

EVANGELINE



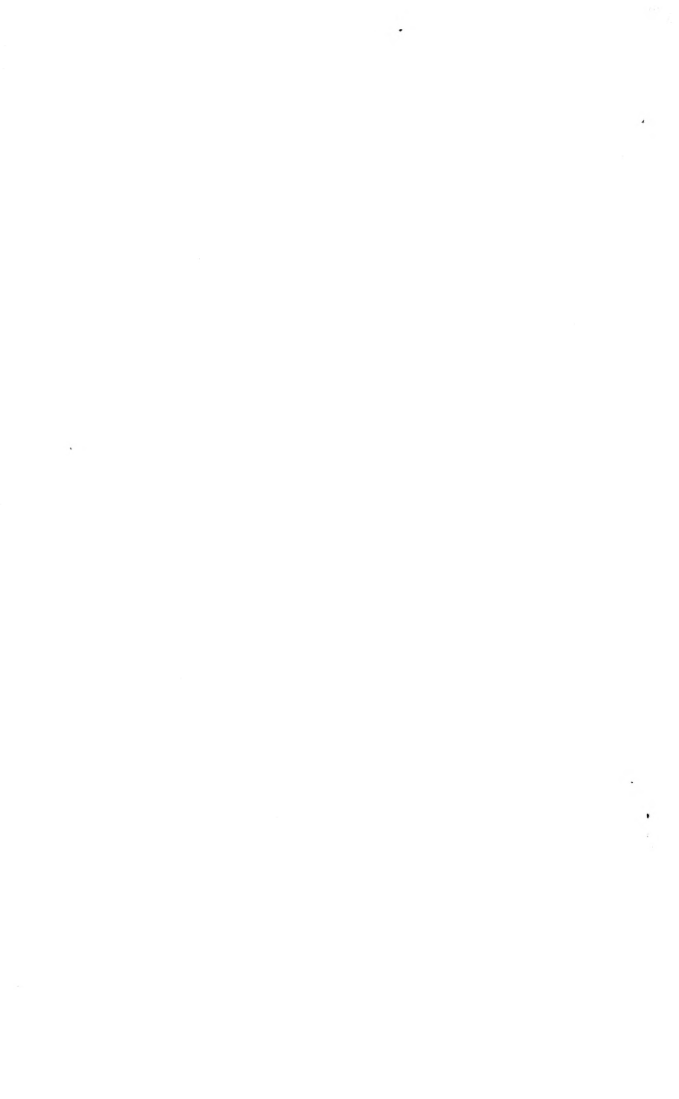
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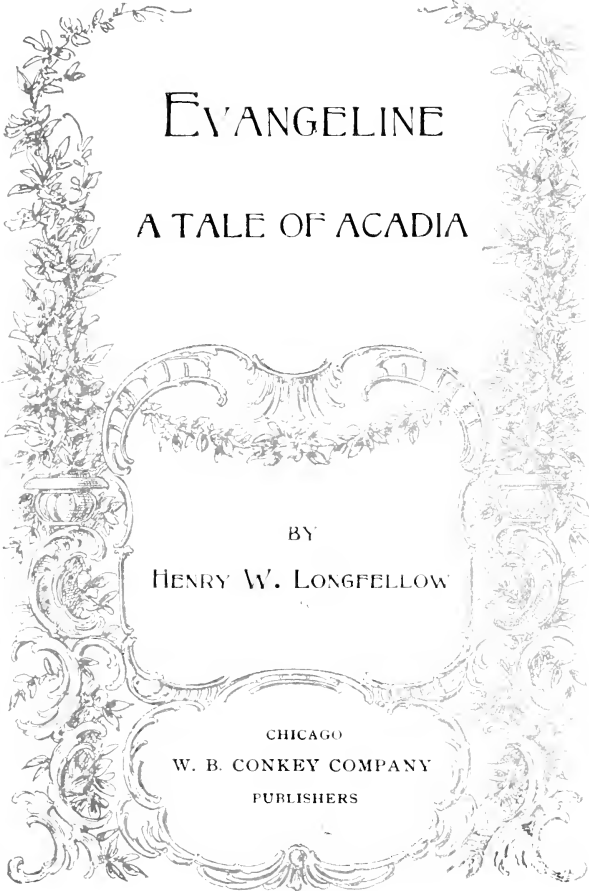
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A decorative border of grapevines with leaves and clusters of grapes surrounds the text. The border is more dense on the left and right sides, framing the central text.

