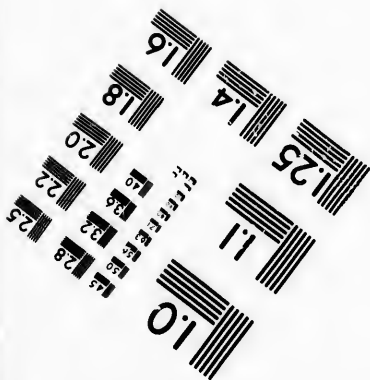
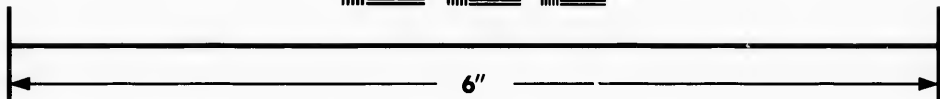
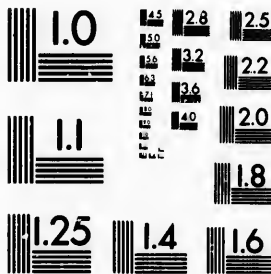


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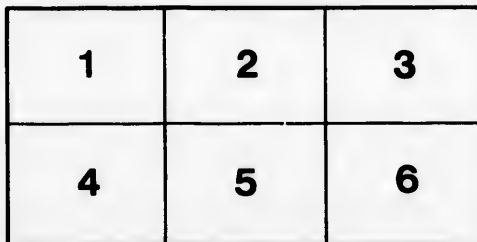
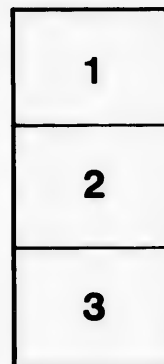
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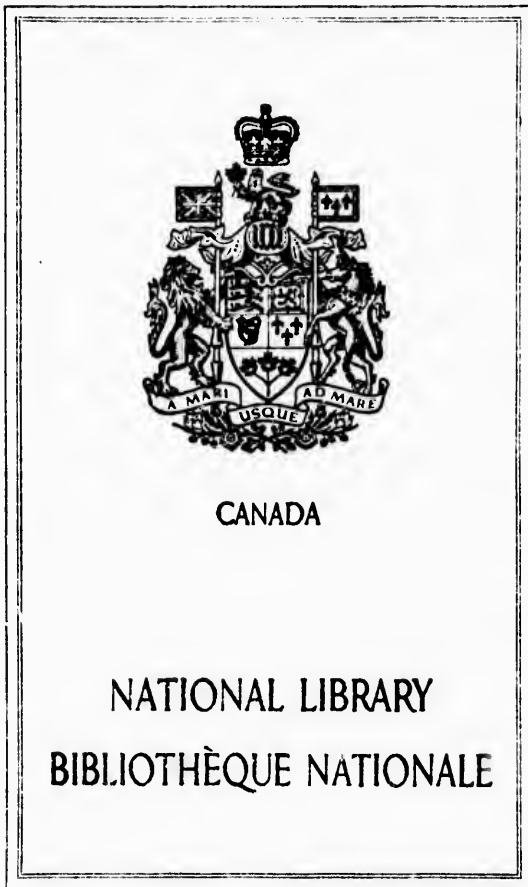
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ENGLISH POETICAL LITERATURE FOR 1891

FOR

University Matriculation and Departmental Teaching Examination

LONGFELLOW'S
EVANGELINE

AND

SIXTEEN OF HIS SHORTER POEMS

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, AND
NOTES ON THE POEMS

BY

H. I. STRANG, B.A., AND A. J. MOORE, B.A.

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P R E F A C E .

In sending forth this edition of the Poetical Literature prescribed for the University and Departmental Examinations of next year, the editors take the opportunity to express their sincere thanks for the favorable reception their previous issues have met with at the hands of their fellow teachers throughout the Province.

Owing to the change in the Regulations no attempt has been made this time to deal with the subject of prose. As to what they have tried to do for the poetry, they cannot do better, perhaps, than repeat the following paragraph from last year's preface :

"The object of the introduction is to enable students to understand clearly what manner of man the writer was, under what circumstances he wrote the poems to be studied, and by what influences he was likely to be affected, and also to call attention to some of the leading characteristics of his style ; that of the notes to lighten the labor of both teachers and students, and to lead the latter to observe and to judge for themselves. If the notes err on the side of fulness it is because the editors have kept in mind the case of candidates studying by themselves, and of others who may not have ready access to good works of reference."

The text of the poems has been taken from Routledge's excellent edition, and in preparing the Introduction and Notes free use has been made of Robertson's *Life of Longfellow* in the "Great Writers" Series, and of the *Evangeline* and *Studies in Longfellow* in the "Riverside Literature" Series.

The editors, while hoping that the result of their efforts will be found as helpful and as worthy of favor as in previous years regret that owing to the late period at which the task was undertaken, and to the pressure of other duties, the work has been more hurriedly done, and the book later in being issued than is desirable.

In conclusion, as this may be the last time that they appear before the public in this capacity, the nominally senior editor wishes to say that in this case, as heretofore, the bulk of the work has been done by Mr. Moore, that the Introduction and the greater part of the notes appear substantially as written by him, and that the senior editor's share has simply been to suggest, revise, and make such few alterations or additions as he thought best.

GODERICH, July, 1890.

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LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

Longfellow was of New England stock. A John Alden and a Priscilla Mullens,* who came out together in the *Mayflower*, by their union became the ancestors of Zilpah Wadsworth, the poet's mother. About sixty years later a William Longfellow, from Yorkshire, like the Puritan Priscilla first mentioned, settled in Massachusetts, and was the ancestor of Stephen, the poet's father. His mother's people were at first in no way distinguished, and the earlier Longfellows had but indifferent headpieces, but as the streams of descent converged towards our poet, the refining influence of education and wealth, or the mysterious power of natural selection began to be felt. Thus in the times of the Revolution one grandfather, Peleg Wadsworth, of Portland, in the state of Maine, figured as a General, active in the war, while about the same time, and in the same town, his other grandfather, Stephen Longfellow, became a Judge of Common Pleas.

Here in February, 1807, Henry Wadsworth was born, the second of a family of eight. His father, a graduate of Harvard Law School, a refined, scholarly and religious man, bestowed every attention on his children's education and manners. His mother knew but little else than her Bible and Psalm book, but was esteemed by all as a lady of piety and Christian endeavor, and transmitted her gentle nature as well as her handsome features to her favorite son. He grew up, a slim, long-legged lad, quite averse to sport or rude forms of exercise, and from his earliest school going was studious in the extreme. It is in-

* The original of the Maiden who says to John Alden in *Miles Standish*, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

teresting to note his favorite books. He loved *Cowper's poems*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Ossian*, the *Arabian Nights*, and *Don Quixote*, but above all he was enamored of the *Sketch Book*. In the few boyish attempts at verse-writing which are preserved we can scarcely see either the fruit of his reading or the germ of his future excellence. The child was not in his case the promise of the man.

Longfellow carried his studious habits, his shyness, and his slowness of speech to Bowdoin College.* Some of his classmates there were afterwards men of note, *e. g.*, Abbott, the historian; Pierce, the politician; and Cheever, the preacher and author; but undoubtedly the most eminent of all was Nathaniel Hawthorne. Longfellow graduated with distinction when but nineteen, and was one of the orators of his year. Just here an incident occurred which shows how often mere chance has the shaping of a career. At this final examination a leading trustee of the College was so taken with Longfellow's translation of an ode of Horace, that he proposed him for the new Chair of Modern Languages, then just established. The Board agreed, his father was willing to bear the expense, and so this youth of twenty was shipped off to Europe to fit himself by study and travel for his new duties. During his college course he had contributed some twenty poems to the pioneer literary magazines, the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Gazette*, but these, although marked by purity and graceful language, certainly showed little originality or scope of fancy.

He remained in France, chiefly in Paris, and vicinity, eight months, a close student of the French language and literature. Thence, in February, 1827, he set out for Spain, on a similar errand, and while in Madrid he made the acquaintance of Washington Irving, then engaged on his life of Columbus. We next find him at Rome (December), and a year after in Germany. Letters from all these places were frequent, but it is

*At Brunswick, Maine.

something of a wonder that they are of so little worth, and contain no description, no observations of any acuteness or value. Probably language-learning consumed his time, and he trusted to his retentive memory for the rest. Years after, these memories of travel are reproduced in both prose and poetry, and seem to lose but little in vividness by their delayed utterance. At length the traveller-student returned to his native land, and became, at the age of twenty-two, Professor of Modern Languages in his own Alma Mater. And there is little doubt that at that time and in that walk he was the best furnished Professor in all America.

Behold now Longfellow a full-fledged professor, amiable, of gentlemanly manners, handsome, and just turned twenty-two. Industrious, too, neglecting no interest of his pupils, and as a natural consequence from so many virtues greatly beloved of all. Just two years after his assumption of the professor's robe, he married Mary Potter, the daughter of his father's most intimate friend. Then followed a few years of perfect happiness, of congenial labor, * of scholarly associates, and with the companionship of a beautiful and intelligent woman.

There seems to have been leisure also for production, for in 1833 appeared his first volume, a translation from a dull Spaniard. But in the same year appeared something of much more interest, the first part of *Outre-Mer, A Pilgrimage beyond Seas*. In this pleasant and at the time very popular book, we find the record of his European tour.

The influence of the *Sketch Book* is apparent, and he openly enough imitates both Irving and Goldsmith. The style, indeed, is as graceful as Irving's style, but the descriptions are more downright, and wanting in his delicate touches, while his humor is almost entirely wanting. However devoid of interest *Outre-Mer* may now be, after the lapse of nearly sixty years,

* The drudgery of the elementary work was done by assistants; he lectured on the literature, and heard translations in French, Spanish, and Italian.

when half the descriptions would not be true, and when the moralisings would be thought commonplace, it had a considerable effect on Longfellow's fortunes.

At the end of 1834 he was offered a similar Professorship at Harvard, at the largely increased salary of fifteen hundred dollars. As he was weakest in German and the Teutonic languages generally, he was allowed a year's travel before entering on his duties, and his wife and he set out in the spring of 1835. In London, during a three weeks' stay, they visited a few celebrities, Carlyle the chief; thence they went to Stockholm and Copenhagen, and afterwards to Amsterdam, where he again became the earnest student of languages. It was at Rotterdam that Longfellow experienced the first and greatest sorrow of an exceptionally fortunate and favored life. Here his wife fell ill and died, after a lingering and painful illness. Of a nature reticent and retiring, that shrank from the exposure of his inmost feelings, the depth of the loss to him we can never fully know, but that she ever remained a sad and tender memory we have ample evidence from his poems. *

In the spring he went on to Heidelberg, where he made the acquaintance of several German literati, and for the first time met Bryant. Some pleasure he took with those friends about the old University town, but the bulk of the time was dogged study, given to Goethe, Tieck, Richter, and other authors. In the summer we find him in the Tyrol, in the autumn at Interlaken, and in December of the same year (1836), back at Harvard, entering on his duties.

He took up lodgings at Craigie House, once the abode of George Washington for some months after the battle of Bunk-

* With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine,
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes.—*Footsteps of Angels.*

er's H even occupying his very room. Here after a while Hawthorne renewed his acquaintance, sending him a copy of his *Twice-told Tales*, which Longfellow very kindly reviewed in the *North American*. At Harvard, Longfellow had less to do than at Bowdoin, and had therefore more leisure for purely literary work. His lot was, indeed, a fortunate and enviable one; a long life still before him, perfect health, an honorable and not burdensome position, a comfortable home, no money anxieties, and a few scholarly men of his own age* to give him counsel and perhaps suggestions. This last was the stimulus that Longfellow needed. He resumed his versemaking, submitting it from time to time to the kindly criticism of his friends. The first published was *Flowers*, and the second the *Psalm of Life*, July, 1838,† appearing anonymously in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. In 1839 a volume was issued with the title *Voices of the Night*, including the above and the other pieces usually so headed in the editions of his poems, together with his earlier poems and a few translations.

A few months previously he had published *Hyperion*, his prose romance. The hero, Paul Flemming, is no doubt himself, the heroine, Mary Ashburton, was with as little doubt a Miss Frances Appleton, whom he had met when at Interlaken. So evident is the suggestion and portrayal of scenes and incidents occurring only in her company that the poet's mind is plainly disclosed, and clearly presages some coming events. Indeed, the spring and motive was so apparent as to give rise to the charge of indelicacy.

He has managed in this book to impart a great amount of local colour by criticisms and quotations from German authors

*Four friends with himself called themselves the "Five of Clubs," and took dinners in his rooms, or elsewhere, at which their own literary ventures and those of others were discussed.

† Of the earlier poems, written for the most part at College before he was nineteen he says: "Some have found their way into schools; others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers." The best is perhaps "The Burial of the Minnisink."

and renderings from German song. *Hyperion* was no doubt a bid for the primacy in American prose fiction. With more narrative than *Outre-Mer* it is not nearly so good as to style ; is as subjective as the former is objective, and is too frequently moralising and sentimental. *Hyperion* is still read and is still interesting, and its strictures on men and books are still of some value as mere literature. But of German philosophy Longfellow had no grasp, and he may be said wholly to ignore those great social and scientific trends of human action and thought which now engage to some extent the pen of every great traveller and novelist.

His diary shows us that several schemes of future works were at this time developing in the poet's mind, but we must leave the names and the consideration of these to another place. In 1842 he made a trip to England on the score of health, and while there visited Dickens, and otherwise thoroughly enjoyed himself. While returning he wrote on ship-board his poems on Slavery, published this same year, of which the *Slave's Dream* and the *Quadroon* are the strongest and best. Next year came the realization of Mary Ashburton. Miss Appleton had been seriously offended by the too evident references of *Hyperion*, but she finally succumbed to the combined attractions of his handsome person, his assured position, and his growing fame.

The bride's father, who was a wealthy man, did not allow his daughter to go unportioned. He bought the Craigie House and estate, and presented them to the newly married couple. For the rest of his life Longfellow was thus in easy circumstances, not dependent on his professorship or the sale of his works. Few poets have had their lines cast in such pleasant places—an ample fortune, a beautiful young wife, the prospect of gaining an assured place in the affections of his countrymen, and all these at the early age of 36. Yet his innate modesty still remained, and stranger still, his industry did not slacken.

In the same year as his marriage Longfellow published the *Spanish Student*, his best dramatic poem. The plot is a commonplace one. The heroine, a Gypsy dancer, is unnatural in her want of passion; the hero, a student madly in love with the aforesaid maiden, is spiritless and quite too metaphysical and instructive in his conversation. There is no deep emotion in the play, and as Longfellow has nowhere else displayed any sense of the comic or ridiculous, he has been suspected of cribbing his best character.* Some fine descriptions, some moral reflections, some pretty songs † adapt it well enough for parlor theatricals, but there is not strength enough in it to make a stage success.

In 1845 appeared a work written to order, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, four hundred and more translations from a dozen different languages, a few by Longfellow himself, as were also the critical introductions. In November of the same year he began the *Old Clock on the Stairs*. A fortnight later his diary says: "Set about *Gabrielle*, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. Felton and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem." After several changes of name it was finally christened *Evangeline*. The discussion of this and of some other pieces in his volume of 1846, will be found elsewhere. In 1849, two years after *Evangeline* appeared, he published *Kavanaugh*, a tale of New England life, about which no one ever has been or ever will be in raptures. The scenes are true enough, but in the humdrum affairs of a country village, there are not many worth depicting. Longfellow seems to have been quite incapable of understanding that a plot is one great essential to an interesting story. Next year, however, his new volume of poems contained two pieces which would have atoned

* Chispa.

† The prettiest is "Stars of the Summer Night," set to music by many composers, but perhaps best by Henry Smart and J. L. Hatton.

for a much duller tale than *Kavanagh*, namely, *Resignation* and *The Building of the Ship*. This last, modelled as to form on Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, is one of the noblest of Longfellow's poems, and the concluding lines * have always been enthusiastically received by American audiences.

The Golden Legend (1851) is of the 13th century, and attempts the reproduction of Mediaeval machinery. Bands of angels, troops of devils, Lucifer himself, monks and choristers and minnesingers are the *dramatis personæ*. A Mystery or Miracle play is introduced, as are also a friar's sermon, and here and there Latin hymns. As an imitation and illustration of the superstitions, customs and manners of the Middle Ages, it must be considered as both successful and instructive. As the burden of the play is the misleading of a Prince by the Evil One, and the treatment not dissimilar, it might almost be called a version of Goethe's *Faust*.

Hitherto nearly all Longfellow's work had an Old World coloring, born of a student's natural reverence for the past, and his sojourn in lands richer in poetic material than his native America. But *Hiawatha* was distinctly a venture in a quite original field. Pope saw in the Indian only an object of compassion; Fenimore Cooper invested him with some dignity and other virtues; Longfellow found in him and his surroundings material for poetry! But this was before the advent of the white man,

"In his great canoe with pinions,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun."

* Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State ;
Sail on, O Union, strong and great

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope ! etc.

before the use of firearms and firewater had begun their deadly work,

“When wild in native woods the noble savage ran.”

It seemed fit to Longfellow that a new measure not hitherto used for the poetry of civilization should be the vehicle of its presentation. This he found in the great Finnish epic, the *Kalevala*. The Finnish poetry, like the early Anglo Saxon, had as a distinguishing feature, regularly recurring alliteration; and, in addition, what has been called parallel structure, *i. e.*, the repetition in successive lines of a word or phrase at the beginning. Longfellow omitted much of the former, but made large use of the latter.* He got his material from the Indian legends current in New England, and from Schoolcraft's *Indians of the U.S.* The song of *Hiawatha*, however, is not a continuous epic narrative, but a series of hymns, descriptive of episodes in the life of a mythical Indian chief, and the unrhymed swinging of the short trochaic lines seems not ill adapted for the desired effect of unusualness and of being native to the soil as a purely New World product. Its success was marvellous. Vast editions of the poem were sold during the half-dozen years succeeding its first issue (1855). “The charms of the work are many; the music is deftly managed; the ear

* One example from the *Peace Pipe* will suffice to explain this; it occurs in the address of Manitou (the Great Spirit) to his people; the recurring words are italicised.

*Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life who made you.*

*I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?*

“does not tire of the short-breathed lines ; no poet but Longfellow could have come out of the difficult experiment thus triumphantly ; the poet has adorned the naked legends of Schoolcraft with all sorts of enrichment ; it is highly improbable that the Red Indian will ever again receive an apotheosis so beautiful as this at the hands of any poet.” *

In 1857 when the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched, with J. R. Lowell, as editor, Longfellow became a regular contributor, and in the succeeding twenty years contributed to it about forty poems. In 1858 appeared *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, a second trial of hexameter verse. The stern Puritans and their sombre religious views furnish but indifferent material for poetry, and the poem, though not wanting in many beautiful lines and descriptions, is manifestly inferior to *Evangeline*. Four years before, he had resigned his professorship in order to give his whole time to literary labor. He continued to reside at Craigie House with his wife and children, a truly beautiful and loving household. In the summers they were to be found at Nahant, a pleasant seaside village near Boston. Here in a great frame house of many rooms Longfellow passed the hot season, and sometimes entertained a friend, for he was much given to hospitality.

But in the full flower of his fame, and in the perfection of his powers, the second great calamity of his life overtook him. In 1861 his wife's clothing accidentally caught fire, and she was so severely burned that she lived but a few days. The poet, as in the case of his first wife, made no loud demonstration of grief, but, for that very reason perhaps, the shock to him was the more serious. From that day he rapidly and visibly aged ; his wonted erectness and alertness sensibly diminished, some of his constant cheerfulness deserted him—even his diary and methodical habits of study were for a long time intermitted.

* From Robertson's *Life of Longfellow*.

The plan of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863) was, no doubt, suggested by the *Canterbury Tales*. A landlord, a student, and a Jew, a theologian, a musician, a Sicilian and a poet meet at a Wayside Inn, and each tells a story for the amusement of the company. The Landlord's Tale, *Paul Revere's Ride*, has always been popular; the others, while not equal to it, have perhaps not been appreciated in the degree they merit. The Prelude, describing the characters, is superior to the majority of the tales themselves in this respect, being, as some think, similar to Chaucer's *Prologue*.*

In 1868 Longfellow revisited the old world, and remained about a year and a half, visiting England mainly, but going as far as Italy. He was much lionized, as became the most famous and popular poet of America. Cambridge and Oxford gave him honorary degrees, all sorts of people were anxious to invite him to dinner, Mr. Gladstone shook him warmly by the hand, and even Royalty itself requested the honor of his company. He got back to Craigue House about the time of the publication of the last volume of his *Dante*.

