No. 125 - 126.

MAYNARD'S

ENGLISH · CLASSIC · SERIES

WITH · EXPLANATORY · NOTES

# EVANGELINE

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

NEW YORK

MAYNARD, MERRILL & Co.

43, 45 & 47 EAST 10TH ST.

Mailing Price 24 cts.

# ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES,

FOR

## Classes in English Literature, Reading, Grammar, etc.

EDITED BY EMINENT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS.

*Each Volume contains a Sketch of the Author's Life, Prefatory and Explanatory Notes, etc., etc.*

1 Byron's Prophecy of Dante. (Cantos I. and II.)
2 Milton's L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso.
3 Lord Bacon's Essays, Civil and Moral. (Selected.)
4 Byron's Prisoner of Chillon.
5 Moore's Fire Worshippers. (Lalla Rookh. Selected.)
6 Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
7 Scott's Marmion. (Selections from Canto VI.)
8 Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. (Introduction and Canto I.)
9 Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, and other Poems.
10 Crabbe's The Village.
11 Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. (Abridgment of Part I.)
12 Macaulay's Essay on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
13 Macaulay's Armada, and other Poems.
14 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. (Selections from Acts I., III., and IV.)
15 Goldsmith's Traveller.
16 Hogg's Queen's Wake, and Kilmeny.
17 Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
18 Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.
19 Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.
20 Scott's Lady of the Lake. (Canto I.)
21 Shakespeare's As You Like It, etc. (Selections.)
22 Shakespeare's King John, and Richard II. (Selections.)
23 Shakespeare's Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI. (Selections.)
24 Shakespeare's Henry VIII., and Julius Cæsar. (Selections.)
25 Wordsworth's Excursion. (Bk. I.)
26 Pope's Essay on Criticism.
27 Spenser's Faerie Queene. (Cantos I. and II.)
28 Cowper's Task. (Book I.)
29 Milton's Comus.
30 Tennyson's Enoch Arden, The Lotus Eaters, Ulysses, and Tithonus.
31 Irving's Sketch Book. (Selections.)
32 Dickens's Christmas Carol. (Condensed.)
33 Carlyle's Hero as a Prophet.
34 Macaulay's Warren Hastings. (Condensed.)
35 Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. (Condensed.)
36 Tennyson's The Two Voices, and A Dream of Fair Women.
37 Memory Quotations.
38 Cavalier Poets.
39 Dryden's Alexander's Feast, and MacFlecknoe.
40 Keats's The Eve of St. Agnes.
41 Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow.
42 Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
43 Le Row's How to Teach Reading.
44 Webster's Bunker Hill Orations.
45 The Academy Orthoëpist. A Manual of Pronunciation.
46 Milton's Lycidas, and Hymn on the Nativity.
47 Bryant's Thanatopsis, and other Poems.
48 Ruskin's Modern Painters. (Selections.)
49 The Shakespeare Speaker.
50 Thackeray's Roundabout Papers.
51 Webster's Oration on Adams and Jefferson.
52 Brown's Rab and his Friends.
53 Morris's Life and Death of Jason.
54 Burke's Speech on American Taxation.
55 Pope's Rape of the Lock.
56 Tennyson's Elaine.
57 Tennyson's In Memoriam.
58 Church's Story of the Æneid.
59 Church's Story of the Iliad.
60 Swift's Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput.
61 Macaulay's Essay on Lord Bacon. (Condensed.)
62 The Alcestis of Euripides. English Version by Rev. R. Potter, M.A.

*(Additional numbers on next page.)*

## ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES—CONTINUED.

63 The Antigone of Sophocles. English Version by Thos. Francklin, D.D.
64 Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (Selected Poems.)
65 Robert Browning. (Selected Poems.)
66 Addison's Spectator. (Selec'ns.)
67 Scenes from George Eliot's Adam Bede.
68 Matthew Arnold's Culture and Anarchy.
69 DeQuincey's Joan of Arc.
70 Carlyle's Essay on Burns.
71 Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
72 Poe's Raven, and other Poems.
73 & 74 Macaulay's Lord Clive. (Double Number.)
75 Webster's Reply to Hayne.
76 & 77 Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. (Double Number.)
78 American Patriotic Selections: Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, etc.
79 & 80 Scott's Lady of the Lake. (Condensed.)
81 & 82 Scott's Marmion. (Condensed.)
83 & 84 Pope's Essay on Man.
85 Shelley's Skylark, Adonais, and other Poems.
86 Dickens's Cricket on the Hearth.
87 Spencer's Philosophy of Style.
88 Lamb's Essays of Elia.
89 Cowper's Task, Book II.
90 Wordsworth's Selected Poems.
91 Tennyson's The Holy Grail, and Sir Galahad.
92 Addison's Cato.
93 Irving's Westminster Abbey, and Christmas Sketches.
94 & 95 Macaulay's Earl of Chatham. Second Essay.
96 Early English Ballads.
97 Skelton, Wyatt, and Surrey. (Selected Poems.)
98 Edwin Arnold. (Selected Poems.)
99 Caxton and Daniel. (Selections.)
100 Fuller and Hooker. (Selections.)
101 Marlowe's Jew of Malta. (Condensed.)
102-103 Macaulay's Essay on Milton.
104-105 Macaulay's Essay on Addison.
106 Macaulay's Essay on Boswell's Johnson.
107 Mandeville's Travels and Wycliffe's Bible. (Selections.)
108-109 Macaulay's Essay on Frederick the Great.
110-111 Milton's Samson Agonistes.
112-113-114 Franklin's Autobiography.
115-116 Herodotus's Stories of Crœsus, Cyrus, and Babylon.
117 Irving's Alhambra.
118 Burke's Present Discontents.
119 Burke's Speech on Conciliation with American Colonies.
120 Macaulay's Essay on Byron.
121-122 Motley's Peter the Great.
123 Emerson's American Scholar.
124 Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum.
125-126 Longfellow's Evangeline.
127 Andersen's Danish Fairy Tales. (Selected.)
128 Tennyson's The Coming of Arthur, and The Passing of Arthur.
129 Lowell's The Vision of Sir Launfal, and other Poems.
130 Whittier's Songs of Labor, and other Poems.
131 Words of Abraham Lincoln.
132 Grimm's German Fairy Tales. (Selected.)
133 Æsop's Fables. (Selected.)
134 Arabian Nights. Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.
135-36 The Psalter.
137-38 Scott's Ivanhoe. (Condensed.)
139-40 Scott's Kenilworth. (Condensed.)
141-42 Scott's The Talisman. (Condensed.)
143 Gods and Heroes of the North.
144-45 Pope's Iliad of Homer. (Selections from Books I.-VIII.)
146 Four Mediæval Chroniclers.
147 Dante's Inferno. (Condensed.)
148-49 The Book of Job. (Revised Version.)
150 Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew. By Georgiana M. Craik.
151 The Nürnberg Stove. By Ouida.
152 Hayne's Speech. To which Webster replied.
153 Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. (Condensed.) By Lewis Carroll.
154-155 Defoe's Journal of the Plague. (Condensed.)
156-157 More's Utopia. (Condensed.)

