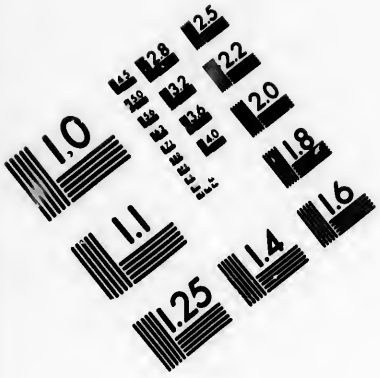


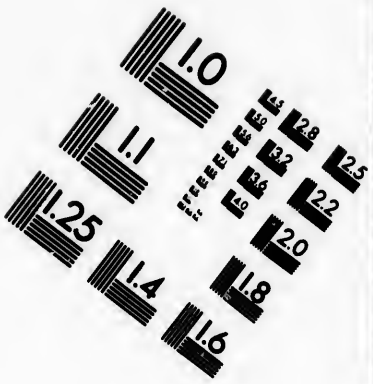
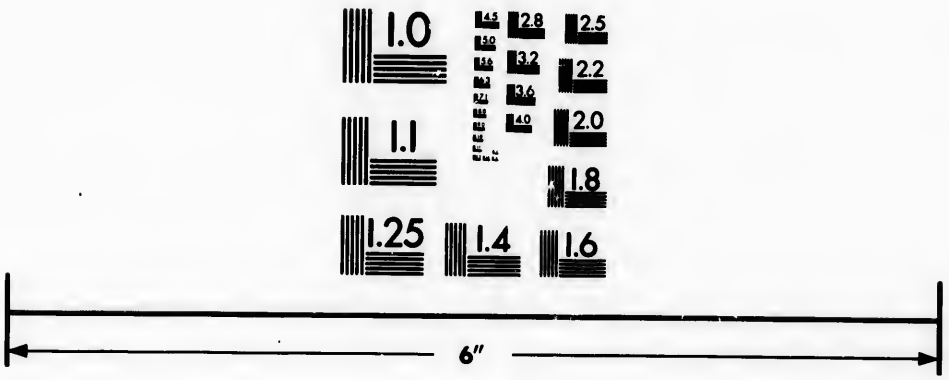
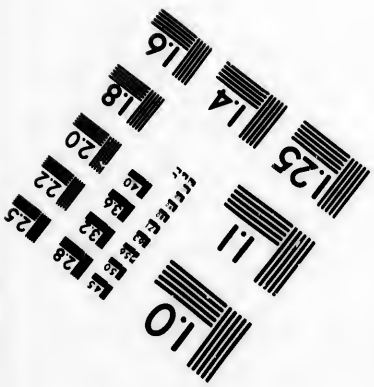
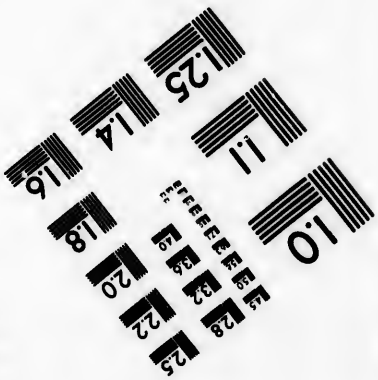


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

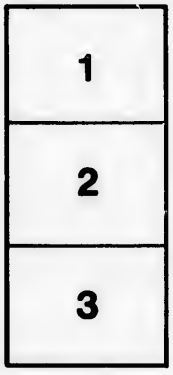
- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou iilustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

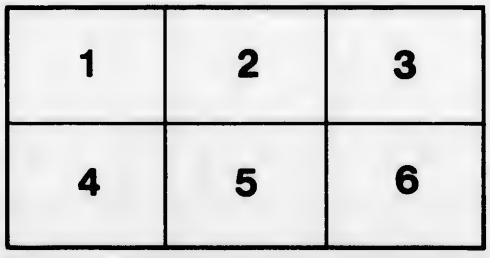
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								





E

BIOC

LONGFELLOW'S

EVANGELINE

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS,
AND NOTES

BY

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

Toronto
THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED

FOR USE WITH

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

EDITED BY STRANG AND MOORE.

