

Evangeline eBook

Evangeline by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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INTRODUCTION.

THE AUTHOR.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father and mother were of English stock, his mother being a descendant of "John Alden and Priscilla." Stephen Longfellow, his father, was a lawyer and statesman. Henry's school life began at the age of three. When he was six years old he could read, spell and multiply, and at the age of seven was half way through his Latin grammar. He early showed a taste for reading, and read not only his father's small stock of books, but frequented the Portland Library and book stores. "The Battle of Lovell's Pond" was his first poem, written when he was thirteen. He entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen, graduating in 1825. During the latter part of his student life there he began to show a considerable literary bent. Shortly after graduating from Bowdoin, Longfellow was elected Professor of Modern Languages in that institution. Before entering upon his work, he spent three years in study and travel in Europe, returning to America in 1829. For five and one-half years he taught in Bowdoin, during which time he began serious work as an author. In 1834, Harvard called him to the chair of Modern Languages. He again made a trip to Europe for further study. Longfellow was connected with Harvard for nineteen years, resigning his position in 1854 to devote his whole time to literature.

His two principal prose works are “Outre Mer” and “Hyperion.” The latter was followed by a volume of poems entitled “Voices of the Night.” “Ballads and Other Poems” appeared in 1841, and showed much more talent. “Evangeline” was written in 1847; “Hiawatha” in 1855, and the “Courtship of Miles Standish” in 1857. “Evangeline” and “Hiawatha” are considered the best of his longer poems. “The Building of the Ship” and “Excelsior” are perhaps the best known of his shorter poems.

Longfellow died at Cambridge in 1882.

THE POEM.

“Evangeline” is considered Longfellow’s masterpiece among his longer poems. It is said to have been the author’s favorite. It has a universal popularity, having been translated into many languages.

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E.C. Stedman styles it the “Flower of American Idyls.”

“Evangeline” is a Narrative poem, since it tells a story. Some of the world’s greatest poems have been of this kind, notably the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey” of Homer, and the “Aeneid,” of Virgil. It may be also classified as an Idyl, which is a simple, pastoral poem of no great length.

Poetry has been defined as “impassioned expression in verse or metrical form.” All modern English poetry has metre, and much of it rhyme. By metre is meant a regular recurrence of accented syllables among unaccented syllables. “Evangeline” is written in what is called hexameter, having six accents to the line. An accented syllable is followed by one or two unaccented. A line must begin with an accented syllable, the last accent but one be followed by two unaccented syllables, and the last by one. Representing an accented syllable by O and an unaccented syllable by a -, the first line of the poem would be as follows:

O — — O — — O — — O — — O — — O — This is the forest primeval, the murmuring
pines and the hemlocks,

“The measure lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks a greater part of the poem.”

“In reading there should be a gentle labor of the former half of the line and gentle acceleration of the latter half.”—*Scudder*.

[Illustration: *Nova Scotia and vicinity*.]

ACADIA AND THE ACADIANS.

Acadia, now known as Nova Scotia, was settled by the French in 1607. Many of the colonists settled in the fertile region about the Bay of Minas, an arm of the Bay of Fundy. One of these settlements was called Grand Pre, meaning Great Meadow. The people were industrious and thrifty and they soon attained a considerable prosperity.

During the early period of American History, France and England were almost continually at war with one another, and in these wars the colonists were concerned. At the close of what is known as Queen Anne’s war, in 1713, France ceded Acadia to the English, and it has since remained in their possession. Some thirty-five years passed before an English settlement was made at Halifax, the Acadians in the meantime remaining in undisturbed possession of the country. Soon after the settlement of Halifax trouble began between the rival colonists.

The Acadians were, as a whole, a quiet and peaceable people, content to till their farms and let the mother countries settle any disputes. Some of them were not thus minded

and they succeeded in causing considerable trouble. Frequent attacks were made upon Halifax by the Indians who were supposed to have been aided and encouraged by the Acadians. The Acadians had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the English and this caused them to be regarded with suspicion and fear. They had sworn fidelity on the condition that they should not be required to bear arms against the French, with whom they naturally sympathized, being of the same blood and religion. They persistently refused to go further and swear allegiance.

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The English were not without blame since it must be admitted they had covetous eyes upon the rich farms of the Acadians and an opportunity to take possession of them would not be unwelcome.

[Illustration: Map of Annapolis and Kings Counties.]

The strife that had so long been going on between France and England to determine which should rule in the New World was now at a critical point. England's power seemed to be trembling in the balance. Her defeat meant great disaster to the Colonies. Alarmed by Braddock's failure, the Colonists determined something must be done to prevent the Acadians giving assistance to the French. To send them to Canada would be to strengthen the enemy, while to transport them to any one of the Colonies would be equally unwise since they would there be a source of danger. It was finally decided to scatter them among the different settlements. An order was issued requiring all the males of Grand Pre and vicinity ten years old and upwards to assemble in the church to hear a Proclamation of the King. Failure to attend would result in a forfeiture of all property of the individual. On the appointed day the men gathered in the church and heard the Mandate directing that all their property, excepting household goods and money, should be forfeited to the Crown and they with their families should be transported to other lands. They were held prisoners until the time of sailing, the women and the children gathering their belongings on the beach. The expected transports failed to arrive on time and fear of trouble led the English to hurry their prisoners aboard the few ships in the harbor. These were so crowded nearly all the goods had to be left behind, and in the haste of embarking many families, lovers and friends were parted, being carried aboard different ships bound for different ports.

On October 29th, 1755, the Acadians sailed away into exile, an "exile without an end, and without an example in story."

There is a considerable difference of opinion as to whether such extreme measures were justified. The English Colonists evidently felt that it was a necessary act, an act of self-preservation. It is, perhaps, no worse than many of the horrors of war. On the other hand the Acadians had, as a whole, committed no overt act of disloyalty, though a few of them had done so. Should a whole community thus suffer for the wrong doing of a few? This is certainly a difficult question.

Those interested in the subject should read an article by Parkman in "Harper's Magazine" for November, 1884, where he justifies the action. For the opposite view, see "Acadia" by Edouard Richards, vol. I, chap. IV.

