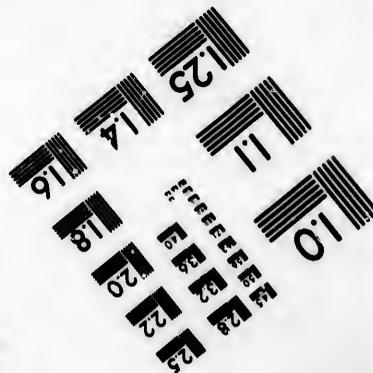
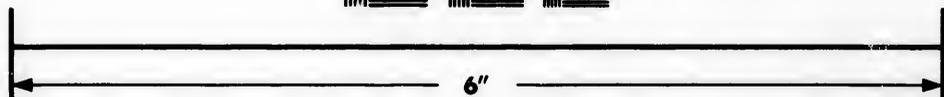
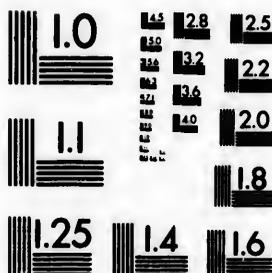


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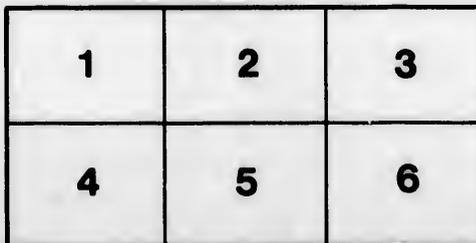
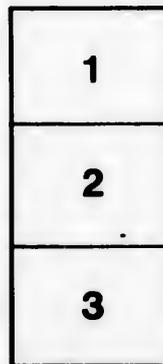
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## VII.—EVANGELINE,

### AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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July 18th, 1895.

VOL. II.

# PREFACE.

Of poets for the million, Longfellow, "the City Missionary of Humanity," as he has been called, stands easily first. He may be the poet of the Commonplace, as the supercilious critics say; he is certainly the poet of the Common people.

It is probably an under-estimate to say that for one person, even in this country who has read Tennyson, there are one hundred to whom Longfellow is familiar as a household word. This is no doubt partly due to the fact that Lord Tennyson was more anxious to make a handsome fortune out of his poetry than to scatter his verse far and wide among the masses of his fellow-men—a temptation from which the absence of Anglo-American copyrights happily saved the American bard. But it is also to be attributed to the fact that the American poet selected as his themes

"All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,"

while Tennyson, as a scholar, wrote for a cultured audience. There is nothing in Longfellow to be named in the same breath with "In Memoriam," but if you take the first busful of people you meet in the Bayswater Road, you will probably find that there are half-a-dozen who have been soothed and strengthened by the shorter and less ambitious poems of Longfellow in the hours of darkness and distress for one who has been ministered unto by the late Laureate. There is, however, no need to defend Longfellow from the superfine reviewers. As Mr. Eric Roberts so truly says, in Walter Scott's "Great Writers Series":—

"He who has written verses that are committed to heart by millions for the gladdening of their lives must have written much that is true poetry; and although he is not necessarily among the twelve greatest poets of the world, he is incontestably a great benefactor and a great man."

Lowell's lines on Burns apply more appropriately to Longfellow than to any other modern poet outside Scotland:—

Never did Poesy appear  
So full of heaven to me as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride  
and fear  
To the lives of coarsest men.  
It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or  
three  
High souls, like those far stars that  
come in sight  
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak  
One simple word which now and  
then  
Shall waken their free nature in the  
weak  
And friendless sons of men.  
To write some earnest verse or line  
Which, seeking not the praise of Art  
Shall make a clearer faith and man-  
hood shine  
In the untutored heart.

Of Longfellow's longer pieces I select only "Evangeline," which is his unquestioned masterpiece. I make no extracts from his dramatic pieces. I leave "Hiawatha" severely alone, and do not quote a line from "Miles Standish." There is ample material left even in his shorter poems for another number of the MASTERPIECE LIBRARY. But the selections in the present number make the reader acquainted with all the various kinds of Longfellow's verse except his dramas and "Hiawatha."

I have abandoned the usual method of printing the poems in the order of their composition, and have attempted to arrange them with some reference to their subjects.

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VOL.

# VII.—EVANGELINE.

## A Tale of Acadie.

"November 28th, 1845. 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. Fall and Summer are both doubtful of the measure. To me seems the only one for such a poem."

This entry in Longfellow's journal chronicles the commencement of *Evangeline: a Tale of Acadie.* The poem, at first called "Gabrielle," was afterwards named "Celestine," but ultimately when published it was called *Evangeline.* He laboured at it strenuously for nearly two years. He said, "Evangeline" is so easy for you to read, because it was so hard for me to write." It was published in 1847, and it was noted that the success of the poem was so immediate and prodigious that thirty-seven thousand copies were sold in ten years. I hope that three times that number of this issue of the *Masterpiece Library* will be sold in less than ten days.

The theme of "Evangeline" was suggested by a high-handed piece of State policy which was adopted by the British Governor of Massachusetts in the pacification of Nova Scotia, then called Acadie. In 1755 the French attempted to decide a frontier question relegated to the delimitation of a European Commission by erecting two forts on a neck of land at the head of the Bay of Fundy and garrisoning them with three hundred natives of Nova Scotia. These men were of French origin, who were known in those days as French neutrals, as they were exempted from military service under France.

Three thousand men from Massachusetts captured the forts, and finding them garrisoned by Nova Scotian Frenchmen, it was decided by the Governor of Nova Scotia, in council with the Chief Justice and two British admirals, to make a more than Cromwellian transplantation of the whole population. Governor Lawrence issued a proclamation ordering all the males of the colony, "both old and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," to assemble at the church of Grand-Pré on a certain Friday, to learn His Majesty's pleasure, "on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate." On the Friday appointed, September 3, 1755, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men met within the church. The doors were closed upon them, and guarded by soldiers; and then this mandate was read to the snared farmers: "It is His Majesty's orders, and they are peremptory, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves are to be removed from this province. I shall do everything in my power that your goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and that this removal be made as easy as His Majesty's service will admit. And I hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. Meanwhile you are the king's prisoners, and will remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honour to command."

Five days later 1,920 of the inhabitants of Grand-Pré were conducted at the point of the bayonet to the ships that lay in the bay. Families were in many

cases separated, and it was not till December that the last remnant of the unfortunate Acadians were carried off to their places of exile. It was an harsh arbitrary measure, only too much in keeping with the barbarity of the times. It had only one justification, the justification of success. Nova Scotia is to this day as British as Newfoundland.

On to this grim tale of colonial frontier war Longfellow grafted a tradition told him by Hawthorne, which described the fate of a fair Acadian maid, who, being separated from her lover in the enforced emigration, wandered for many years seeking him, to find him at last under the circumstances described in the poem.

