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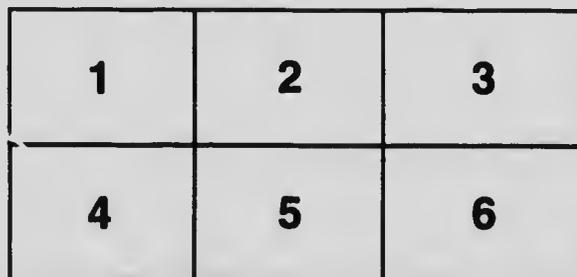
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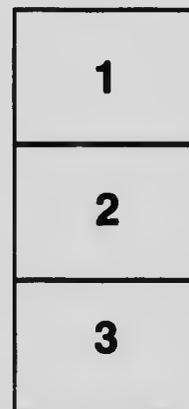
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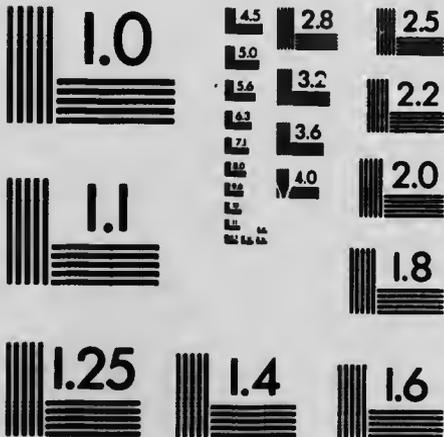
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MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

# EVANGELINE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

JOHN JEFFRIES, B.A.

ENGLISH SPECIALIST, JARVIS COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,  
TORONTO



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## INTRODUCTION

### LIFE OF LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born of Puritan stock at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. His father was Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer, and a cultured and religious man, who looked carefully after the education of his eight children. His mother, Zilpha Wadsworth, a descendant of a John Alden and a Priscilla Mullens (the original of Priscilla in *Miles Standish*) who came over in the *Mayflower*, was a beautiful, gentle, and pious woman. Henry was their second son. As a child he took less interest in games and sports than in books, of which his favorites were Cowper's poems, *Lalla Rookh*, *Ossian*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, and Irving's *Sketch Book*.

At the age of fifteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. Among his associates and classmates was Nathaniel Hawthorne, with whom he formed a strong and lasting friendship. At college he distinguished himself both as a student and as a writer of graceful verse. On graduating, in 1825, he was at once honored by the board of trustees with appointment to the newly established chair of modern languages. In order to fit himself more fully for this position, he went to Europe, where he spent three and a half years in travel and study. In 1829 he returned to America, strongly equipped to begin his duties as a professor. Two years later he married Miss Mary Potter, the daughter of an intimate friend of his father.

In 1835 Longfellow was called to the chair of modern languages at Harvard University. Feeling the need of still deeper scholarship, he paid a second visit to Europe. While at Rotterdam, in Holland, his wife, who accompanied him, fell ill and died. Though naturally inclined to conceal from the world his inmost feelings, he has disclosed to us in *Footsteps of Angels* something of the sense of loss he felt in this sad bereavement.

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

In 1836 he entered upon his duties at Harvard. These proved to be less laborious and more pleasant than at Bowdoin. His friendships, too, were very congenial, especially with four fellow-professors, Felton, Sumner, Hillard, and Cleveland, who with Longfellow formed a coterie of kindred spirits called the “Five of Clubs.” He took up his residence in Craigie House, a spacious mansion, with beautiful natural surroundings, and once the abode of George Washington. In 1843 he married Miss Francis Appleton, whom he met at Interlaken during his first visit to Europe. The bride’s father, who was wealthy, bought Craigie House and the estate, and presented them as a wedding-gift to the happy couple. Longfellow now found himself in the very enviable position of being blessed with congenial work and friends, a beautiful and devoted wife, a comfortable home, an ample fortune, youth, good health, and an ever widening popularity as a maker of verse.

Few incidents remain to be related in this brief memoir. In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship that he might devote his whole time to purely literary

work. In 1861 a second great sorrow overcast his life. His wife's clothing accidentally caught fire, and she was burned to death. From this affliction he never fully recovered. His personal appearance, his spirits, his habits, all underwent a noticeable change. He made in 1868 his last visit to Europe. His fame as the greatest and most popular American poet was now so fully established and generally acknowledged that his stay in England was marked by the highest honors and personal triumphs. The universities, Mr. Gladstone, even royalty, graced him with tokens of appreciation and esteem. On his return home he resumed his poetic labors, and these he continued up to the very close of his life. He died on March 24, 1882, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery at Cambridge.

As a man, Longfellow was greatly beloved. Affable, genial, courteous and generous, he made many friends and no enemies. His character has been thus described by an admirer:—

“Longfellow was almost perfect, as much so as it is ever given to human nature to be. A man in intellect and courage, yet without conceit or bravado; a woman in sensibility and tenderness, yet without shrinking or weakness; a saint in purity of life and devotion of heart, yet without asceticism or religiosity; a knight-errant in hatred of wrong and contempt of baseness, yet without self-righteousness or cynicism; a prince in dignity and courtesy, yet without formality or condescension; a poet in thought and feeling, yet without jealousy or affectation; a scholar in tastes and habits, yet without aloofness or bookishness; a dutiful son, a loving husband, a judicious father, a trusty friend, a useful citizen, and an enthusiastic patriot — he united

in his strong, transparent humanity almost every virtue under heaven. A thoroughly healthy, well-balanced, harmonious nature, accepting life as it came, with all its joys and sorrows, living it beautifully and hopefully, without canker and without uncharity. No man ever lived more completely in the light than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

### LIST OF WORKS

Among American poets Longfellow stands first in popularity. His broad sympathies, his noble character, his refined tastes, and his command of easy and graceful language commended his writings to a wide circle of readers. His verse is without deep passion, almost without humor; but it is often touchingly pathetic and always pure and ennobling. A number of his shorter pieces deservedly rank high both in sentiment and in expression.

