

Interpretation Series of English Classics

PS

2263

.A1

1914a

Longfellow's "Evangeline"

LUCY ADELLA SLOAN



Class PS2263

Book .A1

Copyright N^o 1914a

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

16

Longfellow's "Evangeline"

A Tale of Acadie

A STUDY AND INTERPRETATION

WITH COMMENTS, OUTLINES, MAPS
NOTES, AND QUESTIONS

By

LUCY ADELLA SLOAN, M.S., M.P.D.

*Head of the Department of English
Central State Normal School
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan*

SLOAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY
LUCY ADELLA SLOAN

—————
All Rights Reserved
—————

Published December 1914

JAN -2 1915

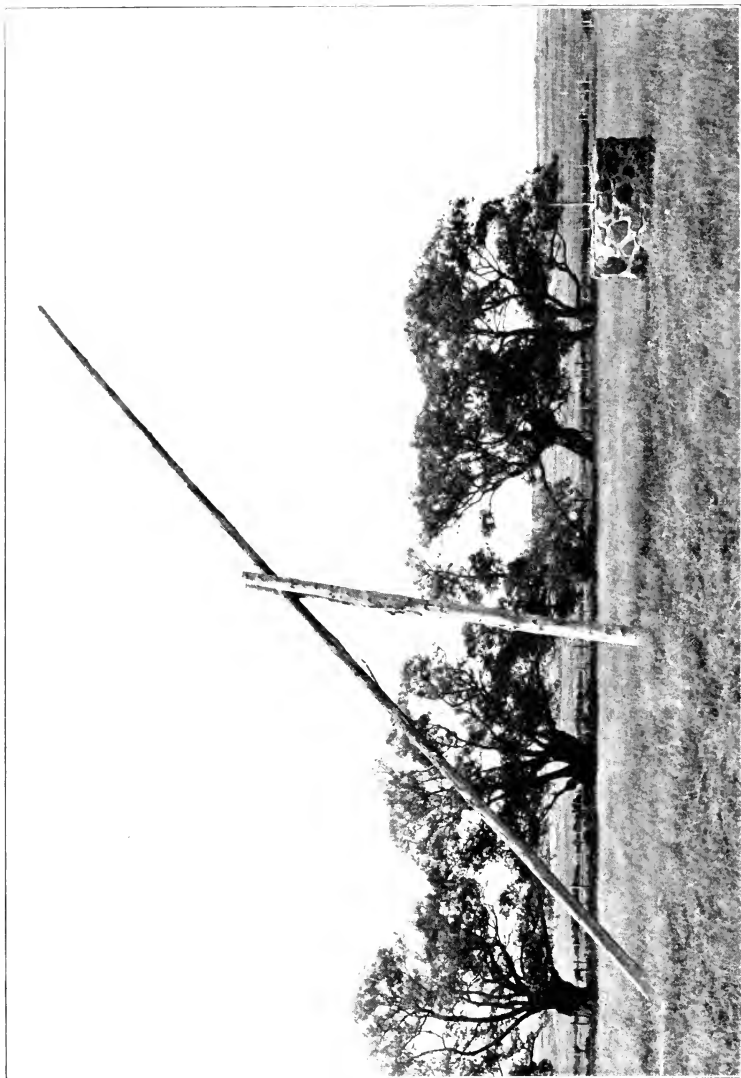
Composed and Printed By
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

© CL A 393033

1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
Sources of the Poem	5
1. Banishment of the Acadians	5
2. The Story of Evangeline	6
3. The Village and the Acadians	7
THEME, CENTRAL THOUGHT, ETC.	7
TIME OUTLINE	8
EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE	10
Prelude	10
Part the First	11
Part the Second	31
Conclusion	52
NOTES	53
SUGGESTIONS FOR NOTEBOOK WORK	58
INTERPRETATION	59
SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS	78



By courtesy of the Dominion Atlantic Railway—The "Land of Evangeline" Route

EVANGELINE'S WELL, GRAND-PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA

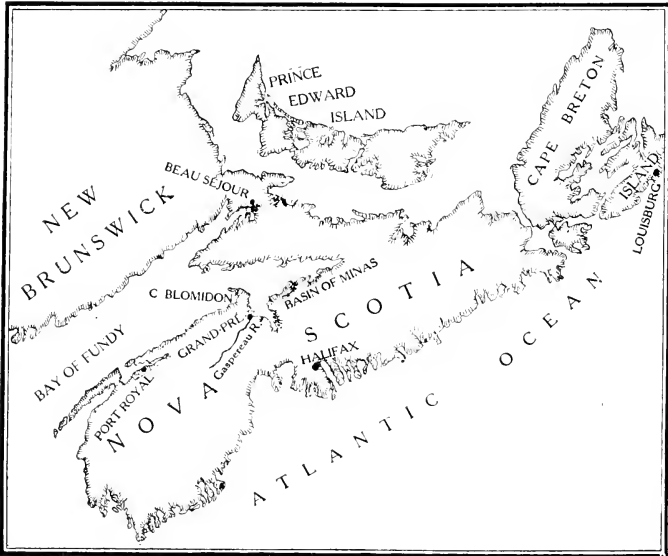
INTRODUCTION

“Evangeline” was written in 1847 by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of the Department of Modern Languages, at Harvard College. Born in 1807 at Portland, Maine, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen, graduated four years later, studied law a short time, was appointed to the chair of modern languages at Bowdoin College, spent four years in study in Europe, began teaching at Bowdoin at the age of twenty-two, and was said at that time to be the greatest scholar in America. He taught at Bowdoin six years, was called at the end of that time to the same work at Harvard College, spent another year in study abroad, and began his work at Harvard at the age of twenty-nine. After eighteen years of successful work there he resigned his professorship in order to devote his time to literature. He died in 1882, known, honored, and loved by the civilized world.

SOURCES OF THE POEM

1. *Banishment of the Acadians.*—The part of the poem dealing with the banishment of the Acadians is based upon historical facts and is an imaginative account of real happenings. The home of Evangeline and her people, the Acadians, was in Nova Scotia. They were descended from French people who had settled there more than a hundred years before the banishment, which took place in 1775. During much of this time France and England were at war, and the Acadians were always ready to fight against the English. But in 1713, forty-two years before the exile, France ceded Nova Scotia to England. The Acadians had no wish to become English subjects, but they were not consulted in the matter. During all these forty-two years they had refused to take the oath of allegiance to England and had been exempted from bearing arms against the French on condition that they remain strictly neutral and give no aid in any way to England’s enemies. But war between England and France was again beginning. It was known that some of the Acadians had broken their promise of neutrality; it was feared

that all of them would do so if favorable opportunity presented itself. So the banishment was conceived and carried out. The total population of Grand-Pré at the time is said to have been 1,920. The entire number of Acadians banished is variously estimated at from 6,000 to 9,000 people. About 3,500 of them are said to have escaped to Canada. The remainder were sent to



Drawn by Mr. Everest

MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF EVANGELINE'S ACADIAN HOME

North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

2. *The Story of Evangeline.*—It is said that Hawthorne, while talking over the banishment of the Acadians with a friend, was told that the wedding of a young Acadian couple had been interrupted by the exile, that they were sent away in different ships, landed in different ports, and spent their lives searching for each other. From this as a foundation Longfellow built up the love story of the poem.

3. *The Village and the Acadians*.—Longfellow did not visit Acadia either before or after the writing of *Evangeline*. Helen Clarke in her *Longfellow's Country* says, "By combining all he knew of the most beautiful of peasant life, Longfellow has given a picture of peace, plenty, and joyousness to be compared only with such imaginative flights as Morris' *Dream of John Ball*." He tells us that his knowledge of the idyllic virtues and piety of the Acadians was gleaned from the pages of Abbé Reynal, a French priest who himself never was in Acadia and had to depend on his imagination for his details. As to the houses, barns, cattle, and horses, the primitive simplicity of life, the dress of the women, marriage customs, even the stories told by René Leblanc, several writers have pointed out that for all these Longfellow drew freely on his memory of what he had observed of village life in Sweden.

THEME, CENTRAL THOUGHT, ETC.

The theme is the *Evangeline* story. By means of this story as an illustration, the central thought, which is the "beauty and strength of woman's devotion," is made to shine out like a diamond in a setting of gold. It is in order that this central thought may be set forth that *Evangeline* does what she does and is what she is. Every detail of the poem is arranged with this in view. The strength of her devotion is shown, not only in the persistence with which she keeps up the disheartening search, but in the final test when she, at last, finds Gabriel, old, haggard, stricken with a loathsome disease, a pauper, dying in an almshouse, and takes him to her heart with joy and lavishes her thankful love upon his dying moments. Yet the beauty of her devotion lies not so much in this persistence of love, which is not, after all, unusual, as in the triumph of spirit with which she meets and endures, year after year, the mocking blows of an adverse fate. She never yields to despair, never loses her inward loyalty to right and goodness. Life, to her, is always worth while, her own sweetness of spirit prevails, and at last turns the world, or her part of it, into a place of peace, "all illumined with love." It is at this point in the story, with this triumph of spirit, and with the finding of Gabriel a little later that the poem reaches its climax.

TIME OUTLINE

History shows that the Acadians were imprisoned in the church at Grand-Pré on September 5, and that on September 10 the people were marched to the seashore, put on board the waiting vessels, and carried away. For the purposes of his story Longfellow wished to have Evangeline's betrothal dance interrupted by the bell which summoned the men to the church where they were to be imprisoned. He also wished to have the warm Indian summer season as a background for the out-of-door betrothal festivities. Hence he moved the exile of the Acadians forward to the latter part of October. The time covered by the story is thirty-eight years. For the sake of getting the action more clearly before us, the time-sequence may be roughly estimated to be somewhat as follows:

October 23, 1755, evening; Evangeline's betrothal contract.

October 24, betrothal feast and dance; imprisonment of the men in the church.

October 25, 26, 27, 28, women preparing for departure; men detained in the church.

October 29, women cart goods to the shore; at sunset the men march to the shore; Gabriel put on board ship; Evangeline left on shore; village burned; her father dies.

October 30, Evangeline sails.

Interval—five days for the voyage.

November 4, Evangeline landed at Philadelphia.

Interval, probably not exceeding eight years, during which Evangeline lives in Philadelphia for a time and then searches for Gabriel in the towns of that region.

April 25, 1763, she starts from western Pennsylvania with a small company of Acadians who have also lost friends and are going to Louisiana by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to seek them.

May 31, Evangeline and party asleep on an island in the Lakes of Atchafalaya while Gabriel passes them in a boat on his way northward. They awaken, continue their journey, and arrive at Basil's home in the evening.

June 1, early morning, Evangeline and Basil follow Gabriel northwestward.

June 7, arrive at Adayes and miss Gabriel by one day.

June 30, arrive at the mission of the "Black Robe Chief" and miss Gabriel by a week.

Interval, a year, during which Evangeline stays at the mission.

July 15, 1764, Evangeline starts for Gabriel's hunting lodge on the banks of the Saginaw River, Michigan.

October 15, arrives to find it deserted and in ruins.

Interval of fifteen years during which Evangeline searches for Gabriel in camps, battle-fields, missions, towns, etc.

August, 1769, search abandoned; Evangeline returns to Philadelphia.

Interval of fourteen years during which Evangeline becomes a Sister of Mercy and works among the sick poor of the city.

1793, summer, a pestilence breaks out in Philadelphia; the destitute are cared for at the poorhouse; Evangeline immediately begins working among them there.

Sunday morning, a week or two later, Evangeline at her post in the almshouse; finds Gabriel who has been brought in during the night; death of Gabriel.