He had been at work for years on this translation of *The Divine Comedy*. His success as a skilful translator had been very great. He had that artistic taste, that fine literary instinct, that fastidiousness as to form and sound, which a good translator must have. His work has been severely criticised on the score of its extreme literalness, which, indeed, is surprising in a verse translation. The beginner in Italian who uses Longfellow as a "crib," will scarcely need a dictionary. "This method of literal translation is not likely to receive any more splendid illustration; throughout the English world his name will always be associated with that of the great Florentine." If Longfellow had attempted the other method of

*The scenes and characters are not imaginary, but drawn from the author's experience. The "Wayside Inn" was a tavern in Sudbury: its proprietor "the landlord;" the "musician" was Ole Bull, the noted violinist, etc.

translation, had ignored the mere syntax and word equivalence, had tried to reproduce the inner meaning and power of the great original, wherein is sounded the whole gamut of woe and despair, would he have succeeded? It is very doubtful; and competent judges have thought that he chose the wiser part. The measure of the poem is adopted, but not the rhyming; the impassioned spirit, the heat and the light of the Italian are wanting, but on the whole it is a most beautiful version.

The *Hanging of the Crane*, 1874, is one of the most admired of his poems. As a beautiful picture of the formation of a household, and a poetic illustration of that family life which is said to be distinctive of the English races, we are sure no nobler example can be found. It is said to have been written in honor of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and his young wife. Many poems not mentioned in this short sketch also appeared in separate volumes from year to year. We can only mention *Keramos* (1878). With this appeared the last flight (the 5th) of his *Birds of Passage*. The first appeared with *Miles Standish*, the second with *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, the third and fourth with other volumes. These *Flights* include some of the best of his shorter pieces, as *On the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, the *Children's Hour*, etc.

Ultima Thule was the title of his last volume (1880), which contained a selection of his latest and best occasional pieces. In the early days of March, 1882, he wrote his last poem (*The Bells of San Blas*). And on the 24th of the same month this most gentle, beloved, and popular of all the American poets was gathered to his fathers.

We may well say that by his death a nation was plunged into mourning. He was absolutely without personal enemies. His sweet and sunny nature had endeared him to the Americans, as did also the general character of his poetry, the incentives to manly endeavor, the steady encouragement to something better, higher, and purer, the unflinching faith in God's good-

ness. What short of the best could be the reward of this good and great man of blameless life, whose work had ever the loftiest aims? May we not well trust the burden of his own requiem, chanted as the bearers lowered his body to mother earth.

He is dead, the sweet musician !
 He is gone from us forever !
 He has moved a little nearer
 To the Master of all music,
 To the Master of all singing ! *

List of Poems referring to incidents in the poet's life :

Miles Standish.	Psalm of Life.
Footsteps of Angels.	The Old Clock on the Stairs.
To the River Charles.	A Gleam of Sunshine.
The two Angels.	My Lost Youth.
The Children's Hour.	Three Friends of Mine.
Morituri Salutamus.	From My Arm Chair.
In the Long Watches of the Night.	Tales of a Wayside Inn.

* XV. Hiawatha's Lamentation.

CHRONOLOGICAL PARALLEL.

	LONGFELLOW'S LIFE AND WORKS.	AMERICAN LITERATURE.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.
1807	Born at Portland, Feb. 27.	Whittier, Agassiz, Hawthorne, <i>b.</i>	<i>Hours of Idleness, Marion</i> (1808).
1809		Holmes, Poe, <i>b.</i> , Irving's <i>Hist. of New York.</i>	<i>Gertrude of Wyoming, Queen Mab, Curse of Kehama, Lady of Lake</i> (1810).
1812		<i>Thanatopsis.</i>	Dickens, Browning <i>b.</i> , Thackeray, 1811, <i>Child Harold</i> , Cantos i., ii.
1814		Motley, <i>b.</i>	<i>Waverley, The Excursion.</i>
1816		Heavyside, <i>b.</i>	<i>Old Mortality, Christabel, Lalla Rookh</i> (1817).
1818			<i>Endymion, Child Harold</i> complete.
1819		Lowell, Whitman, <i>b.</i>	Ruskin <i>b.</i> , <i>Ivanhoe, Prometheus Unbound.</i>
1822	Goes to Bowdoin.	<i>Bracebridge Hall, The Spy.</i>	Macaulay's <i>Essay on Milton.</i>
1825	Graduates.		
1826	Goes to Europe—at Paris.		
1827	At Madrid, at Rome	Dana's <i>Buccaneers</i> , Halleck's 1st vol. Cooper's <i>Prairie.</i>	
1828	In Germany.	Irving's <i>Columbus.</i>	
1829	Professor at Bowdoin.	Poe's 1st volume.	Tennyson's 1st vol. 1830.
1831	Marriage.	1832, Bryant's 1st. volume, Irving's <i>Alhambra.</i>	1832, Scott <i>d.</i>
1833	First Volume — a Translation.		Tennyson's 2nd vol. <i>Sartor Resartus.</i>
1834	Professor at Harvard.		
1835	<i>Outre Mer</i> , Revisits Europe, death of wife.	<i>Two Years before the Mast.</i>	Browning's <i>Paracelsus.</i>
1836	At Harvard, 1837 <i>Psalm of Life.</i>	1837, <i>Ferdinand and Isabella, Twice Told Tales, Sam Slick.</i>	1837, <i>Pickwick Papers, Carlyle's Fr. Revolution.</i>
1839	<i>Voices of the Night, Hyperion.</i>	Bret Harte, <i>b.</i> , Whittier's <i>Ballads</i> (1838).	
1840	<i>Wreck of the Hesperus.</i>	Bancroft's <i>History of Colonization.</i>	
1841	<i>Excelsior:</i>	Emerson's 1st series of <i>Essays</i> , Lowell's 1st vol. of <i>poems.</i>	
1842	3rd visit to Europe, <i>Poems on Slavery.</i>	Channing, <i>d.</i>	Macaulay's <i>Lays, Locksley Hall.</i>
1843	<i>Spanish Student,</i> 2nd Marriage.	<i>Conquest of Mexico.</i>	Dickens' <i>American Notes, Modern Painters.</i>
1845	<i>Poets and Poetry of Europe.</i>	Poe's <i>Raven.</i>	Carlyle's <i>Cromwell.</i>

	LONGFELLOW'S LIFE AND WORKS.	AMERICAN LITERATURE.	ENGLISH LITERATURE.
1846	<i>The Belfry of Bruges</i>	Agassiz at Harvard, Emerson's 1st vol. of poems, <i>Mosses from an old Manse</i> .	<i>Vanity Fair</i> .
1847	<i>Evangeline</i> .	<i>Conquest of Peru</i> , Holmes at Harvard; 1848, <i>Biglow Papers</i> .	<i>The Princess</i>
1849	<i>Kavanagh</i> .	Poe d., Emerson's <i>Representative Men</i> , Irving's <i>Goldsmith</i> .	Macaulay's <i>Hist. of Eng.</i> , <i>Pendennis</i> , <i>David Copperfield</i> .
1850	<i>The Building of the Ship</i> .	Whittier's <i>Songs of Labor</i> , <i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i> , <i>The Scarlet Letter</i> , Irving's <i>Mahomet</i> .	Wordsworth d., <i>In Memoriam</i> , <i>Ode on death of Wellington</i> .
1851	<i>The Golden Legend</i> .	<i>House of Seven Gables</i> , Cooper, Webster, Clay, d.	<i>Henry Esmond</i> .
1854	Resigns Professorship.	Lowell succeeds him.	
1855	<i>Hiawatha</i> .	<i>Leaves of Grass</i> , Prescott's <i>Philip II</i> .	<i>The Newcomes</i> .
1856		Emerson's <i>Eng. Traits</i> , <i>The Dutch Republic</i> .	
1857		<i>Autocrat of the Breakfast Table</i> , Heavysege's <i>Saul</i> . <i>The Atlantic Monthly</i> begun.	
1858	<i>Miles Standish</i> .	Prescott d. (1859).	Carlyle's <i>Frederick the Great</i> , Macaulay, De Quincey d. (1859).
1861	Death of 2nd wife.	1860, <i>The United Netherlands</i> , Sangster's <i>Hesperus</i> .	Mrs. Browning d.
1863	<i>Tales of a Wayside Inn</i> .	Whittier's <i>In War Time</i> .	
1864		Hawthorne d., Heavysege's <i>Jephtha's Daughter</i> .	
1868		Emerson's 2nd volume of poems.	Browning's <i>Ring and the Book</i> .
1869		Lowell's <i>Under the Willows</i> .	
1870	<i>Dante</i> , completed.	Emerson's 3rd volume of <i>Essays</i> , B. Harte's <i>Poems</i> .	
1871		Lowell's <i>My Study Windows</i> , Emerson's 4th vol.	
1873	<i>Aftermath</i> .	1872, Holmes' <i>Professor and Poet at the Breakfast Table</i> .	
1874	<i>The Hanging of the Crane</i> .	Whittier's <i>Mabel Martin</i> , Agassiz, d., Bancroft's <i>Hist. of America</i> , completed.	
1875		Emerson's <i>Letters and Social Aims</i> .	
1876		Whittier's <i>Centennial Hymn</i> , <i>Gabriel Conroy</i> .	
1878	<i>Keramos</i> .	Bryant d., Motley d. (1877).	
1880	<i>Ultima Thule</i> .	Lowell, Minister at London.	
1882	Death, March 24.		

CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

HISTORICAL GROUND WORK FOR *EVANGELINA*.

In April, 1713, was signed the treaty of Utrecht. By its 12th article, all Nova Scotia, or Acadia, 'comprehended within its ancient boundaries,' was ceded to the Queen of Great Britain and her crown forever. The term 'ancient boundaries,' at the time seemed explicit enough, but the limits of Acadia afterwards became a great national question, the English claiming all east of a line from the mouth of the Kennebec to Quebec as Acadia, the French restricting it to the southern half of the Nova Scotian peninsula. The inhabitants at the time numbered some twenty-five hundred souls, at the three chief settlements, Port Royal, Minas, Chignecto. They were given a year to remove with their effects, but, if electing to remain, were to have the free exercise of their religion, as far as the laws of England permitted, to retain their lands and enjoy their property as fully and freely as the other British subjects. But, British subjects they must be, and accordingly the oath of allegiance was tendered them. For some time there was a general refusal, because the Acadians rightly judged this carried with it the obligation of bearing arms against their countrymen. In 1730, however, Phillips, the then governor of Nova Scotia, was able to inform the Lords of the Admiralty, that all but a few families had taken the oath. But Phillips seems to have admitted, and the Acadians always afterwards assumed, that there was a tacit, if not expressed understanding, that they were to be exempt from serving against France.

Things went on with some smoothness for many years after this. But at last the thirty years' peace came to an end. France was supporting Frederick the Great of Prussia, England

Maria Theresa of Austria. War accordingly recommenced in the Colonies, and the French had hope of reconquering Acadia. But although the news of the declaration of war reached them seven weeks later, the New Englanders were the first to act. La Loutre, the French missionary, who had been ever the inveterate enemy of the English, and the fomentor of discontent among the Acadians, stirred up the Indians to attack the English at Annapolis. But they were beaten off, till Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts, sent help from Boston. In that town there was great excitement, which took the form of volunteering against Louisburg. This town was the strongest place in America. Its walls of stone were nearly two miles in circuit, and thirty feet high, surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide, and defended by a hundred and fifty cannon. The entrance at the west gate was defended by sixteen heavy guns, while the island in the harbor mouth was furnished with sixty more. No wonder then, that this great fortress was regarded with fear and hatred by all the English in America. Yet, this 'Dunkirk of America,' as the New Englanders termed it, was taken in exactly seven weeks, by an army of rustics from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, led by a man who from his youth up had been a trader, who knew absolutely nothing of military drill or organization, and had never seen a cannon trained on an enemy.

This expedition sent by Gov. Shirley, and headed by Gen. Pepperell, and consisting of 4,000 men, 13 vessels, and 200 cannon, reached Louisburg on the 1st May, 1745. The garrison was completely surprised, and before they had recovered, the English were in possession of the outworks. In 49 days the surrender took place, and six hundred regulars, thirteen hundred militia, and some thousands of the townfolk were shipped back to France. Hannay says, apparently with some bitterness: "The news was received in Europe with incredulous surprise. Had such a deed of arms been done in Greece, two thousand years ago, the details would have been taught in the

schools generation after generation, great poets would have wedded them to immortal verse. But as the people who won this triumph were not Greeks or Romans, but only colonists, the affair was but the talk of a day, and most of the books called histories of England, ignore it altogether." The heroism was expended in vain, for in 1748, the colonists saw with feelings of indignation, the island of Cape Breton and the fortress of Louisburg, given back to France, to become once more their menace, and once more their prize.

During all this time the Acadians were accused of acting with duplicity, secretly furnishing aid to the French, and secretly stirring up the Indians. In the summer of 1749, when Halifax was founded, Governor Cornwallis plainly told them this, and that all must take a new oath of allegiance by the end of October. If not, they must leave the country, and leave their effects behind them. This was refused, and the relations between them rapidly became strained, even to the verge of belligerence. There is no doubt that La Loutre, the missionary before mentioned, who was at that time Vicar-General of Acadia, under the Bishop of Quebec, stirred up the Micmacs to revolt, and induced the Acadians to be obstinate.

By persuasion or threats he had already induced some two thousand Acadians to leave their homes and cross the boundary. This boundary was the Missiquash river; on its north side was the fort Beau Sejour, erected by the French; and there were other forts with settlements about them at Baie Verte and St. John. Many were in a miserable condition, and wished to return to their lands, but would not take the proffered oath.* La Loutre lost no opportunities by sermons and emissaries to create ill will to the English garrisons at Minas, Piziquid, Chignecto and other places. The English complained that the Acadians were hostile in every sense, short of open rebellion,

* "Je promets et jure sincèrement que je serai fidèle, et que je porterai une loyauté parfaite vers sa Majesté George Second."

carrying their supplies of provisions across the Bay, and it even required a mandate from Halifax to induce them to sell wood to the English forts. Thus everything was ripe for war when war again began.

The commission to settle the limits of Acadia had failed, and both sides were preparing for the struggle. The English, as in 1745, were first ready to strike, and sailing from the same port of Boston, were as fortunate as before, for they succeeded in reducing the French forts at Beau Séjour, Baie Verte and St. John. In fact of the four expeditions of that year, (1755) this alone had a complete measure of success.

And now the expatriation of the Acadians was resolved on. That such an extreme measure was justifiable we can hardly believe. Yet, much can be said in extenuation. It was at the beginning of a mortal and doubtful struggle between these two nations for the supremacy of a continent. Half way measures might mean ruin. The Acadians claimed to be regarded as neutrals, yet they had not remained so; positive proof existed of their aiding the French, and stirring up the savages to revolt and rapine. Allowed the free exercise of their faith, and any number of priests, till these were found acting as political agents, with no taxation but a title to their own clergy, they were growing rich, and were much better off in every way than their compatriots in France, and immeasurably more so than the wretched Canadians under the rapacious Bigot. British settlement had been retarded by their presence. Surely every government had the right to demand an unconditional oath of allegiance against all enemies whatsoever.

This was the burden of Gen. Lawrence's address to the protesting delegations from the various settlements. But as they still obstinately refused the oath, active measures were at once set on foot for their removal from the colony. Expeditions were sent out to burn houses and destroy all places of shelter. Resistance was not to be anticipated, as they had been deprived

of arms some time before, yet, at Chignecto and some other places, they met with resistance, and suffered considerable loss from the French and Indians. On Minas Basin, Colonel Winslow had no opposition.

On Friday, the 5th September, all males of 10 years and upwards were ordered to attend at the church in Grand-Pré. Over four hundred attended and remained prisoners till the time of embarkation. Vessels were collected from various quarters, and as much as possible of the people's household effects was taken. Similar measures were taken at the other settlements, the troops employed doing the work of collecting the people, and embarking them as quietly and tenderly as possible. Care was taken not to separate families, but some sad separations there must have been. They were taken to Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, and the West Indies. The number is much disputed. Hannay, who sums up against the Acadians on most points, puts it at a little over three thousand, two-thirds of whom after a time returned. By some the number is put as high as eight thousand, of which three thousand only returned.*

ORIGIN OF THE POEM.

It was to Hawthorne that the poet was, indirectly at least, indebted for the subject. The circumstances under which it was suggested, and the preparation made for writing the poem, are thus told in Robertson's *Life*.

* Dr. Kingsford, in the 3rd vol. of his *History of Canada*, takes an even more decided position against the Acadians than Hannay, so that Longfellow's pictures of the people and of the priests as well, would seem utterly fictitious. He makes the most sweeping charges as to the political character and motives of the French priests, their never ending intrigues, and the instigation to outrage and massacre of the savages under their spiritual control. The Acadians are represented as anything but the peace-loving, religious, hospitable and brave people that our poet pictures. He shows clearly that the kings of France and the governors of Canada made use of La Loutre for their schemes and afterwards repudiated him.

"Hawthorne one day dined at Craigie House, and brought with him a clergyman. The latter happened to remark that he had been vainly endeavoring to interest Hawthorne in a subject that he himself thought would do admirably for a story. He then related the history of a young Acadian girl, who had been turned away with her people in that dire "'55," thereafter became separated from her lover, wandered for many years in search of him, and finally found him in a hospital dying. 'Let me have it for a poem, then,' said Longfellow, and he had the leave at once. He raked up historical material from Haliburton's 'Nova Scotia,' and other books, and soon was steadily building up that idyl which is his true Golden Legend. Beyond consulting records, he put together the material of *Evangeline* entirely out of his head; that is to say, he did not think it necessary to visit Acadia and pick up local color. When a boy he had rambled about the old Wadsworth home at Hiram, climbing often to a balcony on the roof, and thence looking over great stretches of wood and hill; and from recollections of such a scene it was comparatively easy for him to imagine the forest primeval."

THE MEASURE OF EVANGELINE.

is what is generally called dactylic hexameter. But as the number of accents and not the number of the syllables or the quantity of the vowels, is the true criterion for English verse, we may call it the hexameter verse of six accents, the feet being either dactyls or trochees. This measure has never become very popular with English poets. The cæsural pause is usually about the middle of the line, after the accented syllable of the 3rd or 4th foot. In this measure a sing song monotony is the great evil to be guarded against, and Longfellow is very successful in avoiding an excess of it by dexterously shifting the place of the main verse pause. Trochees are inter-

changeable with dactyls, and occur very frequently everywhere, but always conclude the line.

On' the | mor'row to | me'et in the | chu'rch || when his | ma'jesty's |
ma'ndate.

And a | no'n with his | wo'oden | shoes || beat | tim'e to the | mu'sic.

The following has been pointed out as a very perfect hexameter scansion :

Chanting the | Hundredth | Psalm—that | grand old | Puritan | An-
them.

And the following is almost comic in the violent wrench the scansion gives to the natural reading of the words :

Children's | children | sa't on his | kne'e || and | hea'rd his great |
wa'tch tick.

We must be allowed to quote from the poet's most discriminating biographer ; his remarks are so telling and to the point.

“The truth is that this measure, within its proper use, should be regarded not as a bastard classicism, but as a wholly modern invention. Impassioned speech more often breaks into pentameter and hexameter than into any other measure. Longfellow himself has pointed to the splendid hexameters that abound in our Bible. ‘Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them ;’ ‘God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.’” “Would Mr. Swinburne, simply because these are English hexameters, deny their lofty beauty? This form of verse will never, in all probability, become a favorite vehicle for poets' thoughts, but by a singular *tour de force*, Longfellow succeeded in getting rid of the popular prejudice against it, and whatever the classicists may say, he put more varied melody into his lines than Clough, Hawtrey, Kingsley, Howells or Bayard Taylor, attained in similar experiments.”—*Robertson*.

Longfellow, after much thought and some experiment, decided that this was the most fitting form, and we are now certain that his fine sense of harmony and form was not at fault. The har-

monious and slightly monotonous rise and fall of this uncommon but not un-English metre, is well adapted to convey that 'lingering melancholy' which pervades the tale, and that epic simplicity was in agreement with the supposed character of a people so far removed in time from us hard headed, unromantic, and therefore unattractive moderns.

Longfellow says, in his diary: "I tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the mocking-bird's song.

"Upon a spray, that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
Poured such delicious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the song 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."

