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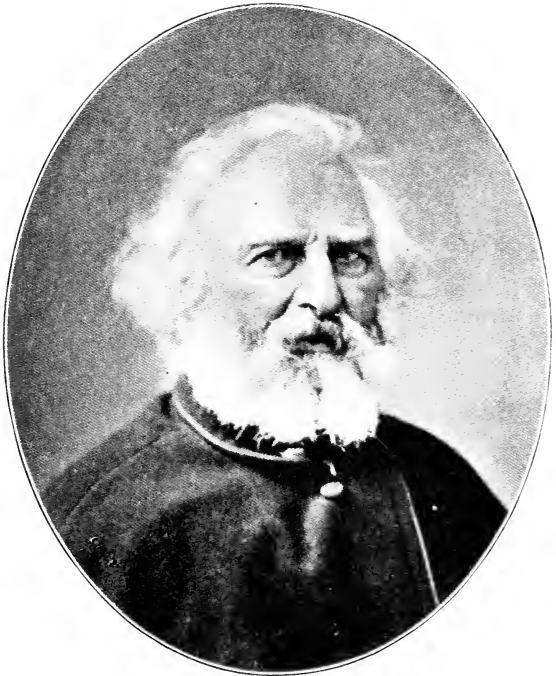


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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Classics in the Grades

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,
EXPLANATORY NOTES
AND CRITICAL OPINIONS

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE TEACHER

BEFORE the reading of "Evangeline" is taken up for class work the teacher should make a careful study of the historic facts with which the poem deals, in order to give a correct interpretation of this great masterpiece. While "Evangeline" will appeal to the ordinary reader, yet some preparation on the part of the teacher is essential for class-room work. This critical study should be of a two-fold character: first, the foundations upon which the author built his story; and, second, references to poems of other authors, similar in character, with which portions of "Evangeline" may be compared and contrasted. It should be kept in mind that the background of "Evangeline" is not biographical, but historical. The teacher should be thoroughly familiar with the historical conditions that made the banishment of the Acadians possible, in order to get in the atmosphere of the poem. In teaching any classic it should be the aim of the teacher to implant in the minds of the pupils a strong desire to read that particular story.

OUTLINE FOR CLASS READING

A classic improves with each reading, and this poem should be read by the class at least three times.

FIRST READING

The first step in the reading of any classic is to read it as a whole for the purpose of permitting the pupil to get the thread of the story. In no sense should this reading be used as a formal reading lesson. We shall make an inevitable failure if we

attempt to teach reading in connection with literary appreciation of a classic. The first lessons, then, should require merely an intelligent reading of the poem. The poem should be read aloud in a pleasing manner to get a good understanding and appreciation of the story. Each day's lesson should be so planned that it will stop at some interesting place in order to keep up a sustained interest on the part of the class. When we have read and have grasped the poem as a whole, we are ready for the second reading.

SECOND READING

In reading the poem a second time we should aim to study the mechanical means by which the author secured his effects. In this detailed study the teacher should do all the reading, planning each day's lesson so that it will stop at some logical place in the story. During the second reading the student should form clear conceptions of—

(a) *The Characters*.—Are the people in the poem life-like? Are they real? Can you *see* them? What are the prominent traits of each character? Has this poem a hero? a heroine? Which is your favorite character? Why? How many of the characters are real persons? Which characters are fictional—that is, creations of the poet? Poetic beauty is often found in comparisons and contrasts. Frequently poets present two characters to bring out the individuality of the other more strongly, *i. e.*, the two friends—Benedict, the contented farmer, and Basil, the impulsive smith. Contrast these two characters, showing them to be men of different type, yet drawn toward each other by strong ties of friendship; show their difference in character; their difference in thought (how each regarded the coming of the British ships), their difference in temperament (as shown in the church and how each bore misfortune), and how the poet characterized each by the adjectives that he used. Then compare these persons and see in what respects they are alike. Father Felician is portrayed as a model priest. To add interest to the work the teacher may tell of other characters that have

been portrayed in literature as pastors—the kind-hearted priest in *Les Misérables*, the benevolent preacher in *The Deserted Village*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who appears as priest and king. Compare Basil with “Henry of the Wynd” in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. In this connection read Longfellow’s *Village Blacksmith*. The theme of the poem is “the beauty and strength of woman’s devotion.” Justify this statement by selections from the poem. Can you picture Evangeline’s childhood, her home, her exile, her endurance of sorrow, her wanderings, her hopes, her faith and her devotion to her father and to her lover? Which character is the most vividly portrayed? the most dimly portrayed? Which character in the poem is historical? Gather together all that the poet says of the principal characters.

(b) *The Setting*.—Where are the scenes of this poem laid? Are the descriptions true to nature? At what time of the year did the dispersion take place? Can you see the ideal village of Grand-Pré, surrounded by rich meadows and with its quaint Normandy cottages, the costumes of its peasants, and its mediæval church? In Part I the poet has presented a Utopian village—everything is idealistic—the happy, contented, and prosperous villagers, the prospects of an abundant harvest, the marriage contract between Gabriel and Evangeline, the feast of betrothal, and the anticipation of a new home. Then comes the contrast—the gathering of the villagers in the church, the announcement of the cruel sentence, the separation of the lovers, the death of Benedict, and the dispersion of the Acadians. In Part II we hopefully follow Evangeline in her search for Gabriel and sympathize with her as her disappointments and sorrows increase. We see her with old friends in Louisiana; we see her at the squalid Indian camp in the far west, and we journey with her to the Michigan forests, but all in vain. She missed Gabriel at first by a few hours, then by a day, and finally they became more and more separated from each other until the beauty and strength of her devotion is rewarded by the reunion of the lovers at Gabriel’s death-bed in the old Alms House in Philadelphia.

Does the poet mention any "local color," that is, objects, customs, and costumes peculiar to the time and place? Do the descriptions of nature surpass the delineations of personal portraits?

(c) *The Plot*.—Is the story interesting? Does it hold your interest? Is the story devoid of dramatic incidents? Do the facts follow each other in the sequence of time? Are there any parts where the interest flags? Does the story lack unity? At what point in the story is the interest (climax) at the highest pitch? Why were the stories of Mowis and Lilinau introduced?

(d) *The Style*.—Name the colloquial and idiomatic expressions. Select words that are strong and terse; those that are highly polished or ornamental. Notice that many of the sentences are inverted, *i. e.*, "White as the snow were his locks."

Notice that the poet frequently begins a sentence in the middle of a line and lets it run over into the next line. Call attention to the various allusions:

"Stand like Druids of eld," I, 3.

"Louisburg is not forgotten," I, 249.

Note the Biblical allusions. Is the language different from that of prose? Teach the pupils to recognize the commonest figures of speech. What is Longfellow's favorite figure of speech?

(e) *Memory Gems*.—The pupils should be encouraged to select choice passages for memorization and to state the reasons for their selection.

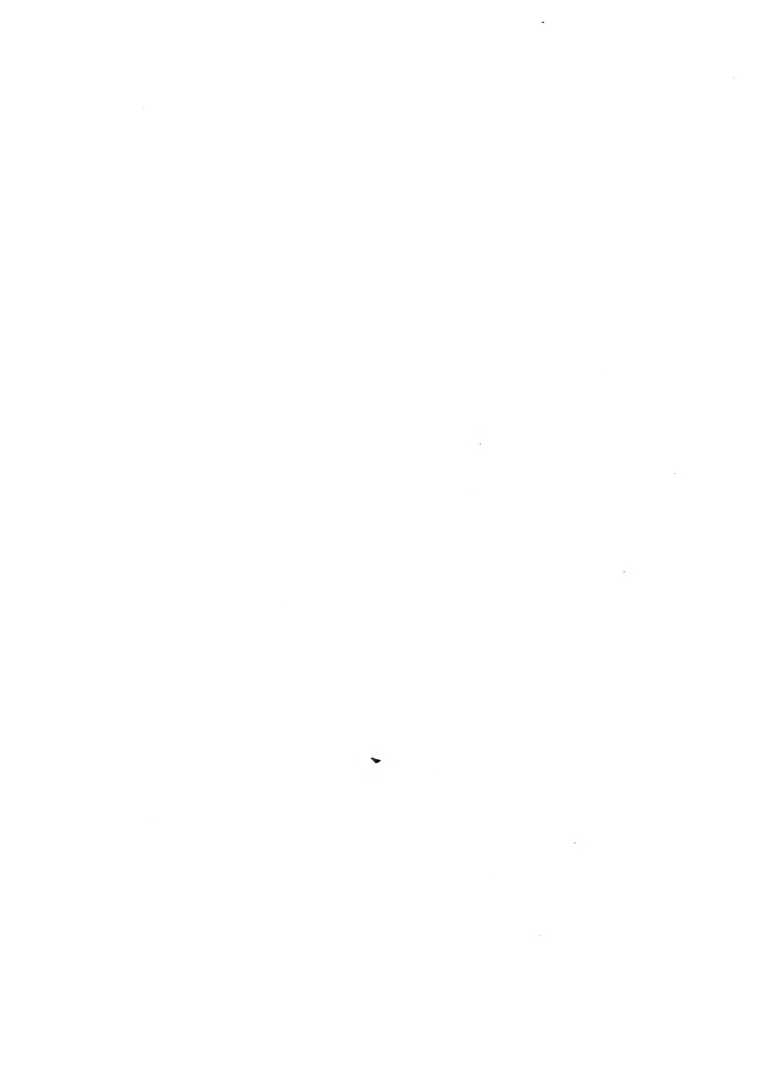
(f) *Collateral Reading*.—The study of this poem should be presented in such an interesting manner as to give the pupils a desire to read other narrative poems. The following poems are suggestive: Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*, Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, and Scott's *Marmion*.