*Outre-Mer* (1835), a record of his tour through Europe. It shows the influence upon him of Irving's *Sketch Book*.

*Hyperion* (1839), a prose romance. The hero and the heroine are supposed to represent the poet and Miss Appleton, who later became his wife.

*Voices of the Night* (1839), including *A Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *Footsteps of Angels*, and other lyrics.

*Ballads and Other Poems* (1841), containing *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Excelsior*, etc.

*Poems on Slavery* (1842).

*The Spanish Student* (1843), a drama.

*Evangeline* (1847), described elsewhere.

*Kavanagh* (1849), a prose romance, with little plot-interest.

*Seaside and Fireside* (1850), containing at least two excellent poems, *Resignation*, and *The Building of the Ship*.

*The Golden Legend* (1851), a dramatic poem of the thirteenth century.

*Hiawatha* (1855), a song of episodes in the life of a mythical Indian chief. It is one of Longfellow's most successful productions.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858), a story of early colonial days.

*Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863), suggested by Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. It is a series of stories told by a landlord, a student, a young Sicilian, a Spanish Jew, a theologian, a poet, and a musician, around the fire-side of a wayside inn on an autumn night. The tales are introduced by a prelude describing the several story-tellers.

*The Divine Comedy of Dante* (1867-1870), a literal translation.

*The Divine Tragedy* (1871), a dramatic rendering of the Crucifixion.

*The Hanging of the Crane* (1874), a reverie of a home from its formation to the Golden Wedding Day.

*Ultima Thule* (1880), a selection of his latest pieces.

## EVANGELINE

**Composition.** — *Evangeline* was published in 1847. An entry in his Journal, bearing the date November 28, 1845, reads thus: "Set about *Gabrielle*, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but

a single line. Felton and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem." An entry of December 7, 1845, says: "I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem, shall it be *Gabrielle*, or *Celestine*, or *Evangeline*?" On February 27, 1846, he entered: "*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning."

**Origin.**—The suggestion of the subject came from Hawthorne in the manner described in the following paragraph from Robertson's *Life of Longfellow*:—

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

**Metre.** — The metre of *Evangeline* is called the English dactylic hexameter. The lines consist of six feet. These feet are either dactyls (one accented syllable followed by two unaccented) or trochees (one accented and one unaccented syllable). The last foot is always trochaic. Observe, for instance, the following lines: —

“ Bént like a | láboring | oár, that | tóils in the | súrf of  
 the | océan, |  
 Bént, but not | bróken, by | áge was the | fórm of the |  
 nóтары | public; | ”

Longfellow thought this metre suitable to *Evangeline*, and his judgment in the matter is generally approved. It seems to adapt itself well to the lingering melancholy that characterizes the story. He was probably influenced in its selection by the fact that Goethe had used it successfully in a somewhat similar tale, *Hermann und Dorothea*, which depicts the sufferings of the Lutherans expelled from Salzburg.

**Foundation.** — The historical basis of the story, very briefly outlined, is as follows: By the treaty of Utrecht (1713) all Nova Scotia, or Acadia, was ceded by France to Great Britain. The Acadians, now about twenty-five hundred in number, were allowed either to remove within a year with their effects from the country or to remain in the enjoyment of their homes and religion as subjects of the British Crown. They resolved to remain; but when they were asked to take the oath of allegiance, they refused, on the ground that such an action would require them, in case of war between England and France, to bear arms against their own countrymen. In 1730, however, they were persuaded by General Phillips to waive their objection to taking the oath, on receiving the assurance that it

did not involve the obligation of fighting against the French.

In 1744 war broke out between Great Britain and France. One of the first incidents of the war in Acadia was an unsuccessful attack made upon Annapolis, the capital, by Indians incited by the Acadians. The following year Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, the strongest fortress then in America, was taken in seven weeks by an untrained army of New England colonists under General Pepperell. Despite their oath, the Acadians were charged with secretly sending supplies to the fortress and furnishing important information to French officers. When Cornwallis became governor of Nova Scotia in 1749, he considered it necessary, in the interests of the colony, to demand a new oath of allegiance of the Acadians. Under the instigation of La Loutre, a French missionary and vicar-general of Acadia, they stubbornly refused, and some two thousand of them left their homes and crossed the boundary. In 1755 Governor Shirley of Massachusetts and Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia captured several French forts, including Beau Séjour. Three hundred Acadians were found to be there in arms, and although offered pardon even then if they would take the oath of allegiance, they declined.

The Acadians by this time numbered about eight thousand people. Their conduct for years had shown them to be both openly and secretly hostile to the British government. General Lawrence resolved that stern measures should be adopted to rid the province of a constant menace to its safety. The Acadians were obliged to make an immediate choice. On condition that they would become British subjects, they could retain their lands and religion and enjoy the protection

of the British flag; but if they refused, they were to be removed from the colony. They accepted the latter alternative.

On September 5, 1755, all males of ten years and upwards in the district of Minas were ordered by Colonel Winslow, the British commander, to meet at the church in Grand Pré. Over four hundred attended. They were there made prisoners and, after being held for some time, were put on board transports, with as much of their household effects as could be taken, and sent to Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and other parts. Similar measures were taken in several settlements. In all some three thousand were deported. The work, which occupied *about three months*, was done as carefully and humanely as possible, special precautions being taken to prevent the division of families. Some of the exiles joined their countrymen in Louisiana. It is pleasant to know that a large number returned in later years to Nova Scotia, where they lived as true and loyal subjects.

It seems apparent that, either through traditional exigency or for poetical effect, Longfellow, in his description both of the Acadians themselves and of their deportation from Grand Pré, departed widely from historic facts. It appears clearly to have been a necessary, though painful, duty to expel a people who were in a state of chronic rebellion. Some hardships were no doubt endured. It could not very well be otherwise. But that the unfortunate affair was quite unnecessary, and marked by heartless cruelty, is disproved by authentic documentary evidence.