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS ON NEXT PAGE.

ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES—No. 125-126.

# EVANGELINE.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With Biography of Author, Critical Opinions, and Explanatory Notes.



NEW YORK:
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO., PUBLISHERS,
43, 45, AND 47 EAST TENTH STREET.

CRAIGIE HOUSE, LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

THOSE scientists who hold that genius is a morbid distillation from a tainted ancestry would be puzzled to account for Longfellow's undeniable genius. He was descended from two Yorkshire families, whose natural healthiness of mind and body had been developing for several generations in the bracing air of New England. The Longfellows, his father's family, were a sturdy race, who had always done their duty without inquiring into their metaphysical motives for doing it; and his mother's family, the Wadsworths, traced their descent to John Alden, — as wholesome an old Puritan warrior as could well be found.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807. Like Emerson and Hawthorne, he was a quiet boy, fond of books, and averse to taking part in the sports of his schoolfellows. His

nerves shrank from all loud noises. There is a tradition of his having begged a servant on a glorious Fourth of July to put cotton in his ears to deaden the roar of the cannon, and in later life one of his book-plates bore the motto "Non Clamor, sed Amor."

At the age of fifteen this shy, studious lad was sent to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, after Portland Academy had taught him all it knew. He came prepared to make the most of his opportunities, and after four years of hard work graduated with distinction, and with the promise of a professorship after a year of travel had broadened his mental horizon.

The next summer found Longfellow at Paris with all Europe before him. He wandered through England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Spain; everywhere studying the languages, and absorbing the rich associations of foreign places. His impressions of what he saw were in later years embodied in the prose works *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. On his return he at once assumed the duties of his professorship, finding little time for literature. In 1831 he married an acquaintance of former years, Mary Storer Poller, with whom he lived most happily until her premature death in 1835. In 1834 a pleasant surprise came in the shape of an offer of the Chair of Modern Languages at Harvard, an offer which Longfellow was only too glad to accept. The new professor's official duties were light, and he had leisure for the literary pursuits which had ever been his delight. *Hyperion*, a romance in two volumes, and *The Voices of the Night*, a volume of poems containing "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "The Psalm of Life," were published in 1839. Two years later appeared *Ballads and other Poems*, containing the "Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Excelsior"; and in the following year *Poems on Slavery*. This quiet life of work



was interrupted in 1842 by a visit to Dickens in London, but speedily resumed. In July, 1843, Longfellow married his second wife, a Miss Appleton, whose acquaintance he had made for the first time during his Swiss tour. Longfellow's ambition was to be the national poet of America,—an ambition to which he was spurred on by Margaret Fuller, probably the most intellectual woman of the time in America. She called his poems exotic flowers, with no smell of American soil about them. The outcome of this criticism was the writing of *Evangeline*, followed later by *Hiawatha* and *Miles Standish*, all refreshingly American in flavor. *Hiawatha*, a poem founded on Indian myths, is cast in the form of the Eddas, the ancient epics of Finland, a form with which Longfellow had become familiar in his studies of the Scandinavian languages. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* pictures the deeds and sufferings of the early Plymouth colony, a recital enlivened only by the description of the courting of Priscilla by proxy. It is not to be understood that Longfellow's fame rested on these American poems alone: he had already written a quantity of poetry which had established his reputation as a poet, but it was on these that he based his claim to be considered the national poet of America.

In 1854, after about eighteen years of academic work, Longfellow felt warranted in resigning his Harvard professorship, to be free for purely literary pursuits. His home at Cambridge was the large Craigie House, which could boast of having once been the headquarters of Washington. Here, surrounded by a brilliant circle of friends, he lived in all the flush of a happy, successful life until 1861,—that fatal year,—when his peace was invaded by a frightful calamity: Mrs. Longfellow, while playing with her children, set fire to her dress, and was mortally injured by the flames. The poet never recovered from the shock of this bereave-

ment, although he continued his work with unabated vigor until the time of his death in March 1882.