(g) *Composition and Outline Work*.—Brief compositions may be written upon selected topics or in reproducing parts of the story. The following list of composition subjects from *Evangeline* may be profitably used in connection with the study of the poem:

- a. The Village of Grand-Pré.
- b. Benedict's Home.
- c. Benedict and Basil.
- d. Evangeline's Childhood.
- e. Evangeline and her Father.
- f. Autumn in Acadia.
- g. Evangeline's Lovers.
- h. The Notary.
- i. The Story of Justice.
- j. The Night of the Contract.
- k. The Feast of the Betrothal.
- l. The Message from the King.
- m. The House of the Prince of Peace.
- n. The Last Night in Acadia.
- o. The Death of Benedict.
- p. Weary Years of Wandering.
- q. The Journey to Opelousas.
- r. Basil's Southern Home.
- s. The Passing of Gabriel.
- t. Evangeline's Stay at the Mission.
- u. Evangeline, a Sister of Mercy.
- v. Was the expulsion of the Acadians justifiable? discuss either side of the question.

THIRD READING

This reading should be free from all criticism and should be given for the purpose of permitting the student to enjoy the revealed beauty of the poem.



EVANGELINE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and pathetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
boring ocean 5
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

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

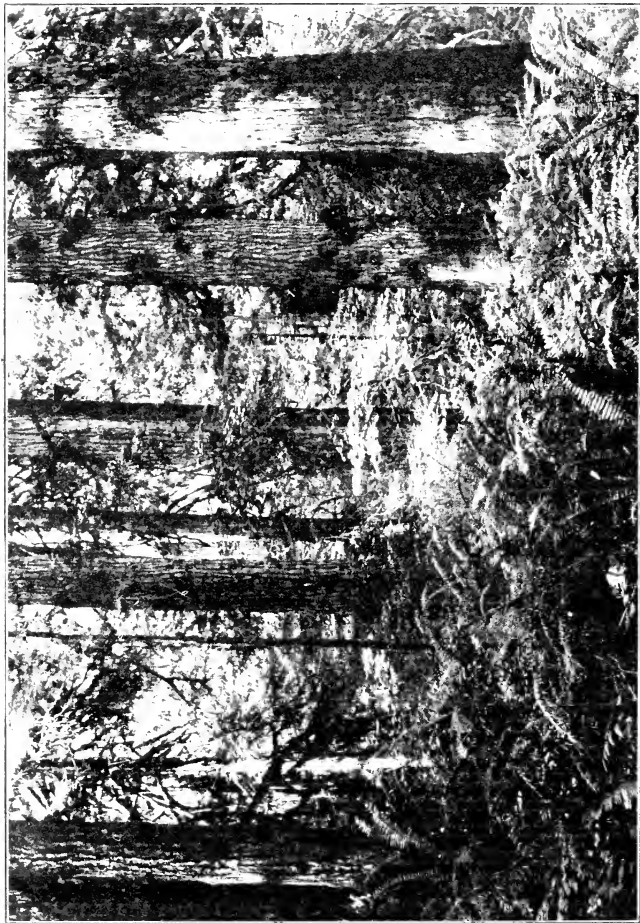
Why “murmuring pines”? “deep-voiced ocean”? Does the
forest really wail? Select and name figures of speech.

PRIMEVAL, belonging to the first ages; literally a forest which
has never been cut.

DRUIDS, an order of priests which in ancient times existed
among certain branches of the Celtic race. The word, which is
Celtic, means a magician. They practised magic and divination
and sacrificed human beings. They performed their sacred
rites in oak forests or in caves.

ELD, old English form of *old*.

HARPERS HOAR, refers to ancient players upon the harp who
were generally old men with long beards.



THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

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

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

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands, 10

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

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

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

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

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village
of Grand-Pré. 15

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

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

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

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

What is the object of a prelude? Does the prelude of this poem in any way foreshadow the story? Which part of the prelude gives a mournful background? tells the fate of the Acadians? From the prelude determine the theme of the poem; the author's point of view.

GRAND-PRÉ (grän-prä), meaning a great meadow. French, *grand*, great, and *pré*, meadow.

PART THE FIRST

I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas, 20
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
flood-gates 25
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

BASIN OF MINAS, a small bay upon the northern coast of Nova Scotia—an arm of the Bay of Fundy.

DIKE, an embankment to prevent inundations.

The Bay of Fundy has remarkable tides rising to the height of 50 to 60 feet.

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 30

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

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

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

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

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and
gables projecting 35

Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.

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

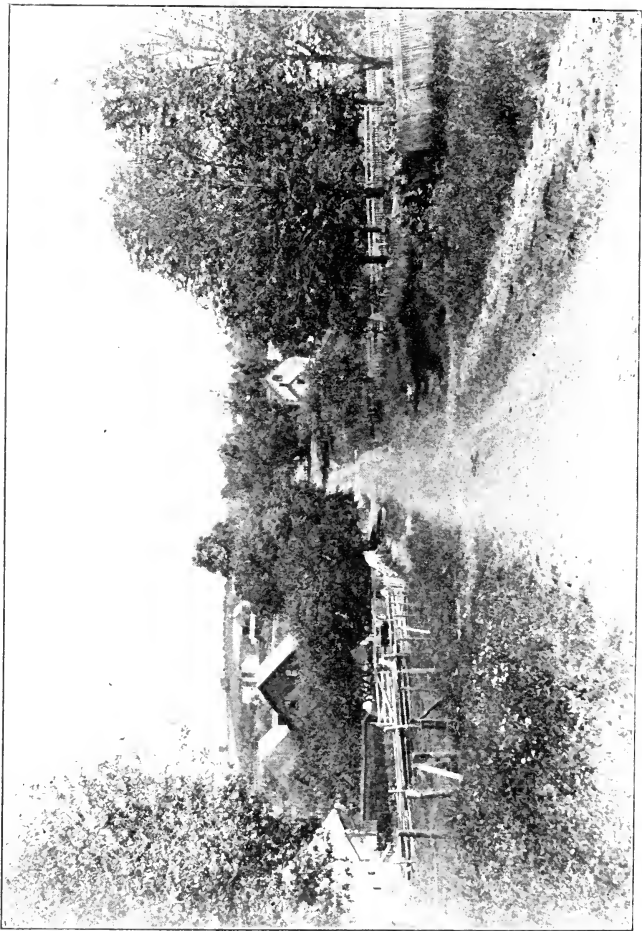
BLOMIDON, a headland of red sandstone, four hundred feet high, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

NORMANDY, a province of France bordering the English Channel. The Acadians came from Normandy about 1633–38.

The HENRIES were the Kings of France, Henry III and Henry IV, who reigned during the 16th and 17th centuries.

DORMER-WINDOWS, the windows of a sleeping apartment.

GABLE, the vertical triangular portion of the end of a building, from the level of the eaves to the ridge of the building.



THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE, NOVA SCOTIA

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden 40
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and
the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons
and maidens, 45
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

Why are looms said to gossip? Select a word called onomatopoeic.

KIRTLE, a skirt worn over a petticoat.

DISTAFF, a staff for holding a bunch of flax or wool, from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.

SHUTTLE is an instrument used by weavers in shooting the thread of the woof (cross threads) between the threads of the warp (threads running lengthwise).

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending, 50

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, no bars to their
windows; 55

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, 60

What is the meaning of the expression, “the vice of republics”?

ANGELUS refers to the tolling of the church bell in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, announcing the hour of prayer in memory of the announcement by the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary that she was to be the mother of Jesus.

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of
the village.

Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers; 65

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,

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

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed
in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the
maiden. 70

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,

What figure of speech is "the man of seventy winters"? white
as the snow were his locks"?

HYSSOP, a plant the twigs of which were used for sprinkling
in the ceremony of purification.

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 75

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. 80

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

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and
a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-
ing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and
a foot-path 85

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

CHAPLET OF BEADS means the rosary or string of beads by
which the prayers are counted.

MISSAL, a book of prayers used in the Roman Catholic service.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-
side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of
Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
with its moss-grown 90
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 selfsame 95
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.
In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a
staircase,

PENTHOUSE, a shed or roof sloping from the main wall or building as over a door or window.

MARY, the mother of Christ.

WAINS, wagons.

SERAGLIO, an inclosure.

LINE 96, see Luke XXII, 60, 61.

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

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates 100

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weatherecks rattled and sang of mutation.

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

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

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, 105

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

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

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

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

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; 110

Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,

WEATHERCOCK, a weathervane, so called because originally it was often in the figure of a cock.

MUTATION, change.

PATRON SAINT, a saint chosen as a special protector.

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 blacksmith, 115
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 ear-
liest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father
Felician, 120

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

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

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

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

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to
behold him 125

LAJEUNESSE, pronounced lä-zhe-nés.

PEDAGOGUE, schoolmaster.

PLAIN-SONG, the Gregorian chant in church music with tones
of unvaried and of equal length.

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-
 thing,
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire
 of the cart-wheel
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering
 darkness
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every
 cranny and crevice, 130
 Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
 bellows,
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
 the ashes,
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into
 the chapel.
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
 eagle,
 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
 meadow. 135
 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;

CIRCLE OF CINDERS, name the figure of speech.

LINE 133, do you know of another similar saying?

LINE 136, why "populous nests"?

There is a French story to the effect that if one of the fledglings is blind, the mother bird seeks the sea-shore for a small stone with which she restores its sight.

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. 140

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; 145

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

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

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Why was Evangeline called “the sunshine of St. Eulalie”?

St. Eulalie’s Day is February 12th. A saint of the Roman
Catholic Church. According to the saying of the Norman French,
“if the sun shines on St. Eulalie’s Day there will be apples and
cider in abundance.”

SCORPION, in astronomy the eighth sign of the zodiac through
which the sun enters about October 23d.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the
ice-bound, 150

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of
September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the
angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their
honey 155

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters
asserted

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

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
beautiful season,

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

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;
and the landscape 160

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 har-
mony blended.

LINE 153 refers to Jacob's wrestling with the angel, Gen. xxxii,
24, 30.