By courtesy of the Southern Pacific—"Sunset Route"

BAYOU TÊCHE, NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight
Stand like Druids 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. 5

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
hunter?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, 10
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. 15

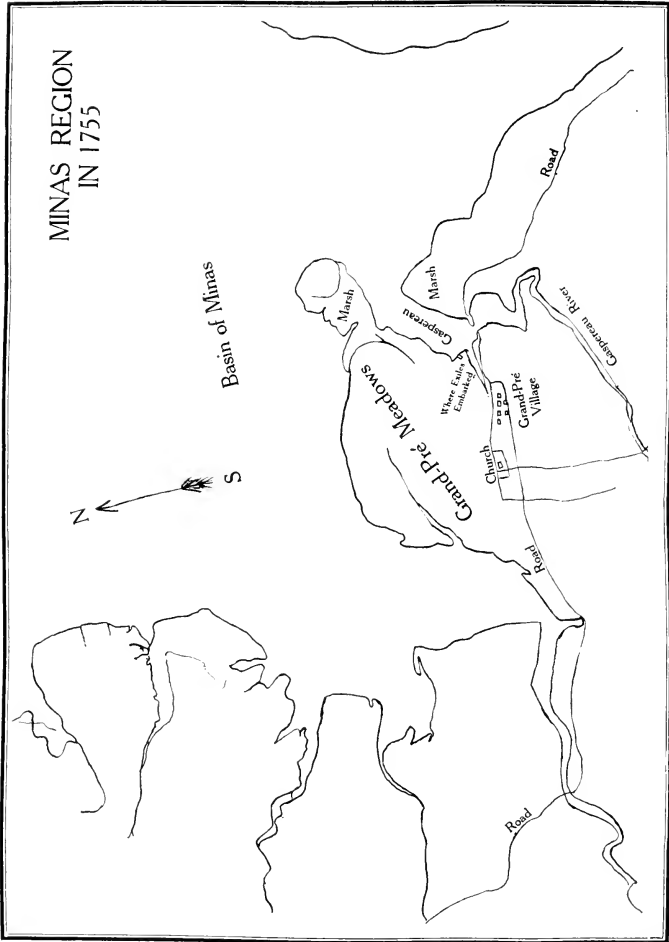
Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant, 5
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 north-
ward
Blomidon rose and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains 10
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. 15
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 20
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the
maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them: 25
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field; and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village 30
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from



Used by permission of the Dominion Atlantic Railway—The "Land of Evangeline" Route

MAP SHOWING LOCATION AND SURROUNDINGS OF GRAND-PRÉ

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics: 35
 Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows,
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of
 Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, 40
 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. 45

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
 wayside—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her
 tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide 50
 Flagon of home-brewed ale, ah, fair in sooth was the maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her
 missal, 55

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, 60
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her:
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it. 65
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary. 70

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-
grown

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

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and
the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and
the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered
seraglio,

75

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village: in each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

80

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love, while above in the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

85

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,

And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,

90

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,

95

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

100

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their

letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the
plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

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

105

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-
 wheel
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness 110
 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, 115
 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! 120
 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 125
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with
 apples:
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and
 longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. 130
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
 Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement: 135
 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. 140
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the land-
 scape
 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, 145
 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 150
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and
 jewels.
 Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the
 homestead:
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each
 other, 155
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide and the ribbon that waved from her
 collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside, 160
 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 165
 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, 170

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended. 175

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.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer 180
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-
 wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair 185
 Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards. 190
 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. 195
 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. 200
 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; 205
 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, 210
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-
shoe." 215

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded 220
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 225
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and
children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the black-
smith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal. 230
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the
mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: 235
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract. 240
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 twelve-month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-horn.
 Shall we not, then, be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?" 245
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
 And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public; 250
 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. 255

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children; 260
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable, 265
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right
 hand, 270

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

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

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others. 275

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 black-
 smith;
 "Must we in all things look for the how and the why and the where-
 fore?
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!" 280
 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public:
 "Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice
 Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it 285
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided 290
 Over the laws of the land and the hearts and homes of the people.
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and
 the mighty 295
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice. 300
 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, 305
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
 Silenced but not convinced, when the story was ended the black-
 smith
 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. 310
 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of
Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties, 315
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver; 320

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. 325

Soon was the game begun: in friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned or a breach was made in the
king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise 330
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway 335
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the house-
hold.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-
stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer. 340
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 the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-
press 345

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven:
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in
marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moon-
 light
 Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till the heart
 of the maiden 350
 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, 355
 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 moon-
 light
 Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
 And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass 360
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at
 anchor. 365
 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
 Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring
 hamlets,
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk 370
 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
 Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-
 sward,
 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 375
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
 All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

- Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant: 380
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
 Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she gave it.
 Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal. 385
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary
 seated;
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of
 waistcoats:
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-
 white 390
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music. 395
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith! 400
 So passed the morning away. And, lo, with a summons sonorous
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
 Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the
 churchyard,
 Waited the women: they stood by the graves, and hung on the
 headstones
 Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest. 405
 Then came the guard from the ships, and, marching proudly
 among them,
 Entered the sacred portal: with loud and dissonant clangor
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers. 410
 Then up rose their commander, and spake from the steps of the
 altar,
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission:
 "You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

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

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper 415
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 420
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, 425
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, 430
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer, and high o'er the heads of the
others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows: 435
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 pave-
ment. 440

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 445
(Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mourn-
ful

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! 450

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo, where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you! 455
 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!'" 460
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate out-
 break;

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"
 Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the
 altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people
 responded,
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria 465
 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 470
 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; 475

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, 480
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
 Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
 Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
 Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
 As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed, 485
 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. 490
 All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
 Stood she, and listened and looked, till, 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: 495
 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper
 untasted;
 Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of
 terror;
 Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
 In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
 Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window; 500
 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
 Told her that God was in heaven and governed the world he created!
 Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of
 heaven;
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till
 morning.

v

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day 505
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
 Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings, 510
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the wood-
 land.
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-
things.

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

Piled in confusion, lay the household goods of the peasants. 515

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-
yard.

Thither the women and children thronged: on a sudden the church-
doors

520

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

Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.

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

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

525

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

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!

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

530

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by
the wayside

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

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

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

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

535

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

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

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

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

540

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

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

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas, how changed was his aspect!
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and
 his footstep
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom. 545
 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 550
 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 555
 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, 560
 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. 565
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their
 pastures;
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their
 udders:
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the
 farmyard,
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-
 maid.
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded, 570
 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. 575
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her
 father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man, 580
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or
 emotion,
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he
 spake not,
 But with a vacant stare ever gazed at the flickering fire-light. 585
 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
 More he fain would have said; but his heart was full, and his
 accents
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden, 590
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of
 mortals;
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.
 Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-
 red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon 595
 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 road-
 stead.
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were 600
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands
 of a martyr.
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,
 uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-
 tops
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on
 shipboard: 605
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted. 610
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encamp-
 ments,
 Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the
 whirlwind,
 Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river:
 Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the
 horses 615
 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the
 meadows.
 Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and
 the maiden
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before
 them;
 And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
 Lo, from his seat he had fallen, and, stretched abroad on the sea-
 shore, 620
 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; 625
 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her;
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
 Pallid, with tearful eyes and looks of saddest compassion.
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her, 630
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,
 "Let us bury him here by the sea: when a happier season
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard." 635
 Such were the words of the priest; and there in haste by the seaside,
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
 Lo, with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation, 640
 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 land-
 ward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor, 645
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
 Exile without an end and without an example in story.
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; 5
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the
 northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfound-
 land.

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 10

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, heartbroken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside:
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards. 15
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas, before her extended,
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered
 before her, 20

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
 Camp-fires long consumed and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, 25
 Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor: 30
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and
 tombstones;

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. 35

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!" they said; "O, yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
 Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers." 40

"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? 45

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 else-
 where; 50

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the path-
 way,

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

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
 Said with a smile, "O daughter, thy God thus speaketh within thee!
 Talk not of wasted affection: affection never was wasted; 55

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. 60
 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!" 65

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

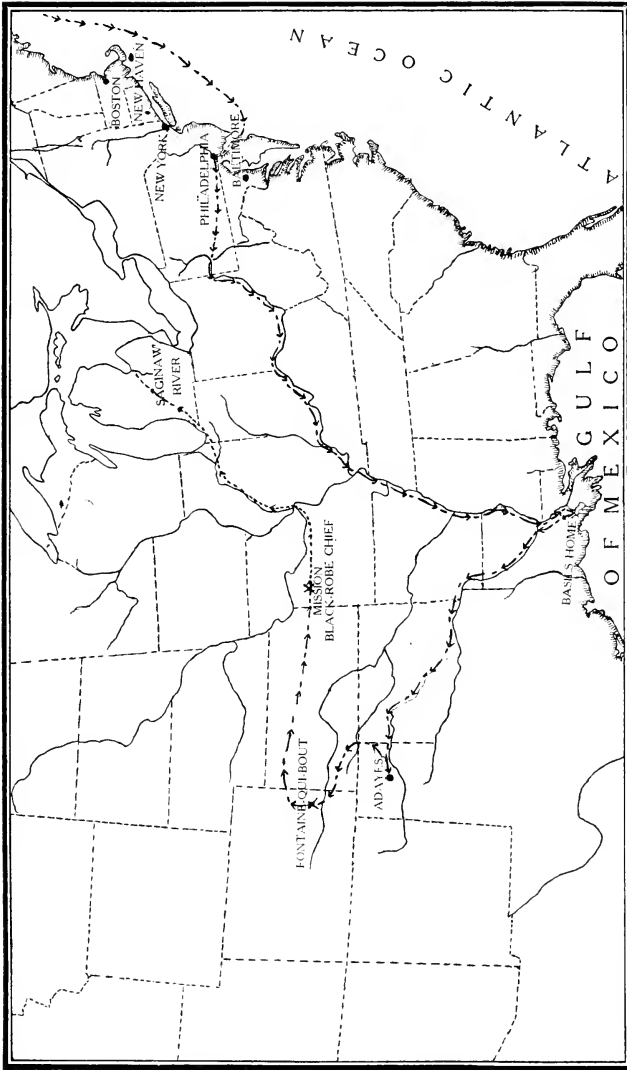
Let me essay, O Muse, to follow the wanderer's footsteps—
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley: 70
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
 Here and there, in some open space, and 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. 75

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 80
 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. 85
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide the Father Felician.
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like 90
 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, 95

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
 Stood the houses of planters with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. 100
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of
 Plaquemine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 105
 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, 110
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
 Dreamlike and indistinct and strange were all things around them;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. 115
 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 120
 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, 125
 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; 130
 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;



Drawn by Mr. Everett

MAP ILLUSTRATING THE DESCRIBED AND INDICATED TRAVELS OF EVANGELINE

The first few years after the banishment appear to have been spent in searching for Gabriel in the northern eastern cities. The wanderings of the years following her arrival at the lodge on the Saginaw River are not definitely located.

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
 Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the mid-
 night, 135
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
 While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the
 desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator. 140
 Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and
 before them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 145
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended: 150
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows that grew by the margin,
 Safely their boat was moored; and, scattered about on the green-
 sward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar:
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-
 vine 155
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it;
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven 160
 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. 165
 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. 170
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank and behind a screen of palmettos,
 So that they saw not the boat where it lay concealed in the willows,
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the
 sleepers:

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. 175
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke; and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician,
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. 180

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, 185
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle, nor are they to me without meaning.
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
 Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden:
 Therefore trust to thy heart and to what the world calls illusions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward, 190
 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 bride-
 groom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens 195
 Bending above and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
 Softly the evening came: the sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; 200
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together;
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness: 205
 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 210
 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, 215
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green
 Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland, 220
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling:
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose
 branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, 225
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported, 230
 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. 235
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
 Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway 240
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines. 245

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master. 250

Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
 That uprose from the river and spread itself over the landscape.
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded 255
 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. 260

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the
 garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith. 265
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There, in an arbor of roses, with endless question and answer
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful—
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not: and now dark doubts and
 misgivings 270

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the
 bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed;
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, 275
 "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. 280
 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, 285

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; 290

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. 295

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals:

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway 300

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant black-
smith, 305

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would
take them;

Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda, 310

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, 315

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering
lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they
listened:

320

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

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

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer—
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through
the water;

325

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom, and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

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

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

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

330

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your home-
steads,

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

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

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

335

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

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

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

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

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

340

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.

345

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

350

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. 355

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 360
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; 365
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and con-
fessions

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 moon-
light 370

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers. 375

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, 380
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah, how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah, how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around
me! 385

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

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring
 thickets, 390
 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 395
 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
 "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
 "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was
 coming."
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended 400
 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, 405
 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 410
 That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
 Gabriel left the village and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a
 gateway, 415
 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, 420

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
 Numberless torrents with ceaseless sound descend to the ocean
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine, 425
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds and the elk and the roebuck;
 Over them wandered the wolves and herds of riderless horses;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, 430
 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; 435
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 440
 Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-
 fire 445
 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. 450
 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, 455
 Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been mur-
 dered.

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

Gave they, with words of cheer; and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions, 460
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the
bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering
firelight

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks and their forms wrapped up in their
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice and the charm of her Indian accent, 465
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures and pains and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her, 470
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, 475
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom, 480
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 485
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the en-
chantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves and embracing and filling the woodland. 490

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. 495
 It was no earthly fear: a breath from the region of spirits
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
 That, like the Indian maid, she too was pursuing a phantom.
 With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had
 vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the
 Shawnee 500
 Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these
 mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus:
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear
 him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, 505
 "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. 510

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
 This was their rural chapel: aloft, through the intricate arches 515
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
 Knelt on the swarded floor and joined in the evening devotions.
 But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen 520
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the
 sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant
 expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
 And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam. 525

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,

530

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”

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

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

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

535

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

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

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

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and compan-
ions

540

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

545

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.

550

“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 are turned to the north, as true as the magnet:

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

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s journey

555

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

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

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

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

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter 560
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of
 nepenthe."

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

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

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood; yet Gabriel came not.
 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted, 565
 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. 570

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: 575

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey; 580
 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, 585
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

v

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

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty; 590
 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, 595
 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, 600
 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 605
 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. 610
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence:
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not;
 Over him years had no power; he was not changed but transfigured; 615
 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. 620
 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, 625
 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 630
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an
 acorn.

635

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
 Flooding some silver stream till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
 Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.

640

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor,
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
 Only, alas, the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
 lands;

645

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

650

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,

655

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,

660

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

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
 Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at
 Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
 And with light in her looks she entered the chambers of sickness.