After Tennyson, Longfellow has been the most popular poet of his day. Some critics have said that had Tennyson never written the *Idylls*, or *In Memoriam*, his inferiority to Longfellow would have been manifest, but the power displayed in these high realms of poetry was quite beyond Longfellow's reach. His range is domestic. He lacks the power of depicting deep passion, or of robing purely imaginative subjects with ideal grace and color. The forces necessary to the execution of an heroic poem are not his, but on the other hand, in such a description of quiet love and devoted patience as he gives us in Evangeline, Longfellow may be ranked with the greatest of poets.

### Chronological List of the Principal Works of Longfellow.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Coplas de Manrique | 1833 | Tales of a Wayside Inn | 1863 |
| Outre-Mer | 1835 | Flower-De-Luce | 1867 |
| Hyperion | 1839 | Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri | 1867–70 |
| Voices of the Night | 1839 | New England Tragedies | 1868 |
| Ballads and other Poems | 1841 | Divine Tragedy | 1871 |
| Poems on Slavery | 1842 | Three Books of Song | 1872 |
| Spanish Student | 1843 | Christus | 1872 |
| Poets and Poetry of Europe | 1845 | Aftermath | 1873 |
| Belfry of Bruges | 1846 | Hanging of the Crane | 1874 |
| Evangeline | 1847 | Masque of Pandora | 1875 |
| Kavanagh | 1849 | Kéramos | 1878 |
| Seaside and the Fireside | 1850 | Ultima Thule | 1880 |
| Golden Legend | 1851 | In the Harbor [Ultima Thule, Pt. ii.] | 1882 |
| Hiawatha | 1855 | Michael Angelo | 1884 |
| Miles Standish | 1858 | | |

## Critical Opinions.

Child of New England, and trained by her best influences; of a temperament singularly sweet and serene, and with the sturdy rectitude of his race; refined and softened by wide contact with other lands and many men; born in prosperity, accomplished in all literatures, and himself a literary artist of consummate elegance,—he was the fine flower of the Puritan stock under its changed modern conditions. Out of strength had come forth sweetness. The grim iconoclast, "humming a surly hymn," had issued in the Christian gentleman. Captain Miles Standish had risen into Sir Philip Sidney. The austere morality that relentlessly ruled the elder New England reappeared in the genius of this singer in the most gracious and captivating form. . . . The foundations of our distinctive literature were largely laid in New England, and they rest upon morality. Literary New England had never a trace of literary Bohemia. The most illustrious group, and the earliest, of American authors and scholars and literary men, the Boston and Cambridge group of the last generation,—Channing, the two Danas, Sparks, Everett, Bancroft, Ticknor, Prescott, Norton, Ripley, Palfrey, Emerson, Parker, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Agassiz, Lowell, Motley,—have been sober and industrious citizens, of whom Judge Sewall would have approved. Their lives as well as their works have ennobled literature. They have illustrated the moral sanity of genius.

Longfellow shares this trait with them all. It is the moral purity of his verse which at once charms the heart; and in his first most famous poem, the "Psalm of Life," it is the direct inculcation of a moral purpose. Those who insist that literary art, like all other art, should not concern itself positively with morality, must reflect that the heart

of this age has been touched as truly by Longfellow, however differently, as that of any time by its master-poet. This, indeed, is his peculiar distinction. Among the great poetic names of the century in English literature, Burns, in a general way, is the poet of love; Wordsworth, of lofty contemplation of nature; Byron, of passion; Shelley, of aspiration; Keats, of romance; Scott, of heroic legend; and not less, and quite as distinctively, Longfellow, of the domestic affections. He is the poet of the household, of the fireside, of the universal home feeling. The infinite tenderness and patience, the pathos and the beauty, of daily life, of familiar emotion, and the common scene,—these are the significance of that verse whose beautiful and simple melody, softly murmuring for more than forty years, made the singer the most widely beloved of living men.—*George William Curtis.*

He is in a high sense a literary man; and next a literary artist; and thirdly, a literary artist in the domain of poetry. It would not be true to say that his art is of the intensest kind or most magical potency; but it is art, and imbues whatever he performs. In so far as a literary artist in poetry is a poet, Longfellow is a poet, and should (to the silencing of all debates and demurs) be freely confessed and handsomely installed as such. How far he is a poet in a further sense than this remains to be determined.

Having thus summarily considered "the actual quality of the work" as derived from the endowments of the worker, I next proceed to "the grounds upon which the vast popularity of the poems has rested." One main and in itself all-sufficient ground has just been stated: that the sort of intelligence of which Longfellow is so conspicuous an example includes pre-eminently "a great susceptibility to the spirit of the age." The man who meets the spirit of the age half-way will be met half-way by that; will be adopted as a favorite child, and warmly reposited in the heart. Such has been the case with Longfellow. In sentiment, in perception, in culture, in selection, in utterance, he represents, with adequate and even influential but not overwhelming force, the tendencies and adaptabilities of the time; he is a good type of the "bettermost," not the exceptionally very best, minds of the central or later-central period of the nineteenth century; and, having the gift of persuasive speech and accomplished art, he can enlist the sympathies of readers who approach his own level of intelligence, and can dominate a numberless multitude of those who belong to lower planes, but who share none the less his own general conceptions and aspirations.