SUMMER OF ALL SAINTS, popularly known as Indian summer.
All Saints' Day is November 1st. In the Roman Catholic Church
it is known as the feast of All Saints.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the
farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
pigeons, 165
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. 170

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 fresh-
ness of evening. 175

LINE 170, the story is told of Xerxes, that when he was making an expedition against Greece, he discovered a plane-tree whose surprising beauty engaged his affection to such an extent that he dressed it with a woman's garments and jewels.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks
from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog, 180
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of
his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and sup-
erbly
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. 185
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 ponder-
ous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels
of crimson, 190
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular
cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets de-
scended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in
the farmyard, 195
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barndoors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly
the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and
the smoke-wreaths 200
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind
him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-
chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates
on the dresser 205

DRESSER, a cupboard or set of shelves for holding dishes.

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 Evangeline
seated, 210

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, 215

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.

What kind of an expression is "the clock clicked"?

BURGUNDY, a province in eastern France noted for its
wines.

BAGPIPE, a musical wind instrument now chiefly used in the
Highlands of Scotland.

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, 220

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; 225

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:— 230

“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 Evangeline
brought him 235

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 240

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

To pick up a horseshoe was an evidence of good luck to the
finder.

GASPEREAU'S MOUTH, see map of Nova Scotia on page 130.

MANDATE, command; George II, 1727-1760.

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted, 245

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUISBURG, a French town and fort on Cape Breton Island which was captured by Gen. Pepperell in 1745.

BEAU SÉJOUR (pronounced bō sě-zhōōr). A French fort on a neck of land connecting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It surrendered to the English under Gen. Winslow on June 12, 1755, a short time before the expulsion of the Acadians. Among the forces captured were 300 Acadians.

PORT ROYAL, a town on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, about 60 miles from Grand-Pré. It was founded by the French in 1604 and captured by the English in 1710. It is now known as Annapolis.

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

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 260

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the
 glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a
 twelve-month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and
 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, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father
 had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

CONTRACT, the marriage contract between Gabriel and Evan-
 geline.

GLEBE, soil. Now specifically the cultivable land belonging
 to a parish or church.

RENÉ LEBLANC, the notary public of the village who attests
 contracts, deeds, and other legal documents.

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 270
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses
 with horn bows
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a
 hundred
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
 great watch tick.
 Four long years in the times of the war had he lan-
 guished a captive, 275
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of
 the English.
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-
 picion,
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and
 childlike.
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,

SUPERNAL, more than human.

LINE 276, René Leblanc while in the English service had been captured and imprisoned by the French.

LOUP-GAROU (pronounced, lōō-gă-rōō). A were-wolf. A man having the power to change himself into a wolf.

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the
 horses, 281
 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, 285
 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, 290
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships
 and their errand."
 Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
 public,—

LÉTICHE (pronounced, *lā-tēsh*). The spirit of a child doomed to wander at night in the form of a small white animal.

LINE 284, there is an old Continental belief among the peasantry that on Christmas eve the cattle talk and fall on their knees in worship of the infant Christ.

LINE 285, a popular belief in some countries that a nutshell with a spider in it will cure a fever.

LINE 286, a fancy that a four-leaved clover will bring good fortune to the person who finds it.

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

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

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then
molest us?” 296

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

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

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

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

“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

Whenever neighbors complained that any injustice was
done them. 305

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

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice

SOOTH, truth.

An old Florentine story used as the theme of Rossini’s opera,
entitled *La Gazza Ladra*.

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. 310
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the
 balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-
 shine above them.
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were
 corrupted;
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were
 oppressed, and the mighty
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
 man's palace 315
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a sus-
 picion
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the house-
 hold.
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
 scaffold,
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
 Justice.
 As to her Father in Heaven her innocent spirit as-
 cended, 320
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the
 thunder

Why is "justice" represented with scales in its left hand and a sword in its right hand?

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." 325
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, 330
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. 335

DOWER, the property which a woman brings to her husband at
marriage.

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 bride-
groom, 340

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lips he solemnly bowed and
departed,

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

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

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,

SEAL, a small disk of paper attached to a document after the
signature to make it binding in law.

DRAUGHT-BOARD, checker board.

EMBRASURE, the enlargement of the aperture of a door or win-
dow on the inside of a wall designed to give more room or admit
light.

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the
moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels. 352

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell
from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in
the household. 355

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 Evangeline
followed. 360

Name the figures of speech in lines 352 and 362.

From the French: *couvre feu*, cover fire. The ringing of a bell at an early hour (originally 8 o'clock) in the evening as a signal to the inhabitants of a town or village to extinguish their fires and lights and retire to rest. The custom was universal during the middle ages, and is said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror. "*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,*" Gray.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the
darkness,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,
till the heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides
of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood
with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her
lamp and her shadow. 375

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, 380
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar.

IV

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village
of Grand-Pré,
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor 385
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates
of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,

Why "tremulous tides"? Why "clamorous labor"? Select
and name the best figures of speech.

HAGAR refers to Hagar with her son Ishmael who was driven
out of Abraham's tent, Genesis XXI, 12, 21.

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-
gether. 395

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

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

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

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome
and gladness 401

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; 405

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

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 410

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

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

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

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

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
 dances 415

BETROTHAL, a French custom.

LINE 413 (pronounced, tōō lā bōōrzhwā de shārtr and Le kār-e-
 yōhn de d̄n-kirk), popular French songs, "All the Citizens of
 Chartres" and "The Chimes of Dunkirk."

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

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

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

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

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

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 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor

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

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal

LINE 422, "In obedience to the summons, 418 men assembled."
—Haliburton.

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

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

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. 435

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

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

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

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

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

LINE 430, Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow of Marshfield, Massachusetts, great-grandson of Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim Fathers.

ROYAL COMMISSION, an order from the king.

LINE 432, see historical material, page 129.

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, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures;

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

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
doorway. 450

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce im-
precations

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

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

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

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted,— 455

SOLSTICE, June 21, when the sun is farthest from the equator.

“ Down with the tyrants of England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of
a soldier

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

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-
tention, 460

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of
the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his
people,

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured
and mournful 465

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the
clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children? what madness
has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

LINE 456, see historical material, page 129.

TOCSIN, a signal bell.

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations? 470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-
giveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing
upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy
compassion! 475

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

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

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

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

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the pas-
sionate outbreak, 480

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

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

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

LINE 476, see Luke XXIII, 34.

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, 485
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill,
and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and
children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her
right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,
descending, 490
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; 495
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the
farmer.

AVE MARIA, Latin for "Hail Mary," the first words of a prayer
said in the Roman Catholic Church.

ELIJAH, see 2 Kings 11, 11.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the
sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad am-
brosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended,— 500

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and
patience!

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

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they de-
parted,

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

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering
vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending
from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

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

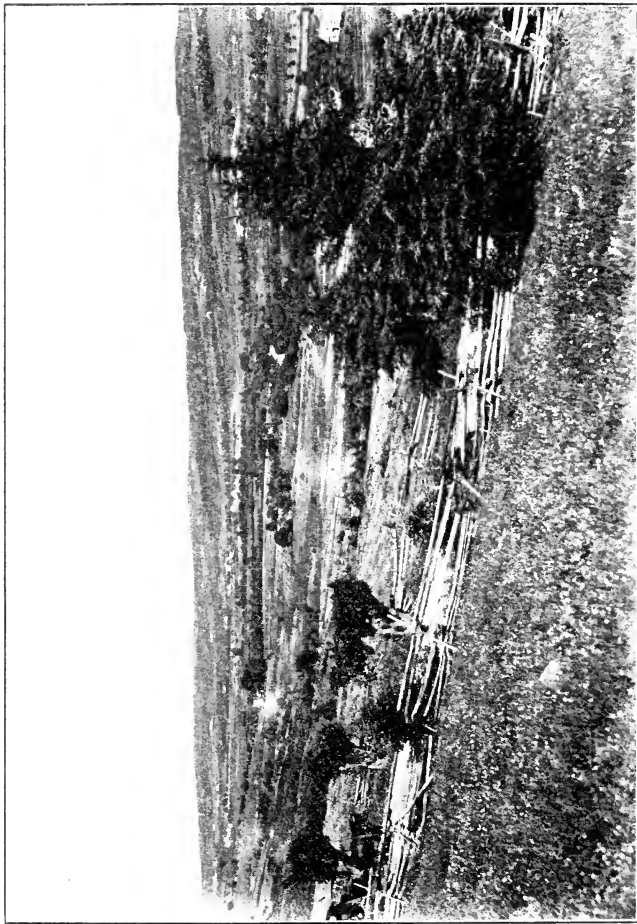
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the
windows 510

AMBROSIAL, delighting the taste or smell. Ambrosial is formed
from the noun ambrosia, meaning *the food of the gods*.

PROPHET, Moses. See Exodus xxxiv, 29-35.

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

What is meant by “the gloomier grave of the living”?



THE GASPEREAUX VALLEY, NOVA SCOTIA

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
farmhouse. 525
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-
cession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the
Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to
the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and
the woodland. 530
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 Gaspereaux' 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; 535
All day long the wains came laboring down from the
village.

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

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

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

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession 540

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

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

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

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended

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

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

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

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!

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

Then the old men as they marched, and the women
that stood by the wayside 550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-
shine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Halfway 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, 555
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 an-
other
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances
may happen!” 560
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, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort
availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mourn-
ful procession.

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

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

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

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 re-
fluent ocean 575

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,

REFLUENT, flowing back, ebbing.

LEAGUER, camp of an army.

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
farmers. 581

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing
ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and
leaving

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

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from
their pastures; 585

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

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

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

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no An-
gelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights
from the windows. 590

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 cry-
ing of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in
his parish, 595
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat
with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old
man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
thought or emotion, 600
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
firelight.
" *Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of com-
passion. 605
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,

PAUL, see Acts XXVII, XXVIII.

BENEDICITE, a salutation used by the Roman priests, meaning
"God bless you."