665

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. 670
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. 675
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
 Ran through her frame, and forgotten the flowerets dropped from
 her fingers, 680
 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; 685
 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, 690
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign and pass over.
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
 Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, 695
 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, 700
 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 705

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 casement. 710

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!" 715

CONCLUSION

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them: 720
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
labors;

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!
Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its
branches 725

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom:
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy; 730
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES

PRELUDE

- Acadie* (ah-kah-dée). The French name for Acadia or Nova Scotia.
- L. 1: *Forest primeval*. An ancient or original forest.
- L. 3: *Druids of eld*. Celtic priests of ancient times. They worshiped in sacred groves.
- Ll. 4, 8, 9: *Harpers, roe, thatch-roof*. See dictionary.
- L. 15: *Grand-Pré* (gron-pray). French for "great meadow."

PART THE FIRST

SECTION I

- L. 5: *Dikes*. Walls raised to shut out the sea.
- Ll. 6, 10: *Turbulent tides, Blomidon*. "A drive along the coast brings one out upon the massive brow of Blomidon itself. Here one looks down almost a sheer six hundred feet into the unsleeping tide. To the left is the giant trough through which the waters of the Bay of Fundy enter the Basin of Minas. The seething white-and-purple tides sweep to and fro with a violence which no ship can withstand. Shipmen must defer to the tides when they pass between Fundy and Minas. Blomidon will be seen to best advantage at a distance from the deck of the steamer "Evangeline."—C. G. D. ROBERTS in *The Land of Evangeline*.
- L. 15: *The Henries*. French kings of an earlier time.
- L. 20: *Kirtle*. A jacket and petticoat.
- L. 30: *Angelus*. The ringing of the church bell to remind the people of certain prayers.
- L. 40: *Bellefontaine*. (Pronunciation: běl-fon-táne.)
- L. 53: *Hyssop*. A plant formerly used in religious rites for sprinkling.
- L. 55: *Chaplet*. A string of beads used in praying.
- L. 55: *Missal*. Prayerbook.
- L. 56: *Norman cap*. Made of white material, folded back flat from the face, and having a high crown in the back.
- L. 68: *Penthouse*. Here means a small gabled or peaked roof built over something as a shelter.
- L. 77: *Penitent Peter*. Luke 22:55-62.
- L. 92: *Patron Saint*. A saint supposed to have special charge of a place and usually honored with a feast each year.
- L. 96: *Lajeunesse*. (Pronunciation: la-zhŭ-nés.)
- L. 103: *Plain-song*. A chant used in the Catholic church.

- L. 118: *Wondrous stone*. The children had been told that if any of the little swallows were blind, the mother bird knew how to find on the seashore a small stone that would give them back their sight. They also believed that these stones would cure all kinds of diseases.
- L. 125: *Sunshine of Saint Eulalie*. These people believed that if the sun shone on February 12, Saint Eulalie's day, the next harvest would bring plenty of apples. They gave this name to Evangeline because they thought she would bring blessings to her husband's household.

SECTION II

- L. 130: *Scorpion*. Used here as the name of a constellation. When the sun is "retreating" southward in autumn it is said to enter this constellation about October 23.
- L. 134: *Jacob*, etc. Read Gen. 32:24.
- L. 140: *Summer of All Saints*. Our Indian summer.
- L. 151: *The Persian*. Xerxes, who is said to have had such an admiration for a beautiful plane-tree that he dressed it like a woman and decked it with jewels.
- L. 212: *Thy ballad*. Ballad here means "song."
- L. 230: *Louisburg, Beau Séjour, Port Royal*. French forts not far from Grand-Pré, which had been captured by the English.
- Ll. 236-38: *Safer are we unarmed . . . the enemy's cannon*. These lines are spoken by the farmer in answer to Basil's allusion to the three French forts which the English had captured. The armed Acadians found by the English in some of these forts had not been safer, the farmer thinks, than they themselves are, unarmed, on their farms.
- Ll. 241-43: *Built are the house . . . food for a twelvemonth*. It is said to have been the custom of the Acadians to provide for every young man among them in the way indicated in these lines as soon as he was old enough to marry.
- L. 242: *Glebe*. Sod.
- L. 244: *René Leblanc*. (Pronunciation: reh-náy leh-blónk.)

SECTION III

- L. 257: *An old French fort*. Fort Royal.
- L. 261: *Loup-garou* (loo-gah-róo). A man supposed to have the power to turn himself into a wolf in order to devour children.
- L. 263: *Létiche*. (Pronunciation: lay-téesh.)
- Ll. 286-306: *Once in an ancient city . . . necklace of pearls was inwoven*. This long story told by the man who draws up Evan-

geline's betrothal contract is a foreshadowing of Evangeline's fate. The string of pearls is found in the magpie's nest after the girl has been executed for stealing them. Evangeline finds Gabriel, but he is a pauper in an almshouse, dying of a pestilence.

- L. 335: *Curfew*. From the French *couvre-feu*, or cover fire. *
 L. 362: *Abraham, Ishmael, Hagar*. Read Gen. 21:14.

SECTION IV

- L. 394: *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* (too lay boor-zhwah de chartr). Title of a French song meaning, "All the good folks of Chartres."
 L. 394: *Le Carillon de Dunkerque* (leh kar-eh-yohn de dunkirk). Title of a French song meaning, "The chimes of Dunkirk."
 L. 423: *Solstice of summer*. The 21st of June, the time when the sun is farthest north of the equator. The poet means the hot summer weather.
 L. 442: *Chancel*. Eastern part of a church reserved for clergy, choir, etc. Usually railed off.
 L. 447: *Tocsin*. A bell rung to warn or alarm. In the simile the clamor of the men is the tocsin, and the measured tones of the priest, the striking clock.
 L. 467: "*O Father, forgive them.*" Read Luke 23:34.
 L. 465: *Ave Maria*. Hail, Mary—the beginning of a prayer to the Virgin.
 L. 467: *Elijah ascending to heaven*. Read II Kings 2:11.
 L. 488: *Prophet descending from Sinai*. Read Ex. 34:29-35.
 L. 494: *Gloomier grave*. The church.

SECTION V

- L. 509: *Ponderous wain*. A large, four-wheeled wagon.
 L. 556: *The reflux ocean*. The outgoing tide.
 L. 560: *Leaguer*. The camp of an army.
 L. 578: *Paul on Melita* (meh-lée-ta). Read Acts, chaps. 27, 28.
 L. 586: *Benedicite*. Latin for "Bless you."
 L. 596: *Titan-like*. The Titans were, in Greek mythology, a group of gigantic divinities. One of this race, Briareus, was a hundred-handed monster. But the main point here is to get a vision in mind of how this light that was rising gradually reached out and lighted up sea, sky, mountain, meadow, rocks, and rivers.
 L. 602: *Gleeds*. An old word for burning coals.
 L. 612: *Far in the western prairies*. Longfellow here makes one of the comparisons which now begin to grow frequent in the poem—those which suggest the parts of the West and South which were the

scenes of Evangeline's long journeys. Compare ll. 611-14 with ll. 419, 424, 427-30.

- L. 638: *Bell or book*. That her father should be buried outside of the consecrated churchyard and without the ceremonies considered necessary by her church was a great affliction to Evangeline.

PART THE SECOND

SECTION I

- L. 10: *Father of Waters*. The great Mississippi River is here conceived of as a giant laying his hands upon the hills and plains through which he flows and carrying them down to the sea. So far west as this river, then, the Acadians wandered.
- L. 18: *Fair was she and young*. That is, she was fair and young during the years described in this section.
- L. 22: *As the emigrant's way*, etc. Another comparison carrying the mind to the West.
- L. 38: "*Oh, yes! we have seen him.*" If they had seen Basil and Gabriel it must have been at some time previous to their settlement in Louisiana.
- L. 40: *Coureurs-des-bois* (koo-rer-da-bwáh). Runners-of-the-woods. They were chiefly French guides and traders. They sometimes became members of Indian tribes and married Indian women.
- L. 42: *Voyageur* (vwah-yah-zhúre). A river boatman.
- L. 48: *St. Catherine's tresses*. St. Catherine of Alexandria was the patron saint of virgins. "To braid St. Catherine's tresses" is to remain unmarried.
- L. 64: *The funeral dirge of the ocean*. See ll. 639-41, Part the First.
- L. 67: *Bleeding . . . existence*. Entirely figurative. The figure is metaphor.
- L. 67: *Shards*. Pieces of broken pottery, etc.
- L. 68: *Essay*. Attempt. *Muse*. A Greek goddess of poetry.

SECTION II

- L. 76: *Beautiful River*. Ohio means "beautiful river."
- L. 78: *Golden stream*. Yellow with the soil it was carrying downstream.
- L. 85: *Acadian Coast*. Many Acadians, after the exile, settled in lower Louisiana on both sides of the Mississippi.
- L. 85: *Opelousas*. A district of Louisiana west of the river.
- L. 99: *Golden Coast*. Banks of the river above New Orleans. Said to be so named because of the richness of the soil. See maps for all references to places, etc.

- L. 104: *Tenebrous*. An archaic word meaning "dark," "gloomy."
- L. 117: *Shrinking mimosa*. There are many species of the plant called the mimosa, but the poet here refers to the one called the sensitive plant. We have here another figure suggestive of the West.
- L. 142: *Atchafalaya*. This river, as will be seen from the map, broadens out in places into lakes.
- L. 156: *Ladder of Jacob*. Read Gen. 28:10-12.
- L. 190: *Gabriel truly is near thee*. Father Felician had doubtless been told, by some of the people of the region through which they were passing, where Basil lived and that Gabriel was with him.
- L. 191: *Têche* (tāsh). A bayou opening into the Atchafalaya.
- L. 200: *Like a magician*. The setting sun was like a magician in causing the beautiful effects given in the succeeding lines.
- L. 213: *Bacchantes*. The drink-crazed female followers of Bacchus, the wine-god.

SECTION III

- L. 225: *Yule-tide*. Yule time. This is December 21, the shortest day in the year, but as Christmas Day is so near it came to be called Yule-tide.
- L. 287: *Adayes* (ah-day-yes). A town in Texas.
- L. 288: *Ozark Mountains*. In Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma.
- L. 291: *Fates*. Basil probably had no idea of the three dark and august female divinities of Greek mythology called the Fates, but he doubtless believed in some over-ruling power that ought to be interested in bringing the lovers together.
- L. 292: *Red dew*. They would start so early in the morning that the dew would still be reflecting the red rays of the rising sun.
- L. 296: *Olympus*. A mountain in Greece where the gods were supposed to live at their ease.
- L. 303: *Hailed with hilarious joy*. Basil's hearty outbursts of joy and rage are among the most natural and human things in the poem.
- L. 305: *Ci-devant* (see-deh-váng). Former.
- L. 306: *Patriarchal demcanor*. Basil evidently enjoyed his position as lord of this fair domain better than he had enjoyed working in a blacksmith shop.
- L. 313: *Sudden darkness*. They were in a latitude where there was almost no twilight. Why would the newly arrived Acadians especially notice this sudden darkness? Find several examples in the poem of the slow approach of darkness in Acadia.
- L. 319: *Natchitoches tobacco*. Grown in Louisiana in a district of that name.

- L. 568: *Carthusian*. A monk.
 L. 379: *Upharsin*. Read Daniel 5:5-29.
 L. 398: *Prodigal Son*. Read Luke 15:11-32.
 L. 399: *Foolish Virgin*. Read Matt. 25:1-13.

SECTION IV

Take a good atlas and a gazetteer, find the mountain ranges and valleys, and trace from source to mouth the rivers mentioned. Longfellow gives the geographical names that were in use when he wrote the poem, and some of them have changed. The Oregon is now the Columbia, the Nebraska is the Platte. The Spanish sierras are mountains of Utah and New Mexico.

- L. 430: *Ishmael's children*. Read Gen. 21:14-21. Longfellow means the Indians.
 L. 449: *Fata Morgana* (fah-tah-mor-gáh-nah). A mirage.
 L. 455: *Comanches*. An Indian tribe of Texas and New Mexico.
 L. 474: *Mowis*. (Pronunciation: mō-wée.)
 L. 576: *Moravians*. A Christian sect now known as United Brethren and quite widely spread in Germany, Great Britain, and America. The sect was founded by followers of John Huss and has been noted for success in missionary work. They founded a mission in Savannah, Georgia, in 1734. *Tents of Grace* were tents where services were held and strangers welcomed and cared for.

SECTION V

- L. 592: *Dryads*. Wood nymphs.
 L. 631: *German farmer*. A portion of Philadelphia was early settled by the Germans.
 L. 647: "*The poor ye always have with you.*" Read Mark 14:7.
 L. 661: *Christ Church*. A Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia.
 L. 690: *As if life, like the Hebrew*. Read Exod. 12:22, 23.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NOTEBOOK WORK

1. Make a list of, and describe briefly, the various moonlight scenes of the poem.
2. In order to realize how entirely this is an out-of-doors poem, make a list of the few scenes that take place indoors.
3. Make a list of contrasts, as the village on a summer evening, ll. 18-32, and the village on the night of embarkation, ll. 466-71, and ll. 594-604.

4. Make a list of alliterations, as "summons sonorous sounded," "serenely the sun sank," "clock clicked," etc.

5. Make a list of the things used by the poet for purposes of comparison in his similes and metaphors, as, "clouds of incense," "an oak covered with snow-flakes," "a fiery snake," "the swoop of the eagle," "Jacob wrestling with the angel," etc. Place together those taken from the Bible; from Nature; from the services of the Catholic church, etc.