NOTE.

At the request of several teachers we have prefixed to this edition a topical synopsis of the poem, with suggestions as to compositions based on it, and also a few general questions on the poem as a whole. For these we are indebted to the courtesy of J. M. Field, B.A., Modern Language Master of Goderich Collegiate Institute.

The topics marked with an asterisk in the synopsis will serve as excellent subjects for composition.

EVANGELINE.

The references as to lines are in parentheses.

PRELUDE. (Lines 1-19.)

The scene is laid. The tragedy is anticipated. The theme of the tale is the beauty and the strength of woman's devotion.

PART THE FIRST.

*1. Grand-Pré. (Lines 20-57.)
2. (*a*) Benedict Lafontaine. (58-64.)
(*b*) Evangeline. (65-81.)
* (*c*) Their home. (82-102.)
3. (*a*) Basil the blacksmith and Gabriel. (103-122.)
* (*b*) The smithy. (123-133.)
4. The children play and grow up together. (134-147.)

II.

*1. Indian summer. (148-170.)
*2. A summer's evening on Benedict's farm. (171-217.)
3. The arrival of the English ships. (218-266.)

III.

*1. The notary and his story. (267-329.)
2. The marriage contract. The last evening together. (330-381.)

IV.

*1. The feast of betrothal. (382-419.)
2. The proclamation of the English. (420-459.)
3. The priest calms the tumult of his people. (460-486.)
4. Evangeline ministers to the sad and mournful hearts of the people. (487-523.)

V.

1. The scene on the eve of the exile. (524-612.)
*2. The burning of Grand-Pré. (613-635.)
3. The death and burial of Benedict. (636-660.)
4. The Acadians go into exile. The confusion of embarkation. (661-665.)

Part the Second.

1. A break in the narrative—years have passed since the exile. (1-27.)
2. Evangeline, separated from Gabriel after embarkation, wanders over the land in search of him. (28-52.)
3. Her heart is fortified by the words of the priest. (53-75.)

II.

*1. Evangeline and Father Felician accompany a band of their countrymen down the Ohio river. (76-161.)
*2. They miss Gabriel during the night. (162-176.)
3. Evangeline's vision. (177-197.)
*4. Sunset. (198-222.)

III.

*1. The home of Basil the herdsman. (223-262.)
2. Basil gives news of Gabriel, and tells how they must have missed him. (263-293.)
*3. Michael the fiddler. (294-300.)
*4. The exiles' re-union and feast. (300-355.)
5. Evangeline, full of thoughts of her lover, goes apart, where she gives herself up to an ecstasy of despair and hope. (356-393.)
6. They continue their search. (394-412.)

IV.

1. The far West. They follow Gabriel's footsteps unceasingly, but without overtaking him. (413-450.)
2. The Shawnee woman. *Her tale. Sympathy. (451-499.)
*3. The Indian mission. (500-541.)
4. They pass the autumn and the winter at the mission, and leave in the spring when they receive news of Gabriel. Again she meets with disappointment. (542-573.)
5. Evangeline becomes faded and old in the search. (574-586.)

V.

1. Back to Philadelphia, where she had landed years before, an exile. Her heart is as true and devoted to her lover as at that time. (587-620.)
2. She becomes a Sister of Mercy. (621-632.)
3. The plague. She nurses the stricken. She discovers Gabriel among the patients. His death. (633-715.)
4. The lovers sleep side by side in nameless graves. They have found rest after their wanderings. (716-724.)
5. Evangeline is remembered in her native land. (725-end.)

The topics suggested as subjects for composition may be further outlined somewhat as follows:

GRAND-PRÉ.