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 610

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, 615

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. 620

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
 thatch, and, uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
 hundred house-tops
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
 shore and on shipboard.
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
 anguish, 625
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
 Grand-Pré!"
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
 farmyards,
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of
 cattle
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
 interrupted.
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleep-
 ing encampments 630
 Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the
 Nebraska,
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
 speed of the whirlwind,

GLEEDS, hot burning coals.

See historical material, page 129.

The destruction of the village took place between the 5th and
 10th.

NEBRASKA, the Platte River is sometimes called the Nebraska.

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. 635

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 seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed. 640

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden

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

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

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a
multitude near her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her,

Pallid with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces
around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering
senses. 650

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people,—
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land
of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-
yard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste
by the sea-side, 655
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of
sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast
congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with
the dirges. 660

LINE 657, no bell to toll the knell and no book from which to read the services of the dead.

DIRGE, a funeral hymn; a song expressing grief, lamentation, and mourning.

'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-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind
from the northeast 671
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 675

BANKS, shallow part of the Atlantic Ocean bordering on Newfoundland.

SAVANNA, a treeless plain.

FATHER OF WATERS, the Mississippi.

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. 680
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its
pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and
suffered before her, 685
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;

LINE 677 refers to the formation of the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi.

MAMMOTH, an extinct species of elephant.

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-
shine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly des-
cended

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; 695

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. 700

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her be-
loved and known him,

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

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

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

Give a reason for Evangeline straying in churchyards.

Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers." 705

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

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? 710

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

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

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

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

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

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

COUREURS-DES-BOIS (pronounced kōō-râr-da-bwā). The literal meaning is "runners through the woods." They were French guides who conducted the fur traders through the woods.

VOYAGEUR, a class of men in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company who transported goods by rivers into Canada.

ST. CATHERINE is the patron saint of virgins, who was martyred A. D. 307 under the Roman Emperor Maximillian. This French proverb means to lead a life of celibacy.

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

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

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

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

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, return-
ing

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. 725

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!" 730

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

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

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's foot-
steps;—

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

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through
the valley: 735

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

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

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms
that conceal it,

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

Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an
outlet. 740

What relation has this canto to part second? In what way
does this canto state the moral of the poem?

SHARDS, pieces or fragments, as of earthen vessels; here mean-
ing troubles of life.

MUSE, the goddess of song or poetry.

II

IT was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
 River,
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mis-
 sissippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian
 boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the
 shipwrecked 745
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common
 misfortune;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or
 by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-
 acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-
 lousas. 750

LINE 741, the Ohio, which means "beautiful river."

WABASH, a tributary to the Ohio River.

KITH AND KIN, kith is now obsolete except in this phrase: it means one's own people and kindred.

LINE 750, in 1765 over 600 Acadians sought their kith and kin in Louisiana and founded settlements at Attakapas and Opelousas and later extended their settlements on both sides of the Mississippi as far as Baton Rouge.

OPELOUSAS, a section of Louisiana directly west from Baton Rouge. See map on page 138

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father
Felician.

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

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

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike 755

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept
with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sandbars

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, 760

Shaded by China-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and
dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns per-
petual summer,

LAGOON, an area of shallow water bordering on the sea and usually separated from the region of deeper water by a belt of sand.

WIMPLING, rippling.

CHINA-TREE, an evergreen-tree bearing red berries, used as a substitute for soap.

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange
and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-
ward. 765

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,

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

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

Over the heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of
the cypress

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

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,

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

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

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,

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

GOLDEN COAST, southern section of Louisiana.

BAYOU OF PLAQUEMINE, see map on page 138.

TENEBOUS, dark, gloomy.

Dream-like, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them;

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

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be
compassed. 780

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered
before her,

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

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one
of the oarsmen, 790

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure

MIMOSA, the sensitive plant.

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

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the
forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music. 795

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;

But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through
the midnight, 800

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
And through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the
grim alligator. 805

What is meant by "colonnades and corridors"? How did the blast of the bugle give tongues to the forest? Why was the silence painful? What figure of speech is involved in the words "awoke and died"?

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 boat-
men. 810
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan
islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were
suspended. 815
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 travellers
slumbered.

ATCHAFALAYA, see map on page 138.

LOTUS, a water-plant bearing a beautiful flower.

SYLVAN, wooded.

WACHITA refers to willows growing on the banks of the Ouachita river.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and
 the grape-vine 820
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of
 Jacob,
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-
 scending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from
 blossom to blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered
 beneath it.
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an
 opening heaven 825
 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. 830
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful
 and careworn.
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and
 a sadness

COPE, covering.

LINE 821, read Genesis XXVIII, 10, 12.

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. 835

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. 840

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on
the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders. 845

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit?"

THOLES, pins set up in the rim of a boat to serve as oarlocks.

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,— 850

" Daughter, they 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, 855

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 860

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; 865

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. 870

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

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

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

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

Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music, 875

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 lamen-
tation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision, 880
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Tête, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland, 885
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbor-
ing 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

Bacchus was the god of wine. Women who took part in wild
dances and song in honor of Bacchus were called BACCHANTES.

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
 flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
 Yuletide, 890
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
 A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
 of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted
 together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-
 ported, 895
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
 veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
 around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the
 garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual
 symbol,

SPANISH MOSS, see lines 1 and 2 of the prelude.

MISTLETOE, an evergreen plant that grows sometimes, but rarely, on the oak and other trees. The mistletoe was intimately connected with many of the superstitions of the ancient Germans and of the British Druids. When it was found upon an oak, it was cut down with a golden sickle with great ceremony by a white-robed priest. Another priest, standing on the ground, received it in the folds of his white robe.

YULE-TIDE, Christmas-tide.



A LOUISIANA BAYOU

Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of
rivals. 900

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 905

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

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.

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

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

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-
vines. 910

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. 915

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 ex-
panding

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

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

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

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

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

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
distance. 925

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

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advanc-
ing to meet him.

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

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of won-
der;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the
blacksmith. 930

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

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

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

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts
and misgivings 935

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat
on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremu-
lous accent, 940

"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. 945

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

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet ex-
istence.

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, 950

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

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

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

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

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive
lover; 955

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

ADAYES, a town in northern Texas.

OZARK MOUNTAINS, mountains in southern Missouri extend-
ing into Arkansas and Indian territory.

FATES, according to ancient mythology the three fates were
Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who were represented as holding
the destinies of human life. Clotho spun the thread of life;
Lachesis twisted it; and Atropos cut it with a scissors.

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. 960

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 965

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting
 the old man

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

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
 gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
 daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant
 blacksmith, 970

OLYMPUS, a mountain in ancient Greece supposed to be the
 home of the Gods.

CI-DEVANT, former.

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and
the climate.
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his
who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go
and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy
veranda, 975
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, 980
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 Natchito-
ches tobacco,

NATCHITOCHEs, a town and district located on the Red River.

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

“ 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. 990

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. 995

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

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

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

LINE 997, Louisiana was originally settled by the French. In 1763 it became Spanish, and in 1801 was ceded back to France. It was acquired by the United States in 1803 through purchase. The Acadians reached New Orleans in 1765.

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from
his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on
the table, 1000
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, 1005
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a
nutshell!”
Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-
steps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the
herdsman. 1010
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before
were as strangers,

CREOLES, originally natives descended from French ancestors who had settled in Louisiana; later, any native of French or Spanish descent by either parent.

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding 1015
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to
the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to
the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of flutter-
ing garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest
and the herdsman
Sat conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within
her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible
sadness 1025
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. 1030
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 Car-
thusian.
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 1035
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of
the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure-
less prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-
flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite
numbers. 1040

CARTHUSIAN, a religious order of Monks founded in 1086 in Chartreux, France. They are remarkable for their austerity. They support themselves by manual labor and assume a vow of almost perpetual silence.

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, 1045

Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel! O my
beloved!

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

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

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

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands
around me! 1050

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

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

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets, 1055

TEMPLE, the sky.

UPHARSIN, read Daniel v, 5-29.

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 1060

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

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

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

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

“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling, with
Basil descended 1065

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

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sun-
shine, and gladness,

ORACULAR CAVERNS, referring to the celebrated oracle of
Apollo at Delphi in Greece, where men sought to know the future.

PRODIGAL SON, read Luke xv, 11-32.

FOOLISH VIRGIN, read Matthew xxv, 1-13.

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speed-
ing 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, 1070
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague
and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and
desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the
garrulous landlord 1075
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, 1080
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and
Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
Nebraska,

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish Sierras, 1085

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 sun-
shine, 1090

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.

OREGON, the Columbia River, formerly called the Oregon.

WALLEWAY, a river in northwest Oregon.

OWYHEE, a river in northern Nevada.

WIND-RIVER MOUNTAINS, in the western part of Wyoming.

SWEET-WATER, name of a river in Wyoming.

FONTAINE-QUI-BOUT (pronounced, fon-tān-kē-bōō), French for
"boiling spring." A creek flowing into the Arkansas at Pueblo,
Colorado.

SIERRAS, the teeth of a saw. Saw-like ridges of mountains
in Utah and New Mexico.

AMORPHAS, a plant known as the false indigo, or lead plant.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk
and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless
horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary
with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children, 1095
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible
war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these
savage marauders; 1100
Here and their rise groves from the margins of swift-
running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of
the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brookside,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountains, 1106

ISHMAEL'S CHILDREN, read Genesis XXI, 14-21.
MONK, hermit.

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 campfire 1110

Rise in the morning air from distant plain; but at night-
fall,

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. 1115

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 Cam-
anches, 1120

FATA MORGANA, the Italian name for an optical delusion or
mirage.

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, 1125

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, 1130

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 1135

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had
ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the
tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded
a maiden, 1140

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from
the wigwam.

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far
into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a
weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed
by a phantom, 1145

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,

Why was the tale of Mowis incorporated in the poem? Recall the story of René Lablanc. Have these stories anything to do with the development of the main story?

INCANTATION, witchcraft.

LILINAU (pronounced lē-lē-nō), an Indian legend.

