Longfellow's Evangeline

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EVANGELINE

A Tale of Acadie

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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**Evangeline**

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INTRODUCTION.

I. LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His early life was that of a studious boy in a family of means and refinement. He prepared for college at the Portland Academy, and at the age of fourteen passed the entrance examinations of Bowdoin. It was in the previous year that he had the pleasure for the first time of seeing lines of his own in print. The poem was Lovell's Fight, and it appeared in the Portland Gazette. "I have never since," said Longfellow years afterward, "had such a thrill of delight over any of my publications." During his college course he contributed to various periodicals, but most abundantly to the United States Literary Gazette of Boston. He graduated second in a class of thirty-eight, and was awarded the English Oration in the Commencement parts. A more important recognition of his ability
was the proposition from the college that after study abroad he should return as Professor of Modern Languages. No offer could have been more in harmony with his tastes and desires. Accordingly in the spring of 1826 he sailed for Europe.

After three years of study and travel in England and in Southern Europe, Longfellow began his work in Bowdoin. There, teaching in the class-room and assisting in the library, he remained until his growing reputation won him a call from Harvard University. Before entering upon this larger field, he needed opportunity for further study; and therefore, in April, 1835, for the second time he crossed the ocean. This trip, though saddened by the death of Mrs. Longfellow in November, after four years of married life, was no less productive than the first one. For in the eighteen months of his sojourn Longfellow deepened his knowledge of German, and made himself acquainted with the countries and literatures of Northern Europe.

The years from 1826 to 1836 were fundamental to Longfellow. In them he gathered his material, and learned how to use it. He stored his mind with the richness of the Old World, and by teaching and writing made it a part of himself; thus he laid the foundation of liberal culture upon which he based all his
later work. This decade, however, was not marked by poetic production. With the exception of a little translation, Longfellow expressed himself in prose. He edited text-books; he wrote articles upon the French Language, the Spanish Language and Literature, the Italian Language and Dialects, and upon other subjects closely connected with his profession. In his leisure moments he collected and published in 1835, under the title of Outre Mer, the reminiscences of his first European visit. Four years later he embodied in the romance of Hyperion the records of his second trip. These sketches of travel disclose also Longfellow's inner life. Personal experience dictated the well-known motto of Hyperion,—"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." Yet the chief value of the books consists in the revelation that they make of their author's mental equipment, of his romantic tendencies, and of his perception of literary art.

Thus it was only after long training in prose that Longfellow put forth his first book of verse. This volume, Voices of the Night, was published in 1839, and within seven years was followed by five others. It is not necessary to delay upon the Poems of Sla-
very, a conscientious effort in the cause of freedom, nor to comment upon the Spanish Student, save to say that the poet was not a dramatist. It was the other publications, the Ballads and the Belfry of Bruges, that indicated clearly the path in which Longfellow's ability lay and its marked characteristics. His indebtedness to foreign poets, especially to the German, and his lyric skill in interpreting them, was shown in the numerous translations. The little sermons in rhyme, The Psalm of Life and Excelsior, which brought him immediate popularity, revealed his moral earnestness. Poems such as Maidenhood, Resignation, and Haunted Houses, disclosed the delicacy of his touch in verse of sentiment and religion. And the Ballads, with the Skeleton in Armor at their head, proved his power to tell a story in strong, direct language.

In these early volumes the Old World suggested many of the themes, and the lyric form furnished them appropriate expression. During the next ten years Longfellow turned to narrative poetry, and chose his subjects from this side of the Atlantic. The first of these New World poems was Evangeline. The cause of its popularity, both immediate and lasting, together with an appreciation of its place in American Literature, is accurately given by Brander Matthews
in the words, "It was the most beautiful and the most touching tale in verse yet told by any American poet, and its charm was increased greatly by the skill with which the natural scenery of America and our varying seasons, was used to furnish a background." The national note was more strongly struck in the Building of the Ship, the chief poem in the volume of 1850. That the idea is akin to Schiller's in the Lay of the Bell, and that the construction is modelled after the celebrated ode of Horace, in no way detracts from the value of the poem. Its patriotism is noble in quality, and is expressed in an artistic form which appeals to every age and class. All Americans agree with Oliver Wendell Holmes in finding in it "the classical expression of patriotic emotion." From patriotism and love, themes sung by generations of poets, Longfellow turned to a subject new and unique. In his journal he wrote, "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indian which seems to me the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one, for such a theme." His confidence in his plan and metre was amply justified, and in Hiawatha he had the distinction of contributing to American Literature the one important poem upon the Indian.
Three years later he took as the basis for a New England idyl the prettiest incident in the history of the grim Pilgrims. The verse of *Miles Standish* is undoubtedly labored and uneven, yet in many ways the poem is stronger than *Evangeline*. The structure of the story is more compact, the characters are more natural. And the air of humor pervading the poem not only is an additional charm, but also serves to remind us that the Puritan, too, had his season of youth and romance.

So customary is it to dwell upon Longfellow as a poet, that Longfellow in the common relations of life is often overlooked. It should, however, be borne in mind that he was engaged daily in professional duties. In addition to supervising the work in his department, he sometimes taught, and each term gave one or more courses of lectures. Soon after beginning his work at Harvard, he went to live at the Craigie House, a mansion of historic interest as Washington's headquarters in 1776. To the young man in search of rooms Mrs. Craigie responded, "I never have students to live with me." But when she learned that the applicant was Professor Longfellow, the old lady relented and said, "If you are the author of *Outre-Mer*, then you can come." In 1843, upon his marriage with Miss Frances Appleton of Boston,
the house passed into his own hands, and soon became a literary centre. Writing of social relationships in one of his early letters, Longfellow said, “I like intimate footings, I do not care for general society.” Chief among those on “intimate footings” was Charles Sumner. Another not infrequent visitor was Hawthorne. In fact, in the long list of friends and acquaintances were most of the American men of letters of the century. Prescott, Norton, Agassiz, Fields, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson are but a few of our own countrymen who were welcomed at Craigie House; from across the water came Clough, Dickens, Thackeray, Froude, and indeed almost every Englishman of literary prominence. That Longfellow, burdened with so many professional and social claims, was yet able to write so much and to maintain so high a standard was due to his habit of regular work. He was orderly and methodical, and a consistent hater of procrastination, believing firmly in the maxim used as a text for his last prose work, Kavanagh:—

“The flighty purpose never is overtook
Unless the deed go with it.”