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

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman  
Where is the thatched-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers 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;  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

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

#### PART THE FIRST.

##### I.

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

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Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
 Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.  
 Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
 Then came the 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,  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man Alike were they free from  
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners;  
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

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

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady  
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath  
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
 Built o'er a box for the poor or the blessed image of Mary.  
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown  
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.

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

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

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## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey  
 Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.  
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden 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.  
 Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending  
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.  
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.  
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,  
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,  
 Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,  
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;  
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,  
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.  
 Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its 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,  
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,  
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;  
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.  
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold.  
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;  
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."  
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,  
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—  
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."  
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,  
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—  
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspercau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.  
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded  
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate  
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."  
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England  
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."  
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,  
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—  
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.  
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,  
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.  
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;  
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."  
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:

safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,  
 safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,  
 than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.  
 Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow  
 fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.  
 Here are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village  
 long ago 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 she spoke, she moved apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,  
 and Évangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
 and, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

## III.

He was like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
 strong and stout, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;  
 his locks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
 over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows  
 sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
 He had twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
 children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.  
 His four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,  
 suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
 his eye in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;  
 for he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
 and of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
 and of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
 died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;  
 and how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 and how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,  
 and of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,  
 and of whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
 When he rose up from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
 looking from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,  
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,  
 and, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."  
 When 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.  
 Am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
 brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"  
 "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;  
 "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?  
 If only injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"  
 He said, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—  
 "Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
 triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
 when as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."  
 This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
 when his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.  
 Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
 raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.  
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty  
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."  
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith  
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré:  
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.  
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.  
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry  
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.  
 Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep  
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,  
 And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

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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 the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.  
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press  
 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
 Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,  
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.  
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the  
 maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.  
 Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
 Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!  
 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.  
 Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
 Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
 Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
 And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass  
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

## IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.  
 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour  
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.  
 Now from the country around, from the farms and 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,  
 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.  
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
 All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.  
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

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

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

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

ep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful  
ake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.  
What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?  
irty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,  
t in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

his the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?  
ave you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

his is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
us with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!  
e! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
ark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father forgive them!'  
t us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
t us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"  
w were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
nk they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,  
hile they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.  
rvent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,  
t with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria  
ng they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated  
se on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides  
andered, wailing from house to house the women and children.  
ng at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
ielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,  
ghted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each  
asant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
ng within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;  
ere stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;  
ere stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;  
d, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.  
us did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
rew the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.  
! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
d from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—  
arity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!  
en, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
eering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,  
o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
ged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.  
wn sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours  
iled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.  
eetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
l was silent within: and in vain at the door and the windows  
od she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,  
Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer  
me from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.  
owly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.  
ouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untaste',  
npty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
 In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall  
 Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.  
 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
 Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!  
 Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;  
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

## V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.  
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
 Came from the 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 woodland.  
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,  
 While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach  
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;  
 All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
 Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.  
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors  
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
 Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,  
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.  
 Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,  
 Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—  
 "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!  
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"  
 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside  
 Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them  
 Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—  
 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,  
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.  
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered—  
 "Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another  
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"  
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father  
 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!  
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footsteps  
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.  
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,  
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.  
 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

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There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking. Easily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties. 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 reflux ocean fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed. Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons, like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle, all escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers. Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean, dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors. Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures; sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders; howling they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—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, arose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no light from the windows.

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

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow, seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together. Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village, gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead. Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,  
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

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.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber:  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—  
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."  
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré,  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.  
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

#### PART THE SECOND.

##### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the 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 rizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean, sep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth. Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken, asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside. Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards. Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered, lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things. Her air was she and young; but alas! before her extended, dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her, passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned, the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine. Nothing there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished; as if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended to 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; sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones, till by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom she 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. 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 they; "O yes! we have seen him. He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies; Bourreus-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers." "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him. He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana." "Nay 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? There is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy! Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses." When would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot! Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway, many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness." Hereupon 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; that 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. 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!"  
 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 y... existence;  
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course th... the valley:  
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;  
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,  
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through ohinks in a ruin.  
 Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;  
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—

strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.  
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.  
 It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.  
 Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
 And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

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

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them  
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
 Under the bows of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.  
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.  
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness  
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.  
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island;  
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,  
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;  
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.  
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,  
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!  
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"  
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."  
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,  
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.  
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the service  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,  
 On the banks of the Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.  
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.  
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;  
 Twinkling 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.  
 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 delirious music,  
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,  
 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,

the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling:—  
 and of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

## III.

to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches  
 lands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
 d, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
 led it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 ing the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
 n from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 ge and low was the roof, and on slender columns supported,  
 e-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
 nt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 ioned the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 es of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
 nced reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
 near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,  
 from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
 he rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
 ough the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 ging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
 d a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

ast where the woodlands met the flower surf of the prairie,  
 nted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
 a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 d and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
 d on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.  
 nd about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
 otly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness  
 t uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 ly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 y his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
 lly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
 denly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 e like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 nt a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.  
 n, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden  
 he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.  
 denly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
 hed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder.  
 en they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.  
 rty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
 re, in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer  
 e they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
 ghing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
 ightful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings  
 e o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 ke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,  
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
 Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.  
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.  
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,  
 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 breezy veranda,  
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
 Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,  
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,  
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.  
 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsmen  
 Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.  
 Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,  
 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—  
 "Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless.  
 Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!  
 Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;  
 Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.  
 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows  
 ere in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.  
 ere, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;  
 ere, 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.  
 ere your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
 King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
 burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your catle.”  
 Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,  
 while his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,  
 so that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,  
 suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half way to his nostrils.  
 But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—  
 “Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!  
 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
 bred by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell!”  
 Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching  
 rumbled 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.  
 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.  
 It in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding  
 from the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle,  
 broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
 all things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening  
 whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,  
 beamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman  
 sat, conversing together of past and present and future;  
 while Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
 maiden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
 she heard the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
 came o’er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
 tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
 fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,  
 like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.  
 Fearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
 poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions  
 into the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,  
 hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
 seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
 as, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,  
 passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
 shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
 save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
 as if a hand had appeared and written upon them, “Upharsin.”

