

# EVANGELINE

BY  
W. LONGFELLOW



J  
811 Longfellow  
Evangeline

REFERENCE <sup>220</sup>  
G286561  
Stacks

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 3333 08119 4272

95-1013514

THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM  
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER  
20 WEST 53 STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

G286561

*Lulu ...  
... ..*

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from .  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/evangeline00long>





# EVANGELINE.

BY  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

---

NEW YORK:  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.  
1892.

## A PRETTY SURPRISE.

This pretty volume has proved a delightful surprise to tens of thousands of readers; we hope it may yet find place in millions of homes.

Though sold at a price so low, it is fairly characteristic, in quality and price, of a large portion of our publications, and is no more than a fair illustration of what the coöperation of book buyers might accomplish for nearly all books that are worth buying; see particulars in last pages of our catalogue.

### “RICHER THAN CRÆSUS.”

“Now the only Cræsus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this,” Philip Gilbert Hamerton’s exclamation when reading a book which delighted him, is one that often comes to the mind of the book-lover when reveling in the riches revealed by our Catalogue. It presents a great number of the choicest books of the world, at the lowest prices ever known. Our new Catalogue, issued twice a month, 128 pages in size, is sent post-paid for a 2-cent stamp; our books are not sold by dealers; order direct from us. Any book published supplied on the most favorable terms to be had any where. Address, JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 57 Rose St., New York.



J811-L

PROPERTY OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK

G 286561  
Ch

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

### EVANGELINE.

#### PART THE FIRST.

	PAGE.
ILLUSTRATION I.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	11
“The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green.”	
ILLUSTRATION II.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	12
“Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed.”	
ILLUSTRATION III.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	13
“Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.”	
ILLUSTRATION IV.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	16
“Homeward serenely she walked with God’s benediction upon her.”	
ILLUSTRATION V.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	17
“Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea.”	
ILLUSTRATION VI.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	18
“Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.”	
ILLUSTRATION VII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	19
“Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion.”	
ILLUSTRATION VIII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	20
“Father Felicien, 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.”	
ILLUSTRATION IX.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	21
“There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything.”	
ILLUSTRATION X.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	22
“Off in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters.”	
ILLUSTRATION XI.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	24
“Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline’s beautiful heifer, Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar.”	

	PAGE.
ILLUSTRATION XII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	26
"Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes, Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor."	
ILLUSTRATION XIII.—DESIGNED BY JOHN GILBERT.....	27
" 'Not so thinketh the folk in the village,' said warmly, the blacksmith, Shaking his head, as in doubt."	
ILLUSTRATION XIV.—DESIGNED BY JOHN GILBERT.....	31
"More than a hundred Children's children rode o'er his knee, and heard his great watch tick."	
ILLUSTRATION XV.—DESIGNED BY JOHN GILBERT.....	34
"In friendly contention the old men Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre."	
ILLUSTRATION XVI.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	36
"Many a farewell word and sweet good night on the door-step Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness."	
ILLUSTRATION XVII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	38
"For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it."	
ILLUSTRATION XVIII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	39
"Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets, Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants."	
ILLUSTRATION XIX.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	40
"Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows."	
ILLUSTRATION XX.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	41
"Without, in the churchyard, Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest."	
ILLUSTRATION XXI.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	45
"Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village, Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women."	
ILLUSTRATION XXII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	47
"Marching in gloomy procession Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers."	
ILLUSTRATION XXIII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	50
"Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard— Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid."	
ILLUSTRATION XXIV.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	51
"Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow."	

	PAGE
ILLUSTRATION XXV.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	51
" Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches, But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré."	
ILLUSTRATION XXVI.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	55
" Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking; And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor."	

---

PART THE SECOND.