6. Make a list of striking examples of personification, as "gossiping looms," etc.

7. Make lists of the birds, flowers, trees, animals, etc., mentioned in the poem.

8. Make an outline of the poem, naming in their order the units of description, narration, and comment, as,

PART ONE

Location and surroundings of Grand-Pré, ll. 1-13.

Description of the houses, ll. 14-17.

A summer evening in the village, ll. 18-33.

Comments on the villagers, ll. 34-39, etc.

INTERPRETATION

Classification.—"Evangeline" is a narrative poem, an idyll. It is so called because it deals, in a fine, finished style, with country people and pictures from out-of-door life.

Meter.—The meter of "Evangeline" is called dactylic hexameter, because each line consists of six groups of syllables, or feet, and the majority of these feet are dactyls. Each line ends with a trochee, and trochees are often substituted for dactyls in other places in the lines, as shown in the following lines.

Slówly, | slówly, | slówly the | dáys suc | céded each | óther—
Dáys and | weéks and | mónths; and the | fiélds of | máfze that
were | sprínging,

In reading the poem give the first syllable of each line a decided stress, and rest the voice in the middle of each line by holding a syllable or making a pause.

PRELUDE

The Acadians were banished in the autumn of 1755. Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" in 1847, ninety-two years later. To prepare his readers for the story he opened it with a Prelude. In this Prelude he shows the scene of the former home of the Acadians as he wishes us to imagine it to appear about a hundred years after the banishment, at the time he wrote the poem. We stand with him near the ocean (he often speaks of the Basin of Minas as the ocean) in the twilight dimness of an old forest whose trees, we are made to understand, once witnessed a tragedy which both forest and ocean are still mourning. In their own language they are talking it over. The trembling old trees wail and murmur, the restless, booming ocean makes disconsolate reply. While we are listening to this the poet still further whets our curiosity by hinting to us through questions that near this forest once lay a village in which lived a community of farmers who passed their quiet, uneventful lives in usefulness, labor, and piety. He then shows us that the pleasant farms are now laid waste, the farmers themselves forever gone, and suggests that a terrible calamity befell them which, coming suddenly, startled them as the voice of the hunter startles the deer in the forest, and then scattered them as the fierce winds of October might scatter dust and leaves. He shows that, in some way connected with this tragedy, was a love affair which revealed wonderful hope, endurance, patience, and devotion in a woman. This love story he proposes to tell and asks all who believe in the possibility of such qualities in woman to listen as he relates it.

PART THE FIRST

SECTION I

Lines 1-38.—This opening stanza locates the village of Grand-Pré, gives its surroundings, describes its houses, brings its people before us in a typical and beautiful scene, and, finally, sums up for us their fine qualities. All this is done in a way to make us feel it an infinite pity that these people should be disturbed. In a fertile valley, the poem tells us, surrounded by its rich farms, and by great meadows to which the Acadian farmers have special claim, since, by "labor incessant," they have rescued them from

the sea, Grand-Pré "reposes," stretching its one long street along the shore of the Basin of Minas. It is favored by Nature itself, for it is sheltered by lofty Blomidon and by mountains and forests; even the sea-fogs which creep up to look in on the "happy valley" never descend to blot out its sunshine. The houses, too, are a part of the people's lives, for they have hewn the heavy timbers and made of them such homes as their forefathers lived in in ancient France. The poet next gives us a picture of the long street of Grand-Pré on a mild summer evening. The weather vanes shine in the sunset light, the gaily dressed women are spinning in the street, we hear the cheerful whirl of wheels, rattle of looms, and sound of singing voices; the priest coming down the street is respectfully greeted, the men come home from the fields through the twilight, the Angelus sounds, and smoke rises from a hundred homes where the evening meal is being prepared. The poet completes the attractive picture by showing that, as there is among them no poverty, there is no need for locks and bars, and that the people are open-hearted, free from fear and envy, and "dwell together in love."

Lines 39-62.—Out of the midst of this ideal background Evangeline appears. Her home is located, and her father and herself are described. Their house has a little touch of distinction in being set "somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas." Her father, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, though a white-haired man of seventy, is stalwart, hale and hearty, and stately as an oak. Only seventeen summers old, "gentle Evangeline," "the pride of the village," is introduced as the directress of her father's household. She is beautiful, with lustrous black eyes, brown hair, and the sweet breath of health. But physical beauty is not enough for the qualities this heroine will be called upon to display. Three pictures are introduced from her daily life showing that she has also the beauty of usefulness, of spirit, and of personality. She is fair when she serves the reapers in the heat of noon, fairer when freshly arrayed and on her way to church, fairest of all on her return from church, when her thoughts have been turned toward God. Her presence brings joy, her absence leaves regret. "When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Lines 63-83.—Here we are shown the exterior of Evangeline's home. Its rafters of oak, its position commanding the sea, its carved porch shaded by a vine-wreathed sycamore mark it as a home of beauty, and its beehives, well, wide orchards, goodly acres, and village of bursting barns show it to be a home of abundance. It is also, of course, a home of sacred associations. Built by Evangeline's father, made holy by the life and death of her mother, the home of her own birth, childhood, and youth, it will not be easy for them to be driven forth and stand shelterless and see the flames destroy it.

Lines 84-128.—The account here given of Evangeline's lovers serves to increase the impression of her great attractiveness and to lead up to the introduction of the very important character, Gabriel, and of his father, Basil, the blacksmith. Many youths at church, we are told, look at her instead of their prayerbooks, worship her instead of the saints; many come of evenings to her father's house to call, their hearts beating quite as loudly as the door knocker; many partners seek to win her love in the village dances. But among all the callers, worshipers, and lovers, "young Gabriel only is welcome." In ll. 100-121, the poet begins his task of making Evangeline's long devotion to Gabriel seem natural and inevitable. Theirs is no ordinary love affair growing out of a chance meeting and short acquaintance. Neither has ever known any life without the other until the fatal day of their separation. Their fathers are friends; from earliest childhood they have grown up together as brother and sister. They have learned their letters from the same book, sung the hymns of the church, and read their lessons together; together they have watched the shoeing of horses in the blacksmith shop or gazed at its fires in the evenings. They have ridden down hill on the same sled and climbed together to the swallows' nests to hunt for the lucky stone. But at last the years have brought the day when "they no longer are children." Only two lines are given to the description of Gabriel as a young man, but they are lines packed with meaning. One adjective is used in describing him, one simile given to show the effect his face had on all beholders. The adjective is the wonderful word "valiant." Some of its dictionary meanings are "vigorous in body," "strong," "powerful,"

“courageous,” “heroic,” “intrepid in danger.” The simile used compares the effect of his face to the effect of the “face of the morning,” which is, of course, the sun. In that cold climate the greatest blessing was sunshine. The statement then is that Gabriel’s appearance has an effect on beholders similar to the effect of the morning sun on the earth—it gladdens the earth with its light, and it “ripens thought into action.” This last expression seems to mean that the sight of his genial, wholesome activity stimulated others to activity also. No wonder that Evangeline loved him. The last five lines of the stanza are given to Evangeline as a young woman. She also is likened to sunshine—the “Sunshine of St. Eulalie,” which brings blessings and abundance.

SECTION II

Lines 129-51.—The poet, having introduced his chief characters, now begins his story by telling about a certain autumn in such a way that we know he is speaking of the time when the events which make up the story begin to transpire. As this autumn came on, he tells us, the nights grew colder, the crops were gathered in, the wild September winds were abroad, the signs all foretold that the winter would be long and hard. But after this harsher weather came a few days of the still, magic beauty of a northern Indian summer.

Lines 152-79.—On a certain beautiful evening of this Indian summertime, as the cool twilight comes on and the evening star appears, the cattle and sheep at Evangeline’s home come slowly in from the meadows. Later, through the moonlight, come great wagon loads of hay. The milking is done in the barnyard, the great barn doors are closed, and all about the farm outside the house is silent. The pictures in this stanza are fairly fragrant with the dewy odors of the farm and are given with loving minuteness as a contrast to the devastation so soon to prevail.

Lines 180-98.—Indoors, on this same evening, all is in order and there is an air of expectancy. Benedict sits in his armchair before the fire singing Christmas songs he had learned from his father in France in his childhood, and Evangeline sits spinning beside him. They feel secure, but the poet seems to wish to suggest that their security is false. The flames and smoke of the

fire, he says, struggle like foes in a burning city, Benedict's shadow on the wall mocks him and vanishes in darkness, the faces carved on his chair laugh at him, the very plates on the dresser reflect back the firelight "as shields of armies the sunshine."

Lines 199-248.—The expected guests arrive. Benedict welcomes Basil with a request to take a seat and a pipe, saying that he is most himself when his face is shining either through the smoke of his forge or his pipe. Basil smilingly replies that Benedict is always ready with a jest or a song when all others are fearing ruin. Their errand there is not to talk coming disaster, but Basil is so full of it that before the real business of the evening can be broached, he has told that English ships have for four days been anchored in the harbor with their cannon pointed toward Grand-Pré, that no one knows what they intend, but the people are ordered to meet in the church on the next day to hear the will of the king, that all weapons have been taken from the men, that the people remember other French forts and towns that have been taken by the English, and many, in great alarm, are fleeing to the forests, and all anxiously await what may happen on the morrow. But the minds of Evangeline and her father are full of other things. Préparations for her wedding have been rapidly going on, her new house is built and stored with food for a year, the barn is built and filled with hay, great piles of linen and woolen stuff are prepared, tonight is the time set for the solemn betrothal contract, the notary who is to make it out will soon be there, and tomorrow the great betrothal feast and dance are to be given to which all the people of the village and surrounding country will come. Their minds have been too much occupied with happiness and love to think of danger and fear. So Benedict, naturally hopeful, suggests that some friendly purpose brings the ships to their shores, and that they are safe there unarmed on their farms.

SECTION III

Lines 249-310.—The notary who now enters is a type of Acadian quite unlike the sturdy farmer and blacksmith and the vigorous young Gabriel. As his part in the story is so small, this long stanza devoted to him seems to be introduced to add one more

note of pity to the thought of a banishment that must include this lovable, friendly, trustful old man. He is bent and old, the poet tells us; has a kind of child-like wisdom; is loved by all, but especially by the children; has twenty children and more than a hundred grandchildren; and has suffered the vengeance of the French for being the friend of the English. Basil quickly breaks in upon him with a question about the ships and their meaning, and he, like Benedict, thinks the English mean good to them and not evil. At least, he is sure that, in the end, justice will prevail, and tells his story to prove it. The story, as an example of the triumph of justice, would seem to have been more convincing to Basil if the thunderbolt had hit the statue before the poor girl was executed.

Lines 311-33.—The story doubtless seems long to the lovers. When it is finished, Evangeline quickly lights the lamp, fills a tankard with ale, and the solemn contract is duly made out and sealed with the seal of the law. Then the notary, blessing them as bride and bridegroom, departs and leaves them to a few moments of sacred silence. Presently Evangeline brings out the check-board and the fathers play and the lovers visit, as if there were no England and no France to make people hate each other, but only loving human hearts in all the world.

Lines 334-62.—Too soon the curfew sounds, sweet good nights are said, the fire is covered, and Evangeline, retiring to her chamber, has a face so shining with happiness that her presence lights the darkness more than does the lamp she carries. There is no foreshadowing of evil, except that, a few times, in her moon-lighted chamber, thinking of Gabriel, a sadness comes for a moment, but passes as quickly as the fleecy cloud shadows pass away from the moon.

SECTION IV

Lines 363-83.—Everybody in Grand-Pré is up long before sunrise the next morning, busy with the work that must be done before they can go to Evangeline's betrothal dance. The waters of the Bay gleam in the sunshine, save where the English ships still cast their dark shadows. The gaily dressed, laughing groups come in from every direction; every house has guests; but Benedict's home, with Evangeline as hostess, is the center of hospitality.

Lines 384-400.—This betrothal feast, and the long, gay morning of dancing in the orchard with all her friends about her, wishing her well, and with her lover, "noblest of all the youths," for a partner, is the climax of Evangeline's earthly happiness, as well as of the poet's idealized pictures of early Acadian life.

Lines 401-40.—Sounds louder than Michael's fiddle stop the dancing. The church bell is clanging, and a sound of drums comes from over the meadows. The men hasten to the church, the women follow and wait among the graves. The soldiers, with drums still beating, march up and enter the church, the great door is closed, and the men wait in silence the message that is to be given them. They do not have to wait long. The English commander announces that they have been thus called together by order of the king, that they and all their people are to be transported to other countries, and their farms, houses, flocks, and herds are to be taken by the king. As a sudden, deadly hail storm causes destruction and confusion on their farms, so these words, the poet tells us, bring wild confusion to the hearts of the farmers. After a moment of stunned silence comes a rising wail of anger and a mad rush for the doorway, but with cries and oaths they find there is no escape. As they storm and rage, Basil, above all the rest, shouts threats of defiance and death until he is beaten and dragged to the floor.

Lines 441-62.—But resistance is useless and can end only in bloodshed and death to the Acadians. The priest enters, secures their attention, reminds them that this is no place for deeds of violence and hatred; he speaks also of how Christ, even on the cross, uttered the prayer, "O Father, forgive them," and asks them to try to repeat with him that prayer. This they finally, amid sobs, are able to do.

Lines 463-67.—The familiar evening service following, in which they are accustomed to join, soothes the wrath in their hearts and lifts their thoughts to holier things.