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from 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,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden  
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
 "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;  
 "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."  
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended  
 Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.  
 Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,  
 Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,  
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,  
 Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
 Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain  
 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 landlord,  
 That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walloway and Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous beautiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;  
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

bles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 e the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
 invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 e and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;  
 e and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;  
 l the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
 nbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
 d over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 e the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

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

nce, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered  
 o the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
 e deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.  
 was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
 n the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches,  
 ere her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.  
 ched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome  
 e they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them  
 the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
 when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,  
 n with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,  
 tched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light  
 shed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapt up in their blankets,  
 n at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
 vly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,  
 the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.  
 h Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
 less heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.  
 ved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
 in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,  
 in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
 te with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended  
 l was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
 sed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;  
 wis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,  
 t, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,  
 ling and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
 l she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.  
 en, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,  
 d she the tale of the fair Lillinau, who was wooed by a phantom,  
 at, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,  
 eathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,  
 l she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,  
 d never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened  
 To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.  
 Slowing 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 woodland.  
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
 Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
 With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee  
 Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains  
 Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.  
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;  
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."  
 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,  
 "Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"  
 Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains.  
 Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,  
 Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches  
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.  
 But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen  
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,  
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.  
 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear  
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
 Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—  
 "Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"  
 Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;  
 But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes  
 Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
 "Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,  
 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."  
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,  
 "Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

emed it wise and well unto all: and betimes on the morrow,  
 ting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
 ward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

wly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—

and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing  
 n from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,  
 d their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming  
 ters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
 hed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
 at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy prayer will be  
 answered!”

at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
 how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;

is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted  
 in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s journey  
 the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
 and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
 they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.

this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 n us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe.”

came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not:

omed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird  
 ded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted  
 ter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.

to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,  
 el had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,  
 ng a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

n over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
 had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
 d she the hunter’s lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

us did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
 rs and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:—

in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
 in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,  
 in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

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

succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
 ing behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

n there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o’er her forehead,  
 n of another life, that broke o’er her earthly horizon,  
 n the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V.

at delightful land which is washed by the Delaware’s waters,  
 ding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

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

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.  
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erthrowing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,

pt away to die in the almhouse, home of the homeless.  
 en in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands :-  
 w the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket  
 ek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo  
 ly the words of the Lord :—"The poor ye always have with you."  
 ther, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
 ked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
 ams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,  
 h as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 to their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 o whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent,  
 nding her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.  
 et on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden;  
 she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 at the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
 n, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,  
 ant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,  
 ile, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
 nds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.  
 as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;  
 ething within her said, "At length thy trials are ended!"  
 , with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.  
 elessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 tening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
 ing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,  
 ore on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.  
 y a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
 ned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence  
 on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison,  
 , as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
 ng his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.  
 y familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;  
 nt their places were, or filled already by strangers.

ddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
 she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder  
 through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,  
 from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
 n there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
 t the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
 he pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
 g, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;  
 as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
 ned to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;  
 re wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
 and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
 f life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,  
 t the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.  
 onless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
 ned to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
 nness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.  
 n through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
 "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.  
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;  
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,  
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoke  
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

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

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,  
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,—  
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and 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  
 Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

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# SELECTIONS.

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

MAY 24th, 1839. Told Felton of my plan of a heroic poem on the Discovery of America by the Northmen, in which the Round Tower at Newport and the Skeleton in Armour have a part to play. The more I think of it, the more I like it.—*Longfellow's Diary.*

SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Till in rude armour drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

When, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seem to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

I was a Viking old!  
By deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
With my childish hand,  
Tamed the gerfalcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Kissed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

Oft to his frozen lair  
Cracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Led like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing;  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, but half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen!  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waiving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the mast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman's hail,  
Death without quarter!  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, scamed with many scars  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool!* to the Northland! *skool!*  
—Thus the tale ended.

### THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

"I have broken ground in a new field, namely, ballads, beginning with 'Wreck of the Schooner *Hesperus*' on the reef of Norman's Woe, in the storm of a fortnight ago. I shall send it to some newspaper. I think I shall write more. The national ballad is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working upon the people's feelings."—*Longfellow's Diary*.

Norman's Woe is a forbidding mass of rock standing out in the sea not far from Gloucester. On this rock, towards the close of 1840, a schooner called the *Hesperus*

to pieces. Not long after the event the poet conceived a notion of writing a  
 on the subject, and rising from the fireside he began and completed the  
 the same night.

was the schooner Hesperus,  
 that sailed the wintry sea;  
 the skipper had taken his little  
 daughter,  
 to bear him company.

ere were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
 her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
 her bosom white as the hawthorn  
 buds  
 that open in the month of May.

the skipper he stood beside the helm,  
 his pipe was in his mouth,  
 he watched how the veering flaw  
 did blow  
 the smoke now west, now south.

he up and spake an old Sailor,  
 had sailed the Spanish Main,  
 pray thee put into yonder port,  
 for I fear a hurricane.

that night the moon had a golden  
 ring,  
 and to-night no moon we see!"  
 the skipper he blew a whiff from his  
 pipe,  
 and a scornful laugh laughed he.

er and louder blew the wind,  
 gale from the north-east,  
 snow fell hissing in the brine,  
 and the billows frothed like yeast.

then came the storm, and smote amain  
 the vessel in its strength;  
 she shuddered and paused, like a  
 frightened steed,  
 when leaped her cable's length.

come hither! come hither! my little  
 daughter,  
 and do not tremble so;  
 I can weather the roughest gale  
 that ever wind did blow."

he wrapped her warm in his seaman's  
 coat  
 against the stinging blast;  
 he cut a rope from a broken spar,  
 and bound her to the mast.

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"O father! I hear the church-bells  
 ring,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound  
 coast!"—

And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot  
 live  
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 But the father answered never a  
 word,  
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
 With his face turned to the skies,  
 The lantern gleamed through the gleam-  
 ing snow  
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands  
 and prayed  
 That saved she might be;  
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled  
 the wave  
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark  
 and drear,  
 Through the whistling sleet and  
 snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
 A sound came from the land;  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her  
 bows,  
 She drifted a dreary wreck,  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy  
 waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

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Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in  
ice,

With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and  
sank,—

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast;  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the broom  
sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like  
this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

### THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

The tradition on which this poem is founded is of English origin. The glass  
or the Luck of Edenhall, belonged to Sir Christopher Musgrave, of Eden Hall,  
Cumberland.

Of Edenhall the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers  
all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Eden-  
hall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall:  
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to  
praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
The graybeard with trembling hand  
obeys;

A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it  
light:

"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should  
be

Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right will-  
ingly;

And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Eden-  
hall!"

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First rings it deep, and full, and merrily  
Like to the song of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild  
Then mutters at last like the thunder  
fall,

The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow  
than all

Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And through the rift the wild flames  
start;

The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall

In storms the foe with fire and sword  
He in the night had scaled the wall  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful  
Lord,

But holds in his hand the crystal tall  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone  
The graybeard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth  
fall aside,

Down must the stately columns fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

This is the Landlord's tale in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," first series, published 1863. It is founded upon an incident in the war of the Revolution, and compares naturally with Browning's "How they Brought the Good News from Brent.".

Then, my children, and you shall  
hear  
of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-  
five;  
hardly a man is now alive  
who remembers that famous day and  
year.

He said to his friend, "If the British  
march  
land or sea from the town to-night,  
bring a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
of the North Church tower as a signal  
light,—  
one, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
and I on the opposite shore will be,  
ready to ride and spread the alarm  
through every Middlesex village and  
farm,  
and to rouse the country folk to be up and  
to arm."