Now, let the student compare with this the lines of *Evangeline*, (part ii., ll. 208-217) and he will be satisfied, we think, that the latter are preferable. The jingle of the rhyme and the shorter pulse of the line would have been less in agreement with that vein of protracted pathos and melancholy distinctive of the poem.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MAN AND OF HIS POETRY.

Longfellow was too broadly human to speak in the dogmatic manner of the creeds. His Unitarianism never peeps out. A poet's religion must of necessity be broad and tolerant, and Longfellow's, although truly Christian, was distinctly so. He was no controversialist or polemic; religion was with him a matter of the heart rather than of the head. The Roman Catholics are said to have at one time thought him tending in their direction; but the truth was simply this, that he was

easily led to commend whatever by its beauty or nobility gratified the artist instinct within him. In this way he was a religious eclectic. A child-like trust that God's way is the best, resignation to His will, and a resolve to do the duty that lies before him is the substance of Longfellow's moral philosophy. Lucifer, even,

. . . "Is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood."

and again—

"What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."

Hope ever points the way, and should excite to action. His smaller pieces, such as *The Psalm, Excelsior*, and the *Village Blacksmith*, have been very successful, because they reflect the spirit of the Anglo-American race, their utilitarian and practical aims. To labor is our duty—success will be our reward. Do the duty that lies nearest you, and let there be no repining. Act, act in the living present.

Some have sneered at these low ideals as poem-stuff; but the fact remains that these verses have become household words, and, although we are likely to be pitied for saying so, will perhaps be treasured when the flights of Shelley or the mysteries of Browning are forgotten or are still unintelligible.

Of dramatic power Longfellow had small share, for the absence of passion alone unfitted him for the inner conflict of the spirit. His strength is in the portrayal of still life, *i.e.* external nature, or the comparatively uneventful and colorless course of domestic rural life. Of such he can see every minutest beauty, and from such extract every poetic grace.

In marking out a course for himself in the *Prelude* he says :

"Look, then, into thy heart and write !
Yes, into Life's deep stream !"

He never carried out his rule. It was not in his gentle, loving

nature to look on the seamy side of life. Of the "deep stream" he had little experience, and there are no great depths of sorrow or heights of joy in his life or writings. To the ear of this æsthetic *litterateur*, this accomplished disciple (not apostle) of culture and beauty, their notes ever blend in harmony—

"I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, *soft shimes*,
That filled the haunted chambers of the night,
Like some old poet's rhymes."

Love, as between the sexes, has scarcely any place in Longfellow's poetry, and of his smaller pieces not one is addressed to an individual in amatory and impassioned language. His conception of their relation is purely connubial—

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman ;
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

Malevolent humor forms a large portion of our dramatic literature, and Longfellow was by no means a good hater. In fact, he hated nobody and nothing. Added to all this, he was very deficient in the comic vein, and critics, with great unanimity, agree that of plot he had no just notion. Now, as we know that love, hate and jealousy, conjoined with planning, are main ingredients in the drama of life, and must be of the writing that mirrors it, we can easily see how Longfellow comes short of even moderate success in his dramatic efforts.

He shuts his eyes to the *shadows* of life ; he enjoins us to have a "heart for any fate," but he shrinks from picturing its stern and repulsive realities. Pope's sententious maxim, "Whatever is best," is illustrated on almost every page. The devil himself we have seen to be God's minister ; the rows of beds in the hospitals are an attractive object for him ;

death is the "consoler and healer;" the grave is "a covered bridge leading from light to light." In his sermon-poems (and what restful, joyful sermons they are) we never hear of the gloomy doctrine of eternal punishment; it would seem quite foreign to the poet's creed.

In the imaginative faculty, that creative power that distinguishes the poetry of, say Milton and Shelley, he was lacking, but in fertility of fancy he excels; he has always an eye and an ear for the suggestive side of a theme. It is almost a mannerism of his to compare an outward fact with an inward experience; hence his seeing and searching for similes with generally successful, but sometimes doubtful or weakening effect. This facile fancy of his had hosts of imitators, but they could not embellish it with his tender and beautiful sayings, which have sunk so deeply into the hearts of the present generation.

He easily excels all poets of his day in the art of story-telling. His best stories are short enough to leave an impression of unity. Their brevity, their absence of intricate plots, the good judgment in the selection of subjects, the fitting verse-form and graceful treatment, have charmed a world of readers. He became very early aware that in this age of story-telling only the poetry that recounts will lastingly interest our boys and girls, and even our men and women. Consequently he strove to be interesting, and (as he himself confessed) to the people.

"In England Longfellow has been called the poet of the middle classes. Those classes include, however, the majority of intelligent readers, and Tennyson had an equal share of their favor. The English middle class form an analogue to the one great class of American readers. Would not any poet whose work might lack the subtlety that commends itself to professional readers be relegated by University critics to the middle-class wards? Caste and literary priesthood have some-

thing to do with this. This point taken with regard to Longfellow is not unjust. So far as comfort, virtue, domestic tenderness, and freedom from extremes of passion and incident are characteristic of the middle classes, he has been their minstrel." As Mr. Stedman hints, in writing the above, the poetry whose melody and range of thought appeal to one and all has outlasted, and will outlast, most of the poetry that requires a commentary.

Longfellow has been accused (by Poe especially) of being a plagiarist. It is true that he had but little invention, but we know that even the fields of invention have been pretty well ploughed over, and the greatest poets may be excused for borrowing theme and incident, if they transmute them into their own manner, clothe them in new language, and adorn them with new fancy. In this sense Longfellow was as original as most of his guild, and it must be confessed that he, in turn, has been freely drawn upon by others.

ELEMENTS AND QUALITIES OF STYLE.

Two characteristics of Longfellow are clearness and simplicity, alike in the vocabulary and the structure. It is true he is not so exclusively Saxon or monosyllabic in his language, but the metre chosen for *Evangeline* forced him somewhat to dissyllables and trisyllables. The structural simplicity is more marked than the verbal simplicity, agreeing perfectly with the laws of narrative. As a rule, only the simplest inversions occur, and there are probably not half a dozen instances in all the selections in which the construction is not at once apparent. In figures of speech, especially the simile, he is sometimes not very clear, *i.e.* the reader does not at once catch the likeness. To this attention has been frequently drawn in the notes. Another point should be noticed, that he is never obscure, either from excessive brevity and condensation, as Byron often

is, or from involved complex sentences. But we should say that he must frequently be obscure to many, owing to his too remote or out of the way allusions.

Picturesqueness is the middle ground between the intellectual and the emotional qualities of style, *i.e.* it assists the understanding, and, at the same time, it operates on the feelings. It is a fairly strong point with Longfellow. He makes large use of similitude. So fond, indeed, is he of comparisons for wayside flowers to adorn his narrative that the resemblance often turns upon something not sufficiently relevant to the circumstances. He makes far greater use of simile than of metaphor, to which fact is very largely owing his lack of strength. These figures are oftener, too, on the intellectual side than on the emotional side, which accounts for the criticism generally made upon him, that in vividness and strength of color he occupies but a middle place. As might be expected when such a verdict is given, transferred and single epithets are less common than phrasal and appended ones.

His strongest point is *harmony*. Rarely does he choose a metre ill-fitting his theme; and the critical world seems coming round to the belief that the metre of *Evangeline* is, after all, eminently suitable to this idyl of a primitive people. Alliteration, both open and veiled, is common with him. He is frequently imitative of sounds and onomatopoeic: favorable to words with liquid letters, and avoids harsh combinations of consonants, as, for instance, a clashing of mutes.

He is deficient in impressiveness and energy, making little use of the figures of contrast, and in general of the epigrammatic or pointed style. From the nature of his poetry, mainly narrative, he can make but little use of interrogation and climax. In *Evangeline* the monotony of the line was no doubt some hindrance. But the main reasons are no doubt connected with the emotional qualities of his style. Malevolence and strong passion of any kind, and action depending thereon, are

seldom found in his poetry ; the pathetic and the persuasive are more in consonance with even flow and melody of language.

OPINIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Everything suggested an image to him, and the imagery sometimes reacted and suggested a new thought. Thus, in *Evangeline*,

“ Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean ”

is not a good comparison, as it suggests turmoil foreign to the life of the notary and the Acadians generally, but it suggests a new line, which somewhat restores the idea of still continuing virility—

“ Bent, *but not broken*, by age was the form of the notary public.”

“ *Evangeline* is already a little classic, and will remain one as surely as the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Deserted Village*, or any other sweet and pious idyl of the English tongue. There are flaws, and petty fancies, and homely passages, but it is thus far the flower of American idyls.—*Stedman*.

There is great disagreement among literary men not so much in their general estimate of his range and power as in regard to the order of excellency of his different poems. The following questions are taken, some from examination papers, and a few from Mr. Gannett's *Outlines for the Study of Longfellow* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.):

- (1) Should you call him self-revealing or self-hiding in his poems ?
- (2) Which are the prettiest of the village scenes in *Evangeline*, in doors and out of doors ?
- (3) Who besides Longfellow has used the hexameter ? Is it right to call it an un-English metre ?
- (4) Is *Evangeline* an epic, an idyl or a tragedy ? Give your reasons.

(5) Is the maiden strongly outlined in person and in character? Point out the lines that best describe each.

(6) Which are the finest landscapes in *Evangeline*. Does he picture nature vividly, and to give it expression or impression?

(7) Mention lines that justify the appellations given to him of poet of the affections, of the night, of the sea.

(8) Can you discover the American, the Puritan, the scholar in these selections? Where?

(9) He is said to be "intensely national" and of "universal nationality." Are these contradictory?

(10) Mention the poems which are most American in *incident* and in *spirit*.

"Much of his time and talent was devoted to reproducing in English the work of foreign authors. In the smaller pieces his talent is most conspicuous, for in them sentiment is condensed into a few stanzas. His copious vocabulary, his sense for the value of words, his ear for rhythm, fitted him in a peculiar degree to pour fancy from one vessel into another."—*Frothingham*.

"Longfellow had not Bryant's depth of feeling for ancient history or external nature. Morality to Emerson was the very breath of existence; to Longfellow it was a sentiment. Poe's best poetic efforts are evidence of an imagination more self-sufficient than Longfellow's was. In the best of Whittier's poems, the pulse of human sympathy beats more strongly than in any of our poet's songs. Still more unlike his sentimentality is the universal range of Whitman's manly outspoken kinsmanship with all living things. How then has he outdistanced these men so easily? By virtue of his artistic eclecticism."—*Robertson*.

The full answer as given by Robertson may be summed up as follows:—He had more variety than Bryant, in measure and choice of subject; his humanitarianism is not pitched too high for common people to grasp, as Emerson's often is; he was a

man of more moral principle and common sense than Poe; beauty and moral goodness went together with Longfellow; by reason of his culture and learning he appealed to wider audiences than Whittier; and lastly his poetry is wholly free from the grossness of Whitman, and, while as easily understood by the many, is at the same time more attractive in form and treatment.

(1) Has Longfellow a deep sense of the mystery of nature, or any sense of it as hate? Point out some passages of trust and worship.

(2) Would you from your list of selections call him a religious poet? a moral poet?

(3) Which of his poems have "man" in thought? Is the effect of his poetry as here given active or passive, restful or stirring, to teach duty or simply to give pleasure? Distinguish the passages.

CHARACTERISTICS OF POETIC DICTION.*

1. It is archaic and non-colloquial.

(a) Poetry, being less conversational than prose, is less affected by the changes of a living tongue, and more influenced by the language and traditions of the poetry of past ages.

(b) Not all words are adapted for metre.

(c) Certain words and forms of expression being repeated by successive poets acquire poetic associations, and become part of the common inheritance of poets.

2. It is more picturesque than prose.

(a) It prefers specific, concrete, and vivid terms to generic, abstract, and vague ones.

(b) It often uses words in a sense different from their ordinary meaning.

* See Genung's *Rhetoric*, pp. 48-63.

(c) It often substitutes an epithet for the thing denoted.

NOTE.—Distinguish between *ornamental* epithets, added to give color, interest and life to the picture, and *essential* epithets, necessary to convey the proper meaning.

3. It is averse to lengthiness.

(a) It omits conjunctions, relative pronouns and auxiliaries, and makes free use of absolute and participial constructions.

(b) It substitutes epithets and compounds for phrases and clauses.

(c) It makes a free use of ellipsis.

(d) It avoids long common-place words.

NOTE.—Sometimes, however, for euphony, euphemism, or picturesqueness it substitutes a periphrasis for a word.

4. It pays more regard to euphony than prose does.

5. It allows inversions and constructions not used in prose.

6. It employs figures of speech much more freely than prose.

Qualities of Style.

1. Intellectual, including Clearness (opposed to Obscurity and Ambiguity), Simplicity (opposed to Abstruseness), Impresiveness and Picturesqueness.

2. Emotional, including Strength (Force), Feeling (Pathos), the Ludicrous (Wit, Humor and Satire).

3. Æsthetic, including Melody, Harmony (of Sound and Sense), Taste.

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE story of "EVANGELINE" is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Séjour. Whether the accusation was founded on fact or not, has not been satisfactorily ascertained; the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect; when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

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 neighbouring ocean 5
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-land the voice of the
huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, 10

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever 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
 Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré. 15

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

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, 20
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of 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 labour incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the floodgates 25
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic 30
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables pro-
 jecting. 35
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden 40
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within-doors
 Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the
 maidens.
 Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

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Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens, 45
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the labourers 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, 50
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; 55
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
 Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, 60
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-
 leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. 65
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
 way-side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shades of her
 tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. 70
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her
 missal,
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings, 75
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
 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. 80

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
 Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath 85
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-
 grown 90
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the
 farmyard ;
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the
 harrows ;
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame 95
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a 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 100
 Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

 Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, 105
 Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness 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 ; 110
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith, 115
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men,
 For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

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Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
 Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician, 120
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
 Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-
 song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him 125
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
 Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and
 crevice, 130

Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring 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 hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. 135
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nest on the rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings ;
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. 140
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
 "Sunshine of St. Eulalie" was she called ; for that was the sunshine
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with
 apples ; 145
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and
 longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, 150
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey 155
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters 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 land-
 scape 160
 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 farmyards,
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, 165
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him ;
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
 jewels. 170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homo-
 stead.
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening. 175
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her
 collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side,
 Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-
 dog, 180
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
 Waving its bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves
 howled. 185

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, 190
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
 Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard, 195
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warmed by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-
 wreaths 200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. 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 205
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine,
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated, 210
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
 Silent a while 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, 215
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith, 220
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
 " Welcome ! " the farmer exclaimed, as the 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 cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued :—
 "Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors,
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
 What their design may be is unknown ; but all are commanded
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the mean time
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
 Then made answer the farmer :—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
 Bring these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
 By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
 "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
 Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh, he continued :—
 "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds ;
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the
 mower."
 Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer :—
 "Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our corn-
 fields,
 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
 Than were 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
 225
 230
 240
 245
 250
 255
 260

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

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

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

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

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,

And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a labouring 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 hairs, like the silken floss of the maize hung 270

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

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

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

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

Four long years in the time of the war had he languished a captive, 275

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, 280

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

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

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

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

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell, 285

And of the marvellous power 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, 290

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

Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—

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

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention 295

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,— 300

“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
 Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal ”
 This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it
 When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them. 305
 “ 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. 310
 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 315
 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, 320
 Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.” 325
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, 330
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of
 Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle. 335
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom, 340
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men 345
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,
 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. 350
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household. 355
 Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
 And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. 360
 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 365
 Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in
 marriage,
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of
the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her
shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps, 380
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour 385
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring
hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows, 390
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village, all sounds of labour 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. 395
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of 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,
 Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary
 seated ; 405

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 waist
 coats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
 Hair, as it waved in the wind , and the jolly face of the fiddler 410
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances 415
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows :
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous 420
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
 Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the church-
 yard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-
 stones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among
 them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from coiling and casement,—
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
 Then arose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar, 430
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
 " You are convened this day," he said, " by his Majesty's orders.
 Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kind-
 ness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. 435
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
 Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province
 Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there •
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! 440

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !"
 As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
 roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures ;
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker,
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
 And by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway. 450
 Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations
 Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the
 others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he
 shouted, 455

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

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

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention. 460

Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
 All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people.
 Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful 465
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?
 Forty years of my life have I laboured 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 priva-
 tions ? 470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
 Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you !
 See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion ! 475
 Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father, forgive them !'
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
 Let us repeat it now, and say, O Father, forgive them !"
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate out-
 break ; 480
 And they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father, forgive them !"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion
 translated, 485
 Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all
 sides
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the women and children.
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, 490
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers ;
 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the
 dairy ; 495
 And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
 Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,— 500
 Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !
 Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
 Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
 As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children. 505

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
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 510
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel !" cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper
untasted, 515
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing thunder 520
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created !
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven ;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till
morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house. 525
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procesion,
Came from the neighbouring 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 wood-
land. 530
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 ; 535
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard

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

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy pro-
cession 540

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their
daughters, 545

Foremost the young men came ; and raising together their voices,

Sang they 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
way-side, 550

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 waited, until the procession approached her, 555

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulders, and
whispered,—

“Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!” 560

Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused, for her father

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

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

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

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of 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 570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
 Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the refluent ocean 575
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand beach
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,
 Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, 580
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pas-
 tures ; 585
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders ;
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-
 yard, —
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
 Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the
 windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, 595
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion, 600
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake
 not,
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
 " *Benedicite !* " murmured the priest, in tones of compassion. 605
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
 Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them 610
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow, 615
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the road-
 stead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of
 a martyr. 620
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,
 uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-
 board.
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish, 625
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encamp-
 ments 630
 Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirl-
 wind,
 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 their fences, and madly rushed o'er the
 meadows. 635

Overwhelmed with the sight yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
 And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,

Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. 640
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;
 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near
 her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her ;
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. 650
 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, 655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
 Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. 670
 '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 that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins. 675

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 ; 5
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
 north-east
 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 10
 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. 15
 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, 20
 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, 25
 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 endeavour ; 30
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tomb-
 stones,
 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 rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. 35

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!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers." 40

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? 45

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. Catharine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not else-
where. 50

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

And 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; 55

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 labour; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. 60

Therefore accomplish thy labour 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 laboured 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!” 65

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 : 70
 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 the spot where it reaches an outlet. 75

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 80
 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. 85
 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 plume-like 90
 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, 95
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dovescots.
 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. 100
 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 105
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Death-like 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 110
 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. 115
 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 120
 Floated before her, 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 oars-
 men, 125
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music, 130
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
 But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
 And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the mid-
 night, 135
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
 And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alli-
 gator. 140

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those 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. 145

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. 150
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-
vine 155

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 160
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and 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. 165

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. 170
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,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the
sleepers ;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. 175
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. 180
 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— 185
 “ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without
 meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward, 190
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens 195
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”

And 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 ; 200
 Twinkling vapours 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. 205
 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 neighbouring 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 delicious music, 210
 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, 215
 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 throbb'd 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, 220
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring 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, 225
 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, 230
 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. 235
 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 a 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 240
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending,
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines. 245

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. 250
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury 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 255
 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. 260
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the
 garden
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;
 When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the blacksmith. 265
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
 There in an arbour 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 mis-
 givings 270
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
 Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the Atchafalaya,
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous ? ”
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,— 275
 “ 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. 280
 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, 285
 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 ; 290

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. 295

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 300

Father Felican 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 cidevant blacksmith, 305

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

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 airy veranda, 310

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors, 315

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamp-
light.

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 list-
ened:— 320

"Welcome once more, my friends, who so 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;

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Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer,
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the
water. 325

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. 330
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your home-
steads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your
cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table, 335
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, 340
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 neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman. 345
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :
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 neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding 350
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. 355

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall the priest and the herds-
man

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness 360
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
 moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit. 365
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and con-
 fessions
 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 moon-
 light 370
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown 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. 375
 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, 380
 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! 385
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,
 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 neighbouring
 thickets, 390
 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 395
 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 des-
 cended 400
 Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were wait-
 ing.
 Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and glad-
 ness,
 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, 405
 Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river ;
 Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but vague and uncertain
 Rumours 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 land-
 lord 410
 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 gate-
 way 415
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon,
 Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and the Cwyhee,
 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, 420
 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, 425

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck ;
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;
 Over them wandered the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, 430
 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 smoke from the camps of these savage marauders 435
 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. 440

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 445
 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. 450

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, 455
 Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been mur-
 dered.
 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, 460
 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, 465
 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, 470
 She in return 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, 475
 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 phan-
 tom, 480
 That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the
 twilight,
 Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden.
 Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
 And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened 485
 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 splendour
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the wood-
 land. 490
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches

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Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
 Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. 495
 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.
 And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had
 vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee 500
 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,— 505

"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. 510

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

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

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

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

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches 515

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 520

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the

sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them

Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,

And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam. 525

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity answered :—

“ Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 530
Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey ! ”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kind-
ness ;

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, 535

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 compan-
ions, 540
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 before
her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming 545
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. 550
“ Patience ! ” the priest would say ; “ have faith, and thy prayer will
be answered !