Notwithstanding his well-ordered days, Longfellow felt the need of time and strength for purely literary production. Accordingly in 1854 he resigned his
professorship. *Hiawatha* and *Miles Standish*, the first fruits of his freedom, were followed in 1863 by *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Two years before occurred the tragedy of Mrs. Longfellow's death. As she was amusing the children by making some seals, the hot wax fell upon her light summer dress, and she was so severely burned that she died within a few hours. In his sorrow, Longfellow turned to daily work upon the *Divine Comedy*. It is often said that this translation was the result of ten minutes' labor each morning while the coffee was coming to the boiling-point. There may be truth in this statement, but it should be remembered that these ten minutes had been prepared for by years of study. The first of the *Dante* volumes was ready for the press in 1867, and the other two were completed in 1872. In 1868 Longfellow made his last visit to the Old World. Since the third brief trip of 1842 his fame had crossed the ocean, and he was everywhere welcomed with honor. The University of Cambridge added its degree of Doctor of Laws to that conferred upon him in 1859 by Harvard University, and Oxford gave him the title of Doctor of Civil Laws.

From Longfellow's return in 1869 to his death there is little to chronicle. The events of these closing years were his poems. Advancing age did not
dim his artistic sense or diminish his industry. The most ambitious of his latest verse was *Christus*, a Trilogy, comprising the *Divine Tragedy*, the *Golden Legend*, published separately in 1851, and the *New England Tragedies*. Of far greater value were his sonnets, which, though few in number, are of high rank. The six composed for the Dante volumes, together with *Nature* and *Victor and Vanquished*, are especially fine. His last volume, *Ultima Thule*, issued in 1880, indicated by its title his perception that his course in life was nearly run. The end, however, was not until a year later. Then a cold developed into pneumonia. A short illness, a few days of alarm, and on March 24, 1882, the bells of Cambridge tolled his death.

In any just estimate of Longfellow's work, acknowledgment must be made of his great indebtedness to other writers. His early prose shows the influence of Irving; his early verse of Bryant. After foreign study had made him familiar with European Literature, he borrowed from it many a form and metre, many an idea. Of this he made no secret, for he was not unduly anxious to be either national or original. He stated his literary creed in *Kavanagh*. "All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their
roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that speaks the same language unto all men . . . All literature as well as all art is the result of culture and intellectual refinement."

This conception of literature reveals the characteristics of the poet. It contains the answer to the question, What was Longfellow’s gift to American Letters? What did he contribute to our Literature? He contributed, first of all, culture and refinement. His training, his wide knowledge, his appropriating talent, his fastidious taste, all combined to make him an artist in poetry. It enabled him to enrich the meagre literature of his own land and time with the wealth of other ages. But he was not simply or chiefly an exponent of beauty. No apostle of culture, merely, would have attained his wide popularity or his deep hold. His secure place in the affections of the people is due largely to the themes of which he sang. These, selected with wise recognition of his own powers, were within the range of the average reader. He voiced the tranquil sentiments, the domestic affections, the inevitable sorrows common to all, dear to all. He refined, he beautified, he dignified the universal experiences of life. Hence he was a welcome guest at every fireside, and his verse became a household service.
II. STUDY OF EVANGELINE.

1. THE ORIGIN OF THE POEM.

The first record of the unfortunate Acadian lovers was made by Hawthorne, October 24, 1839, in his American Note-Book. Just when the story was given by him to Longfellow is nowhere stated, but the circumstances of its transference are related by Samuel Longfellow in his Life and Letters of his brother. "Mr. Hawthorne came one day to dine at Craigie House, bringing with him his friend Mr. H. L. Connolly. At dinner Connolly said he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his. It was the story of a young Acadian maiden, who, at the dispersion of her people by the English troops, had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially by the constancy of the heroine, and said to his friend, 'If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem.'"

The sources from which Longfellow gathered the
material for his poem are well known. "As far as I remember," he said, "the authorities I mostly relied upon in writing Evangeline were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Haliburton; the first for the pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment." The Indian legends he found in Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*, to which he was later so greatly indebted for the myths and traditions of *Hiawatha*. And for the last scene he drew upon a reminiscence of a visit in 1826 to Philadelphia. There in a morning stroll he happened upon the almshouse, a large building surrounded by trees. "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 references to the poem in Longfellow's journal are not numerous. The first one is that of November 28, 1845, "Set about Gabrielle, my idyl in hexameters." A few days later he wrote, "I know not what name to give my new poem. Shall it be *Gabrielle*, or *Celestine*, or *Evangeline*?" During the next year he mentioned it but a few times, the most significant notes
being those of December 17th and 19th. "I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river." "Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and the sand-banks crested with cotton-wood and the bayous by moonlight." On February 27, 1847, his fortieth birthday, he closed the subject with the words, "Evangeline is ended. I wrote the last words this morning."

2. HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE POEM.

In 1713 the land now known as Nova Scotia, but formerly called Acadie, was ceded by France to Great Britain. The English did not, however, begin to make settlements until 1749, when they laid the foundations of Halifax, and began to exercise control over the country. Disputes immediately arose between them and the French colonists, and in these controversies the loyalty of the Acadians became of great importance. These people, allied to the French by nationality and by religion, refused the oath of allegiance to the English, and claimed the right of remaining neutral. This claim the Government would no longer allow. Its statement of the affair is given thus by Haliburton:
"That the Acadians being permitted to hold their lands after the treaty of Utrecht (1713), by which the Province was ceded to Great Britain, upon condition of their taking the oath of allegiance, refused to comply except with the qualification that they should not be compelled to bear arms in defence of the province;—That from this circumstance they affected the character of Neutrals, yet furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarter, provisions, and assistance in annoying the Government of the Province; and that three hundred of them were actually found in arms at Beau Séjour. That notwithstanding an offer was made to such of them as had not been openly in arms to be allowed to continue in possession of their land, if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualifications, they unanimously refused."

The English found themselves confronted with a difficult political problem. What should be done with these people? The circumstances were unusual and perplexing. The Acadians had refused the oath, hence they were not British subjects, and could not be punished as rebels. Neither were they prisoners of war; for their neutrality had been accepted for nearly half a century, and therefore they could not be returned to France. For the English to send them against their will to the French colonies in Canada or
Louisburg was to increase the number of their own foes; whereas to permit them to remain as neutrals in Acadia was to allow a permanent ground for hostile attack. After much deliberation the Colonial Government decided to disperse them among the English colonies at such a distance that they could not come back, and with such secrecy and rapidity that none could escape. This task was assigned to Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, who at that time was assisting the English in Nova Scotia with two battalions of New England troops.

The execution of this scheme was postponed until the harvest should be gathered. Then, that all the inhabitants of the different settlements might be captured at one time, stratagem was used. A proclamation was issued summoning all the men, old and young, as well as boys of ten, to meet in their respective churches upon September 5, 1755, and hear a message from the Governor. In Grand-Pré, after the guard had been stationed, Colonel Winslow arose and told the assembled men that in a few days they were to be dispersed among the English colonies and that meanwhile they were to remain as prisoners in the church. Five days later, upon September 10, they were hurried upon the boats. In the haste and confusion, further complicated by the difference of language, children
were separated from parents, wives from husbands, and in some cases they were never reunited. The exiles were scattered among the colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, and some wandered as far south as Louisiana.

