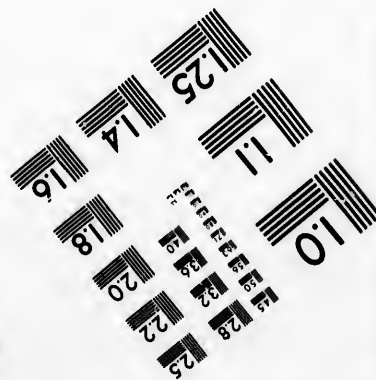
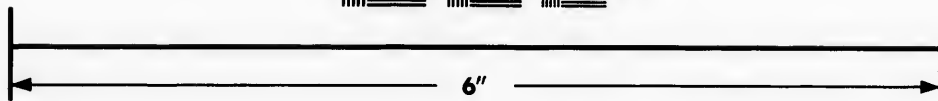


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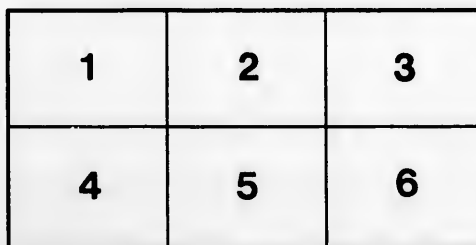
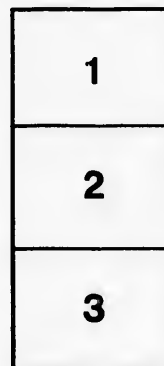
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LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE,
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN,
AND
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WITH
LIFE OF LONGFELLOW, NOTES, AND APPENDICES,

BY
J. E. WETHERELL, B.A.,
Principal of Strathroy Collegiate Institute,

ASSISTED BY
MISS E. M. BALMER, B.A.,
Teacher of Modern Languages, Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

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PREFACE.

THE present volume contains those poems of Longfellow that have been prescribed by the University of Toronto for the pass matriculation examination, and adopted by the Education Department of the Province for the examination of candidates for second-class certificates.

The text is from the last revised by the poet,—that of the *Riverside Edition*.

The Life of Longfellow has been written with a view to show young students how largely the features and color of a poet's work are affected by heredity, by education, and by the various national, social, and domestic influences that environ him at every step in his career. In the preparation of the Life the works of Kennedy, Underwood, Austin, and Robertson have been consulted. The monograph by Robertson, in the Great Writers' series, is a very neat and valuable work; it should be found in every High School library.

The explanatory notes have been made as few as possible, little or no attempt being made at interpretation. Longfellow's style is so transparent and clear that elucidation and commentary are almost needless.

The Appendices will be found by the teacher to contain much matter of miscellaneous interest culled from various sources.

In this edition of Longfellow no attempt has been made at literary criticism or comment. The teacher may get some assistance in that branch of his work from a study of the Critical Introduction in the edition of Byron issued last year by the publishers of the present volume.

STRATHROY, July 1st, 1890.

"He the sweetest of all singers,
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing:
Sang of death, and life undying
In the land of the Hereafter.
For his gentleness they loved him
And the magic of his singing."



LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

FORTUNATE was Longfellow in the time of his birth ; fortunate in the stock from which he sprang ; fortunate in the innumerable propitious concurrences that made his long life one ministry of song. He came into being in the cheerful, hopeful, confident morning of the new republic. He was the son of a cultured household and a scion of Pilgrim and Puritan ancestry. He was tried less than most mortals are,—far less than most poets are,—in the fiery furnace of affliction, and even his few afflictions were endured with such a pathetic sweetness of spirit that they do not seem to break the even tenor of an almost ideal career. Of him, perhaps, more than of any other bard of the century, it may be said :

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above."

At the beginning of the present century America had no poet. The English settlers in the New World had for almost two hundred years lived under the stern dominion of inexorable fact. Living a life which was itself a kind of rude romance, surrounded by an imaginative atmosphere of superstition, they were nevertheless the bond-servants of toil. Furthermore, the old Puritans of New England were swayed by a bigotry so intense that they looked upon beauty as they would upon a heathen god, and upon sentiment as a vain and idle thing. Yet the rankest bigotry must pass away, and the crudest fanaticism in the ripening of the years may develop into rich and attractive fruit. From the stern-eyed New England Puritans of the eighteenth century sprang a band of poets with all the chastity of their progenitors, and with the added graces of culture and of taste. Of this noble company, Longfellow was among the first in the order of time, as he was the first in the roll of genius.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He was the second son of Stephen Longfellow, whose father Stephen was a Portland judge, whose father another Stephen was at first a school-master and then a town-clerk, whose father another Stephen was a blacksmith at Newbury, Massachusetts, whose father, Wm. Longfellow, emigrated from Yorkshire, England, about 1651. Longfellow's mother was Zilpah Wadsworth, eldest daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of Portland, and a direct descendant of John Aiden, one of the sturdy Puritans who came over in the "Mayflower." The poet's father was a lawyer of mild manners, lofty morality, and refined tastes. From his mother Longfellow drew his gentle and benign features. She seems to have been a somewhat remarkable woman. She was a great admirer of nature. Almost her only book was the Bible, the psalms being her favorite reading. She was beloved by all her neighbors, especially by the poor.

In the days of Longfellow's childhood, Portland, "The Forest City," was even more beautiful than it is to-day. In that charming little poem, "My Lost Youth," Longfellow immortalizes his birth-place :

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

.

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

.

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

.

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

.

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the schoolboy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings, wild and vain.

There are things of which I may not speak
 There are dreams that cannot die ;
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye."

Among the "glooms" of these early days were his experiences at a dame's school, kept by Ma'am Fellows, whose name will ever be embalmed in biography by her chief maxim, oft-repeated, "One should never smile in school hours." Portland Academy was the highest seat of learning in his native city, and that he attended for some years in preparation for college. As a schoolboy Longfellow was averse to all coarser sports, and to all exercise but walking. At home much of his time was given to music and reading. Moore and Cowper, the "Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote" were favorites of his. But his chief delight was Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." "Every reader," says he, "has his first book :—I mean to say, one book among many others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. I was a schoolboy when the "Sketch Book" was first published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie. The old fascination remains about it, and whenever I open its pages, I also open that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth."

Longfellow's father had graduated at Harvard, but the State of Maine had now a college of its own,—Bowdoin College at Brunswick. Thither, in 1822, were despatched Stephen and Henry Longfellow. At Bowdoin, Longfellow spent a tranquil life of three years. His contemporaries at Bowdoin, among whom was Nathaniel Hawthorne, remembered him as a shy youth, slow of speech, often absent-minded, always observant of duty, and proficient in all his college tasks.

In 1825 Longfellow graduated, at the age of nineteen. At the senior examination he had attracted the attention of one of the trustees of the college by a neat translation of one of Horace's odes, and it was this lucky bit of literary work

that led to his provisional appointment to the newly created chair of Modern Languages in Bowdoin. Longfellow was directed to spend some time in Europe to acquire a mastery of the languages that he was to teach in his *alma mater*. His aspirations at this time may easily be seen in a letter to his father: "I most eagerly aspire after eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our country than is now offered. If I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature." In a later letter we stumble on this intense expression: "*I will be eminent in something.*" Nothing could bar the progress of such a spirit as that.

While a student at Bowdoin, Longfellow produced a number of small poems, some of them of considerable merit,—such as "An April Day," "Sunrise on the Hills," "Woods in Winter," "Autumn," and "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns." It will be noticed that the spirit of Wordsworth breathes through nearly all of these juvenile efforts.

In 1826 Longfellow set out for Europe to steep himself in the learning and culture of the Old World. This trans-atlantic tour meant much to the literature of America. This young man, a noble type of a rising nationality, was to bring back the scholarship of Europe and to plant it in a virgin soil, there to bud out into new forms of life and beauty. America, separated from Europe by a political and social gulf greater than the dividing ocean that rolls between them, was by this stripling to be bud back by tender ties to European taste and imagination.

A thirty days' sail from New York brought the young man to Havre, France. From Havre his route lay through the beautiful province of Normandy to Rouen. Everything in this antique land wore for him an air of freshness and novelty, and life was like a pleasant dream. His love for the romantic and for the picturesque was here stirred and strengthened, and under the eager impulse of

"The divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures,"

we see him flitting from place to place, along ancient highways and among ruined cathedrals, through the streets of crowded

cities and by the green hedge-rows of rural hamlets, his hunger for linguistic knowledge being almost subordinated to his unsatisfied thirst for fresh sights and sounds. He spent about a month in the French capital, and then travelled by foot along the banks of the Loire from Orleans to Tours, through a district which is considered the garden of France. The winter of 1826-7 was spent entirely in Paris. During this period Longfellow devoted himself earnestly to practical objects, acquiring a pretty extensive knowledge of the French language and literature. When the winter had ended, he started on a fresh tour of the country—this time from Paris to Bordeaux. He then crossed the Pyrenees to Spain, viewing leisurely the many interesting sights of that romantic land, and loitering for a time in the old city of Madrid. His course next turned towards Seville and Cadiz. His delight in the wonderful ruins of the Alhambra was unbounded. Returning to France, he began an extended tour through Italy in 1828. Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, were visited in turn. Then he roved northward to Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, settling down to severe study for a time in Gottingen. Next he passed on to Frankfort-on-the-Main, thence to Mayence, where he took steamer down the Rhine for Holland. He returned home by way of England in the summer of 1829. After an absence of more than three years, full of adventure and hard work, he was ready to enter on his professional duties at Bowdoin, the most accomplished scholar in America.

The traditions of Bowdoin have handed it down that there never was a more gentlemanly, a more industrious, or a more beloved teacher in the college than Professor Longfellow. It is interesting here to notice that a salary of \$1000 per annum was considered sufficient remuneration for the services of this travelled and learned professor.

In the second year of his professorship (1831) he married a beautiful girl, Mary Storer Potter, of Portland. This marriage had a marked influence on the development of his genius. Even its sad sequel of a few years later gave to his poetic thoughts that undertone of patient regret that lends a sweetness to many of his songs.

In 1833 Longfellow published a prose work of much merit, called, "Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea." The work was in method avowedly an imitation of the "Sketch Book,"

and in literary merit it comes little short of that famous work.