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey 555
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 odour is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter 560
 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 blue-bird
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted 565

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom,

Far to the north and east, it is 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. 570

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 :— 575

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 ; 580

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, 585

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, 590

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 Loblanc had died ; and when he departed, 595
 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, 600
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her foot-
 steps.
 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning 605
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the dis-
 tance. 610
 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 trans-
 figured ; 615
 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. 620
 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, 625
 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 630

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 nought in their craws but an
 acorn. 635

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; 640
 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 wood-
 lands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket 645
 Meek, in the midst of splendour, 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 splendour, 650
 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 ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent 655
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
 Sweet on the summer air was the odour 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, 660
 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 ;” 665
 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 their dead, and concealing their faces,
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-
 side. 670

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 for ever. 675
 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 colourless lips apart, while a shudder
 Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her
 fingers, 680

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 ; 685
 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 that are dying.
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, 690
 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, for ever sinking and sinking.
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, 695
 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, 700
 Village, and mountain, and woodland ; 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 705
 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. 710

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 !" 715

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, 720
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
 labours,
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its
branches 725

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 ; 730

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, neighbouring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

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725

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

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n,

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat 5
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;" 10
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree." 15

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my throne !" 20
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,
 Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, 25
 Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around,
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls !

At length the sexton, hearing from without 35
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there ?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ?" 40
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !"
Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak, 45
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate :
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage 55
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height, 65
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,

Though none the hidden Angel recognise. 70

35 A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed.
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ?" 75

40 To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne !"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords ; 80

45 The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, 85
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !"

50 Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door, 90
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
55 The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of " Long live the King !"

60 Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, 95
He said within himself, " It was a dream !"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
65 Shivering and chatting sat the wretched ape,
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again 105

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
 Under the Angel's governaunce benign
 The happy island danced with corn and wine,
 And deep within the mountain's burning breast
 Exceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110
 Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
 Still and silent and disconsolate.
 Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
 With look bewildered and a vacant stare, 115
 Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
 By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
 His only friend the ape, his only food
 What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
 And when the Angel met him on his way, 120
 And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
 Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
 The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel.
 "Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
 Burst from him in resistless overflow, 125
 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
 The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
 Ambassadors of great repute and name
 From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 130
 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
 By letter summoned them forthwith to come
 On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
 The Angel with great joy received his guests,
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests, 135
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
 Then he departed with them o'er the sea
 Into the lovely land of Italy,
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made 140
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
 And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait, 145

His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment
 In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare 150
 Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,
 Giving his benediction and embrace,
 Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
 He entertained the Angel unawares, 155

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,

"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
 Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, 160
 Is an impostor in a King's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no voice within
 Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
 Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; 165

The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
 To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"

And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace
 Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, 170
 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;

The presence of the Angel with its light,
 Before the sun rose, made the city bright,

And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
 Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. 175

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
 With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,

He felt within a power unfelt before,
 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
 Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once more

Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
 The land was made resplendent with his train, 185
 Flashing along the towns of Italy
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers, 190
 As if the better world conversed with ours,
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher.

And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,
 " Art thou the King ? " Then, bowing down his head, 195

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !
 My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, 200
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven ! "

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud, and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near, 205
 Above the stir and tumult of the street :
 " He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree ! "

And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string : 210
 " I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! "

King Robert who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
 But all appavelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ; 215
 And when his courtiers came they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay, 35
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased. 40

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
Slowly descending with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, 45
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
" A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society ! "

The Parson too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill ; 50
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervour, Edwards on the Will ;
His favourite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondac hill ;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane, 55
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door, 65

In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
 His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
 There never was a wiser man before ;
 He seemed the incarnate, " Well, I told you so ! " 70
 And to perpetuate his great renown
 There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town hall,
 With sundry farmers from the region round.
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall, 75
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound ;
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
 But enemies enough, who every one
 Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart
 Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
 And, trembling like a steed before the start,
 Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;
 Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart 85
 To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 And quite determined not to be laughed down.

" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
 From his Republic banished without pity 90
 The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all 95
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

" The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
 The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ; 100
 The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray

Flooding with melody the neighbourhood ;
 Linnnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“ You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain 105

Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,

Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain !

Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet 110
 As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“ Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught 115
 The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even 120
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

“ Think every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
 And when you think of this, remember too 125

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“ Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams 130
 As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more 135
 The feather'd gleaners follow to your door ?

105 " What ! would you rather see the incessant stir
 Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
 And hear the locust and the grasshopper
 Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ? 140
 Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
 Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
 Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
 Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

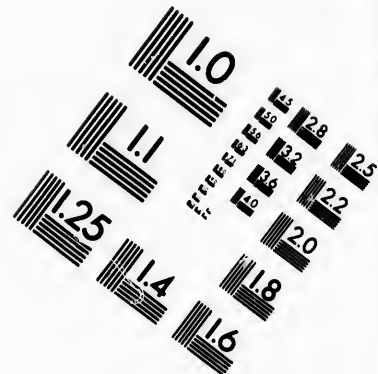
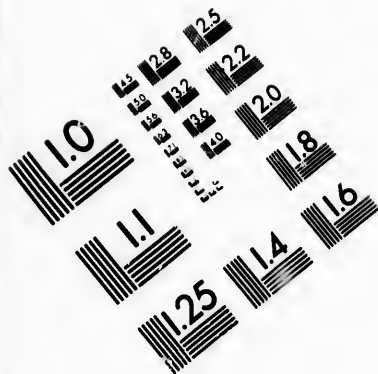
110 " You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know, 145
 They are the winged wardens of your farms,
 Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
 115 Renders good service as your man-at-arms, 150
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

120 " How can I teach your children gentleness,
 And mercy to the weak, and reverence 155
 For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
 Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
 Or death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
 The self-same light, although averted hence,
 When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
 125 You contradict the very things I teach ? " 160

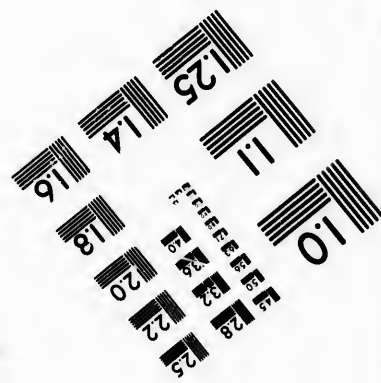
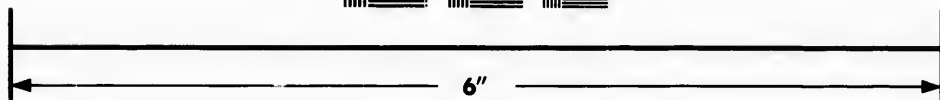
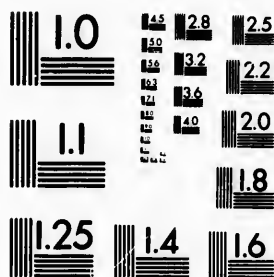
130 With this he closed ; and through the audience went
 A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves ;
 The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
 Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment 165
 Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
 The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,
 A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

135 There was another audience out of reach,
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws, 170
 But in the papers read his little speech,
 And crowned his modest temples with applause ;





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They made him conscious, each one more than each,
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
 Sweetest of all, the appiause he won from thee, 175
 O fair Almira, at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts, 180
 Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
 While the young died of famine in their nests ;
 A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
 The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ; 185
 The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
 Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed
 Myriads of caterpillars, and around
 The cultivated fields and garden beds
 Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190
 No foe to check their march, till they had made
 The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
 Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
 Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down 195
 The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
 Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
 Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
 They were the terror of each favourite walk,
 The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain,
 For after all, the best thing one can do
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
 Then they repealed the law, although they knew 205
 It would not call the dead to life again ;
 As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

87

175 That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look, 210
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere, 215
 Lamenting the dead children of the air !

180 But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue ! 220
 A waggon, overarched with evergreen,
 185 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
 All full of singing birds, came down the street,
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

190 From all the country round these birds were brought, 225
 By order of the town, with anxious quest,
 And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
 In woods and fields the places they loved best,
 Singing loud canticles, which many thought
 Were satires to the authorities addressed, 230
 While others, listening in green lanes, averred
 195 Such lovely music never had been heard !

200 But blither still and louder carolled they
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know,
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, 235
 And everywhere, around, above, below,
 When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
 Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
 And a new heaven bent over a new earth
 205 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240



THE BELL OF ATRI.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say, 5
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space, 10
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring 15
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said, 20
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by, 25
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt, 30
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,

Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
 And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—
 Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old, 35
 His only passion was the love of gold.
 He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
 Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
 Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
 To starve and shiver in a naked stall, 40
 And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
 Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.
 At length he said : “ What is the use or need
 To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
 Eating his head off in my stables here, 45
 When rents are low and provender is dear ?
 Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
 I want him only for the holidays.”
 So the old steed was turned into the heat
 Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ; 50
 And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
 Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
 It is the custom in the summer time,
 With bolted doors and window-shutters closed, 55
 The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
 When suddenly upon their senses fell
 The loud alarum of the accusing bell !
 The Syndic started from his deep repose,
 Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose 60
 And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
 Went panting forth into the market-place,
 Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
 Reiterating with persistent tongue,
 In half-articulate jargon, the old song : 65
 “ Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong ! ”

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
 He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
 No shape of human form of woman born,
 But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, 70

Who with uplifted head and eager eye
 Was tugging at the vines of briony.
 "Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
 "This is the Knight of Arti's steed of state!
 He calls for justice, being sore distressed, 75
 And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."
 Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
 Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
 And told the story of the wretched beast
 In five-and-twenty different ways at least, 80
 With much gesticulation and appeal
 To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
 The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
 Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
 Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, 85
 And set at naught the Syndic and the rest.
 Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
 That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
 The proclamation of the King; then said: 90
 "Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
 But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
 Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
 These are familiar proverbs; but I fear 95
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honour, what repute
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
 Than they who clamour loudest at the door. 100
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age, and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all 105
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!"

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

91

Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
 But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

110

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασία τρίλλιστος

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls !
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above ;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
 The manifold, soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose ;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before !
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

5

10

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95

100

105

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
 The best-beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest ! 6
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, 10
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating 15
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife ! 20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

93

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

25

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

30

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

35

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

6
UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
10 And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

5

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
15 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

10

20 Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

15

IST.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ; 20
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, 25
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And makes his heart rejoice. 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes 35
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close ! 40
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life 45
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

20 THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

- 25 THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the village with strange alarms.
- 30 Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary, 5
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies ?
- 35 I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus, 10
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.
- 40 On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamour, 15
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.
- 45 I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis 20
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;
- The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;
- The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder, 25
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these, 30
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error, 35
 There were no need for arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain ! 40

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals 45
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals.
 The holy melodies of love arise.

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection 5
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

THE BRIDGE.

97

30 And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon. 10

35 Among the long black rafters,
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away ; 15

40 As sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide. 20

45 And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often, 25
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide 30
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me 35
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me. 40

5 Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

THE DAY IS DONE.

99

45

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe that restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

15

50

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

20

55

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

60

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

25

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

30

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

35

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

40

5

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

10

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying, 5
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions 10
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
 Amid these earthly damps ;
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers, 15
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death. 20

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, 25
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ; 30
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken, 35
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ; 40

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face. 10

And though at times impetuous with emotion 45
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ; 50
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

25 ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time :
 Some with massive deeds and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ; Each thing in its place is best ; And what seems but idle show Strengthens and supports the rest.	5
For the structure that we raise, Time is with materials filled ; Our to-days and yesterdays Are the blocks with which we build.	10
Truly shape and fashion these ; Leave no yawning gaps between ; Think not, because no man sees, Such things will remain unseen.	15
In the elder days of Art, Builders wrought with greatest care Each minute and unseen part ; For the Gods see everywhere,	20
Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen ; Make the house, where Gods may dwell, Beautiful, entire, and clean.	
Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.	25
Build to-day, then, strong and sure ; With a firm and ample base ; And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.	30
Thus alone can we attain To those turrets, where the eye Sees the world as one vast plain, And one boundless reach of sky.	35

5

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

10

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

15

All common things, each day's events, 5
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

20

The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues less ; 10
 The revel of the ruddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess ;

25

The longing for ignoble things ;
 The strife for triumph more than truth ;
 The hardening of the heart, that brings 15
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

30

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts of ill ;
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will ;— 20

35

All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ; 25
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs, 30
 When nearer seen, and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

The distant mountains, that uprear
 Their solid bastions to the skies,
 Are crossed by pathways, that appear 35
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night. 40

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes
 We may discern—unseen before—
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past 45
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY
 OF AGASSIZ,

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,
 In the pleasant month of May,
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying: "Here is a story-book
 Thy Father has written for thee."

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

105

35 "Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

10

40 And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

15

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

20

45 So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

25

And the mother at home says, "Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return !"

30

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

*Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this
chair made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.*

AM I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne ?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine ?

5
 The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
 And in it are enshrined
 The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
 The giver's loving thought.

10
 Only your love and your remembrance could 45
 Give life to this dead wood,
 And make these branches, leafless now so long,
 Blossom again in song.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

20
 IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

25
 UNTIL we meet again ! That is the meaning
 Of the familiar words that men repeat
 At parting in the street.
 Ah yes, till then ! but when death intervening
 Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain 5
 We wait for thee Again !

30
 The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
 Of parting as we feel it, who must stay,
 Lamenting day by day,
 And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow, 10
 We shall not find in its accustomed place
 The one beloved face.

35
 It were a double grief, if the departed,
 Being released from earth, should still retain
 A sense of earthly pain ; 15
 It were a double grief, if the true-hearted
 Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
 Remember us no more.

40

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
 That death is a beginning, not an end, 20
 We cry to them, and send
 Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
 Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown
 Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason, 25
 And if by faith, as in old times was said,
 Women received their dead
 Raised up to life, then only for a season
 Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
 Until we meet again ! 30

 THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE
 PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
 The day was just begun,
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon, 5
 And the white sails of ships ;
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover
 Were all alert that day, 10
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
 Their cannon, through the night,
 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance, 15
 The sea-coast opposite.

20 And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well. 20

25 And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

30 Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, 25
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial 30
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

JE For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer, 35
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom. 40

5 He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

10 Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited. 45
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

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NOTES.

EVANGELINE.

The introduction brings the reader or listener in imagination into the locality of the events narrated. In Longfellow's time the forest was not primeval, that is, never disturbed by the axe.

3-4. Druids.—Were the priests, bards and lawgivers of the Keltic inhabitants of ancient France and Britain. The word is thought to be derived from *δρῦς*, an oak, from their worshipping in consecrated groves of that tree. The choice of this image was perhaps due to the analogy between the Kelts and the Acadians, both of whom were to disappear before a superior and stronger people.

eld.—The use of this form for old is quite unnecessary. Cf. Thomson's archaic forms in the *Castle of Indolence*, and Byron's at the beginning of *Childe Harold*.

Develop the comparisons in ll. 3 and 4, showing the force of 'voices sad and prophetic,' and 'beards that rest.'

Is the transition from l. 3 to l. 4 too abrupt?

5. Loud.—Very true of those rocky headlands that jut out and are undermined by the sea. The Bay of Fundy is very long and narrow, (180 miles long by 35 wide), and the tides are very fierce, rising to the height of fully 70 feet, the bay lying in the direction of the great tidal wave.

Was Longfellow imitative of the sound here? Language, without special seeking, is naturally imitative of it. Vast numbers of words have been formed on this analogy between the sound and the sense. Why then have not different languages similar forms for the thunder, the wash of the sea, the crack of the rifle, etc.?

6. answers.—Is 'wails' the subject or the object of this verb? Is the answer given, and, if so, what is it?

8. roe.—This picture of the startled roe prefigures, it is thought, the tragedy of the story. Can you point out any defect in the simile?

9. Acadian.—In the earliest records Acadie is called Cadie, afterwards Acadie or L'Acadie. The name was probably adopted by the

French from a Micmac word meaning *place* or *region*, and often used as an affix to other words, to denote the place where found. The French turned this into *Cadie* or *Acadie*, the English into *Quoddy*. Compare *Passamaquoddy*, *i.e.*, *Pollock ground*.

10. Note the beauty of the next few lines, the perfect image of ll. 10 and 11, the abundance of l's and r's, and the alliteration of 10, also the neat antithesis in 11.

14. **sprinkle**.—Does not seem the fittest word here, but 'scattered' had been already used. What object has the poet in thus outlining the promised story? Would it be hurtful or not, to the interest of the tale, in ordinary story telling.

16. **endures**.—How does this differ in meaning from 'is patient'?

Note the mannerism of Longfellow in beginning ll. 16, 17; 18, 19 with the same phrase. This was made a characteristic feature of *Hiawatha*, and is quite frequent in his hexameter verse.

20. **Minas**.—The Bay of Fundy at its upper (eastern) end is divided by the County of Cumberland into two parts. The southern is the Minas Basin, which has on the N. the Counties of Cumberland and Colchester, and on the S. Hants and Kings. On the southern shore, in Kings, in the township of Horton, was the village of Grand-Pré, *i.e.*, Great Meadow.

21. This reminds us of the first line of Goldsmith's *Traveller*,
'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.'

24. The Acadians of the Minas Settlement, brought out by Razilly and Charnisé, in 1633-40, were mainly drawn from what is now the departments of Vendée, and Lower Charente. Coming from a low, marshy country, they found in this part of Acadia the rich lands under similar conditions, and so they dealt with them by artificial dikes, as they had been accustomed to do in the motherland.

25. **turbulent**.—It has been recorded of this quarter of the Bay that cattle have frequently been overtaken and drowned, so rapid at the full moon is the advance of the tidal wave.

27. The flax plant loves low, rich lands.

29. **Blomidon**.—A rocky mountainous headland, of red sandstone, on the S. side of the narrow entrance to Minas Basin, about 400 ft. high. The mountains referred to may be the Cobequid mountains, on the northern side of the Basin, right opposite to Grand-Pré.

30-1. Note and develop the metaphors in these lines. What are the most common faults in the use of metaphors? Do you see any here?

As *personal* metaphor and *expressed* metaphor constitute the substra-

tum of all poetic language, and as *implied* metaphor forms so large a part of our ordinary speech, the student should endeavor to get clear ideas of their differences. Expanding a metaphor into a fully expressed simile will serve to show whether one clearly comprehends and appreciates the comparison, and also whether there are any defects in it.

Why is the relation between persons (as here) oftener taken to illustrate that between things, than the relation between things to illustrate that between persons.

Note that Longfellow makes the *fogs pitch* their tents, and yet that the *fogs* (or 'mists') are the very stuff of which the tents are made. This *inclusion* of metaphors is often unavoidable. As long as the general idea is given, and that more vividly, we must not push the comparison into much detail.

32. **reposed.**—Why is this an effective word?

This picture of a village of Acadia, *i.e.*, of Normandy, ll. 32-57, should be carefully examined.

The objects selected should be (i) Those most likely to *strike* the casual observer, (ii) Those *characteristic* of a Norman village, as distinguished from an English or a New England village, (iii) *Persons* should be referred to to give greater interest, and also should be *characteristic* of the locality. In short does this word picture call up to the mind an image at once *striking* and *natural*, *i.e.*, has it local color and impressiveness? The student will do well to note the advantages and disadvantages of *word* pictures and paintings, as compared with real pictures and paintings.

34. **Such.**—Does this refer to the material or to the style?

reign.—Why not *reigns*?

Henries.—Probably refers to Henry III., 1574-89, the last of the Valois, and Henry IV. of Navarre, 1589-1610. Is this the usual spelling?

35. **dormer-windows.**—(Lat. *dormire*, to sleep.) Are windows standing vertically in a small gable that looks out of the side of a sloping roof, in order to light the attic or garret. Dormers were invented about 1360.

36. **gables.**—The houses of the middle ages had, almost all, their gables facing the street. The triangular part called the gable projected beyond the lower part, and was supported by pillars. Thus the doorway was shaded and protected, as it is now by our verandahs and porticos. In Belgium and Germany streets of this style are common in the older and remoter towns.

39. The term **kirtle** was sometimes applied to the jacket only, some-

times to the outside petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was both, a half kirtle applied to either. A full kirtle is probably here meant.