EVANGELINE
A TALE OF ACADIA

BY
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

CHICAGO
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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EVANGELINE, A TALE OF ACADIA.

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

This is the forest primeval; but where are
the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like a roe, when he hears in the wood-
land the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home
of Acadian farmers—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that
 water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting
 an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farm-
 ers 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.
Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful
 village of Grand-Pré.

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

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of
Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows
stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to
flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated sea-
sons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at
will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain;
and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft
on the mountains

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

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

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

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

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

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-win-
dows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded
the doorway.

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

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

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

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spin-
ning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shut-
tles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirr of the
wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish
priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics;
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer
the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer
of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him,
directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the
pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his
cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seven-
teen 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 reap-
ers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth
was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the
priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-
ings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her
chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of
blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and
since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through
long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal
beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form,
when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceas-
ing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house
of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the
sea: and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared
in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung
by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by
the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed
image of Mary.

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

Shielding the house from storms, on the north
were the barns and the 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,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the
cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the peni-
tent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves
a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch;
and a staircase.

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.
There too the dove-cote 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 gov-
erned his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and
opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of the
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 dark-
ness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the
sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or
the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of
the village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance
as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of
the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only
was welcome;—

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil, the black-
smith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and
honored of all men;

For, since the birth of time, throughout all
ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute
by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children
from earliest childhood

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

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

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

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

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

There at the door they stood, with wondering
eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse
as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him
the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle
of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the
gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the
laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks ex-
pired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns go-
ing into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop
of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away
o'er the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous
nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,
which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the
sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest
of the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

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

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

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

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

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights
grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scor-
pion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air
from the ice-bound,

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropi-
cal 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 incle-
ment.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had
hoarded their honey

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunt-
ers asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the
fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then fol-
lowed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

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

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and
the herds to the homestead,
Pawing the ground they came, and resting
their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beau-
tiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon
that waved from her collar,

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

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the seaside,

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

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

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

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward
the stragglers;

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

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

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with
its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy
with 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.

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

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

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

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

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-
place, idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the
 flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
 Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with
 gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished
 away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of
 his arm-chair
Laughed in flickering light, and the pewter
 plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of
 armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols
 of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers
 before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright
 Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evan-
 geline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the
 corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its
 diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel,
 like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the
fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at
intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of
the priest at the altar.

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

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,
and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung
back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was
Basil the blacksmith.

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew
who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their
footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always
empty without thee;

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

Never so much thyself art thou as when
through the curling

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

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

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

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by
the fireside:—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
and thy ballad!

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

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

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

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evan-
geline brought him,

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

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

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

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

On the morrow to meet in the church, where
his Majesty's mandate

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

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

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

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

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have
been blighted,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our
flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by
the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the
enemy’s cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no
shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the
night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry
lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, break-
ing the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with
food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his
papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the
joy of our children?”
As apart by the window she stood, with her
hand in her lover’s,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy no-
tary entered.

III.

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

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of
the notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of
the maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high;
and glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more
than a hundred

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

Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive,

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

Now, though warier grown, without all guile
or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and sim-
ple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in
the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to
water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child
who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the
chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in
the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut
up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved
clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of
the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside
Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly
extending his right hand,
“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast
heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of
these ships and their errands.”
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 bet-
ter than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil
intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and
why then molest us?”