Towards the close of 1834 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, and in order to become better acquainted with the thought and literature of the Old World he determined to go again to Europe. He set out with his wife in April of 1835. After a pleasant sojourn in London, visiting Carlyle and other celebrities, he proceeded to Sweden. After a few months' study of Swedish at Stockholm and of Danish at Copenhagen, he went to Holland to study the Dutch. At Rotterdam his wife fell ill, and after long suffering passed away. The shock was borne with almost stoic reticence, but the memory of the "Being Beauteous" has been hallowed in enduring verse in that sweet dirge, "Foot-steps of Angels":

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

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

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

The widowed poet sought distraction from his loneliness in hard study at Heidelberg. There for the first time he met his already famous countryman, Bryant. From this place he passed next to Switzerland. At Interlaken he met a rich and genial American, Mr. Appleton, who, with his wife and family, was making a grand tour of the Continent. For the next few months he was much in the company of the Appletons, and a friendship sprang up between him and Mr. Appleton's fair and clever daughter Frances,—a friendship that resulted, after some years, in a closer attachment.

In December, 1836, Longfellow returned to America, and entered on his new duties at Harvard. He took up his abode at Cambridge in the old Craigie House, where once had lived George Washington, "the Father of his Country." In General Washington's chamber was born to Longfellow the inspiring thought and hope that he himself was to be the father of his country in another and more spiritual domain.

Longfellow's work at Harvard did not tax him so much as his Bowdoin work had done. He had ample leisure for the company of a few learned friends, and for the fostering of his poetic impulses.

These early years at Harvard wanted only one element to make them supremely happy. The voice of a loving woman was not heard continually as in the halcyon days at Bowdoin. The great want of his heart was the harder to bear because the image of a living lady flashed up before him in many of his longing reveries. This lady he was destined to win in a mode quite novel and unparalleled in the history of romantic courtships. None but the fertile and bold imagination of a poet would have dreamed of winning the idol of his heart through the persuasive tones of the hero of a story. In the winter of 1838-9 he planned and carried to completion his almost quixotic conception. In the summer of 1839 the book appeared with the title, "Hyperion: A Romance." All those who had any knowledge of Longfellow's travels in Switzerland could not fail to see the author's secret purpose. The work was plainly autobiographical. Paul Flemming, the hero, is Longfellow the widower; Mary Ashburton, the heroine, is Frances Appleton. In a hundred suggestive ways throughout the book, the author showed his reverence and love for her whom he was thus publicly wooing. The description of the radiant heroine of the story besides serving to reveal the intensity of the author's affection, will also serve to display the ornate style of his prose, giving unmistakable indications that his instincts were poetic. "Presently a female figure, clothed in black, entered the room and sat down by the window. She rather listened to the conversation than joined in it; but the few words she said were spoken in a voice so musical and full of soul, that it moved the soul of Flemming like a whisper from heaven. He would fain have sat and listened for hours to the sound of that unknown voice. He felt sure, in his secret heart, that the being from whom it came was beautiful. Mary Ashburton was in her twentieth summer. They did her wrong who said she was not beautiful; and yet

'She was not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not,
But, oh, her looks had something excellent,
That wants a name.'

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so

peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness—of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with the lightning of her angelic smile. And, oh, those eyes—those deep, unutterable eyes, with down-falling eyelids, full of dreams and slumber, and within them a cold, living light, as in mountain lakes at evening, or in the river of Paradise. I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light—are luminous but not sparkling.

"The lady's figure was striking. Every step, every attitude was graceful and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within. Angels in the old poetic philosophy have such forms; it was the soul itself imprinted on the air. And what a soul was hers! a temple dedicated to heaven. There was not one discordant thing in her; but a perfect harmony of figure and face and soul—in a word, of the whole being. And he who had a soul to comprehend hers must of necessity love her, and having once loved her, could love no other woman for evermore."

And what was the outcome of this daring mode of wooing? The book, we are told, seriously offended Miss Appleton at first, however much she admired the splendid talents and refreshing frankness of her handsome wooer. The poet seems to have been half ashamed of his bold experiment, for not till four years afterwards did he propose to Frances Appleton in the way usual among ordinary mortals. By that time she had forgiven the method of "Hyperion" and accepted her poet-lover, who in the meantime had risen into the very zenith of poetic fame.

In the autumn of the year in which "Hyperion" appeared (1839), Longfellow published his first volume of poems under the general title of the "Voices of the Night." This little volume formed an epoch in the history of American literature. Some of the gems of this collection are: "Hymn to the Night," "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "Footsteps of Angels."

In 1841 appeared "Ballads and other Poems." Among the most noteworthy poems of this collection are: "Excelsior," "Maidenhood," and "The Village Blacksmith."

In 1842 Longfellow visited Europe for the third time. On this occasion he was in quest of a cure for nervous exhaustion.

He went to England and France, and spent the summer at a watering-place on the Rhine. It was to busy himself on his return voyage that he wrote his "Poems on Slavery."

In 1843—the year of his second marriage—he published a dramatic poem on which he had long been working—"The Spanish Student." The work shows clearly that Longfellow's genius was not dramatic.

In 1846 appeared "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," containing among other favorites, "The Arsenal at Springfield" and "The Arrow and the Song."

The year 1847 witnessed the publication of "Evangeline," a tale on which the poet had been engaged for two years. The circumstances that suggested this remarkable poem and some observations regarding the poem itself will be found in another place. The success of the poem was so immediate and remarkable that thirty-seven thousand copies were sold in ten years! Longfellow's name now became a household word on two continents.

In 1849 was published "Kavanagh," a story of New England life and customs. Although superior to "Hyperion" in literary taste, the story never gained the great popularity which the intensely romantic interest of the earlier tale commanded.

A new book of poems appeared in 1850, "The Seaside and the Fireside." The most touching poem in the volume is "Resignation." The most striking piece, and the one most beloved by all Americans, is "The Building of the Ship."

In 1851 appeared "The Golden Legend," a dramatic poem whose design is to present a series of pictures illustrating different aspects of life in the Middle Ages.

In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, to be succeeded by James Russell Lowell. For eighteen years his literary work had been performed in the odds and ends of time that remained to him after the faithful performance of his duties as an instructor of young men. Henceforth he determined to devote all his time to his beloved art.

In 1855 appeared "The Song of Hiawatha," a poem based on the folk-lore of the American Indians. By this work Longfellow gained one of the greatest literary triumphs of the century. One hundred thousand copies were sold in two years, and its popularity seems not to wane. The universal faith of

Americans in the enduring fame of "Hiawatha" is voiced in these words of a modern critic: "When the redskins themselves have died from off the face of the American continent, there will always be men and women ready to follow the poet into the primeval forests, see him make for himself a woodland flute, piping to the poor, painted braves and making them dance, weeping with the weeping squaws, attuning his laughter to the soft babble of their streams, and giving himself, like them, such a companionship with birds and beasts and fishes, prairie, mountains and trees, as is not likely to find similar utterance in any future century on this globe of ever-increasing populousness."

In 1858 followed "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Its purpose was to describe the deeds and sufferings of the primitive Plymouth colony. Like "Evangeline," it was a product of the soil, and at once gained great popularity.

To turn to the poet's private life: The year 1861 brought a calamity from the effects of which he never quite recovered. On a July day his wife was burned to death before his very eyes. After the first shock was over he was hardly ever heard to allude to the dreadful event. For many a day no entry was made in his previously well-kept diary, and his friends noticed thereafter that though his lips were silent as the grave regarding his terrible loss, his aspect told the secret of his heart, and age began its rapid work upon his face and form.

The next published work of the poet was "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863). These poems had already seen the light serially in "The Atlantic Monthly." A second series of "Tales of a Wayside Inn" appeared nine years later (1872), and a third series in 1873. The plan of the "Tales," with some references to the characters and scenes contained therein, will be given in another place.

In the early years of his Harvard life, Longfellow had begun a translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." The work was completed and published in three volumes in 1867. It is regarded as the best translation of Dante in the English language.

In 1868 Longfellow went again to Europe. During his tour of over a year in England he was made much of. The Queen sent for him, and gave him a generous welcome. Cambridge University gladly bestowed on him the degree of LL.B., and Oxford University that of D.C.L.

Among the later poems of Longfellow that deserve notice is the domestic idyl which appeared in 1874, "The Hanging of the Crane." Although the poem is not one of Longfellow's best, its subject, an idealized description of a house-warming, appeals to the popular taste.

During the next eight years Longfellow's pen was scarcely ever idle, but no master-piece can be expected from a bard who has reached the limit of life set by the Psalmist. On March 24th, 1882, Henry W. Longfellow passed tranquilly away at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Whether Longfellow's fame is for a generation or for ever, only time can tell. He may not be one of the world's very greatest poets—there are even American poets who excel him in certain qualities—but he who has stirred thousands of hearts, and gladdened and refreshed thousands of sad and wearied lives, deserves, and will ever receive, the benedictions of his country and his race.

"His heart was pure, his purpose high,
His thought serene, his patience vast;
He put all strifes of passion by,
And lived to God from first to last.

His song was like the pine tree's sigh
At midnight o'er a poet's grave;
Or like the sea-bird's distant cry,
Borne far across the twilight wave.

There is no flower of meek delight,
There is no star of heavenly pride,
That shines not sweeter and more bright
Because he lived, loved, sang, and died."





EVANGELINE.

A Tale of Acadie

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.

⁵ Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
boring 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 Aca-
dian farmers,—

¹⁰ Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image
of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-
ever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
 of October
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
 far o'er the ocean.
 15 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.

20 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,
 25 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
 30 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
 mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,

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

³⁶ Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles

⁴⁰ 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.

⁴⁵ 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

⁵⁰ 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.

⁵⁵ 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,

⁶⁰ 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.

⁶⁵ 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

⁷⁰ 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,
75 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,
80 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-
tion 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 wreath-
ing around it.
85 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.
90 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were
the barns and the farm-yard ;

There stood the broad wheeled wains and the antique
 ploughs and the harrows ;
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in
 his feathered seraglio,
 15 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.
 101 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.
 105 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,
 110 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 ;

115 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

120 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.

125 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

130 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,
135 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 !
140 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
145 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.
150 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.
155 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 !
160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ;
and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-
hood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in
the farm-yards,
165 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
170 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,

- 175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-
 ness 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,
 180 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
 followed the watch-dog,
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
 of his instinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
 superbly
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
 stragglers;
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;
 their protector,
 185 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 pon-
 derous saddles,
 190 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.
 195 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
 in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of
the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly
the farmer
200 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
205 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.
210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline
seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner
behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its
diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.
215 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.
- 220 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 foot-
 steps 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 ;
- 225 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,
- 230 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
 fireside :—
 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
 and thy ballad !
 Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others
 are filled with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
 them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
 up a horseshoe."
- 235 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

²⁴⁰ 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 har-
vests in England

²⁴⁵ By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said
warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh,
he continued :—

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.