The following quotations will be found of interest. The first is from Edouard Richards; the second and third from two of contemporaries of the exiled Acadians, Moses de les Derniers and Brook Watson.

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“All that vast bay, around which but lately an industrious people worked like a swarm of bees, was now deserted. In the silent village, where the doors swung idly in the wind, nothing was heard but the tramp of soldiery and the lowing of cattle, wandering anxiously around the stables as if looking for their masters....The total amount of live-stock owned by the Acadians at the time of the deportation has been variously estimated by different historians, or to speak more correctly, very few have paid any attention to this subject....Rameau, who has made a much deeper study than any other historian of the Acadians, sets the total at 130,000, comprising horned cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs.”

Edouard Richard quotes the following from two contemporaries of the exiled Acadians. “The Acadians were the most innocent and virtuous people I have ever known or read of in any history. They lived in a state of perfect equality, without distinction of rank in society. The title of ‘Mister’ was unknown among them. Knowing nothing of luxury, or even the conveniences of life, they were content with a simple manner of living, which they easily compassed by the tillage of their lands. Very little ambition or avarice was to be seen among them; they anticipated each other’s wants by kindly liberality; they demanded no interest for loans of money or other property. They were humane and hospitable to strangers, and very liberal toward those who embraced their religion. They were very remarkable for their inviolable purity of morals. If any disputes arose in their transactions, they always submitted to the decision of an arbitrator, and their final appeal was to their priest.”—*Moses de les Derniers*.

“Young men were not encouraged to marry unless the young girl could weave a piece of cloth, and the young man make a pair of wheels. These accomplishments were deemed essential for their marriage settlement, and they hardly needed anything else; for every time there was a wedding the whole village contributed to set up the newly married couple. They built a house for them, and cleared enough land for their immediate needs; they gave them live stock and poultry; and nature, seconded by their own labor, soon put them in a position to help others.”—*Brook Watson*.

[Illustration: Village of Grand Pre. Rivers Gaspereau and Avon in the distance.]

EVANGELINE.

Prelude.

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

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This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, 10
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre. 15
Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion.
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

Section I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, 20
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre
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
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 hemlock,
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
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 whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens, 45
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate



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welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, 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, nor 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-Pre,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, 60
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers; 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
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 wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath 85



Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the

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roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown 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 farmyard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and 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,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
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 weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pre
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,
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 earliest 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
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice, 130

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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;
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 St. 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 ruddy faces of children.

SECTION II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, 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 harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons 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



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Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening. 175
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 superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled. 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 ponderous 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 descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard, 195
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames 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
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



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

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith, 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 cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him, 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 mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By 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 Sejour, 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:—
“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks

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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 twelvemonth.
Rene 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.

SECTION 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 languished a captive, 275
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, 280
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Letiche, 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 marvelous 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,—
"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 295
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;

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“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
When his 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 statute of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people. 310
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace 315
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, 320
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.” 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-Pre;
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
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



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bridegroom, 340

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men 345
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile, apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. 350

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

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household. 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
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded 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.

SECTION IV.



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Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pre.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had been long astir in the village, and clamorous labor 385
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows, 390
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
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 together. 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. 400
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated; 405
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler 410
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily 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
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all 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

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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
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 the 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
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 enclosures;
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 door-way. 450
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o’er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,— 455
“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, 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

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the clock strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations? 470
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion! 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 passionate outbreak, 480
While they repeated his prayer and said, “O Father, forgive them!”

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
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.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father’s door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o’er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,— 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 mournful hearts of the women,
As o’er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children. 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.

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Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows 510
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.

SECTION V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house. 525
Soon o’er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road 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 Gaspereau’s mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply; 535
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o’er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession 540
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their 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 sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.



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Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her, 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 another
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 Gasperau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children 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 refluent 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,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, 580
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
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 Angelus 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 crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth

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in his parish, 595

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
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 fire-light.
Benedicite! murmured the priest, in tones of compassion. 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,
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 intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish, 625
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pre!"
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 sleeping 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,
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

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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 compassion.
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 churchyard.”
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-Pre.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. 660
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of 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. 665

PART THE SECOND.

SECTION I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pre.
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household Gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; 670
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters 675
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of



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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;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, 690
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor; 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 beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois 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,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; 720

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If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. 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 footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler 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

SECTION II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked 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 Opelousas. 750
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 sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river, 760
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and



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dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. 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 their 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 sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. 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
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.

While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator. 805

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Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 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.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine 820
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven 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
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?"

Then, with a blush, she added, “Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.”

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But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,— 850
“Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward, 855
On the banks of the Teche, 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, lamentation;
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 Teche, 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 neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

SECTION III.

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Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, 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 supported, 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,
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 grapevines. 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 expanding
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 advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith. 930

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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 tremulous 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 today 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 existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, 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.
Up and away tomorrow, 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
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.



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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 Natchitoches tobacco,
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 plowshare 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.”
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 footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman. 1010
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding 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 fluttering garments. 1020

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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 Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight 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 measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers. 1040
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
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 whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets, 1055
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,

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And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom 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 sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, 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.

SECTION 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-quibout 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 sunshine, 1090
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk, and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael’s children, 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 there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

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Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire 1110
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them. 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 Camanches, 1120
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, the 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,

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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,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches 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 homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his

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wigwam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 1195
Told me the 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 corn-field.
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;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s journey 1220
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter 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 the song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it is said, in the Michigan

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forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. 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 unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey; 1245
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, 1250
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

SECTION 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,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old Rene Leblanc had died; and when he departed, 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 endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplainingly,
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,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance. 1275

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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 gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs 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,
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
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 distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

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Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted 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 fragrance 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,
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 attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside. 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 reverberations, 1360

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

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"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 churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
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, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

PICTURES

Perry Pictures helpful in the Study of Evangeline:

Christ Church, Boston, 1357; The Sheepfold, 3049; The Blacksmith, 887; Evangeline, 23; The Wave, 3197; Spring, 484; Pasturage in the Forest, 506; Sheep-Spring, 757; Milking Time, 601; Angelus, 509; Haymaker's Rest, 605; Landscape, 490; Priscilla Spinning, 3298; Shoeing the Horse, 908; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 15; Priscilla, 1338; Autumn, 615; September, 1071; Deer by Moonlight, 1005; Winter Scene, 27-B.