“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and some-
what irascible blacksmith;

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

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

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

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally
justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that
often consoled me,

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

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

When his neighbors complained that any injus-
tice was done them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no
longer remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of
Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the
scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that
justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the
scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land
were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak
were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a
nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long
a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in
the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on
the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue
of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts
of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in
wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering
scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest
of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of
pearls was inwoven."'
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story
was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but
findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on
his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-
panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp
on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard
with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength
in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his
papers and inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age
of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of
sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and
well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a
sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer
threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces
of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride
and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to
their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly
bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by
the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out
of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly con-
tention 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, behold-
ing the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the
bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,
and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence
reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on
the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled
it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that
glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of
the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evange-
line 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
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves
were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evan-
geline 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 mel-
low and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted
the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremu-
lous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as
she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor
of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees
of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam
of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a
feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of
clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room
for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw
serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star
follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wan-
dered with Hagar!

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the vil-
lage of Grand-Pre.

[✓]Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the
Basin of Minas,

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

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

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

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

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Aca-
dian peasants.

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

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

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

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

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

Thronged were the streets with people; and
noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gos-
siped together.

Every house was an inn, where all were wel-
comed and feasted;

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

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

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed
more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of
welcome and gladness

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

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

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

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

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the
blacksmith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the diz-
zying 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, Bene-
dict's daughter!

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

So passed the morning away. And lo! with
a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens
fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and
marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
sonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from
ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponder-
ous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the
will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from
the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the
royal commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his
Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you
 have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural
 make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know
 must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will
 of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
 cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you your-
 selves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you
 may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peace-
 able people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his
 Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice
 of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling
 of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and
 shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
 thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
 enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless won-
der, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed
to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and
fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high
o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil
the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the
billows.

Flushed was his face, and distorted with pas-
sion; 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 merci-
less hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him
down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
contention

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

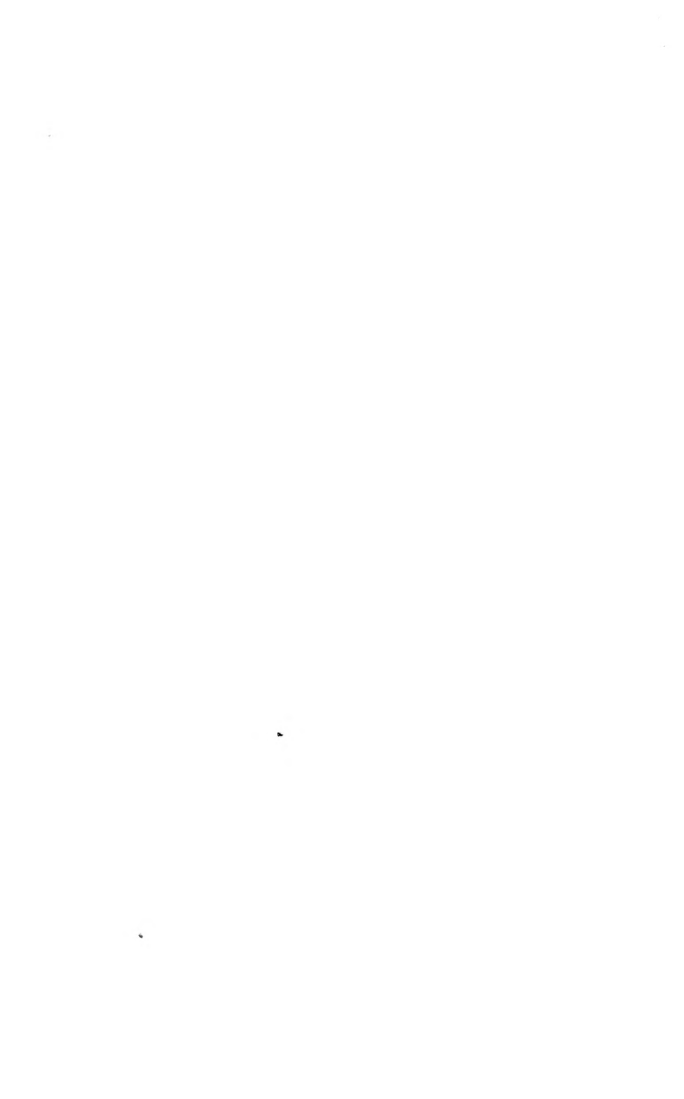
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness
and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer,
‘O Father, forgive them!’
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘O Father, for-
give them!’ ”
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded
the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, “O
Father, forgive them!”