40. Frenchwomen are well known to be fonder of color in dress than Englishwomen. Therein some say they show their taste.

40. **distaff**.—Was a staff either held in the left hand or stuck in the belt, on which the flax or wool was loosely fastened. The spindle in revolving was made to recede from the spinster, and the thread was thus drawn out. The spinning wheel (Nuremberg, 1530), fixed the spindle in a frame, and made it revolve by a wheel, turned by foot or hand, and reduced the distaff to a thing of slight importance comparatively speaking. Still the distaff is taken by the poets as the peculiar emblem of female as opposed to male occupations, and is even used as a synonym for woman herself. Only a few years later than the date of this tale, Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny, (1768).

45. **Reverend**.—Note the position of this word, and the expressiveness of *up*.

48. Note the archaic tinge given by the use of *prevailed* and *anon*.

49. **Angelus**.—Or in full *Angelus Domini*, is the name given to the bell which at morning, noon and night, called the people to prayer, in memory of the visit of the angel to the Virgin Mary. Introduced into France, 1542.

50. **pale blue**.—Is the common color of smoke; also of incense. Are there any other points recommending this as a good simile?

53. **of God, of man**.—Are these phrases equivalent to subjective or objective possessives? See *H. S. Gram.*, XIII., 63.

52-7. Hannay represents the Acadians in a very different light, showing them to be litigious, insincere in their professions, and unfaithful to their solemn pledges of neutrality, and acting in an underhand and hostile manner to the English, who had shown them every indulgence. (*Hist. of Acadia*, Chap. 22.)

57. What figure?

62. **Stalworth**.—Tall, strong and brave. *Stalwart* is now the common form. *Stalworth* was the Saxon.

the man.—Would *this* be better?

65. Note that this line says *summers*; l. 62 says *winters*. Why the difference?

66. Does he mean the blackberry?

What additional force in 'by the way-side'?

67. Would the omission of *shade* be an improvement?

68. 'Sweet as the breath of kine,' is common enough with the poets. Is it true to nature?

69. 'Noontide,' 'noonday,' 'midday.' Which is best in this position?

70. **Flagon**.—A large drinking vessel with narrow mouth. The time is happily going by when a maiden carrying ale to the harvest field makes a pleasing picture, be she ever so lovely.

72. Is *as* a connective of time or of manner?

The common garden hyssop imparts an agreeable aromatic odour to the consecrated water. It is not the hyssop of Scripture.

74. **chaplet**.—A string of beads called a paternoster, or rosary, used by Roman Catholics to keep count of their prayers.

missal.—Lat. *missa*, the mass, the mass book, or book in which the ordinary ritual of the Roman Catholic Church is contained.

78. A good example of synonymous phrases being a positive gain, 'ethereal,' = 'celestial,' heavenly. What additional idea does 'ethereal' perhaps add?

Note Longfellow's three pictures of the village maiden, forming a sort of climax in the beautiful comparison of l. 81.

82. Note the form *builded*. Account for the use of old forms in poetry.

84. **Sycamore**.—The sycamore of England is a species of maple, which it may be meant for here. In North America the name is often applied to a kind of plane tree. The sycamore and the fig are allied.

penthouse.—A shed with roof sloping only on one side. Not a compound of 'house,' but a corruption of 'pentice.' (Fr. *appentis*, Lat. *pendeo*, to hang.) See *H. S. Gram.*, IV., 46.

88-89. A reminiscence of his European travels.

90. This line reminds one of the poem so familiar to all, of the 'old oaken bucket that hung in the well.'

93. **wains**.—A contracted and poetic form of waggon. Note the accent of 'antique,' and show the connection between it and 'antic.'

96. Give the Scriptural reference. Do you consider this an apposite allusion? Give reasons? Note that we can say 'days of old,' perhaps even 'ages of old,' but must say 'ancient days,' 'ancient ages.' Is there any law governing such different usage, or is it merely arbitrary?

99. The staircase is across the gable end, on the outside.

odorous.—Note that Milton accents on either the second or the first syllable. In *P. L.*, V., 481-2, he says, 'Last the bright consummate flower spirits odorous breathe,' while in *Sam. Agon.*, 72, he says, 'An amber scent of odorous perfume.' What is the tendency at the present time with regard to the position of the accent in words of more than two syllables?

102. **sang of mutation**.—What is meant? The use of 'rattled' and 'sang' in such immediate connection seems harsh.

106. This line as a comparison between the devotion and awe of the religious devotee, and the timidity and adoration of the youthful lover, seems a very good one, but the next, we think, goes too far, and the scriptural allusion errs in comparing great things with small.

108. Give in your own words the underlying meanings that may be considered to be conveyed by the phrase, 'by the darkness befriended. Are they in accordance with the nature of the *persons*, the *time*, and the *errand*.

109-110. These lines are very expressive of the lover's eager and yet timid and bashful presentation of himself at the door—true to all nature as well as Grand-Pré nature.

Patron Saint.—Is this told in the poem itself?

113. 'That seemed a part, etc.' If distasteful to Evangeline, as the next line intimates, in what did their music consist?

116. **mighty man.**—In what sense? A delicate and skilful touch, expressive of the simplicity and poverty of the Acadians.

honored of.—This good old English use of the genitive after adjectives is dying out. Already it gives an archaic tinge to the phrase. What classes of adjectives can be thus used?

118. **craft.**—All the *crafts* in England had at one time their special *guilds*, i.e., societies or confraternities, of which a man must have been an apprentice before being allowed to work at his particular occupation. As trade increased, the guilds united for the securing of special privileges, and under the common guild of merchants (*gilda mercatoria*) towns first got their charters. The smith's craft was always a numerous one, but its influence declined with the decay of feudalism. Why?

119. Note the use of first names, to give an idea of the simplicity, equality, and familiarity of the village folk.

121. **pedagogue.**—A good word in this connection. Why?

122. **selfsame book.**—The use of the Bible and religious books generally, as reading books for the pupils, has been often defended and opposed. The opposition has carried the day. *Entertainment*, not *instruction* either secular or religious is thought of. It seems a pity that so many years of youthful time should be passed in reading anecdotes, adventures and nursery rhymes. When the memory is keen and retentive, it seems improvident not to store up (from so many thousand hours of reading) something more solid, which maturer years may utilize.

122. **plain-song.**—A name given by the Roman Catholic Church to the chanting or recitation of the collects. The melody is very simple, notes of equal length, and not beyond an octave in compass. St.

Ambrose was the inventor, and St. Gregory (Pope Gregory the Great) the perfecter of the plain-song as it now exists.

128. **like a fiery snake**.—Criticism the simile. Any allusion?

130. This is a life-like picture.

133. **nuns, etc.**—Explain the resemblance which the children noted. The French have another saying similar to this, that they are guests going to the wedding.

139. In Pluquet's *Contes Populaires*, treating of Norman superstitions, fables and traits, we find this: "If one of a swallow's brood be blind, the mother seeks on the seashore a little stone, with which she restores its sight. Any one finding this stone in a swallow's nest has a sovereign remedy."

141-2. The difficulty of keeping an exact parallelism throughout a comparison is well illustrated here. Bring out the meaning by expanding and paraphrasing.

144. St. Eulalie was a virgin martyr of Merida (Spain), in the persecution of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, martyred on the 12th Feb.

308. Hence this is St. Eulalie's day. The old French rhyme ran, (Pluquet)

"Si le soleil rit le jour Ste. Eulalie,

Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie."

"On Ste. Eulalie's day, if the sun be showing,

There'll be plenty of apples and cider a flowing."

149. Explain the meaning of 'retreating sun,' 'Scorpion,' 'Birds of passage,' 'leaden air,' in ordinary language, and show them to be poetical expressions.

153. This simile has been condemned as a departure from Longfellow's usually severe and correct taste. Explain how or why it is in bad taste.

169. Summer of All-Saints is our Indian Summer, All-Saints' day being Nov. 1st. The French also call it St. Martin's Summer, St. Martin's day being Nov. 11th.

160-170. This and the paragraphs following are in Longfellow's best and most graceful manner. Note (a) the well chosen subject of mention, (b) the well chosen if sometimes not original phrases, (c) the rhythmical swing of the lines, (d) the melody and ease of utterance, which united to the rhythm make this part of the poem exceedingly musical. It is easier to point out faults than beauties, except that general beauty which pervades this passage as a whole, yet very few faults can be found in this part of the poem (160-235), even by the most critical eye. In reading, the feeling steals over us that Longfellow did not err in choosing this

metre, and that above all he was a consummate artist in the handling of words.

170. Herodotus (Bk. 7, 31) in relating the expedition of Xerxes against Greece, tells of a beautiful plane-tree which the king found, of which he was so enamored that he dressed it out as a woman, and set a guard by it. A later historian, (not to be outdone, we suppose, by the garrulous old Greek) added a necklace and jewels.

174-5. These lines are not in agreement with the fact. Cattle that are housed and let out in the morning often do these things, but not in the evening after the 'Day with its burden and heat.'

176-7. Same idea with other poets. So Schiller, *Wilhelm Tell*, Sc. I.

"Wie schön der Kuh das Band zu Halge steht."

"Das weisz sie auch, dasz sie den Reihen führt."

189. The Norman saddles were very high in front, and made chiefly of wood. Note the term 'saddle-tree.'

193-4. In Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, III., 5, the streaming of the milk into the sounding pails is brought out by lines containing many *k* sounds. "When you came and kissed me, milking the cows."

203. **Darted.** Show the appropriateness of this word.

205. Pewter was once very common for dishes, spoons, etc., but has wholly gone out of use for such purposes. It is an alloy of tin and lead. **dresser.**—Fr. dresser, to arrange. A low cupboard.

207. **carols.**—This custom of singing carols is as early as the 2nd century. They degenerated as times went on, and in the 13th century were lamented by the clergy as profane. There seems good excuse for the severe legislation of the Puritans regarding Christmas. Since their time the festivities have been decenter, but, in England at least, the excessive eating and drinking leaves scanty room for religious exercises and meditation.

215. The choir is made up of *the old man* and the *wheel*. The simile seems a very good one. Note the imitative harmony of 'clock clicked.'

219. 'Rattled' is a common word in this connection. Why is 'sounded' better here? Note the periphrasis.

221. This is a reversal of the ordinary way of nature, *i.e.*, from the *head* to the *heart*; yet for all that the line strikes one as well put.

222-228. What do you think of the farmer's welcoming speech, as to its agreement with his character and the surroundings? Derive *joyial* and give other similar derivatives.

231. **jest.**—To what does this refer?

234. The idea of good luck from old horseshoes has not yet vanished

from the uneducated mind. For a protection against witches, our superstitious forefathers nailed them over their doors. Lord Nelson had one nailed to the mast of his ship, the *Victory*.

240. See introduction for extracts from the proclamation.

255. Scan this line according to the Hexameter metre.

249. Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was built by the French early in the 18th century, as a military and naval station. It was taken in 1745 by General Pepperell, commanding an expedition from Massachusetts, restored to England by the Treaty of Aix-La-Chapelle, and recaptured by the English in 1757, under Wolfe and Boscawen.

Beau Séjour was a French fort on the neck of land connecting Acadia with the mainland. This had just been taken by Winslow's forces before the circumstances mentioned in the text.

Port Royal, afterwards Annapolis Royal, at the mouth of the Annapolis river, had long been disputed ground, and held alternately by French and English, but in 1710 was captured by English from New England, and afterwards retained. Its site was on the N. bank of the Annapolis river, about six miles lower down than the present city.

247. **thinketh**.—Would *think* be better? Why?

252. Does the second part of this line add any force to the first?

255. What is the farmer's reason for this statement?

259. The *contract* was the legal marriage, but the married life did not begin perhaps for some time, and in the case of good Catholics not till after the rites of the Church had been performed.

267. **notary**.—An officer authorized to attest contracts or writings of any kind. In France he is the necessary maker of all contracts when the value exceeds 100 francs. His writings are preserved and registered by himself, the contracting parties keeping only copies of the original.

270. **Shocks**.—A corruption of *shag*, the root of *shaggy*.

hairs.—Would *hair* do as well?

272. **supernal**.—Another example of Longfellow's shrewd choice of words. *Supernal* means 'celestial' or 'heavenly,' but as the old notary could hardly have come up to the level indicated by these words, Longfellow takes refuge in a word less used, therefore less known, and therefore as yet conveying scarcely any idea but that in the root meaning.

274. A good example of the descent to the commonplace.

275. He probably refers to Queen Anne's War, (1702-13), when the French aided the Indians in their wars with the English colonists.

277. **guile**.—The Acadians have been accused of duplicity. They were, indeed, in a difficult position; drawn one way by their sympathies of race and religion, and the other by the necessity of submission.

280. *Loup-garou* or 'werewolf,' *i.e.*, man-wolf. An old superstition once especially prevalent in Europe, and still lingering in some parts of France. A bogey or ogre (*garou*), who roams about, devouring infants, and assumes the form of a wolf (*loup*). Compare our 'bugbear.'

281. In Devonshire the pixies are credited with riding away horses and weaving their tails.

282. Pluquet relates this superstition, and conjectures that the white fleet ermine gave rise to it.

284. On Christmas Eve, so think many of the peasantry of Europe, the oxen still fall on their knees in worship of the new born Saviour, just as the old legend says they did in the stable at Bethlehem.

285. This was carried about the person. In England there was the same superstition of shutting up a spider in a quill and wearing it about the neck.

293. **Gossip.**—Give the derivation and the original meaning, and mention other words that have become degraded in meaning. (See H. S. Gr., IV., 40, d.)

295. **imagine.**—Generally used of objects visible to the mental eye. Suggest any suitable synonyms for it here.

297. **irascible.**—Distinguish from 'irate.'

298. **why and wherefore.**—Notice that very many current colloquial expressions are repetitions or tautologies, fulfilling some seemingly necessary condition of euphony or emphasis, *e.g.* 'ways and means,' 'safe and sound,' 'null and void,' 'best of my knowledge and belief.' These are sanctioned by custom and now unexceptionable, presenting but a single idea. Others are common enough, but are tautologies and should be avoided, *e.g.*, 'prominent and leading citizens,' 'rules and regulations, etc.'

302. This is an old Florentine story, and in a somewhat altered form is the theme of Rossini's opera of *La Gazza ladra* (the thievish magpie, 1817).

325. **inwoven.**—Discuss the appropriateness of this word.

328-9. Bring out by a paraphrase what you conceive to be the meaning of l. 328, and discuss the appropriateness of the simile. Does the phrase 'in fantastic shapes' add to or detract from its effect?

346. Note L's skill in working into his verse such polysyllabic phrases as 'unsuccessful manoeuvre.' Words of three syllables accented on the second, lend themselves very easily to this kind of verse.

348. **embrasure.**—The sloping or spreading sides of a wall or window. The word is most familiar in its military sense, and its use here is doubtless due to the exigencies of the metre.

350. Explain the epithet 'pallid.'

351-2. Forget-me-nots are emblems of friendship. These beautiful lines have been much admired, and the slight discrepancy as to the color of the flowers and the stars is scarcely noticed.

354. *curfew*.—In the middle ages this was doubtless a useful regulation, when police protection was wanting and law was weak. Hence it became an offence to be on the street after dark, and honest people were warned by the bell, which rang according to custom from 7 to 9, to lock their doors, cover their fires, (Fr. *couvre-feu*) and go to bed. Note other forms of the same root, *couvre*, in 'kerchief' and 'coverlet.'

362. A bold hyperbole.

370-1. The effects of the moon or moonlight both in love and lunacy have been mentioned by many generations of poets and other writers. Paraphrase l. 371, so as to bring out the true meaning of the comparison.

376-7. *at times, etc.*—Note this in connection with 'swelled and obeyed its power.'

381. What connection has this comparison with *Evangeline* or *Evangeline's* position, or the story to follow?

In the preceding picture, (ll. 199-381) there is scarcely anything original, and nothing beyond the ordinary in the circumstances. Simple and ignorant Acadian peasants, yet Longfellow has managed to invest the whole with a charm, and has given nobleness to his chief characters, graceful beauty to the heroine, strength and comeliness to the youth, honesty which we revere to the farmer, and honesty which we respect to the bluff blacksmith.

The student should carefully mark the words and phrases which accomplish this, *i.e.*, the poetic vocabulary which calls up these ideas of beauty, etc.

386. How do you reconcile 'labor with its hundred hands' with 'holiday dresses'? See 393.

395-8. The Abbé Raynal, a French writer, (1711-96) published a book on the settlements and trade of Europeans of the E. and W. Indies, and included some account of Canada and Acadia. His picture of rural bliss is pretty highly colored. He says: "Real misery was wholly unknown; every misfortune was relieved as it were before it could be felt. It was in short a society of brethren, every individual of which was willing to give and receive what he thought the common right of mankind." It must be remembered that the community of goods spoken of in l. 398, was one of benevolence and free will, not legal in any sense.

408. *gayest, etc.*—What figure?

412. What purpose does a poet serve by using uncommon words and phrases, e.g., 'vibrant,' 'variant,' 'valves of the barndoors'?

413. "Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres," was a song written by the chapel master of Henry IV. (of Navarre).

" Vous connaissez Cybèle,
Qui sut fixer le Temps.
On la disait fort belle,
Même dans ses vieux ans.

Chorus—Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand'mère,
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais,
Avait même certains attraits
Fermes comme la Terre."

"Le Carillon de Dunkerque," i.e., the chimes played on the bells of Dunkirk, was another popular tune to which also words were set.

417-8. By way of emphasis these two lines very fitly close the account of the festivities following the betrothal.

420. The entrance of the English soldiers upon the scene seems too abrupt. Would it not have been more in agreement with the nature of the circumstances to have brought into the narrative the first sight of the vessels, the spreading of the news of their arrival, the thronging of the villagers, etc. The *fact* of their coming, seeing that the after calamity is an immediate consequence of it, should have had more prominence than is given to it by the incidental reference in the blacksmith's speech, (ll. 290, et. seq.)

427. **casement**.—A window made to open and turn on hinges, often introduced into churches, public buildings, etc.

431.2 See introduction for the circumstances.

434-6. Note the old fashioned phrase 'natural make and temper,' and the amplification of the idea, characteristic of proclamations and other legal formalities.

442-46. A Vergilian remembrance. Discuss the substitution of '*rain*' for '*sling*.'

454. An angry crowd may well be likened to an angry sea; but the rest of the simile does not strike one as very effective or happy.

461. **chancel**.—That part of the church where the altar is placed. The door of the chancel would be the door leading into it from the robing room or vestry behind.

466. **tocsin**.—What is meant? Show the appropriateness of the word here?

470. **vigils.**—Distinguish the root and derived meanings.
474. Note how he moves from general to specific, first attracting attention, then the eyes, then the ears.
484. **Ave Maria.**—The "Hail Mary," the first words of an invocation to the Virgin, in the service of the Roman Catholic Church.
485. **translated.**—In its root meaning—carried beyond or out of themselves. Discuss the substitution of 'incense' for 'ardor.'
492. **emblazoned.**—What is the literal meaning of this word?
494. **wheaten.**—As distinguished from the barley or rye loaf of their forefathers.
495. **tankard.**—A large drinking cup or vessel with a lid, and made of metal, generally higher than broad.
498. Ambrosia was the food of the gods (of Greece and Rome), as nectar was their drink; hence whatever is pleasing to the taste and smell may poetically be called ambrosial.
499. **Ah.**—Compare its use and effect here with that in ll. 70 and 372.
500. What comparison is implied in 'fields of her soul'? Discuss the substitution of the words 'yet from her gentle heart.'
502. 'Wandered.' Hardly a good word here. Why?
505. Do you consider 'Urged by the weary feet of their children,' an expressive phrase. Why?
507. What is the reference?
513. A good example of the insertion of a phrase merely to heighten the effect by contrast; 'graves of the dead,' from which no answer could be expected, brings out more effectively the hyperbole 'the gloomier grave of the living.'
- 514-22. These lines have been admired for their truth to nature. Point out the words and phrases which justify this opinion. How much was *fact* and how much fancy? Note the calming of Evangeline's mind by the thunder, which in most would excite further terror. What feature in her character does this disclose?
525. **maids.**—Are these of the Bellefontaine household, or is the reference general?
535. The English soldiers and sailors had assisted in collecting the goods of the Acadians, and of course manned the boats. At Grand-Pré the males from 10 years and upwards, were collected and shut up in the church until the time of embarkation, to the number of more than 400.
- 547-52. It is the privilege and province of the poet to embellish his story with such attractive fictions; the unvarnished truth is seldom sufficiently readable.