Francis Parkman, the American historian, thus sums up his discussion of the removal of the Acadians in Chapters IV and VIII of Volume I of *Montcalm and*

*Wolfe*: "New England humanitarianism, melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own. Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain. The agents of the French court, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, had made some act of force a necessity. We have seen by what vile practices they produced in Acadia a state of things intolerable, and impossible of continuance. They conjured up the tempest; and when it burst on the heads of the unhappy people, they gave no help. The Government of Louis XV. began with making the Acadians its tools, and ended with making them its victims."

# EVANGELINE

## PRELUDE

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 <sup>1</sup> of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-  
5 boring ocean <sup>2</sup>  
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, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the  
10 woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
image of heaven?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Druids*. Priests of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and Britain.

<sup>2</sup> *Ocean*. The Bay of Fundy, whose tides are very high and fierce.

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village  
15 of Grand-Pré.<sup>1</sup>

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,<sup>2</sup> home of the happy.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Grand-Pré*. The village was situated on Minas Basin, near the mouth of the Gaspereau.

<sup>2</sup> *Acadie*. Pronounced "Ah-ka-di'."

## PART THE FIRST

### I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
20 Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with  
labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons  
25 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<sup>1</sup> rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains<sup>2</sup>  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
30 mighty Atlantic

---

<sup>1</sup> *Blomidon*. A rocky headland on the south side of the entrance to the Minas Basin.

<sup>2</sup> *Mountains*. The Cobequid Mountains, on the northern side of the Basin.

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.<sup>1</sup>

35 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<sup>2</sup>

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.

<sup>1</sup> *The Henries.* Henry III and Henry IV of France.

<sup>2</sup> *Kirtles.* Jackets and skirts.

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<sup>1</sup> sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
50 ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to  
55 their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing  
60 his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Angelus*. The bell which rang at morning, noon, and night, to call the people to prayer.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy  
     winters;  
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with  
     snow-flakes;  
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as  
     brown as the oak-leaves.  
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen  
 65     summers;  
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
     thorn by the wayside,  
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
     brown shade of her tresses!  
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed  
     in the meadows.  
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at  
     noontide  
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was  
 70     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<sup>1</sup>  
     of beads and her missal,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and  
 75     the ear-rings  
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as  
     an heirloom,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Chaplet.* The rosary, or string of beads used by Roman Catholics in counting their prayers.

<sup>2</sup> *Missal.* The mass book, containing the ordinary ritual of the Roman Catholic Church.

Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-  
80 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<sup>1</sup>  
wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;  
85 and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,<sup>2</sup>

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well  
90 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;

---

<sup>1</sup> *Woodbine.* Honeysuckle.

<sup>2</sup> *Penthouse.* A shed with sloping roof and open sides.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains<sup>1</sup> and the  
 antique ploughs and the harrows;  
 There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his  
 feathered seraglio,<sup>2</sup>  
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,  
 95 with the selfsame  
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
 Peter.  
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-  
 lage. In each one  
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
 staircase,  
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
 corn-loft.  
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and  
 100 innocent inmates  
 Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant  
 breezes  
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of  
 mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer  
 of Grand-Pré  
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed  
 his household.  
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened  
 105 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!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Wains.* Wagons.

<sup>2</sup> *Seraglio* (pronounced "se-räl'yō"). A metaphor taken from the women's apartments of the Sultan's palace.

<sup>3</sup> *Hem of her garment.* Probably an allusion to *Luke* viii. 43 f.

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-  
friended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of  
her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
110 knocker of iron;  
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the  
village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as  
he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music.  
But among all who came young Gabriel only was  
welcome;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-  
115 smith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored  
of all men;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and  
nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the  
people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood  
Grew up together : mother and sister; and Father  
120 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.<sup>1</sup>  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson  
completed,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Plain-song*. The simple chanting in which the services of the Roman Catholic Church are rendered.

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the  
blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes  
125 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 gather-  
ing darkness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
130 every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-  
ing bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in  
the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into  
the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the  
eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er  
135 the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests  
on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight  
of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
140 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.<sup>1</sup>  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of  
 a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"<sup>2</sup> was she called; for  
 that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their  
 145 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<sup>3</sup>  
 enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from  
 150 the ice-bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
 islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the  
 winds of September

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ripened thought into action.* Stimulated those whom he met to put their thoughts into action.

<sup>2</sup> *Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.* Saint Eulalie was a Spanish maiden who died a martyr on February 12, 308, during Diocletian's persecutions of the Christians. According to an old belief, if the sun shone on her day, there would be an abundance of apples and cider.

<sup>3</sup> *The sign of the Scorpion.* The eighth of the twelve divisions of the zodiac. The sun appears to enter this sign about the 23d of October.

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old<sup>1</sup>  
 with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded  
 155 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!<sup>2</sup>  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
 160 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,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
 165 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,

<sup>1</sup> *As Jacob of old.* See *Genesis xxxii.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Summer of All-Saints.* Usually called Indian Summer.  
 All-Saints' Day is November 1.

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree<sup>1</sup> the Persian adorned  
170 with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection  
and stillness.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-  
light descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the  
herds to the homestead.  
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the  
175 freshness of evening.  
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,  
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection.  
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the seaside,  
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them  
180 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

---

<sup>1</sup> *The plane-tree, etc.* Herodotus relates that Xerxes was so enamoured of a beautiful plane-tree, met in his expedition against Greece, that he dressed it as he might a woman, and placed it under the care of a guard. Ælian, a later historian, adds that he adorned it with necklace and jewels.