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* * * * *

We supply the above at one cent each, if twenty or more are ordered. They may be assorted, as desired.

NOTES.

PART ONE.

I

1. A primeval forest is one which has not been disturbed by the axe.
3. *Druids* were Celtic priests. Their religious ceremonies were carried on in oak groves, the trees being regarded as sacred.
10. *Grand pre* (graen-pr[=a]) means large meadow.
20. *Basin of Minas*, an arm of the Bay of Fundy.
25. *The tides* in the Bay of Fundy rise to the height of 60 feet. What is the ordinary rise of the tide?
29. *Blomidon* is a promontory about four hundred feet high at the entrance of the Bay of Minas.
33. *The Henries* were rulers of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
34. *Normandy*, a district in northern France bordering on the English channel.
39. *Kirtle*, a petticoat.
49. *The Angelus* was a bell which called people to prayer. What do you know of the painting called "The Angelus?"
57. 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. *Abbe REYNAL*.
72. *Hyssop*, a plant. A branch of it could be used like a sponge. It was a symbol of purification from sin.



74. *Chaplet of beads*, a string of beads used in praying. *Missal*, a prayer book.

96. See Luke XXII, 60, 61.

111. A *Patron saint* was a Saint who was supposed to exercise a special care over the people of a town or district.

115. Lajeunesse (lae-zhe-n[e]s').

144. There was a saying among the people that "If the sun shines on St. Eulalie's day there will be a good crop of apples." It was February 12th.

II.

149. The scorpion is one of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The sun enters this sign in late October.

153. For the reference to Jacob, see Gen. XXXII, 24-30.

159. *The summer of all-saints* corresponds to our Indian Summer. All-Saints day is Nov. 1st.

170. *Plane tree*, a species of sycamore. Xerxes, a Persian, admired one of them so much he put a mantle upon it and adorned it with jewels.

209. *Burgundy* is a section of eastern France famous for its fine wines.

238. *The Gaspereau* is a river that flows into the Basin of Minas, east of Grand Pre.



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242. *Glebe*, soil.

249. *Louisburg*, BEAUSEJOUR (b[=o] s[=e]' zh[=o][=o]r,) and *Port royal* were towns which had been taken from the French by the British.

259. *The contract* was considered almost as binding as a marriage. Remember this.

260-2. As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessities of life for twelve months. Then he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. *Abbe* REYNAL.

III.

280. *Loup garou* (l[=o][=o]-ga-r[=o][=o]) means man-wolf. There was a tradition that a man had the power to change himself into a wolf to devour children.

282. *Letiche* (l[=a]-t[=e]sh').

293. *In sooth*, in truth.

307. A figure with scales in the left hand and a sword in the right is sometimes used to represent Justice.

354. *The curfew* was a bell tolled in the evening as a signal to put out the fires and go to bed.

381. See Gen. XXI, 14.

IV.

413. The names of two French songs.

442. The summer solstice is on the 21st of June. The sun is then farthest north, being over the Tropic of Cancer. It seems to stand still for a short time.

466. The author contrasts the clamor of the throng and the quiet words of Father Felician by referring to rapid strokes of the alarm and the quiet, measured strokes of the hour.

476. See Luke XXIII, 34.

484. *Ave Maria* (aeh-v[=a]-mah-r[=e]'-a), a prayer to the Virgin Mary.



486. See 2 Kings II, 11.

507. See Exodus XXIV, 29-35.

V.

572-3. Parents were separated from children and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels that we had not even room to lay down, and consequently were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom quickly ended their lives. *Petition of the Acadians to the king.*

579. *Leaguer*, an army camp.

589. See lines 49, 50.

597. See Acts XXVII-XXVIII.

604. *Benedicite*, bless you.

631. *Nebraska*, now known as the Platte River.

667. *Bell or book*, funeral bell, or book of funeral service.

PART TWO.

I.

674. *Savannahs*, grassy plains.

678-9. We have already seen, in this province of Pennsylvania, two hundred and fifty of our people, which is more than half the number that were landed here, perish through misery and various diseases. *Petition of the Acadians to the king.*



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705. *Coueurs-des-bois* (k[=o][=o]-rur-d[=a]-bwae'), guides.

707. *Voyageur* (vwae-yae-zh[=u]r,) river boatmen.

713. To braid St. Catherine's tresses means to remain unmarried.

733. *Muse*, here the Goddess of Song. There were nine Muses in all.

II.

741. *The beautiful river*, the Ohio.

749. *Acadian coast*, districts near the mouth of the Mississippi river where many Acadians had settled.

Opelousas, a district in Louisiana.

764. *Golden coast*, banks of the Mississippi above New Orleans.

766. *Plaquemine* (pl[ɪ]a]k-m[=e]n.)

782. *Mimosa*, a plant which closes its leaves when agitated.

807. *Atchafalaya* ([ɪ]a]ch-[.a]-f[=a]-l[=i]'-a,) a river in Louisiana.

815. *Wachita* (w[ɪ]o]sh-[=e]-taew,) a river in Louisiana.

821. See Genesis XXVIII, 10-15.

856. *Teche* (t[=a]sh,) a bayou.

St. Maur (s[ɪ]a]n-m[=o]r'.)

879. *Bacchantes*, followers of Bacchus, God of wine.

III.

889. *Mistletoe*, a parasite plant which grows on many trees.

890. *Yule-tide*, Christmas time.

952. *Adayes* (a-d[=a]'-yes) town in Texas.

956. *The fates*, three Goddesses who were supposed to control human destinies.



961. *Olympus*, a mountain of Greece supposed by the ancient Greeks to be the home of the Gods.

970. *Cl-devant*, (s[=e]`-de-van) former.

984. *Natchitoches* (n[ə]a]ck'-e-t[ə]o]sh,) a district of Louisiana.

1033. *Carthusian*, a Monk of an order where only occasional speech is permitted.

1044. *Upharsin*, divided. See Daniel V, 5-29.

1054. This was considered a bad omen.

1063. See Luke XV, 11-32.

1064. See Matthew XXV, 1-13.

IV.