²⁵⁰ Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious heart 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 :—

²⁵⁵ “Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow
of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night
of the contract.

260 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 ?"

265 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 ;

270 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.

275 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 ;
280 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,
285 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in
a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover
and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the
village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the
blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extend-
ing his right hand,
290 " Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, " thou hast heard
the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
public,—
" Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am
never the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know no better
than others.
295 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-
tion
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why
then molest us ?"

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

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore?"

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest!"

³⁰⁰ 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

³⁰⁵ 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

³¹⁰ 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

³¹⁵ Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
man'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.
320 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,
325 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.

330 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the
village of Grand-Pré ;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,
335 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 ;
 340 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 fire-
side,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its
corner.
 345 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
 350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.
 Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from
the belfry
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway
 355 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.

360 Soon with a soundless step; the foot of Evangeline
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-
ness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,
and its clothes-press

365 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were care-
fully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill
as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight

370 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,

375 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

380 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.

385 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk

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

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

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

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

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

395 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:

400 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

405 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

410 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.

415 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 !

420 So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous

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

Thronged ere long was the church with men. With
out, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from
the forest.

425 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 ceil-
ing and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of
the soldiers.

430 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Maj-
esty’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

435 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there

440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people!

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty’s
pleasure!”

Brigh when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of
summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shat-
ters his windows,
445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch
from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words
of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
450 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce
imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the
heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
455 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.

460 In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-
tention,
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 ;
 465 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured
 and mournful
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the
 clock strikes.
 "What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-
 ness has seized you?
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
 taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
 470 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!
 475 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
 480 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
 passionate outbreak,
 While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father,
 forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
 gleamed from the altar;
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
 the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the
Ave Maria
485 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
490 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 ;
495 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,
500 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience !
Then, all-forgotten of self, she wandered into the
village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts
of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they
departed,

505 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet
of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors

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

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-
geline lingered.

510 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.

515 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was
the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by
the window.

520 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

- 525 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;
530 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 frag-
ments of playthings.

- Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and
there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
535 All day long between the shore and the ships did the
boats ply ;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the
village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors
540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants de-
scended

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

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

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions :—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible
fountain !

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission
and patience !”

550 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 sun-
shine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction,—

555 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

565 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 mourn-
ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir
of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confu-
sion
570 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
575 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,
580 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.
585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned
from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk
from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand
of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no
Angelus sounded,
590 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.
595 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in
his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-
shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat
with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old
man,
600 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.
605 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of com-
passion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,
and his accents

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

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn
 the blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the
 horizon
 615 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
 620 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 inter-
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
 shore and on shipboard.
 625 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
 their anguish,
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village
 of Grand-Pré!"

- Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing
of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
interrupted.
- 630 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies ~~of~~ forests that skirt the
Nebraska, or
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
- 636 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows.

- Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the sea-shore
- 640 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had de-
parted.
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;
646 And when she awoke 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,
650 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.”
655 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,
660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
665 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 de-
 parted,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
 exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in
 story.

670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed.
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
 wind from the northeast
 Strikes askant 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,—

675 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, despair-
 ing, heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend
 nor a fireside.

680 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

- 685 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 ;
690 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-
shine,
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,
695 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,
700 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 for-
gotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said ; "Oh, yes! we
have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have
gone to the prairies ;
705 Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and
trappers."

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

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

710 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!

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

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor, Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

720 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!

725 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,

730 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, "Despair not!"

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

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

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps;—

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

735 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;

740 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 Mis-
sissippi,

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

745 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the
shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-
gether,

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
- 750 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-
lousas.
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.
- 755 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.
- 760 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 per-
petual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,
- 765 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
770 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.
775 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all
things around them ;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
and sadness,—
780 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.
785 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.

- 790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one
of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-
venture
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.
- 795 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.
- 800 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the
forest,
- 805 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of
the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades ; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-
lations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in
beauty, the lotus

810 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-
men.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of mag-
nolia 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.

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

brought

Under the ~~bows~~ of Wachita willows, that grew by
the margin,

Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about
on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers
slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a
cedar.

820 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, de-
scending,

Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from
blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-
bered beneath it.

825 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.

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

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-
ful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.

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

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

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

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

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

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-
seen, were the sleepers ;

840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering 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 !

845 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 credu-
lous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

850 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to
me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor
is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St.
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his
sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of
fruit-trees ;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of
the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and con-
tinued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western
horizon

865 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 mo-
tionless water.

870 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,
 875 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 soar-
 ing to madness
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
 Bacchantes.
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lam-
 entation;
 880 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 throbb'd
 with emotion,
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
 through the green Opelousas,
 885 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
 woodland,
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-
 boring 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,
 890 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 blos-
 soms,
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
 of timbers

- Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
895 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,
900 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.
905 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,
910 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
915 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
920 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-
sounded
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,
925 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 ad-
vancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-
ment, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of
wonder ;
930 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.

- 935 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.
- 940 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trem-
ulous 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.
- 945 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 exist-
ence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
950 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.
- 955 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugi-
tive 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,
900 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!"
965 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.
970 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.
975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy
veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil

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

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

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

980 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,

985 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

(Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer ;

990 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

995 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,

1000 While his huge brown hand came thundering down
on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to
his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the
fever!

005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in
in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-
steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,

1010 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.

1015 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding

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,
1020 Dreamlike with beaming eyes and the rush of flutter-
ing 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
1025 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,
1030 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,
1035 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade
of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure-
less prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies

his

- 1040 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."
 1045 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the
 fire-flies,
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! Oh 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!
 1050 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-
 lands 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 the whippoor-
 will sounded
 1055 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

- his 1060 Bathed ~~their~~ shining feet with their tears, and an-
 nointed 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 fast-
ing and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

1065 "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 sun-
shine, and gladness,

Swiftly they follow the flight of him who was speed-
ing before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the
desert.

1070 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,

1075 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.

1080 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 Windriver
 Mountains,
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
 Nebraska ;
 1035 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,
 1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-
 shine,
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
 amorphas.
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and
 the roebuck ;
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless
 horses ;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary
 with travel ;
 1095 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
 children,
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their ter-
 rible war-trails
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftan slaughtered in
 battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
 1100 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,
1105 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountains,
Gabriel ear 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.

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

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at
nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only
embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their
bodies were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
1115 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,

1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca-
manches,

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.

1125 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his
companions

- Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the
 deer and the bison,
 Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where
 the quivering fire-light
 Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
 wrapped up in their blankets,
 Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
 repeated
- 1130 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,
- 1135 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;
- 1140 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 sun-
 shine,
 Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far
 into the forest.
 Then, in those sweet low tones, that seemed like a weird
 incantation,
- 1145 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed
 by a phantom,
 That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the
 hush of the twilight,
 Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love
 to the maiden,

- Till she followed his green and waving plume through
the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her
people.
- 1150 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
- 1155 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the
branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
1160 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of
the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of
spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for
a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a
phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.
- 1165 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."

1170 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,

1175 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit Mission.

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

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

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by
grapevines,

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

1180 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of
the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the even-
ing devotions.

1185 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,

1190 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
his wigwag.

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 so-
lemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated

1195 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-
poses,

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.

1200 “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,

1205 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,

1210 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.

1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not
her lover.

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

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as
the magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
planted

1220 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's
journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of
fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odor is deadly.

1225 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-
after

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter
—yet Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
robin and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel
came not.

1230 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,

¹²³⁵ 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

¹²⁴⁰ 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.

¹²⁴⁵ 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,

¹²⁵⁰ 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.
- 1255 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
- 1260 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,
- 1265 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.
- 1270 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
1275 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.
1280 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,
1285 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,
90 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 dusty streets, that all was well in
the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.
1295 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,
1300 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 ex-
istence.
1305 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 mead-
ows and woodlands ;—
1310 Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gate-
way and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls
seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord :—"The poor ye al-
ways 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
1315 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and
apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a
distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
enter.
- 1320 Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-
serted 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.
- 1325 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 ;
- 1330 Something within her said, "At length thy trials are
ended ;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
bers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful at-
tendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and conceal-
ing their faces,

1335 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,

1340 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

1345 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.

1350 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,

- 1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
sprinkled its portals,
That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass
over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and
sinking.
- 1360 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 ;
- 1365 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.
- 1370 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the ac-
cents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
- 1375 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,
1380 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 church-
yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.
1385 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 com-
pleted their journey!

1390 Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-
guage.
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.

1395 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 neigh-
 boring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
 of the forest.



TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

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

- Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "T is well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
²⁰ There is no power can push me from my throne !"
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
 When he awoke, it was already night ;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,
²⁵ Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
 Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around,
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
³⁰ He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.
 The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.
- ³⁵ At length the sexton, hearing from without
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
 And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
 Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ?"
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
⁴⁰ " Open : 't is I, the King ! Art thou afraid ?"
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
 " This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !"
 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,
⁴⁵ Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
⁵⁰ And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
⁵⁵ Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage

To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
60 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
65 King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
70 Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
75 Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
80 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
85 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

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

- 95 Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
100 Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!
- 105 Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
110 Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
115 Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

- And when the Angel met him on his way,
120 And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
125 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,

- 130 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

135 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
140 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
145 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
150 Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
155 Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
160 Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
165 The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.
In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
170 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.

175 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
 With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
 He felt within a power unfelt before,
 And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
 He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
 180 Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward

And now the visit ending, and once more
 Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
 The land was made resplendent with his train,
 185 Flashing along the towns of Italy
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
 And when once more within Palermo's wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
 190 As if the better world conversed with ours,
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,
 "Art thou the King !" Then bowing down his head,
 195 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him : "Thou knowest best !
 My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
 200 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven !"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 205 Above the stir and tumult of the street :
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree !"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
 210 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King !"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !

But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
 215 And when his courtiers came, they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
 Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King
 5 When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
 The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
 And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
 And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
 10 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;
 And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
 Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
 15 Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and said :
 "Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
 Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
 Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
 20 The village with the cheers of all their fleet ;
 Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
 Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

25 Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
 In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
 And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,

That mingled with the universal mirth,
 30 Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ;
 They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
 To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

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

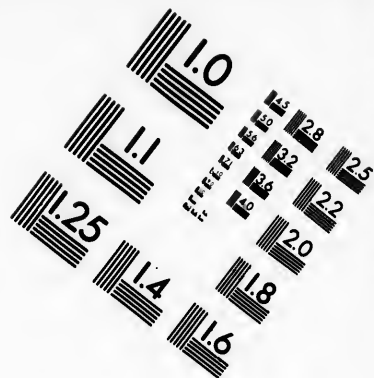
Then from his house, a temple painted white,
 With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
 The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
 Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
 45 Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
 Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
 " A town that boasts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

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

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

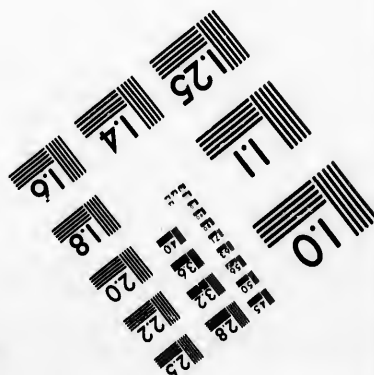
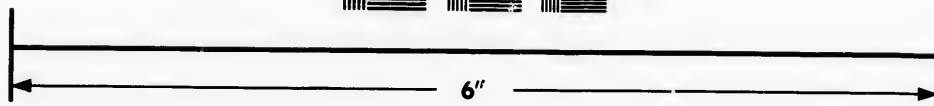
65 And next the Deacon issued from his door,
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;





Resolution Test Chart Labels:

- 1.0
- 1.1
- 1.25
- 1.4
- 1.6
- 1.8
- 2.0
- 2.2
- 2.5
- 2.8
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- 4.0



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

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

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

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

" The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
100 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song ;

105 "You slay them all ! And wherefore ? For the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
110 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
115 The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
120 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
125 And when you think of this, remember too
'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds !
130 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
135 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

"What ! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
140 Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

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

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

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

There was another audience out of reach,
170 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
175 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
180 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

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

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

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

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

But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

- As great a wonder as it would have been
 220 If some dumb animal had found a tongue !
 A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
 All full of singing-birds, came down the street,
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

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

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

THE BELL OF ATRI.

- At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
 One of those little places that have run
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
 5 And then sat down to rest as if to say,
 "I climb no farther upward, come what may."—
 The Rè Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
 So many monarchs since have borne the name,
 Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
 10 Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
 Then rode he through the streets with all his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
15 Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

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

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
30 A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts :—
35 Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
40 To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : " What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
45 Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
50 Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

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

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
70 But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
" Domeneddio ! " cried the Syndic straight,
" This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
75 And pleads his cause as loudly as the best. "

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
80 In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
85 Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
90 The proclamation of the King ; then said :
" Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;

- Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
 95 These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honor, what repute
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
 100 Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."
- 105 The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud : " Right well it pleaseth me !
 Church bells at best but ring us to the door ;
 110 But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws :
 And this shall make in every Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time."



HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασίη, τρύλλιστος.

- I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls !
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls !
- 5 I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above ;
 The calm majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

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

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

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

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



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 A PSALM OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in its flight.

5 I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,

- And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :
- A feeling of sadness and longing,
10 That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
- Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
15 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.
- Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
20 Through the corridors of Time.
- For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.
- 25 Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;
- Who, through long days of labor,
30 And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
- Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
35 And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
- Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
40 The beauty of thy voice.
- And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

RESIGNATION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,

35 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

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

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

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

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



THE BUILDERS.

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

5 Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
10 Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

- Truly shape and fashion these ;
 Leave no yawning gaps between ;
 15 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.

 In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part ;
 20 For the Gods see everywhere.

 Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

 25 Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

 Build to-day, then, strong and sure ;
 30 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

 Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets where the eye
 35 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.



THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

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

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

Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,

We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

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



THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

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

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

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

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

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

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

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

- 5 And Nature, the old nurse, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying : " Here is a story-book
 Thy Father has written for thee."
 " Come, wander with me," she said,
 10 " Into regions yet untrod ;
 And read what is still unread
 In the manuscripts of God. "
 And he wandered away and away
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,
 15 Who sang to him night and day
 The rhymes of the universe.
 And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful song,
 20 Or tell a more marvellous tale.
 So she keeps him still a child,
 And will not let him go,
 Though at times his heart beats wild
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;
 25 Though at times he hears in his dreams
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,
 And the rush of mountain streams
 From glaciers clear and cold ;
 And the mother at home says, " Hark !
 30 For his voice I listen and yearn ;
 It is growing late and dark,
 And my boy does not return ! "



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands,
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;

6 And the musclics of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

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

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 10 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 5 And loud, amid the universal clamour,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 20 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

25 The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

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

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

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

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

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



THE BRIDGE.

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

5 I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,

Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,

Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

45 And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
50 Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
55 As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
60 And its wavering image here.



FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

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

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

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong ;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
10 When in the summer-time

The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet

15 Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,

The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
20 Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,

Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

25 The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,

But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,

30 The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow

I hear the bellows blow,

35 And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee.

And to my more than three-score years and ten

40 Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined

The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

45 Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,

And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

AUF WEIDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again ! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words that men repeat

At parting in the street.

Ah yes, till then ! but when death intervening

⁵ Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain

We wait for the Again !

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it, who must stay

¹⁰ Lamenting day by day,

And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,

We shall not find in its accustomed place

The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,

¹⁵ Being released from earth, should still retain

A sense of earthly pain ;

It were a double grief, if the true-hearted

Who loved us here, should on the farther shore

Remember us no more.

²⁰ Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,

That death is a beginning, not an end,

We cry to them, and send

Farewells, that better might be called predictions,

Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown

²⁵ Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,

And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Women received their dead

Raised up to life, then only for a season

³⁰ Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain

Until we meet again !



NOTES.

EVANGELINE.

Nova Scotia — called formerly *Acadie* by the French — was in the hands of the French and the English by turns until 1713, when the Peace of Utrecht ceded it to Great Britain. At that time the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen. The new government was distasteful to them, and was able to exercise over them only nominal control. The Acadians refused to take the oath of allegiance to the English except in a form so modified as to excuse them from bearing arms against the French. This virtually put the Acadian community in the position of neutrals in the great struggle for ascendancy then in progress between the French and the English. Although styled "French neutrals," their real sympathies lay with the land of their birth. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 confirmed the English title to Nova Scotia, but as the boundaries of Acadie were settled by the treaty in only general terms, there was a long controversy as to the actual line of separation between Nova Scotia and New France. While this dispute was in progress, some restless spirits among the Acadians compromised the reputation of their community by intriguing in the interests of the French. The English colonists in Acadia, who had been rapidly increasing in numbers of late years, determined to punish the Acadians for their duplicity, and at the same time to rid themselves of dangerous neighbours. The Governor of Nova Scotia, the Chief Justice of the Province, and two British admirals, met in council in July, 1755, and decided that all the French Acadians should be removed from that part of the country, and that the deportation should be carried out in such a way as to disperse the captives among the English of the other colonies. As it was difficult to execute an edict like this on a widely-scattered population, stratagem was employed to bring the various families together. Governor Lawrence issued a proclamation summoning all the males of the colony, both old and young men, as well as all the lads over ten years of age, to assemble at the church of Grand-Pré on Friday, September 5, to learn His Majesty's pleasure, on pain of forfeiting all their property. On the day appointed four hundred and eighteen men and boys assembled in the church. A

guard was placed round the building, the doors were closed, and the following proclamation was read to the ensnared Acadians:—"It is His Majesty's orders, and they are peremptory, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves are to be removed from this Province. I shall do everything in my power that your goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and that this removal be made as easy as His Majesty's service will admit. And I hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. Meanwhile you are the King's prisoners, and will remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command." These words, spoken by Colonel Winslow, who commanded the troops, were greeted with unbroken silence, until after a few minutes a moan broke from the astounded Acadians, which was echoed by the loud lamentation of women and children outside. As the transports which had been ordered from Boston did not arrive in time, it was decided to make use of the vessels which had conveyed the troops. On the 10th of September the inhabitants of Grand-Pré—nineteen hundred and twenty in number—were marched at the point of the bayonet to the Government ships. In spite of the promise of the authorities, many parents were separated from their families; husbands and wives lost each other; and lovers were separated for ever. As the vessels were not able to accommodate all the emigrants, some of them had to wait until December for fresh transports. Thus was broken up the colony of the French Acadians. The wanderers were widely scattered. They were sent, some to North Carolina, some to Virginia, some to Maryland, some to Pennsylvania, some to New York, some to Connecticut, some to Massachusetts; a few found nearer homes in New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island.

On the expatriation of the Acadians is founded Longfellow's great poem. The general account of the origin of the poem is well known. Nathaniel Hawthorne came one day to dine with Longfellow, bringing with him a clergyman from Salem. The clergyman remarked that he had been vainly endeavoring to persuade Hawthorne to write a story about the banishment of the Acadians, founded upon the life of a young Acadian girl who had been separated from her lover and who had spent the rest of her life in searching for him. Hawthorne was not attracted to the story, and so gave it to Longfellow for a poem. The story as set down in Hawthorne's own note-book is worth quoting:—

"H. L. C—— heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all the men in the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off, to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

Longfellow was greatly impressed with the story, and saw in it the germ of a pathetic idyl.

To those who admire the scenery of "Evangeline," it is a surprise to learn that Longfellow was never in the Acadian valley. The charming landscapes of Maine, viewed with delight and enthusiasm in his boyhood, furnished the poet with all his scenic backgrounds.

Acadie.—In the earliest records called *Cadie*; afterwards called Arcadia, Accadia, or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Micmac Indians, signifying place or region.

Like Druids of old.—This image calls up a religion and a tribe that disappeared before a stronger power in the same manner as the people of Grand Pré were to be scattered.

Leaped like a roe.—This seems to foreshadow the tragedy of the story.

Giving the village its name.—Grand-Pré means "large meadow."

PART THE FIRST.

I.

Blomidon.—A mountainous headland about 400 feet in height at the entrance to the Basin of Minas. See Prof. Roberts' beautiful sonnet in Appendix G.

The Henries.—Henry II. reigned 1547-59; Henry III., son of Henry II. and Catharine de Mélicis, reigned 1574-89; Henry IV., surnamed "the Good" and "the Great," reigned 1589-1610. Acadia was colonized early in the 17th century.

The Angelus.—The name given to the bell which, morning, noon, and night, called the people to prayer in commemoration of the Angel's visit to the Virgin Mary. Bret Harte's fine poem on "The Angelus" will be found in Appendix G. In another department of art The Angelus has been made famous by the celebrated picture by Millais.

Antique plows.—'Antique' here bears the penultimate accent, like 'antic.'

The craft of the smith.—This craft was certainly 'held in repute' by Longfellow. He has given us "The Village Blacksmith," and scattered throughout his poems are many passages that show how deeply he has been impressed by the anvil and the forge. In "Nuremberg" we find

"As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poetry bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom."

The student will also recall the lines from "To a Child"—

"As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre."