1. Its position geographically, in general and in detail, with special reference to picturesqueness.
2. The surrounding physical features—meadows, dikes, Blomidon, enclosed valley.
3. The farms, houses, and the village street.
4. The inhabitants, their dress, etc.
5. The priest.
6. The simple, happy, and peaceful lives of the inhabitants.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

1. The exterior.
2. The blacksmith and his apprentice.
3. General features of the interior.
4. The picturesque elements.
   (*a*) The sounding anvil.
   (*b*) The flying sparks and the blazing forge.
5. The horses and the operation of shoeing.
6. The picture remains in the memory as a vivid scene of the recollections of childhood.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON THE POEM.

1. Draw a map illustrating the wanderings of Evangeline and Father Felician.
2. What would have been the effect on the tale if Longfellow had brought it to a happy issue? Would it have improved it or marred it? Give reasons.
3. Discuss Longfellow's appreciation of humor from the following:
   (*a*) Haggard, and hollow, and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
   E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
   (*b*) Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
4. Show how the poem presents good opportunities for the display of melancholy, hopefulness and cheerfulness.
5. By what means has Longfellow idealized the story of Evangeline?
6. (*a*) What are the historical facts in connection with the expatriation of the Acadians?
   (*b*) To what extent has Longfellow been unjust to the British?
   (*c*) Was his reason poetical or due to prejudice? Explain.

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* At Brunswick, Maine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Chispa

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

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

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

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

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

---

* Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State;
Sail on, O Union, strong and great
. . . . . .
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! etc.

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

"When wild in native woods the noble savage ran."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* From Robertson's *Life of Longfellow*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* XV. Hiawatha's Lamentation.

CHRONOLOGICAL PARALLEL.

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

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

CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

HISTORICAL GROUND WORK FOR *EVANGELINE*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ORIGIN OF THE POEM.

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

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

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

THE MEASURE OF EVANGELINE.

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

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

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

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

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

Chanting the | Hundredth | Psalm—that | grand old | Puritan | Anthem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MAN AND OF HIS POETRY.

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

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

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

and again—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ELEMENTS AND QUALITIES OF STYLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

OPINIONS AND QUESTIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(1) Should you call him self-revealing or self-hiding in his poems?

(2) Which are the prettiest of the village scenes in *Evangeline*, in doors and out of doors?

(3) Who besides Longfellow has used the hexameter? Is it right to call it an un-English metre?

(4) Is *Evangeline* an epic, an idyl or a tragedy? Give your reasons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARACTERISTICS OF POETIC DICTION.*

1. It is archaic and non-colloquial.

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

(*b*) Not all words are adapted for metre.

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

2. It is more picturesque than prose.

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

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

---

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

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

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

3. It is averse to lengthiness.

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

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

(*c*) It makes a free use of ellipsis.

(*d*) It avoids long common-place words.

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

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

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

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

Qualities of Style.

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

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

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

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

PREFATORY NOTE.

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

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

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

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean.
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

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

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
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 door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

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

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seragalio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging foward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the 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.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bag-pipe,
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 cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the 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 the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village

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

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nut-shell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-smith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public, —
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and 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 passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

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

IV.

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

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then up rose 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 hail-stones
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 inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the other
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

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

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

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

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

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows

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

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,

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

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy 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 way-worn,
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 they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the 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 waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the 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,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

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

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

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

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

Far in the western prairies 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 seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
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 that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the 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
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, — "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, — "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile,— "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee?
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find 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 chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

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

Then, in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the 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 and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
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,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,— "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, — "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

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

III.

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

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said,— "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, —
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,

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

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: —
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer: —
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nut-shell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies

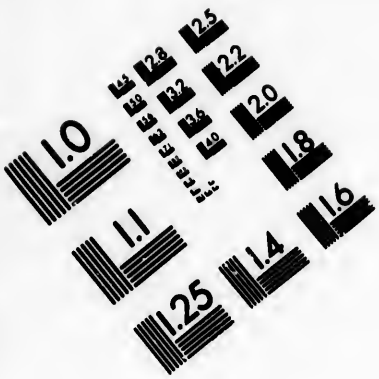
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, — "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses

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

IV.