1082. Oregon, the Columbia River.

Walleway, a branch of the Snake river.

Owyhee (Owy'-hee) river in same region.

1083. *Wind river mountains*, a chain of the Rocky Mountains, in Wyoming.

1084. *Sweet water valley*, in Wyoming. *Nebraska*, the Platte river.

1085. *Fontaine-QUI-bout* (f[ə]o]n'-t[=a]n-k[=e]-b[=o][=o]) a creek in Colorado.

Spanish sierras, Mountain range in New Mexico.

1091. *AMORPHAS*, a shrub having clusters of blue flowers.

1095. *Ishmael's children*. The Arabs are considered descendents of Ishmael. Because of their warlike spirit the American Indians have been thought to be descents of Ishmael. See Genesis XXI, 14-21.

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1114. *Fata Morgana* (Fae-tae-Mor-gae'-nae,) mirage.

1139. *Mowis* (m[=o]'-w[=e]s.)

1167. *Black robe chief*, Jesuit priest at the head of the mission, so called because of his black robe.

1182. *Susurrus*, whisperings.

1219. *Humble plant*, a plant that grows on the prairies whose leaves point north and south, thus serving as a guide.

1241. *Moravian missions*. The Moravians are a Christian sect noted for their missionary zeal.

V.

1256. A number of streets in Philadelphia have the name of trees, as Walnut, Chestnut, *etc.*

1257. *Dryads*, Goddesses of the woods.

1288. *Sister of mercy*, a member of an order in the Roman Catholic church. The members devote their lives to works of charity.

1355. See Exodus XII, 22-23.

ARGUMENT.

"Evangeline" is usually studied in the seventh school year—a time when a somewhat intensive study of a piece of literature may be undertaken with profit. This poem offers a most delightful introduction into the wider realms of literature—an introduction fraught with much consequence since the manner of it is likely to have a considerable bearing on the pupil's future in this subject. It is certainly important that the most be made of the opportunity.

We believe that the common lack of interest and effort in school work is often due to an absence of definite and visible ends, and of proper directions for the reaching of those ends. Pupils do not object to work, and hard work, with something tangible. What they do object to is groping in the dark for something that may turn up—which is too frequently the case in their study of a piece of literature. Such a course may be commendable later, but at this period, suggestion and direction are necessary. These are furnished by our "Suggestive Questions," which indicate lines of study and research.

In the ordinary reading class the work is largely done by a few of the brighter pupils. It is quite difficult to secure a careful preparation by the whole class. It is also difficult to ascertain how well the pupils are prepared. The “Suggestive Questions” will be found very helpful here.

Care has been exercised in the division of the subject matter that each lesson may, in a sense, be complete in itself. The lessons are supposed to occupy twenty-five or thirty minutes; this, with the nature of the subject matter and the number of unfamiliar words, determining the length of the lessons.

The poem is to be studied twice:—

First, a general survey to get the story and the characters clearly in mind.

Second, a careful study of the text that the beauty and richness, the artistic and ethical values of the poem may be realized.

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It is obvious that no scheme, however carefully wrought out, can in any sense be a substitute for earnestness, enthusiasm and sympathy; and careful preparation is an absolute essential of all successful teaching. With these, it is believed, excellent results may be secured by use of this plan.

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San Diego, Cal.

PART I.

A general survey.

Lesson I. The Author and the Poem.

Lesson II. Acadia and the Acadians.

Lesson III. Discuss the structure of the poem and how it should be read. Read.

Lessons IV-XIII. Read a section each day to get the outlines of the story.

Notice carefully the Topics given on the following pages, and be able to tell with what lines each Topic begins and ends. In the other Sections make lists of Topics, filling out the outlines. Be careful to choose the principal Topics and not subordinate ones.

EVANGELINE—PART I.

SEC. I.

Acadia.

1. Grand Pre. 2. Benedict Bellefontaine. 3. Bvangeline. 4. The Home. 5. Gabriel, Basil, Father Felician. 6. Childhood of Evangeline and Gabriel. 7. Manhood and Womanhood.

SEC. II.

The Home.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

SEC. III.



The Interview.

1. The Notary. 2. The Argument and Story. 3. The Betrothal. 4. The Game. 5. Departure of Guests. 6. Evangeline.

SEC. IV.

The Summons.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.

SEC. V.

The Embarking.

1. Gathering of Goods. 2. Evangeline's Message. 3. Separated. 4. The Camp. 5. Fire. 6. Death of Benedict. 7. Exiled.

EVANGELINE—PART II.

SEC. I.

The Search Begun.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

SEC. II.

On the Mississippi.

1. The Boatmen. 2. The Journey. 3. Forebodings of Ill. 4. The Sleep. 5. The Bugle. 6. The Passing. 7. Evangeline's Dream. 8. Journey Continued. 9. Arrival.

SEC. III.

Re-union. Search Again.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

SEC. IV.

Search Continued.

1. The Great West. 2. Old Camp Fires. 3. The Shawnee—Confidences. 4. March Resumed. 5. The Mission. 6. Patience. 7. Rumors. On to Michigan. 8. Years of Search.

SEC. V.

Search Ended.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

PART II.



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STUDY OF THE TEXT.

(1.) Lessons I-XXVII.

(2.) Composition Subjects.

The questions on the following pages are intended to be suggestive of lines of study. Others of like or different import will occur to the teacher. Don't be confined to the written questions. Many others will be needed to bring out the artistic and spiritual values of the poem and to keep the thread of the story in mind.

Pupils are expected to know the meaning of words and the particular one the author employs. The understanding of a passage often depends on the meaning of a single word. (See Part III.)

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

EVANGELINE—PART I.

SEC. I.

Introduction. Grand Pre.

Lesson I, Lines 1-57.

The author gives us a hint of the nature of his narrative. In what lines does he directly refer to it? This is a story of what? What three qualities had this thing? What two pictures does the author contrast, lines 6-15? Why murmuring pines? What two parts of one picture, lines 1-5? Why compare to the roe? In what ways did their lives resemble a river? Why October leaves? Remember—this is a story of what? Its three qualities are what? What is the first picture in Section I? What quality of the people is referred to in line 24? The Acadians were engaged in what industry? Would their lives be more peaceful in this than in other lines of labor? Why use *reposed*, line 32? Who was intimately associated with all the life of the village? Explain lines 52-56 and 57.