Evangeline, whatever may be its shortcomings and blemishes, takes so powerful a hold of the feelings that the fate which would at last merge it in oblivion could only be a very hard and even a perverse one. Who that has read it has ever forgotten it? or in whose memory does it rest as other than a long-drawn sweetness and sadness that has become a portion, and a purifying portion, of the experiences of the heart?—*William Michael Rossetti.*

Mr. Longfellow was easily first amongst his own countrymen as a poet, and in certain directions as a prose writer; but he was also a good deal more than this. There has been a tendency to doubt whether he was entitled to a place in the first rank of poets; and the doubt, although we are not disposed to think it well founded, is perhaps intelligible. Some of the qualities which gave his verse its charm and its very wide popularity and influence also worked, not to perplex—for the essence of his style was simplicity—but perhaps to vex, the critical mind. There is no need to dwell now upon various pieces of verse by Mr. Longfellow, which no doubt owed much of their fame to qualities that were less prominent in some of his productions which perhaps were, not unnaturally, less popular. . . . But it may be said as a general rule, that when Longfellow was commonplace in sentiment he was far from

commonplace in expression. His verse was full of grace, and, if one may use the word in this connection, of tact; and it cannot perhaps be said to have been want of tact that prevented him from correcting the one odd blunder that he made after it had gone forth to the world and become somewhat surprisingly popular. That he could be and generally was much the reverse of commonplace, will hardly be denied by any one who has made a real study of his work. He had a keen observation, a vivid fancy, a scholarlike touch, a not too common *gentillesse*, and a seemingly easy command of rhyme and rhythm. . . .

When the qualities which we have touched upon are united in a man who has come before the world as a poet, evidently in consequence of the promptings of his nature, and not of malice prepense and with carefully devised affectation, it seems somewhat rash to deny him the high place which the great bulk of his admirers would assign to him, because he has, perhaps too frequently, lapsed into thought, if not into diction, which may seem unworthy of such a writer at his best.

Nor, perhaps, is it fair in this regard to leave out of account that Longfellow began his poetic career as the poet—the poet *par excellence*—of a country which had its literature to make. . . . His position as the spokesman in poetry of a young country had its advantages and its drawbacks. He was more free from the disadvantages of critical severity and opposition than an English writer could well have been; but such a freedom has its dangers, and to this it might not be too fanciful to trace the lapses of which some mention has been made. That it was to these lapses that he owed a considerable portion of his influence with the mass of the reading or devouring public in England was not his fault; and this fact should not, we think, be allowed to obscure in any way the exceptionally fine qualities which he undoubtedly possessed and cultivated."

—*London Saturday Review.*



THE essence of Longfollow's writings might be defined thus: domestic morals, with a romantic coloring, a warm glow of sentiment, and a full measure of culture. The morals are partly religious, hardly at all sectarian, pure, sincere, and healthy. The romance is sufficiently genuine, yet a trifle factitious, nicely apprehended rather than intense. The sentiment is heart-felt, but a little ordinary—by the very fact of its being ordinary all the more widely and fully responded to—at times with a somewhat false ring, or at least an obvious shallowness; right-minded sentiment, which the author perceives to be creditable to himself, and which he aims, as if by an earnest and "penetrated" tone of voice, to make impressive to his reader. The culture is broad and general; not that of a bookworm or student, but of a receptive and communicative mind, of average grasp and average sympathies. . . . Longfellow had much clearness and persuasiveness, some force, and a great aptitude for "improving the occasion;" but he had not that imaginative strength, that spacious vision, that depth of personal individuality which impress somewhat painfully at first, but which alone supply in the long-run the great startling and rousing forces that possess a permanent influence.—*London Athenæum.*

LONGFELLOW has a perfect command of that expression which results from restraining rather than cultivating fluency; and his manner is adapted to his theme. He rarely, if ever, mistakes emotions for conceptions. His words are often pictures of his thought. He selects with great delicacy and precision the exact phrase which best expresses or suggests his idea. He colors his style with the skill of a painter. The warm flush and bright tints, as well as the most evanescent hues, of language he uses with admirable discretion. In that higher department of his art, that of so combining his words and images that they make music to the soul as well as to the ear, and convey not only his feelings and thoughts, but also the very tone and condition of

the soul in which they have being, he likewise excels. . . . . His imagination, in the sphere of its activity, is almost perfect in its power to shape in visible forms, or to suggest, by cunning verbal combinations, the feeling or thought he desires to express; but it lacks the strength and daring, and the wide sweep, which characterize the imagination of such poets as Shelley. He has little of the unrest and frenzy of the bard. We know, in reading him, that he will never miss his mark; that he will risk nothing; that he will aim to do only that which he feels he can do well. An air of repose, of quiet power, is around his compositions. He rarely loses sight of common interests and sympathies. He displays none of the stinging earnestness, the vehement sensibility, the gusts of passion, which characterize poets of the impulsive class. His spiritualism is not seen in wild struggles after an ineffable Something, for which earth can afford but imperfect symbols, and of which even abstract words can suggest little knowledge. He appears perfectly satisfied with his work. Like his own "Village Blacksmith," he retires every night with the feeling that something has been attempted, that something has been *done*. . . . His sense of beauty, though uncommonly vivid, is not the highest of which the mind is capable. He has little perception of its mysterious spirit; of that beauty, of which all physical loveliness is but the shadow, which awes and thrills the soul into which it enters, and lifts the imagination into regions "to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil." His mind never appears oppressed, nor his sight dimmed, by its exceeding glory. He feels and loves, and creates what is beautiful; but he hymns no reverence, he pays no adoration, to the Spirit of Beauty. He would never exclaim with Shelley, "O awful Loveliness!"—*E. P. Whipple.*

## EVANGELINE.

WHAT shall we say of "Evangeline"? It holds a place entirely by itself in our literature, in so far as immortal praise is due to its author not only, and not so much for his manner of treating the subject, as for his discovery and conception of the subject itself. The idea of a girl who has been torn from her lover by enemies who have invaded their home settlement, and embarked them in ships to two different ports in America; her search after him through the provinces of that continent, down its great rivers, and through its interminable forests—again and again finding traces of him, only to end in disappointment; catching a vain hope from the smoke that ascends above every encampment in the wilderness; refusing to part with life's earliest dream, and still believing that God will direct her steps through those labyrinths of nature to the object of her love; the unutterable longings; the sickness of hope deferred, till youth at last passed away, and her tresses became gray in this mysterious love-journey—this is a form of calamity that was never conceived of in the imagination of any other bard, and the bare presentation of which to the reader is so suggestive of the highest poetry, of all that is trying in situation and tragical in sentiment, as to amount in the simple conception of it to a triumph of genius. . . .