ILLUSTRATION XXVII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	56
" Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered, Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things."	
ILLUSTRATION XXVIII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	60
" Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi, Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen."	
ILLUSTRATION XXIX.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	61
" Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current."	
ILLUSTRATION XXX.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	63
" Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXI.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	65
" Resplendent in beauty, the lotus Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	67
" Safely their boat was moored, and scattered about on the greensward, Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXIII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	69
" Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands, Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXIV.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	71
" The house itself was of timbers Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXV.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	73
" Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXVI.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	75
" ' Long live Michael,' they cried, ' our brave Acadian minstrel! As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXVII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	80
" With horses, and guides, and companions, Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies."	
ILLUSTRATION XXXVIII.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	81
" Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains, Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him."	

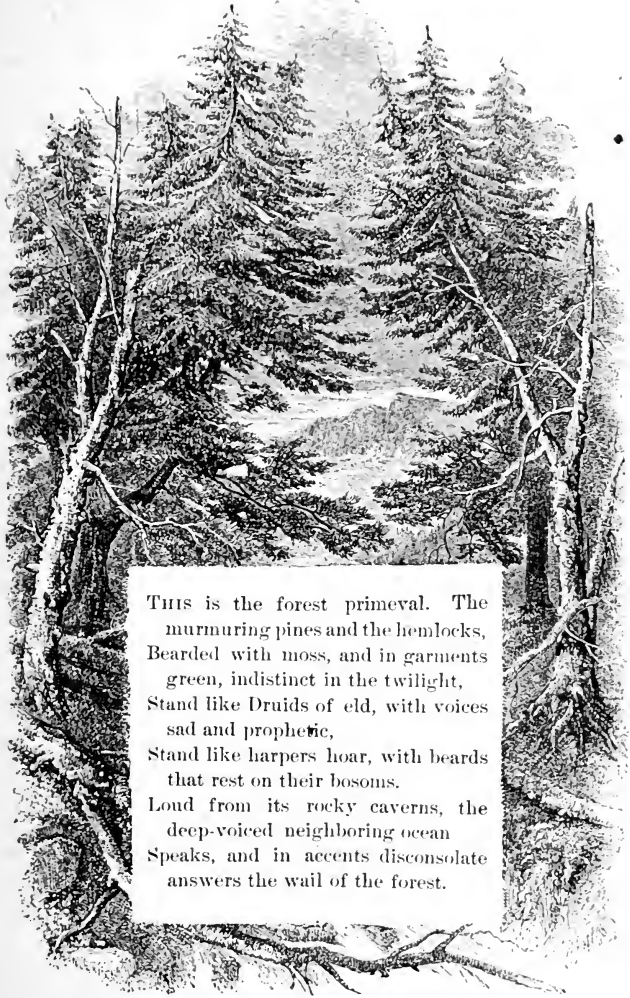
	PAGE.
ILLUSTRATION XXXIX.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER .....	85
"Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village, Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children."	
ILLUSTRATION XL.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	90
" In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters, Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle, Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded."	
ILLUSTRATION XLI.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	91
" Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated, Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city, High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper."	
ILLUSTRATION XLII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	93
" 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."	
ILLUSTRATION XLIII.—DESIGNED BY JANE E. BENHAM.....	95
" Through the hush that succeeded Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like, ' Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence."	
ILLUSTRATION XLIV.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	97
" 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."	
ILLUSTRATION XLV.—DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.....	98
" Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun, And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story."	

EVANGELINE.



**PART THE FIRST.**





THIS is the forest primeval. The  
murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments  
green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices  
sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards  
that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the  
deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate  
answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that  
beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the  
voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian  
farmers—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-  
lands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of  
heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever  
departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of  
October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far  
o'er the ocean.

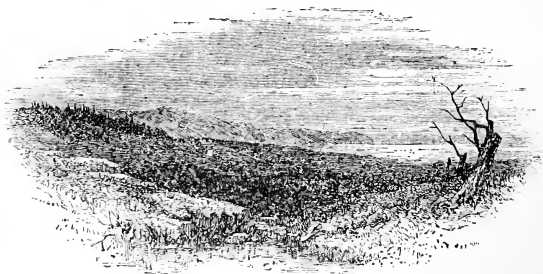
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of  
Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is  
patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's  
devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the  
forest;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.



“Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed.”





solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them."

## I.

IN THE Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
 Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the  
 eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without  
 number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor  
 incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the  
 flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the  
 meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards  
 and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to  
 the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
 mountains

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

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

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

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and  
of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of  
the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and  
gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-  
way.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly  
the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the  
chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in  
kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the  
golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles withir  
doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the  
songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the  
children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless  
them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons  
and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-  
come.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely  
the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the  
belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the  
village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense as-  
cending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and con-  
tentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they  
free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of  
republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their  
 windows;  
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the  
 owners ;  
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abund-  
 ance.

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

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

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

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.



“Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.”

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly oiled with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a  
shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing  
around it.

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



" Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea."

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

Under the sycamore-tree were lives overhung by a pent-  
house,

Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the road-  
side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with  
its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the  
horses,

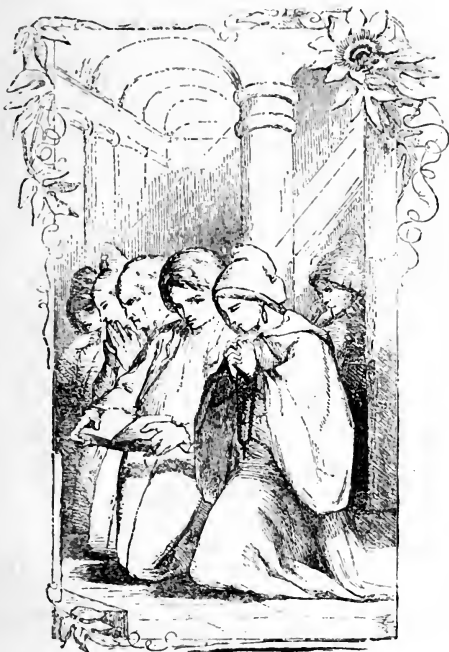
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the  
 barns and the farm-yard.  
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows  
 and the harrows ;  
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his  
 feathered seraglio,  
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the  
 selfsame  
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.



“ Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown  
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.”

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.  
 In each one  
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a stair-  
 case,  
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.  
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent  
 inmates  
 Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant  
 breezes  
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mu-  
 tation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of  
Grand Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his  
household.



"Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion."

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his  
missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest de-  
votion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of  
her garment !  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her  
footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker  
of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he  
whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;

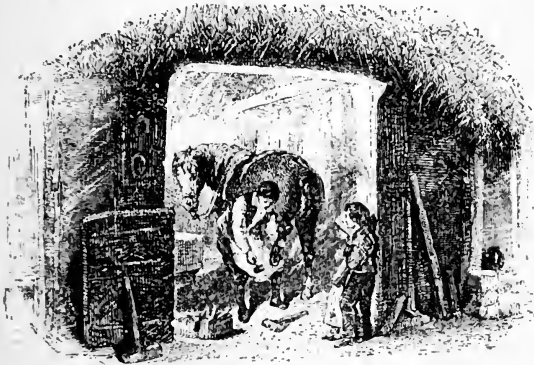


“ Father Felicien,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the  
plain song.”

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all  
men ;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the  
people.



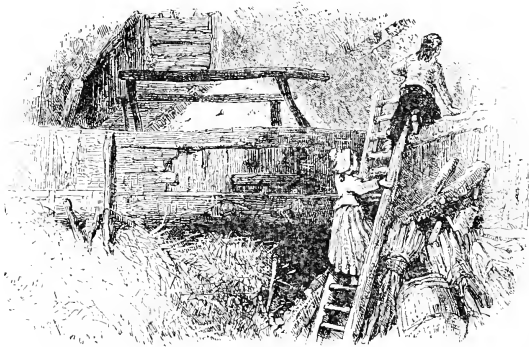
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest  
 childhood  
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Fe-  
 lician,  
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them  
 their letters  
 Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church  
 and the plain-song.  
 But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson com-  
 pleted,  
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the black-  
 smith.