The details of this tragedy may be found in An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia, by Thomas C. Haliburton. Another statement of the case, founded upon Haliburton, is contained in an article upon Evangeline in the North American Review for 1848. The latest and best account is given by Parkman in Wolfe and Montcalm, Vol. 1. He shows that the struggle for Acadia was an inevitable incident in the long contest between the French and English for the possession of Canada; and that the Acadians, at once the dupes and tools of the French, wore out by their obstinacy the long forbearance of the English. Though this presentation of the affair is of value historically, it is not of vital importance in the consideration of Evangeline. The question for the student is not, Who are the authorities upon Acadian history to-day, and what facts and explanations do they present? but, Who was the historian whom Longfellow followed, and what use did he make of the material? It was Haliburton's history, published in
1829, authoritative still in 1845, upon which Longfellow depended for his incidents and his point of view. Hence this résumé has been taken largely from Hali-burton, and copious extracts from him have been given in the notes.

3. THE MEASURE.

The metre of Evangeline is hexameter; that is, each line or verse is made up of six feet. The first four of these may be either dactyls or spondes, the fifth should be regularly a dactyl, and the sixth must always be a spondee. A dactyl consists of three syllables, the first one accented and the last two unaccented, as in the word “company.” A spondee consists of two accented syllables, as in the word “motion.” It will be readily seen that the first line of Evangeline is dactylic, and that the fourth is an excellent example of spondaic hexameter.

According to Matthew Arnold, English hexameters should be such “as to read themselves without necessity on the reader’s part for any non-natural putting-on or taking-off accent.” This does not mean that they should be given in a monotonous sing-song, or that the voice should be dropped abruptly at the end of each line. The intelligent reader will naturally linger over the first half of the line, pause in the middle, and
hasten gently over the latter half. Thus read, the smoothness and musical beauty of the verse will be brought out.

The hexameter has never been a favorite measure in English poetry. It is interesting to note, however, that after Longfellow's success, several English poets attempted its use, the most notable being Charles Kingsley in his *Andromeda*, and Arthur Hugh Clough in his pastoral, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*. The latter acknowledged his indebtedness in a letter to Emerson: "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow the fact that it was a reading of his *Evangeline* aloud to my mother and sister, which, coming after a reperusal of the Iliad, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters?"

4. CRITICAL COMMENTS.

The student of *Evangeline* is fortunate in having together with the completed poem the historic incident from which it was developed. For by comparing the two, the finished product with the crude material, he may see a poem in the making, and thus gain some slight insight into Longfellow's methods, and some small appreciation of the literary excellences of *Evangeline*.

The original tale viewed as poetic matter suggests several questions. What are its good features?
What are its bad ones? What was its charm for Longfellow? It is evident at a glance that the incident of a peasant girl separated from her lover, seeking him in vain and finding him only on his death-bed, lacks dramatic episodes and movement. It has no thrilling deeds, no sudden surprises, no hair-breadth escapes. Its few events by themselves would not hold the reader's attention, and hence as matter for a story have no great value. But though the incident is poor in action, it is rich in feeling. Constancy, devotion, submission, abound in it. It was this pervading emotional element which made it attractive to Longfellow. He perceived that the scanty outlines could be developed, and the inherent sentiment could be so brought out as to throw around the story and its heroine a halo of beauty and pathos.

Before the tale could be told, however, its metrical form must be determined. In what metre would it be most effective? Whatever precedent Longfellow followed, whether that of Homer in the Iliad, or Virgil in the Æneid, or, as is far more likely, that of Goethe in his bucolic, Hermann and Dorothea, he never wavered in regard to the measure. From the beginning he spoke of the new poem as "my idyl in hexameters." The translation of Tegnér's Children of the Lord's Supper had given him experience with the
metre; and to the adverse opinion of friends he persistently replied, "It suits all themes. It can fly low like a swallow and at any moment dart skyward." He did, however, try a short passage, the song of the mocking-bird, in Part Second, canto second, in the common rhymed pentameter:

"Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awakening from his dream,
Poured such delirious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the note began, and slow;
It breathed of sadness, and of pain, and woe;
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—
As after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

Pleasing as this is, no one can fail to perceive the superiority of the hexameter version. With unerring taste Longfellow chose the metre most suitable for minute delineations and tranquil sentiments. His artistic sense prescribed the measure which would harmonize with the pathetic theme, and which would add to it the beauty of lingering melody.

In developing the incidents of the poem, Longfellow encountered little difficulty. The authorities to which he had ready recourse supplied him copiously with
facts. But to present these facts in a pleasing form required skill in arrangement. It is well understood that a plain tale should be told plainly, and that nothing contributes more to the ease and pleasure of a reader than an orderly presentation of events. Both these laws, the psychological and the rhetorical, are observed in Evangeline. Throughout the poem the facts follow one another in the sequence of time, and in Part First in the order of climax. In this section, each incident is more specific and more interesting than the preceding. Thus, after the general description of Grand-Pré, comes that of the home of Evangeline, then the marriage contract, the feast of betrothal, the announcement of banishment, the separation of the lovers, and finally the death of Benedict. Every one of the five cantos, and every stanza in each canto, adds a definite necessary part. Thus the story grows. Thus it moves on to a tragedy.

When planning Part Second, Longfellow wrote in his journal: "Of material there is a superabundance. The difficulty is to select and give unity to variety." The material indeed was more than ample, for the Acadians had been scattered broadcast among the British colonies. Gabriel might have been carried into any one of the English settlements; Evangeline might seek him anywhere from Massachusetts Bay to
Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. In this amplitude of choice, Longfellow selected as the scenes of her wanderings those places which would furnish most of interest and of beauty. The division of the poem enabled him to vary his method, and instead of marshalling events in a climax, to describe the luxuriant savannas of Louisiana, the desolate Indian camp in the far West, and the Quaker city on the Susquehanna. To add human interest to these diverse pictures, he sketched in the Coureurs-des-bois, the voyageurs, the Shawnee squaw, and the Black Robe chief. In and out through the varying scenes, among these picturesque people, Evangeline moves. Her constant presence, her one object, links together the contrasting elements, and gives "unity to variety."