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



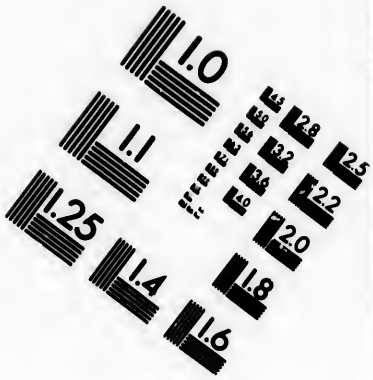
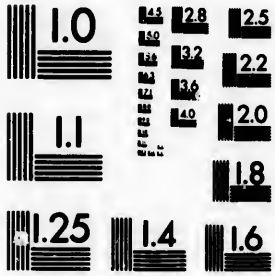
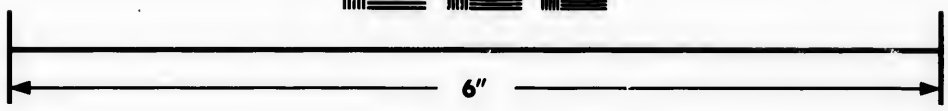


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

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

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And 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.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
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 agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

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

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, —yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still 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 endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

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

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

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said,—"At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; but Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

EVANGELINE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

21. This reminds us of the first line of Goldsmith's *Traveller*,

'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.'

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

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

27. The flax plant loves low, rich lands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

reign.—Why not *reigns*?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

57. What figure?

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

the man.—Would *this* be better?

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

66. Does he mean the blackberry?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

88-89. A reminiscence of his European travels.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

130. This is a life-like picture.

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

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

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

144. St. Eulalie was a virgin martyr of Merida (Spain), in the persecution of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, martyred on the 12th Feb. 308. Hence this is St. Eulalie's day. The old French rhyme ran, (Pluquet)

"Si le soleil rit le jour Ste. Eulalie,
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie."
"On Ste. Eulalie's day, if the sun be showing,
There'll be plenty of apples and cider a flowing."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wie schön der Kuh das Band zu Halge steht."
"Das weisz sie auch, dasz sie den Reihen führt."

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

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

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

205. Pewter was once very common for dishes, spoons, etc., but has wholly gone out of use for such purposes. It is an alloy of tin and lead.

dresser.—Fr. dresser, to arrange. A low cupboard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

240. See introduction for extracts from the proclamation.

255. Scan this line according to the Hexameter metre.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

hairs.—Would *hair* do as well?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

350. Explain the epithet 'pallid.'

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

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

362. A bold hyperbole.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

408. **gayest, etc.**—What figure?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

431-2 See introduction for the circumstances.

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

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

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

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

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

470. **vigils.**—Distinguish the root and derived meanings.

474. Note how he moves from general to specific, first attracting attention, then the eyes, then the ears.

484. **Ave Maria.**—The "Hail Mary," the first words of an invocation to the Virgin, in the service of the Roman Catholic Church.

485. **translated.**—In its root meaning—carried beyond or out of themselves. Discuss the substitution of 'incense' for 'ardor.'

492. **emblazoned.**—What is the literal meaning of this word?

494. **wheaten.**—As distinguished from the barley or rye loaf of their forefathers.

495. **tankard.**—A large drinking cup or vessel with a lid, and made of metal, generally higher than broad.

498. Ambrosia was the food of the gods (of Greece and Rome), as nectar was their drink; hence whatever is pleasing to the taste and smell may poetically be called ambrosial,

499. **Ah.**—Compare its use and effect here with that in ll. 70 and 372.

500. What comparison is implied in 'fields of her soul'? Discuss the substitution of the words 'yet from her gentle heart.'

502. 'Wandered.' Hardly a good word here. Why?

505. Do you consider 'Urged by the weary feet of their children,' an expressive phrase. Why?

507. What is the reference?

513. A good example of the insertion of a phrase merely to heighten the effect by contrast; 'graves of the dead,' from which no answer could be expected, brings out more effectively the hyperbole 'the gloomier grave of the living.'