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, Evangeline
listened 1150
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region
around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest
the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon
rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling
the woodland. 1155
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the
branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart,
but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the
swallow. 1160
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of
spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a
moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and
the Shawnee 1165
Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western
slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the
Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary
and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain,
as they hear him.”
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline
answered,— 1170
“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. 1175
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the
village,

BLACK ROBE CHIEF, a member of the sacred order of Jesuits, so called by the Indians on account of his black dress.

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by
grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneel-
ing beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the in-
tricate arches 1180
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of
the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening
devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction
had fallen 1185
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 home-like sounds of his mother-tongue in
the forest,
And with words of kindness, conducted them into his
wigwam. 1190
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes
of the maize-ear
SUSURRUS, whispering.

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, 1195

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, 1200

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

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

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

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

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

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at
the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize
that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now
waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,
and forming 1210
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged
by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a
lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in
the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her
lover. 1215
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the
meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the
magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has sus-
pended
Here on this fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s
journey 1220
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

COMPASS-FLOWER, a plant that grows in the prairies of the west, the leaves of which point due north and south, and hence the name.

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 here-
 after 1225
 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, 1230
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
 Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
 forests,
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
 River.

ASPHODEL, according to the ancient poets, it is a beautiful flower which grows in the Elysian fields; another name for the Greek heaven.

NEPENTHE, according to Homer, a magic draught from this plant produces forgetfulness of pain and sorrow.

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

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission. 1235

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

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

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

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden;— 1240

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremem-
bered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long
journey; 1245

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS, members of the Christian denomination, called the United Brethren, who formed a separate church in Moravia. They have been especially noted for their energy and missionary activity.

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, 1250
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, 1255
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of
 the forest,

Does the poem in any way give a hint as to where *Evangeline* was taken on leaving *Acadia*?

WILLIAM PENN, the Quaker, founder of Pennsylvania.

LINE 1254, Philadelphia.

LINE 1256, many streets in Philadelphia are named for trees, Chestnut, Walnut, Pine, etc.

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

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

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

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-
parted, 1260

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger:

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

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavor,

Ended, to recomtence no more upon earth, uncom-
plaining,

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 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below
us,

DRYADS, nymphs of the woods.

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. 1275

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; 1280

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

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

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;
frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from
the sunlight. 1290
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated
Loud, through the dusty streets, that all was well
in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through
the suburbs 1295
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for
the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

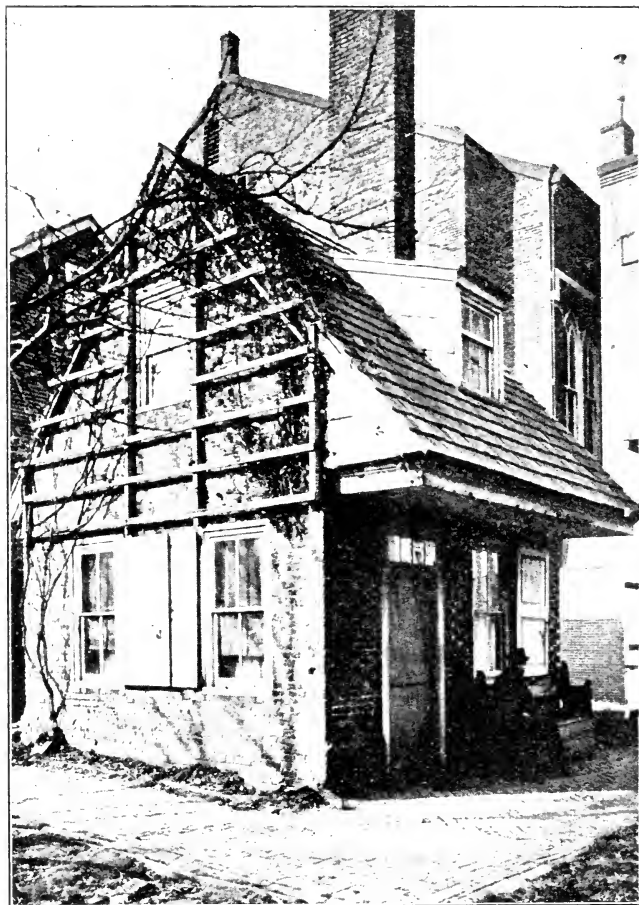
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of
wild pigeons,

SISTERS OF MERCY, a religious order of women who devote their lives to attending the sick and poor.

LINE 1293, before the advent of policemen, night watchers cried out the hours and at the same time saying "all is well."

LINE 1295, Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia.

PESTILENCE, the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793.



OLD FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their
 craws but an acorn. 1300

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
 September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake
 in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
 margin,

Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,
 the oppressor; 1305

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 1310

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

LINE 1308, the Old Friends' Almshouse near Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

LINE 1312, read Mark XIV, 7.

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold
there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor, 1315
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 dis-
tance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets de-
serted and silent, 1320
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the
almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the
garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among
them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their frag-
rance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
cooled by the east-wind, 1325
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the
belfry of Christ Church,

CHRIST CHURCH, a historic Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, on Second Street above Market.

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
were wafted

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

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

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are
ended"; 1330

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

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attend-
ants,

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

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

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by
the roadside, 1335

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. 1340

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, 1345

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

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

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

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

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

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, 1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass
over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in
the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and
sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied rever-
berations, 1360

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, 1365

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

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

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

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

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents
unuttered 1370

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. 1375

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

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

1390

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;

1395

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

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-
boring ocean

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

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HIS BOYHOOD

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine, which he calls "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." His father was Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard College, a prominent lawyer in Portland, and at one time a member of Congress. His mother was Zilpah Wadsworth, a beautiful woman, fond of music, poetry, and social life. On his mother's side the poet traced his ancestral line to John Alden and Priscilla Mullen, whom he immortalized in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Henry Wadsworth, the second son, was named after his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in the American navy. His home was in every way favorable to the development of a love for literature. He was surrounded by books and an atmosphere of culture and refinement.

HIS COLLEGE DAYS

He prepared himself for college at the Portland Academy, and in his fourteenth year was sent to Bowdoin College, where he became a member of the famous class of 1825. Some of his classmates were: Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, John S. C. Abbott, a clergyman and writer, George B. Cheever, the eminent lecturer, and Edward Preble, son of Commodore Preble. The year 1821, that Longfellow entered College, William Cullen Bryant published his first volume of poems, and James Fenimore Cooper, his novel, *The Spy*. His translation in the Sophomore year of one of Horace's Odes secured later a professorship in his

Alma Mater. He was a close student and ranked second in a class of thirty-seven.

BOWDOIN PROFESSORSHIP

Upon graduation from Bowdoin, when he was but nineteen years of age, the trustees offered him the newly created professorship of modern languages, which he gladly accepted. He spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany preparing for his work, and returned to Bowdoin, where he remained for five years at an annual salary of a thousand dollars. He taught four modern languages and prepared his own text-books in French, Spanish, and Italian. One of the fruits of his European study was a little book in prose which he called *Outre Mer*. It is made up of a series of sketches in the manner of Irving's *Sketch Book*.

HIS MARRIAGE

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, of Portland, a lady of rare beauty and of exceptional culture. Their happy married life lasted just four years. On his second visit to Europe she accompanied him and died suddenly at Rotterdam in November, 1835. She is the "being beauteous" commemorated in the poem, "The Footsteps of Angels."

HARVARD PROFESSORSHIP

Longfellow's reputation as a teacher and as a writer was not confined to Bowdoin. He was looked upon as a teacher of rare ability and as a rising man in the world of letters. He was called to Harvard as professor of modern languages and belles lettres to succeed George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature. Before entering upon his duties at Harvard he went abroad the second time to study the Scandinavian tongues, and further acquaintance with Germany. At Interlaken he became acquainted with Miss Frances Appleton, who inspired the writing of his romance *Hyperion*. In this story Miss Appleton appears as Mary Ashburton, and the poet as Paul Fleming.

HIS CAMBRIDGE HOME

In 1836 he returned to his duties at Harvard, and took up his residence in the Craigie House in Cambridge. This famous house belonged to an eccentric widow who supported herself by lodgers and was prejudiced against students. She consented to accept Longfellow as a boarder upon his assurance that he was not a student, and as a mark of special honor assigned him the room General George Washington had occupied. The Craigie House is the most historic house in New England save Faneuil Hall. It is a fine example of colonial architecture, guarded by stately poplars, and commands a fine view of the Charles River. It was the headquarters of General Washington for nine months after the battle of Bunker Hill; Jared Sparks, President of Harvard College, had kept house in it; Edward Everett, the orator, and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, lodged here with Mrs. Craigie; but it was destined to become still more illustrious as the home of America's most popular poet, the laureate of the common human heart. Upon the poet's marriage to Miss Appleton, this famous house was presented as a marriage present to the bride by her father, and it became Longfellow's home for forty years. "Here the poet received cordially his most distinguished foreign visitors and the humblest child admirer." In 1861 the poet suffered a great loss, through the tragic death by fire of his wife. She was buried on the anniversary of her wedding-day. The poet was too severely injured in trying to subdue the flames to attend her funeral. No direct mention of his loss appeared in his later poetry, but this bears a sadder tone. His translation of Dante became the poet's solace.

For seventeen years Longfellow faithfully discharged his duties as the head of the department of modern languages, giving no less than seventy lectures a year. On his seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, the school-children of Cambridge presented the poet with a chair made from the wood of "The Village Blacksmith's" chestnut tree, and called forth the poem "From My Arm Chair."

HIS DEATH

Longfellow's last years were eventless. Nine days before his death he completed his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," the spirit of which was in harmony with his whole life:

"Out of the shadows of the night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

On March 24, 1882, he passed away. There was mourning in two continents. A palm branch and a passion flower were laid upon the casket. At the service verses from "Hiawatha" were read, beginning:

"He is dead, the sweet musician."