A consideration of the style of Evangeline brings to mind Tennyson's remark in regard to his pastoral, Dora, "Being the tale of a nobly simple country-girl, it had to be told in the simplest poetical language." This harmony of theme and diction is attained in Evangeline. The language is not only beautiful; it is studiously simple. This is most evident in the figures of speech. The least difficult of all figures, those of resemblance, constitute the greater number. And of these, the direct simile and personification are far more frequent than the less obvious metaphor. The
most simple similes, such as “white as the snow were his locks”—“black were her eyes as the berry,” abound on every page. Less numerous, though still abundant, are the comparisons with two points of resemblance, such as that in which the benediction from the hands of the priest is likened to the seed from the hands of the sower. But long similes making point after point of likeness are few. One of the best is that in canto four of Part First, descriptive of the effect of the announcement of banishment:

“As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field, and shatters his windows, Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house roofs, Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures; So on the heads of the people descended the words of the speaker.”

It is noticeable that purely literary and historical comparisons are rare. Almost without exception the figures are drawn from sources familiar to Acadian life and custom. A few contain allusions to Norman superstitions and Old World myths; more have reference to the ritual and ceremony of the Roman Cath-
olic Church, and still others are derived from the Bible. Thus columns of smoke ascend "like clouds of incense," and the sun veils his face "like the Prophet descending from Sinai." But the greatest number are taken from nature,—from the flowers, the birds, the stars, the moon, the rain, and the sea. Anything and everything in the natural world is used for illustration, from the obvious yellow of the maize to the mysterious effect of moonlight. It would be absurd to pretend that all the figures in this abundance of imagery have poetic value. But after the few petty and commonplace comparisons have been acknowledged, there yet remain the great number which unite grace of expression with beauty of thought.

The definite aim and artistic skill shown in the selection of the metre, the arrangement of the story, and the choice of figures, are still further evident in the treatment of character. It goes without saying that Evangeline is a poem of but one character. Several people, Benedict, René Leblanc, Basil, and Father Felician come and go in its pages. Gabriel furnishes the motive. But all are kept strictly subordinate. Longfellow does not dissipate either his own strength or his readers' sympathy, but concentrates both upon Evangeline. The pathos of her fate
is emphasized in Part First by sharp contrasts. The joyful betrothal feast is followed within a few hours by the announcement of exile. The happiness of the lovers upon the signing of the marriage contract is transformed the next evening into grief. The village of Grand-Pré, rich in cattle and contented farmers, within less than a week is laid waste by fire, the cattle are confiscated, the inhabitants are banished. The sympathy felt for Evangeline is deepened by her youth, her beauty, the death of her father, and most of all by her own attitude toward misfortune. She has no reproaches for the English; she cheers the women of the village, while to Gabriel and to her father she speaks "words of endearment where words of comfort availed not." Such unselfishness, such ideal charity, adds beauty and strength to a character which otherwise would be merely pathetic.

These qualities of character are made still more evident in Part Second by repetition. Evangeline wanders from the plantation in Louisiana to the hunter's lodge, to the Jesuit mission, through many camps and secluded hamlets, always seeking, never finding; always striving, never attaining. This pathetic story is re-enforced by a similar one from the lips of the Shawnee woman. But as before, the principal means used to increase our sympathy is the
addition of beautiful elements to Evangeline's character. In all these slow years she does not doubt, she does not repine; and when she finally yields her own will, she transforms the love concentrated upon one into devotion to many. Thus had she learned—

"Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others."

Any appreciation of the poem would be inadequate which did not recognize the artistic value of the lines which form the introduction and the conclusion. Less than two-score in number, they yet add to the poem immeasurably. Other noted poets have used nature for a background. Sir Launfal rides forth young and expectant in June, when, "if ever, come perfect days." When he returns old and disappointed, a winter wind pierces him "eager and sharp." Rustum, that ill-fated father, kills his son by the banks of that majestic river which still moved on imperturbed "through the vast Chorasmian waste under the solitary moon." Lowell's poetic conception of nature as in harmony with human endeavor, and Arnold's idea of it as immovable, immutable, are both expressed in Longfellow's few stanzas. The murmuring pines, the hemlocks green, indistinct in the twilight, the deep-voiced ocean of the introduc-
tion, form a sombre setting appropriate to a pathetic tale. And in the conclusion, after the Acadians are in their nameless graves, the forest still stands, the ocean still speaks, "and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

III. SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

The critical comments contain suggestions for the study of Evangeline. But this one poem should not absorb the entire time and interest of the student. To an intimate knowledge of Evangeline he should add some general acquaintance with Longfellow. There is but one way to acquire this: to become acquainted with the poet, one must study his poetry. No biography, however complete, no criticism, however ample, can take the place of familiarity with the poems. There are many of these which, although but touched upon in class, will nevertheless serve the double purpose of broadening the pupil's knowledge of Longfellow, and of exemplifying to him the poetic treatment of men and events.

While maintaining at all times a commendable reserve, Longfellow based a number of poems upon private incidents and relationships. He gave up a few pieces to teaching morality directly, and he
wrote much upon historical themes. These poems, personal, moral, and historical, are suggested as peculiarly adapted to the class-room.

Poems referring to Longfellow’s early life and domestic relationships: *My Lost Youth, Footsteps of Angels, The Children’s Hour, Two Angels, Resignation, Haunted Houses, Cross of Snow, Travels by the Fireside, From my Armchair.*

Poems referring to friends: *On the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner, Three Friends, Herons of Elmwood, Three Silences, Auf Wiedersehen.* In connection with these read also Longfellow’s tribute to his early master in prose, *In the Churchyard at Tarrytown,* and his graceful recognition of Tennyson’s artistic supremacy in *Wapentake.*


There is nothing obscure in any of these poems. As statements of fact the student grasps them at the
first reading. What he does not perceive is their artistic quality. He does not apprehend their poetic and literary excellence. This it is which the teacher must make plain. Without attempting any discussion of poetics, certain fundamental truths may be dwelt upon. It may be shown that not all lines are poetical which can be made to scan and to rhyme, and that poetry is more than a mere matter of form. It may be pointed out that certain metres are appropriate for certain subjects; that the Skeleton in Armor would lose force if told in the measure of the Day is Done. The office of the specific verb, noun, and adjective may be emphasized. The pupil can soon see that they contribute movement and definiteness; that they give action and life to the lines. He should also be taught to see the underlying idea or motive of a poem, and to comprehend that it is expanded by general and specific statement; that it is made stronger by illustration, by figure, and by allusion.

It is not easy to formulate methods of teaching and of learning. The ingenious teacher, the earnest scholar, formulates his own method. But one or two practical suggestions may be offered. The first is in regard to the use of quotations. A few minutes at the beginning of the hour devoted to a running fire
of short quotations will enliven the recitation, and will fasten some of the author's best thoughts in the pupil's memory. Usually he may be left free to select for himself; but occasionally lines illustrating a particular point, such as Longfellow's use of metaphor or of nature, may be called for. The second suggestion is, that students be taught not only to write, but to speak, upon a subject. One or two topics may be assigned each day for discussion upon the next. The pupil should be shown how to draw his material from the biography and the poems, and he should be required to speak grammatically, with logical sequence, and with point.