"There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything."

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to be-  
 hold him  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-  
 thing,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of  
 the cart-wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering dark-  
 ness  
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every  
 cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring  
 bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the  
 ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the  
 chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the  
 meadow.  
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the  
 rafters,



"Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters."

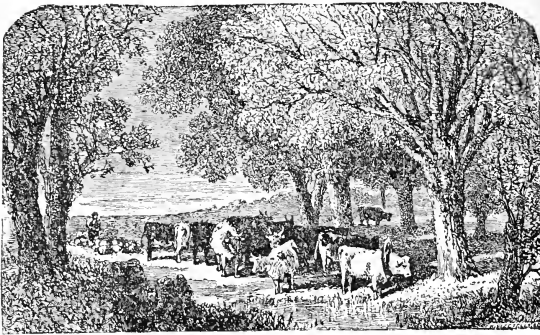
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the  
 swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its  
 fledglings ;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the  
 swallow !  
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were  
 children.  
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the  
 morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought  
 into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a  
 woman.

“ Sunshine of Saint Eulalie ” was she called; for that was  
the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards  
with apples;

• She, too, would bring to her husband’s house delight and  
abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.



"Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her  
collar."

## II.

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

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony  
blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the  
farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the  
great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors  
around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and  
yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of  
the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with man-  
tles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and still-  
ness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight  
descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to  
the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on  
each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of  
evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved  
from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from  
the sea-side,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed  
the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his  
instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;

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

When from the forest at night, through the starry silence,  
the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the  
marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.  
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and  
their fetlocks,  
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous  
saddles,  
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of  
crimson,  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blos-  
soms.



“Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.”

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their  
udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular  
cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the  
farm-yard,  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-  
doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the  
farmer  
Sat in his elbow chair; and watched how the flames and the  
smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fan-  
tastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into  
darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-  
chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on  
the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the  
sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christ-  
mas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian  
vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind  
her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent  
shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone  
of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments  
together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals  
ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at  
the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the  
clock clicked.  
Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly  
lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its  
hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the  
blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with  
him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps  
    paused on the threshold,  
“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the  
    settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without  
    thee ;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of  
    tobacco ;  
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the  
    curling  
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face  
    gleams  
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of  
    the marshes.”  
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the  
    blacksmith,  
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside—  
“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou has ever thy jest and thy  
    ballad !  
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled  
    with  
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a  
    horseshoe.”  
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought  
    him,  
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly  
    continued—  
“Four days now are passed since the English ships at  
    their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspereaus mouth, with their cannon pointed  
    against us.  
What their design may be is unknown ; but all are com-  
    manded  
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s  
    mandate  
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the mean  
    time  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”  
Then made answer the farmer : “Perhaps some friendlier  
    purpose  
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in  
    England  
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,



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

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly,  
the blacksmith,

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

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

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its out-  
skirts,



"'Not so thinketh the folk in the village,' said warmly, the blacksmith,  
Shaking his head, as in doubt."

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.  
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all  
kinds;

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

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:  
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our  
cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,

Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's  
cannon.  
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of  
sorrow  
Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the  
contract.  
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the  
village  
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe  
round about them,  
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a  
twelvemonth.  
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-  
horn.  
Shall we not then be g'ad, and rejoice in the joy of our  
children?"  
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her  
lover's,  
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had  
spoken,  
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.



"More than a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick."

### III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the serf of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary  
public ;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,  
hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses  
with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a  
hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great  
watch tick.  
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished  
r captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the  
English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple and  
childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;  
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the  
horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who un-  
christened

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

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a  
nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and  
horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-  
smith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his  
right hand,

“ Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “ thou hast heard the talk  
in the village,

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

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary  
public—

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

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

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then  
molest us ?”