557. 'eagerly running.' Remember the Acadian simplicity, the strait they were now in, and their betrothal.

570. A poetical exaggeration. As a matter of fact great care was taken not to separate families.

575-6. **refluent.**—Reminds us of Ps. 114, 3, "The sea saw it and fled." The tide in the Bay of Fundy ebbs as swiftly as it flows.

waifs.—Connected with 'waive.' Give the meaning here and exemplify other meanings.

kelp.—Here used as a variety of seaweed; properly the alkaline product of seaweed when burned.

579. **leaguer.**—German *lager*, the camp of a besieged army.

gipsy.—What is the more common spelling? Give the origin of the name.

597. See *Acts*, 28, 1-10.

600-1. In what does the resemblance consist?

605. **Benedicite**—Bless ye. The first word of a Latin hymn.

614. The Titans were (in Greek and Roman mythology) giants who attempted to deprive Saturn of the sovereignty of Heaven, but were subdued by the thunderbolts of Jupiter, Saturn's son. Briareus was one of them, and had 100 hands.

617. **gleamed.**—Would 'shone' do as well? Why?

roadstead.—Show the connection with 'ride.'

619 **shining.**—Explain.

621. **gleeds.**—Hot, burning coals; connected with 'glow,' now obsolete. "Wafres piping hot out of the gleede (coal)," *Canter. Tales*, 3379.

The burning of the houses was in accordance with the instructions given to Col. Winslow by the governor, "depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses, and by destroying everything that may afford them their means of subsistence in the country."

636. **yet.**—Would 'and' be better? Why?

639. **abroad.**—What is the force of this word? Would 'prone on the seashore,' be more effective?

645. Distinguish 'swoon,' 'slumber,' 'trance,' 'faint,' 'unconsciousness.'

652-3. As a matter of fact great numbers did return from their exile, perhaps a majority.

657. The bell is tolled to mark the passing of the soul into the other world; the book, is, of course, the book containing the funeral service. The common phrase, 'bell, book and candle,' refers to excommunication from the church.

PART SECOND.

3. **household gods.**—Recalling the Lares and Penates of the classical mythology.

10. *Father of Waters* What river is meant?

12. The bones of the mammoth or mastodon have been found scattered in various parts over the U.S. and Canada—the greatest numbers in the Salt Licks of Kentucky. An excellent specimen has lately been found in the County of Kent, Ont.

18-20. Note that the poet represents the pathway of life which extends *before her, i.e., in the future*, as marked by the graves of those who had died *in the past*.

Explain if possible this discrepancy by reference to the simile in ll. 22-3.

25. **morning.**—In what sense here used?

30. Does 'endeavor' add anything to 'search.'

33. Would it be an improvement to omit *she*? Why?

34-5. Notice the beautiful *diminuendo* in 'rumor,' 'hearsay,' 'inarticulate whisper,' leading up to 'airy hand.'

Mark how the continuance and persistence of the quest is kept up by the repetition of the words of reference—sometimes—sometimes—sometimes—sometimes, then (48), still (64).

40. **Coueurs-du-bois.**—Bush-rangers, a class of men belonging to Canada under French rule; produced by the demands of the fur trade: half civilized, consorting and often intermarrying with the Indians, and concerned in their wars. As guides and trappers they played a very important part.

42. **Voyageurs.**—Properly river and lake boatmen, guides and pilots on water, as the bush-rangers on land.

48. There were two St. Catherines, both alike vowed to virginity. Consequently 'to braid St. Catherine's tresses,' means to remain unmarried.

55. "I hold it true, whate'er befall,

Tis better to have loved and lost,

Than never to have loved at all."—*Tennyson*.

"Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."—*Schiller*.

62. **perfected.**—Note the accent.

64. **dirge.**—A corruption of Lat. *dirige*, the first word of a Latin hymn sung at funerals. Compare 'requiem.'

66. The common expression 'poor soul,' expressive of pity, is especially effective here.

shard.—Or 'sherd,' as in 'potsherd,' a fragment of earthenware.

68. **me.**—The first mention of the narrator. This invocation to the muse seems a little out of place.

76. "The Iroquois gave it the name Ohio, *i.e.*, "Beautiful River," and LaSalle, the first European to discover it, preserved the name, so that very early it was laid down in the maps."

78. Explain the epithet "golden."

80. **raft.**—Show if you can the force of the implied comparison.

84. **kith.**—From *cúth* the participle of *cunnan*, "to know," so that the phrase "kith and kin" properly means acquaintances and blood relations.

85. By the spring of 1765 nearly 700 Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. The existence of a French population in Louisiana attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were gladly sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. Settlements were formed by them up even beyond Baton Rouge. Hence the term Acadian Coast, which a portion of the Mississippi river bank still bears.

90. **chutes.**—A French word meaning a fall. Of frequent use in U.S. and Canada in the sense of (1) as here, a rapid descent in a river; (2) a slide in a dam for the passage of logs; (3) a trough or tube from a higher to a lower level. Also written sometimes *shute* and *shoot*.

91. **Cotton-trees.**—More commonly cotton-wood, a tree of the poplar kind, common in the S.W. of the U.S.

92. **lagoons.**—Properly shallow lakes or inlets of the sea; here, however, applied to the lake-like expansions of the river, common in the lower parts of the Mississippi and its tributaries.

93. **wimpling.**—Rippling, originally applied to the folds of a veil.

94. **plumes.**—What is the usual word?

95. **china-trees.**—It is probable from the mention of "blossoming hedges of roses," (l. 149) that what are meant here are "China-roses," a variety of garden roses, natives of China.

99. **citron.**—A species of lemon-tree.

101. **Bayou.**—A channel leading from a lake or river.

103. **network of steel.**—The addition of the words 'of steel' does more harm by suggesting the possibility of resemblances that do not exist, than good, by giving the only resemblance, *i.e.*, that of color; 'network' alone would have been better.

104. **tenebrous.**—Sometimes 'tenebrious,' from Lat. *tenebrosus*, 'full

of darkness.' A word no doubt chosen for the metre and for alliteration, but at the same time well suited to describe the 'cypress.'

107. The herons and the white-breasted pelicans mentioned above, (l. 94) are water birds that frequent low, marshy grounds, and live chiefly by fishing.

109. The owl, loving solitude, or living in deserted places, has been given more characters and voices than most other birds, *e.g.*, to hoot, to laugh, to wail.

Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, "The moping owl doth to the moon complain."

115. **compassed**.—May mean 'understood.' An exceptional use of the word.

116-119. One of his most successful comparisons.

mimosa.—The sensitive plant; properly speaking only certain species possess this remarkable property.

hoof-beats of fate.—Perhaps suggested by *Rev.* 6, 8, "And I saw, and behold a pale horse, and his name was Death, and Hades followed with him."

119. **attained**.—Note the exceptional use, and exemplify its ordinary use.

120. **vision**.—Where is it defined?

124. Explain 'shadowy aisles.'

126. Give the relation of the 'if' clause.

128. Give the usual meaning of 'colonnades' and 'corridors,' and explain to what they are applied here.

129. **seal**.—Account for this word by reference to ll. 107-9.

140. The white crane (*Grus Americanus*) is commonly called from its peculiar note the 'whooping crane.'

In an article on Louisiana in *Scribner's Monthly*, Nov. 1873, Edward King, in describing a trip by steamboat down the Mississippi, speaks of the 'bellowings of the alligators.' We append a few extracts from his description, as showing how closely it agrees with Longfellow's.

"One should see it in October, when a delicious magic in the atmosphere transforms the masses of trees and tangled vines and creepers into fantastic semblances of ruined walls and antique tapestries. But at any season you would note towering white cypresses, shooting their ghostly trunks far above the surrounding trees, or half rotten at their bases fallen top foremost into the water. . . . You would note the long festoons of dead Spanish moss hanging from the high boughs of the red cypress. . . . Vista after vista of cypress-bordered avenues would stretch before your vision. You would see the white crane standing at some tree root, and the owl would now and then cry from a high perch.

142. The Atchafalaya is the first of the branches that flow from the west into the Gulf. The lakes are of course, like the lagoons mentioned in l. 92, mere expansions of the river.

144. *lotus*.—This name was given by the Greeks to a shrub like plant, two or three feet high, producing a fruit somewhat of the size of a plum, with a round stone in the centre, of mealy consistence, and sweetish in taste; much used by the poor as a food in the N. of Africa. The term *lotus* is also applied to a kind of water lily. The Egyptian *lotus*, celebrated in sculpture and story, so common in the Nile and its tributaries, has a large white flower, and rises from two to four feet out of the water. Among the Hindoos also the lotus plays a distinguished part, and varies in color from white to red. With the Chinese it symbolizes female beauty, the small feet of their women often being called 'golden lilies.'

151. The Wachita river is also called the Ouachita. Owing to the low and level nature of the country, all these rivers may be said to be connected by bayous.

155-8. Another example of the manner in which illustration may be pushed to a ludicrous extent, not to mention the bad taste which takes a Scriptural occurrence of importance, to which to compare so trifling a matter. Point out faults in the simile.

162. The art of the poet in bringing *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* so close together, and yet unaware of each other's presence, has been both commended and found fault with. It seems to us very natural, and sufficiently probable to found a poetical treatment upon. The student will remember that the uncommon, provided that it does not transgress possibility, and that it furnishes some emotional consequence, is the stuff upon which poetry seizes for its material. See, however, Wordsworth's position *contra*.

180. Why is this conveyance of intelligence from soul to soul, by some secret psychic force (unexplained as yet), the product of *Evangeline's* mind alone? Why not to *Gabriel's* as well? Why should there not be mutual appraisal of each other's vicinity?

172. *palmettos*.—A species of palm growing farther north than other American palms, sometimes called the cabbage tree from the terminal bud, which resembles a cabbage, and is used for food. Its wood is valuable for wharf timber, not being attacked by worms. It varies from 40 to 50 feet in height.

174. *Gen.* 16, 7, "And the Angel of the Lord found Hagar by the fountain in the wilderness."

178-9. Justify or condemn the use of the words 'magic' and 'friendly.'

183-4. Why does she 'blush' and say to the priest 'to you such words have no meaning'? Did he understand her, and was his answer in point?

The reasoning is not good. If, like deep waters, feeling is still, how then can words be the 'buoy,' to show where the anchor is hidden?

189. **illusions.**—Distinguish from 'elusion,' 'delusion.'

191. **Téche.**—A bayou emptying into the Atchafalaya from the west.

193. **regain.**—Would 'rejoin' do as well? Why?

210. Do you consider 'shook' a more expressive word here than the more common term 'poured'? If so, give your reasons.

211. Since the time of Orpheus, the Thracian poet, who is credited with the powers of song mentioned in the text, such hyperbole has become the common property of poets.

213. **Bacchantes.**—These were worshippers of the god Bacchus, who in Greek mythology presided over the vine and its products. They were given to all manner of excess, and their songs and dances and other practices often degenerated into extravagant and indecent orgies.

219. Opelousas is one of the great prairie parishes (counties) of Louisiana. The writer referred to in the note on line 140, says: "All the prairies in Western Louisiana are perennially green. . . . The French paid great attention to cattle and sheep husbandry in this section of Louisiana early in the last century, and it has been estimated that more than 220,000 cattle could annually be reared and transported to market from the single prairie of Opelousas. It was not uncommon for a stock-raiser to possess from 30,000 to 40,000 head of cattle."

225. **Yule-tide.**—The old English term for Christmas time.

226. He very seldom begins a new sentence so near the end of the line as here.

230. What difference would it make in the meaning to put a comma after 'roof' and a semicolon after 'supported'?

236-7. Express the meaning of "The line . . . trees," in other words.

248-9. **gaiters.**—Coverings of cloth or skin for the legs and ankles, extending from near the knees downward over part of the shoes.

doublet.—A close fitting vest, from the neck to below the waist.

sombrero.—A Spanish word meaning 'shade giver,' a broad brimmed hat, necessary in hot climates.

260. That is first a 'cloud,' then a 'shade.'

285. **tedious.**—Is there anything unusual in the way this word is employed here?

287. **trade.**—How would it affect the meaning to omit 'for'?

296. **Olympus.**—A mountain in Thessaly; the residence of the gods, according to the Greek mythology.

303. **gossips.**—In its old but now obsolete sense of familiar acquaintances or cronies.

305. **ci-devant.**—This word, whether used intentionally or not, to give a touch of humor, is really a disfigurement.

323. **hungry.**—Justify this epithet.

327. What improper ellipsis (due to the metre) in this line?

334. 'Wrathful cloud.' Note the transferred epithet.

341. See part i, l. 385.

344. **Creoles.**—Properly (as here) persons of European descent born in the West Indies or Spanish America, but now generally used of persons of any color born within the tropics.

347-9. Note the truth of these lines. 'Gentle,' 'tender,' *i.e.*, producing tender feelings, not indifference.

352. 'like children.' Longfellow has here well hit off the character of the French Canadian.

355. **Dreamlike.**—Point out the resemblance.

365. **devious.**—The alliteration has probably enticed Longfellow to use this word, the meaning of which in this place is somewhat doubtful; probably it means straying from the paths of duty or right.

366. **manifold.**—Is this word properly used here?

367. **Carthusian.**—The first monastery of this order was founded at Chartreux, near Grenoble, in France, 1086. The discipline of the order is very rigid—perpetual silence is one of their vows, and the monks are allowed to speak to one another but once a week.

369. Explain "her heart was more *fragrant* than the flowers, and yet as heavy with shadows, etc."

376. 'Stars' are 'the thoughts of God in the heavens.' Explain, if you can, the propriety and truth of this metaphor.

378. What temple is meant?

Upharsin.—Refers to the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's banqueting room. See *Daniel V.*, 25.

380. An unfortunate and obscure line in an otherwise beautiful passage. Note the immediate change of personality from 'soul' to 'she.' Does 'between . . . fire-flies,' denote cause or mere locality? What is the meaning of 'wandered alone'?

The above passage 358-393 is an excellent one for paraphrasing. Both teacher and student should remember that paraphrasing is second

only to original composition in importance, and often beyond it in point of difficulty. Very often it furnishes the only real test whether the student has fully comprehended a passage. In saying this we do not ignore the fact that much of the finest poetry is not suited for paraphrasing, and that judgment, therefore, is needed in the use of this exercise.

395-9. Two or three more of Longfellow's scriptural allusions.

As the priest is attempting a witticism, we must not look too closely into the correctness of the comparison.

404. Altogether too much hyperbole to be suitable here. The word 'blast' is too strong; fate is oftener represented as slow but 'sure of foot'; Gabriel's journey was not a 'flight' and could not have the altogether airless course of a dead leaf, or much resemblance in any way to it.

412. 'Took the prairie trail,' as we would say in ordinary language.

413-16. Criticise the substitutions, 'lift through snows *everlasting*, their lofty and luminous *heads*,' and '*emigrant wagon*.'

413. The precise whereabouts of this 'desert land' is not very clear, and is fortunately a matter of little consequence. The description ll. 417-19 would make it to be in Wyoming Territory, while l. 441 would remove it to Western Missouri or Arkansas, where the Ozark mountains are to be found.

420. Fontaine-qui-bout. Fountain that boils, i.e., as we say, 'boiling spring.'

sierras.—Why are mountain ranges so called?

430. Who are meant by 'Ishmael's children,' and why so called?

423. Discuss the correctness of this comparison, also of that in l. 425.

433. A striking simile, but the next line weakens and mars the picture; the vulture sails aloft on pinions majestic, while the soul needs stairs.

426. **amorphas.**—A leguminous order of plants; bastard indigo.

437-8. 'Taciturn' is a strange epithet to apply to the *bear*, as if other animals were 'talkative.'

Note that certain words excite the notion of their opposite, and this opposite should not be an impossible epithet to apply to an object of the same kind. *Silent* and *noisy* may both be applied to animals, but not 'taciturn' and 'talkative.'

On the other hand 'anchorite monk' strikes us as an exceedingly happy phrase; and viewed in his character of monk, taciturnity, as well as solitariness, may be applied to the bear. Give a synonym for 'anchorite,' and the adjective corresponding to 'monk.'

roots.—The black bear (*ursus Americanus*), which is meant here, is said to prefer vegetable food.

439-40. These lines seem a fine ending for the description preceding, equivalent to saying "All these, the animate and the inanimate, the mountain, the torrent, the cañon and the prairie, the roaming bison, the wild horse, the bear and the wolf, the fierce vultures of the air, and the not less fierce and implacable sons of the desert, all are alike the creatures of God, and have not been made in vain."

449. **Fata Morgana.**—A sort of mirage occasionally seen in the straits of Messina, and less frequently elsewhere; it consists in the appearance in the air over the sea of the objects which are on the neighboring coast. This mirage of terrestrial objects in the sky is not uncommon in the S. W. of U. S.

454-5. The Shawnees are an Indian tribe of the Algonquin family scattered through the west and south of the U. S.

The Camanches, or more commonly Comanches, are a roving tribe of the Shoshonee family also found in the south and west. They are noted as great hunters and warriors.

474. **Mowis.**—These legends Longfellow got in Schoolcraft's Indian books: the substance of them is here told.

479. **weird.**—The root is A.S. *wyrd*, fate; pertaining to the world of witches, who use the incantation (*i. e.*, a magic formula, which they croon, or mutter, or chant) *against* some one. Though the design of the user of this sorcery was not always evil, yet it was generally so, hence 'the black art' was another of its names.

480. Distinguish phantom, ghost, apparition.

481. **That.**—Better 'who' to keep up the 'personality.'

490. They seem to have camped not in the open prairie, but by a stream; where, in such a country, the timber is found.

494. **Subtle.** Pronounce. 'Subtile' is another form which has, however, almost dropped out of use.

494-8. Repeating in different and less apt language the idea of 115-19.

510. **Jesuit Mission.**—Whatever may be said of the craft, cunning and wiliness of the Jesuits, of their being all things to all men, of their casuistry and mental reservations, of their intriguing and restless spirit, of their banishment from many Catholic countries, of the suppression and revival of their order, it can scarcely be denied with success that they have been among the first, if not the very first educators and missionaries of the world. In the Portuguese colonies, (*e. g.*, under Xavier), in China and Japan, (*e. g.*, under Ricci and Schall), the results

of their missions were really extraordinary. In Northern and Central America, in Brazil, in Paraguay and Uruguay, in California and in the Philippines, their zeal was seen, and they proved missionaries of civilization as well as of religion.

515. **rural**.—Distinguish, with examples, 'rural' and 'rustic.'

516. **vespers**.—Lat. *vesper*, evening; the evening service of the Roman Catholic Church. Vesper is also used as a name for the star Venus, when she appears after sunset. What is the corresponding term for the morning service?

517. **susurrus**.—A Latin word meaning a murmur or whisper, a word formed in imitation of the sound.

521. Why 'from the hands'?

527. **gourd**.—Plants allied to the cucumber and pumpkin, with trailing stems and fruits of a variety of shapes. The 'bottle-gourd' has a hard outer rind, which, when dry, is used for cups, bottles, etc.

546. **Cloisters for mendicant**.—Longfellow's mind was steeped in the learning of the old world and the past, and his fondness for and familiarity with mediæval literature have more than once led him into inaccuracy and bad taste.

cloister.—Is quite inapplicable to crows, as they are noisy and love company; neither are they *mendicant*; thievish would be a much more fitting word. What points of resemblance do you see in the comparison?

547. **golden weather**.—Show the force of the epithet.

554. **compass-flower**.—"The *Silphium Laciniatum*, or compass plant, is found in the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin, and to the S. and W., and is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due N. and S."

561. **asphodels**.—Belong to the lily family, (*Liliaceae*) and are sometimes called King's lances. In the mythology of the Greeks, the meadows of asphodel were haunted by the shades of heroes. In Pope's *Odyssey*, 24, 13, we read: 'In ever flowering meads of asphodel.' The asphodel of the older English poets is the daffodil.

nepenthe.—Homer speaks of a magic potion so called, which caused persons to forget their sorrows.

564. **wold**.—The same as 'weald;' used in a variety of senses, as a wood, an open country, a hilly district. Here probably the open country as contrasted with 'in wood.'

563-70. Point out the felicities of *thought* and *expression* in these lines.

574. **sad years**.—Can this quest of Evangeline's, so long, all alone, in such a state of country as then existed, without hint of support or woman's companionship, be considered at all probable? Is it in accordance with

the laws of narrative and descriptive poetry, to contravene the probable, and to exhibit the improbable ?