The following topics may be found useful for written or oral exercises: I. Longfellow's opportunities for study and travel. II. His life in Cambridge: a. his profession; b. his home life. III. His indebtedness to European literature: a. poems showing German influence; b. French influence; c. Italian influence; d. Spanish influence. IV. His use of American material: a. Indian; b. colonial; c. revolutionary; d. events of Civil War. V. His popularity: a. poems which appeal to home life; b. poems of religion, of sentiment; c. poems of nature; d. ballads. For the special study of Evangeline: I. Longfellow's use of history in Evangeline. II. His use
of figures in Evangeline. III. The sources of the figures. IV. The parallel construction of Parts I. and II. V. The character of Evangeline: a. the realistic touches; b. the ideal element. VI. The lesson of the poem. VII. The artistic beauty of the poem. VIII. Its classic qualities of proportion, purity of feeling, and reserve.

Should the teacher desire more topics, he can find them, with lists of poems, in Gannett's Studies in Longfellow. For the definite points of biography, construction, and literature several authorities are mentioned in their proper places. But references along the broader paths of literature, to poetry as an art, to its interpretation of nature, and to its expression of life,—such references are less numerous and more difficult to give. The following are, however, offered in the hope that they may be found suggestive and inspiring. The Study of Poetry, by Matthew Arnold, included in the Essays in Criticism, Series II., also published as the introduction to The English Poets, by T. Humphrey Ward. Poetic Interpretation of Nature, and Aspects of Poetry, by J. C. Shairp. Short Studies in Literature, and My Study Fire, Series II., by H. W. Mabie.
IV. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The only complete edition of Longfellow's works is that published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in eleven volumes. The Cambridge edition contains all the poems in a single volume.

The best life of Longfellow is that written by his brother Samuel, and containing copious extracts from his journal and letters. The life by E. S. Robertson (1887), in the Great Writers Series, contains an admirable bibliography.

EVANGELINE.

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

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

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

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.
PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o’er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o’er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

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

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

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

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank down to his rest, and twilight prevailed.

Anon from the belfry

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

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

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

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,——

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses. Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard; there stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows; there were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio, strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter. Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one far o’er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase, under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft. There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.
Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands. Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September, Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel. All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement. Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes. Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season, Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints! Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;

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

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

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid’s hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.
In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father’s side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulllest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
“Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”
Then made answer the farmer:—“Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.”
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.”
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better
than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-
tion
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why
then molest us?"

"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest!"

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

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally jus-
tice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that
often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal."

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

When his neighbors complained that any injustice
was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.
Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man’s fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV.

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

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numer-
ous meadows,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest
and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press
and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de Dunkerque,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict’s daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

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

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father’s door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o’er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o’er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.
Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

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

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

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

"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
“Benedicite!” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Falterered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

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

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

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

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore.
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —

"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.
PART THE SECOND.

I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?"
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, “I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, “O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;

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

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together, Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune; Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay, Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician. Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests, Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river; Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders. Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, 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
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just just 795 stirred to the music.  
Multitudinuous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;  
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed 800 through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms, And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands, Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses, Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the bows of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o’er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

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

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o’er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline’s heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o’er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.
III.

Near to the bank of the river, o’ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love’s perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o’er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.
Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.

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

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

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him. Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith. Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden. There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces, Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trembling accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."
Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them:
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

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

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepres-sible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-lous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
“Upharsin.”

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?”

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

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

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway, Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant’s wagon, Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee. Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains, Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska; And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert, Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean, Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael’s children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

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

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow. She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people, From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered. Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o’er her father’s lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor

Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

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

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,

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

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, — "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from
the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran-
gers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-
gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-
poses,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-
tinued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with
an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—

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

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

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o’er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o’er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware’s waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;

Something within her said, "At length thy trials' are ended;"

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

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time; 
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
sprinkled its portals,

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

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
"Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
NOTES.

The first nineteen lines form a setting to the poem. The opening stanza gives a mournful background of nature; the second stanza, by means of skilful interrogation and answer, and by appropriate figures, tells the fate of the Acadians; while the concluding stanza states the theme of the poem, "A Tale of Love in Acadie," and the author's point of view, "The beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

LINE 1. Primeval. Belonging to the first ages. Literally, a forest which has never been cut.

3. Druids of eld. Druids of old. The Druids were the priests of Ancient Gaul and Britain. The pines resemble the Druids in their voices; the harpers, in their appearance.

PART FIRST.

Canto I.

20. Basin of Minas. A bay upon the northern coast of Nova Scotia, opening into the Bay of Fundy. At the left of the Basin is Cape Blomidon.

34. Normandy. The original Acadians came from Normandy between 1633 and 1638.

39. Kirtle. A kirtle is a jacket with a skirt attached.
Rowena, in *Ivanhoe*, wears "an undergown and kirtle of pale green silk."

40. **Distaff.** A staff for holding the flax from which the thread is drawn in hand spinning. A **loom** is a machine used in weaving cloth; and a **shuttle** is an instrument which passes the thread from side to side of the cloth, between the threads which run lengthwise to the loom.

49. **Angelus.** A bell rung morning, noon, and night, to bid Roman Catholics recite a prayer commemorating the message of the Angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. It would add to the interest of the lesson could the teacher show the class any one of the noted pictures of the Annunciation, and the picture of the Angelus by Millet.

72. **Hyssop.** The twigs of this plant were used to sprinkle the congregation in the Mosaic ceremony of purification.

74. **Chaplet of beads.** A string of beads for enumerating prayers; a rosary. **Missal.** A book containing the service of the Mass.

94. **Seraglio.** Primarily, that part of the house to which the Turks restrict women; secondarily, the women themselves.

95. **Strutted.** Notice the good use of specific verbs in Longfellow's descriptions. The turkey struts, not walks. The barns are bursting, not simply full. The doves murmur, the weathercocks rattle. Such specific verbs give life to the picture. **Cock.** An allusion to the crowing of the cock directly after Peter’s thrice-repeated denial of Jesus. *Matthew xxvi.* 69–75.
118. **Craft of the smith.** In classic mythology Hephaestus and Vulcan were honored because they made the armor of the gods. In mediæval times the smith was respected on account of his service to men of war, as, for example, Harry of the Wynd in the *Fair Maid of Perth.*

In connection with this description of Basil and his shop, it would be well to read the *Village Blacksmith.* This poem, published in 1841, was a great favorite; and when in 1876 the chestnut-tree, under which the smithy once stood, was cut down, the children of Cambridge had a chair made of the wood, and presented it to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday. The following year, in his last volume, *Ultimâ Thule,* Longfellow replied to the children in the poem *From My Arm-Chair.*

122. **Plain-song.** A chant used in church service, with tones unvaried and of equal length.