Lines 468-89.—The women, meantime, have heard the news and are going in weeping bewilderment from house to house. But Evangeline has her father's supper ready and is waiting and watching at the door, for perchance the news may not be true. There is no room in her heart for hatred. It is too full of compassion for the poor women, whom she soon goes forth to try

to cheer, as they take their desolate way, with their tired children, across the darkening fields to the houses they had so gaily come forth from in the morning.

Lines 490-504.—Here is given one of the most pathetic scenes in the poem. The young girl, after the women have gone to their homes, steals through the darkness to the church, finds her way among the graves, and listens at door and window. She calls, but is answered by a silence like that of the grave. She at last makes her way to her father's house. It is a home no longer, but a strange place, empty, dark, and cold. She enters in fear, takes refuge in her chamber, and, finally, in the dead of the night, the sound of rain on the sycamore tree and of rolling bursts of thunder remind her that God is in heaven, and, comforted, "she peacefully slumbers till morning."

SECTION V

Lines 505-13.—Four days of dismal preparation follow. The morning of the fifth day sees, coming from surrounding farms, mournful processions of women, bringing their children and household goods to the seashore. The children, the poet tells us, have their playthings in their little hands, and the women often pause for a last tearful look at their homes.

Lines 514-33.—The precious home belongings of the women are strewn on the shore in confusion. All day the boats are carrying them to the ships, all day more are being brought from the village. At last, toward evening, at the sound of drums from the churchyard, the women rush thither. The doors swing open, the guard of soldiers marches out in front, the young men follow, and after them come the old men. Their wives and daughters surround them. When the procession moves forward the young men begin a sacred song, the old men soon take it up, and the women and children join in; so, all singing together, they move forward toward the sea.

Lines 534-48.—Evangeline, calm and strong, as if knowing that she must be the one to speak words of comfort, awaits the coming of the procession "half-way down to the shore." As the young men are in advance, Gabriel first comes into view. The sight of his face, pale with emotion, brings the tears, and

they have, save one, their last meeting on earth. It is interrupted by the slow approach of Evangeline's father, for she soon sees that he is utterly broken. The blow has been too much for him—he is beyond the reach of comfort. Evangeline can only speak "words of endearment where words of comfort avail not."

Lines 549-71.—The shore is a scene of tumult. Night is coming on, the tide will soon be going out, and, in the disorder and haste, wives and husbands are separated, and mothers are carried out to sea while their children stand crying wildly for them on the shore. Basil is taken to one ship, Gabriel to another, and Evangeline and her father are left on the shore. Not half the people are on the ships when the tide goes out, and the remainder, guarded by sentinels, have to camp for the night on the open shore. Leaving them there for a moment, the poet, who seems to love the Acadian farms, takes us back for one last look. But the scene is a sad one. The streets are silent, no lights are in the houses, no smoke comes from the chimneys, and the wondering herds stand lowing at the gates, waiting for their nightly care.

Lines 572-93.—The people on the bleak shore gather around driftwood fires, and the priest, passing from one group to another, comes upon Evangeline, trying in vain to make her father take food, speak, or recognize her; but, bereft of reason, he only stares vacantly at the fire. The priest, in deepest sympathy, gives her his blessing, and they weep silently together.

Lines 594-616.—One more agony is reserved for the Acadians. Before they go they must know that their homes are utterly destroyed, so that they shall feel no temptation to return. Their camp on the shore, the sea, the sky, the ships, the roofs of the village houses seem suddenly to be lighted up; smoke rises into the air, the wind carries the burning thatch from roof to roof, and the hundred houses of the village seem to start into flames all at once.

Lines 617-46.—The Acadians both on the shore and on ship-board see the flames of their burning homes, and another cry of anguish arises. Then, listening, they hear the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cattle and barking of dogs, then the trampling and bellowing of the herds as they break loose and run wildly over the meadows. But the burning of the village and of her two

homes is not to be the climax of poor Evangeline's griefs. Turning her gaze from the fire to look after her father, she finds him fallen dead on the ground. The priest lifts the lifeless head, and she kneels in grief and terror. But the over-wrought body refuses longer to support the patient spirit, and a merciful unconsciousness comes upon her which lasts till morning. She then wakens to meet the pale, tearful faces of many friends, and to see the light of the still blazing village. They bury her father by the sea, the returning tide comes in with a roar, the hurry of embarking again begins, and the ships go out of the harbor with the ebbing tide.

PART THE SECOND

SECTION I

Lines 1-75.—Several years of Evangeline's life have passed after the exile before we, in section II, are again permitted to know definitely what she is doing. The Acadians, we are told, were landed in groups in widely scattered places. Those who had been separated from relatives soon began traveling about in search of them. They went from north to south, from the coast to the region of the Mississippi. They not only hunted for their friends, but they also tried to find homes. Many of them, heart-broken, died in despair, and their names were seen on headstones in lonely graveyards. Evangeline, as we learn later in the poem, was landed at Philadelphia with a small group, among whom seem to have been René Leblanc and his son Baptiste and Father Felician. For a long time, the poet says, she "waited and wandered." Some of these years of waiting must have been in Philadelphia, for she was there long enough to learn to love the city and the Quakers, and to yearn for it afterward as a home when she gave up her search. The years of waiting and wandering spoken of here, while seeming so long, were yet during the time when she was still fair and young, and long life stretched before her like a desert. The wanderings of this time seem to have been short journeys from town to town. She went into graveyards and read the inscriptions on the tombstones or sat for a long time by some nameless grave, thinking her lover might be buried there. She heard rumors; she even met and talked with people who had seen and known him, but always long before or

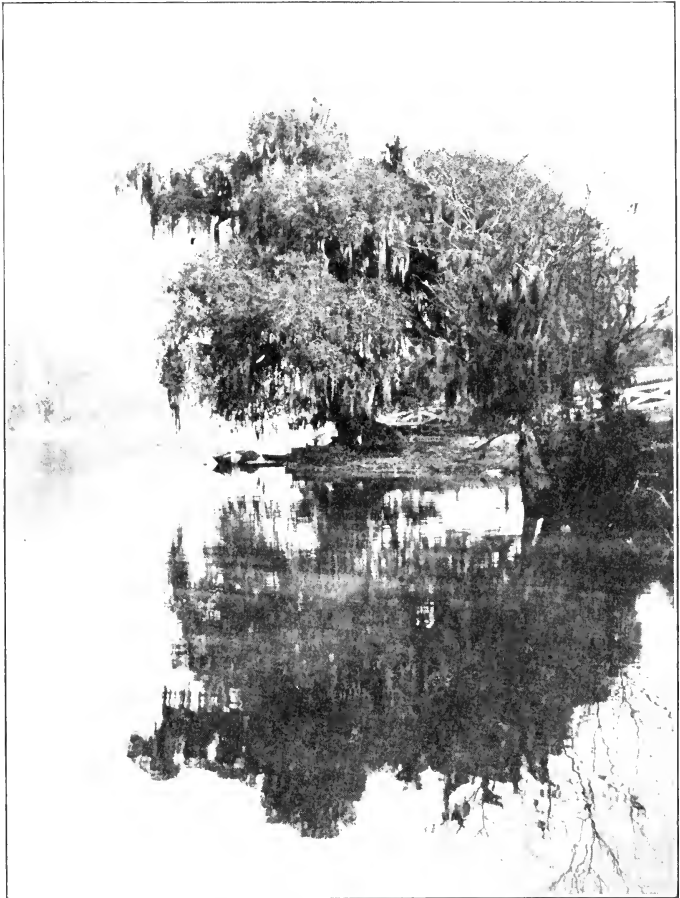
in some distant place. She heard that Gabriel and his father were hunters and trappers in the West, that Gabriel was a boatman in Louisiana. She was advised to forget Gabriel and marry someone else, Baptiste Leblanc, for instance, who had loved her many years. She could not make up her mind to do so. The priest supported her decision and advised her to continue her search if she wished. In ll. 68-75 the poet offers a prayer to the Muse for help in his attempt to tell the further story of her search.

SECTION II

Lines 76-124.—The poet opens the first scene of Evangeline's wanderings with a picture of a boatload of Acadians, men, women, and children, floating down the Ohio River in the month of May. Evangeline is with them, also Father Felician. They have started for Louisiana, hoping to find relatives and friends among the Acadians who have settled there. They enter the Mississippi and turn southward, traveling for weeks through the changing, varied scenery of the river (ll. 87-99), floating and rowing by day and camping on the shores at night. At last, reaching the place where the river makes a great sweep to the eastward, they, turning to the westward and entering the bayou of Plaquemine, "soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters." While rowing on and on, trying to find their way through the endless "maze," night overtakes them. The absence of human life, the mysterious strangeness of all the sights and sounds bring to the Acadians forebodings of unknown ill, but Evangeline is happy in the thought that at last she is really in a place where Gabriel has been, and that each stroke of the oar brings him nearer.

Lines 125-40.—Finally, at midnight, to break the spell of mystery, a boatman in the prow rises and blows a ringing bugle blast. No answer comes save echoes which die away leaving the silence deeper than before. After this Evangeline sleeps, but the boatmen row on all night, occasionally breaking the silence by singing familiar Canadian boat-songs.

Lines 141-61.—It is nearly noon the next day before they leave the gloomy bayou and enter the sunlit waters of the Lakes of Atchafalaya. It is a beautiful sight with its water lilies, lotus flowers, and magnolia blossoms, but they are tired, the heat of



By courtesy of the Southern Pacific—"Sunset Route"

EVANGELINE OAK, BAYOU TÊCHE, NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA

noon is oppressive, the air is heavy with odors, and many green islands with roses in bloom invite them to rest and slumber. Landing on the most beautiful one to be seen, they carefully hide their boat under the willows on the margin, find a shaded place under a cedar where grape-vines and trumpet-flowers hang from the branches to conceal them, stretch themselves on the ground, and heavily slumber. Evangeline's closing eyes rest on the climbing ladders of vines with the humming-birds flitting about them; the sight mingles in her dreams with the joy of her approaching meeting with Gabriel, and in happy vision the vines become Jacob's ladders with angels ascending and descending.

Lines 162-97.—A boat, not like their cumbrous one, but light and swift, a boat that darts and speeds, comes up through the islands, urged on by sinewy arms, its prow turned northward. Gabriel is at the helm, thoughtful and careworn, his dark locks neglected, sadness on his face. Unhappy and restless, he is seeking "oblivion of self and of sorrow." They come swiftly up, close to the island, but by the opposite bank, and "behind a screen of palmettos." They see neither the boat nor the sleepers, and no angel of God from the ladder of Evangeline's vision descends to awaken her. After the boat has passed swiftly away "like the shade of a cloud on the prairie," the sleepers awaken. Evangeline knows that they are nearing the end of their journey and the thought that Gabriel may be near is so vivid that his presence has colored her dreams. When she speaks to the priest about it, he, not knowing what has happened, tells her the good news he has doubtless lately heard from some of the inhabitants of the region—that Gabriel lives near there with his father.

Lines 198-222.—They row on down the lakes until evening. The setting sun presently touches with magic fire the sky, water, and forest, and the still water reflects so perfectly that they seem to hang between two skies. Touched by the beauty of the scene and filled with joy at the thought of the expected meeting with Gabriel, Evangeline's heart glows with love and happiness as does the landscape with sunshine. But, sad omen, although she does not recognize it as such, a mocking-bird near by throws out such a wild flood of music that "the whole air and the waves and the woods seemed to listen." In the midst of this mocking music

the horseman. It is Basil, and what a welcome they get! He takes them back through the gate into a rose arbor in the garden, and there are embraces, tears, laughter, and many questions and answers. But no Gabriel comes, and no word of Gabriel is spoken. Evangeline begins to fear the blow that is coming, and when, a few moments later, she hears the dreaded truth, it almost overwhelms her. In heart-broken despair, she weeps and laments without restraint. She soon learns that Gabriel has only just on that day gone, that he has been moody, restless, and troubled, thinking always of her; if he talked at all, talking of her and his troubles, until he had grown so "tedious," even to his father, that he had been sent away to trade for mules with the Spaniards, after which he was to hunt and trap in the Ozark Mountains. Basil assures her that they will start in pursuit of him in the morning and will surely soon overtake him, for "the Fates and the streams are against him."

Lines 294-312.—The Acadians who came with Evangeline have found their old friend, Michael, the fiddler, who has long lived with Basil, and are bringing him to the house on their shoulders. Evangeline and Father Felician also give him hearty greetings. When Basil meets all these, his former friends, there are again laughter, tears, and much eager talk. They marvel at Basil's wealth and his tales of this new land and soon go inside to partake of his hospitality and feast joyously together.

Lines 313-93.—They feast till darkness falls and the moon rises outside. Basil ends the banquet with a glowing account of the advantages to be had here as compared with their old home in Acadia. Merry voices soon interrupt. Basil's neighbors, the Creoles and Acadians who live in the vicinity, have been invited to spend the evening and are coming in. Michael's fiddle sounds and the gay dance begins. The priest and Basil again sit apart, as at Evangeline's betrothal dance (ll. 386-87), but her father and the notary are not now with them. The memories caused by the scene are too much for Evangeline. Ever since the fatal night of her father's death there has resounded in her ears the noise of the sea as she heard it then; but this scene makes it sound more loudly than ever. Unable to endure it, she steals out into the garden. The moon, now up above the trees, touches their

tops with silver and the flowers fill the air with odors; but, wishing still greater quiet, she goes out through the garden gate, under the grove of oaks, to the edge of the prairie, and there, like Philip Ray in Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," she "has her dark hour alone."