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the  
stragglers;

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

When from the forest at night, through the starry  
185 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,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tas-  
190 sels 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 de-  
scended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard  
195 in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of  
the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was  
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,  
idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames  
200       and the smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind  
      him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures  
      fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
      into darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
      arm-chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter  
205       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 Bur-  
      gundian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
210       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 frag-  
      ments together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at inter-  
215       vals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the  
      priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion  
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,  
suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back  
on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil  
220 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;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box  
225 of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through  
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil  
the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the  
230 fires . . .

“Benedict Lafontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are  
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-  
235 line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
240 Majesty's<sup>1</sup> mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
245 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: —

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<sup>1</sup> *His Majesty*. George II. See the historical basis of the poem outlined in the Introduction, page 11.

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.<sup>1</sup>

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

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of  
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons  
of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the  
scythe of the mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial  
farmer: —

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

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the  
ocean,

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

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

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

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads  
260 of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Port Royal.* The first capital of Acadia, afterwards called Annapolis Royal. It was situated at the mouth of the Annapolis River.

<sup>2</sup> *Glebe.* Soil.

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

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in  
265 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<sup>1</sup>;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
270 maize, hung  
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and  
glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom  
supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a  
hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his  
great watch tick.  
Four long years in the times of the war had he lan-  
275 guished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of  
the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-  
picion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and  
childlike.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Notary public.* An officer authorized to draw up con-  
tracts, wills, and other similar documents.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou<sup>1</sup> in the  
 280 forest,  
 And the goblin<sup>2</sup> that came in the night to water the horses,  
 And of the white Létiche,<sup>3</sup> the ghost of a child who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in  
 285 a nutshell,  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,  
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,  
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard  
 290 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, —

---

<sup>1</sup> *Loup-garou*. According to a familiar French superstition, the loup-garou was a man who could turn himself into a wolf.

<sup>2</sup> *Goblin*. An evil or mischievous spirit.

<sup>3</sup> *Létiche*. The superstition may have arisen from the white ermine, "a little animal of surprising agility."

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

And what their errand may be I know no better  
than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil in-  
295 tention

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 where?”

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

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

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal.”

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

When his neighbors complained that any injustice  
305 was done them.

“Once in an ancient city,<sup>1</sup> 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

---

<sup>1</sup> *Once*, etc. An old Florentine story, found also in an opera of Rossini, *La Gazza ladra* (The Thievish Magpie).

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes  
310 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 sun-  
shine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land were  
corrupted;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
oppressed, and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-  
315 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 house-  
hold.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of  
Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-  
320 cended,  
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of  
the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from  
its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of  
the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was  
325 inwoven."  
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth  
no language;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,  
as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in  
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the  
330 table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and  
335 in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were  
completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on  
the margin.  
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on  
the table  
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of  
silver;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
340 bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,  
While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of  
its corner.

345     Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
       the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-  
nœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was  
made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloam 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 mead-  
       ows.

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  
darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of  
the maiden.  
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the  
door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,  
and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were  
365 carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline  
woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her  
husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and  
radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the  
370 room, till the heart of the maiden  
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she  
stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her  
chamber!  
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of  
the orchard,  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her  
375 lamp and her shadow.  
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling  
of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in  
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow  
380 her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent<sup>1</sup> young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

X

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

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

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

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

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

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

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
390

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

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

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<sup>1</sup> *Out of Abraham's tent.* See *Genesis* xxi. 14.

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

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

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

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

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers  
together,

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

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more  
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her  
400 father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-  
come and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as  
she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the  
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of  
betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and  
405 the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-  
smith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press  
and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of  
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played  
on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of  
410 the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown  
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his  
fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de  
Dunkerque,*

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the  
music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying  
415 dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the  
blacksmith!

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

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the  
meadows 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.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching  
425 proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-  
sonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

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

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

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

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and  
shatters his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
445     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,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to  
450     the door-way.  
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce  
imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er  
the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the  
blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;  
455     and wildly he shouted, —  
“Down with the tyrants of England! we never  
have sworn them allegiance!  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our  
homes and our harvests!”  
More he fain would have said, but the merciless  
hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down  
to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry  
460     contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps  
 of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed  
 into silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to  
 his people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas-  
 465       ured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's<sup>1</sup> 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!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers  
 470       and privations?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
 forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would  
 you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
 hatred?  
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is  
 gazing upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and  
 475       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!'"

---

<sup>1</sup> *The tocsin.* An alarm bell

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the  
passionate outbreak,  
480 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 <sup>1</sup>  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,  
485 with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah<sup>2</sup> ascending  
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings  
of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women  
and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with  
her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,  
490 that, descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor  
and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-  
blazoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth  
on the table;

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ave Maria* (pronounced "Ah-ve Mar-ē-ah"). It means  
"Hail, Mary," the first words of an invocation to the Virgin.

<sup>2</sup> *Like Elijah*. See 2 Kings ii. 11.

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant  
with wild flowers;  
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh  
495 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 am-  
brosial meadows.  
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial  
500 ascended, —  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,  
and patience!  
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,  
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts  
of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
they departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet  
505 of their children.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet<sup>1</sup> de-  
scending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> *The Prophet.* Read *Exodus xxxiv.* 29-35.

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

v

✕ Four times the sun had risen and set; and now  
 on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the  
 525 farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
    procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
    Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
    to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their  
    dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road  
530     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 from Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and  
    they on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
    peasants.  
All day long between the shore and the ships did  
535     the boats ply;  
All day long the wains came laboring down from  
    the village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his  
    setting,  
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
    from the churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a  
    sudden the church-doors  
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching  
540     in gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian  
    farmers.  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their  
    homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are  
weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants  
descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their  
545 wives and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came; and, raising to-  
gether 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 submis-  
sion and patience!”  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women  
550 that stood by the wayside  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the  
sunshine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits  
departed.

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

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-  
560 chances may happen!"