137. **Wondrous stone.** A French story of a stone with which the mother swallow is able to restore the sight of her blind fledglings.

144. **Saint Eulalie.** A saint of the Roman Catholic Church. According to the French proverb, if the sun shines upon her day (February 12th), there will be apples and cider in abundance.

This canto is the introduction to the story. Its arrangement is both simple and skilful. After treating of Grand-Pré, with its pleasant situation and contented people, it passes on to a general description of the Bellefontaines, father and daughter. The third stanza pictures their home, and the fourth describes Evangeline at greater length and in connection with Gabriel.
Canto II.

149. **Scorpion.** The eighth constellation of the zodiac, or imaginary belt on the heavens, through which the sun appears to move. The sun seems to enter the Scorpion about October 23rd.

153. **Jacob.** *Genesis* xxxii. 24.

159. **Summer of All-Saints.** All-Saints Day is November 1st.

170. **The Persian.** Xerxes is said to have hung golden ornaments upon a plane-tree, a species of sycamore much admired by the ancients. This is the first purely literary reference in the poem. Is it helpful? The object of comparing one thing with another is to make the first one clearer, more evident. Do the trees glitter more brightly in our eyes because they "flashed like the plane-tree"? An excellent statement of the use of figures may be found in *English Composition*, Chapter VII., by Barrett Wendell.

176. **Bearing the bell.** It is customary to tie a bell to one cow, in order that the herd may be traced in case it wanders from the pasture.

Notice the specific features which form this picture,—the heifer, the important watch-dog, the wains, the milkmaids; all the noisy life of the farmyard, followed by silence.

217. **Clock clicked.** The representation in words of the sound is common in *Evangeline*. For example, line 165, "whir of wings," and line 420, "with summons sonorous sounded the bell."

226. **Art thou.** The Acadians, according to the French custom, use the second person singular in addressing friends.
238. Gaspereau. A river flowing into the Basin of Minas to the west and north of Grand-Pré.

239. All are commanded. "We therefore order and strictly enjoin all the inhabitants, both old men and young men as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church of Grand-Pré, on Friday, the 5th instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them: declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate." This proclamation was issued September 2d, by Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow.

240. His Majesty. George II., 1727-1760.

242. Many surmises of evil. "The proclamation should be so ambiguous that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience." — Haliburton.

249. Louisburg on Cape Breton, Beau Séjour on the neck of land connecting Acadia with the mainland, and Port Royal at the outlet of the Annapolis River, had all been taken from the French by the English. It was in Beau Séjour, captured June 12th, 1755, that three hundred Acadians were found among the French troops.

259. The marriage contract is a legal document, drawn by a notary, the authorized officer, in which the amount of property of the contracting persons is stated, and specifications are made as to its use and descent. It is further described in lines 333-337.

260. Built are the house and the barn. "As soon as a young man arrived to the proper age the community built him
a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelve-month." — *Haliburton*.

State the theme of each stanza and of the canto as a whole.

**Canto III.**

272. **Supernal.** More than human.

274. **Heard his watch tick.** A good description because natural.

275. **Times of the war.** The petition which the Acadians sent to George II. contains this sentence: "After the settlement of Halifax (1749) René Leblanc was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service; his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty after four years' captivity."

280. **Loup-garou.** A were-wolf. A human being with power to transform himself into a wolf. A *goblin* was a kindly spirit especially fond of horses. *Létiche* was the spirit of a child who, dying unchristened, was doomed to wander at night in the shape of a small white animal.

284. **The oxen talked.** An old belief among the Continental peasantry that upon Christmas Eve the birds and animals talk, and worship the infant Saviour. Reference is made to the belief in *Hamlet*:

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night long."

302. **A story.** An old Florentine story. Why does Longfellow introduce this story? What similarity is there between the fate of the orphan girl and that of the Acadians?
326. Silenced. Basil wanted justice from men and in this world. In this conversation in regard to the English, Benedict laughs away the idea of impending trouble and René Leblanc reassures himself with a tale of future justice. Thus the coming disaster is simply foreshadowed. It is led up to, and yet it comes as a surprise in Canto IV.


352. Blossomed the stars. In an earlier poem Longfellow wrote of the—

"flowers so blue and golden
Stars, that in earth’s firmament do shine."

In line 352 he reverses the figure and in so doing belittles "the infinite meadows of heaven," "the stars," and "the angels." It must have been to such lines that Mr. Stedman referred when he wrote, "There are flaws, and petty fancies, and homely passages in Evangeline."

354. Curfew.

"Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night."

Longfellow’s poem, The Curfew.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Gray.

381. Hagar. Hagar, with her son Ishmael, was driven out of Abraham's tent. — Genesis xxi. 12, 21. It is not probable that she went forth in serenity or in beauty. Compare with these lines the following verses descriptive of a similar scene:

"To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been lead astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft as if her head she bow'd
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

*Milton.*

"The moving moon went up the sky
And nowhere did abide,
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside."

*Coleridge.*

Notice the figures of speech and the sources from which they are drawn. Select the best, and explain why they are the best. What is gained by the reference to Norman and Acadian superstition?

**Canto IV.**

382. **Next morn.** September 5th.

388. **Came the peasants.** For what purposes?

413. **Tous les Bourgeois.** The Citizens of Chartres and the Carillon of Dunkirk were popular songs. The words of the first are:

You remember Cybele,
Wise the seasons to unfold;
Very fair, said men, was she,
Even when her years grew old.

**Chorus.**

A grandame, yet by goddess birth,
She kept sweet eyes, a color warm,
And held through everything a charm
Fast like the earth.

The words of the second are:

Reckless and rash,
Take heed for the flash
Of mine anger, 'tis just
To lay thee with its blows in the dust.
—Your threat I defy.
—What! You would be I!
Come, coward! I'll show—
You tremble? No, no!
—I'm choking with rage!
—A fig for your rage!

This betrothal feast is entirely French. No such open-air rejoicing—of old and young, rich and poor, with eating, singing, and dancing—could have taken place among the English.

422. Thronged was the church. "In obedience to the summons four hundred and eighteen men assembled." —Hali- burton.

430. Their Commander. Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow of Marshfield, Massachusetts, great grandson of Edward Winslow of Mayflower fame. Reference is made to Colonel Winslow and to the few Acadians who settled near Plymouth, by Jane G. Austin, in her book, Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters: A Story of the Old Colony.

432. You are convened. Colonel Winslow's speech was as follows:—"The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely; that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province. Thus it is peremptorily his
Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all your goods be secured to you; and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command." — Haliburton.