In the poem before us the vastnesses of the American continent are with us and before us throughout, while the interest of tenderness is awakened by the utter inability of this lover in her maiden helplessness to contend with them; for it is the very magnificence of nature in its forests and prairies and rolling rivers that is against her—it is the wideness of space that overwhelms her. . . .

He commences the poem with a simple narrative of the days when Evangeline and Gabriel were happy youthful lovers at Grand Pré, in their own beloved Nova Scotia.

We are apt to consider the description needlessly detailed, even commonplace and prosy. Ignorant souls that we are! Unconsciously, insensibly, are we prepared with infinite skill for the coming catastrophe. There must be first a picture of the perfect peace of that home settlement—quiet but humble—the nest as God made it, moss-fashioned, softly lined with the loves that are in it. We must first have visited and looked into it, then we shall feel the tragedy of the hour when this sanctuary was ravished and violated by ruthless hands. In the very commonplaceness of Evangeline's first prospects, well-to-do on her father's farm, no bar of poverty, no obstacle to her heart's affection, everything holding out the likelihood of a life monotonous, but perfectly level with her desires, there is a dreadful preparation planned by contrast for the extraordinary fate that awaited her. The tame and unattractive landscape, too, of Nova Scotia, so dear to her heart by the loves of Gabriel and her old father—how does it contrast with the gorgeous scenery through which she is afterwards led—the pomp and prodigality of nature which was to mock her heart! How well does the poet sustain the picture of perfect peace and love happiness that reigned at Grand Pré up to the very last moment before the thunder-storm burst upon it!—*The Religion of Our Literature*, by GEORGE MCCRIE.

## THE HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE POEM.

IN 1755 Nova Scotia—or Acadia—which for more than thirty years had been nominally a British province, was inhabited by some thousands of French colonists, who were exempt from military service under France, and were termed "French Neutrals." Their real sympathies lay with the land of their birth, not with the Government under whose half-contemptuous protection they lived. In Europe, commissioners had for some time been trying to settle a satisfactory boundary between New France and Nova Scotia, when matters were brought to a crisis by the



French in America, who erected two forts on a neck of land at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Massachusetts—this was before the Revolution, be it remembered—sent out three thousand men to capture these forts, and the thing was done. In the garrisons were found three hundred of the Neutrals, and therefore the Acadians were held condemned as rebels against the English Crown. What was to be done with them? The Governor of Nova Scotia, the Chief Justice of the province, and two British Admirals, met in council in July, and resolved that the entire population must be cleared out of that part of the country, and this deportation was to be carried out in such a way as to disperse the captives among the English of the other provinces. Of course it was not easy to execute an edict like this upon a widely-scattered population; but stratagem prevailed with these simple people, who had lived peacefully for two hundred years in this land, feeding sheep and tilling the soil rudely. Governor Lawrence issued a proclamation ordering all the males of the colony, "both old and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," to assemble at the church of Grand-Pré on a certain Friday, to learn His Majesty's pleasure, "on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate." On the Friday appointed, September 5, 1755, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men met within the church. The doors were closed upon them, and guarded by soldiers; and then this mandate was read to the snared farmers: "It is His Majesty's orders, and they are peremptory, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves are to be removed from this province. I shall do everything in my power that your goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and that this removal be made as easy as His Majesty's service

will admit. And I hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. Meanwhile you are the king's prisoners, and will remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command."

Unbroken silence greeted this cruel edict, until after the lapse of a few minutes a moan broke from the stunned Acadians, and their cry of grief was echoed in bewilderment by the anxious women waiting with their children outside. On the 10th of September the inhabitants of Grand-Pré—nineteen hundred and twenty in number—were marched to the water's side at the point of the bayonet, and embarked in Government ships. In spite of some show of care on the part of the authorities many parents were separated from their families and driven into different vessels; husbands and wives lost each other, and maidens parted from their lovers forever. The vessels were not able to accommodate all the emigrants, so some of these remained till fresh transports carried them away from their homes in cheerless December, and then Acadia was left desolate, and the Acadians never gathered together again. Small knots of the wanderers settled, and have left descendants, at Clare, at Minudie, in parts of Prince Edward's Island, and on the north coast of New Brunswick. In these days we English hear much of the Crofter question; but we never spoiled humble folk of land as we did in 1755, by the help of Massachusetts guns.