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

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tid-
ings of ill, and on all sides



"He was beloved by the children." --Page 25.
Evangeline.



Wandered, wailing, from house to house the
women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood,
with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the
sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious
splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and
emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white
cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey
fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese
fresh brought from the dairy;
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-
chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door,
as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance
celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and for-
giveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into
the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful
hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering
steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary
feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden,
glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like a Prophet
descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church
Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door
and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, over-
come by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous
voice; but no answer
Came from the grave of the dead, nor the
gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless
house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board
was the supper unfasted,

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 discon-
solate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-
tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of
the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and gov-
erned the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard
of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peace-
fully slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now
on the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids
of the farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mourn-
ful procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms
the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household
goods to the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on
their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding
road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and
urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some
fragments of playthings.

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

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of
the peasants.

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

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

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

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of
drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged.

On a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and march-
ing 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 peas-
ants descended

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

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

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Cath-
olic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaust-
ible fountain!

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

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

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

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

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

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

Calmly and sadly 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

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.

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

Speaking words of endearment where words of
comfort availed not.

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

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

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the
confusion

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

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

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel
carried.

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

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

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste
the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of
the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and
the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household
goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a
battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels
near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless
Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bel-
lowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,
and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats
of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds
returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of
milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the wells
known bars of the farm-yard,—
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,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed
no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening
fires had been kindled.
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands
from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful
faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and
the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to
hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and
blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's des-
olate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evange-
line sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of
the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without
either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the
hands have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not,
he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
“*Benedicite!*” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his 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

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling
huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the
roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships
that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes
of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like
the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the
burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once
from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame
intermingled.
These things beheld in dismay the crowd on
the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud
in their anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the
village of Grand-Pré!”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in
the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the
lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of
dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles
the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt
the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with
the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush
to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as
the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and
madly rushed o'er the meadows.

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

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their
silent companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the sea-shore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul
had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head,
and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in
her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her
head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, obliv-
ious slumber;

And when she woke from the trance, she be-
held a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mourn-
fully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest
compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumi-
nated the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on
the faces around her,

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

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to
the people,—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a
happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the un-
known land of our exile,

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

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

Having the glare of the burning village for
funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pre.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation.
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pre,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,
into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example
in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when
the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered
from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry
Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands
where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them
down to the ocean.

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones
of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many,
despairing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer
a friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone
in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who
waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit and patiently suffer-
ing 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 sor-
rowed and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long
dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert
is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that
bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete,
imperfect, unfinished;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had
arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged
by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and
thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search
and endeavor;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed
on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that
perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to
slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon
her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen
her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or
forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” 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 hunt-
ers and trappers."

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

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisi-
ana."

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 spir-
its as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son,
who has loved thee

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

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Cather-
ine's tresses."

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

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

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

Many things are made clear, that else be hid-
den 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;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

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

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

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

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wander-
er's footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each change-
ful year of existence;

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

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

Here and there, in some open space, and at
intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through syl-
van glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its con-
tinuous murmur;

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

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the
Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift
Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by
Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from
the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating
together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a
common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by
hope or by heresay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the
few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair
Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide,
the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilder-
ness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires,
encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green
islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where sil-
very sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling
waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks
of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores
of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuri-
ant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-
cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where
reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves
of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to
the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and,
entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devi-
ous waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in
every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous
boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in
mid-air
Waved liked 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 return-
ing at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with
demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and
gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar
sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all
things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of
wonder and sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen that cannot
be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf
of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the
shrinking mimosa,

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

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

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a
vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on
through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed
the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy isles had Gabriel wan-
dered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him
nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat,
rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them per-
adventure,

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,
blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues
to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the
distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the rever-
berant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from
the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense
of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian
boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers,
While through the night were heard the mys-
terious sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in
the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the
roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from
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.

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 those shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon the fairest of these weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

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

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.