Colonel Winslow's feeling in regard to his disagreeable duty may be of interest to the reader. In his diary he refers to the memorable 5th of September as, "a day of great fatigue and trouble." In one of his letters he writes, "This affair is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in," and in another, "I know they deserve all and more than they feel, yet it hurts me to hear them weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I am in hopes our affairs will soon put on another face, and we get transports, and I rid of the worst piece of service that ever I was in."

442. As, when the air. An excellent figure descriptive of the effect of the announcement. Notice that the so of line 447, gathers up all the particular of the five preceding lines, and makes them describe the verb descended.

456. Tyrants of England. This was not an edict of George II. Lawrence, the governor of Nova Scotia, should have whatever credit may be derived from it.
NOTES.

466. **Tocsin.** An alarm bell.

476. "Father, forgive them." *Luke* xxiii. 34.

484. **Ave Maria.** A prayer to the Virgin Mary.

486. **Elijah.** "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." *2 Kings* ii. 11.

498. **Ambrosial.** Ambrosia was the food of the gods, hence anything ambrosial should be heavenly or delicious.

501. **Charity.** Is this according to human nature? What qualities does Longfellow lose, and what does he gain, by endowing Evangeline with such virtue?


513. **Grave of the living.** The church.

514. **Slowly.** Notice in the remaining lines of the canto the position of the adverbs, "slowly," "empty," "sadly," "loud," "keenly," and of the verbs, "smouldered" and "soothed." They are taken from their usual place and put first in the sentence. To the emphasis of position is added that of voice which would naturally fall upon them. It is evident that Longfellow wished to give them force and prominence.

518. **In the dead of night.** This line suggests Tennyson's "In the dead unhappy night when the rain is on the roof."

Within what period of time do the events of this canto take place? Point out the contrasts in the section. Notice Longfellow's use of historical material.

**Canto V.**

524. **Fifth day.** September 10th.

546. **Foremost the young men.** "The young men were
ordered to go first on board the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of horror and distress.” — Haliburton.

575. **Refluent ocean fled away.** Repetition of ideas.

579. **Leaguer.** The camp of a besieging force.

587. **Lowing they waited.** “For several successive evenings the cattle assembled around the smouldering ruins.” — Haliburton.

591. **But on the shores.** Contrast this with the peaceful evening scenes in Grand-Pré and in Evangeline’s home, described in Cantos II. and III.

597. **Paul.** A reference to Paul’s ministrations to the inhabitants of Melita during the three months of his shipwreck.

605. “**Benedicite!**” Ben-e-dis’-i-te! An invocation of a blessing — a benediction.

608. **Awful.** Notice the correct use of this word. The misery is so great as to fill the priest with awe.
NOTES.

615. **Titan-like.** The Titans were giants who made war upon the gods.

621. **Gleeds.** Hot, burning coals. "In the district of Minas alone there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five homes, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one church." — *Haliburton.* The village was destroyed for the most part between September 5th and 10th. Why does Longfellow change the date? Notice the skill of the description. First the account of the fire, made more vivid by the figures of speech; then its effect upon the cattle, and lastly upon Benedict.

640. **Motionless lay his form.** In the original tale there is nothing said of Evangeline's father. Why is he introduced into the story? And why, having been introduced, is he killed?

657. **Without bell or book.** The bell was tolled to mark the passage of the soul to the other world. The book was the service-book.

659. **Lo! with a mournful sound.** Notice the metrical as well as the poetical beauty of the concluding lines.

Point out any particulars in which Longfellow varies from history, and give the reason for his so doing. Show how the misery in this section increases.

PART SECOND.

Canto I.

673. **Friendless, homeless, hopeless.** Parallel construction is used frequently in *Evangeline,* often of a single word in one
verse, as in lines 689-727, and often of a phrase in succeeding verses, as in lines 674 and 675, and lines 753 and 754.

675. **Father of Waters.** The Mississippi.

676. **Drags them.** A reference to the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi, formed by the mud washed down by the current.

697. **Sat by some grave.** This line and the next are said to be the ones from which Faed took his conception of Evangeline. Faed was an English artist, and painted the face of Evangeline from that of a Manchester working-girl. His brother engraved the picture, and it became popular both in England and in the United States.

699. **Sometimes a rumor.** Notice the skill with which Longfellow leads up to the airy hand. A rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper, and last and most indefinite, an airy hand.

705. **Coureurs-des-bois.** French guides, who conducted the fur-traders through the woods and along the lakes.

707. **Voyageur.** A river boatman.

713. **St. Catherine.** A patron saint of virgins. Hence to braid St. Catherine's tresses is to devote oneself to a single life.

719. **"O daughter!"** The priest's words, together with Evangeline's counsel to Gabriel, in Canto V., Part First, and a few lines in Canto V., Part Second, express the moral lesson of the poem.

732. **Shards.** Broken pieces of rough substance.

733. **Muse.** One of the nine goddesses who presided over poetry and song.
NOTES.

735. **But as a traveller.** By means of this excellent figure Longfellow states his plan for the rest of the poem.

This canto is an introduction to Part Second. It bridges the interval between Parts First and Second, gives a general account of Evangeline’s life, states the moral which Longfellow derives from it, and points out the plan for the remainder of the poem.

*Canto II.*

741. **Beautiful River.** The signification of the Indian name Ohio.

749. **Kith.** An obsolete term, used only in connection with kin.

750. **Acadian coast.** In the early months of 1765 more than six hundred Acadians, attracted by the French population of Louisiana, came to New Orleans. At first they found settlements at Attakapas and Opelousas, and later they extended their colonies along both sides of the Mississippi as far as Baton Rouge. Hence that part of the river-bank was often called the Acadian coast.

751. **Father Felician.** It would seem from this that Evangeline and the priest had not been separated.

753. **Adown.** Such archaic forms, adown, anon, oft, olden, eld, are used infrequently by Longfellow, and usually for metrical reasons.

764. **Golden coast.** Southern Louisiana, but above Baton Rouge.

766. **Plaquemine.** A creek running westward from the Mississippi, about a hundred and ten miles north of New Orleans.
769. **Over their heads.** The remaining lines of the stanza are particularly noticeable. Read them aloud and observe their melody. Notice the perfection of the description, the choice in details, the adjectives, the specific verbs, and last, as a finishing touch, the effect of this sombre beauty on the spirits of the voyagers.

774. **Owl.**

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
   The moping owl doth to the moon complain."

*Gray.*

782. **Mimosa.** The sensitive plant.

821. **Ladder of Jacob.** *Genesis* xxviii. 12.

846. **Idle.** The original meaning is useless, vain, silly.

"Tears, idle tears,
   I know not what they mean."

*Tennyson.*

856. **Tèche.** A creek flowing out of the Atchafalaya to the south and west.

878. **Bacchantes.** Worshippers of Bacchus who work themselves into a frenzy at the festivals of the god.