Lines 394-412.—Morning comes, the goodbys are said, Evangeline's new journey is begun. Swiftly they follow Gabriel; but not on that day, or the next, or the next, nor for many days do they even get trace of his whereabouts. At length, at the Spanish town to which he has been sent, they learn that he has been there, and, only on the day before their arrival, "had taken the road of the prairies."

SECTION IV

Lines 413-40.—In this stanza the poet gives the location and character of the country into which Gabriel went and Basil and Evangeline followed. He is, no doubt intentionally, somewhat indefinite as to the exact location of these so-called prairies, but, in a general way, the portion of country immediately south and southeast of Colorado seems to be indicated. This prairie country, we are told, was "wondrous beautiful," billowy with grass and bright with flowers—great game was there, such as the buffalo, elk, and roebuck—wandering wolves were there, and herds of riderless horses; also fires and winds. Vultures circled above, bears dug for roots by the brook-sides, and always, inverted above it, was the "clear and crystalline heaven."

Lines 441-50.—Through this country, with Indian guides, they swiftly follow Gabriel for many days, expecting each morning that before night they will overtake him, but each day meeting failure and disappointment.

Lines 451-99.—Only on one of these evenings of travel are we permitted to be with them at their camp-fire—the evening on which a sad-faced Indian woman appears at their camp. She is making her lonely way to her far northeastern home from the southwest country where her husband has been murdered. The poet here (ll. 460-84) gives a beautiful illustration of the fact that

. . . . in all ages

Every human heart is human.

After the men, wrapped in their blankets, are asleep by the fire, the Indian woman, having, no doubt, perceived the quality of

Evangeline's sympathy, sits at her tent door and tells the story of her love and loss. Evangeline, in turn, finds infinite relief in telling to this understanding heart the story of her own love and all its disasters. But Evangeline's story affects the Indian woman strangely. She sees in it something supernatural, and, after a silence, tells her a story of a man of snow who wooed an Indian maiden and then dissolved into mocking sunshine, also of a phantom that, by means of the soft breezes in the tree tops, whispered of love to the fair Lilinau until she followed him away and was never heard of more. As Evangeline listens to these tales the first real doubt of the final outcome of her search takes possession of her.

Lines 500-541.—On their journey the next day the Shawnee tells Evangeline of a near-by mission, and she immediately wishes to go there, for, with hope springing eternal, she believes that good news awaits her there. Thither they turn their steeds, and a day's travel brings them to the mission just at sunset when a vesper service is being held. They reverently join in the service. At its close the priest comes forward to welcome them, is delighted to hear his native French tongue again, leads them to his tent, and feasts them on his meager fare of corn cakes and water. Evangeline has looked in vain among the strangers for Gabriel. Their story is soon told, and the kind priest, softening the harsh truth as much as possible, tells her that not six days before Gabriel sat in that same spot, telling the same sad tale, but has now gone far to the North, and will not return till the chase is done. Evangeline sadly asks leave to stay at the mission and Basil returns to his home.

Lines 542-61.—Evangeline reaches the mission in the early summer. The summer passes into late autumn, and Gabriel does not return.

Lines 562-73.—Winter passes away, and spring comes again. Evangeline has been more than a year at the mission and no word of Gabriel has come. So long and hard to bear has the silence been that when summer brings a rumor of his whereabouts it is "sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom." In far away Michigan, on the banks of the Saginaw River, the rumor says, Gabriel has his lodge. The weary, perilous journey to that place is taken, only to find the lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Lines 574-86.—But the search does not yet end. Many years of Evangeline's life pass in such ways as have been described. She visits the Moravian missions. As they welcome all wanderers, Gabriel may be there. She visits camps and battlefields, hamlets, towns, and cities, always hoping anew, always disappointed. Her beauty slowly fades, streaks of gray come in her hair. And at last, after many years, the fruitless search is abandoned.

SECTION V

Lines 587-632.—Because she had landed there after the banishment and found a kindly home, because there her old friend, René Leblanc, had lived and died, because she liked the city and the speech of the Quakers, when her journeyings end Evangeline turns to Philadelphia as a home. Now that she has decided to search no longer, a wonderful and beautiful change comes over her spirit. The mists fall from her mind, peace possesses her, and she seems, as from a height, to see the world, dark no longer, but filled and illumined with love. Gabriel is not forgotten. His image is enshrined in her heart, young and loving, as she knew him in his youth. Three things her hard life has taught her—patience, unselfishness, devotion to others. Her love is not wasted, but diffused among many. She becomes a Sister of Mercy and gives her life to the work of relieving distress and want, sickness and sorrow. Night after night the watchman sees her light in the homes of the wretched, morning after morning the German farmers, going early into the city with fruits for the markets, meet her returning to her home from her watchings.

Lines 633-54.—At length a great pestilence falls on the city—death floods in on life as the tides come in from the sea. The rich, the beautiful, the poor all feel its scourge; but the poor, having neither friends nor money to pay nurses, creep away to die in the almshouse that stands in the edge of the city. Evangeline immediately chooses this almshouse as the scene of her labors and ministers to the sufferers day and night. No wonder that the sick and dying think of her and look at her with adoration.

Lines 655-715.—On a certain Sabbath morning she wends her way through the deserted streets to the almshouse. Entering, she pauses to gather some flowers from its garden for the sick. On

her way up the stairs the soft music of the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church near by mingles with the sound of psalm-singing by the Swedes in another church near at hand. A sweet calm falls upon her spirit, a feeling comes over her that her trials are ended. She enters the chamber and sees the attendant busily caring for the sick and dying. Many turn to bless her as she passes. She notices that many familiar faces are missing, and that strangers fill their places. Suddenly, as she looks at one of these strangers, her lips part, the color flees from her face, the flowers drop from her hands, and she utters a terrible cry of anguish. There before her, on a pallet in this almshouse, an old man with thin gray hair, is Gabriel, dying with the fever. He lies motionless and senseless, his spirit seeming to be sinking into darkness. That cry pierces his consciousness and brings his spirit back. He hears her voice speak his name, and it brings to him a faint dream of his old Acadian home, and a vision of Evangeline, as in her girlhood. The tears come to his eyes and his eyelids slowly open. The vision vanishes, but Evangeline herself is beside him. He tries to speak her name, tries to rise, a sweet light comes for a moment into his eyes, then goes out in darkness, and he is gone. Evangeline knows, even in her sorrow, that the long uncertainty, the restlessness, the "constant anguish of patience," has also passed from her life. It is good to have found him at last and to have brought to him, even in death, one moment of joy. "Meekly she bowed her head and murmured, 'Father, I thank Thee.'"

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

PRELUDE

Whom does the title point out as the chief character of the story? Give the meaning of the word "prelude." Into how many stanzas is the Prelude divided? Which stanza tells something about the place where part of the events of the story happened? Which part speaks of the people of the story? Which part tells something about the kind of story it is to be? Where is the forest mentioned in l. 1? Are we looking at this forest before or after the happenings told of in the story? Is the twilight, through which the trees are indistinctly seen, caused by the

oncoming of evening or by the natural shade of the forest? The sound made by the trees causes them to be compared to whom (l. 3)? In appearance they are compared to whom (l. 4)? This forest is said in l. 4 to be uttering what? and to be receiving from the ocean what kind of a reply? For what are they mourning? What feeling about the Evangeline story do these six opening lines give us, especially the two last lines which tell us that Nature herself still mourns it? Where is the first hint that people once lived near this forest? Read the line which tells their nationality, occupation, and the kind of homes they lived in? Does the comparison in l. 8 refer to a feeling of joy or to one of fear? Read the two lines that describe the Acadian farmers. What, in the comparison used, indicates that they were a peaceful, useful people? that they had their sorrows? that they were a good and blameless people? Read the four lines that answer the questions the poet asks in the first five lines of the stanza. Notice how, in ll. 12-15, our curiosity is aroused by giving the results of the calamity, whatever it was, that befell them—the farms laid waste, the people violently scattered, the village so completely destroyed that only a tradition of its existence remains. Yet we are not told what the calamity was, or how or when it happened. That will be unfolded to us as the story goes on. What else (l. 19) is to be part of the story? Name at least four great forms of Nature that are personified and represented as doing something in the Prelude.

PART THE FIRST

SECTION I

What in the poem shows that Longfellow has Grand-Pré in mind as a village with one long street? See ll. 19, 24, 55, etc. Study ll. 1-12 and make a little map, locating the street, meadows, dikes, fields, etc. The village (l. 2) is "distant" from what? What in l. 5 indicates that these farmers had a peculiar claim to these rich meadows? What word in l. 6 personifies the tides? What expression in l. 11 personifies the sea-fogs? What expressions in l. 12 personify the mists? How do both mists and fogs favor the valley? What are next described (ll. 13-17)? From these four lines give at least six statements describing the houses. What two things, as given in ll. 14, 15, would give the people a

peculiar affection for their houses? The poet now brings the villagers themselves before us in three street scenes, which he wishes us to think typical. These are given in ll. 18-23, 24-27, and 28-32. Why does he choose the pleasantest season of the year and one of the most pleasant times of day for these scenes? In the first scene, what are the women in the street doing? What are those in the houses doing? What three cheerful sounds are mentioned? Which one proves that they were having a good time? Give three reasons why they are happy though hard at work. (Answer: They are associated together in their work, are in a pleasant place, and are working for themselves.) What five touches of color does the poet put into the picture? What in l. 20 suggests cleanliness? Can you tell how the poet contrives to make this whole scene of busy labor seem so much like a holiday? Had Evangeline doubtless taken part in scenes like this all her life? The second one of the evening street scenes (ll. 24-27) is given to show what traits of these people? Where is the sun when these evening scenes begin? Where, when they close? What virtues are pointed out in ll. 33-38?

In what special particulars, in ll. 40, 41, are Evangeline's home and her father distinguished from the rest? Locate their house on your map, also the church, Basil's blacksmith shop, etc., and then notice, as you proceed with the poem, whether you need to make any changes. From ll. 40-45 give Evangeline's father's age, stature, the color of his hair, his complexion, the state of his health, his household arrangements, and financial standing. Why is he compared to an oak? Where do these lines show that Evangeline is already capable of bearing responsibility? How are we shown in the last part of l. 42 that, although the only child of the richest man in Grand-Pré, she was too lovable to excite envy? Read the four lines which describe her physical beauty. Is the service Evangeline renders in ll. 50, 51 told of as if work of that kind were unusual with her? What are these lines intended to add to our knowledge of Evangeline's attractions? (Answer: That she has the beauty of helpfulness, service, usefulness.) The next picture given from Evangeline's life to show her attractiveness (ll. 52-58) represents her as doing what? Can you think of two reasons why she is fairer in this picture than in the one just

before? What three colors do the maidens of the village wear (l. 21)? Why should the poet have Evangeline choose to wear blue? What favorable heredity has Evangeline as shown in ll. 43, 44? These Acadians were peasants, which meant, except in very unusual cases, extreme poverty. What favorable suggestions, then, regarding her family, are given in the last part of l. 56 and in ll. 57, 58? The poet, in this introduction of Evangeline, seems to wish to show the contrast between the settled regularity and contented industry of her early years with the turbulent unrest of her life after the tragedy, and also to show how her manner of enduring her fate is a logical outcome of the traits she exhibits in youth. To this end he places the climax of Evangeline's attractions in the scene of her return from church (ll. 59-62), showing that she has attained the spiritual development which enables her to draw strength from sources higher than herself.

We are in the following lines to be made better acquainted with Evangeline's farm home. Does this stanza refer at all to the interior of the home? What one item in l. 63 gives a little idea of the interior? Was the woodbine on the tree or the porch? What was the penthouse over the beehives for? Where did the pattern on which it was built come from? How did they get the water out of their well? Beginning with l. 73, read the lines given to the barns and farmyard. What farming implements had they? What is a wain? Why must these wains be broad-wheeled? Are these people, as pictured by the poet, a progressive people? (See ll. 15, 68-70, and the last part of l. 74.) For this reason will it be harder or easier for them to have their old, established way of living broken up? Why, in Acadia and on stock farms, would it be necessary to have many barns "bursting" with hay? Is this barnyard, as the poet describes it, an agreeable or a disagreeable place? "Mutation" (l. 83) means change. This element of Evangeline's life is suggested by the weather-cocks. What other one suggested by the dove-cots?

In ll. 86-94 we have an account of the manner in which the young men of the village tried to make love to Evangeline in what three different places? This serves not only to increase our impression of Evangeline's charms, but to lead up to the introduction of what important character? Evangeline was brought

into the story by a brief account of her father. Gabriel is now introduced in the same way. By what statements does the poet hasten to let us know that Gabriel's father is just as important a man in the village as Evangeline's father is? What fact given in the first part of l. 100 brought the children into close association with each other? Do either of them appear to have mothers living? brothers or sisters? How did they receive their book education and of what did it consist? What four amusements are mentioned (ll. 104-16) as examples of their play together? How would this long association affect their sense of loss when separated? Remembering that all these circumstances were invented or arranged by the poet, we get an insight into the art by which he makes Evangeline's long search seem more probable. What qualities in Gabriel as a youth (ll. 122, 123) help toward the same end?