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

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

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder
of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascend-
ing, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted
from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she
slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn
of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of
regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless
islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er
the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of
hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of
the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance
thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his
brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was
legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting,
 unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self
 and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
 the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen
 of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay
 concealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars,
 and unseen, were the sleepers,
Angel of God, was there none to awaken the
 slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a
 cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had
 died in the distance,
As if from a magic trance the sleepers awoke,
 and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O
 Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me
 Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague super-
 stition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth
 to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With these words of cheer they arose and
continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the
western horizon

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

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water
and forest

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

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

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains
of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and
waters around her.

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

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung
o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of deli-
rious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the
waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then
soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of
frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful,
low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them
abroad in derision.
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through
the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal
shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest
of woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a
neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant
lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by
oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mis-
tletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden
hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the
herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house
itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fit-
ted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender
columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and
spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, ex-
tended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of
the garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

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

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle
and stirrups,

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

Broad and brown was the face that from under
the Spanish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly
look of its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of
kine, that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the
vapory freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself
over the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side,
and expanding

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

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

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

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse cur-
rents of ocean.

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

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade
in the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,
through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden
advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in
amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations
of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized
Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests
to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless ques-
tion and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed
their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting
silent and thoughtful,
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now
dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, some-
what embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by
the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Ga-
briel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a
shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a
tremulous accent,

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

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

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

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

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my
herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and
troubled, his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet
existence,

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful
ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his
troubles,

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

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

Unto the town of Adays 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 trap-
ping the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the
fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and
the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red
dew of the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to
his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from
the banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came
Michael the fiddler.

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

Having no other care than dispensing music to
mortals.

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

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

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline,
greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while
 Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions
 and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing
 mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the
 cidevant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patri-
 archal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the
 soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds
 were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too,
 would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the
 breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already
 the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and
 feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness
 descended.

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

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad
stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends
in the glimmering lamplight.

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

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

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet
Natchitoches tobacco,

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

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

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

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like
the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of
the farmer.

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

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

More in a single night than a whole Canadian
summer.

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

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking,
and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and
framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are
yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you
away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and steal-
ing 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,
So that the guests all started; and Father
Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-
way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words
were milder and gayer:—
“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware
of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian
climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s
neck in a nutshell!”
Then there were voices heard at the door, and
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the
breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small
Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of
Basil the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades
and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they
who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends
to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common coun-
try together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music,
proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melo-
dious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like chil-
dren delighted,
All things forgotten besides, they gave them-
selves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall,
the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present
and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst
of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irre-
pressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole
forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black
wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold
flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy
with shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and
the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable
longings,
As, through the garden gate, 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.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God
in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to
marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the
walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon
them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars
and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel!
O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice
does not reach me?"

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

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

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning
from labor,

Thou hast laid 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 whip-
poorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through
the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.

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

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

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the
flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

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

That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of
the prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where
the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passing rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway
and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the
Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate
leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and
the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by
the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound,
descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and
solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow
and sunshine,
Bright and 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 Ish-
mael's children,
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their
terrible war-trails
Circles the sails aloft on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaugh-
tered in battle
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of
these savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins
of swift-running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite
monk of the desert,



“Talk not of wasted affection.”— Page 59.
Evangeline.

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots
by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystal-
line heaven,
Like the projecting hand of God inverted above
them.
Into this wonderful land, at the base of the
Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and
trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the
maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each
day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain;
but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found
only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times
and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated
and vanished before them.

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

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of
her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to
know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had
been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had
suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disas-
ters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when
she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysteri-
ous horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and re-
peated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and
wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed
from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into
the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she fol-
lowed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed
like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Liliuau, who was
wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines, o'er her father's
lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again
by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan-
geline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swar-
thy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains
the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing
and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,
and the branches
Swayed and sighed overheard in scarcely audi-
ble whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evange-
line's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the
nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the
region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she
felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pur-
suing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and
the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was re-
sumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the west-
ern slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe
chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep
with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion,
Evangeline answered,

“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!”

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions,

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed
from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the
strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled
with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them
into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and
on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the
water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered:—
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden
reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and
continued his journey!”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake
with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words, as in
winter the snow-flakes

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

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the
priest; “but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to
the Mission.”