Evangeline.

Lesson II, Lines 58-81.

What is the topic of this lesson? Who is also introduced to us? Describe. What does the comparison with an oak suggest? What was Evangeline's age? Describe her appearance. What qualities does this description show of her? What was Benedict's most marked characteristic? Evangeline's?

Home and Childhood of Evangeline and Gabriel.

Lesson III, Lines 82-147.

Why does the author describe the home so carefully? What do we learn of Evangeline, lines 104-114? What two characters are here introduced? Tell about their childhood days. Note the early attraction of these two for each other. What about the wondrous stone? Have stones such powers? Evangeline's name (line 144) indicates what?

SEC. II.

Autumn. Evening Out-of-doors. In-doors.

Lesson IV, Lines 148-198.

What is the season? What is the sign of the scorpion? What season follows? Signs point to what? Why should the author refer to signs of a hard winter? What idea does the author reiterate, lines 160-175? Note—the author brings up one picture after another to impress us in this way. Why? Does he picture the home clearly? Describe. What things of old time life does he mention? Give topic, lines 199-217. Where were the Norman orchards? What does the loom suggest?



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Visitors. The News. Argument.

Lesson V, Lines 247-267.

What relations existed between Basil and Benedict? How do you know? Note carefully how the talk shows character. How did each view the news? Does the author make many simple statements of facts, or does he use much imagery? Is this so common in prose?

Which was the better way of viewing the news? Why refer to Louisburg, Beau Sejour and Port Royal? Had Basil good reasons for his suspicions? Why were the Acadians safer than their fathers? Why did Benedict wish to have no fear? What was the purpose of the call? What preparations had been made for the marriage?

SEC. III.

The Notary and His Story.

Lesson VI, Lines 268-329.

A new character in the story. What others have we met thus far? In what regard was the Notary held? Describe him. Why did the children like him? What was the lore of the village? Contrast the blacksmith's and the Notary's manner. Explain line 299. Does the Notary's story prove his point—that Justice finally triumphs? Why? What effect upon Basil has the story? Explain lines 328-329.

Signing the Contract. The Last Good-Night.

Lesson VII, Lines 330-381.

What do you learn from line 333? What characteristic does Benedict show, line 339? Learn 351-352.

Were these marriage papers that were signed? What? What three facts of old time life, lines 353-368? What are compared, lines 368-371? Why should Evangeline feel sad at this time? Was it natural? How could the star follow her footsteps? Look up reference line 381.

SEC. IV.

The Betrothal Feast. The Mandate.

Lesson VIII, Lines 382-459.

Was the betrothal feast an important event in Grand Pre? So much thought of now? Explain 385-386. For what purpose were the people gathering? How did Acadian life differ from that of today? Why was hospitality greater under Benedict's roof? Who were some of the principal persons at the feast? Who is now introduced? Was there a peculiar sadness in the occurrences of the day? Why?

We have three pictures strongly contrasted in this, the preceding and the succeeding lessons. Try to get a clear idea of each of these three scenes. Contrast the feast and the reception of the Mandate. Why refer to the solstice? What was the immediate effect of the news? Then what? Was it a time when character would show? Explain. Who shows clearly his temperament?

Father Felician's Rebuke.

Lesson IX, Lines 460-486.

(To me, this selection is one of the finest in the poem. It is a fine tribute to *character*. We have in this and the preceding lesson two pictures in marked contrast. Recall the effects the Mandate must have had on the pioneers; how we of the class would feel if we now received such an order. Think of the homes made by long years of patient toil, the familiar and much loved scenes—all that made life dear—must be left behind and life begun anew amid strange scenes and among strange people. What utter despair must have possessed them.)



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What scene of wild passion Father Felician met when he opened the church door! Could force have quieted this mob? Could they have been *made* quiet? Then Father Felician enters, raises his hand and stillness reigns. What causes this great change? What wisdom does the priest show? Does he say much? To what does he turn their thoughts? Why? Who is the “Prince of Peace”? What great character in history had a like power over a multitude? Was it a great thing that the people could say from their hearts “O Father, Forgive Them”? Who said it before this? The evening service is held and quiet after the storm. How were their souls translated? What is the reference to Elijah?

Evangeline's Service. Shadows.

Lesson X, Lines 487-523.

What change here introduced? Why should it come in here? Any reason except a continuation of the story? (A well written play or story has a careful mixture of pathos and humor. Explain and apply.) Note lines 499-501. What was the source of Evangeline's great strength of character? Who was the prophet? Has the reference to the Angelus any suggestive sadness? Why graves of the living? Why did the thunder speak to her? What did it suggest?

SEC. V.

Gathering on the Beach.

Lesson XI, lines 524-590.

How long were they in the church? What was the attitude of the Acadians? What happens similarly in nature? What characteristic of woman is shown in lines 553-567? Compare Evangeline, Gabriel and Benedict at this point. Did Evangeline meet her father and Gabriel in different ways? Why? Did she show wisdom in so doing? What turning point now comes? Imagine a different circumstance—how would it affect the remainder of the story? Picture the village. Why refer to the waifs of the tide?

The Camp. Burning Village.

Lesson XII, Lines 591-635.

Picture the camp. Why refer to Paul? What was the condition of Benedict? What disposition did he show in this trouble? Do you suppose Basil was affected in the same way? How do an oak and a willow take a storm? Which is the better way? Who was the oak and who the willow? What does Father Felician do? Does he show discernment? Explain 612-615. How many and what distinct pictures do you find in the lesson? Write lines 613-620 in your own words and compare.

Death. Separation.

Lesson XIII, Lines 636-665.

What was the effect of the fire on Benedict? The effect of her father's death on Evangeline? What does "without bell or book" mean? What of nature seemed in harmony with the occasion? What two great sorrows came to Evangeline so closely? Review closing incidents and Part One.

EVANGELINE—PART II.

SEC. I.

Landing. Search Begun.

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Lesson XIV, Lines 666-705.