SECTION II

We have already been told where and to whom the tragedy happened. It occurred when or in what season, as shown in ll. 129 to middle of l. 139? And in what part of the season as shown in ll. 139-51? It is placed in this quiet, beautiful season for the sake of what contrast? What sign of autumn in ll. 129, 130? in ll. 131, 132? What two signs in ll. 133, 134? What two signs of a hard winter? Nature here almost seems to be foreshadowing also the long, hard winter into which Evangeline's summer is about to pass. By mentioning what five characteristics of Indian summer does Longfellow make the fine description given in ll. 141-51?

Now (extending through ll. 152-400) comes the account of Evangeline's Indian summer of happiness before her winter begins. It opens with four ideally peaceful and beautiful scenes at Evangeline's farm home on the evening of her betrothal contract. What is the evening called in l. 152? (See also ll. 28-32.) Each one of the farm scenes given (ll. 153-79) might be painted by an artist. If they were so painted to be hung in a gallery, and the first one (ll. 153-59) were named "Cattle Coming from the Pasture at Evening," what might the second (ll. 160-66) be named? the third (ll. 167-72)? the fourth (ll. 173-79)? What hint of new country conditions is in l. 166?

Does the poem give any other picture of Evangeline alone in her home with her father? Will the old man ever sit by his own fireside again? What, in l. 182, are the flames and smoke-wreaths said to be doing? In l. 183 what is the father's shadow doing? What becomes of it (l. 184)? What are the carved faces on his chair doing (l. 186)? How do the plates on the dresser reflect the light (l. 187)? Do Evangeline or her father think of these things in this way? What does the poet mean to suggest to us by them? What are shown (ll. 193, 194) to be two of Evangeline's occupations? Which one is she engaged in on this evening?

What in ll. 199, 200 indicates that their latchstring was out as if the family were expecting somebody? What (l. 211) shows that Basil came often enough to feel at home? What and where (ll. 204, 205) was this "accustomed seat"? Basil says that Benedict was always ready, not only with a jest but a ballad. What in l. 187 also shows that he loved to sing? Why would the blacksmith rather than the farmer know what was happening in the village and how the people felt? Even if Benedict had opportunity to hear as much about it as Basil had, would he have been as much concerned? Of what three important facts (ll. 218-23) does Basil inform Benedict? Why (l. 228) does Basil answer "warmly" to Benedict's surmises? As the Acadians were now English subjects, would such surmises be unreasonable? How does his mood change in l. 228? What two more important facts are given in ll. 230-34? Since the Acadians were now under the English government, and hence would not be expected to bear arms against the English, and had been exempted from bearing arms against the French, what use could they make of weapons if they had them? (See ll. 165, 166.) Since Beau Séjour, a French fort (see map), had just been seized by the commander who was now in charge of the English ships, and many Acadians had been found in it assisting the French, although they had agreed to remain neutral in war, which ones among the people had probably fled to the forests with anxious hearts? This coming trouble was perhaps a case in which the unwise actions of a few brought disaster on many. What facts given in ll. 240-45 show why Evangeline and her father had not had much time to think of the English ships and their meaning?

SECTION III

What various proofs are found in these lines (ll. 249-310) that the notary was as fond of telling stories as Benedict was of joking and singing songs? By whom had he been made a prisoner? For what? What does this show as to the influences the French had been bringing to bear on the Acadians? Is the long story he tells really an example of the triumph of justice, or of how it was revealed that a great injustice had been done? What is its effect on Basil?

When the notary's story is finished, what preparations does Evangeline make for the real business of the evening? What had been their illumination before Evangeline lighted the lamp? What preparations does the notary make? The notary brings his own ink-horn. Did anyone else in the house ever, probably, have use for ink? Name some of the things (ll. 315-21) that give this contract almost the solemnity and binding force of a marriage. After the notary's departure, how does Evangeline contrive to get an opportunity for a little visit with Gabriel? The poet, of course, could not let the visit go on without the wonderful moonlight scene of ll. 330, 331. What other scene on this farm (ll. 167-72) does this same moon light up? How (ll. 385, 398) was Evangeline's betrothal to be celebrated the next day? What reason, then, aside from the custom of obeying the curfew bell, that this household should retire early? Aside from the increased safety, what necessity, in those days, for covering the fire at night? What contrast in grace and lightness of movement indicated by the words "resounded" and "soundless" (ll. 340, 341)? What in l. 343 indicates Evangeline's great happiness? How does the poet manage (ll. 345-47) to give you the impression that Evangeline's chamber was as orderly and dainty as she herself is shown to be (ll. 52-58)? Compare the order and cleanliness suggested by these lines and by ll. 474-77 with the scenes of ll. 559, 562, 602-4, etc.

SECTION IV

How much time is covered by section IV? Within this day are grouped what two all-important events? How many lines are given to the joyous part of the day? How many to the tragedy?

What is Evangeline doing in the first glimpse we have of her (ll. 381-83)? What in the second glimpse (ll. 399-400)? With which great event of the day does the morning seem to sympathize? What cast the only shadows mentioned in the landscape? Which arose first, the people or the sun (l. 366)? What figure in ll. 366-67? From what other places beside Grand-Pré did Evangeline's guests come? In what mood were they? How dressed? What are the three chief differences between the street scene of ll. 375-76 and that of ll. 18-23? How were the outsiders entertained until the feast and dance began? In what way is it a compliment to Evangeline to have the people and the fiddler enter into her happiness so heartily? What sound breaks up the dance? A few minutes after the "summons sonorous," the women who have just been so gaily dancing are doing what? And the men are where? To whom does the sound of drums entering the door of their church sound like "dissonant clangor"? When the doors closed are we taken inside or left outside? Does "their" (l. 411) refer to the soldiers, or the crowd, or both? To what does the commander refer in ll. 414-15? What, to the listening men, were the three staggering, unbelievable points of the proclamation (ll. 418-20, 422)? The six-line simile tells us that these words struck their hearts like a sudden storm of hail-stones. What (l. 429) was the first thing they did? the second (l. 430)? the third?

Just as, under the leadership of Basil, bloodshed is about to begin, who enters? How does he secure their attention? He appeals to them first by what lessons (l. 452) he has taught them? Then by their regard for what (l. 453)? Then by the memory of what words of Christ on the cross? With what remarkable result (ll. 461-62)? In ll. 463-67 how does the priest wisely strengthen the good attitude he has secured? Had the news probably been told to the women in the churchyard? Can you imagine what some of the women, mothers of families, said to each other when they met, realizing that they no longer had homes? If Evangeline had gone to the church with the rest when the bell rang, why, probably (ll. 474-77), had she come home early? The sunset touched these cottages with soft splendor, just as lovingly as if they still were the homes of the people. It seemed, as Nature is so often made to do in this poem, to be trying to

remind the people that, although this temporary calamity had overtaken them, the great eternal things were still steadfast, true, and worth while. Evangeline, the first time she appears after the blow falls, stands long in the full glow of this sunshine, waiting and hoping. What does she still seem to believe regarding the imprisonment of the men? Long shadows were lying on the meadows, the poet says, yet a dewy fragrance was rising from them. So with Evangeline's soul. Shadows had fallen upon it, but what fragrances (l. 482) were rising from it? Instead of spending her time hating the English, what (ll. 483-84) does she do? There is no more pathetic touch in the entire poem than that in ll. 485-86, which shows the women who had come in from outside villages and farms, as they finally start off in the darkness across the fields with their tired children to the places that in the morning had been their homes. But even as they go, the setting sun and the Angelus persistently tell of great and external things.

After she had helped the women off where does Evangeline go? In what two ways does she try to get some word or sign from her father and lover? Evangeline (l. 55) is said to have taken what walk to get from her home to the church? What, then, must she now have to do to get from the church to her home? How does the poet (l. 495) let us know that the house was empty? Compare ll. 496-98 with ll. 180-98. How does even the weather change from that of the night before? What word used by the poet in speaking of the rain makes it seem to sympathize with her? And the thunder, instead of frightening her, soothes her fears how?

SECTION V

During the four days of the men's imprisonment what was Evangeline doubtless doing with her father's household goods? with her own carefully folded linen and woolen stuffs? Had she doubtless often visited the church? the new house "filled with food for a twelvemonth"? Compare ll. 507-8 with ll. 369-73. Did the poet intend that the last scene should remind us of the first? Judging from ll. 515-16, was there much certainty that household goods and the people to whom they belonged would be put on the same ship? How would scenes like those of ll. 506-13 affect these people who had always lived in one farm home and

met but few strangers? At what time are the men released? Why not earlier? In the procession formed as the men march to the sea, who come first? Who last? In what mood (l. 522) are the men now? By whose instructions, probably, do the men sing? Why was it wise to have them do so? Which had been harder during these five days, the lot of the men or of the women?

In what two ways (ll. 534-35) does Evangeline show self-control? How is it that she sees Gabriel before she sees her father? In her little speech to Gabriel what does she set above all things else in value? What interrupts this last meeting with her lover? What do the exclamation points after "Alas" and "aspect" signify? (Answer: Deep emotion.) Whose emotion? (Answer: Evangeline's.) What three ways are mentioned in ll. 544-45 in which her father has changed? What has become of his hopefulness and his ready song and jest? Why does she make no attempt to comfort him?

Evangeline was strong enough to control herself and appear cheerful and smiling when she met Gabriel. With her father's changed appearance begins the series of blows that, before midnight, will stretch her unconscious and almost lifeless beside her dead father on the beach and make the boom of the ocean, which accompanied her misery, sound forevermore in her ears. After reaching the beach what is the first thing (ll. 553-54) that fills her with terror and despair? What immediately happened (ll. 456-68) to make their separation more complete? What two things (l. 561) kept the Acadians who were left on the shore for the night from escaping? Being so near the ocean, in the darkness, and under such circumstances, makes what sound (ll. 563-64) especially noticeable? Would Evangeline almost feel that Nature itself had turned against her when she heard these sounds and knew that the out-going tide was making her separation from Gabriel more complete? Were the people of Grand-Pré near enough to the village to see their homes and hear the lowing of the cattle? Why should the poet give this sad glimpse (ll. 566-71) of the deserted farms and homes? When the people find that they must stay out on the shore all night, what sensible thing do they proceed to do? What (l. 576) shows that the people, as far as possible, gathered in family groups about their fires? What

was the good priest trying to do when he discovered Evangeline and her father? What statements in ll. 581, 582, 584, 585 show that the blow that has now fallen on Evangeline is the knowledge that her father has lost his mind? And what (ll. 583, 584) shows that she is, even in this calamity, still trying to make the best of it and to do the best thing to be done? What touch of Nature (ll. 591-92) reminds us again that there are eternal and worthwhile things even though there are human troubles? While Evangeline and the priest are still silently weeping over this worst trouble, the beginning of what new one attracts their attention? Omit the figure and after the word "light" (l. 594) read "Broader," etc. (l. 598). Notice how gradually everything about them is lighted up. How long, probably, from the time they first notice the light until all the houses are burning? After the wind increases, what in the material of the houses hastens the burning? What indications are found in ll. 594-604 that the fires were, purposely started in the end of the village from which the wind was blowing? Could all the Acadians, both on shore and on shipboard, see the burning village? What similarity is noted in their actions to those of the men in the church after the proclamation? What four sounds do they hear from their farm yards? Try to imagine the feelings of the looking, listening Acadians through this entire scene.

A sense of degradation must come into the human heart in being thus condemned by other human hearts, and in thus seeing its most sacred expressions of itself and most sacredly cherished rights trampled on. This must be far harder to bear than the mere sense of loss or of injustice. Aside from all this, what double loss in home associations did Evangeline suffer as she watched the fiery destruction? No wonder she was overwhelmed and speechless. What indications in l. 618 that the fire is now consuming the great timbers of the houses? In the midst of this calamity of the burning, what climax of desolation comes (ll. 620, 621)? Terror seized upon Evangeline. It seemed that, in this terrible midnight, supernatural forces of destruction were charging in upon her, and she was left to face them alone. Her mind, too, must have been unhinged, had not unconsciousness saved her. When she awoke in the morning, what two things

(ll. 626-31) made her think that the Day of Judgment had come? But she soon sees faces of friends, and the presence of human sympathy and the light of day dispel the dark phantoms. But what is she (ll. 636-38) compelled to endure? What thought of something to hope for (ll. 633-35) helps her to bear it? How does Nature seem to try to assist with the meager ceremonies? To Evangeline come back the tides of faith, hope, and patience, and she goes out with the ships to their unknown destinations.