The glorification of the blacksmith may be partially accounted for by the fact that among the ancestors of the poet was a knight of the sinewy hands, Stephen Longfellow.

Plain-song.—A name given to the old ecclesiastical chant characterized by its plain, simple style.

Nuns.—Compare another French saying,—“They (the sparks) are guests going in to the wedding.”

That wondrous stone.—In Pluquet's Popular Tales (*Contes Populaires*) we are told that if one of a swallow's young is blind the mother bird seeks on the shore of the ocean a small stone with which she restores its sight. The author of these tales adds,—“He who is fortunate enough to find that stone in a swallow's nest holds a miraculous remedy.” This book of Pluquet's deals with Norman superstitions and traits.

Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.—This proverbial saying is found in Pluquet:

Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie,
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.

(If the sun shines on St. Eulalie's day, there will be plenty of apples and cider enough.) Saint Eulalie's day is the 12th of February.

II.

Summer of All Saints.—Our Indian Summer. All-Saints' Day is Nov. 1st. The French call it also St. Martin's Summer, St. Martin's Day falling on Nov. 11th.

The plane-tree, etc.—In Herodotus, vii. 31, we read that Xerxes, the Persian king, finding a very beautiful plane-tree and becoming enamored of it, dressed it as one might a woman, and placed it under the care of a guard.

Gaspereau's mouth.—The Gaspereau is a river running into the Basin of Minas.

His Majesty.—George II.

Louisburg, etc.—“Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was built by the French as a military and naval station early in the eighteenth century, but was taken by an expedition from Massachusetts under General Pepperell in 1745. It was restored by England to France in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and recaptured by the English in 1757. Beau Séjour was a French fort upon the neck of land connecting Acadia with the mainland which had just been captured by Winslow's forces. Port Royal, afterward called Annapolis Royal, at the outlet of Annapolis river into the Bay of Fundy, had been disputed ground, being occupied alternately by French and English, but in 1710 was attacked by an expedition from New England, and after that held by the English government and made a fortified place.”

III.

In the times of the war.—King George's war broke out in 1744 in Cape Breton. It was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. The reference in the text may be to the younger days of the notary in the time of Queen Anne's war, 1702-1713.

Loup-garou.—The were-wolf is, according to a French superstition, a man with power to turn himself into a wolf in order to devour children.

White Letiche.—This is another superstition from Pluquet's Popular Tales. The author conjectures that the white, fleet ermine gave rise to the Létiche.

The oxen talked.—There is a popular belief in England and on the Continent that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in the stalls fall down on their knees to adore the infant Saviour as was done, according to the old legend, in the stable at Bethlehem.

A spider, etc.—A prevalent superstition in England that fever could be cured by wearing about the neck a spider shut up in a nutshell. In line 1004 of this poem we read,—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell.”

Well I remember, etc.—This is an old Florentine story.

IV.

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres was a song written by Ducauroi, *maître de chapelle* of Henri IV., the words of which are:—

“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 was a popular song to a tune played on the Dunkirk chimes. The words are:—

“Imprudent, téméraire
À l'instant, je l'espère
Dans mon juste courroux,
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups!
—Je brave ta menace
—Être moi! quelle audace!
Avance donc, poltron!
Tu trembles? non, non, non,
—J'étouffe de colère!
—Je ris de ta colère!”

Their commander.—Colonel Winslow.

Benedicite.—“Bless ye,” the first words of a famous Latin hymn.

Titan-like.—The Titans were twelve children of Heaven and Earth, said to have been of gigantic size and enormous strength.

Gleeds.—A word from Chaucer, meaning hot coals.

The Governor's instructions to Col. Winslow were:—“You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support by burning their houses, and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country.”

With out bell or book.—The bell was usually tolled at the moment of death; the book was the service-book. Compare Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," vi. 23 :—

"And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!"

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Southern savannas.—"Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1756, about 650 Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. The existence of a French population there attracted the exiles, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements at Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward established themselves on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears."

Coueurs-des-bois.—The chief occupation of these men was conducting the canoes of the traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior. Frequent mention is made of them in Parkman's histories.

Voyageur.—A river boatman.

To braid St. Catherine's tresses.—St. Catherine was celebrated for her vows of virginity, and so to *braid St. Catherine's tresses* means to live a single life. The Norman saying of a maid who will not marry is,—"Elle restera pour coiffer Sainte Katherine."

II.

Beautiful River.—La Salle, who was the first European to discover the Ohio, preserved its Iroquois name, which means the Beautiful River.

The Acadian coast.—See note above on "Southern savannas."

Frenzier Bacchantes.—These were the priestesses and worshippers of Bacchus, the god of wine. At the festivals of the god they worked themselves up to frenzy by drinking, singing, and dancing.

It will be interesting here to examine the experiment of the poet in another metre. At this stage in his work he became curious to try the effect of the common rhymed English pentameter. The student will easily feel the degradation of the description of the mocking-bird's song:

"Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
Poured such delirious 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."

III.

Bayous.—Channels proceeding from a lake or a river.

Like a god on Olympus.—Olympus was a mountain in the north of Greece. It was the chief seat of the gods who

"On the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven."

Ci-devant.—Former.

Silent Carthusian.—The Carthusians were an order of monks founded in the 12th century. The rules of the order were very rigid. One of their vows was to maintain almost perpetual silence; the monks could talk together but once a week. The Latinized form of the name comes from Chartreux in France, where their first monastery was established.

Upharsin.—See Daniel, v. 25.

IV.

Far in the West.—The poet's geography is perplexing. We should expect this when we consider that the Great West was in 1847 almost a *terra incognita*.

Ishmael's children.—This designation for the Indians may perhaps be traced back to Genesis, xvi. 12:—"He (Ishmael) will be a *wild man*; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him."

Fata morgana.—This is the Italian name for a meteoric phenomenon of the nature of a mirage. It consists of an appearance, in the air over the sea, of objects that are on the adjoining coast. The poet has made effective use of the illusion in his beautiful poem, "*Fata Morgana*":—

"O sweet illusions of Song
That tempt me everywhere,
In the lonely fields, and the throng
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,
I grasp you, and ye are gone;
But ever by night and by day,
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast.

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,
That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along,
And forever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wonder and wait
For the vision to re-appear."

Compass-flower.—This is a prairie-plant which is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due north and south.

Blossoms of passion.—The *passion-flower* is a genus of plants with showy flowers, chiefly natives of tropical America. The genus received

its name from a fancy of the first Spanish settlers that they saw in its flowers a representation of the Lord's Passion. Only a few species have a fetid smell.

Asphodel.—This is one of the lily family. In early Greek poetry the asphodel meadows were haunted by the shades of departed heroes. Its melody and antique associations have made this a favorite word with the poets.

Syivan—Penn.—We have here the origin of Pennsylvania.

The streets etc.—Many of the streets of Philadelphia are named after trees,—Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce Pine, etc.

A pestilence fell.—The year 1793 was a year long remembered in Philadelphia on account of the pestilence of yellow fever.

Wild pigeons.—"Among the country people, large quantities of wild pigeons in the spring are regarded as certain indications of an unhealthy summer. Whether or not this prognostication has ever been verified, I cannot tell. But it is very certain that during the last spring the number of those birds brought to market was immense. Never, perhaps, were there so many before."—*A Memoir of the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia in 1793.*

The Almshouse.—The old Friends' almshouse on Walnut street, now no longer standing, was identified as the place where Evangeline ministered to Gabriel.

Sung by the Swedes.—The Swedish church at Wicaco is the oldest now standing in the city of Philadelphia. It was erected in 1798. Wilson, the ornithologist, lies buried in Wicaco churchyard.

The Angel of Death.—See Exodus, chap. xii.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Some of the tales in the collection entitled "Tales of a Wayside Inn" first appeared separately in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1863 the poet collected and published the first part of the series under the present title. This title is a substitute for "The Sudbury Tales," the name first chosen by Longfellow. It is not known how the frame-work of these tales, the fiction of their being related by a party of friends assembled at an inn, first suggested itself to the poet's mind. The scheme much resembles Chaucer's plan in the *Canterbury Tales*, and also shows traces of the influence of the *Decameron* of the Italian Boccaccio.

The Wayside Inn was an actual place well known to the poet. In 1862, while composing the *Tales*, he describes in his diary a visit to the spot:—

"October ends with a delicious Indian-summer day. Drive with Fields to the old Red-Horse Tavern in Sudbury,—alas, no longer an inn. A lovely valley; the winding road shaded by grand old oaks

before the house. A rambling, tumble-down old building, two hundred years old, and till now in the family of the Howes, who have kept an inn for one hundred and seventy five years. In the old time it was a house of call for all travellers from Boston westward."

Just after the publication of the first part, Longfellow wrote to a friend in England the following account of this inn, which he had chosen as the place of meeting for the story-tellers:—

"*The Wayside Inn* has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family, by the name of Howe, built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat of arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire,'—things that must sound strange in English ears."

The characters are, as stated by the poet, all real. Two of them—Luigi Monti, "the young Sicilian," and Dr. Parsons, "the Poet"—were intimate friends of Longfellow, and were, moreover, actually frequent visitors at the Sudbury Inn.

A second series of the *Tales* appeared in 1872. *The Bell of Atri* is the first poem of this series. In 1873, in the volume entitled *Aftermath*, was published a third series.

The following is a description of *The Wayside Inn* as given by Longfellow in the Prelude to the poems:—

"One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves,
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors, and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their line of stalls, their mows of hay,

Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half-effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Or interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its rudely glow,
Filled the whole parlour large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Mollineux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the apt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of his secret thought,—
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends entranced
With the delicious melodies;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased, and please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall."

The following is the section of the Prelude that deals with the young Sicilian, from whom come the two tales, "Robert of Sicily" and "The Bell of Atri" :—

"A young Sicilian, too, was there;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday slugs,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy; and next to those,
The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily;
And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—
Bucolic songs by Meli sung,
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, 'Behold! once more
The pitying gods to earth restore
Theocritus of Syracuse!'"

Of the Poet, from whose lips comes the graceful humor of "The Birds of Killingworth," Longfellow gives this sketch :—

"A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight
Of thought so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honour and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!"

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

A link between the several tales is made by the introduction of *Interludes*. The closing lines of the Interlude preceding the Sicilian's tale are :—

" At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian, " While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from us,—
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, if I remember, thus."

The story is one widely known among different peoples. It appears in *Gesta Romanorum* as the story of Jovinian, and seems to have been a favorite tale in Hindoo, German, French, and Old English popular legend. The story, as told by Leigh Hunt in his *Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla*, seems to have been the one to which Longfellow had direct recourse.