How long time has elapsed since the embarking? What were the Acadian's Household Gods? Why was the exile without an end? Why should the author use this comparison about their scattering? Explain fully about the seizing of the hills. What was the attitude of many Acadians? Of Evangeline? What is the desert of life? Why so called? What makes life a desert? Explain fully lines 683-687. What was there singular about Evangeline's life? What effect had this on her life? What was the inarticulate whisper that came to her?

Pressing On.

Lesson XV, Lines 706-740.

What is a voyageur? What was Evangeline advised to do by her friends? Should she have followed their advice? Give reason. What was it to braid St. Catherine's tresses? What do you think of Evangeline's reply? Learn lines 720-727. Explain. What was the funeral dirge which she heard? What was the voice that replied? What is the Muse? Who appeals to it? How is it to be followed?

SEC. II.

On the River. Forebodings.

Lesson XVI, Lines 741-789.

Has the author followed the wanderer's footsteps in Sec. I, Part II? Locate scene pictured in lines 741-745. How were these people bound together? How strongly? Picture the scene in lines 757-765 clearly. Why Golden Coast? What is a maze? What did the moss look like? What is demoniac laughter? What purpose does the author serve in bringing in this incident? Describe scene in lines 763-767. How did the exiles feel this night? What about the mimosa? What are the hoof-beats of fate? What effect have the hoof-beats? Was Evangeline in the same mood as the others? Read to line 863, and then consider carefully the scene and events to line 790. Study with care.

Night on the River. The Passing.

Lesson XVII, Lines 790-841.

Explain lines 790-794 and lines 798-799. Why do you suppose the bugle was not heard? What if it was? Why did they row at midnight? Why does the author bring in something weird again as in line 805? Note change from night with its weird uncertainty to day with its quiet peace and beauty. Why refer to Jacob's ladder? How can you account for conditions given in lines 824-5? Note that here a calm precedes the storm.



Who were in the boat speeding north? What was the last we heard of Gabriel? What changes had occurred in his appearance? How did he take his lot and disappointment? How different from Evangeline? Does the account of the passing seem reasonable? Are such occurrences common in general life?

Evangeline's Dream. Arrival.

Lesson XVIII, Lines 842-887.

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Does it seem reasonable that Evangeline felt Gabriel was near? Explain and learn lines 852-4. Explain 858. Why Eden of Louisiana? Has Father Felician given up to despair on any occasion? What kept him from despairing? Had he despaired how would it have affected Evangeline and the story? Note scene in lines 864-868. Does the author here give a picture of nature in harmony with a condition of mind? Where? Find like treatment in this section. The mocking bird here reminds one of what bird in another scene? Does each seem an appropriate part of the picture? What was the prelude? Why were their hearts moved with emotion?

SEC. III.

Meeting Basil. Disappointment.

Lesson XIX, Lines 888-958.

Find subject and predicate of first sentence. Describe house and surroundings. Would flowers grow thus in Acadia? What was love's symbol? Why sea of flowers? Explain 904-910. Why surf? Contrast Basil's home in Grand Pre and the one here. Explain lines 933. Was Basil's way of breaking the news about Gabriel a good one? Why should she be deeply disappointed? Did Gabriel bear his disappointment as did Evangeline? What was the result of Evangeline's longing? Of Gabriel's? Why a fugitive lover? Why fates and streams against him? What did Basil mean line 958?

Re-union and Feast.

Lesson XX, Lines 959-1020.

Note here change of scene. Is it from pathos to humor or from humor to pathos? What do you gather from lines 959-960 and 964-965? From 961-2? Why should they marvel? Compare conditions of life in Acadia and in Louisiana. What familiar fact does Basil show, line 982? Why refer to King George? Note the very attractive picture Basil draws—almost a picture of Eden. Was there an *if* about it, a final word that quite changed the shading of the picture? Is it usually thus? Were the Acadians naturally light-hearted?

Despair. Hope. On Again.

Lesson XXI, Lines 1021-1077.

What effect had this scene on Evangeline? Why should she hear the sounds of the sea? Why desire to leave the merriment? Explain 1028-1038. Stars are here spoken of as God's thoughts—what else has the author called them? Explain 1041-1044. Was the evening in harmony with Evangeline's mood? Why was it the oaks whispered "Patience" and not the beeches or other trees? Explain 1059-1061. Who were going in

quest of Gabriel? Explain references of “Prodigal Son” and “Foolish Virgin” and apply. How was Gabriel blown by fate like the dead leaf? How long before they found traces of Gabriel? What traces? What news finally? Where were they now?

SEC. IV.

The Great West. The Shawnee. Confidences.

Lesson XXII, lines 1078-1164.

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What are amorphas? Why describe thus this territory? Who were Ishmael's children? Why bring out clearly the many dangers to be encountered here? What is Fata Morgana? Who was the anchorite monk? Why taciturn? How could they follow his footsteps? Who were *they*? How were traces of sorrow and patience visible? Were they unusually touched by the Shawnee's story? Why? Was it natural for Evangeline and the Shawnee to be drawn together? What common bond had they? What was the effect of Evangeline's story? Were the Shawnee's stories appropriate? Were they comforting or disheartening? What was the snake that crept into Evangeline's thoughts? Was it lasting? What would naturally dispell it? Are people more brave at night or in the morning? More cheerful when? Why?

At the Mission. Waiting.

Lesson XXIII, Lines 1165-1205.

Why Black Robe Chief? Why expect good tidings at the Mission? What is a rural chapel? What were vespers and sussuras? What was the cause of the priest's pleasure? Look up Jesuit work in North America. Why were the priest's words like snow flakes to Evangeline? How did Evangeline receive the news? Why should she desire to remain at the Mission rather than return to Basil's home? Was there an unselfish purpose in her remaining?

A Long Search. Age.

Lesson XXIV, Lines 1206-1291.

How long did Evangeline remain at the Mission? What old custom referred to in lines 1212-1214? What do you know of old husking bees? Who urged patience? The compass flower illustrates what truth? Why is life in a true sense pathless and limitless? What quality is suggested by the gay, luxuriant flower? By the humble plant? Evangeline leaves the Mission to seek Gabriel where? Result? How did she spend the following years? Would you think from the text here her life was wholly given to the thought of Gabriel and to search for him? Why? What was the dawn of another life?

SEC. V.

Devotion.

Lesson XXV, Lines 1252-1297.