514-22. These lines have been admired for their truth to nature. Point out the words and phrases which justify this opinion. How much was *fact* and how much fancy? Note the calming of Evangeline's mind by the thunder, which in most would excite further terror. What feature in her character does this disclose?

525. **maids.**—Are these of the Bellefontaine household, or is the reference general?

535. The English soldiers and sailors had assisted in collecting the goods of the Acadians, and of course manned the boats. At Grand-Pré the males from 10 years and upwards, were collected and shut up in the church until the time of embarkation, to the number of more than 400.

547-52. It is the privilege and province of the poet to embellish his story with such attractive fictions; the unvarnished truth is seldom sufficiently readable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

600-1. In what does the resemblance consist?

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

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

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

roadstead.—Show the connection with 'ride.'

619 **shining**—Explain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PART SECOND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

55. "I hold it true, whate'er befall,
    Tis better to have loved and lost,
    Than never to have loved at all."—*Tennyson.*
        "Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."—*Schiller.*

62. **perfected.**—Note the accent.

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

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

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

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

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

78. Explain the epithet "golden."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

95. **china-trees.**—It is probable from the mention of "blossoming hedges of roses," (l. 148) that what are meant here are "China-roses," a variety of garden roses, natives of China.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

116-119. One of his most successful comparisons.

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

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

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

120. **vision.**—Where is it defined?

124. Explain 'shadowy aisles.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

191. Têche.—A bayou emptying into the Atchafalaya from the west.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

341. See part i, l. 385.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

378. What temple is meant?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

sierras.—Why are mountain ranges so called?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

454-5. The Shawnees are an Indian tribe of the Algonquin family scattered through the west and south of the U. S.

The Camanches, or more commonly Comanches, are a roving tribe of the Shoshonee family also found in the south and west. They are noted as great hunters and warriors.

474. **Mowis.**—These legends Longfellow got in Schoolcraft's Indian books: the substance of them is here told.

479. **weird.**—The root is A.S. *wyrd*, fate; pertaining to the world of witches, who use the incantation (*i.e.*, a magic formula, which they croon, or mutter, or chant) *against* some one. Though the design of the user of this sorcery was not always evil, yet it was generally so, hence 'the black art' was another of its names.

480. Distinguish phantom, ghost, apparition.

481. **That.**—Better 'who' to keep up the 'personality.'

490. They seem to have camped not in the open prairie, but by a stream; where, in such a country, the timber is found.

494. **Subtle.** Pronounce. 'Subtile' is another form which has, however, almost dropped out of use.

494-8. Repeating in different and less apt language the idea of 115-19.

510. **Jesuit Mission.**—Whatever may be said of the craft, cunning and wiliness of the Jesuits, of their being all things to all men, of their casuistry and mental reservations, of their intriguing and restless spirit, of their banishment from many Catholic countries, of the suppression and revival of their order, it can scarcely be denied with success that they have been among the first, if not the very first educators and missionaries of the world. In the Portuguese colonies, (*e.g.*, under Xavier), in China and Japan, (*e.g.*, under Ricci and Schall), the results

of their missions were really extraordinary. In Northern and Central America, in Brazil, in Paraguay and Uruguay, in California and in the Philippines, their zeal was seen, and they proved missionaries of civilization as well as of religion.

515. **rural.**—Distinguish, with examples, 'rural' and 'rustic.'

516. **vespers.**—Lat. *vesper*, evening; the evening service of the Roman Catholic Church. Vesper is also used as a name for the star Venus, when she appears after sunset. What is the corresponding term for the morning service?

517. **susurrus.**—A Latin word meaning a murmur or whisper, a word formed in imitation of the sound.

521. Why 'from the hands'?

527. **gourd.**—Plants allied to the cucumber and pumpkin, with trailing stems and fruits of a variety of shapes. The 'bottle-gourd' has a hard outer rind, which, when dry, is used for cups, bottles, etc.

546. **Cloisters for mendicant.**—Longfellow's mind was steeped in the learning of the old world and the past, and his fondness for and familiarity with mediæval literature have more than once led him into inaccuracy and bad taste.

cloister.—Is quite inapplicable to crows, as they are noisy and love company; neither are they *mendicant;* thievish would be a much more fitting word. What points of resemblance do you see in the comparison?