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

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

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and be-
times on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian
guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline
stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded
each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of
maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she
came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves inter-
lacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries
pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was
husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betok-
ened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a
thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought
not her lover.
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,
and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head
from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as
true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of
God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the trav-
eler’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of
the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms
of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and
fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and
their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
hereafter

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

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

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

V.

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

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the
emblem of beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the
trees of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads
whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline
landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home
and a country.

There old Rene Leblanc had died; and when
he departed,

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-
scendants.

Something at least there was in the friendly
streets of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made
her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and
Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian
country,
Where all men were equal, and all were
brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed
endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth,
uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned
her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of
the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape
below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities
and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw
the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love;
and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth
and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart
was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike
silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for
it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not
changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is
dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion
to others,
This was a lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some
odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the
air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but
to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of
her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of
Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded
lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves
from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep,
as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was
well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light
of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home
from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell
on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by
flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught
in their claws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month
of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to
a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natu-
ral margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of
existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of
his anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends
nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of
the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its
gateway and wicket

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

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

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

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

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead
with splendor.

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of
saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at
a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the
city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits
would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the
streets deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door
of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flow-
ers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fair-
est among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in
their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corri-
dors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes
from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the
meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the
Swedes in their church at Wicace.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the
hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said, "At length thy
trials are ended ;"

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

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching
brow, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-
cealing their faces,

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

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence

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

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

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

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the
night-time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by
strangers.

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

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,
while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the
flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and
bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,
That the dying heard of it, and started up from
their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the
form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face
for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its
earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those
who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush
of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had
besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign,
and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his
spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite
depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sink-
ing and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multi-
plied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the
hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender
and saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the
home of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers
among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and,
walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose
in his vision.

Tears came to his eyes; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline
knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed
what his tongue would have spoken.

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

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

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away
 from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the
 lovers are sleeping.
; Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
 churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and
unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing
beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs
are at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no
longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have
completed their journey!

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

Dwells another race, with other customs and
language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers
from exile

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

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom
are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun.

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's
story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest.

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
 Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening
 Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
 Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
 Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom!
 Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
 Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

“Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.”

“And fain it would stoop downward,
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,

But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness,

Thus began the King and spake :

“So from the halls

Of ancient Hofburg's walls,

A luxuriant Spring shall break.

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,

Wave the crimson banners proudly.

From balcony the King looked on ;

In the play of spears,

Fell all the cavaliers,

Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight

Rode at last a sable Knight,

“Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!”

“Should I speak it here,

Ye would stand aghast with fear ;

I'm a Prince of mighty sway!”

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of Heaven grew black with mists
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances;
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught.
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a breaker took;
 "Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank;
 "O that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
 Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
 He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
 Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast;
 "Roses in the spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and
band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

L'ENVOI.

Ye voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damp
Of the vast plain where Death encamps!

BALLADS
AND OTHER POEMS.

PREFACE.

There is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an *Idyl*, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems as the *Luise* of Voss and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Goethe. But the Swedish Poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang

the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husbandman brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come

and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, traveling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of

Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gates stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he

has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard, there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and the horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth

from his chamber; and then to horse and away, toward the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurraing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven

times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole, which stands in the center, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,—"I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be

thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, and thy lock and key, and every penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Savior to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the

jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to

burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons

Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chaunts,—

“Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile band!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Jonson said of the dancing dog, “the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”



“At the door of Evangeline’s tent she sat.”—Page 90.
Evangeline.

Esaias Tegner, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By in Warmland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexio, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is Frithiofs Saga; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the "Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord," for 1838-1839, says:

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman, or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially, after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and the North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style, which some authors, have from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier

rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, that this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the twelfth century. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example, as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

“ Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms

Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

" I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

" Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing.

- “ Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.
- “ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.
- “ Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.
- “ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,

And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“ Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us:

And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to lee-ward;

There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking sea-ward.

“ There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another!

“ Still grew my bosom then.
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
 The suniight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful!

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended!

There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!''*
—Thus the tale ended.