Why was Penn an apostle? What city did he found? How do the streets echo the names of the forest? Who are the Dryads? Why did she feel at home here? Does she finally give up hope? Explain lines 1270-1275. What made the world look bright to her? Does one's state of mind determine to a large extent how the world looks? Does

the world look the same at night and in the morning? When are we most likely to see it as it is? Was Gabriel forgotten? What were the lessons her life had taught her? What became of her love? How did she act practically upon her feeling? What was the word or the thing that drew her? She shows what quality 1291-1293? What is a Sister of Mercy? Why had she not joined the Order before? Had she in a true sense been a sister of mercy before joining the Order? Do you think she regretted the long struggle that fitted her so well for this work?

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The Pestilence.

Lesson XXVI, Lines 1298-1342.

How did death flood life? What made the lake brackish? Why silver stream? What is the usual cause of a pestilence? Why call it a scourge of his anger? Where was the almshouse? Where is the spot now? This was an opportunity for whom? What was the appearance of the sister? What occasioned it? Is what we *are* written in our faces? What morning did she visit the almshouse? In what season? Had she a premonition that her quest was ended? Are premonitions common? What was the effect of this feeling upon her? Why was death a consoler?

The Meeting.

Lesson XXVII, Lines 1343-1400.

White expecting something, was Evangeline prepared for the meeting? How did it affect her? How did Gabriel appear? What was the cause? What is the reference about sprinkling the portals? What was Gabriel's condition? What effect had the cry of Evangeline? Did he recognize Evangeline and realize she was with him? What came to his mind? Did he finally recognize Evangeline? Was this recognition a blessing for her? What effect had this meeting upon her? How did she express it? Where are the lovers supposed to be now? Do you think Evangeline's life ended here?

Scene shifts to where? What has occurred? Does the author state that those old scenes of Acadian life can now be seen? Where? In lines 1399-1400 is there any suggestion as to this story?

Note.—It would be well at the conclusion of this study to spend one or two periods in going over the story as a whole that the poem, in its general outline, may be better retained in the pupil's mind.

COMPOSITION SUBJECTS.

1. Acadian Life. (Contrast with present.)
2. The Notary.
3. Character of Gabriel.
4. Character of Evangeline.
5. The Betrothal Feast.
6. The Scene on the Shore.
7. On the River. (Compare mode of traveling with present ones by land and water.)
8. Home of Basil. (Contrast with the home in Acadia.)



9. The Mission.
10. The Search and its Reward.

Select the lines that appeal to you most.

Select the lines that show the most beautiful sentiment.

Select the lines that contain the best pictures.

PART III.

SPELLING AND DEFINING.

The work of spelling and defining may be carried on with the study of the text of the poem, or at the conclusion of this study. In the former case allow a week or more to pass after using a selection as a Reading lesson before studying it as a Spelling lesson, that the reading may not degenerate into a word-study.

The words selected are those which should form a part of the pupil's vocabulary. The fact that the context largely determines the meaning of a word should be made clear in this study, and the particular meaning the author employs in the poem should be required. The pupil's discrimination will at first be poor, but he soon develops considerable skill and judgment.



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I

1. primeval 2. Druids 3. eld 4. prophetic 5. hoar 6. caverns 7. disconsolate 8. roe 9. glided 10. reflecting 11. adopt 12. tradition 13. affliction 14. endures 15. patient

II

1. incessant 2. floodgates 3. reposed 4. peasants 5. thatched 6. tranquil 7. vanes 8. distaffs 9. gossiping 10. reverend 11. hailing 12. serenely 13. belfry 14. incense 15. contentment

III

1. stalworth 2. stately 3. gleamed 4. tresses 5. sooth 6. turret 7. hyssop 8. chaplet 9. missal 10. generations 11. ethereal 12. confession 13. benediction 14. exquisite 15. envy

IV

1. antique 2. penitent 3. odorous 4. meek 5. innocent 6. variant 7. devotion 8. craft 9. repute 10. pedagogue 11. autumnal 12. expired 13. populous 14. wondrous 15. valiant

V

1. desolate 2. tropical 3. inclement 4. mantles 5. hoarded 6. advent 7. pious 8. magical 9. landscape 10. consoled 11. blended 12. subdued 13. arrayed 14. adorned 15. surmises

VI

1. instinct 2. superbly 3. ponderous 4. gestures 5. fantastic 6. fragments 7. carols 8. treadles 9. diligent 10. monotonous 11. jovial 12. content 13. accustomed 14. forebodings 15. mandate

VII

1. untimely 2. blighted 3. bursting 4. lurk 5. outskirts 6. anxious 7. dubious 8. scythe 9. besieged 10. contract (*n.*) 11. glebe 12. inkhorn 13. rejoice 14. worthy 15. notary



VIII

1. floss 2. wisdom 3. supernal 4. languished 5. warier 6. ripe 7. unchristened 8. doomed
9. haunt 10. marvellous 11. lore 12. demeanor 13. molest 14. irascible 15. triumphs

IX

1. brazen 2. emblem 3. presided 4. corrupted 5. oppressed 6. condemned 7. convinced
8. congealed 9. tankard 10. dower 11. contention 12. manoeuvre 13. pallid 14. infinite
15. breach

X

1. anon 2. curfew 3. straightway 4. lingered 5. reigned 6. resounded 7. luminous 8.
ample 9. spacious 10. dower 11. mellow 12. tremulous 13. serenely 14. flitted 15.
Abraham

XI

1. clamorous 2. hamlets 3. holiday 4. blithe 5. jocund 6. greensward 7. thronged 8.
hospitality 9. betrothal 10. waistcoats 11. alternately 12. embers 13. vibrant 14. mingled
15. noblest

XII



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1. sonorous 2. garlands 3. sacred 4. dissonant 5. clangor 6. convened 7. clement 8. grievous 9. forfeited 10. transported 11. wail 12. imprecations 13. distorted 14. allegiance 15. merciless

XIII

1. chancel 2. mien 3. awed 4. clamorous 5. solemn 6. accents 7. vigils 8. profane 9. compassion 10. assail 11. rebuke 12. contrition 13. fervent 14. translated 15. ardor