576. **tents of grace.**—A rendering of the Moravian **gnaden hutten**, *i. e.*, The assembly place of the United Brethren. This sect, followers of John Huss, were driven from Bohemia, at the beginning of the 18th century, and settled in Saxony under the protection of Count Zinzen-dorf, hence often called in Germany Herrnhuters. They prefer living in colonies by themselves. They have been very devoted missionaries in various fields, as in Labrador and at the Cape, in the W. Indies, and even in Russia and Tartary. In 1880 they had about 100 mission stations, and 350 missionaries.

585. What life is meant, and why is it likened to the morning ?

589. Name the stream and the city, and give the meaning of the name of the city, and of that of the state.

591. Very many streets have the names of trees, as Chestnut, Pine, Locust, Spruce, Walnut, etc., especially those running E. and W.

592. **Dryads.**—Nymphs of the woods, (Gr. *drūs*, an oak), the tutelary deities of the forest.

594. **children of Penn.**—The Quakers, for whose benefit and freedom of worship, Penn got his grant from James II.

599. *Thee* and *thou* are still freely used in English provincial dialects by the uneducated classes, not, however, so generally with the familiarity and affection which characterize the use of *du* in German and *tu* in French ; oftener with a want of respect, and frequently as a sign of contempt. As early as Shakespeare's time, *theeing* and *thouing* was a way to be insolent.

603. **upon earth.**—What suggestion in these words ? What is the relation of 'uncomplaining' ?

605. There are some incongruities in this elaborate comparison. The maiden had wandered long on the mountains of *ecstasy*—surrounded by the mists of *delusion* ; but these had now rolled away ; the sun of (spiritual) enlightenment had arisen and dissipated them ; the dawn of another and purposeful existence had 'broken over her earthly horizon' (585) ; the path of life lay 'smooth and fair in the distance' across the plain of usefulness and devotion to others, etc.

614. **for it was not.**—Explain what is meant.

620. **no waste.**—Of course not true in fact ; no *appreciable* waste. A very beautiful and perfect comparison.

624. Sisters of Mercy or Charity, at first called the Gray Sisters from the color of their dress, were recognized as an order by Pope Clement IX.,

about 1650. Latterly they have been imitated in Protestant communions.

623-32. This has been called one of the finest passages of the poem.

“Lessing says that a poet writes picturesquely, not when his words furnish matter for a material painting; many writers do this whose writing is not picturesque, but when they have the same *effect* as a material painting, in bringing a sensuous object vividly before the mind.”
—Coleridge.

Does this passage come under the above definition? If so, indicate the details of the picture or pictures as presented to your mental vision.

But imagery, the different parts of which cannot be brought together in space and time, is different from and above the mere picturesque; such we find in Milton, Spencer, Coleridge, dreamy, fairy-like unreal mayhap, but still of exceeding vividness.

Note the following touches of a skilful hand:

(i) The fine contrast in the same line of the ‘lonely’ garret with the ‘crowded’ lane.

(ii) How the repetition in ‘lonely and wretched,’ ‘distress and want,’ ‘disease and sorrow,’ expands and keeps alive the impression.

(iii) The repetition and emphasizing of the *object* of this Sister of Mercy is followed by ‘night after night,’ and ‘day after day,’ to denote her zeal.

(iv) The repetition, to keep alive the impression, in ‘lonely roof,’ ‘garret,’ ‘high and lonely window.’

(v) The irony probably intended in the phrase ‘all was well in the city.’

633. The year 1793, when the yellow fever prevailed, and was a terrible pestilence in Philadelphia.

633-54. This paragraph is not nearly so good as the previous one. The phrase ‘presaged by wondrous signs,’ leads us to expect something portentous, but the poet offers us nothing in the least *terrifying*. Flocks of wild pigeons in the fall are, or rather were, so common to an American as to be no omen. The portent must be, we suppose, in their having ‘nought but an acorn in their claws.’

640-9. What is your opinion of this simile? Can you point out any faults in it? For what purposes should similes and other figures of speech be used?

640-1. Note the abrupt change in the mode of representing death.

643. almshouse.—“The Philadelphians have identified the old Friends’ almshouse on Walnut street, now no longer standing, as that in which Evangeline ministered to Gabriel, and so real appeared the story,

that some even ventured to point out the graves of the two lovers.' Westcott's *Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*.

649. **thought. etc.**—Whatever credence we may place in the hallucinations of those on the boundary of the next world, it would seem that the poet has here trenched on the improbable. 'Gleams,' from their frequent fitfulness, and 'splendor,' from its strength, scarcely agree with the comparatively subdued character of the halo of l. 652, and reflection of l. 653.

663. 'The Swedes' church' at Wicaco is still standing, the oldest in the city of Philadelphia, having been begun in 1698. Wicaco is inside the city, on the banks of the Delaware. Wilson, the ornithologist, was buried in the churchyard adjoining.

670-3. What do you think of the similes in these lines?

674. **consoler.**—Some one has remarked that Longfellow in his optimistic way couldn't have the heart to call death by hard names, and even here calls him *consoler* and *healer*. Has he, however, expressed a common and natural feeling?

688. This at least is a common belief.

690. What strikes one at once as marring this comparison, is the fact that the blood besprinkled portal in the case of the Passover meant life, here it meant death.

695. **multiplied reverberations.**—This must refer to the hallucinations of the dying, which we know belong to the sense of hearing even oftener than to that of sight.

710. If not looked into too closely this is a fine simile. We cannot help feeling, however, that Longfellow has not made the most of this death bed scene; that he lost a fine opportunity. After so many years of long search and waiting, most poets, we think, would have kept Gabriel alive a little longer, and would have heightened the interest and drawn out the pathos with a little speech. True love, robbed of passion and its grosser attributes, living still and purified by the prospect of the eternal beyond, is too seldom exhibited by our poets. We feel, too, that Longfellow could have done this, and would have done it well.

Criticise the appropriateness of this simile.

716. The first warning note of the approaching end of the tale. Note the effect of the repetitions in ll. 721-4. Shew that the poet has arranged in an effective order 'hearts—brains—hands—feet.'

725. But for the too quick dismissal and slight treatment of the death-bed scene the poet has shown skill at the close. In so short a piece that occupies but two hours in the reading, the memory can reach back even

to the verbal construction, and therefore this repetition of several of the opening lines to recall and deepen their impression is very effective, repeating and reasserting as a skilful advocate does, at the end of his argument, the theme with which he began. Thus in the prelude or introduction we have the invocation and lament, then comes the main rhythm and music of the story itself, then follows the postlude, also a lament, which revives and strengthens the picture of the desolation and wrong that form the burden and *motif* of the poem. This desolation and wrong and their lastingness are finely brought out by the two concluding lines, which are repetitive of ll. 5 and 6 of Part I.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

This tale is the fourth of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863), being the Sicilian's Tale. It is found in slightly varying forms in many languages and writers, e.g., as an old French Morality Play, as a Legend of Southern India, in Ellis's Old English Romances, and also in the German. Among the moderns, Leigh Hunt has told the story in *A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla*, (perhaps Longfellow's recourse). The same theme, too, is found in Mark Twain's *Prince and Pauper*.

2. **Allemaine**—Germany. An Anglicised form of the French name, *Allemagne*, which itself is derived from the Alemanni, a confederacy of German tribes (all-men) formed to resist the Romans.

5. **St. John's Eve**—Also called Midsummer Eve, the evening before the 24th of June, which is kept in honor of the birth of St. John the Baptist. One of the most popular religious festivals in different parts of Europe.

6. **Magnificat**—The song of rejoicing by the Virgin Mary when receiving the visit of Elizabeth. See Chap. I. of St. Luke. In the R. C. service the Latin version begins :

“Magnificat anima mea Dominum.”

“My soul doth magnify the Lord.”

12. The learned clerk was probably one skilled in the law, and consequently in Latin.

29. How will you read this line in order to preserve the rhythm ?

34. **stalls**—Fixed seats in the choir or chancel of a cathedral or church.

35. **sexton**—Of what word is this a contraction ?

49-51. What is gained by this repetition ?

52. **besprent**—The participle of the obsolete verb *besprenge*, to besprinkle. What is the usual force of *be* as a prefix in forming verbs? Give examples.

53. **outrage**—Not an English compound, but a French word derived from *Lat. ultra*. What is the grammatical relation of "desperate."

56. **seneschal**—In the middle ages this word meant a high steward, having the functions of a superintendent and master of ceremonies.

63. **dais**—The raised part of the floor at the end of a room, usually reserved for distinguished guests, and so called because often furnished with a canopy.

69. **piercing the disguise**—As far as King Robert was concerned, not for the others.

74. Discuss the substitution of "*a divine compassion in.*"

82. **The King's Jester**—One of the persons about a king or nobleman in the times of the Middle Ages. His business was to make sport for the Court and he was clad in motley gear, often with cap and bells, with an accompanying ape. He plays a conspicuous part in the comedy and tale of these times. His modern representative is the circus clown. Some celebrated court fools were Dagonet (King Arthur), Armstrong (James I.), Chicot (Henry IV. of France), and Yorick (Denmark, referred to in Hamlet.)

86. **Henchman**—Literally haunch-man or personal attendant. Compare "flunkey" (flankey).

105. According to the classical mythology when Saturn fled from his son Jupiter, he took refuge in Italy. Janus, King of Latium (*lateo*, to lie hid) shared his throne with him, and Saturn *civilized* Italy, teaching agriculture and the liberal arts. This was called the *golden age* from its tranquillity and mildness of rule. Longfellow has taken the view favorable to his purpose. Pope, however, has made use of the other characteristics of this age, dullness and venality.

"Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold."

—*Dunciad*, Bk. IV.

110. **Encelados**—One of the Titans (son of Titan and Terra) who rebelled against Jupiter and were at last vanquished by his thunderbolts. This particular Titan was placed under Mt. Etna, where to this very day, as he turns on his weary side, the mountain heaves, the whole island trembles, and his breath issues from the crater. See Longfellow's poem of *Enceladus* for the use of this myth as a symbol of slumbering Italy rising and shaking off the fetters of tyranny.

124. **passion**—Used in the old sense of "suffering," as "the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ."

126. **forehead**—It is curious to notice how certain phrases become, as it were, consecrated; but for the metre, "lifting high the head" would probably have been written to indicate pride and stubbornness. Yet we say "haughty brow" and not "haughty head" to express the same notion.

132. **Holy Thursday**—Another name for Ascension Day, the Thursday but one before Whitsuntide.

141. **housings**—In the plural only with this meaning, i.e. the trappings of a horse.

144. **piebald**—From *pie*, a magpie, and *bald*, which originally meant streaked or spotted with white.

154. What Scriptural allusion?

171-2. An extravagant hyperbole. He makes the Angel assume the form of a man, a disguise that none could penetrate, and yet invests him with a radiance which ought to have revealed him to all beholders. No physical attributes should have been introduced clashing with that assumption. The splendor lower down, 174-6, is attributed to Christ's coming down. The beauty of the Scriptural imagery of ll. 179-80 will be felt by all.

Angelus—This prayer of Pope Urban II. begins with the words, "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae," i.e. "the Angel of the Lord announced to Mary." Recited three times a day . . . the sound of a bell, hence "Angelus bell." See note l. 49 *Evangeli*. It furnished the subject for Millet's great picture.

209. Strictly speaking strings are said to *vibrate*, not to *throb*.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

This is the Poet's Tale in Part I. of *The Wayside Inn*.

2. **merle** and **mavis**—The blackbird and the thrush. Their alliterative effect leads to the use of these names by the poets. Compare Scott in the *Lady of the Lake*.

"Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing."—*Alice Brand's song*.

Caedmon—Our first English poet, originally a cowherd attached to

the monastery of Whitby. After entering the Church and being educated, he wrote in the Anglian dialect a poem on the Creation, to which parts of *Paradise Lost* bear a striking resemblance, and which some say may have influenced Milton.

The passage descriptive of spring, introductory to the tale, shows clearly that Longfellow can hardly confine himself to or make a success of pure description. Entirely descriptive passages are apt to grow tedious. To be vivid, description must be picturing without detail, a few epithets calling up or suggesting what may be stored up in the memory. The danger of circumstantial mention is in not observing the proper sequence and proportion, and in perspective too much is as bad as too little.

Note how this description smacks of the scholar; look at the allusions, so characteristic. It seems almost to have an old-world flavor, and yet it is an introduction to a New England Tale. There is very little original; "merle and mavis," "lovely lyrics," "purple buds," "rejoicing rivulets," "piping loud," "blossoming orchards," "sparrows chirp," "ravens cry," "piteous prayer," are well known and almost stock phrases of the poetic vocabulary. Certainly Longfellow had not much invention.

1-8. What is the comparison implied in line 6? What are the "fluttering signals" of line 8?

9-16. **chirped**—Chirping is connected with chattering and seems to agree better with the notion of gladness than of pride.

mentioned—To what is the reference?

Do you see anything incongruous in "clamored their piteous prayer?"

ravens cry—Two mistakes here:—(1) The raven and the crow are slightly different in appearance and habits, and certainly have very different poetical associations. (2) Putting anything pathetic in connection with the crow is an artistic error.

17-20. A fine image well carried out, but, rather spoiled by the abrupt change in the following lines.

Sound—Long Island Sound is probably meant.

21-4. The simile is too long; it distracts the attention too much from the main idea, and is discordant with it.

25-32. **fabulous days**—Generally used of a much more remote period than one hundred years ago.

The crow should have been left out of the list of birds in stanza 2, as it is neither a beauty nor a favorite in any respect. Its introduction here as a *cause* for the inconsiderate action of the farmers would then have been more in point.

Cassandra-like—To add an explanation, "prognosticating woe," is a very good idea in allusions of this nature, as the reference gratifies the well read, and yet the meaning doesn't puzzle the ignorant. Macaulay, whose great aim is to be *clear*, often explains allusions sufficiently for the general reader to understand the point of the reference.

Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy. The God Apollo bestowed on her the gift of prophecy, but afterwards to punish her, being unable to revoke his gift, ordained that no one should ever believe her prophecies.

31-40. Point out any words in this stanza which indicate the locality and nature of this town, or in other words give local color.

blackmail—Properly a payment given to robbers to secure protection from other robbers, or immunity from further persecution.

In what does the humor of the last two lines consist?

41-8. This and the following four or five stanzas are in a vein of goodnatured satire, which Longfellow handles well in a short tale of this kind.

fluted—Channelled or furrowed; a word used to indicate the pretentiousness of the house, with columns like those of a temple, and a red roof.

49-56. Point out the humorous touches in these lines.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-58) was a Connecticut minister, educated at Yale, a powerful preacher, but noted chiefly as the author of "Freedom of the Will" and "Original Sin." Calvinism has had no more able defender.

The Adirondack Mountains, in Northern New York, are still a favorite resort for sportsmen, both for shooting and for fishing.

57-64. What allusion in the "hill of Science?"

Point out the humor in the last line as descriptive of the "fair Almira." Somebody has used this line to characterize Longfellow's not very highflying muse.

65-72. How is the impression of the Deacon's pomposity produced?

81-90. Account for the phrase "from his place apart."

Reviewers—By these are meant the critics in the newspapers and magazines. Already literature was beginning to be recognized as a profession, *i.e.*, in the Preceptor's time, not in Plato's.

Plato—The celebrated Athenian philosopher, a pupil and admirer of Socrates.

The Republic was one of his chief works. In it he describes an ideal Commonwealth.

Troubadours—Minstrels of the south of France in the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries; so called from the Provençal word to invent (*troubar*). In the north of France they were called *trouvères*, also from a word to invent (*trouver*). Our word poet has the same root meaning, "maker" or "inventor." The first wrote in the *langue d'oc*; the second in the *langue d'oïl*; *oc* and *oïl* being the two different words for *yes*.

heavenly city—Explain what is meant.

oriole—Belongs to the thrush family, and gets its name from its golden (Lat. *aureus*) color. The Baltimore oriole, or "hang-bird" (from its hanging nest), which has orange instead of yellow, is one of our beautiful summer visitors in Ontario.

linnet—The linnet is a European not an American bird. It is one of the commonest of British singing birds, frequenting open heaths and commons as well as gardens. What is meant here is either the American goldfinch, commonly known as the yellow bird, or possibly the song sparrow.

113-120. The dominie's plea is well put, but the last line of this stanza savors somewhat of hyperbole.

121-8. **madrigal**—A little song on some light, and usually, amatory theme; also applied to a composition for some four, five, or six voices.

Does anything in this stanza strike you as revealing the profession of the speaker?

131-2. What do you think of this simile? Give the original meaning of *idiot*, and trace if you can the connection between it and the present meaning. See Trench's *Select Glossary*.

137-44. The real locusts are not found in America, but in the United States and Canada the name is often applied to the *cicada*, whose monotonous drone, made by their wing cases, may be heard in the gardens and orchards on the hot summer days.

hurdy-gurdy—A stringed instrument whose rather monotonous music is produced by the friction of a wheel against four strings. The name is often, perhaps generally applied now to the common barrel organ of the travelling player. The word is no doubt of onomatopoeic origin.

field-fares—Another mistake we think. The field-fare is a European not an American bird, and is not "little," the length being usually from 10 to 11 inches.

roundelay—From Fr. *roul*, round. Properly a poem of 13 verses,

8 in one metre and 5 in another, but applied loosely to any song or tune in which the first strain is repeated.

145-52. He drops into the schoolmaster again. Note the double meaning in *blackest*. Why say "crying havoc?"

153-60. The preceptor's well put plea ends strongly by appealing to them in the persons of their children, and on a high plane, too.

What different meanings may be given to *still*?

164. Does "yellow" strike you as a good epithet here? Give your reasons.

169-76. "Each more than each," "victor yet vanquished." Show the epigrammatic force of these expressions.

177-84. *fusillade*—From Fr. *fusil*, a light gun, hence also fusileer, or *fasilier*.

St. Bartholomew—Referring to the massacre of the Protestants in France, begun on St. Bartholomew's day, 24th August, 1572. 30,000 are said to have perished.

209-16. The Scriptural allusions are rather out of taste in this "burlesquish" manner of treatment.

Why does Autumn look more majestic than the other seasons?

Explain "falling tongues," "illumined pages."

The last four lines make a fine comparison. Does it disagree in any essential point with the figure of the first four lines?

229. **canticles**—From a Latin diminutive, hence properly little songs; then hymns arranged for chanting. To what is the word applied as a proper noun?

233-40. The preceptor's love for and successful wooing of Almira is a second slender thread of narrative to add interest; the two united make an excellent conclusion. In fact the whole tale is one of the best of the *Wayside Inn*.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

Monti, the Sicilian, who is supposed to tell the tale, and whom the poet frequently had at his house, is thus described in the Prelude to the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

"His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;

Clean shaven was he as a priest,
 Who at mass on Sunday sings,
 Save that upon his upper lip
 His beard, a good palm's length at least,
 Level and pointed at the tip,
 Shot sideways like a swallow's wings."

Longfellow was "easily first in his day as a recounter of bewitching tales." He had a "lyrical facility of putting a story into rippling verse." But in these tales of the *Wayside Inn*, there is little imagination; it is but graceful narrative, enlivened here and there by pleasant fancies, allusions, and comparisons.

1. **Abruzzo**—A mountainous district in Central Italy.

Re Giovanni—Italian for King John.

Syndic—An officer or magistrate invested with different powers in different countries, but generally with some judge-like functions.

Note the present ordinary meaning of the derivative "Syndicate."

26. **Bryony**—A species of climbing plant; the wild hop, also spelled "bryony."

27-8. **so that etc.**—Comparisons like these Longfellow is fond of introducing. *Simile* is "frequently employed to give brief picturesque description;" it is also said to "enliven" and to "retard" the course of a narrative. What is your opinion of the introduction of this, at this place?

31-2—**wild boar**—During the middle ages the wild boar abounded throughout Europe including England, and hunting it was the most esteemed of all field sports. It is still found in Italy, especially in the Pontine marshes. The late king, Victor Emanuel, was very fond of the sport.

hoods—When the falcons were taken out to hunt they had their heads covered with hoods till the game was sighted.

35. **had loved**—Observe that the *had* is not introduced till the details have been given. Can you suggest the reason.

45. **Eating his head off**—The good knight in forsaking knightly ways, forsakes a knightly form of speech.

48. **holidays**—What objection to the use of this word here?

50. Note the expressiveness of this line and how it is gained.

55. Why "bolted doors?"

60-1. Is anything gained by the repetition of *and*?

61. **donned, etc.**—One way of producing a humorous effect is by using words more pretentious than the occasion calls for. Can you point out any other humorous touches in this poem? Derive "donned."