“ God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible  
blacksmith ;

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

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

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

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
Triumphs) and well I remember a story, that often con-  
soled 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 re-  
peat it  
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was  
done them.  
“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remem-  
ber,  
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 pre-  
sided  
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the  
people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the  
balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine  
above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land were cor-  
rupted;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed,  
and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s  
palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a sus-  
picion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
Lo! o’er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the  
thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its  
left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the  
balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was in-  
woven.”

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

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-  
 brewed



"In friendly contention the old men  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre."

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the vil-  
 lage of Grand-Pré;  
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-  
 horn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the  
 parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in  
 cattle.  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were com-  
 pleted,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

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

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
( Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.)

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the heath-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of  
 her chamber.  
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and  
 its clothes-press  
 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully  
 folded  
 Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven



“Many a farewell word and sweet good night on the door-step  
 Lingered long in Evangeline’s heart, and filled it with gladness.”

This was the precious dower she would bring to her hus-  
 band in marriage,  
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a  
 housewife.  
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant  
 moonlight



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



“ For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father:  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.”

## 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 wayering shadows, were rid-  
ing at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the  
morning.

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

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young  
folk

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

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in  
 the greensward,  
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the  
 highway.  
 Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were  
 silenced.  
 Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups  
 at the house-doors  
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-  
 gether,



" Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring  
 hamlets,  
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants."

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and  
 feasted ;  
 For with this simple people, who lived liked brothers to-  
 gether,  
 All things were held in common, and what one had was  
 another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abun-  
 dant :  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome  
 and gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she  
 gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of be-  
trothal.

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

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith,  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the  
beehives,

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



"Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows."

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

Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the  
fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from  
the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dun-*  
*kerque*,

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

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows,

Olk 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 black-  
 smith !

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



“ Without, in the churchyard,  
 Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the  
 head-stones  
 Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forests.”

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung  
 on the head-stones  
 Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the  
 forest.  
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly  
 among them  
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant  
 clangor  
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and  
 casement—  
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal,

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

Then arose their commander, and spake from the steps of  
 the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-  
 mission.

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

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have an-  
 swered his kindness,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

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

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the  
 hailstones

Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and shatters his  
 windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from  
 the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their in-  
 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 the  
 doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce impre-  
 cations

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 black-  
smith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and  
wildly he shouted—  
“ Down with the tyrants of England! we never have  
sworn them allegiance!  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes  
and our harvests!”  
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of  
a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the  
pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the  
altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into  
silence  
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his  
people;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and  
mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock  
strikes.  
“ What is this that ye do, my children? what madness  
has seized you?  
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and  
taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and  
privations?  
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-  
giveness?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you  
profane it  
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing  
upon you !

See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father, forgive them !'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ' O Father, forgive them !' "

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;

And they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father, forgive them !"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people . . . . responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers ;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy ;



And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the  
 farmer.  
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the  
 sunset  
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial  
 meadows.  
 Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,



"Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women."

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial as-  
 cended—  
 Clarity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and  
 patience!  
 Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of  
 the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.  
Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,  
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.  
Keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.



"Marching in gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers."

## V.

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

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

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and there  
 on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats  
 ply ;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
 Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the  
 church-yard.

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

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy  
 procession

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

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

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and  
 way-worn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and  
 their daughters.

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

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

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !  
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and  
 patience ! ”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that  
 stood by the way-side

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine  
 above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits de  
 parted.

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

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

Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

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

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

(“ Gabriel! be of good cheer! (for if we love one another,) Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!” )

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

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

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

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

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

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.

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

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

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

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

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried, While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

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

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand beach

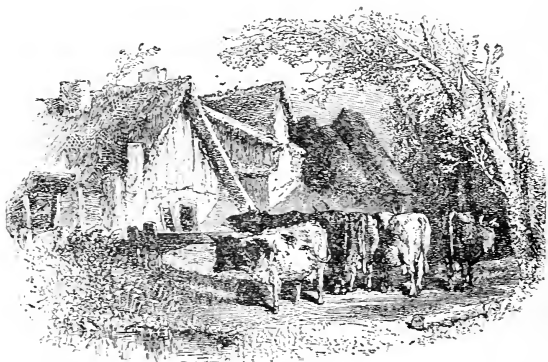
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery  
sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the  
wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them.  
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and  
leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the  
sailors.



“Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard—  
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.”

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from  
their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from  
their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of  
the farm-yard—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of  
the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus  
sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from  
the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been  
 kindled,  
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks  
 in the tempest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were  
 gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying  
 of children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his  
 parish,  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and  
 cheering,



"Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow."

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.  
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with  
 her father,  
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought  
 or emotion,  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been  
 taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to hear  
 him,

Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not,  
 he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-  
 light.

“ *Benedicite!* ” murmured the priest, in tones of com-  
 passion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and  
 his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a  
 threshold,

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

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

Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above  
 them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sor-  
 rows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in  
 silence.

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

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

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and  
 meadow,

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

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

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

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quiver-  
 ing hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,  
 and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred  
 house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-  
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and  
 on shipboard.



Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their  
anguish,  
“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village of  
Grand-Pré !”  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-  
yards,  
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of  
cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs in-  
terrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping  
encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Ne-  
braska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed  
of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds  
and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed  
o'er the meadows.  
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and  
the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened  
before them ;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-  
panion,  
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on  
the sea-shore  
Motionless lay his form from which the soul had departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his  
bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multi-  
tude near her  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing  
upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the land-  
scape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces  
around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering  
senses,

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—  
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of  
our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-  
yard.”

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

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-  
Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast con-  
gregation,

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

’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the  
ocean,

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

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of em-  
barking ;

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

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



“ Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.”



"Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;  
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor."



"Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things."

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind  
from the northeast  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of  
Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to  
city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas—  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the  
Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the  
ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the  
mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,  
heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor  
a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
church-yards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wan-  
dered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all  
things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its  
pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suf-  
fered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and aban-  
doned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the  
sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, un-  
finished ;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-  
scended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever  
within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the  
spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and en-  
deavor ;  
Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed on the crosses  
and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in  
in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside  
him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved  
and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse !” said they ; “O, yes ! we have seen  
him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to  
the prairies ;

*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and  
trappers,”

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

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

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others  
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?  
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved  
thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be  
happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”  
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly—“I  
cannot !

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

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

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in dark-  
ness.”

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
Said, with a smile—“O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh  
within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of  
refreshment ;

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

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

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

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

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven !”

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, “ Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

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

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's footsteps ;  
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;

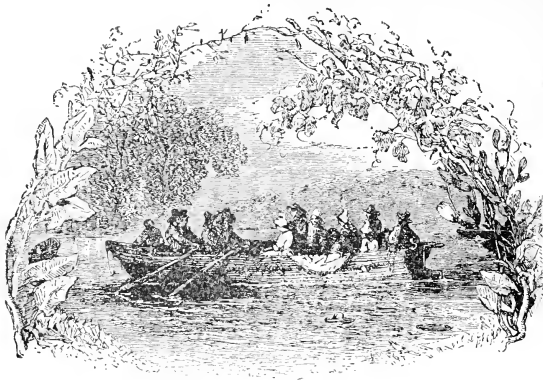
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley ;

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water.

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only :  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.



“Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.”

## II.

IT WAS the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

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

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.

Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders,

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike





“Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current.”

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with  
the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their  
margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans  
waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the  
river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-  
cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual  
summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange  
and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-  
ward.  
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the  
Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direc-  
tion.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the  
cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient  
cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the  
herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac  
laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on  
the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining  
the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through  
chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things  
around them;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and  
sadness—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-  
passed.



Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,<sup>7</sup>

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.  
Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator,

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ;  
 and before them  
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the  
 lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia  
 blossoms,



“ Resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.”