I. CHRONOLOGY OF LONGFELLOW'S POETRY AND PROSE

1833. *Outre Mer*. A young poet's sketch-book.
1839. *Voices of the Night*. The volume that established his name as a poet. Its most popular poem, *The Psalm of Life*.
1839. *Hyperion*. A Romance. Hyperion is another sketch-book, but it is richer and more mature than *Outre Mer*.
1841. *Ballads and other Poems*. It included such popular poems as *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Excelsior*, and *The Rainy Day*.
1843. *Spanish Student*. A three-act play.
1845. *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. Selections from 360 authors.
1846. *Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*. It included five popular poems: *To a Child*, *Nuremberg*, *The Day is Done*, *The Bridge*, and *The Old Clock On the Stairs*.
1847. *Evangeline*. The flower of American idyls. Longfellow's representative poem and his favorite among his own writings.
1849. *Kavanaugh*. A tale of New England life.
1850. *The Seaside and the Fireside*. The most striking poems are *The Building of the Ship* and *Resignation*.

1851. *The Golden Legend*. Intended to illustrate Christianity in the Middle Ages.
1855. *Hiawatha*. America's national epic poem. "Like Arthur, Hiawatha seeks to redeem his kingdom from savagery and to teach the blessing of peace."
1858. *Courtship of Miles Standish*. The Plymouth idyl. A colonial romance.
- 1865-74. *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The several poems appeared from time to time during a period of ten years. The plan of the poem is similar to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. In the poems there are seven narrators: the Poet (T. W. Parsons), the Sicilian (Luigi Monti), the Musician (Ole Bull), the Student (Dr. Henry Wales), the Theologian (Prof. Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard), the Spanish Jew (Israel Edrehi), the Landlord (Squire Lyman Howe).
1867. Translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*.
1872. *Christus*. A trilogy. The poet worked more than twenty years on this production. The three parts:
- a. The Divine Tragedy (1871).
 - b. The Golden Legend (1851).
 - c. New England Tragedies.
 1. John Endicott (story of Quaker persecution).
 2. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms— a story of witchcraft.
1872. *The Three Books of Song*.
1873. *Aftermath*.
1874. *The Hanging of the Crane*. A picture of domestic life called forth by a visit of the poet to Thomas B. Aldrich and his newly wedded wife in their home.
1875. *Morituri Salutamus*. A noble poem read at the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin.
1875. *The Masque of Pandora*. The story is that of Hawthorne's *Paradise of Children*.
1878. *Keramos* (potter's clay).
1880. *Ultima Thule*.
1882. *In the Harbor*. A posthumous volume of poems.

II. THE ORIGIN OF THE POEM

It is interesting to learn just how Longfellow came into possession of the material that he used in writing *Evangeline*, the most read poem in American literature.

The first record that we have of the unfortunate Acadian lovers was made by Hawthorne in his *American Note Books*, October 4, 1838. The story had been told to Hawthorne by the Rev. H. L. Connolly, who, in turn, had received it from one of his Canadian parishioners. Connolly saw in this incident a fine theme for a romance, but somehow the subject did not appeal to Hawthorne. One day Hawthorne came to dine with Longfellow at the Craigie House, bringing with him his friend Connolly. At the dinner table Connolly again told the story, and was greatly surprised that Hawthorne did not care for it. "It was the story of the young Acadian maiden, who, at the dispersion of her people by the English troops, had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially the constancy of the heroine, and said to his friend, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem."¹

Scott had never seen Melrose by moonlight when he wrote his well-known lines:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Longfellow had never visited the scenes described in his poem, though travelers have testified to the accuracy of his portrayal. The sources from which Longfellow gathered the material for his poem are well known. "As far as I remember," he said, "the authorities I mostly relied upon in writing *Evangeline* were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Haliburton; the first for the

¹ "Life and Letters of Henry W. Longfellow," by Samuel Longfellow.

pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment." The Indian legends were taken from Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*. It is a well-known fact that he did not visit Grand-Pré nor the Mississippi, but trusted to the above-named authorities for his descriptions and Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. In his note-book, on December 17th and 19th, we find this entry: "I see a diorama of the Mississippi advertised. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river." "Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and sand-banks crested with cotton-wood and the bayous by moonlight."

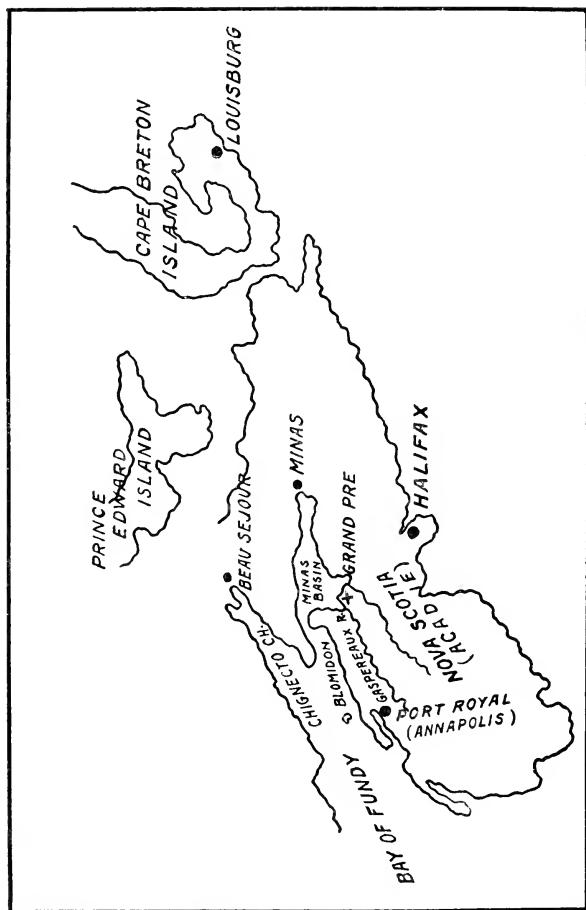
The question has often been asked, Why did Longfellow place the final scene in Philadelphia? The answer to this question is best answered in the language of the poet. "I was passing down Spruce Street one day toward my hotel after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high inclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline*, I placed the final scene, the meeting between *Evangeline* and *Gabriel*, and the death, at the poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

III. HISTORICAL MATERIAL

THE ACADIANS

That section of North America which we now call Nova Scotia was discovered in 1497 by the Cabots, who claimed it for the

¹ Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*; Hannay's *History of Acadia*; Smith's *Acadia*; Murdock's *History of Nova Scotia*; Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*.



THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY, NOVA SCOTIA.

English. The settlement of Nova Scotia, however, was due to the French in 1598. By orders of Henry IV, Marquis de la Roche sailed with a single ship with a number of convicts from the prisons of France. He selected Sable Island, ninety miles southeast of Nova Scotia, as a fit place for settlement. The Marquis soon returned to France and left his colony of forty convicts to its fate. Seven years later only twelve of them were found alive, and when they were brought back to France, the king ordered a general pardon for their offenses.

In 1603 Monsieur De Mont was made governor-general of the province. The commission of De Mont extended from the 40th to the 46th degrees of north latitude, that is, from Virginia almost to the head of Hudson Bay. The region was named Acadia, and DeMont sailed thither with four vessels in March, 1604, with Champlain acting as pilot. De Mont entered the Bay of Fundy and anchored in a harbor on the northern shore of the peninsula. There a settlement was begun to which the name of Port Royal was given.

In 1621 Sir William Alexander received from James I the gift of a province in America, lying on the east side of a line drawn in a northern direction from the river St. Croix to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This country was named in the patent, *Nova Scotia*, or *New Scotland*. It was in this manner that confusion at a subsequent period caused so much difficulty and gave rise to an intricate discussion whether Nova Scotia and Acadia were names for the same country, or whether they were distinct and separate provinces.

For centuries the French and English had been enemies, and it was but natural for their continental quarrels to be taken up by their respective subjects in the new world. In colonial history these wars between England and France were known as Queen Anne's War, King George's War, and the French and Indian War. Even in times of peace the peninsula of Nova Scotia was not large enough for the English and French to live peacefully side by side, and as a natural consequence one side had to conquer the other. The English were constantly encroaching upon the claims

of the French, and the French were as equally determined that the English should not get a foothold in the province.

By the treaty of Breda (1667), England gave up all claim to Acadia, and the province passed under French control. During Queen Anne's War, an English fleet of thirty-six vessels captured Port Royal, and the name was changed to Annapolis, so called in honor of Queen Anne. Acadia was annexed to Great Britain under the title of Nova Scotia, and so for a period of one hundred and fifty years this territory passed back and forth under the control of the two nations.

By the treaty of Utrecht (1713) between France and England, all of Nova Scotia was ceded to Great Britain. By the terms of that treaty, the inhabitants of Acadia were to hold their lands subject to the Crown of England; they were to be protected in their religion and to be exempted from bearing arms against the French and Indians. This gave them the name of French neutrals, being French in sympathy and English in government.

The English did not like to see this fertile country given up entirely to the French, and so they decided to establish a colony there. This brought up the question of ownership. Now the serious troubles of the simple-minded Acadians began. "Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, proposed to remove the Acadians altogether, and to distribute them among the English colonies. This atrocious policy was opposed at first by the British ministry. A more humane policy was adopted. It was to settle so many Englishmen among the Acadians that the obedience of the French inhabitants to British authority would be secured. Finally, the British government induced disbanded British soldiers and marines to accept lands among the Acadians and to settle there. During the year 1749 about 1400 of these, led by Colonel Cornwallis, went among the Acadians and planted the first English town east of the Penobscot, in a dreary place, and called it Halifax."

"Twenty years before, when the Acadians bowed submissively to English rule, they had been promised freedom in religious matters and exemption from bearing arms against the French

and Indians, but now they were ordered to take another oath of allegiance to Great Britain and the supremacy of the Crown in religious matters, and be subjected to all the duties of English subjects. A thousand men signed a petition humbly asking permission to sell their lands and remove to some place to be provided by the French government. Their hearts bore allegiance to France and their church, and they begged not to be compelled to take arms against one, nor to forswear the other. The haughty Cornwallis said to the ambassadors, who brought the petition to him: "Take the oath or your property will be confiscated. It is for me to command, you to obey."