State the course of the travellers, the season of the year, and the time occupied in the journey. This canto is usually described as a series of pictures. How many pictures should you make of it? Point out the details of the different pictures. What gives them human interest? Is there any appeal to any other sense than that of sight? Is there anything in the canto which could not have been obtained from books? In what does Longfellow's ability in writing it consist? It is suggested in connection with this canto that the teacher read to the class
Tennyson's description of the land where it is always afternoon, in the *Lotus Eaters*.

**Canto III.**

889. **Mystic mistletoe.** When the Druids found mistletoe upon their sacred tree, the oak, they thought it a gift of the gods, and cut it down from the tree with great ceremony. A white-robed priest severed it with a golden sickle. A second priest standing below received it in the folds of his white robe. Two white bulls were then sacrificed and sometimes children. Because of these pagan rites the mistletoe was debarred from English church decorations for centuries, and was scarcely mentioned in verse until the time of Herrick.

890. **Yule-tide.** Christmas time.

914. **Sombrero.** A large soft felt hat.

952. **Adayes.** A town in northern Texas.

953. **Ozark Mountains.** These are ridges of southern Missouri that extend into Arkansas and Indian Territory.

956. **Fates.** The three Fates were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. One held the distaff, another spun the thread of life, and the third cut it. Basil must have used the term in its general sense, circumstances.

960. **Michael.** He had evidently gone down to the boat to welcome the other Acadians.

961. **Olympus.** The mountain on which the gods lived.

968. **Gossips.** Originally a god-father or -mother, hence a companion, an intimate friend.

970. **Ci-devant.** The French for former. Why not use former?
984. **Natchitoches.** A town on the Red River.

1009. **Creoles.** Natives of Louisiana and the West Indies, whose descent is partly European, — either Spanish or French.

1033. **Carthusian.** The Carthusians are an exceedingly austere order of monks, who vow almost perpetual silence, and who talk together but once a week.

1041–44. **Over her head.** These four lines seem to mean that man no longer admires those works of God to which he is accustomed, but worships those only which are seldom seen. He worships only when a comet appears blazing in the firmament like a hand writing on the heavens "Upharsin." The last line refers directly to the incident related in the Book of Daniel, v. 5–30.


Is there any true likeness between Mary Magdalene bathing the feet of Christ, and the flowers exhaling dew beneath the rays of the sun?

**Canto IV.**

1078. The description given in the first stanza is exceedingly vague. The land could be anywhere east of Utah and New Mexico, and south of Colorado and Nebraska.

1095. **Ishmael's children.** The American Indians, so called because they were driven from their own land and were wanderers.

1102. **Anchorite monk.** One who renounces the world and secludes himself, usually for religious reasons.

1114. **Fata Morgana.** The Italian name for an optical
delusion supposed to be wrought by the fairy Morgana, and consisting in the appearance of lakes and trees in the midst of a desert country. This optical phenomenon is common in the southwestern portions of the United States. Longfellow expressed it in detail in his poem, *Fata Morgana*:

“As the weary traveller sees
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, o’erhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast.”

1139. **Mowis, Lilinau.** Why are these stories introduced? Compare them, in their object, with René Leblanc’s story in Part First.

1156. **Delicious sound.**

“Like to the sound of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June.”  *Coleridge.*

1167. **Mission.** The Jesuit priests from France made every effort to Christianize the Indians.

1206. **Basil returned.** Observe how the characters are gradually disposed of. Benedict dies, Father Felician remains in Louisiana, Basil goes home, and Evangeline is left alone.

1207. **Slowly.** Longfellow wished to emphasize the period of suspense and waiting. He does it by repeating the adverb, by dividing the time into days, and weeks, and months, and by indicating the change of season.

1213. **Blood-red ear.** “A red ear was typical of a brave admirer, and was regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. A crooked ear represented a thief stooping in the corn-field.”
"And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
'Nushka!' cried they all together,
'Nushka! You shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!'")"

... ... ...

"And whene'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together:
'Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields!
Paimosaid who steals the maize-ear!'"

For further information about the Indian customs in regard to corn, see Hiawatha, Section XIII., "Blessing the Corn-field."

1219. Compass-flower. The edges of the lower leaves are said to point north and south. Longfellow first described the plant as "delicate," and "on its fragile stalk." After seeing one, he changed the adjective to "vigorous," and the phrase to "in the houseless wild."

1226. Asphodel. The flowers of the Elysian Fields, the Greek heaven. Nepenthe. Any potion that produces forgetfulness.

1235. Evangeline went. How long had she remained at the mission?

It is sometimes well to observe what an author refrains from
Longfellow restrained Father Felician from uttering words of consolation. Evangeline does not express her sorrow in words. What is gained, or what is lost, to the poem by this reserve?

1239. **Long years.** Longfellow nowhere states the exact number of years. Why, when he is so definite as to time in Part First, should he be so indefinite in Part Second?

1241. **Moravian Missions.** Those of the United Brethren who settled in various parts of the United States.

In Cantos III. and IV. notice in what ways the misery of Evangeline's search is increased and emphasized. She missed Gabriel at first by a few hours, then by a day, a week, and at last indefinitely. With each disappointment, the hope by which she has been upheld becomes less and less. The few words and tears to which she gives way in the beginning gradually cease, and she ends her search in silence.

**Canto V.**

1256. **Names of the trees.** Many of the streets of Philadelphia are named for trees, — Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, Pine, etc. The Dryads were wood-nymphs.

1258. **There.** Evangeline on leaving Acadia had been taken to Philadelphia.

1260. **René Leblanc.** In the petition sent to George II. by the Acadians of Philadelphia, René Leblanc is mentioned twice. The first reference has been given, Part First, Canto III. The second is as follows, "He was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children, and about a hundred and fifty
LONGFELLOW.

grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died."

1288. **Sister of Mercy.** Read Longfellow’s poem, *Santa Filomena*, commemorating the services of Florence Nightingale to the English soldiers in the Crimean war.

1292. **Watchman.** Before the days of police, watchmen patrolled the cities. They called the hour of the night and "All's well."

1298. **Pestilence.** In 1793 the yellow fever devastated Philadelphia. The incidents of the plague are made use of by Charles Brockden Brown in his novel *Arthur Mervyn*.

1308. **Almshouse.** Said to be the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut Street, now no longer standing.

1312. "**The poor.**" — *Matthew* xxvi. 11.

1355. **Hebrew.** A reference to the sprinkling of blood upon the door by the Hebrews, in order that the angel of Death might pass over when he "smote all the first born in the land of Egypt." — *Exodus* xii. 21-28.

* * * *

The stanzas of the conclusion are modelled after those of the introduction. They give the fate of the Acadians, they strike the same minor key, and they make a similar use of nature as a background.
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