*In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorne buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe.
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming
snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

The maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe,

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side ✧
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank
 Ho! Ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea weed
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered, as the ballad leaves it.]

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call:
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it: "If this glass doth fall
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!”

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's "Danske Viser" of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles
wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A Knight full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee bedight,
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNOR.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The
 church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen.
 On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly
 flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by
 Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with
 her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and
 the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace!
 With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry
 on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant
 hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned
 like a leaf-woven arbor

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon
each cross of iron
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new
twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among
the departed
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was
embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his
kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and
children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with
pencil of iron
Marked on the table of stone, and measured the
swift-changing moment,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slum-
bered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this
was the season
In which the young, their parent's hope, and
the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows
of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and
cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from
the oil-painted benches.

There stood the church like a garden; the
 Feast of the Leafy Pavilions*
Saw we in living presentment. From noble
 arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preach-
 er's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod
 before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves,
 and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on
 of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece
 painted by Horberg, †
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling
 tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the
 shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished,
 blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost
 set in the sockets.
Loud rang the bells already; the thronging
 crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
 preaching.

*The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish "Löikyddohög-
tiden," the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

†The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his
altar-pieces in the village churches.

Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones
from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible
spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from
him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth;
and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an an-
them immortal
Of the sublime Wallin,* of David's harp in the
North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its
powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to
heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's
face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the
Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a
christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man
of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the
heralding angel

*A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Walked he among the crowds, but still a con-
templative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on a moss-cov-
ered grave-stone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that
faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the
day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint
John when in Patmos;—
Grey, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so
seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were
his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that
were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left
hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the
innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the
Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent dis-
course from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of
the heart came,

Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna
on those in the desert.
Afterward, when all was finished, the Teacher
re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right-
hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and
cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left-hand of these, there stood the
tremulous lilies,
'Tinged with the blushing light of the morning
the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes
cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the cate-
chism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and falter-
ing voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and
the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear
from lips unpolluted.
Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as
they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens
all courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of
light there among them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the
highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity
always is simple,
Both in sermon and song a child can seize on
its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded
when Spring-tide approaches
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the
radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the
perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its
crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of sal-
vation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The
fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at
each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and
straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affec-
tionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as
Death and as Judgment

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-
searcher, earthward descending,
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to
him were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the
thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there he
spake and he questioned.

“This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith
the Apostles delivered,
This is moreover the faith whereunto I bap-
tized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers’ breasts, and nearer the
portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church
in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light
in its radiant splendor
Rains from the heaven downward;—to-day on
the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and
make your election,
For she knows nought of compulsion, only con-
viction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point
of existence,

Seed for the coming days; without revocation
departeth,
Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye,
before ye make answer!
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive
the questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests
upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the
multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear
upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the
Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels
in waiting beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon
tablets eternal
Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father
who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit
where both are united?
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to
cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every
man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith
by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to
forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before
God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?"
—With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with
lips softly-breathing;
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved
from the brow of the Teacher
Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake
on in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Baby-
lon's rivers.

“Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom
of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by cove-
nant brothers and sisters!
Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such
is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth as assemblage of children, in
heaven one father,
Ruling them as his own household,—forgiving
in turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture
has taught us.

Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity
and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from
on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum
of the doctrine,
Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross
suffered and died for.
O! as ye wander this day from childhood's
sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in
Age's chill valley,
O! how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and
long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined,
where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon,
clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart
was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after
the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father
eternal
Gave to me gladness and care; but the liveliest
hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I
have instantly known them,

Known them all, all again;—they were my
childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in
the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and
Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the
world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roar-
ing billows
Swings she in safety, she heeded them not, in
the ship she was sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men;
in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she
herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows
faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; O do
not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the
keys of the heavens.—
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly
flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon
of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an
exile, the Spirit

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like
flames ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his father's mani-
fold mansions.
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blos-
somed more freshly the flowers,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played
with the winged angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and
homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's
longings are worship;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and
its tongue is entreaty
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descend-
eth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the
earth, in the grave-yard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sor-
rowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and
helps and consoles them.
Yet it is better to pray when all things are
prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and,
with hands interfolded,

Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of
blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that
comes not from Heaven?
What was mankind forsooth, the poor! that it
has not received?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The
seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory
of him who
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when
the world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament
uttereth his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall down-
ward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last
stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees
them, but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath
of the Judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When
he speaks in his anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and the mountains
leap like the roe-buck.
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This
awful avenger,

Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not
in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the
whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation; God's essence;
worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them
for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed
forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright stand-
ing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with
a flame out of heaven.
Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the
breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father,
nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for it was
that you may be happy
Gave he his only son. When he bowed down
his head in the death-hour
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice
then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the
temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from
their sepulchers rising

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears
of each other

Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to crea-
tion's enigma,—Atonement!

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for
Love is Atonement.

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the
merciful Father;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from
fear, but affection;

Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that
loveth is willing;

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love,
and Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest
thou likewise thy brethren;

One is the sun in Heaven, and one, only one is
Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp
on his forehead?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is
he not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is
he not guided

By the same stars that guide thee? Why
shouldst thou hate then thy brother?

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to
stammer one letter

Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is
called Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the
crown of thorns round his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers?
Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow like-
wise his example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil
over his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the
heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it
back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits
that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but
Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures,
and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears
on his eyelids.
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense.
—Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up
to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
grave, and beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a
sweet play of shadows!

Races, better than we, have leaned on her
wavering promise,

Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise
we our Father in Heaven,

Him, who has given us more; for to us has
Hope been illumined,

Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she
is living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the
eye of affection,

Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves
their visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance
shines like the Prophet's,

For she has looked upon God, the heaven on
its stable foundation

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the
New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors
descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at
the figures majestic,

Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of
them all is her homestead.

Therefore love and believe; for works will
follow spontaneous

Even as day does the sun; the Right from the
 Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works
 are no more than
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the ani-
 mate spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand
 and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were
 only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute
 upon earth until death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children,
 does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is
 he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips
 that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in
 the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the
 face of its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly
 his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon
 them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute.
 On his bosom

Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and
face to face standing
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by
vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits
majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the
throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and
are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language
spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he
one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome,
ye loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows,
forget not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth
shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have
pledged you to heaven.
God of the Universe, hear me! thou fountain
of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up
my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one
spirit of all these,

Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved
them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught
them the way of salvation,
Faithful, as far as I knew of thy word; again
may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy
face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and
exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom
thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake these words; and now at
the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round
the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the con-
secration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with
tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction
upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day;
the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the
Lord's holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the
Teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks up-
ward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his
eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
“On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I
shall rest in the grave-yard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken
untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I?
the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart;—I will so! for to-day grows
the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; for what fail-
ing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the rever-
end father
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-
come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of
Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have
told it you often.
Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atone-
ment a token,
'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by
his sins and transgressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence.
 'Twas in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it
 hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall;
 in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite like-
 wise.
See, behind me, as far as the old man remem-
 bers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her
 wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the
 lifetime of mortals.
Brought forth is sin full-grown; but Atone-
 ment sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of
 heaven and of angels
Cannot wake to sensation; is like the tones in
 the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the de-
 liverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the
 Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and he stands
 now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with
 Sin and o'ercomes her.

Downward to earth he came and transfigured
thence reascended,
Not from the heart in likewise, for there he
still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time
is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence receive this day her
visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The
light everlasting
Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the
eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart
that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention
alone of amendment.
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly
things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with
his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that
is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, man-
kind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh
Atonement's wine cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with
hate in his bosom,

Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's
blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he
eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve
us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread
of Atonement?"

Thus with emotion he asked, and together an-
swered the children
Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read
he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed
the organ and anthem;
O! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our
transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have
mercy upon us!

Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heav-
enly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt
round the mystical symbols.
O! then seemed it to me, as if God, with the
broad eye of mid-day,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the
trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the
grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew
it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their
icy-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood
the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before
Stephen; there saw they
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right
hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harp-
strings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with
their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with
heaven in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed
him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but
all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer,
his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the
innocent tresses.

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