65. **jargon**—What is the usual meaning of this word?

73. **Domeneddio**—An explanation of surprise. *Dio, i.e., God.*

78. Show the force of the comparison.

81. **gesticulation**—Italian-wise, given much to gesture and exclamations like “per Bacco,” etc.

95. **familiar proverbs**—Explain how they apply to the knight's case.

97. **fair renown**—Mark the repeating of phrases of almost like meaning after the manner of lawyers and law documents. Then the next line is a sort of antithesis to these high sounding words.

112. Explain what is meant by “unknown to the laws?”

113. Defend the use of “shall” here.

The sentence of the Syndic seems too light; in fact a rather impotent conclusion. But the story is well told, and illustrates the point that Longfellow's aim was at all hazards to make his poems interesting. He chose his topics with that intent.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

The heading, of which the first two epithets in line 23 are a literal translation, is from the *Iliad*, VIII., 488, where the Greeks, driven in rout to their ships by the victorious Trojans, are represented as welcoming the coming of night.

In the classical mythology Nox (Night) is commonly spoken of as a goddess, mounted in a chariot, and covered with a veil bespangled with stars. This will explain the epithets *trailing, sable, fringed*; but it requires a pretty strong imagination to “hear . . . sweep.”

2. What are the *halls*, and why are they spoken of as *marble*?

3. **Spell of night**—With, as it were, some secret but powerful charm.

7-12. Notice the calm, unemotional way in which Longfellow speaks of *love, sorrow, delight*. How different from the passionate language of Byron!

13-16. This stanza contains a beautiful metaphor that any poet might be glad to own.

19-20. Another and equally perfect image, but not so original. Shakespeare has something like it:

“Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.”—*Macbeth*, II. 2.

21. **Orestes-like**—Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, was pursued by the Furies for the murder of his mother, Clytemnestra; and as the

murder of a parent was a crime especially odious among the ancients, the vengeful goddesses pursue him far over land and sea. This is the allusion of a cultured man, an allusion which many would call *recondite*. What is *recondite* allusion is of course a matter of opinion and degree, but most readers will say, we think, that such allusions are out of place in a simple poem like this. Can you point out or refer to any other allusions or similes in the poems read which are open to the same objection ?

A PSALM OF LIFE.

The second poem at the Craigie House, written in 1838 at an open window, in full view of the morning sun. This Psalm belongs to what may be called didactic and moralising poetry. It and several others of that first cluster of poems were and are still immensely popular. Why? Because they typify the beat of the national heart, the "goahead-iveness" of hopeful and healthful young America. Because they can be understood by all, from hod-carrier to president,—and the reader will remember that there a hod-carrier *has* a chance of becoming president. This tribute to national vanity became a great success. Its cheering strain has a thousand times been amplified from pulpits, and chanted forth by choirs; and, for very different reasons perhaps, has pleased alike in the cottage and the factory, in the drawing-room and the hall of learning.

The *Psalm* has been called "a clever marshalling and burnishing of common places;" it has been said that there is no poetry in its didactic moralisings, that the whole is trite and unoriginal. Yet the simile of the muffled drums is one of the finest and most original that can be found in any poetry, and that of the footprints is also good, although it will not bear such close scrutiny.

1. Express clearly in your own words the meaning of ll. 3-4, 6, 11-12, 13-16, 22, 27-8.
2. Classify and give the grammatical relation of *what* (l. 4), *heart within* (24), *that* (29), *achieving* (35), and account for the form of *find* (12).
3. Mark the rhetorical pauses, inflections, and emphatic words to be observed in reading stanzas 1 to 3.
4. How does the poet's statement in l. 4 correspond with the Preacher's conclusion, "All is vanity" ?

5. What is the meaning of *bivouac* (l. 18)? Do you think the word is fittingly used here? Give your reasons.

6. The sixth stanza has been called "hand to mouth philosophy." Justify or controvert this criticism.

7. Is there any confusion of figures in stanzas 7 and 8? If so, point it out. Do you feel that there is any awkwardness in the grammatical structure of the 8th stanza? If so, show the cause of it.

8. Has the poet proved anything in this poem, or is it merely a collection of precepts?

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

This is one of Longfellow's gems, and belongs, like "From My Arm Chair," to that group of poems connected with his home. It is one of his best pieces representing the condition and manners of every day life, sometimes called by the fine name of *genre* pictures.

In studying the poem as a whole the student may find the following questions helpful:—

(1) Are the best points seized in the personal description? What resemblances are there to the scene described in *Evangeline* concerning Basil and his smithy (116 et seq.)?

What parts of the poem, if any, indicate a Puritan village?

(2) Shakespeare says (*Troilus and Cressida*):

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

What are the "touches of nature" in this poem that show the blacksmith to be a feeling man of chaste and tender mood?

(3) What stanzas or lines of this poem echo the same sentiments as to the burden and duty of life that are found in the *Psalm*.

(4) "The *Psalm* is wholly didactic, is scarcely anything but well arranged and well-put commonplace." Is the same criticism applicable to the *Blacksmith*? Is poetry most natural to the didactic and moral regions of thinking? If not show how the *Blacksmith* excels the *Psalm*, as being nearer true poetry.

(5) Give the grammatical value and relation of "week in, week out," "makes," "like," "singing," "thanks," "shaped," and the derivation of "church," "parson," "wrought," and "anvil."

(6) Expand and show the aptness (if possible) of the comparison of the "sparks" to "chaff," and "life" to a "flaming forge."

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This poem is said to owe its being to two causes, to Charles Sumner's speech on the true greatness of nations, and to a remark of Mrs. Longfellow to her husband as they walked around the Arsenal, when on their wedding trip. She somewhat surprised him by saying that the gun-barrels on the walls looked like an organ for Death to play. The poem is to some extent didactic, but as being richer in fancy and allusion, is on a distinctly higher plane than the *The Psalm*, *The Ladder*, and *The Builders*.

Longfellow has been accused of "tagging a moral to his song." The answer to the charge seems to be this: All poetry should have a moral aim. But that moral, that lifting process is to be accomplished, not by a pronouncement of maxims, not by precept, but by example; the drama, or narrative, or word picture, should present objects of beauty (the beautiful is, in the main, the good, and the true), or stir the emotions, all based on the convictions of truth. Longfellow first sees in everything the beautiful, hence, generally the good; the true is often ignored. How different from the philosopher of Chelsea, with whom it is first truth, hence good; and what beauty he finds is due to these two.

The *Arsenal* is the U. S. Armory, established in 1794, at Springfield, (Mass.) It employs regularly from 500 to 700 men, and contains about 275,000 stand of arms.

1-4. As the rest of the poem is pitched to such a key of pathetic indignation, the introductory sentence seems too tame; merely the words a guide or caretaker might use in showing visitors around a building. "From floor to ceiling" precedes to give prominence, and at the same time *definiteness* to the imagined organ.

a huge—Would "Some vast" do as well?

Show how "burnished" answers better for the comparison than "glittering" would.

Discuss the substitution of *its* for *their* organ.

5-8. **Will use**—This has been spoken of as a prophecy. Explain with reference to succeeding events.

Point out an example of transferred epithet in these lines.

Miserere—The fifty-first psalm is so called from the first word of the Latin version. During the Lenten services of the R. C. and some other of the Episcopal churches this penitential psalm is sung, and so came to be called the Miserere.

symphonies—Has not here its technical musical meaning, but merely denotes accompaniment.

3. **fierce**—Do you think this word is well used here? Why?

The "organ" figure is now dismissed; it would have cramped and confined his mental vision of the past.

14. **Cimbric**—The Cimbri are commonly thought to have been a people who came down from the north of Germany with the Teutons in the time of Marius, and were defeated by him (100 B. C.) They are mentioned by Caesar as living in Belgium, and by Tacitus as living in the Cimbric Chersonese (Jutland and Denmark). The Norsemen lived in the same regions north of them. But latterly the Cimbri are asserted to have been Celts, and the word is said to be the same as Cymri i.e., the Welsh.

16. Refers to the invasions of Europe by the Tartars at different times.

20. **Aztec**—The name of the dominant tribe in Mexico when it was conquered by Hernando Cortes.

teocallis—Pyramids for the worship of the gods.

21-8. Note the change from the particular to the general. Are the different pictures arranged in a logical order, or in the most effective way?

Can you perceive the structural plan of this poem?

Genung lays down the laws of plan as distinctiveness, sequence, climax. Criticize the first eight stanzas in these respects.

diapason—A Greek compound, meaning literally *through all*; the entire compass of a voice or an instrument.

32. **celestial harmonies**—Pythagoras, the old Samian philosopher, celebrated for his doctrine of Metempsychosis, had also his theory of the Universe; the ten heavenly bodies rolling round the great central fire produced the music of the spheres or the celestial harmony. Virtue was regarded, too, as a harmony of the soul, etc.

Would *dim* be a better word than *dark*? Why?

46-7. What are the "brazen portals?" Is the representation of the "organ" here in harmony with that in the 1st stanza?

THE BRIDGE.

Next above his homilies are the poems of sentiment, e. g., his self-communing in the twilight or at night, such as *The Day is Done*, *The Bridge*, *Hymn to the Night*, etc. The bent of Longfellow's mind is to consider things not as beautiful in themselves, but as elements by which a beautiful thought may be produced. Every thing to Longfellow

suggests an image. The "drifting current," the day "cold and dreary," the "bells in the tower," the "lights through the mist," are before him, and he instantly looks about for some emotion (not a deep or powerful one) or some phase of life to compare them with. His similes and metaphors, come easily or come hard—do come at all events, and if sometimes forced and unnatural, are often novel and striking.

1-20. Notice the parts of this word-picture (remember there is no imagination or fancy)—the bridge, the midnight hour, the rising moon, the dark church tower, the flaming furnace, the hurrying tide, the floating sea-weed. Has he seized the best points for such pictures? Were the time, place and scene naturally fitted to call forth such thoughts as his?

He takes but two or three of these as suggestive of comparisons. Mention them, and show in what stanzas they are applied.

53-60. "We feel that the application is somewhat weak and hazy, and that more might have been made of such a theme." "It is a revelation of his personality, and a phase of his genius that has never ceased to charm the majority of his readers."

Can you reconcile these apparently opposite views?

THE DAY IS DONE.

This is one of the pieces in which Longfellow is said to have imitated German prototypes, especially Heine and Uhland, in rhythm and reverie. The student will remember that this poem belongs to the *Sentimental*, i. e., a record of feeling either evolved from one's inner consciousness or suggested by the external. The critics generally class this and *Footsteps of Angels* and *Hymn to the Night*, etc., as of a distinctly higher grade poetically, than *The Builders*, *The Psalm*, *The Ladder*, *Excelsior*, etc. These last moral lyrics are adapted to the mental calibre of honest, unimaginative, stay-at-home people, but are scarcely important enough for the critics to flesh their literary swords upon.

1-4. Very many of Longfellow's poems descant upon the beauties of, or thoughts suggested by the night, its calm, its voices of sorrow and joy (see *Hymn*), its stars, etc.

9-12. Does he mean mental pain or physical? If mental, how does it differ from sorrow?

"As the mist is to the rain, so is my sadness to sorrow."

Explain the points of this comparison.

16. **thoughts**—In its old meaning of anxious thoughts or cares. Which do you think are the finest stanzas of this poem?

RESIGNATION.

1-6. These lines are endeared to the popular mind and found in all the books of quotations. It is difficult to explain the relation in thought of "howsoe'er defended."

9. The adjuration is given with some abruptness. The arguments follow, till in the last stanza he assumes that his reasoning has convinced.

10. "Not from the ground." Explain what is meant.

15-16. What probably suggested these lines?

17-20. " 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest'
Was not spoken of the soul."

The ideas are not at all original, but are felicitously given.

Compare:—

"A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas."—*Parnell*.

"Death is as the foreshadowing of life."—*Hooker*,

Elysian—Elysium was the happy land or paradise of the Greek poets.

21. He returns to the thought of the first stanza. The "dead lamb" was his little daughter, Fanny, who died in Sept. 1848. Do you think there is any confusion or crowding of images in the succeeding stanzas in describing her life in heaven?

29-44. One cannot help feeling the beauty of these stanzas. Is it because of the rhythm and harmony of the language, or because they touch a chord of the human heart that easily vibrates?

Mention the words that carry on the idea of 'growth' onwards to 'perfection.'

THE BUILDERS.

Another of the sermon poems. Like the *Psalm*, *The Ladder of St. Augustine* and *Resignation*, it has a text, a presentation of it under several aspects or arguments, and some practical advice as a conclusion.

1-4. Are the "massive deeds" and "ornaments of rhyme," the *instruments* or the *materials* with which we build?

5-8. Nothing is *useless* or *low*, or *idle show* in this building up of our own destiny. Why? Does he give a reason?

11-12. In what sense is this statement true?

17-20. Does he mean by these lines that in old times men were more conscientious, and more careful in regard to their actions than now? If so, is the position a true one? If he does not mean this, what does he mean?

21-24. A stanza much quoted and admired. Does he mean *may* dwell if they wish, or *may* perhaps dwell? Cannot they be said always to dwell in the House of Time?

27-8. Compare with these two lines the first stanza of *The Ladder of St. Augustine*.

31. What is the grammatical relation of "ascending and secure?"

33-6. What word in this stanza keeps up the idea of the house?

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

St. Augustine, one of the greatest of the fathers of early Christianity, was born in Numidia, 354, A.D., and died at Hippo, 430, while the Vandals were besieging the city. In his *Confessions* he paints the depths into which he had fallen before his conversion to Christianity. Probably no other uninspired ecclesiastical writer has exerted an equal influence on the minds of the religious world. He deals with the enslavement of the human will through sin, predestination, election, reprobation, final perseverance and growth in grace, and thus may be regarded as the originator of the chief Calvinistic doctrines.

This poem is in the same general vein as the *Psalm of Life*.

3. Do you think that the vices enumerated in ll. 5-20 are meant to represent a series of successive rounds of this ladder. If so, criticize the arrangement.

16. Why are the "dreams of youth" to be held in reverence?

19. "hinders or impedes," "scale and climb" (26), "by slow degrees, by more and more." Does the second word or phrase in each of these pairs add any new idea or additional force?

24. "right of eminent domain." A legal phrase signifying sovereign ownership.

28. What are the "summits"? Why the epithet "cloudy?"

29-36. Point out the parallelism of phrase in those two stanzas. Explain the reference in "desert airs," "solid bastions."

36-40. Some one has defined "genius" to be merely a capacity for hard work, and the definition is largely true. Is then the aphorism "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*" true, and if so, does it apply to Longfellow?

41-4. This stanza makes us think of the burden of sin on Christian's shoulders. But Bunyan's rolls away, Longfellow's sinner stands upon his, and so reaches higher ground. Show that both these are correct figures.

45-8. Compare this with stanza 8 of the *Psalm*. Does it merely say the same thing in a different way?

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

Agassiz was one of the "noble three" friends and associates at Harvard (Felton, Agassiz and Sumner).

"The noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me.
I most of all remember the divine
Something that shone in them."

Louis Agassiz studied at Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich, and after doing some work, chiefly on *fishes*, went to Neuchatel as Professor of Natural History. He came to Harvard in 1846 in the same capacity, was transferred to Charleston in 1852 as Professor of Comparative Anatomy, but returned in 1854 to Harvard. His works on Fossils, Glaciers, and Comparative Physiology are famous. In his works he reviewed with disfavor the theory of evolution. He died in 1873, having been for some years before his death a non-resident lecturer at Cornell.

The great moral lesson of the poem is skilfully interwoven with the pathetic. It is (i.) Here before you lies the great book of nature, the record of God's purpose and plan; if you can but decipher it you will find ample evidence of harmony, symmetry of design, and development,

(ii.) In that same record of God's ways, there are still greater marvels, mysteries and excellencies which may lead you to strive onward and upward.

(iii.) The wisest of us are but children "picking up shells by the great Ocean of Truth," and such (in this life at least) we shall remain; to our finite minds that ocean is infinite; on the other side lie the kingdoms of the Spirit World.

As to the pathetic touches, i.e. those which excite tenderness and

feeling, (i.) remark the ballad-like metre, the simple language, (always used for intense pathos), with none of its common defects (pedantry, common-place or conventional expressions, and phrases that add no meaning), the graceful style—no coarse, plebeian word to mar the effect.

(ii.) It begins with the cradle, the story-book and the nurse's knee. It ends with the yearnings for home, which are common to all, and the mother's love, which never fails; her anxiety is never at rest, her boy is still her child, even at the age of 50 years.

Point out any incongruity in the imagery. What are the words that give local color? Can you mention any ballads or lyrical pieces which resemble this in structure and treatment?

3. **Pays de Vaud**—One of the Swiss Cantons, lying north of Lake Geneva.

26. **Ranz des Vaches**—Literally "tunes of the cows," the name given to the simple melodies played by the herdsmen of the Swiss Alps when driving their cattle to and from their pasture grounds.

FROM MY ARM CHAIR.

See the first stanza of *The Village Blacksmith*. The Smithy stood in Brattle Street, Cambridge. The chestnut was at last cut down, and the children put their pennies together and had a chair made from its wood.

2. **ebon**—The wood of chestnut is very dark when old, much resembling oak. Ebony is exceedingly hard, and black; the best is found in Ceylon. The American or W. I. ebony is not dark.

5. **right divine**—In the *Hanging of the Crane* he has the "right divine of helplessness."

25-6. Alluding, of course, to the well known story of King Canute or Cnut.

38. **jubilee**—Referring to the restoration of family lands and possessions after the lapse of fifty years, in the old Israelitish economy. See *Leviticus*, XXV. 10.

This poem belongs to the collection called *Ultima Thule*, published in 1880.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

The title, of which the first sentence is the translation, is simply the German equivalent of the French *au revoir*.

The poem first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1881, and

was called forth by the death of his old and intimate friend, James T. Fields, one of the early publishers of the magazine, and its editor from 1862 to 1871. Mr. Fields was a genial, cultured man, who as editor and publisher (Ticknor & Fields, afterwards Fields, Osgood & Co.), had been brought into contact or correspondence with all the leading men of letters, both in his own country and in England. It will be remembered that a very large number of Longfellow's poems first appeared in the *Monthly*.

The thoughts of the poem are in no way different from those already expressed in others, *e. g. Resignation*. He always takes an optimistic view of the hereafter; there is nothing gloomy in his views of a future state.

13-18. Note that he raises these shadows of doubt only to dispel them.

26. *By faith*. See Hebrews, XI. 35.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

Compare this threnody with Tennyson's on the same subject, *i. e.*, the death of the Duke of Wellington. Longfellow's is scenic, and in line with the Duke's office of Warden of the Cinque Ports. His fancy gives therefore, the Channel full of ships, the wind following free, a glimpse of their hereditary foe (on peaceful errand intent this time), the stern preparedness of the frowning ramparts, but all the rolling thunder of their cannon could not awaken the great Warden. Tennyson's Ode is grander in image and cadence, and fills our mind with the valor and the wisdom of the Iron Duke. But Longfellow's method of treatment is as essentially poetic.

William the Conqueror instituted the Cinque Ports and made the whole line of coast into a special jurisdiction. The Warden had a jurisdiction, civil, military, and naval. To the original 5, (1. 9) Winchelsea and Rye were afterwards added. Their chief duty was to furnish shipping and repel invaders, there being no regular national navy before the time of Henry VII. The special privileges of these towns and the authority of the Warden are now abolished. The Duke was the last Warden, and the office as held by him was only honorary; he was not a man of the sea at all.

1-8. Note the picturing force of "driving," "flowing" and "rippling," "feverish." Would it do to say "rippling flag and flowing pennon?" Why not?

13. *couchant*—Like “rampant” is a heraldic term referring to the position of the lion in the quartering of a shield; *couchant*, lying down with head upraised; *rampant*, (same root as *romp*) standing on the hind legs.

25-8. A fine stanza: the idea of course is a common one, but we can feel that it is a fit expression. Compare Gray's stanza, presenting prominently the idea of appeal to the “spirit that's gone:”

“Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust!”

Longfellow's lines are in perfect agreement with his method of treatment—an appeal to the physical by the objects he has just been assembling in his picture.

29. What do you think he means by “eye impartial”?

35. “Surnamed the Destroyer.” This phrase seems to us to weaken instead of strengthening. Something should be left to the mind of the reader. With this exception the last five stanzas are not easily excelled; the imagery is of a higher grade than usual with Longfellow, and sequence, cumulation and climax are better observed.

45-8. The stroke of a true artist.

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