Allemagne.—Germany. Cf. *Allemagne*, the French name for Germany. The Germans living on the borders of the Rhine were formerly called Alemanni by their Gallic neighbors.

St. John's Eve.—Midsummer Eve, a great and wide-spread festival in Europe during heathen times. Changed in name, but retaining essentially the same rites, it was adopted by the Church, and became one of the most joyous festivals of Christendom during the Middle Ages.

The Magnificat.—The song of rejoicing by the Virgin on receiving a visit of Elizabeth. See Luke, i. The Latin words of the song at the beginning of the Roman Catholic service are :—*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*.

The King's Jester.—From very ancient times it was customary to have in a court, or royal household, an attendant, a sort of privileged buffoon, whose office was to while away the time of the great by his jests and witty sayings. In the Middle Ages the practice became very common. Half-witted persons were sometimes employed for this purpose by noblemen. The symbols of the Court Fool were :—the shaven head, the fool's cap of gay colors with asses' ears and cock's comb, the fool's sceptre, the bells attached to the cap or to other parts of the dress, and a large collar. The custom was entirely abolished towards the beginning of the 18th century.

Had turned to dust and ashes.—An allusion to the apples of Sodom, the apples of the shores of the Dead Sea, described by ancient writers as beautiful to the eye, but filling the mouth with bitter ashes if tasted. The apple of Sodom is, in reality, a kind of gall-nut growing on dwarf-oaks.

The old Saturnian reign.—Saturn, the oldest of the deities, dethroned by his son Jupiter, was believed to have fled to Italy, and to have established in his rule there the Golden Age, so called because of

the mildness and wisdom of his government and the happiness of his subjects.

Enceladus.—One of the giants of mythical fame, who conspired against Jupiter. He was struck with Jupiter's thunders and imprisoned under Mount Etna. According to the poets the flames of Etna proceeded from the breath of E., and as often as he turned his weary side the whole island of Sicily felt the motion. In Longfellow's poem *Enceladus*, the giant is used as a symbol of slumbering Italy about to rise in her strength. The following are the opening stanzas of the poem:—

“Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half-suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.”

Holy Thursday.—Holy Week is the name given to the week immediately preceding Easter, and especially consecrated to the commemoration of the Passion of our Redeemer. Some of the church services of the week are specially devoted to the commemoration of particular scenes in the Passion of our Lord, as Palm Sunday and Holy Thursday, the latter specially designed as a commemoration of the Last Supper and of the institution of the Eucharist.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

Killingworth, the name of a town in Connecticut, is a corrupted form of the English *Kenilworth*, from which the former place was originally named. A writer relates, from personal recollection, the following incident which took place in the town sixty or seventy years ago, and may have furnished the suggestion on which Longfellow's story was based:—“The men of the northern part of the town did yearly in the spring choose two leaders, and then the two sides were formed; the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each side would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for the birds began to grow scarce.” Longfellow's story, apart from this slight suggestion, is his own invention, the only one of the tales which can be so styled.

Cædmon (pronounced Keedmon).—The earliest English poet, in whose “Metrical Paraphrase” of the Scriptures the following lines occur, treating of Adam and Eve:—

“Then blessed
the blithe-heart King,
the Lord of all things,
of mankind
the first two,
father and mother,
female and male.”

In Holy Writ.—See Matthew, x. 29-31.

Like foreign sailors, etc.—The poet is evidently thinking of early observations in Portland.

Cassandra-like.—Cassandra was the fairest daughter of Priam, king of ancient Troy. She was said to have learned the secrets of prophecy from Apollo, who was charmed by her beauty. Provoked by her coldness, however, he laid upon her the curse that her prophecies, though true, should not be believed, and thus it was that she prophesied in vain the treachery of the Greeks and the destruction of Troy.

The skeleton, etc.—The ancient Egyptians, according to Herodotus, were accustomed to display at their feasts the carved image of a mummy, to remind the guests of the inevitable end awaiting each one of them. Plutarch, with his usual seriousness, looked upon this as an exhortation to sobriety, but modern commentators generally understand the custom to signify, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

The Squire.—The term *squire* in England designates a country gentleman who holds the office of magistrate. In New England it was applied to the most prominent man in village life, a lawyer or justice of the peace.

Edwards on the Will.—Jonathan Edwards was a great New England divine of the first half of the eighteenth century, who wrote a metaphysical treatise entitled *The Freedom of the Will*.

Some Adirondack hill.—The Adirondack region, popularly called "The Adirondacks" or "The New York Wilderness," is a series of highlands in the north-eastern part of the state of New York, a favorite resort for tourists and sportsmen.

Plato.—This great Athenian philosopher declared, in "The Republic," his views regarding an ideal commonwealth. ("The Republic," ii 438.)

The Reviewers.—The force of the thrust here will be felt by recalling the work done by the *Edinburgh Review* in the earlier part of the present century. Francis Jeffrey, its editor, and his coadjutors, while showing an admirable spirit of independence in criticizing Literature, Science, and Government, yet made often conspicuous failures in poetical criticism. The originality and imaginative power of Wordsworth and Coleridge were utterly unappreciated by Jeffrey, who, more inclined to find fault than to see beauties, treated with great severity any deviation from established conventional rules. His harsh criticisms were often dispiriting to young authors. In Shelley's "Adonais," a lament for the poet Keats, there is a passionate burst of indignation, occasioned by the author's belief that the illness of Keats was caused by the attacks of some reviewers. He thus stigmatizes the offending reviewer:—

"Thou noteless blot on a remembered name."

In the same poem Shelley notices triumphantly the spirited retaliation which Byron made upon his critics in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,"—

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead,
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion,—how they fled.

When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow;
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low."

The Troubadours.—The earliest poets of France, who flourished in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They were usually polished, cultivated poets attached to the court of some great noble or prince, and making themselves welcome guests by their songs in praise of their master's valour, or by their tender lyrical effusions on the charms of some fair dame of the court. The troubadour poetry was lyrical, showing little imagination or breadth of learning.

As David did for Saul.—See I. Samuel, xvi.

St. Bartholemew.—The Massacre of St. Bartholemew, the slaughter of the French Protestants, was begun on St. Bartholemew's Day, 1572, by order of King Charles IX., at the instigation of his mother, Catharine de Médicis.

Devoured, etc.—See Acts of the Apostles, xii. 21–23. The Herod of this death, however, was a descendant of the Herod who ordered the massacre of the Innocents.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

This is the first of the second series of tales, supposed to be related by the friends as they sit together in the parlour of the inn on the day following the narration of the first series. The following lines precede the story of the Bell of Atri:—

"The Poet at the window mused,
And saw, as in a dream confused,
The countenance of the Sun, discoloured,
And haggard with a pale despair,
And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift
Before it, and the trees uplift
Their leafless branches, and the air
Filled with arrows of the rain,
And heard amid the mist below,
Like voices of distress and pain,
That haunt the thoughts of men insane,
The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud besprent,
And drenched with rain from head to hoof,
The raindrops dripping from his mane
And tail as from a pent-house roof,
A jaded horse, his head down bent,
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian—who had grown
Impatient longer to abide
A prisoner, greatly mortified
To see completely overthrown
His plans for angling in the brook,
And leaning o'er the bridge of stone,
To watch the speckled trout glide by,
And float through the inverted sky,
Still round and round the baited hook—
Now paced the room with rapid stride,
And pausing at the Poet's side,

Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed,
And said: 'Alas for human greed,
That with cold hand and stony eye
Thus turns an old friend out to die,
Or beg his food from gate to gate!
This brings a tale into my mind,
Which, if you are not disinclined
To listen, I will now relate.'

All gave assent; all wished to hear,
Not without many a jest and jeer,
The story of a spavined steed;
And even the Student with the rest
Put in his pleasant little jest
Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus
Is but a horse that with all speed
Bears poets to the hospital;
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,
After a moment's interval
Began his simple story thus."

The source of this story is either Gualteruzzi's *Cento Novelle Antiche* or the *Gesta Romanorum*, where it appears, in slightly varied form, under the title of *The Bell of Justice*. The kindly interest in dumb animals which this poem shows Longfellow to have felt, is evidenced likewise by others of his works.

Atri—(ä'tree).—A town in southern Italy, on a steep mountain, five miles from the Adriatic.

Abruzzo.—Ä-broot'so.

Re Giovanni—(rā jō-vän'nee).—The Italian for King John.

Syndic.—Chief magistrate.

Briony—(also bry'ony).—A wild, climbing plant.

Votive garland.—A tribute dedicated in fulfilment of a vow, or in commemoration of some prayer which accompanied the vow.

Falcons.—The bird used in hawking; that is, in flying hawks to catch other birds. Falconry, originating in Asia, was the favorite amusement with the nobility of Europe during the Middle Ages and until the end of the seventeenth century. In this diversion the kings and nobles passed most of their time, scarcely stirring out of doors without a falcon in hand. It was looked upon as the criterion of nobility. The introduction of the art of shooting birds on the wing has caused the sport of hawking to die out.

The head-covering worn in order to keep the bird in the dark was called a 'hood.'

Domeneddio—(dómen-ed-dée-o).—This is a common Italian oath.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

The poet tells us that he composed this hymn in the summer of 1839 while sitting at his chamber window on one of the balmy nights of the year. "I endeavored," he tells us, "to reproduce the impression of the hour and scene."

The Greek motto is translated in the penultimate line of the poem,—
 “The welcome, the thrice-prayed for.” The two words are found in
 Homer’s *Iliad*, viii. 488.

Orestes-like.—Orestes was the son of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra.
 The sufferings that he had to endure from the Furies for having slain
 his mother became a frequent subject for representation with the tragic
 poets.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

This poem was written on a bright summer morning,—July 26th,
 1838,—in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small
 table, in the corner of his chamber. Longfellow says of this poem:
 “I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to anyone, it
 being a voice from my inmost heart at a time when I was rallying from
 depression.” Before it was published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*,
 October, 1838, it was read by the poet to his college class at the close of
 a lecture on Goethe.

The title,—“A Psalm of Life,”—now used exclusively for this poem,
 was originally a generic one, being applied also to “The Light of
 Stars” and “Footsteps of Angels.” The “psalmist” is the poet
 himself, who is struggling to recover from depression by a stirring
 appeal to himself.

When printed in the *Knickerbocker*, the poem bore as a motto the
 lines from Crashaw:—

“Life that shall send
 A challenge to its end,
 And when it comes say, Welcome, friend.”