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 sus-  
 pended.  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the  
 margin,

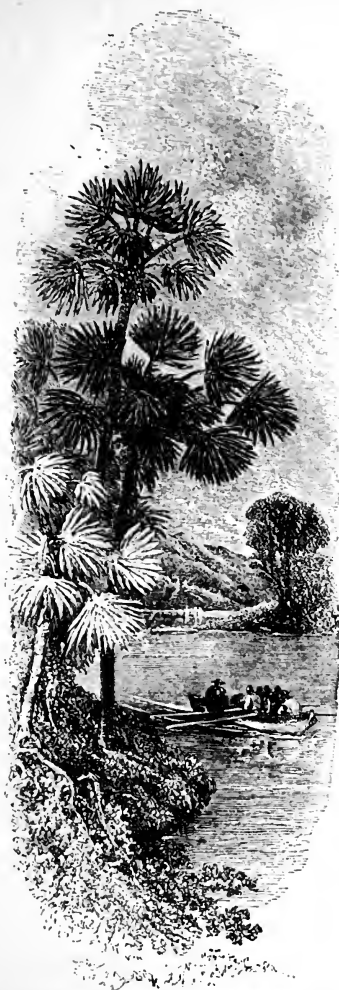
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the  
greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slum-  
bered.  
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the  
grape-vine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-  
scending,  
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom  
to blossom.  
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered be-  
neath it.  
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an open-  
ing heaven  
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.  
Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and  
trappers.  
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison  
and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and  
careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a  
sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and  
restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of  
sorrow.  
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,  
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the  
willows,  
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,  
were the sleepers ;  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering  
maiden.  
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the  
prairie.  
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the  
distance,



Safely their boat was moored, and scattered about on the greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered."

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the  
 maiden  
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—"O Father Fel-  
 ician !  
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my  
 spirit ?"  
 Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous  
 fancy !  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."  
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he  
 answered—  
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me  
 without meaning.  
 Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the  
 surface  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is  
 hidden.  
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls  
 illusions.  
 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the south-  
 ward,  
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and  
 St. Martin.  
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her  
 bridegroom,  
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-  
 fold.  
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-  
 trees ;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of  
 heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the  
 forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
 Louisiana."  
 And with these words of cheer they arose and continued  
 their journey.  
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western  
 horizon  
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the land-  
 scape ;  
 Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest





"Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water."

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters  
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest  
of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed  
silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to  
madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Tête, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.



"The house itself was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together."

### III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from  
whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-  
tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A  
garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of  
timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-  
ported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of  
rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and  
sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in  
shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a path-  
way  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limit-  
less prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the  
tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-  
vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the  
prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish  
sombbrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its  
master.  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were  
grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness  
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the land  
scape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and ex-  
panding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the  
evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the  
prairie,  
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.  
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the  
gate of the garden  
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing  
to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement,  
and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;  
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Black  
smith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and  
answer



"Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean."

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly  
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and  
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts  
and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embar-  
rassed,

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

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of  
the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the  
fiddler.  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olym-  
pus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals,  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian  
 minstrel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and  
 straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the  
 old man



"'Long live Michael,' they cried, 'our brave Acadian minstrel!'  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession."

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 marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant  
 blacksmith,  
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchial de-  
 meanor;

Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the  
climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who  
would take them;  
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and  
do likewise.  
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy  
veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper  
of Basil  
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted  
together.

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



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

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his  
nostrils,  
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the  
table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, as-  
tounded,

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

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

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

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a  
nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps  
approaching

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

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the  
Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors;

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before  
were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each  
other, )

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the  
maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the  
music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering  
garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and  
the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the  
garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the  
forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the  
river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous  
gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious  
spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the  
garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and  
confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows  
and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical  
moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of  
the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless  
prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and the fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite  
numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the  
heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and  
worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that  
temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
"Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-  
flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried—"O Gabriel! O my be-  
loved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not  
reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands  
around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy  
slumbers.