547. **golden weather.**—Show the force of the epithet.

554. **compass-flower.**—"The *Silphium Laciniatum*, or compass plant, is found in the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin, and to the S. and W., and is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due N. and S."

561. **asphodels.**—Belong to the lily family, (*Liliaceae*) and are sometimes called King's lances. In the mythology of the Greeks, the meadows of asphodel were haunted by the shades of heroes. In Pope's Odyssey, 24, 13, we read: 'In ever flowering meads of asphodel.' The asphodel of the older English poets is the daffodil.

nepenthe.—Homer speaks of a magic potion so called, which caused persons to forget their sorrows.

564. **wold.**—The same as 'weald;' used in a variety of senses, as a wood, an open country, a hilly district. Here probably the open country as contrasted with 'in wood.'

563-70. Point out the felicities of *thought* and *expression* in these lines.

574. **sad years.**—Can this quest of Evangeline's, so long, all alone, in such a state of country as then existed, without hint of support or woman's companionship, be considered at all probable? Is it in accordance with

the laws of narrative and descriptive poetry, to contravene the probable and to exhibit the improbable?

576. **tents of grace.**—A rendering of the Moravian **gnaden hutten**, *i.e.*, The assembly place of the United Brethren. This sect, followers of John Huss, were driven from Bohemia, at the beginning of the 18th century, and settled in Saxony under the protection of Count Zinzendorf, hence often called in Germany Herrnhuters. They prefer living in colonies by themselves They have been very devoted missionaries in various fields, as in Labrador and at the Cape, in the W. Indies, and even in Russia and Tartary. In 1880 they had about 100 mission stations, and 350 missionaries.

585. What life is meant, and why is it likened to the morning?

589. Name the stream and the city, and give the meaning of the name of the city, and of that of the state.

591. Very many streets have the names of trees, as Chestnut, Pine, Locust, Spruce, Walnut, etc., especially those running E. and W.

592. **Dryads.**—Nymphs of the woods, (Gr. drûs, an oak), the tutelary deities of the forest.

594. **children of Penn.**—The Quakers, for whose benefit and freedom of worship, Penn got his grant from James II.

599. *Thee* and *thou* are still freely used in English provincial dialects by the uneducated classes, not, however, so generally with the familiarity and affection which characterize the use of *du* in German and *tu* in French; oftener with a want of respect, and frequently as a sign of contempt. As early as Shakespeare's time, *theeing* and *thouing* was a way to be insolent.

603. **upon earth.**—What suggestion in these words? What is the relation of 'uncomplaining'?

605. There are some incongruities in this elaborate comparison. The maiden had wandered long on the mountains of *ecstasy*—surrounded by the mists of *delusion;* but these had now rolled away; the sun of (spiritual) enlightenment had arisen and dissipated them; the dawn of another and purposeful existence had 'broken over her earthly horizon' (585); the path of life lay 'smooth and fair in the distance' across the plain of usefulness and devotion to others, etc.

614. **for it was not.**—Explain what is meant.

620. **no waste.**—Of course not true in fact; no *appreciable* waste. A very beautiful and perfect comparison.

624. Sisters of Mercy or Charity, at first called the Gray Sisters from the color of their dress, were recognised as an order by Pope Clement IX.,

about 1650. Latterly they have been imitated in Protestant communions.

623-32. This has been called one of the finest passages of the poem.

"Lessing says that a poet writes picturesquely, not when his words furnish matter for a material painting; many writers do this whose writing is not picturesque, but when they have the same *effect* as a material painting, in bringing a sensuous object vividly before the mind." —*Coleridge*.

Does this passage come under the above definition? If so, indicate the details of the picture or pictures as presented to your mental vision.

But imagery, the different parts of which cannot be brought together in space and time, is different from and above the mere picturesque; such we find in Milton, Spencer, Coleridge, dreamy, fairy-like, unreal mayhap, but still of exceeding vividness.