Dust thou art.—See Genesis, iii. 19.

Art is long.—“Life is short and art long” is an aphorism from
 Hippocrates.

Dead Past bury its dead.—See Luke, ix. 60.

THE DAY IS DONE.

This is the first of the “Songs.” As a song it is widely popular in
 spite of the commonplace music written for it by Balfe.

This poem was written in the autumn of 1844 as a poem to *The Waif*,
 a small volume published by Longfellow at Christmas of that year.

RESIGNATION.

This is the first of the poems in the group entitled, “By the Fire-
 side.” It was written in the autumn of 1848, after the death of the
 poet’s little daughter Fanny. In his diary, under the date of Nov.
 12th, he says:—“I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear

little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

Rachel, etc.—See Jeremiah, xxxi. 15; also Matthew, ii. 18.

These severe afflictions.—See Job, v. 6.

THE BUILDERS.

This is the second of the poems in the group "By the Fireside." It was finished on May 9, 1846.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

This poem belongs to the year 1850.

Saint Augustine—The last syllable bears the accent, and is sounded *teen*.

Of our vices, etc.—The words of St. Augustine are, "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."—*Sermon iii. De Ascensione*.

Tread beneath our feet, etc.—Compare Tennyson's lines, *In Memoriam*, i. :—

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The right of eminent domain.—"This was the technical phrase describing the supreme authority of the feudal lord of the manor and his right to the first fruits of all kinds."

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

This poem was written in October, 1852. The Warden, who was the Duke of Wellington, had died Sept. 13. The poem was published in the first number of *Putnam's Magazine*, January, 1853.

In this connection should be read Tennyson's famous *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, written in the very same year.

The Cinque Ports are the five maritime ports of England lying opposite to the coast of France—Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings. William the Conqueror, in order that he might wield the resources of the seaports with greater vigour, placed them under a warden or guardian. The warden, whose office corresponded to that of the ancient count of the Saxon coast, exercised jurisdiction, civil, military, and naval, uniting in his single person the functions of sheriff, lord-lieutenant, and admiral.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

This poem was read by Longfellow at a dinner, at which he presided, given to Agassiz on the occasion of his 50th birthday.

Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, the great naturalist, was born in Switzerland, May 28th, 1807. He came to North America in 1846 as professor in Harvard College. "When Agassiz came to Cambridge he found Longfellow in the height of his activity and usefulness. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They were attracted by similar tastes and by common cosmopolitan culture. There was in the Swiss-Frenchman a breezier manner and more effervescence of humor,—in the American more attention to the minor amenities and social forms; but they agreed heartily, and they loved each other like David and Jonathan. A week rarely passed in which they did not meet."

"He was a patient student of details. His power over men came from his large and genial nature. His was a sunny intellect, displayed in the most sunny of countenances, and by the most fascinating talk. There was no nimbus of reserve around his clear soul. There was so much magnetism in his nature, so much power under his charming simplicity of manner, that he affected the Faculty as well as the students, and the people as well as the *savants*."

Agassiz died at Cambridge on December 14th, 1873. The attention of the student is called to the two sonnets of Longfellow on a subsequent page,—*"The Noble Three"* and *"The Death of Agassiz."*

Pays de Vaud.—The birthplace of Agassiz was Orbe, in the Canton de Vaud.

Ranz des Vaches.—This was a melody played by the Swiss mountaineers on the Alphorn when they were leading the cows to or from pasture.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

In a letter to his father, Oct. 25, 1840, the poet writes:—"My pen has not been very prolific of late; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of ballad on a blacksmith in the next *Knickerbocker* (November, 1840), which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury (the first Stephen Longfellow)."

"The suggestion of the poem came from the smithy which the poet passed daily, and which stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree not far from his house in Cambridge. The tree was removed in 1876 against the protests of Longfellow and others, on the ground that it imperilled drivers of heavy loads who passed under it."

Catch he sparks (line 23).—In all the earlier editions "catch" was "watch."

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

On his wedding journey in the summer of 1843, Longfellow passed through Springfield, Massachusetts, and visited the United States

arsenal there, in company with Charles Sumner, who had just delivered his great oration in Boston on "The True Grandeur of Nations," in which he inveighed against the wickedness of war. While passing through the arsenal at Springfield, Sumner remarked that the money expended on the weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library. Mrs. Longfellow startled her husband by remarking that the shining gun-barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling looked like an organ, and suggested what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she afterwards wrote, "and I urged Henry to write a peace poem." The poem was written a few months later, and published in *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1844.

Miserere.—(1) The name given to the 51st Psalm, which begins in the Latin vulgate with *Miserere mei, Domine*. (2) A piece of music composed to this psalm.

The solemn strain of the second stanza was full of prophecy.

I hear even now, etc.—These five stanzas enumerate all the noises that accompany the preparations for war, or that make up the din of battle, or that follow martial engagements.

The Florentine.—In the thirteenth and three following centuries Florence was involved in many wars and dissensions. For about 100 years following 1215 the city was distracted by the deeds of bloodshed and violence of the two rival factions, Guelphs and Ghibellines. Other internecine conflicts followed in quick succession till the name and form of the Florentine republic perished in the sixteenth century.

Aztec priests.—The Aztecs were the dominant tribe in Mexico at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards. Human beings by the thousand were annually immolated to their gods. To supply victims for these sacrifices war was made on neighboring states. The victims were borne in triumphal processions and to the sound of music to the summit of the great temples, where the priests, in sight of assembled crowds, opened the breasts of the wretched creatures and tore out their bleeding hearts. In 1519, when Cortez arrived among them, the Aztec throne was occupied by Montezuma.

Teocallis.—The *teocalli* (lit. God's house) was the name of the Mexican temple.

THE BRIDGE.

This poem was finished October 9th, 1845, and at first localized as the bridge over the Charles, the river which separates Cambridge from Boston.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

Contributions for the purchase of this chair came from some seven hundred children of the public schools. The scheme was planned and carried out by Longfellow's friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Horsford. The poet wrote this poem on the day of the presentation.

He was accustomed to give a copy to each child who visited him and sat in the chair.

The chair, on a brass plate beneath the cushion, bears the following inscription :—

TO
THE AUTHOR
of
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,
This chair, made from the wood of the
spreading chestnut-tree
is presented as
An expression of grateful regard and veneration by
The children of Cambridge,
Who with their friends join in best wishes
and congratulations
on
This anniversary,
February 27th, 1879.

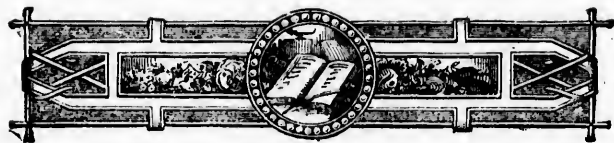
The design of the chair is admirable, the color is of a jet black, and the upholstery is in green leather. The back of the chair is carved to represent horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms, and the same style of decoration appears at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines :—

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

An eye-witness thus describes the cutting down of the old chestnut-tree, from whose destruction sprang the arm-chair which the children of Cambridge presented to Longfellow : “ Early in the morning the choppers were at it. Like burning sparks from the anvil the chips flew in every direction, and soon a crash was heard ; and the cry went up, ‘ The old chestnut is down ! ’ The word ran from lip to lip ; and a crowd was quickly collected, all rushing out from house and shop just as they were, without coat or hat, and bearing off some fragments as a *souvenir*. They looked like ants bearing a burden bigger than themselves. But some city officer interfered, and the work of plunder ceased.”

AUF WEIDERSEHEN.

In April, 1881, Longfellow writes thus in his diary :—“ A sorrowful and distracted week. Fields died on Sunday, the 24th. Palfrey died on Tuesday. Two intimate friends in one week ! ” The poem was written April 30th, 1881.



APPENDICES.

A.

THE METRE OF EVANGELINE.

“The selection of hexameter lines for ‘Evangeline’ was, of course, a bold experiment,—one that was being tried almost in the same year by Arthur Clough. The great precedent Longfellow had in his mind when he resolved to try hexameters was Goethe’s ‘Hermann and Dorothea’; and this was enough to justify his attempt to compromise between the exactions of classic scansion and the rhythmical license of English metres. His success was as wonderful as the attempt was bold. By employing a style of metre that carries the ear back to times in the world’s history when grand simplicities were sung, the poet naturally was able to enhance the epic qualities of his work, and remove Acadia and its people to the necessary extent from touch with a part of the world in which human history’s developments were raw and unattractive. And once persuaded that it was possible to avoid “sing-song” monotony in English hexameters, Longfellow was right in thinking that the rhythm he chose was well suited for the telling of a long story into which nothing abruptly dramatic was to enter, but which was to derive its chief interest from broadly-worked pictures. Probably no other poem gave Longfellow so much trouble in writing. He has said almost as much :—“‘Evangeline’ is so easy for you to read, because it was so hard for me to write.” The necessity for varying the place of the *cæsura*, and the dearth of spondees in our language, were the two chief metrical difficulties with which he had to contend. Occasionally the reader unacquainted with conventionalities of classic prosody will find that where he is inclined at first to read a dactyl, the accent must rest on the first syllable, which with the next makes a spondee. This hint will be found specially serviceable regarding the initial feet of lines like the following, which must be read as commencing with the accent not on the third syllable, but on the first :—

‘On the morrow to meet in the church, when his majesty’s mandate,’ etc.

‘Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvest in England,’ etc.

‘Anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music,’ etc.

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

‘Chanting the Hundredth Psalm—that grand old Puritan anthem.’

And this is probably the worst line—a hopeless one—

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

In this instance the onomatopoeitic sympathy with which Longfellow describes the children listening to the regular ticking of a watch has made him forget the rules of metre absolutely.