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

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill  
sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbor-  
ing thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into  
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of  
darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-  
morrow!"

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

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

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

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

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

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bride-  
groom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil  
descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were  
waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine  
and gladness,

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

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain  
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country,  
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,  
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.



“With horses, and guides, and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.”



"Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains, Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him."

#### IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous  
 summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge,  
 like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's  
 wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and  
 Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river  
 Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the  
 Nebraska;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish  
     sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of  
     the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the  
     ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibra-  
     tions.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beau-  
     tiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple am-  
     orphas.  
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the  
     roebuck;  
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless  
     horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with  
     travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible  
     war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in  
     battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage  
     marauders;  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-run-  
     ning rivers;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the  
     desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the  
     brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Moun-  
     tains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind  
     him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and  
     Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake  
     him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of  
his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at  
nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only embers  
and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies  
were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic *Fata Morgana*  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished  
before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently  
entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her  
sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a *Coureur-des-Bois*, had  
been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and  
friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted  
among them  
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his com-  
panions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer  
and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the  
quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped  
up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of *Evangeline's* tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian  
accent,  
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 disap-  
pointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's com-  
passion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was  
near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had  
ended  
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale  
of the Mowis;  
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a  
maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the  
wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into  
the forest,  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seem like a weird  
incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a  
phantom,  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush  
of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the  
maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the  
forest.  
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise Evangeline  
listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around  
her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the  
enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor  
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the  
woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the  
branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart,  
but a secret,  
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror.  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the  
swallow.



It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of  
spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a  
moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a  
phantom.  
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.



"Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children."

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the  
Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of  
these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mis-  
sion.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and  
Jesus;  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as  
they hear him.”  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered—  
“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await  
us!”  
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the  
mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of  
voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit  
Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the vil-  
lage,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix  
fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-  
vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling  
beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate  
arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the  
branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer ap-  
proaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening de-  
votions.  
But when the service was done, and the benediction had  
fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the  
hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and  
bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benig-  
nant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in the  
forest,  
And with words of kindness conducted them into his  
wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of  
the maize-ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of  
the teacher.

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

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his  
journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an ac-  
cent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the  
snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have de-  
parted.

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

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”  
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and sub-  
missive—

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

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

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

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the  
Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—

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

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now  
waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and  
forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by  
squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the  
maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the  
corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.  
 "Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy  
 prayer will be answered!

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

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the  
 magnet;

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

Here on its fragile stock, to direct the traveler's journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of pas-  
 sion,

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

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

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

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Ga-  
 briel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin  
 and blue-bird

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

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was  
 wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,  
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.  
 Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
 She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan  
 forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and  
 places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities,  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremem-  
bered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long  
journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her  
beauty.

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the  
shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er  
her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.



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

## V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware’s  
waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he  
founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of  
beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the  
forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts  
they molested.  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an  
exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the  
city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer  
a stranger:

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the  
Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and  
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts  
and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning



"Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated,  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper."<sup>9</sup>

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world  
far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the  
pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in  
the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his  
image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she be-  
held him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and  
absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but  
transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not  
absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught  
her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with  
aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city.  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the  
sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the  
watchman repeated

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

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the  
suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the  
market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its  
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild  
pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their  
crows 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 a  
meadow,



So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the  
 oppressor;  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger—  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants.



"Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruit for the market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings."

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and  
 woodlands—  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and  
 wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord—"The poor ye always have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.  
The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial;  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;

Something within her said—"At length thy trials are ended;"

And, with a light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence

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

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

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.



“Through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
‘Gabriel! O my beloved!’ and died away into silence.”

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

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

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

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

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

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

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a case-  
ment.  
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her  
bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I  
thank thee!"



"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."

STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away from its  
shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-  
yard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed,  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest  
and for ever,