PART THE SECOND

SECTION I

This part of the poem is often confusing to students, but with a little careful study it becomes clear. The first four lines refer to what events? With what different wordings do l. 2 and l. 645 in Part the First refer to the same event? Ll. 5-15 give in a general way an account of whom for a few years immediately after the exile? L. 5 tells us what about where they were landed? L. 8 tells what about the manner of life of many of them who had lost friends? What was the purpose (l. 13) of this wandering? Ll. 13, 14, 15 show that what happened to many of these wanderers? Does the fact that so many of them traveled about searching for friends make Evangeline's journeyings seem more or less natural? In what two lines do we get our first new glimpse of Evangeline? In ll. 18, 19 what two things indicate that the general account of her given in the remainder of this section covers probably not more than seven or eight years after the banishment? To what is the part of her life covered by this time compared in ll. 25-27? Where had Evangeline been landed (ll. 587-94, Part the Second)? What ones of her old friends had been also among the group landed there? See ll. 595, 596, 46, 47, 53, 54. What (l. 28) indicates that she went to other towns in the vicinity of Philadelphia, hoping to find Gabriel? Why did she look at the headstones in graveyards? Why linger by nameless graves? In what two sections of the Far West does she finally hear that Gabriel has been seen? What one of her old Acadian lovers who has been associated with her since the exile is she advised to marry? What does the priest advise her to do about giving up her search for Gabriel? What (ll. 68-75) shows that

the poet felt that it was a difficult undertaking to tell aright the story of the remainder of Evangeline's life?

SECTION II

We have seen from a study of section I that the "many weary years" of l. 1 were probably not more than seven or eight years, perhaps not more than five; also that during a part of this time Evangeline had been searching for Gabriel chiefly among the cities of the Atlantic coast. Now she has at last found or made opportunity to do what? Which one of the rumors of section I is she following up? From ll. 80-82 does it seem that the people who are going to Louisiana are from one town or from several? In the great banishment, what, as shown in l. 84, had happened to all of them? Doubtless all have searched and been disappointed, and all, like Evangeline, have decided to undertake this long, perilous journey. Does Evangeline appear to have had any real "kith and kin" after her father's death? Then without Gabriel she is entirely alone save for the friendly Acadians. If the others were going to search for their friends, she, too, would go to search for Gabriel. The Ohio River is 963 miles long from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi. If they started from eastern Pennsylvania they had added to this distance several hundred miles of travel by water and land. How many hundred miles must be added to take them down the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio? What wise choice of time had they made for starting? One and a half lines the poet devotes to the hundreds of miles on the Ohio. Beginning with l. 87, through how many lines are they on the Mississippi? What did they do during the nights? Find in these lines four distinct types of country through which they passed. Did they find inhabitants on the upper or lower part of the river?

In what direction did the bayou of Plaquemine open off from the river? Why does the poet give forty lines to their one night of trying to get through this bayou, and only twenty-four to their nearly two thousand miles on the great rivers? (Answer: Because the experiences of this night brought on the weariness which accounts for their sleep when Gabriel passed them.) What, in

the description of the bayou, sounds as if it would not be an easy place for strangers to find their way through in the night? What in the nature of the ground kept them from landing and camping as usual? What two sounds broke the deathlike silence? How (ll. 114-15) did the strangeness and silence and fear of being lost affect them? Why was Evangeline not afraid? Evangeline has heard that Gabriel is a boatman on these waters. What does she half hope when the boatman blows his bugle? Why sleep afterward? At what hot, sleepy time the next day did they at last get out of the bayou? What shows that there was not breeze enough to stir the water? What flowers of heavy fragrance were near by? Where did they land for a nap? How conceal the boat? themselves? What makes Evangeline have happy visions in her sleep? What four words (l. 163) indicate the speed with which Gabriel's boat moved? Compare ll. 166-68 with "and his face," etc. (ll. 122-23, Part the First). Would the light of his face bring gladness now? What marks of suffering does he bear? Is he going (l. 165) to any place where there is the slightest possibility of his finding Evangeline? What (l. 170) is he seeking? But Longfellow told us this was to be a tale of *woman's* devotion. What two reasons (l. 172) why Gabriel and his party do not see the boat as they almost touch the island in passing? Aside from the reasons already given for their heavy sleep, how does the use of the word "lee" (l. 171) help to explain why the sleepers are not awakened by the vigorous rowing? As Evangeline's nerves were now all the time tingling at the thought that she might soon meet Gabriel, how do you account for what she thinks (ll. 180-82) may be a supernatural impression? What opportunity has the priest had within the last few days to get the positive information he gives to Evangeline in ll. 190-97? Do you think she heard much of his description of the country in the last four lines of his speech after hearing l. 192? They are within an hour's journey of Gabriel's home. Why has he not told her this before? What effect does it have on her (ll. 205-7)? Read aloud the description of the song of the mocking-bird. What does it say to us that it does not say to poor Evangeline? At what time of day do they arrive at Gabriel's home?

SECTION III

ll. 222-45 give us what details of the home noticed by Evangeline as the boat drew up to the landing? What other description of a home in the poem (ll. 63-83)? We noticed that the account of Evangeline's home dealt entirely with the exterior and surroundings. Notice whether this account of Gabriel's new home does the same. What two points in l. 226 are the same as two given in the description of Grand-Pré (l. 2)? What must Evangeline be expecting and half hoping? What one sign of life and habitation do they see about the house? Make a little flat map of the river, landing, garden fence with gate in the rear, garden, dove-cots, house, and grove back of garden with path running through it to the edge of the prairie where they see Basil. Notice that "groves of oak" (l. 241) and "woodlands" (l. 246) refer to the same thing. As they watch Basil what do they see him do (ll. 254-60)? While he is doing this, what are they doing? Where are they when they become sure that the herdsman is really Basil? If they went back into the garden and had friendly embraces, laughter, weeping, endless questions and answers, and times of sitting silent, how long, probably, was it before Gabriel was mentioned? Is it at all likely that Evangeline for a moment ceased to wonder about him? Why did she not ask at once about him? Where (ll. 534-36) have you seen her exercise similar reserve and self-control? How does Basil show that he dislikes and dreads to break the bad news? So thus ends the expectancy and weariness of the long journey and the happy certainty of the hours on the lake after the priest had told her that Gabriel was surely here. What in Basil's account of the reasons for his going (ll. 279, 283, 284) must have pleased her? What, in the account, shows that the poet means to use the device of contrast to heighten our admiration of Evangeline? What suggestions (ll. 280, 284-86) that Gabriel's grief had made him selfish? Have we any such suggestions anywhere regarding Evangeline? What excuse had his father found for sending him away from home? What, for her comfort and Gabriel's good, does Basil immediately propose? Would the journey he proposed to make be an easy one for a man of Basil's age and business cares? Explain the two last reasons he gives (l. 291) for thinking they will soon

overtake Gabriel. What joke does he try to make in l. 243? What member of Basil's household seems to have been entertaining Evangeline's travel companions while she and Father Felician were visiting with Basil? What was Michael doing when we last saw him? How would the sight of him be likely to affect Evangeline? Did Basil (ll. 302-4) leave any doubt in the minds of the newcomers as to the genuineness of his welcome? What three things do they wonder at as he talks? Does Basil appear to have lost or gained in a financial way and in ease of living by the banishment? Where (l. 310) had all this visiting taken place? What two things (l. 312) must have been welcome to the travel-worn Acadians? Why "sudden darkness" (l. 313)? What nine arguments does Basil use (ll. 322-33) to persuade them to settle in this vicinity? Who had been invited in for the evening in honor of the arrival of the visitors? Which ones of the invited guests would the newcomers be particularly glad to see? What proof (ll. 347-49) that not all the Acadians who had settled here had lived in Grand-Pré? In the dance that followed (ll. 350-57) what things were almost exactly similar to her betrothal dance? But at that time where was her father, who was her partner, and what were her prospects? Would not this dance make her miss Gabriel more keenly? What in l. 360 shows that vivid memories of the terrible night of her separation from Gabriel, the destruction of her homes, and the death of her father come upon her? Would the peculiar beauty of the night increase or lessen her grief? Where does she go? And what does she, as always, gain from communion with herself and with nature (l. 392)? With what cheerful accompaniments (ll. 400-402) do they start early the next morning? How (l. 403) do they follow Gabriel? Where, after many days of disappointment, do they get their first news of him? Evangeline had reached Basil's home the very day that Gabriel left. How much is the time of missing him now increased?

SECTION IV

In what language (ll. 413-14) does Longfellow refer to the Rocky Mountains? What rivers does he speak of as flowing west from these mountains? What ones as flowing east? to the south (ll. 420-22)? Evangeline and Basil found on arriving at

Adayes that Gabriel had taken the road to the prairies. Where (l. 424) does the poet locate these prairies? The streams he has mentioned are far apart and some of them are indefinitely located. We can see, however, that he does not intend to take Evangeline in her travels farther north than southern Colorado, or much, if any, west of the Rocky Mountains. In the lines describing the prairies what three kinds of vegetation does he speak of? What six kinds of wild animals? What does he say of the fires? of the winds? of the Indians? Why do the vultures follow their war-trails? What touch of nature closes the description as if to say that even this wild region is still under the protecting hand of God? For their journey into this country what companions do they take (l. 443)? How do they travel (l. 507)? What was provided for Evangeline's comfort and protection (l. 464)? How did Basil and the guides sleep at night (ll. 462-63)? What did they eat (l. 459)? How did they have to procure food (l. 461)? They started out each morning expecting what to happen before night? What two things in the face of the Shawnee woman who entered their camp immediately appealed to Evangeline? Did they treat her with suspicion as a spy? What language must this woman speak, since Evangeline understands her? Where had she doubtless learned it since her husband was a *coureur-des-bois*? Show that the poet thinks of this woman as of one with a heart as human and sympathetic as Evangeline's. Has the motherless, sisterless Evangeline had, in all her troubles, much opportunity for woman's sympathy? Of the two stories the Shawnee tells after she hears Evangeline's story, which one shows that she thinks Gabriel may have been only an illusion? Which one shows that she fears he may be an evil spirit leading Evangeline on to destruction? What was the effect of the stories on Evangeline? How, in l. 499, does her healthy nature assert itself? The night Evangeline spent at Basil's home was the time of full moon, and again it was full moon at the time of the Indian woman's visit. Was it just a month later? Of what nationality (ll. 523-24) is the priest at the mission where they go? Was Evangeline right in thinking that if Gabriel were in this part of the country he would be certain to go there sooner or later? What did they find going on when they arrived in sight of the mission? What

would Evangeline be looking and hoping for? By how much does she learn that she has missed Gabriel this time? How did the priest try to console her when the autumn came without bringing Gabriel? What time of the year was it when she arrived at the mission (ll. 543-44)? How long did she stay there? How does the priest show us (ll. 542, 550, 562, 564) that this time of waiting without even a rumor of Gabriel was as hard to bear as her other disappointments? When, in her second summer there, a rumor came of Gabriel still alive, though in far-away Michigan, to what does the poet compare it (l. 566)? How does this journey to Michigan compare in difficulty with either of the other two? By whom was she accompanied on her first long journey? on the second? on this one? In what respect is the result of this journey more disappointing than either of the others? To what does the "Thus" of l. 574 refer? In how many lines does the poet sum up the remaining years—fifteen or twenty—of Evangeline's searchings? Did she take any more long journeys (l. 575)? What five different sorts of places that she visited are mentioned? What war was fought, during this time, in which she seemed to think Gabriel might be engaged? What changes did the years and the disappointments work in her appearance?

SECTION V

Read the six lines which describe Philadelphia. Explain l. 591. For what four reasons did Evangeline choose this city for a home after giving up her search? What remarkable change took place in her (ll. 608-10)? What was her feeling toward Gabriel (ll. 511-15)? What three things had her life taught her? Quote passages to show that the poet thinks her love was not wasted. What shows (ll. 621-22) that she had entirely given up the hope of ever seeing Gabriel? Among what people did she choose to work (ll. 624-26)? What two ways does the poet take of showing how unselfishly she gave herself to her work (ll. 627-32)? Did this continue long before she found Gabriel (l. 623)? How does the poet show the extent of the pestilence that finally came upon the city? that it seized upon all classes alike? What, at that time, was the location of the almshouse to which the very poor went who were ill with the plague? As soon as the plague

broke out, Evangeline began to labor in what place? What sacred associations (ll. 655, 661-63) does the poet throw around the time of the final sad accomplishment of her search? At what season of the year was it? What time of day? What characteristic act does Evangeline do as she passes through the garden? What effect do the beauty of the morning, the odor of the flowers, the church chimes, and the singing of the Swedes have upon her spirit (ll. 624-26)? What scene (ll. 667-70) meets her eyes as she enters the "chambers of sickness"? What was the effect on the sick of her entrance? She notices that what changes have been made among the patients during the night? How is she affected (ll. 678-83) by the sight of one of these strangers who has been brought in during the night? What (ll. 689, 692-94) caused the cry of anguish? Why (ll. 684, 685) did she not instantly recognize him? How had she always thought of him and remembered him (ll. 611-14)? Did this add to her shock of grief? What (ll. 686-88) helps her to be sure it is Gabriel? What two things (ll. 695-98) brought him slowly back to consciousness? What vision comes into his mind? After he opens his eyes, in what three ways (ll. 705-707, 709) does Evangeline know that he recognizes her? What proof (l. 709) that the recognition comforted him in death? For what reasons then may Evangeline be thankful?

CONCLUSION

Where (ll. 716-19) did Evangeline arrange to have Gabriel buried and to be buried herself when her work on earth should be done? As the lovers, so long separated in life, lie together at last in death, what does the poet say (ll. 720-24) is going on about them? The last ten lines take us back to what place? What other race now dwells there? Where may a few Acadians still be found? Since they no longer own the land, what is their occupation? What is there in these cottages to remind us of the old Acadian times? And what are ocean and forest still doing?

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 971 455 A