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

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

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

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

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

Speaking words of endearment where words of com-  
fort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that  
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir  
of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-  
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
570 too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel  
carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with  
her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went  
down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the  
575 refluent ocean <sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> *The refluent ocean.* The outgoing tide.

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
 sand-beach  
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> after a battle,  
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near  
 580 them,  
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
 farmers.  
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-  
 ing ocean,  
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
 and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of  
 the sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
 585 from their pastures;  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk  
 from their udders;  
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known  
 bars of the farm-yard, —  
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the  
 hand of the milkmaid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no  
 Angelus sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no  
 590 lights from the windows.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kelp*. Coarse sea-weed.

<sup>2</sup> *Leaguer*. The camp of a besieged army.

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the  
crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth  
595 in his parish,  
Wandere<sup>1</sup> the faithful priest, consoling and bless-  
ing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's<sup>1</sup> desolate  
seashore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat  
with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the  
old man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
600 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 flicker-  
ing fire-light.  
"Benedicite!"<sup>2</sup> murmured the priest, in tones of  
605 compassion.  
More he fain would have said, but his heart was  
full, and his accents  
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a  
child on a threshold,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Melita*. The ancient name of Malta. See *Acts* xxviii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Benedicite*. Bless ye.

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of  
the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that  
610 above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs  
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept to-  
gether in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in  
autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er  
the horizon

Titan-like <sup>1</sup> stretches its hundred hands upon moun-  
615 tain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that  
lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of  
flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the  
620 quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds <sup>2</sup> and the burn-  
ing thatch, and, uplifting,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Titan-like.* The Titans were giant deities, the fabled children of Heaven and Earth. In an attempt to obtain the sovereignty of heaven they were subdued by the thunderbolts of Zeus and driven into Tartarus. Briareus, who was one of them, had a hundred hands.

<sup>2</sup> *Gleeds.* Hot coals.

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a  
hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame in-  
termingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in  
625 their anguish,  
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village  
of Grand-Pré!"  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farmyards,  
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the low-  
ing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of  
dogs interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the  
630 sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the  
Nebraska,<sup>1</sup>  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with  
the speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the  
herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
635 rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the  
priest and the maiden

---

<sup>1</sup> *Nebraska*. The Platte River, which joins the Missouri  
below Omaha.

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
widened before them ;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their  
silent companion,  
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
abroad on the seashore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
640 departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the  
maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her  
terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber ;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a  
645 multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-  
passion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-  
650 ing senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people, —  
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier  
season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in  
655 haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of  
Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service  
of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a  
vast congregation,

660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges.

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste  
of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of  
the harbor,

665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and  
the village in ruins.

X

## 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,<sup>1</sup> into  
exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
670 landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the north-east  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas,<sup>2</sup> —  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where  
675 the Father of Waters<sup>3</sup>  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down  
to the ocean,

---

<sup>1</sup> *All its household gods.* All that was most precious in the home.

<sup>2</sup> *Savannas.* Treeless plains.

<sup>3</sup> *Father of Waters.* The Mississippi.

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
 the mammoth.<sup>1</sup>  
 Friends they sought and homes; all was des-  
 pairing, heart-broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave and no longer a  
 friend nor a fireside  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in  
 680 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,  
 Dream and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
 its pathway  
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
 685 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.  
 For nothing there was in her life incomplete, imper-  
 fect, unfinished;  
 On a morning of June, with all its music and sun-  
 690 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,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Mammoth*. An extinct species of elephant.

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst  
 of the spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and  
 695 endeavor;  
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on  
 the crosses and tombstones,  
 Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-  
 haps in its bosom  
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
 beside him.  
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
 whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her  
 700 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;  
 Coureurs-des-bois<sup>1</sup> are they, and famous hunters  
 705 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  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as  
 710 loyal?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Coureurs-des-bois*. Wood-rangers; men who traded in furs with the Indians.

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." <sup>1</sup>

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,  
"I cannot!

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

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

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

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father con-  
fessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus  
speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
720 wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy  
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient en-  
725 durance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

---

<sup>1</sup> *To braid St. Catherine's tresses.* To remain unmarried.

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<sup>1</sup> 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 inter-  
vals 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 a spot where it reaches  
an outlet.

## II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beau-  
tiful River,<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Shards*. Pieces of broken pottery.

<sup>2</sup> *The Beautiful River*. The meaning of the Indian name  
of the Ohio.

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the  
 Wabash,  
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift  
 Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by  
 Acadian boatmen.  
 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the  
 745 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<sup>1</sup> among the  
 few-acred farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair  
 750 Opelousas.  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
 Father Felician.  
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
 sombre with forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
 river;  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped  
 on its borders.  
 Now through rushing chutes,<sup>2</sup> among green islands,  
 755 where plumelike  
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they  
 swept with the current,  
 Then emerged into broad lagoons,<sup>3</sup> where silvery  
 sandbars

---

<sup>1</sup> *Their kith and their kin.* Their acquaintances and their relations. <sup>2</sup> *Chutes.* Rapids. <sup>3</sup> *Lagoons.* Expansions of a river.

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling <sup>1</sup> waves  
of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of  
760 the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and  
dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,<sup>2</sup>

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
765 eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering  
the Bayou <sup>3</sup> of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs  
of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-  
770 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,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Wimpling*. Rippling. <sup>2</sup> *Citron*. A species of lemon tree.

<sup>3</sup> *Bayou* (pronounced "bī'ō"). A sluggish channel leading  
from a river

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed  
775 on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot  
780 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,<sup>1</sup>

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,  
785 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.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Mimosa*. The sensitive plant.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
790 one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew  
a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to  
the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just  
795 stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches;  
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the  
darkness;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain  
was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed  
800 through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-  
songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
While through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,  
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the  
forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of  
805 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.<sup>1</sup>

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus<sup>2</sup>

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

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

Under the boughs of Wachita<sup>3</sup> willows, that grew by the margin,

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

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

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

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

---

<sup>1</sup> *The Atchafalaya.* One of three outlets of the Mississippi. It is about two hundred miles in length and has many lake-like expansions.