When he said, "Good night!" and  
with muffled oar  
silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
just as the moon rose over the bay,  
where swinging wide at her moorings  
lay  
the Somerset, British man-of-war:  
a phantom ship, with each mast and  
spar  
crossed the moon like a prison bar,  
and a huge black hulk, that was  
magnified  
by its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley  
and street,  
wanders and watches with eager ears,  
till in the silence around him he  
hears  
the muster of men at the barrack  
door,  
the sound of arms, and the tramp of  
feet,  
and the measured tread of the  
grenadiers,  
marching down to their boats on the  
shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old  
North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy  
tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their  
perch  
On the sombre rafters that round  
him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and  
tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look  
down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the  
dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's  
tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the  
secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the  
bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of  
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and  
ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy  
stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul  
Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and  
near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,

And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
 But mostly he watched with eager search  
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
 Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!  
 A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
 That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,  
 The fate of a nation was riding that night!  
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
 He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.  
 It was twelve by the village clock  
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
 He heard the crowing of the cock,  
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
 And felt the damp of the river fog,  
 That rises after the sun goes down.  
 It was one by the village clock,  
 When he galloped into Lexington.  
 He saw the gilded weathercock

Swim in the moonlight as he passed  
 And the meeting-house windows, blank  
 and bare,  
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare  
 As if they already stood aghast  
 At the bloody work they would look  
 upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
 He heard the bleating of the flock,  
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
 Blowing over the meadows brown.  
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed,  
 Who at the bridge would be first to fly,  
 Who that day would be lying dead,  
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you  
 have read,  
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
 From behind each fence and farmyard  
 wall,  
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
 Then crossing the fields to emerge  
 again  
 Under the trees at the turn of the  
 road,  
 And only pausing to fire and load.  
 So through the night rode Paul  
 Revere;  
 And so through the night went his  
 of alarm  
 To every Middlesex village and farm,  
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at  
 the door,  
 And a word that shall echo for ever  
 more!

For, borne on a night-wind of the Past,  
 Through all our history, to the last,  
 In the hour of darkness and peril and  
 need,  
 The people will waken and listen to  
 hear  
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed  
 And the midnight message of Paul  
 Revere.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
 A huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
 From their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
 rattles the villages with strange alarms.

What a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
 A loud lament and dismal Miserere  
 will mingle with their awful symphonies!

For even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
 Long reverberations reach our own.

helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
 Loud, amid the universal clamour,  
 Or distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

For the Florentine, who from his palace  
 Flings out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
 Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
 At 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 soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
 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,  
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
 And jarrest the celestial harmonics?

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,  
 There were no need of arsenals or 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!

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  
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
 The holy melodies of love arise.

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-  
 door,—  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of  
 birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has  
 stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared;  
 The stranger feasted at his board;

But, like the skeleton at the feet,  
 That warning timepiece never ceases  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children play,  
 There youths and maidens dress  
 strayed;  
 O precious hours! O golden prime  
 And affluence of love and time!  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient time-  
 told,—  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white  
 The bride came forth on her wedding  
 night;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of  
 And in the hush that followed  
 prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stairs  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
 Some are married, some are dead,  
 And when I ask, with throbs of  
 "Ah! when shall they all  
 again?"  
 As in the days long since gone  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care  
 And death, and time shall disappear  
 For ever there, but never here!  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,—  
 "For ever—never!  
 Never—for ever!"

## THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
 Of a story that is told  
 In some ancient Spanish legend  
 Or chronicle of old.  
 It was when brave King Sanchez  
 Was before Zamora slain,  
 And his great besieging army  
 Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez  
 Sallied forth in front of all,  
 And shouted loud his challenge  
 To the wardens on the wall.  
 All the people of Zamora,  
 Both the born and the unborn,  
 As traitors did he challenge  
 With taunting words of scorn.

STAIRS.  
 skeleton at the feet  
 timepiece never ceas  
 ever—never!  
 ever—for ever!"  
 of merry children p  
 and maidens dre  
 ours! O golden pri  
 e of love and time!  
 iser counts his gold,  
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 d his challenge  
 ers on the wall.  
 of Zamora,  
 r and the unborn,  
 ne challenge  
 ng words of scorn.

ng, in their houses,  
 n their graves, the dead!  
 waters of their rivers,  
 heir wine, and oil, and bread!  
 a greater army  
 besets us round with strife,  
 ng, numberless army,  
 the gates of life.  
 erty-stricken millions  
 challenge our wine and bread,  
 each us all as traitors,  
 the living and the dead.  
 enever I sit at the banquet,  
 e the feast and song are high,

## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

thou stayed, I must have fled!"  
 what the Vision said.

chamber all alone,  
 g on the floor of stone,  
 the Monk in deep contrition  
 sins of indecision,  
 for greater self-denial  
 tation and in trial;  
 noonday by the dial,  
 Monk was all alone.

y, as if it lightened,  
 onted splendour brightened  
 in him and without him  
 narrow cell of stone:  
 saw the Blessed Vision  
 Lord, with light Elysian  
 vesture wrapped about him,  
 garment round him thrown.  
 crucified and slain,  
 agonies of pain,  
 h bleeding hands and feet,  
 Monk his Master see;  
 in the village street,  
 house or harvest-field,  
 d lame and blind he healed,  
 he walked in Galilee.

ttitude imploring,  
 upon his bosom crossed,  
 ing, worshipping, adoring,  
 he Monk in rapture lost.  
 he thought, in heaven that  
 est,  
 n I, that thus thou deignest

Amid the mirth and the music  
 I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces  
 Look into the lighted hall,  
 And wasted hands are extended  
 To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,  
 And odours fill the air;  
 But without there is cold and darkness,  
 And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,  
 In wind and cold and rain,  
 Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
 Lies dead upon the plain!

To reveal thyself to me?  
 Who am I, that from the centre  
 Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
 This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,  
 Loud the convent bell appalling,  
 From its belfry calling, calling,  
 Rang through court and corridor  
 With persistent iteration  
 He had never heard before.  
 It was now the appointed hour  
 When alike in shine or shower,  
 Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
 To the convent portals came  
 All the blind and halt and lame,  
 All the beggars of the street,  
 For their daily dole of food  
 Dealt them by the brotherhood:  
 And their almoner was he  
 Who upon his bended knee,  
 Rapt in silent ecstasy  
 Of divinest self-surrender,  
 Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation  
 Mingled with his adoration;  
 Should he go, or should he stay?  
 Should he leave the poor to wait  
 Hungry at the convent gate,  
 Till the Vision passed away?  
 Should he slight his radiant guest?  
 Slight this visitant celestial,  
 For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
 Beggars at the convent gate?  
 Would the Vision there remain?