XIV

1. mysterious 2. splendor 3. emblazoned 4. ambrosial 5. celestial 6. charity 7. emotion 8. meekness 9. gloomier 10. tenantless 11. haunted 12. phantoms 13. echoed 14. disconsolate 15. keenly

XV

1. confusion 2. thither 3. thronged 4. imprisoned 5. wayworn 6. foremost 7. inexhaustible 8. sacred 9. strength 10. submission 11. affliction 12. procession 13. approached 14. wayside 15. mischances

XVI

1. consoling 2. haggard 3. caresses 4. unperturbed 5. mortals 6. Titan-like 7. quivering 8. martyr 9. dismay 10. anguish 11. dawned 12. skirt (v.) 13. aspect 14. affrighted 15. nethermost

XVII

1. overwhelmed 2. terror 3. wailed 4. sultry 5. bleak 6. despairing 7. extended 8. desert 9. extinguished 10. consumed 11. incomplete 12. lingered 13. rumor 14. hearsay 15. inarticulate

XVIII

1. freighted 2. exile 3. asunder 4. swoon 5. oblivious 6. trance 7. multitude 8. pallid 9. compassion 10. landscape 11. senses 12. sacred 13. glare 14. dirges 15. embarking



XIX

1. voyageur 2. loyal 3. tedious 4. tresses 5. serenely 6. illumines 7. confession 8. enrich
9. refreshments 10. endurance 11. perfected 12. rendered 13. labored 14. despair 15.
essay (v.)

XX

1. cumbrous 2. kith 3. kin 4. few-acred 5. sombre 6. turbulent 7. chutes 8. emerged 9.
lagoons 10. wimpling 11. luxuriant 12. perpetual 13. citron 14. bayou 15. sluggish

XXI

1. corridors 2. multitudinous 3. reverberant 4. mysterious 5. grim 6. myriads 7.
resplendent 8. sylvan 9. suspended 10. moored 11. travelers 12. extended 13.
pendulous 14. flitted 15. regions

XXII

1. countenance 2. legibly 3. oblivion 4. screen 5. trance 6. vague 7. superstition 8.
revealed 9. credulous 10. reverend 11. idle 12. buoy 13. betrays 14. illusions 15. Eden

XXIII



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1. magician 2. wand 3. landscape 4. mingled 5. inexpressible 6. delirious 7. plaintive 8. roaring 9. revel 10. frenzied 11. Bacchantes 12. lamentation 13. derision 14. prelude 15. amber

XXIV

1. garlands 2. mystic 3. flaunted 4. Yule-tide 5. girded 6. luxuriant 7. spacious 8. symbol 9. limitless 10. cordage 11. arrayed 12. adverse 13. vent 14. misgivings 15. embarrassed

XXV

1. mortals 2. renowned 3. triumphal 4. enraptured 5. hilarious 6. marvelled 7. ci-devant 8. domains 9. patriarchal 10. dispensed 11. profusion 12. congeals 13. ploughshare 14. accordant 15. melodious

XXVI

1. entranced 2. irrepressible 3. devious 4. manifold 5. Carthusian 6. inundate 7. indefinable 8. measureless 9. marvel 10. comet 11. oracular 12. annointed 13. delicious 14. fasting 15. famine

XXVII

1. perpetual 2. jagged 3. gorge 4. emigrant 5. precipitate 6. ceaseless 7. vibrations 8. amorphas 9. blast 10. blight 11. pinions 12. implacable 13. scaling 14. taciturn 15. anchorite

XXIII

1. venison 2. companions 3. swarthy 4. reverses 5. compassion 6. mute 7. dissolving 8. weird 9. incantation 10. phantom 11. enchanted 12. enchantress 13. sombre 14. audible 15. indefinite

XXIX

1. towering 2. crucifix 3. rural 4. chapel 5. intricate 6. aerial 7. vespers 8. swarded 9. benignant 10. wigwam 11. mother-tongue 12. chase (*n.*) 13. submissive 14. afflicted 15. betimes



XXX

1. interlacing 2. mendicant 3. granaries 4. pillage 5. vigorous 6. magnet 7. suspended 8. fragile 9. limitless 10. luxuriant 11. fragrance 12. hue 13. perilous 14. divers 15. dawn

XXXI

1. sylvan 2. apostle 3. balm 4. emblem 5. fain 6. appease 7. haunts 8. molested 9. descendants 10. hamlets 11. illumined 12. transfigured 13. abnegation 14. diffused 15. aroma

XXXIII

1. pestilence 2. presaged 3. naught 4. brackish 5. margin 6. oppressor 7. scourge 8. splendor 9. wending 10. corridors 11. intermingled 12. assiduous 13. pallets 14. languid 15. consolor

XXXIV

1. flowerets 2. terrible 3. anguish 4. assume 5. portals 6. exhausted 7. infinite 8. reverberations 9. sylvan 10. vanished 11. vainly 12. humble 13. ebbing 14. throbbing 15. customs

Transcriber's notes:

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1. The poem has been compared with another version already on Gutenberg—(vngln10). Where the two disagreed, this text was carefully re-checked to ensure the text and punctuation matched those on the scanned image.

2. The following apparent errors in the source text were corrected:

Poem Line 73 'bessings' changed to blessings. 346 'manoeuvre': the oe ligature was split. 668 'goods' changed to Gods. 692 full stop added to line end. 718 'father-confessor': hyphen added. 840 'their' changed to there. 850 'reverened' changed to reverend. 909 'spar' changed to spars. 909 'tropcis' changed to tropics. 1083 'rivre' changed to river. 1256 'reecho' changed to re-echo.

2. Line 713 has been copied and inserted from vgl10. This was missing in the book, but was referenced in the notes; the line numbering also showed a missing line between 710 and 715.

3. No other (deliberate) changes have made to the poem. There remain a number of minor word and punctuation differences between this and vngln10.

4. Special characters.

A number of characters used in the notes to describe pronunciation do not exist in ASCII. The following conventions have been used to represent them:

[=a] 'a' + Macron; ('a' with a horizontal line above). [=o] 'o' + Macron; ('o' with a horizontal line above). [=e] 'e' + Macron; ('e' with a horizontal line above).

[)a] 'a' with a curved line above — like horns. [)e] 'e' with a curved line above — like horns.

[.a] 'a' with a single dot above