"Much nonsense has been talked about the general principle of English hexameters by critics whose ears are attuned to the quantitative music of Greek and Latin verse. It is true that where, as in Charles Kingsley's 'Andromeda,' the poet clearly raises comparison with classic forerunners by reason of his subject and his method of treating that subject, it must be unpleasant for the ears of some scholars to have the looser English rhythms imposed upon them instead of the ancient spondee and dactyls arranged in a manner almost contrapuntal. On the other hand, when Longfellow chooses a subject wholly removed from classic association, why should he not experiment in any measure he pleases, and select, if it suits him, a system of lines in each of which there will be a sufficient number of words to fall by a more or less natural rhythm into six beats or pulses? Call such lines English hexameters, or call them anything else; they can be written to read musically,—and what more is required? That there are six English feet in each of these lines is as indisputable as that there are five in each line of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock.' The term 'English hexameters,' therefore, seems applicable enough; and in using it, a poet need not be thought to imply that he is seeking to translate the hexameters of the 'Iliad' or the 'Æneid.' Mr. Matthew Arnold has somewhere hinted that it *might* be possible, in translating Homer into English, to carry literary artifice so far as to put together English hexameters capable of scansion by long and short syllables. The idea has even been carried out, but only in brief experiments; it could not be sustained through any lengthy translation that aimed at either literal accuracy or poetic spirit. Longfellow himself cherished through life the prospect of translating Homer; but in such an undertaking English hexameters, had he chosen them as his vehicle, would have been as false in taste as they were justifiable in the construction of 'Evangeline.' Yet, even in the case of a hexametrical rendering of Homer, the classical scholar only could be offended. To the unlearned reader, the measure of 'Evangeline' would probably be as acceptable as the rhymed pentameter of Pope or the blank verse of Cowper. Of course we do not say that any translation in hexameters would prove acceptable; for Herschel's was a failure. 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; this is, of course, a truism. 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;' 'He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection.' Would Mr. Swinburne, simply because these cadences might be called 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 suc-

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ceeded 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*.

B.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST.

In the following list the poems are set down under date of the years in which they were composed :—

- 1838. A Psalm of Life.
- 1839. { The Village Blacksmith.
- { Hymn to the Night.
- 1844. { The Arsenal at Springfield.
- { The Day is Done.
- 1845. { The Bridge.
- { Evangeline, begun.
- 1846. The Builders.
- 1847. Evangeline, finished.
- 1848. Resignation.
- 1850. The Ladder of St. Augustine.
- 1852. The Warden of the Cinque Ports.
- 1857. The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.
- 1862. King Robert of Sicily.
- 1863. The Birds of Killingworth.
- 1870. The Bell of Atri.
- 1879. From My Arm Chair.
- 1881. Auf Wiedersehen.

C.

THE CLIMAX OF "EVANGELINE."

A correspondent of the *New York Times* relates the following story as coming from Longfellow :—

"I got the climax of 'Evangeline' from Philadelphia, and it was singular how I happened to do so. I was passing down Spruce street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and twenty-four years after, when I came to write 'Evangeline,' I located the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by

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chance in another of my walks. It is purely a fancy sketch, and the name of Evangeline was coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia gave me the ground-work of the poem."

D.

GERMAN INFLUENCE.

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"Mr. Longfellow's profound knowledge of German literature has given a very perceptible tincture to his poetical style. It bears the romantic impress, as distinguished from the classical, though at the same time it is marked by a classical severity of taste. Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of some of his smaller pieces, while they also abound in that richness of expression and imagery which the romantic muse is supposed to claim as her more especial attribute. * * * * * He is the most frequently read of foreign verse-writers in Germany, for his lines are brimming with the simplicity and sentiment that the Germans have learned to love in their own poets."—*Kennedy*.

"When English and American scholars first discovered the treasures of German poetry, there was an excitement like that which led the rush to the new continent of Columbus. We know how Carlyle was enthralled by his German masters; how Coleridge, both as poet and table-talker, exhibited himself steeped in German thought and tradition; how Hawthorne's conceptions were thought to be tinged with the mysticism of Fouqué, and the subtlety of Tieck; how Emerson got his first awakening from the same influences; and, later, how the whole Transcendental School, serenely unconscious of imitation, were talking German philosophy at second hand. Longfellow, among Americans, appears to have been among the first to acknowledge the influence of those poets who are nearest us in blood, and whose tastes, feelings, and traditions we measurably share. 'Voices of the Night,' without being in any sense an imitation, could not have been written by any but a German scholar, and one thoroughly in sympathy with the tender and spiritual feeling of the poets who succeeded Goethe."—*Underwood*.

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E.

MODERN POETRY.

"In modern poetry we see that the best effects are produced in efforts of moderate length. A poem is an enjoyment for a sitting. The exalted feeling which it is the work of poetry to excite is necessarily transient. The movement of feeling is swift, and at the climax the ecstasy dies. If we look for the masterpieces of modern poets, we find them invariably short. Even narrative poems are strongly condensed, and we find that 'Evangeline,' for instance, is as long as the taste of our day allows.

"The principal quality, however, in modern poetry is the universal recognition of high ideals in life, even among the humblest,—in the doctrines of equality and brotherhood,—in the cultivation of tolerance and charity,—in short, in the inculcation of the true 'gospel,' or good news, of 'peace on earth and good will towards men.' In this way the scope of poetry has been enlarged, and its tone elevated immeasurably."
—*Underwood.*

F.

THE ACADIANS.

"Abbé Raynal, who never saw the Acadians, has made an ideal picture of them, since copied and improved in prose and verse, till Acadia has become Arcadia. The plain realities of their condition and fate are touching enough to need no exaggeration. They were a simple and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world, with little of that spirit of adventure which an easy access to the vast fur-bearing interior had developed in their Canadian kindred; having few wants, and those of the rudest; fishing a little and hunting in the winter, but chiefly employed in cultivating the meadows along the River Annapolis, or rich marshes reclaimed by dikes from the tides of the Bay of Fundy. The British Government left them entirely free of taxation. They made clothing of flax and wool of their own raising, hats of similar materials, and shoes or moccasins of moose and seal-skin. They bred cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses in abundance; and the valley of the Annapolis, then as now, was known for the profusion and excellence of its apples. For drink, they made cider or brewed spruce-beer. French officials describe their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences, and scarcely supplied with the most necessary furniture. Two or more families often occupied the same house; and their way of life, though simple and virtuous, was by no means remarkable for cleanliness. Such as it was, contentment reigned among them, undisturbed by what modern America calls progress. Marriages were early, and population grew apace. This humble society had its disturbing elements; for the Acadians, like the Canadians, were a litigious race, and neighbors often quarrelled about their boundaries. Nor were they without a bountiful share of jealousy, gossip, and back-biting, to relieve the monotony of their lives; and every village had its turbulent spirits, sometimes by fits, though rarely long, contumacious even towards the curé, the guide, counsellor, and ruler of his flock. Enfeebled by hereditary mental subjection, and too long kept in leading-strings to walk alone, they needed him, not for the next world only, but for this; and their submission, compounded of love and fear, was commonly without bounds. He was their true government; to him they gave a frank and full allegiance, and dared not disobey him if they would. Of knowledge he gave them nothing; but he taught them to be true to their wives and constant at confession and Mass, to stand fast for the Church and King Louis, and to resist heresy and King George; for, in one degree or another, the Acadian priest was always

the agent of a double-headed foreign power,—the Bishop of Quebec allied with the Governor of Canada."

The student should read the whole of Parkman's chapter from which the above extract is taken. See chapter viii. of "Montcalm and Wolfe,"—"Removal of the Acadians."

G.

(1)—BLOMIDON.

"This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.
This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
Whose towering front inviolable frowns
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—
Whose fame thy song, O tender slinger, crowns.
Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
What profit now to know if just the doom,
Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
The poet's deathless music—these remain!"

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

(2)—TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

"River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name like magic binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me."

—*Longfellow.*

(3)—THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

"When I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archætypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.

In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands ;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left

But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile."

—*Longfellow.*

(4)—DEATH OF AGASSIZ.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door. |
The rocks are seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me ;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more

Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

—*Longfellow.*

(5)—THE ANGELUS.

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

"Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance :

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
 No blight nor mildew falls;
 Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
 Passes those airy walls.
 Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
 I touch the farther Past,—
 I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
 The sunset dream and last!
 Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
 The white Presidio;
 The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
 The priest in stole of snow.
 Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
 Above the setting sun;
 And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
 The freighted galleon.
 O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
 Recall the faith of old,—
 O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
 The spiritual fold!
 Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
 Break, falter, and are still;
 And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
 The sun sinks from the hill!"

—Bret Harte.

H.

The three poems of Longfellow printed in this section exhibit the poet in his relations to his beloved art.

(1)—THE POETS.

"O ye dead Poets, who are living still
 Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
 And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
 Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
 Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
 With drops of anguish falling fast and red
 From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
 Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?
 Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song
 Have something in them so divinely sweet,
 It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
 Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
 Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
 But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat."

(2)—MOODS.

"Oh that a song would sing itself to me
 Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart
 Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art,
 Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,
 With just enough of bitterness to be
 A medicine to this sluggish mood, and start
 The life-blood in my veins, and so impart
 Healing and help in this dull lethargy!
 Alas! not always doth the breath of song
 Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth

At its own will, not ours, nor tarrieth long ;
 We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth
 From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,
 Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth."

(3)—L'ENVOI.

"As the birds come in the spring,
 We know not from where ;
 As the stars come at evening
 From depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
 And the brook from the ground ;
 As suddenly, low or loud,
 Out of silence a sound ;

As the grape comes to the vine,
 The fruit to the tree ;
 As the wind comes to the pine,
 And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships
 O'er the ocean's verge ;
 As comes the smile to the lips,
 The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,
 All hitherward blown
 From the misty realm, that belongs
 To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
 He sings ; and their fame
 Is his, and not his ; and the praise
 And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
 And haunt him by night,
 And he listens, and needs must obey,
 When the Angel says : ' Write ! ' "

I.

TRIBUTES TO LONGFELLOW.

(1)—TO H. W. L.,

"I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
 Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
 Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
 The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
 Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
 Is blown about the world ; but to his friends
 A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
 And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
 To murmur a *God bless you !* and there ends.

strong,

As I muse backward up the checkered years
 Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
 Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears,—
 But hush! this is not for profaner ears:
 Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
 As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground:
 Love turned all his to heart's-ease; and the more
 Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door
 Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade
 Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
 So through his trial faith translucent rayed
 Till, darkness, half disnured so, betrayed
 A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,
 And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
 If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
 He shall not go, although his presence may,
 And the next age in praise shall double this."

—James Russell Lowell.

(2)—THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And to him, in a holier welcome,
 Was the mystical meaning given
 Of the words of the blessed Master:
 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven!'"

—Whittier.

(3)—IN MEMORIAM.

"Not to be tuneless in old age!"
 Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage,
 Who, in his winter's snow,
 Still sings with note as sweet and clear
 As in the morning of the year,
 When the first violets blow!

Blest!—but more blest, whom summer's heat,
 Whom spring's impulsive stir and beat,
 Have taught no feverish lure;
 Whose muse, benignant and serene,
 Still keeps his autumn chaplet green,
 Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!
 Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,
 Since from the voiceless grave
 Thy voice shall speak to old and young
 While song yet speaks an English tongue
 By Charles' or Thamis' wave!"

—Austin Dobson.