<sup>2</sup> *The lotus.* The water-lily.

<sup>3</sup> *Wachita.* A tributary of the Mississippi.

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, 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 super-  
stition?

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,<sup>1</sup> are the towns of St.  
Maur and St. Martin.

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

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

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

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

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the  
865 landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and  
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and min-  
gled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of  
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the mo-  
tionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
870 sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of  
feeling

---

<sup>1</sup> *The Têche.* A bayou of the Atchafalaya, one hundred and eight miles in length.

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters  
around her.  
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,  
wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the  
water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
875 music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring  
to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied  
Bacchantes.<sup>1</sup>  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad  
880 in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the  
tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on  
the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed  
with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows  
through the green Opelousas,  
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the  
885 woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring  
dwelling; —  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing  
of cattle.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Bacchantes.* Women worshippers of Bacchus, the Roman god of wine.

## III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
oaks from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at  
890 Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.  
A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was  
of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns  
895 supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious  
veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended  
around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual  
symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of  
900 rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow  
and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself  
was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a  
905 pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the  
limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly de-  
scending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm  
in the tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of  
910 grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of  
the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and  
stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of  
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the  
Spanish sombrero<sup>1</sup>

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of  
915 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

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sombrero*. A broad-brimmed hat.

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that  
920 resounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air  
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of  
the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents  
of ocean.

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

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

Pushed 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  
tremulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face  
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept  
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew  
blithe as he said it, —

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he  
departed.

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,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to

950 maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,  
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the  
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark  
Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the  
beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugi-  
 955       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,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the  
 960       fiddler.  
 Long, under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on  
       Olympus,<sup>1</sup>  
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mor-  
       tals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his  
       fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Aca-  
       dian minstrel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and  
 965       straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting  
       the old man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,  
       enraptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
       gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
       and daughters.  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-  
 970       devant<sup>2</sup> blacksmith,

<sup>1</sup> *Olympus*. The fabled home of the gods in Greece.

<sup>2</sup> *Ci-devant*. Former.

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanor;  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and  
the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his  
who would take them;  
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would  
go and do likewise.  
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the  
975 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 de-  
scended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape  
with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but  
980 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 Natchi-  
toches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled  
985 as they listened : —  
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have  
been friendless and homeless.  
Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-  
chance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the  
rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the  
farmer ;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,  
990 as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ;  
and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed  
in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
995 into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down  
1000 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!

- 1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck  
in a nutshell!"
- Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-  
steps approaching  
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy  
veranda.
- It was the neighboring Creoles<sup>1</sup> and small Acadian  
planters,  
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil  
1010 the herdsman.
- Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors:  
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who  
before were as strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to  
each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.
- But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-  
ceeding  
1015 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodi-  
ous fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed  
to the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of  
1020 fluttering garments.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Creoles*. Natives of the West Indies or Spanish America,  
of French or Spanish descent.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
 priest and the herdsman  
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
 future;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
 within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the  
 music  
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepres-  
 1025 sible sadness  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
 into the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
 of the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
 On the river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-  
 lous gleam of the moonlight,  
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened  
 1030 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.<sup>1</sup>  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
 shadows and night-dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and  
 1035 the magical moonlight  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
 longings,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Carthusian*. The Carthusians were an order of monks who lived in almost perpetual silence.

As, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
shade of the oak trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-  
flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and in-  
finite numbers.  
1040 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."<sup>1</sup>  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and  
the fire-flies,  
1045 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O  
my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot  
behold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
not reach me?  
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to  
the prairie!  
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
woodlands around me!  
1050 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
labor,  
'Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
in thy slumbers!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Upharsin.* "They are wanting." See *Daniel* v. 5-28.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be  
folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-  
poorwill 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 meadow, a sigh responded,  
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the  
flowers of the garden

1060 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and  
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their  
vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his  
fasting and famine,

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

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  
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over  
 the desert.  
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
 1070 succeeded,  
 Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or  
 river,  
 Nor, after many days, had they found him; but  
 vague and uncertain  
 Rumors alone were their guides through a wild  
 and desolate country;  
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
 Adayes,  
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
 1075 the garrulous landlord  
 That on the day before, with horses and guides  
 and companions,  
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
 prairies.

## IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where  
 the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and  
 luminous summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the  
 1080 gorge, like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
 grant's wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon <sup>1</sup> flows and the Walleway <sup>2</sup>  
 and Owyhee.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Oregon.* The Columbia River.

<sup>2</sup> *Walleway.* Or Wallawalla, a tributary of the Columbia.

<sup>3</sup> *Owyhee.* Empties into the Snake River, a tributary of the  
 Columbia.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
 river Mountains,<sup>1</sup>  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps  
 the Nebraska;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout<sup>2</sup> and  
 1085 the Spanish sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
 wind of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, de-  
 scend to the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn  
 vibrations.  
 Spreading between these streams are the won-  
 drous, beautiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
 1090 sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
 amorphas.<sup>3</sup>  
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the  
 elk and the roebuck;  
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of  
 riderless horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
 weary with travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-  
 1095 mael's children,<sup>4</sup> .

<sup>1</sup> *Wind-river Mountains.* A part of the Rockies, in Wyoming.

<sup>2</sup> *Fontaine-qui-bout.* A stream flowing into the Arkansas.

<sup>3</sup> *Amorphus.* Shrubs of the bean family, sometimes called bastard indigo.

<sup>4</sup> *Ishmael's children.* Indians are thus named because in their nomadic habits they resemble the Arabs, who are the reputed descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar.