Note the following touches of a skilful hand:

(i) The fine contrast in the same line of the 'lonely' garret with the 'crowded' lane.

(ii) How the repetition in 'lonely and wretched,' 'distress and want,' 'disease and sorrow.' expands and keeps alive the impression.

(iii) The repetition and emphasizing of the *object* of this Sister of Mercy is followed by 'night after night,' and 'day after day,' to denote her zeal.

(iv) The repetition, to keep alive the impression, in 'lonely roof,' 'garret,' 'high and lonely window.'

(v) The irony probably intended in the phrase 'all was well in the city.'

633. The year 1793, when the yellow fever prevailed, and was a terrible pestilence in Philadelphia.

633-54. This paragraph is not nearly so good as the previous one. The phrase 'presaged by wondrous signs,' leads us to expect something portentous, but the poet offers us nothing in the least *terrifying*. Flocks of wild pigeons in the fall are, or rather were, so common to an American as to be no omen. The portent must be, we suppose, in their having 'nought but an acorn in their craws.'

636-9. What is your opinion of this simile? Can you point out any faults in it? For what purposes should similes and other figures of speech be used?

640-1. Note the abrupt change in the mode of representing death.

643. **almshouse.**—"The Philadelphians have identified the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut street, now no longer standing, as that in which Evangeline ministered to Gabriel, and so real appeared the story,

that some even ventured to point out the graves of the two lovers.' Westcott's *Historic Mansions of Philadelphia.*

649. **thought, etc.**—Whatever credence we may place in the hallucinations of those on the boundary of the next world, it would seem that the poet has here trenched on the improbable. 'Gleams,' from their frequent fitfulness, and 'splendor,' from its strength, scarcely agree with the comparatively subdued character of the halo of l. 652, and reflection of l. 653.

663. 'The Swedes' church' at Wicaco is still standing, the oldest in the city of Philadelphia, having been begun in 1698. Wicaco is inside the city, on the banks of the Delaware. Wilson, the ornithologist, was buried in the churchyard adjoining.

670-3. What do you think of the similes in these lines?

674. **consoler.**—Some one has remarked that Longfellow in his optimistic way couldn't have the heart to call death by hard names, and even here calls him *consoler* and *healer*. Has he, however, expressed a common and natural feeling?

688. This at least is a common belief.

690. What strikes one at once as marring this comparison, is the fact that the blood besprinkled portal in the case of the Passover meant life. here it meant death.

695. **multiplied reverberations.**—This must refer to the hallucinations of the dying, which we know belong to the sense of hearing even oftener than to that of sight.

710. If not looked into too closely this is a fine simile. We cannot help feeling, however, that Longfellow has not made the most of this death bed scene; that he lost a fine opportunity. After so many years of long search and waiting, most poets, we think, would have kept Gabriel alive a little longer, and would have heightened the interest and drawn out the pathos with a little speech. True love, robbed of passion and its grosser attributes, living still and purified by the prospect of the eternal beyond, is too seldom exhibited by our poets. We feel, too, that Longfellow could have done this, and would have done it well.

Criticise the appropriateness of this simile.

716. The first warning note of the approaching end of the tale. Note the effect of the repetitions in ll. 721-4. Shew that the poet has arranged in an effective order 'hearts—brains—hands—feet.'

725. But for the too quick dismissal and slight treatment of the death-bed scene the poet has shown skill at the close. In so short a piece that occupies but two hours in the reading, the memory can reach back even

to the verbal construction, and therefore this repetition of several of the opening lines to recall and deepen their impression is very effective, repeating and reasserting as a skilful advocate does, at the end of his argument, the theme with which he began. Thus in the prelude or introduction we have the invocation and lament, then comes the main rhythm and music of the story itself, then follows the postlude, also a lament, which revives and strengthens the picture of the desolation and wrong that form the burden and *motif* of the poem. This desolation and wrong and their lastingness are finely brought out by the two concluding lines, which are repetitive of ll. 5 and 6 of Part I.