Would the Vision come again?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear  
As if to the outward ear:  
"Do thy duty! that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we see:  
And the inward voice was saying:

"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing

Thus his conscience put the question  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck face  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fed

### SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth;

thing thou doest  
of mine and lowest,  
st unto me!"

had the Vision  
n beggar's clothing  
cant imploring,  
a have knelt adoring  
ed with derision,  
ed away with loath

ience put the ques  
some suggestion,  
with hurried pace,  
ll he turned his f  
e convent bright  
atural light,  
us cloud expanding  
wall and ceiling.

with awe-struck fe  
ld of his door,  
still was standing  
here before,  
vent bell appalling,  
y calling, calling,  
n to feed the poor.  
ong hour intervenin  
his return,  
s bosom burn,  
t all the meaning,  
sed Vision said,  
ayed, I must have f

drifting, drifting  
ifting  
restless main;  
d coves, and reach  
beaches,  
repose again.

s of wild emotion  
ocean  
oul, ere long  
e and rocky fastnes  
ness,  
gment of a song:  
f isles enchanted,  
e planted  
n fruit of Truth;  
ng surf, whose vis  
ysian  
ime of Youth;

the strong Will, and the En-  
deavour  
at for ever  
e with the tides of Fate;  
he wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
mpet-shattered,  
g waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

## THE NORMAN BARON.

aded on the custom not unusual in the Middle Ages, whereby the feudal  
nancipated his serfs as he lay at the door of death.

chamber, weak and dying,  
ne Norman baron lying:  
without, the tempest thundered,  
the castle-turret shook.

fight was Death the gainer,  
of vassal and retainer,  
he lands his sires had plundered,  
ten in the Doomsday Book.

bed a monk was seated,  
n humble voice repeated  
a prayer and pater-noster,  
n the missal on his knee;

am'd the tempest pealing,  
of bells came faintly stealing,  
that from the neighbouring  
oster  
g for the Nativity.

hall the serf and vassal  
that night, their Christmas  
assail;  
a carol, old and saintly,  
the minstrels and the waits;

o loud these Saxon gleemen  
o slaves the songs of freemen,  
he storm was heard but faintly,  
oking at the castle-gates.

length the lays they chanted  
ed the chamber terror-haunted,  
the monk, with accents holy,  
pered at the baron's ear.

upon his eyelids glistened,  
paused awhile and listened,  
he dying baron slowly  
ed his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King like David, priest-like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition  
He beheld with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched  
creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages,  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

## VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
Victor Galbraith!  
In the mist of the morning damp and  
gray,  
These were the words they seemed to  
say:

"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;  
Firm was his step, erect his head;  
Victor Galbraith.

He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said:  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at  
the sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry.  
Victor Galbraith!

And he said, with a steady voice and  
eye,

"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight  
and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;  
Victor Galbraith

Falls to the ground, but he is not  
His name was not stamped on  
balls of lead,

And they only scathe  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and  
But he rises out of the dust again  
Victor Galbraith!

The water he drinks has a bloody  
"O kill me, and put me out of my  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues  
flame,  
And the bugler has died a  
shame,

Victor Galbraith!  
His soul has gone back to where  
came,

And no one answers to the name  
When the sergeant said  
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to  
Victor Galbraith!

Through the mist of the valley  
and gray

The sentinels hear the sound,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith!"

## THE CUMBERLAND.

The opening of the civil war between the North and South was marked by a naval duel between the *Cumberland*, a wooden sloop, and the first ironclad built by the Confederates. The ram sank the *Cumberland*, and there revolutionised naval warfare.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
On board of the *Cumberland*, sloop-  
of-war;

And at times from the fortress across  
the bay

The alarm of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle blast

From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south arose  
A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of  
our foes

Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen the floating  
Then comes a puff of smoke from  
guns,

And leaps the terrible death  
With fiery breath,

From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her  
Defiance back in a full broadside  
As hail rebounds from a roof of  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel  
In his arrogant old plantation

"our gallant Morris replies:  
is better to sink than to  
yield!"

the whole air pealed  
the cheers of our men.

like a kraken huge and black,  
crushed our ribs in her iron  
grasp!  
went the Cumberland all a  
wrack,  
with a sudden shudder of death,  
and the cannon's breath  
her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
Still floated our flag at the main-  
mast head.

Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in  
the seas!

Ye are at peace in the troubled stream:  
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,  
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old, marvellous  
legend strange and vague,  
midnight host of spectres pale  
beleaguered the walls of Prague.

the Moldau's rushing stream,  
the wan moon overhead,  
stood, as in an awful dream,  
an army of the dead.

as a sea-fog landward bound,  
spectral camp was seen,  
with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
the river flowed between.

no other voice nor sound was there,  
no drum, nor sentry's pace;  
sail-like banners clasped the air,  
the clouds with clouds embrace.

when the old cathedral bell  
claimed the morning prayer,  
white pavilions rose and fell  
the alarmed air.

the broad valley fast and far  
the troubled army fled;  
the glorious morning star,  
the ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart  
of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-  
bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

## HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

## AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULUSKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day  
through the chancel shot its ray,  
the glimmering tapers shed  
at light on the cowed head;

And the censor burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard  
The while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale.  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free!  
Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath slain  
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared.

"Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's  
bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

The warrior took that banner proud  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

"The 'village smithy' stood in Brattle Street, Cambridge. There came a time when the chestnut tree that shaded it was cut down, and then the children of the place put their pence together and had a chair made for the poet from its wood.

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

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
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.

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.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
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,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

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  
wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
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  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

EXCELSIOR.

Longfellow one night, after a party, took up a New York newspaper bearing the motto of the New York State—a shield, with a rising sun, and the motto 'Excelsior.' At once he conceived the idea of his poem, and adopting the motto as a regard for anything but its suggestiveness, jotted a draft of his lines on the back of a letter from Charles Sumner."—ROBERTSON'S LONGFELLOW.

Shades of night were falling fast,  
 Through an Alpine village passed  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
 Shone like a falchion from its sheath,  
 Like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue,  
 Excelsior!

Happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;

But the spectral glaciers shone,  
 From his lips escaped a groan,  
 Excelsior!

"Not the Pass!" the old man said;  
 "It lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
 Loud that clarion voice replied,  
 Excelsior!

"Say," the maiden said, "and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answered, with a sigh,  
 Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered  
 branch!  
 Beware the awful avalanche!"  
 This was the peasant's last Good-night.  
 A voice replied, far up the height,  
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air,  
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
 Half-buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell like a falling star,  
 Excelsior!

MY LOST YOUTH.

When Henry Longfellow was five years old, says Mr. Robertson, defensive batteries were garrisoned on Portland shore to repel the English. About this time a bloody sea fight took place off the coast of Maine. The British brig *Boxer*, commanded by John S. Blythe, was captured by the American brig *Enterprise*, Lieutenant W. H. Wells. The victorious vessel towed its prize into Portland harbour, and the crew of the *Boxer*, who had both been killed in the fight, were buried side by side at the foot of Munjoy Hill.