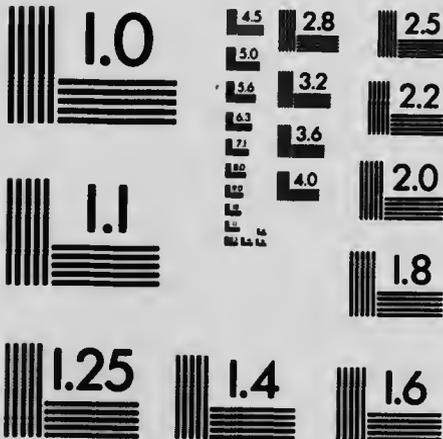
Staining the desert with blood; and above their  
terrible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered  
in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the  
heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of  
1100 these savage marauders ;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
of the desert.  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by  
the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above  
1105 them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the  
Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers  
behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the  
maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the  
1110 smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plains;  
but at nightfall,



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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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*<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> woman returning home to  
her people,

1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel  
Camanches,

Where her Canadian husband, a *coureur-des-bois*,  
had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and  
warmest and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on  
the embers.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> *Fata Morgana*. The name given particularly to the mirage seen in the Strait of Messina, between the coasts of Calabria and Sicily. It was so called because it was supposed to be the work of a fairy (*fata*) named Morgana.

<sup>2</sup> *Shawnee*. The Shawnees were a tribe of Algonquin Indians dwelling between the Red River and the Canadian River. The Camanches lived in what is now Texas.

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of  
the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering firelight  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and  
repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
1130 Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been  
disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had  
1135 suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its dis-  
asters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she  
had ended  
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated  
the tale of the Mowis;  
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and  
1140 wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed  
from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed  
far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like  
a weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was  
1145 wooed by a phantom,  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in  
the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered  
love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest,  
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by  
her people.  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-  
1150 line listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the  
region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
1155 filling the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,  
and the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,  
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite  
terror,

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 west-  
ern 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, Evange-  
line 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.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the  
1180 intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus<sup>1</sup> and sighs  
of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the  
evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benedic-  
1185 tion had fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from  
the hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers  
and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with  
benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue  
in the forest,  
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into  
1190 his wigwam.  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on  
cakes of the maize-ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-  
gourd of the teacher.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Susurrus.* Whispers.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with  
solemnity answered: —

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

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden  
1195       reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and con-  
tinued his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with  
an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in win-  
ter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have  
departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the  
1200       priest; “but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the  
Mission.”

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

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

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes  
on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides  
1205       and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed  
at the Mission.

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

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of  
maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came,  
now waving about her,  
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing  
1210 and forming  
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-  
laged by squirrels.  
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,  
and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened  
a lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
in the corn-field.  
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not  
1215 her lover.  
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered!  
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from  
the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true  
as the magnet;  
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God  
has planted  
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s  
1220 journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of  
passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and  
1225 hereafter

Crown us with asphodel <sup>1</sup> flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe." <sup>2</sup>

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 <sup>3</sup> and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.  
Put 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 barks of the Saginaw  
River.  
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes  
of St. Lawrence,  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
1235 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

---

<sup>1</sup> *Asphodel*. A member of the lily family. Because it grows in waste places, it became associated with death.

<sup>2</sup> *Nepenthe*. A drug that produced forgetfulness of all sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> *Wold*. Open country.

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
 1240 maiden; —  
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian  
 Missions,<sup>1</sup>  
 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 un-  
 remembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
 1245 long journey;  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it  
 ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away from  
 her beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom  
 and the shadow.  
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of  
 gray o'er her forehead,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly  
 1250 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,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Moravian Missions.* The sect here referred to are the  
 Moravian Brethren. They established mission stations in  
 various parts of the world. Among these was Pennsylvania.  
 The founder of the sect was John Huss, a zealous Bohemian  
 Protestant.

Guarding in sylvan <sup>1</sup> shades the name of Penn the  
 apostle,<sup>2</sup>  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the  
 city he founded.  
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em-  
 1255 blem of beauty,  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees  
 of the forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads <sup>3</sup> whose  
 haunts they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
 landed, an exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a  
 country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died; and wuen he  
 1260 departed,  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-  
 scendant: .  
 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,<sup>4</sup> the old Acadian country,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sylvan*. The name "Pennsylvania" derived from Penn, the name of its founder, and *sylva*, a wood.

<sup>2</sup> *Penn the apostle*. William Penn (1644-1718), a distinguished Quaker. He founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, in 1682. He gave to the streets the names of the trees they displaced.

<sup>3</sup> *Dryads*. Nymphs of the woods.

<sup>4</sup> *Recalled the past*. Among the French *tu* is used in place of *vous* between members of the same family and between very intimate friends.

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
 and sisters.  
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-  
 deavor,  
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-  
 complaining,  
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
 thoughts and her footsteps.  
 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
 1270 morning  
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below  
 us,  
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and  
 hamlets,  
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
 world far below her,  
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and  
 the pathway  
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and  
 1275 fair in the distance.  
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was  
 his image,  
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
 she beheld him,  
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence  
 and absence.  
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it  
 was not.  
 Over him years had no power; he was not changed,  
 1280 but transfigured;  
 He had come to her heart as one who is dead,  
 and not absent;  
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
 others,

This was the lesson 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 rooms in the crowded lanes of  
the city,

1290 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 <sup>1</sup> repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well  
in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
her taper.

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.

---

<sup>1</sup> *The watchman.* Cf. "Then there was the watch with staff and lantern crying the hour, and the kind of weather; and those who woke up at his voice and turned them round in bed, were glad to hear it rained, or snowed, or blew, or froze, for very comfort's sake." Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, Chapter xvi.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence <sup>1</sup> fell on  
 the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
 of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
 1300 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 <sup>2</sup> lake the silver stream of  
 existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to  
 1305 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, <sup>3</sup> home of the  
 homeless.