The French and Indian War brought matters to a crisis. It now became a question of supremacy between the French and English in America. Upon the arrival of General Braddock in the colonies, four separate plans of campaign were agreed upon to dislodge the French from their strongholds. General Braddock was to proceed against Fort DuQuense; Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, was to attack Fort Niagara; Colonel William Johnson was to capture Crown Point; while a fourth campaign was in progress to drive the French out of Nova Scotia. Three thousand New England troops sailed from Boston May 20, 1755, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, a great grandson of Edward Winslow, who came over in the *Mayflower*. Landing near the head of the Bay of Fundy, they were joined by Colonel Monekton and a force of regulars. There were only two fortified posts in the province, both on the neck of land uniting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. *Beau se jour*, the principal one, stood at the head of Chignecto Bay. The landing was made June 3, 1755, and the siege of the fort was begun the following day. Upon the surrender of the fort, three hundred French neutrals were actually found in arms. To bear arms against the King of England was a violation of the conditions of neutrality. Yet, notwithstanding, an offer was made to such of the Acadians as had not been openly in arms to be allowed to continue in the possession of their land if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualification. This they unani-

mously refused to do. The violation of their obligation to their king was a great cause of their misfortune. To this may be added a distrust of the right of the English to the territory which they inhabited, and the indemnity promised them at the surrender of Fort Beau se jour. Inasmuch as they had violated the conditions of their neutrality it was determined to remove and disperse this whole people among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive manner, and where they might be neutralized to the government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces under Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow. At a consultation held between Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements requiring the attendance of the people, at the respective posts, on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms, as to insure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County was as follows:

“To the inhabitants of the District of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., as well ancient, as young men and lads:

“Whereas, his Excellency the Governor, has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you such as they have been given to him; we therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above named District, as of all the other Districts both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the Church at Grand Pré, on Friday the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate

to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate. Given at Grand-Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's reign.

“John Winslow.”

On the next day, in obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church (for that too had become an arsenal), Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow placed himself and his officers in the centre and addressed them through an interpreter, thus:

“Gentlemen:

“I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova Scotia; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any parts of his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely—that your lands and tenants, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province. Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole

families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command."

He then declared them the king's prisoners. The whole number of persons collected at Grand-Pré finally amounted to 483 men and 387 women, heads of families; and their sons and daughters, to 527 of the former, and 576 of the latter; making in the whole 1923 souls. Their stock consisted of 1269 oxen, 1557 cows, 5007 young cattle, 493 horses, 8690 sheep, and 4197 hogs. Some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, and all possible means were adopted to force them back into captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the District of Minas alone there were destroyed 255 houses and 276 barns. In all about 6000 Acadians were taken from their homes and sent to the various English colonies.

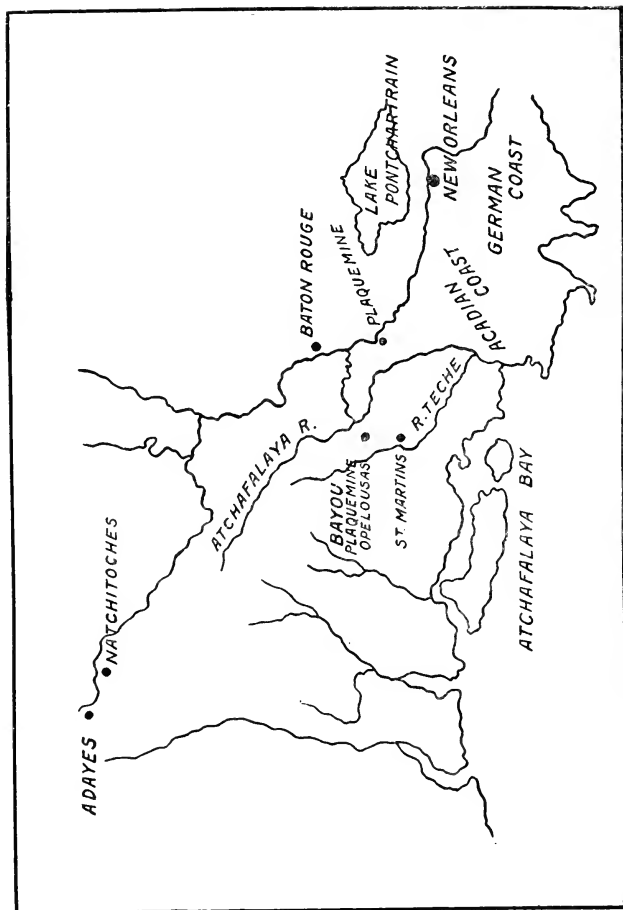
Inasmuch as Longfellow depended upon Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia" for his incidents and point of view, the following account of the "dispersion" has been taken largely from Haliburton. Preparations having been completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, 161 in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels, but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and

their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns—this detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereaux; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived their wives and children followed, and the whole population of the District of Minas were transported from Nova Scotia.

For several successive evenings the cattle assembled around the smoldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watchdogs of the neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.

These poor unfortunate exiles were scattered in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, and eventually a large number of them found their way to Louisiana. They were not too kindly received in many of the colonies with the exception of Louisiana, where kindred speech won sympathy for them to the extent that farming implements were furnished free to them by the government. They found homes, as the poem tells, along the river Têche, where they became prosperous farmers and herders.

From time to time these exiles sent remonstrances to the king, but without avail. One sent by the exiles in Pennsylvania sets forth at great length the trials and hardships undergone at home and in exile. It recites the experience of René Leblanc, the only historical person named in the poem, as follows: "He was seized, confined, and brought away from the rest of the people and his family, consisting of twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put ashore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than



THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY, LOUISIANA.

any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labor and deep suffering for your Majesty's service." Notwithstanding the severity of the treatment the Acadians had experienced, they sighed in their exile to revisit their native land. That portion of them who had been sent to Georgia actually set out on their return, and by a circuitous and hazardous route had reached Boston when they were met by orders from Governor Lawrence for their detention, and were compelled to give up hope of returning to their native land. As time went on a few of them found their way back to Grand-Pré, as the poet says:

"Only on the shores 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."

Such was the fate of these deluded and unfortunate people. As to the justice of the act, many historians differ. It is claimed by one historian that these lands were unusually fertile, and that the English coveted them, and hence the expulsion. Another asserts that the Acadians might have remained if they had been willing to renew their oath of allegiance, and that the refusal to do so was construed as an act of hostility which undoubtedly aroused suspicion on the part of the English. Still another claims that the expulsion was a political necessity. Haliburton, the historian of Nova Scotia, in summing up the matter, says: "Upon an impartial review of the transactions of this period, it must be admitted that the transportation of the Acadians to distant colonies, with all the marks of ignominy and guilt peculiar to convicts, was cruel; and although such a conclusion could then be drawn, yet subsequent events have disclosed that the expulsion was unnecessary. It seems totally irreconcilable with the idea, as at this day entertained, of justice that those who are not involved in the guilt should participate in the punishment, or that a whole community should suffer for the misconduct of a part. It is doubtless a stain on the Provincial Councils, and we shall not attempt to justify that which all good men have agreed

to condemn. But we must not lose sight of the offense in pity for the culprits, nor in the indulgence of our indignation forget that although nothing can be offered in defence, much may be produced in palliation of this transaction. Had the milder sentence of unrestricted exile been passed upon them, it was obvious that it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada, and that they would naturally have engaged in those attempts which the French were constantly making for the recovery of the province. Three hundred of them had been found in arms at one time, and no doubt existed of others having advised and assisted the Indians in those numerous acts of hostility which at that time interrupted the settlement of the country. When all were suspected of being disaffected, and many were detected in open rebellion, what confidence could be placed in their future loyalty? If the Acadians, therefore, had to lament that they were condemned unheard, that their accusers were also their judges, and that their sentence was disproportionate to their offence, they had also much reason to attribute their misfortunes to the intrigues of their countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from their allegiance to a government which was disposed to extend to them its protection and regard and instigated them to a rebellion which was easy to foresee would end in their ruin."

"Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried and failed. The agents of the French court, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, made some act of force a necessity. The government of Louis XV began with making the Acadians its tools, and ended with making them its victims."¹

A PICTURE OF ACADIAN LIFE

Abbé Reynal, who knew nothing of this people except from hearsay, has drawn the following ideal picture of them, which later writers have copied and embellished. "They were a simple

¹ Francis Parkman, "Montcalm and Wolfe."

and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal, till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world, with little of that spirit of adventure which marked their Canadian kindred; having few wants, and those of the rudest. Hunting and fishing, which had formerly been the delight of the Colony, and might have still supplied it with subsistence, had no further attraction for a simple and quiet people, and gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands by repelling with dikes the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks. They computed as many as sixty thousand head of horned cattle; and most families had several horses, though the tillage was carried on by oxen. Their habitations, which were constructed of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as substantial farmers' houses in Europe. Their usual clothing was in general the product of their own flax or the fleeces of their own sheep; with these they made common linens and coarse cloths. If any of them had a desire for articles of greater luxury, they procured them from Annapolis or Louisburg, and gave in exchange corn, cattle, or furs. The neutral French had nothing else to give their neighbors, and made still fewer exchanges among themselves; because each family was able, and had been accustomed, to provide its own wants. They therefore knew nothing of paper currency, which was so common throughout the rest of North America. Their manners were extremely simple. There was seldom a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the Court of Judication established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their Pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills; for which and their religious services the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest.

“Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation, on the one hand,

and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind. As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelve-month. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. In 1755, all together made a population of eighteen thousand souls."