When I think of the beautiful town  
 That is seated by the sea;  
 When in thought go up and down  
 The pleasant streets of that dear old  
 town,  
 And my youth comes back to me.  
 And a verse of a Lapland song  
 Is haunting my memory still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 Long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
 And catch in sudden gleams,  
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
 And islands that were the Hesperides  
 Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the  
slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the  
ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward  
song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tran-  
quil bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful  
song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods;  
And the friendships old and the early  
loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as  
of doves  
In quiet neighbourhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old  
song  
It flutters and murmurs still:

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"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms  
that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the hearth  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not  
speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die  
There are thoughts that make the  
strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms  
meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet  
And the trees that o'ershadow each  
well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and  
fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days  
that were,  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song  
The groves are repeating it still  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Before the ungathered rice he lay,  
 His sickle in his hand;  
 His breast was bare, his matted hair  
 Was buried in the sand.  
 He lay in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
 He saw his Native Land.

He saw through the landscape of his  
 Dreams  
 The lordly Niger flowed;  
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
 He saw more a king he strode;  
 He heard the tinkling caravans  
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
 Among her children stand;  
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his  
 Cheeks,  
 They held him by the hand!—  
 He awoke burst from the sleeper's lids  
 And fell into the sand.

He then at furious speed he rode  
 Along the Niger's bank;  
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
 And, with a martial clank,  
 Each leap he could feel his scabbard  
 Of steel  
 Cutting his stallion's flank.

Before him like a blood-red flag,  
 The bright flamingoes flew;  
 From morn till night he followed their  
 Flight,  
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
 And the hyena scream,  
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the  
 Reeds  
 Beside some hidden stream;  
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of  
 Drums,  
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
 Shouted of liberty;  
 And the Blast of the Desert cried  
 Aloud,  
 With a voice so wild and free,  
 That he started in his sleep and smiled  
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
 Nor the burning heat of day;  
 For Death had illumined the Land of  
 Sleep,  
 And his lifeless body lay  
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
 Had broken and thrown away!

## THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In the dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
 The hunted Negro lay;  
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
 And heard at times a horse's tramp  
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.  
 There were will-o'-the-wisps and glow-  
 Worms shine,  
 In bulrush and in brake;  
 There waving mosses shroud the pine,  
 And the cedar grows, and the poison-  
 ous vine  
 Spotted like the snake;  
 There hardly a human foot could pass,  
 Or a human heart would dare,  
 To tread the quaking turf of the green  
 Morass  
 He crouched in the rank and tangled  
 Grass,  
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;  
 Great scars deformed his face;  
 On his forehead he bore the brand of  
 Shame,  
 And the rags, that hid his mangled  
 Frame,  
 Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
 All things were glad and free;  
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
 And wild birds filled the echoing air  
 With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
 From the morning of his birth;  
 On him alone the curse of Cain  
 Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
 And struck him to the earth!

## THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail;  
He waited for the rising moon  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and spice  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon;  
I only wait the evening tides  
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large and full of light,  
Her arms and neck were bare;

No garment she wore save a k  
bright,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a sm  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is o  
The thoughtful Planter said;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gol  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
With such accursed gains:  
For he knew whose passions gave  
life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too we  
He took the glittering gold!  
Then pale as death grew the maid  
cheek,  
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land!

## THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore  
The lion in his path,—when, poor  
and blind,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven no  
more,

Shorn of his noble strength and  
forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the Temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its  
overthrow  
Destroyed himself, and with him those  
who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;  
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The poor, blind Slave, the scoff  
jest of all,  
Expired, and thousands perished in  
fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson, in  
land,  
Shorn of his strength and bound  
bonds of steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, r  
his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this C  
monweal,

Till the vast Temple of our libert  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rub  
lies.

## ROBERT BURNS.

Amid the fields of Ayr  
 A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,  
 Sings at his task

For, we know not if it is  
 Averrock's song we hear, or his,  
 Nor care to ask.

When the ploughing of those fields  
 Shows ethereal harvest yields  
 Than sheaves of grain;

When flush with purple bloom the rye,  
 To the lover's call, the curlew's cry,  
 Sing in his brain.

When led by his hand, the wayside weed  
 Shows a flower; the lowliest reed  
 Beside the stream

When shed with beauty; gorse and grass  
 In heather, where his footsteps pass,  
 The brighter seem.

When rays of love, whose flame illumines  
 The darkness of lone cottage rooms;

When He feels the force,  
 Of treacherous undertow and stress  
 Of upward passions, and no less  
 The keen remorse.

When moments, wrestling with his fate,  
 His voice is harsh, but not with hate;  
 The brushwood, hung

Above the tavern door, lets fall  
 Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
 Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
 Rises o'er all late and strong;  
 Its master-chords

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,  
 Its discords but an interlude  
 Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave  
 Unfinished what he might achieve!  
 Yet better sure

Is this, than wandering up and down  
 An old man in a country town,  
 Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land  
 As an immortal youth; his hand  
 Guides every plough;

He sits beside each ingle-nook,  
 His voice is in each rushing brook,  
 Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,  
 A form of mingled mist and light  
 From that far coast.

Welcome beneath this roof of mine!  
 Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,  
 Dear guest and ghost!

## A PSALM OF LIFE.

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

Be not, in mournful numbers,  
 As if it is but an empty dream!  
 The soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 The grave is not its goal;  
 Thou art, to dust returnest,  
 As was not spoken of the soul.

Enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Our destined end or way;  
 To act, that each to-morrow  
 Shall find us farther than to-day.

Time is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and  
 brave,

Like muffled drums, are beating  
 General 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!

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!

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

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

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

## THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

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!

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

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

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth;

The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

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;—

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  
But we have feet to scale and  
By slow degrees, by more and more  
The cloudy summits of our time

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

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

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

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,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

## SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it,—the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng  
Unmoved by the rush of the song  
With eyes unimpassioned and  
Among the dead angels, the dead  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below

From the spirits on earth that adore  
From the souls that entreat and  
plore

In the fervour and passion of prayer  
From the hearts that are broken  
losses,

And weary with dragging the cross  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as  
stands,

And they change into flowers in  
hands,

Into garlands of purple and red

USTINE.