---

<sup>1</sup> *A pestilence.* The yellow fever in 1793.

<sup>2</sup> *Brackish.* Saltish.

<sup>3</sup> *The almshouse.* Longfellow's own note on this place is interesting: —

“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 towards 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 a 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

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands; —  
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-  
1310 way and wicket  
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo  
Softly the words of the Lord: — “The poor ye  
always have with you.”  
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behold there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
1315 splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o’er the brows of saints  
and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o’er a city seen at a  
distance.  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city  
celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would  
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,  
1320 deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of  
the almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers  
in the garden,

---

came to write *Evangeline*, I located the final scene, the meet-  
ing 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 chance in another of my walks.”

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
 among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their  
 fragrance and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
 1325     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.<sup>1</sup>  
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour  
 on her spirit;  
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials  
 1330     are ended;"  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-  
 bers of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful  
 attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,  
 and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-  
 cealing their faces,  
 Where on their pallets<sup>2</sup> they lay, like drifts of  
 1335     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

---

<sup>1</sup> *Wicaco* (wē-kah'ko), now called Southwark, a part of the city. The Swedes' Church is the oldest in the city.

<sup>2</sup> *Pallets*. Small, rude beds.

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

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

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it  
1340 forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night  
time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while  
a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets  
1345 dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom  
of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their  
pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of  
an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that  
1350 shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a  
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its  
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who  
are dying.

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

As if life, like the Hebrew,<sup>1</sup> with blood had be-  
1355 sprinkled its portals,  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths  
in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
1360 reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush  
that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,  
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into  
silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of  
his childhood;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
1365 them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-  
ing under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in  
his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted  
his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the  
1370 accents unuttered

---

<sup>1</sup> *Like the Hebrew.* See *Exodus* xii. 22, 23.

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at  
1375 a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to  
her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
1380 "Father, I thank thee!"

---

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away  
from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-  
noticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing be-  
1385 side them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are  
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  
language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers  
from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.

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,  
neighboring ocean

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

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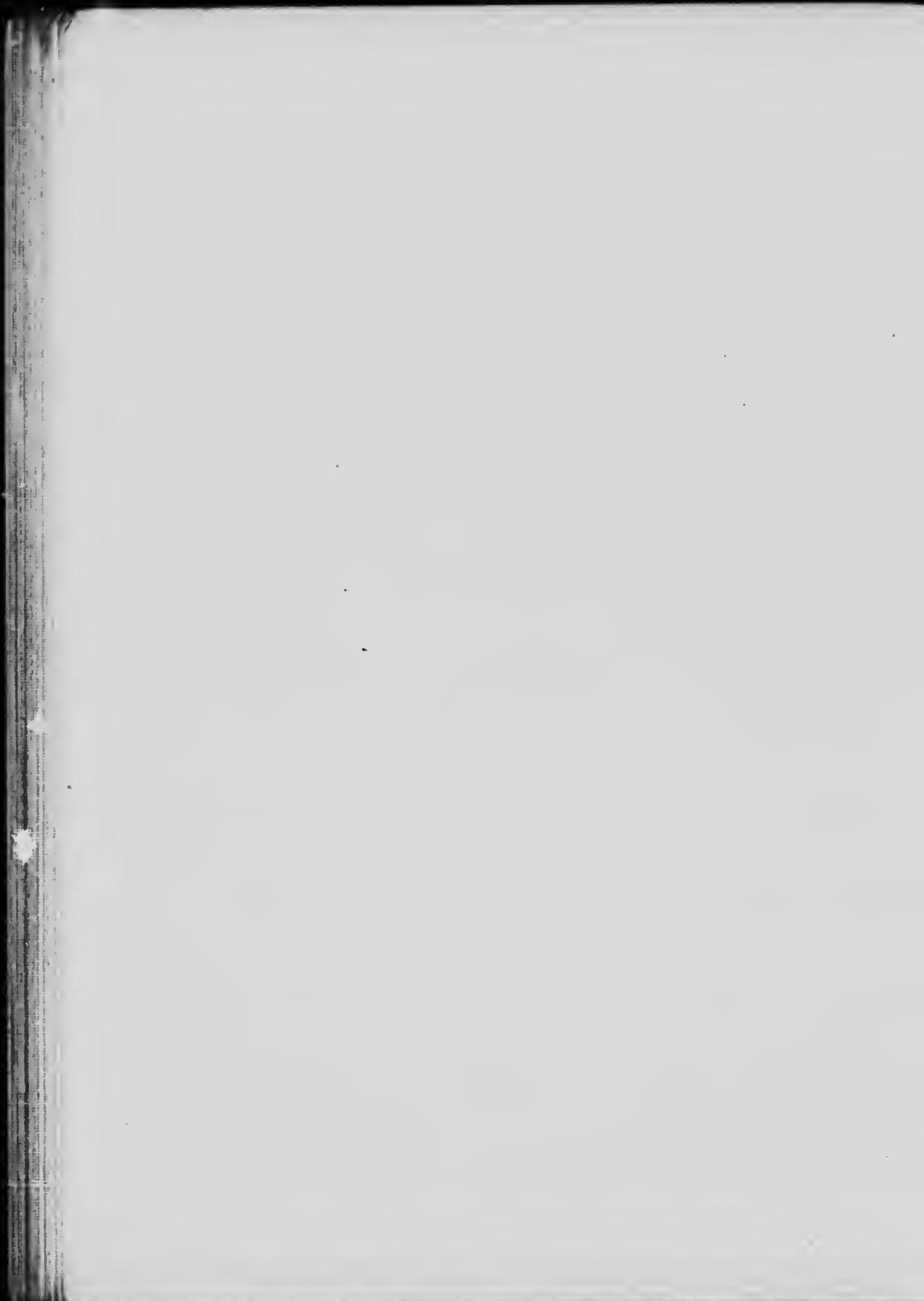
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