pré (gränh-prä').

Hagar (hā'gr).  
 Haliburton (hāl'ī-būr-tn).  
 Herodotus (hēr-ōd'ō-tūs).  
 Hiawatha (hī-a-wō'thā).  
 Horace (hor'es).  
 Horae Hellenicae (hō'rē hēl-lēn'ī-sē).  
 Hyperion (hī-pē'rī-on).

Isaac de Razilli (dē rä-zē-yē').  
 Ishmael (īsh'mā-el).

Jesuit (jēz-yū-īt').

Kavanagh (kāv'ā-nā).

La Cle du Caveau (lä klā du kä-vō').  
 La Gazza Ladra (lä gät'zá lä'drá).  
 La Have (lä häve).  
 La Salle (lä sāl).  
 Leblanc (luh blank).  
 Le Carillon de Dunquerque (luh kār-ē-yōnh' dē dūn-kēr-k').  
 Letiche (lä-tēsh').  
 Lilinau (lē'lī-nō).  
 Louisburg (lōō'ī-bürg).  
 Loup-garou (lōō-gär-ōō').  
 Loyola (lō-yō'lä).  
 Luigi Monti (lōō-ē'jē mōn'tē).

maitre de chapelle (mā'tre dē shä-pēl').  
 Manrique (män-rē'kā).  
 Melita (mē-lē'ta).  
 Minas Basin (mē'nās).  
 Moravian (mō-rā'vī-an).  
 Morituri salutamus (mōr-i-tūrē sä-lu-tä'mus).  
 Mowis (mō'wēs).

Natchitoches (näck'ē-tōsh).  
 nepenthe (nē-pēn'thē).  
 Normandy (nor'män-dī).

Olympus (ō-līm'pūs).  
 Opelousas (ōp-ē-lōō'sās).  
 Outre-Mer (ōōtr-mär').

Owyhee (ō-wī'hē).  
 Ozark (ō'zärk).

Passamaquoddy (päs-ä-mä-kwōd'ē).  
 Pierre Capelle (pē-är' kä-pēl').  
 Pisiquid (pīs'ī-kwīd).  
 Plaquemine (pläk-mēn').  
 Pluquet (plū-kä').  
 Pointe Coupee (pwänht kōō-pä').  
 Poitou (pwä-tōō').

Rene (rē-nä').  
 Rochelle (rō-shēll').  
 Rossini (rōs-sē'nē).

Saginaw (säg'ī-naw).  
 Saint Maur (sänh mōr').  
 Saintonge (sänh-tōnhzh').  
 Samson Agonistes (säm'sōn ä-gōn-īs-tēz).  
 seraglio (sē-räl'yō).  
 Shawnee (shō-nē').  
 Siena (sē-ä'nä).  
 Sierras (sē-ēr'räs).  
 signor (sē'nyōr).  
 Sinai (sī'nī or sī'nä-ī).  
 sombrero (sōm-brä'rō).  
 Straits of Messina (mēs-sē'nä).

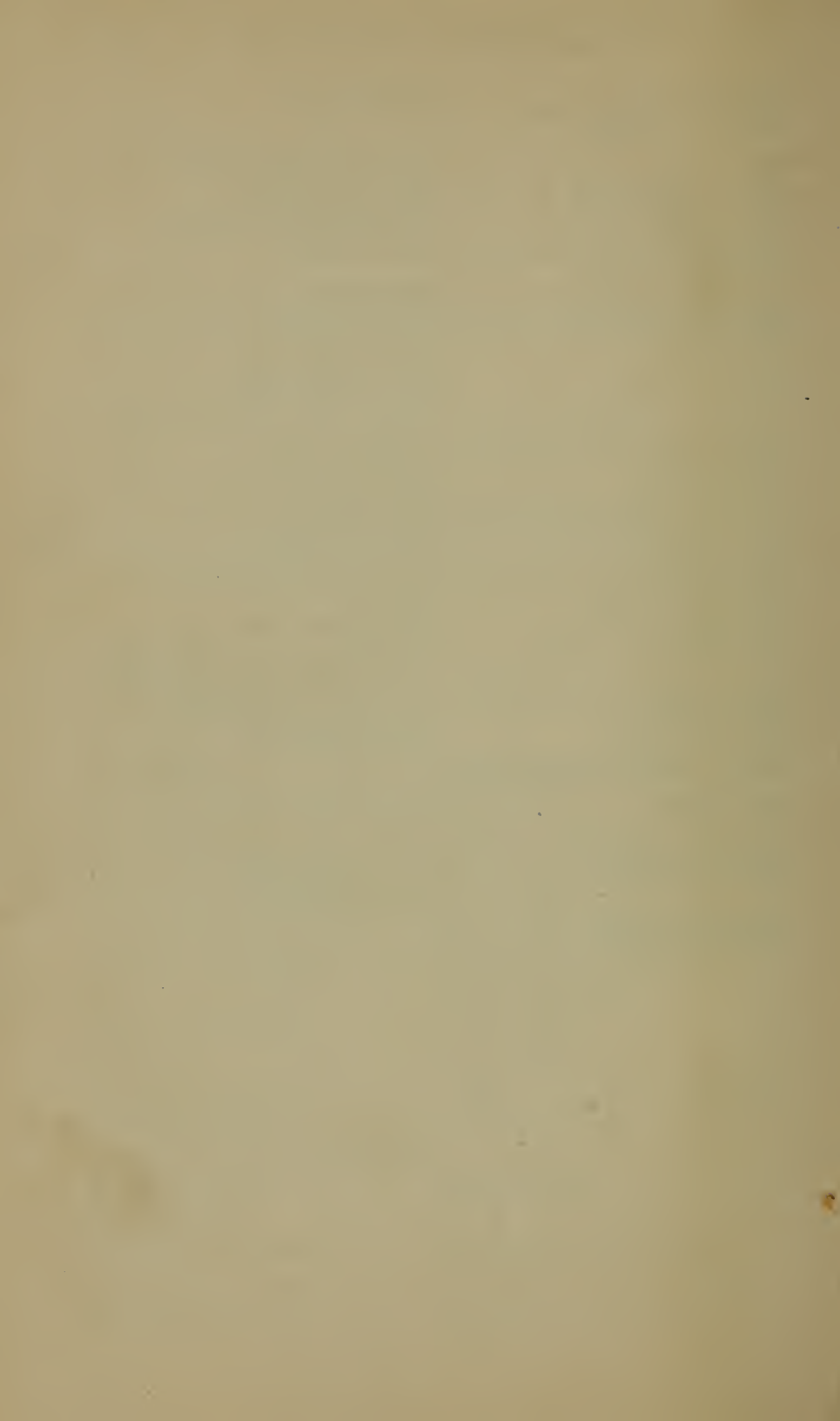
Têche (täsh).  
 tenebrous (tēn'ē-brūs).  
 Titan (tī'tn).  
 Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres (tōō lä bōōr-zhwä dē shär'tr).

Ultima Thule (ül'tē-mä thū'lē).  
 Upharsin (ū-fär'sīn).  
 Utrecht (ū'trēkt).

Vendee (vānh-dä).  
 voyageur (vwä-yä-zhēr').

Wachita (wōsh'ē-taw).  
 Walleway (wöll'ē-wä).  
 were wolf (wēr'wōlf).  
 Wicaco (wē-kä'kō).  
 Worcester (wōō'ster).

Xerxes (zērks'ēz).



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