THE METER OF EVANGELINE

The meter in which *Evangeline* is written is called dactylic hexameter,—that is, each line contains six feet, hence the name, hexameter. Each foot, except the last, contains one accented syllable followed by two unaccented syllables. The last foot contains an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one. "The name given to a verse is determined by the foot which prevails, but not every foot in the line needs to be the same kind. Just as in music, we may substitute a quarter for two eighth notes, so may we in poetry substitute one foot for another, provided it is given the same amount of time." ¹

While the normal meter of *Evangeline* is dactylic hexameter, there are some exceptions to the rule. To avoid monotony in having the regular feet constantly recurring, a trochee is frequently used as a substitute for a dactyl. The following, from *Evangeline*, illustrates the substitution of trochees for dactyls:

Waste are those | pleasant | farms, and the | farmers for | ever de | parted |
 Scattered like | dust and | leaves when the | mighty | blasts of Oc | tober |
 Seize them and | whirl them a | loft, and | sprinkle them | over the |
 ocean |
 Naught but tra | dition re | mains of the | beautiful | village of | Grand-
 Pré." |

Frequently a verse contains more than one substituted foot:

"List to a | tale of | love in | Acadie, | home of the | happy."

¹ Brooks and Hubbard's "Rhetoric."

The meter that Longfellow selected in which to write *Evangeline* has its defects from the fact that each line must begin with an accent, yet upon a careful investigation of the poem you will find that less than fifty per cent. of the lines begin with an accented syllable. The poet cleverly avoided this:

First. By placing an unnatural accent on the first word of the sentence, *e. g.*:

“But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil, the Blacksmith.—Line 123.

Second. By changing the order of the words in the sentence:

“Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.”
“Sweet was her breath, as the breath of the kine that fed in the meadows.”—Line 68.

“Longfellow used for the poem a meter which had been but seldom used in English literature—the old hexameter of Homer and Virgil. As a result, few poems in American literature have been more criticized. It seems to be the opinion generally of critics that the real classic hexameter cannot be reproduced in English. The language is too harsh and unbending, and the quantity of English syllables depends upon accent and is not unchangeable, as is the case with the Greek. There is much to criticize in Longfellow’s hexameters. He ignored the spondees, which add such a peculiar charm to the Greek and Latin epics; he sometimes wrenched words violently to bring them to his use; he has many faulty lines that are not even good prose. There is a fatal facility about the meter that is very liable to make the poem written in it monotonous, “sounding,” as one critic has said, “like hoof-beats on a muddy road.” But notwithstanding these criticisms, all must admit that to change the meter of *Evangeline* would be to rob it of much of its beauty. It has a sweet, lilting movement, very pleasing to the popular ear, and it is peculiarly fitted to the sentimental, melancholy atmosphere of the poem. There are lines in it that lose nothing when compared

with the best of the classical hexameters. The twenty-three lines describing the burning of Grand Pré, commencing "Suddenly arose from the south" while not perfect metrically, are nevertheless Homeric in their grandeur."¹

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. From what sources did the poet get the material for his story?
2. Give the origin of the poem.
3. Name the four regions of North America in which the principal scenes are laid.
4. Mention some of the superstitions believed in by the Acadians.
5. Explain how Evangeline came to receive the name, "The Sunshine of St. Eulalie."
6. Does the poem give you the impression that Gabriel and Evangeline were married?
7. Which scene do you consider the most pathetic? the most heroic?
8. What predominates in the poem: character, sketching, nature study, or dramatic incidents?
9. What comparison in the prelude strikes the key-note of the poem?
10. Give a reason for Evangeline straying in grave-yards.
11. What is the climax of the story?
12. Why does the poet make use of so many biblical allusions?
13. Which passage do you consider the most beautifully written?
14. Trace upon a map the wanderings of Evangeline as revealed by the poem.
15. How many different classes of men are described?
16. Gather together all that the poet says of the following characters: René Leblanc, Basil, Benedict, and Father Felician.
17. What was Evangeline's first disappointment?

¹ Pattee's "History of American Literature," pp. 266, 267.

18. What difference in character, occupation, and temperament is shown in Benedict and Basil? How does each bear misfortune?

19. Why did the poet select Philadelphia as the particular place for the closing scene of the poem?

20. At what particular port do you imagine that Evangeline was landed?

21. Name some other characters in literature that will compare with Longfellow's delineation of Father Felician.

22. Could the poem be called a panorama of beautiful pictures?

23. Is Evangeline as sharply characterized as are some of the great heroines of tragedy?

24. Find several examples of Longfellow's use of analogy.

25. What similarity is there between the fate of the orphan girl and that of the Acadians?

26. Why are the stories of Mowis and Lilineau introduced into the poem?

27. Which variety of scenery does Longfellow seem to prefer—Canadian forests, southern bayous by moonlight, prairies, or great American rivers?

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF EVANGELINE.

“By this work of his maturity he has placed himself on a higher eminence than he has yet attained and beyond the reach of envy. Let him stand there, at the head of our list of native poets, until some one else shall break up the rude soil of our American life, as he has done, and produce from it a lovelier and nobler flower than this poem.”—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

“As it is the longest, so it is the most complete, the most artistically finished, of all your poems. I know nothing better in the language than all the landscape painting. The South-western pictures are strikingly vigorous and new. The story is well handled and the interest well sustained. Some of the images are well conceived and as statuesquely elaborated as anything you have ever put out of your atelier—which is saying a great deal.”—*From letter of John Lothrop Motley to Longfellow.*

“One cannot read this delightful poem without feeling that the heart of the writer is in it, not less than in the “Psalm of Life.” While the delineation of natural scenery, and of the simplicity of rural life and manners is minutely faithful and distinct; while the characters are so well conceived, and so graphically drawn, that in the progress of the piece they become to one as familiar friends—the highest power of the story results from the fact that the author was so possessed by his theme that he wrote almost as if narrating a personal experience. Every line throbs with vitality, and the whole is suffused with a glow of genuine feeling. The result is originality, fascination, pathos. *Evangeline* has become as much a real person to the reading world as *Joan of Arc*; and the incidents of her history hold the attention and are believed in like those of *Robinson Crusoe*.”—RAY PALMER.

“This work did more to establish Longfellow’s reputation than any of his previous ones, and if, as has been said by one of the profoundest critics, poems are to be judged by the state of mind in which they leave the reader, the high place which *Evangeline* occupies in popular esteem is justly awarded to it; for its chaste style and homely imagery, with its sympathetic and occasionally dramatic story, produce a refined and elevated impression, and present a beautiful and invigorating picture of ‘affection that hopes and endures, and is patient,’ of the beauty and strength of woman’s devotion.”—HENRY NORMAN.

“It is what the critics had been so long demanding and clamoring for—an American poem—and it is narrated with commendable simplicity, and a fluency which is not so commendable. Poetry, as poetry merely, is kept in the background; the descriptions, even when they appear redundant, are subordinated to the main purpose of the poem, out of which they rise naturally; the characters, if not clearly drawn, are distinctly indicated, and the landscapes through which they move are perfectly characteristic of the New World.”—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

“A beautiful, pathetic tradition of American history, remote enough to gather a poetic halo, and yet fresh with sweet humani-

ties; tinged with provincial color which he knew and loved, and in its course taking on the changing atmosphere of his own land; pastoral at first, then broken into action, and afterward the record of shifting scenes that made life a pilgrimage and dream. There are few dramatic episodes; there is but one figure whom we follow—that one of the most touching of all, the betrothed Evangeline, searching for her lover through weary years and over half an unknown world. There are chance pictures of Acadian fields, New World rivers, prairies, bayous, forests by moonlight and starlight and midday; glimpses, too, of picturesque figures, artisans, farmers, soldiery, trappers, boatmen, emigrants, and priests. But the poem already is a little classic, and will remain one, just as surely as ‘The Vicar of Wakefield,’ the ‘Deserted Village,’ or any other sweet and pious idyl of our English tongue; yet we find its counterpart more nearly, I think, in some faultless miniature of the present French school.”—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

“Evangeline is as interesting as a novel. Try it on those acute, unbiassed critics, the children. It fascinates them, for there is just enough description to make a background, and then the incidents follow naturally and cumulate, each succeeding picture adding to the effect, brought in at just the right time and dwelt on just long enough, with fine unconscious art.”—CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

“Evangeline in which he sweeps on broad caesural hexameter pinions, from the fir-fretted valleys of Acadia to the lazy, languorous tides which surge silently through the bayous of Louisiana. There was an outcry at first that this poem showed classic affectation; but the beauty and the pathos carried the heroine and the metre into all hearts and homes in all English-speaking lands.”—DONALD G. MITCHELL.

“Evangeline was published October 30, 1847, one of the decisive dates in the history of American literature. It was the first narrative poem of considerable length by an American showing genuine creative power. Its purity of diction and elevated style, its beauties of description, its tenderness, pathos,

and simplicity, its similes and metaphors at once true, poetic, and apt, its frequent passages betokening imaginative power, all embodied in a form unconventional, yet peculiarly appropriate, stamped it as a new and individual creation. It was the highest inspiration in idyllic poetry produced in America. The impression left by a perusal of the poem is like that attributed to the passing of the heroine. It 'seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.'"—JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

"In *Evangeline*, Mr. Longfellow has managed the hexameter with wonderful skill. The homely features of Acadian life are painted with Homeric simplicity, while the luxuriance of a Southern climate is magnificently described with equal fidelity and minuteness of finish. The subject is eminently fitted for this treatment; and Mr. Longfellow's extraordinary resources of language have enabled him to handle it certainly with as perfect a mastery of the dactylic hexameter as any one has ever acquired in our language. Of the other beauties of the poem, we have scarcely left ourselves the space to say a word; but we cannot help calling our reader's attention to the exquisite character of *Evangeline* herself. As her virtues are unfolded by the patience and religious trust with which she passes through her pilgrimage of toil and disappointments, she becomes invested with a beauty as of angels. Her last years are made to harmonize the discords of a life of sorrow and endurance. The closing scenes, though infused with the deepest pathos, inspire us with sadness, it is true, but at the same time leave behind a calm feeling that the highest aim of her existence has been attained."—CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON.

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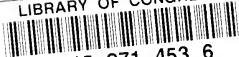
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