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neath the great arch of the  
al,  
n the streets of the City Im-  
tal  
fted the fragrance they shed.

at a legend, I know,—  
a phantom, a show,  
e ancient Rabbinical lore;  
e old mediæval tradition,  
autiful, strange superstition,  
haunts me and holds me the  
re.

y is done, and the darkness  
from the wings of Night,  
ather is wafted downward  
an eagle in his flight.

he lights of the village  
n through the rain and the  
st,  
feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
my soul cannot resist:

ng of sadness and longing,  
is not akin to pain,  
sembles sorrow only  
he mist resembles the rain.

read to me some poem,  
simple and heartfelt lay,  
hall soothe this restless feeling,  
banish the thoughts of day.

om the grand old masters,  
from the bards sublime;  
distant footsteps echo  
ugh the corridors of Time.

ke strains of martial music,  
r mighty thoughts suggest

is Life's goblet to the brim;  
nough my eyes with tears are  
n,

ts sparkling bubbles swim,  
ant a melancholy hymn  
solemn voice and slow.

ple flowers,—no garlands green  
the goblet's shade or sheen,  
addening draughts of Hippo-  
one,

When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

## THE DAY IS DONE.

Life's endless toil and endeavour;  
And to-night I long for rest.

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

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

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

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

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.

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and  
crowned,

Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless  
mood;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the coloured waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe

With which its brim may overflow  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;  
Through all that dark and desperate  
fight,

The blackness of that noonday night  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to  
Our portion of the weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief  
Then sleep we side by side.

#### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who  
cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

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

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

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes  
Like the stars, so still and saintlike  
Looking downward from the skies

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

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

brim may overflow  
earned to live.

Ajax was for light;  
at dark and despair

of that noonday night  
the return of sight,  
eman's face.

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blessings ended,  
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pressed and lonely,  
re laid aside,  
r only  
have lived and die

## GOD'S-ACRE.

That ancient Saxon phrase,  
which calls  
burial-ground God's-Acre!

is just;  
consecrates each grave within its  
walls,  
and breathes a benison o'er the  
sleeping dust.

Acre! Yes, that blessed name  
in parts  
comfort to those who in the grave  
earth sown  
seed that they had garnered in  
their hearts,  
their bread of life, alas! no more  
their own.

Its furrows shall we all be cast.  
The sure faith that we shall rise  
again

At the great harvest, when the arch-  
angel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff  
and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal  
bloom  
In the fair gardens of that second  
birth,  
And each bright blossom mingle its  
perfume  
With that of flowers which never  
bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,  
turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed  
we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our  
God,  
This is the place where human  
harvests grow!

## THE OPEN WINDOW.

Old house by the lindens  
and silent in the shade,  
on the gravelled pathway  
to light and shadow played.

the nursery windows  
wide open to the air;  
the faces of the children,  
they were no longer there.

Large Newfoundland house-dog  
was standing by the door;  
looked for his little playmates,  
who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

## RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched  
and tended,  
that one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
that has one vacant chair!

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

Let us be patient! These severe  
afflictions  
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  
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.

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,

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;  
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,  
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;

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.

And though at times impetuous with  
emotion

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;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing  
The grief that must have way.

### HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived  
and died

Are haunted houses. Through the  
open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their  
errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon  
the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the  
stair,

Along the passages they come and  
go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and  
fro.

There are more guests at table, than  
the hosts

Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive  
ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds  
I hear;

He but perceives what is; while un-  
me

All that has been is visible and  
clear.

We have no title-deeds to house  
lands;

Owners and occupants of earlier days  
From graves forgotten stretch the  
dusty hands,

And hold in mortmain still their  
estates.

The spirit world around this world  
sense

Floats like an atmosphere, and  
everywhere

Wafts through these earthly mists and  
vapours dense

A vital breath of more ethereal air

little lives are kept in equipoise  
 by opposite attractions and desires ;  
 the struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
 and the more noble instinct that  
 aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
 of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
 come from the influence of an unseen  
 star,  
 an undiscovered planet in our sky.  
 As the moon from some dark gate  
 of cloud  
 throws o'er the sea a floating bridge  
 of light,

Across whose trembling planks our  
 fancies crowd  
 Into the realm of mystery and  
 night,—

So from the world of spirits there  
 descends  
 A bridge of light, connecting it with  
 this,  
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways  
 and bends,  
 Wander our thoughts above the dark  
 abyss.

## THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

THE CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells  
 of Lynn!  
 The requiem of the dying day! O Bells  
 of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-  
 cathedral wafted,  
 Their sounds aerial seem to float, O  
 Bells of Lynn!

Come on the evening wind across the  
 crimson twilight,  
 O'er land and sea they rise and fall,  
 O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out  
 beyond the headland,  
 Heaves, and leisurely rows ashore, O  
 Bells of Lynn!

O'er the shining sands the wandering  
 cattle homeward

Follow each other at your call, O  
 Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with  
 his flaming signal  
 Answers you, passing the watchword  
 on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the  
 tumultuous surges,  
 And clap their hands, and shout to  
 you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with  
 your wild incantations,  
 Ye summon up the spectral moon, O  
 Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the  
 weird woman of Endor,  
 Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O  
 Bells of Lynn!

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

The market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;  
 thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

When the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
 and the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Dark with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,  
 like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

My feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,  
 breaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

At a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
 that I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old :  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish Weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,  
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes : and, before I was aware,  
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle !"

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;  
For his heart was in his work, and  
the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships  
That steadily at anchor ride.

And with a voice that was full of gladness  
He answered, "Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong and  
staunch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea !"

And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,  
A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature ;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.

wild and high;  
 ant than the sky.  
 a times,  
 oly chimes,  
 sing in the choir;  
 g of a friar.  
 my brain;  
 h again;  
 e Fer,  
 re.  
 of old:  
 the Fleece of Gold.  
 sies;  
 nd ease.  
 ound;  
 hound;  
 h the queen,  
 eathed between.  
 bold,  
 s of Gold;  
 ving west,  
 's nest.  
 rror smote;  
 roat;  
 f sand,  
 and!"  
 ity's roar  
 raves once more.  
 aware,  
 square.  
 that was full of gl  
 re long we will laun  
 dly, and strong  
 d a wintry sea!"  
 cest skill and art,  
 ed in every part,  
 e Master wrought,  
 to the larger plan  
 s to the man,  
 miniature;  
 more swift and sm  
 r might be brought  
 inward thought.

he laboured, his mind ran o'er  
 arious ships that were built of  
 re,  
 ove them all, and strangest of  
 ed the Great Harry, crank and  
 ll,  
 picture was hanging on the  
 all,  
 bows and stern raised high in  
 r,  
 balconies hanging here and there,  
 ignal lanterns and flags afloat,  
 eight round towers, like those  
 at frown  
 some old castle, looking down  
 the drawbridge and the moat.  
 he said with a smile, "Our ship,  
 wis,  
 be of another form than this!"  
 e of another form, indeed;  
 for freight, and yet for speed,  
 utiful and gallant craft;  
 in the beam, that the stress of  
 he blast,  
 ng down upon sail and mast,  
 not the sharp bows overwhelm;  
 in the beam, but sloping aft  
 graceful curve and slow degrees,  
 she might be docile to the helm,  
 hat the currents of parted seas,  
 g behind, with mighty force,  
 aid and not impede her course.  
 e ship-yard stood the Master,  
 h the model of the vessel,  
 should laugh at all disaster,  
 d with wave and whirlwind  
 wrestle!  
 ing many a rood of ground,  
 he timber piled around;  
 er of chestnut, and elm, and oak.  
 scattered here and there, with  
 hese,  
 marred and crooked cedar knees;  
 ht from regions far away,  
 Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
 the banks of the roaring  
 oanoke!  
 what a wondrous thing it is  
 te how many wheels of toil  
 thought, one word, can set in  
 motion!  
 's not a ship that sails the ocean,

But every climate, every soil,  
 Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
 And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
 And long the level shadows lay,  
 As if they, too, the beams would be  
 Of some great, airy argosy,  
 Framed and launched in a single day.  
 That silent architect, the sun,  
 Had hewn and laid them every one,  
 Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
 Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
 A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
 Listened, to catch his slightest mean-  
 ing.

Only the long waves, as they broke  
 In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
 Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
 The old man and the fiery youth!  
 The old man, in whose busy brain  
 Many a ship that sailed the main  
 Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—  
 The fiery youth, who was to be  
 The heir of his dexterity,  
 The heir of his house, and his  
 daughter's hand,  
 When he had built and launched from  
 land

What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this  
 ship!

Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
 And follow well this plan of mine.  
 Choose the timbers with greatest care;  
 Of all that is unsound beware;  
 For only what is sound and strong  
 To this vessel shall belong.  
 Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
 Here together shall combine.  
 A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
 And the UNION be her name!  
 For the day that gives her to the sea  
 Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word  
 Enraptured the young man heard;  
 And as he turned his face aside,  
 With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,  
 Standing before  
 Her father's door,  
 He saw the form of his promised bride.

The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and  
fair,

With the breath of morn and the soft  
sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the shipyard's  
bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labour well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied  
By idly waiting for time and tide!  
And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still.  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay, and nothing  
can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining  
sands,

Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar

As he lies alone and asleep on the  
And the trembling maiden held her  
breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death  
That divides and yet unites mankind,  
And whenever the old man paused,  
gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would awhile  
illuminate

The silent group in the twilight gloom  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!

And around the bows and along the sides  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke  
wreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed

With the black tar, heated for the  
sheathing.

And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:  
"Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have  
control

Over the movement of the whole;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant  
hand

Would reach down and grapple with  
the land,

And immovable and fast

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ne great ship against the bellow-  
 g blast!

t the bows an image stood,  
 urning artist carved in wood,  
 robes of white, that far behind  
 d to be fluttering in the wind.  
 e not shaped in a classic mould,  
 ke a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
 iad rising from the water,  
 modelled from the Master's  
 aughter!

any a dreary and misty night,  
 e seen by the rays of the signal  
 ght,

ing along through the rain and  
 he dark,

a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
 pilot of some phantom bark,  
 ng the vessel, in its flight,  
 path none other knows aright!

d, at last,  
 tall and tapering mast  
 ung into its place;

nds and stays  
 ng it firm and fast!

ago,  
 e deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
 a upon mountain and plain  
 the snow,

fell,—those lordly pines!  
 e grand, majestic pines!  
 shouts and cheers

aded steers,  
 ng beneath the goad,

ged down the weary, winding road  
 e captive kings so straight and tall,  
 e shorn of their streaming hair,  
 e naked and bare,

eel the stress and the strain  
 he wind and the reeling main,

he roar  
 d remind them for evermore  
 eir native forests they should not  
 ee again.

everywhere  
 slender, graceful spars

aloft in the air,  
 at the mast-head,

e, blue, and red,  
 g unrolls the stripes and stars.

when the wanderer, lonely, friend-  
 less,

oreign harbours shall behold

flag unrolled,

'Twill be as a friendly hand  
 Stretched out from his native land,  
 Filling his heart with memories sweet  
 and endless!

All is finished! and at length  
 Has come the bridal day  
 Of beauty and of strength.

To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
 And o'er the bay,

Slowly, in all his splendours dight,  
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
 Centuries old,

Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
 Paces restless to and fro,  
 Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest;  
 And far and wide,

With ceaseless flow,  
 His beard of snow

Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
 He waits impatient for his bride.

There she stands,

With her foot upon the sands,  
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,

In honour of her marriage day,  
 Her snow-white signals fluttering,

blending,

Round her like a veil descending,  
 Ready to be

The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride

Is standing by her lover's side.  
 Shadows from the flags and shrouds,

Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
 Broken by many a sunny fleck,

Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,

The service read,

The joyous bridegroom bows his head;  
 And in tears the good old Master

Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
 Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek,

In silence, for he cannot speak,  
 And ever faster

Down his own the tears begin to run.  
 The worthy pastor—

The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
 That has the ocean for its wold,

That has the vessel for its fold,  
 Leaping ever from rock to rock—

Spake, with accents mild and clear,

Words of warning, words of cheer,  
 But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
 He knew the chart  
 Of the sailor's heart,  
 All its pleasures and its griefs,  
 All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
 All those secret currents, that flow  
 With such resistless undertow,  
 And lift and drift with terrible force  
 The will from its moorings and its  
 course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said  
 he:—

"Like unto ships far off at sea,  
 Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
 Before, behind, and all around,  
 Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
 Seems at its distant rim to rise  
 And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
 And then again to turn and sink,  
 As if we could slide from its outer  
 brink.

Ah! it is not the sea,  
 It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
 But ourselves  
 That rock and rise  
 With endless and uneasy motion,  
 Now touching the very skies,  
 Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
 Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
 Ever level and ever true  
 To the toil and the task we have to do,  
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining  
 beach

The sights we see, and the sounds we  
 hear,  
 Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,  
 With a gesture of command,  
 Waved his hand;  
 And at the word,  
 Loud and sudden there was heard,  
 All around them and below,  
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
 And see! she stirs!  
 She starts,—she moves,—she seems to  
 feel

The thrill of life along her keel,  
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
 With one exulting, joyous bound,  
 She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crew  
 There rose a shout, prolonged and  
 That to the ocean seemed to say,  
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old  
 gray,  
 Take her to thy protecting arms,  
 With all her youth, and all her  
 charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair  
 She lies within those arms, that  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care!  
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
 Through wind and wave, right on  
 steer!

The moistened eye, the trembling  
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear!

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
 And safe from all adversity  
 Upon the bosom of that sea  
 Thy comings and thy going be!  
 For gentleness and love and trust  
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State  
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great  
 Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future years  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
 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  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy keel  
 Fear not each sudden sound and sh  
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale.  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar  
 In spite of false lights on the sea  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all  
 thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,  
 tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears  
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

the assembled crowd  
out, prolonged and  
mean seemed to say,  
bridegroom, old

any protecting arms,  
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she is! How fair  
those arms, that  
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and wave, right on

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