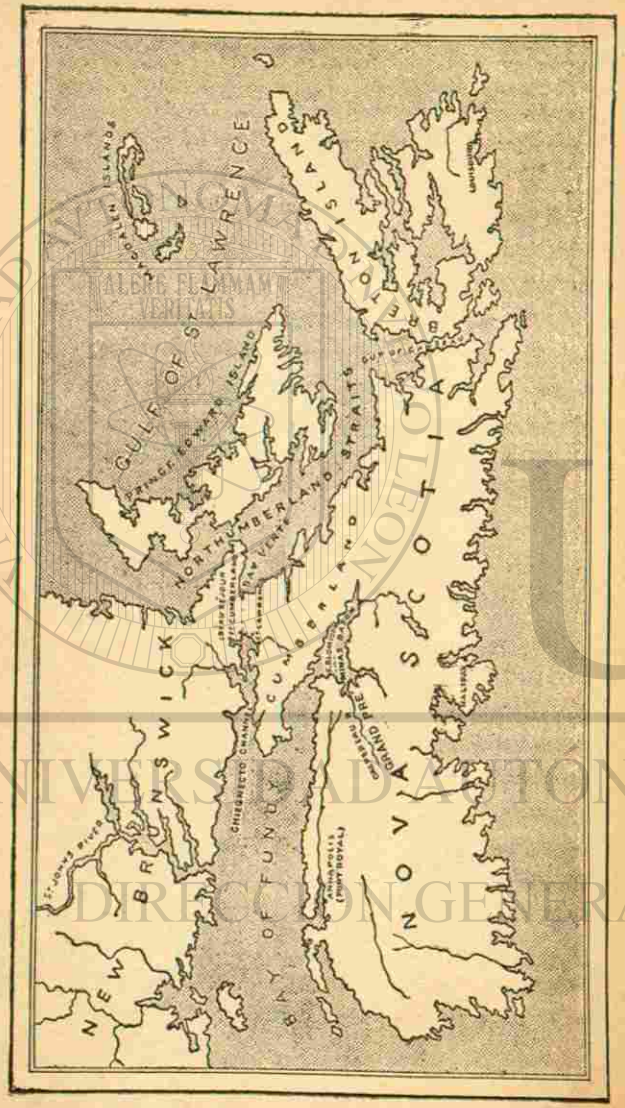
Nathaniel Hawthorne (how pleasant it always is to come upon these two great American men of letters together!) one day dined at Craigie House, and brought with him a clergyman. The clergyman happened to remark that he had been vainly endeavoring to interest Hawthorne in a subject that he himself thought would do admirably for a story. He then related the history of a young Acadian girl who had been turned away with her people in that dire "'55," thereafter became separated from her lover, wandered for many years in search of him, and finally found him



in a hospital, dying. And Hawthorne saw nothing in this! That Longfellow at once took to the lovely legend is not so striking a fact as that Hawthorne, true to the strange taste of his "miasmatic conscience," felt the want of a sin to study in the story, and so would have none of it. "Let me have it for a poem, then," said Longfellow, and he had the leave at once. He raked up historical material from Haliburton's "Nova Scotia," and other books, and soon was steadily building up that idyl that is his true Golden Legend. After he had wormed his way through the chronicles of that doomed land, he wrote to Hawthorne and suggested that the romancer should take up as a theme the early history and later wanderings of these Acadians; but with Acadia Hawthorne would have nothing to do on any terms.—From ROBERTSON'S *Life of Longfellow*.

## THE METER OF EVANGELINE.

THE selection of hexameter lines for "Evangeline" was of course a bold experiment. The great precedent Longfellow had in his mind when he resolved to try hexameters was Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea;" and this was enough to justify his attempt to compromise between the exactions of classic scansion and the rhythmical license of English meters. His success was as wonderful as the attempt was bold. By employing a style of meter that carries the ear back to times in the world's history when grand simplicities were sung, the poet naturally was able to enhance the epic qualities of his work, and remove Acadia and its people to the necessary extent from touch with a part of the world in which human history's developments were raw and unattractive. And once persuaded that it was possible to avoid "sing-song" monotony in English hexameters, Longfellow was right in thinking that the rhythm he chose was well suited for the telling of a long story into which nothing abruptly dramatic was to enter, but which was to derive its chief interest from broadly-worked pictures.




# EVANGELINE.

## PART THE FIRST.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—

3. **Druids of eld.** In Cæsar's day the Druids were the priesthood of Gaul and especially of Britain. Not much is known of their belief. They were the supreme power in the nation, made laws, imposed taxes, and executed punishments. They frequented oak-groves and there made their bloody human sacrifices. Many Druidical remains are to be seen in England, especially what are supposed to be altars for human sacrifice.

9. **Acadian.** The French name for Nova Scotia was Acadia. The word, however, included New Brunswick and parts of Maine.

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

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

## I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

6. **Grand-Pré.** Large meadow. Now called Lower Horton.
11. **Basin of Minas.** A bay opening out into the Bay of Fundy. On the left of the Basin is Cape Blomidon, rising about 500 feet above the sea. Generally in stormy weather its head is enveloped in mist. Sailors now corrupt the name of this promontory into Blow-me-Down. See Map.



Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

1. **Dikes.** "Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling, with dikes, the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks."—*Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia.*
11. **Normandy.** The first Acadians were natives of Normandy and Burgundy in France.

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

1. **Caps.** In a letter to his brother, written from Havre, during his first visit to Europe, Longfellow says he was much struck with the costume of the dames of Normandy, with their tall pyramidal caps of muslin, reaching at least two feet above the head, and adorned with long ear-tippets.

2, 3. **Distaffs . . . looms . . . shuttles.** The distaff is a staff for holding the bunch of flax from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand. **Loom** is a machine for weaving cloth. The word *loom* means a tool or implement. See l. 13, p. 24, **Heirloom**, where *loom* means any implement; hence a piece of furniture. (Skeat.) **Shuttles** are instruments used by weavers for shooting the thread crosswise (*woof*), from one side of the cloth to the other, between the threads that run lengthwise to the loom (*warp*).

4. **Mingled their sound.** The sound of this line is suggestive of the noise of the loom.

11. **Angelus.** A devotion in the Roman Catholic Church in memory of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary by the angel Gabriel, of the incarnation of the Son of God. It is so called from the opening words: "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ." Longfellow means here the tolling of the bell at the time the Angelus is to be recited.



Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;

6. **Neither locks had they.** L'Abbé Raynal, in his *History of the Indies*, says: "Real misery was wholly unknown among the Acadians. Every misfortune was relieved before it could be felt. Theirs was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of manhood."

14. **Hale.** Strong; literally, whole. For this description compare Shakespeare's *Adam*—

"Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."—*As You Like It*, ii. 3, 52.

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

9. **Hyssop.** In Scripture the hyssop was a plant of which the twigs were used to sprinkle the congregation in the ceremony of purification.
11. **Chaplet.** A string of beads used by Roman Catholics in counting a form of prayer, entitled the Rosary. Note that the word *bead* originally means a prayer.
11. **Missal.** A prayer-book used by Roman Catholics.



Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the 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
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;

9. **Pent-house.** The traveler in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland and in the Tyrol frequently meets at cross-roads a figure of the Virgin, or some saint, protected from the weather by the roughest pent-house of two or three boards.
15. **Wains.** Wagons.

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,

1. **Seraglio.** First, the palace where the wives of Turkish noblemen are shut up; second, the wives themselves (harem).



Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister, and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

8. **Since the birth of time . . . the craft of the smith.** From the time of Tubal Cain (*Genesis* iv. 23) onwards. In the middle ages the use of armor made the craft of the smith in special repute. See Harry of the Wynd in *Fair Maid of Perth*. Compare in classic times the worship of Vulcan and Hephæstus.

13. **Plain-song.** The Gregorian chant prescribed in the Roman Catholic Church. It is sung in unison, in tones of equal length, and rarely extending beyond the compass of an octave.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow

9. **Nuns going into the chapel.** There is a somewhat similar saying among the Germans. When the sparks in a burning piece of paper go out one after another, they say, "The people are going out of church," and the last spark is called the "clerk." (DICKMAN.)

13. **Wondrous stone.** Pliny tells of a kind of precious stone, like an agate, called the "swallow's stone." The miraculous properties are, however, a French addition to the story. "The villagers of —— tell of a sure means of obtaining this stone. You must first put out the eyes of one of the swallow's young, whereupon the mother-bird will immediately go in quest of the stone. When she has found it, and cured her fledgling by its aid, she is careful to hide the talisman. But if you take the precaution to spread a piece of scarlet stuff under the nest, the swallow will drop the stone, believing she is dropping it into fire." (AMÉLIE BOSQUET, 217.)



Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters,
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,

7. **"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie."** A saint of Barcelona martyred under Diocletian. St. Eulalie's Day is the 12th of February. Sunshine at that time of the year was supposed to be especially favorable to orchards.

12. **Scorpion.** One of the constellations on the imaginary belt in the heavens (zodiac), in the middle of which is the ecliptic, or apparent path of the sun. The suns seems to enter Scorpion about October 23d.

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forests, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;

9. **Summer of All-Saints.** Our "Indian summer" in the early part of October.



While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's 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,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

3. **Plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.** Herodotus (vii. 31) says that Xerxes found at the city Callatêbus a plane-tree so beautiful, that he presented it with golden ornaments, and put it under the care of one of his bodyguard.

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.
Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer



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

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

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with

1. **Clock clicked.** Say these words slowly several times, and you will think there is an old clock in the room.



Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the 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

2. **Picked up a horseshoe.** The picking up of a horseshoe is a sign of good luck. It should either be thrown over the left shoulder, or brought home and nailed to the sill of the door, taking care that the two extremities are turned toward the outside of the house; otherwise the shoe will bring bad luck into the house.

6. **Gaspereau.** A river flowing into the basin of Minas above Grand-Pré. See Map.

7. **What their design may be is unknown.** It was determined to keep the secret of their coming transportation from the Acadians until the last minute, for fear they should neglect or injure the harvest. The terms of the mandate were as follows: "We order and strictly enjoin all the inhabitants, both old men and young men, as well as all lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand-Pré, the fifth instant, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them."

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.

5. **Louisburg.** The capital of Cape Breton. See Historical Basis of the Poem.

5. **Beau Séjour.** (Fort Cumberland.) Situated on the neck of land between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The fort was built by the French to annoy the English settlers in Nova Scotia. On its capture, 300 Acadians were said to have been found among the garrison. The existence of this fort blocked land communication between the New England provinces and Nova Scotia.

5. **Port Royal.** One of the first colonies founded (1604) by the French in Nova Scotia. In 1713 the English, having acquired Nova Scotia by treaty, changed the name of the town into Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne. One of the charges made against the Acadians was that they treacherously attacked this town in co-operation with the French



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

## III.

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

3, 4. **The merry lads of the village strongly have built them and well.** As soon as a young Acadian arrived at the proper age for marriage, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life. There he received the partner he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks.

6. **René Leblanc.** That the notary was actually named René Leblanc will be seen from this sentence in the petition of the Acadians to the king: "René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually traveling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity."

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened

6. **Captive.** See note 6, p. 37.

11. **Loup-garou.** The French for *were-wolf*, a human being turned into a wolf while retaining human intelligence. This transformation could be voluntarily made by infernal aid or by witchcraft. Men were tried on the charge of being were-wolves as late as the seventeenth century. The superstition still exists in certain parts of Europe where wolves abound.

12. **Goblin** (Kobold) is an industrious kindly spirit, especially fond of taking care of horses, and very unwilling to be recognized or thanked.

13. **Létiche.** According to the peasant, the soul of a child who has died unchristened appears at night in the form of a small animal as white as milk. Hence the name, from the French *lait*.



Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the 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,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"

2. **Talked in the stable.** The belief was common that all animals kept awake on Christmas night, and offered thanks to God, and fell on their knees when twelve o'clock struck. The Norman peasant held it foolish to enter the stall on Christmas night, for fear of exciting the indignation of the oxen. Compare Sh. *Hamlet*, i. 1, 158.

4. **Four-leaved clover.** The happy wearer of four-leaved clover was able to recognize all kinds of tricks and sorcery. As long as he kept the clover he would be lucky.

"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often 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.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;

12. **Scales.** Justice is represented as holding a pair of scales, to show that every fact for and against an accused person will be carefully weighed; whereas the sword in the other hand shows that the punishment for offenses will be keen and swift.



Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

15. **Congealed.** Stiffened. The rapid thoughts passing through his mind are said to have taken permanent shape in lines on his face.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuver,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

18. **Breach was made in the king-row.** The last row on the draught-board is called the king-row. To make your adversary leave a gap among his men on this row enables you to get one of your own pieces crowned.



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

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

5. **Forget-me-nots of the angels.** This is, of course, hopelessly bad. Such similes are sometimes found in Longfellow's works, though fortunately not often.

7. **Curfew.** The word *curfew* is a corruption from the French *couvre-feu*, literally meaning cover-fire. The curfew is still rung at nine o'clock in some parts of Europe.

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
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
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.



And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass,
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

## IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.

---

3. **Hagar.** Sarah, Abraham's wife, drove Hagar, the Egyptian handmaid, and her son, away into the desert.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together,
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant;
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.
Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler

11. **Feast of betrothal.** The betrothal takes place some time before the civil marriage. Though it is not legally binding, it is socially so.



Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

3. **Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,** and **Le Carillon de Dunkerque.** When the grandson of Louis XIV. was passing through the town of Mont-l'Héri on his journey to take possession of the crown of Spain, the curé of the place appeared before the prince at the head of his parishioners, and said, "Sire, long speeches are troublesome, and the speaker wearisome; so I shall content myself with singing to you—

"Tous les bourgeois de Châtres et ceux de Mont-l'Héri
Mènent fort grande joie en vous voyant ici.
Petit-fils de Louis, que Dieu vous accompagne,
Et qu'un Prince si bon
Don, don,
Cent ans et par de-là,
La, la
Règne dedans l'Espagne."

3. **Le Carillon de Dunkerque.** So-called owing to the chimes in that city playing this particular air. (DICKMAN.)

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and 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,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

10. **Royal commission.** An order signed by the king.
11. **"You are convened this day,"** etc. These are almost the exact words of part of the speech of General Winslow to the Acadians, convened (assembled) in the church of Grand-Pré.



Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

5. **Solstice.** (*Solstitium.*) A point in the ecliptic at which the sun seems to stand still. The point at which the sun is furthest from the equator. The summer solstice begins June 21st, the winter Dec. 21st.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted—
"Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them allegiance !
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests ! "
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

2. **We never have sworn them allegiance.** At first when Acadia passed into the hands of the English the Acadians were not forced to take the oath of allegiance to the English crown. Afterwards an oath was demanded, which, however, did not bind them to serve against their fellow-countrymen. One of the reasons for the exile of the Acadians was, that they refused to take the oath without this saving clause.



Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them ! '
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them ! ' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them !"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

15. **Ave Maria.** The first two words of a Latin prayer to the Virgin, used by Roman Catholics. (*St. Luke* i. 28.)

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

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

12. **Ambrosial.** Ambrosia was the food of the gods, which gave them eternal life. Here the adjective will mean "delighting the senses."



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

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

12. **Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.** The gloomier grave of the living was the church, in which the Acadians were assembled.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

## V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
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 seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

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



Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside

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

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder and whispered—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.

9, 10. **For if we love one another, nothing, in truth, can harm us.** This, together with Father Felician's words, "Affection never was wasted" (page 67, l. 3), forms the key-note of the poem. It is the lesson Evangeline has to learn, and it is only when she again meets Gabriel, at the close of her life, that the lesson is fully learnt. Through their long separation they have never ceased to love each other, and this love was like a talisman to Evangeline, keeping unworthy thoughts from her, and finding its expression in care for all around her.



But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

13. **Kelp.** The ashes of seaweed, used in making glass. Here the seaweed itself.

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;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.
But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,



And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

---

7. **Benedicite.** A Latin blessing or benediction.

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

1. **Titan-like . . . hundred hands.** The Titans were huge giants, who made war on the gods armed with rocks and trees. Among their number is sometimes reckoned Briareus, who, with his brothers, is said to have had a hundred arms and fifty heads.



Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.

2. **Nebraska.** A river, rising in the Rocky Mountains and flowing through Wyoming and Nebraska. It joins the Missouri on the confines of Iowa.
15. **Oblivious.** "That brings forgetfulness." See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 268, "The oblivious pool."

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,
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 seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

12. **But without bell or book.** Without the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The bell is used by Roman Catholics to mark especially solemn places in the service.



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 that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

---

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

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

9. **Far asunder, on separate coasts.** Seven thousand of the inhabitants of Acadia were dispersed among the several British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay. Large numbers were sent to the southern colony of Georgia, from whence they endeavored to return, and by a long and dangerous coasting voyage had even reached New York or Boston, when they were compelled to relinquish their design.

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,
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 seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

12. **But without bell or book.** Without the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The bell is used by Roman Catholics to mark especially solemn places in the service.



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 that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

---

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

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

9. **Far asunder, on separate coasts.** Seven thousand of the inhabitants of Acadia were dispersed among the several British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay. Large numbers were sent to the southern colony of Georgia, from whence they endeavored to return, and by a long and dangerous coasting voyage had even reached New York or Boston, when they were compelled to relinquish their design.

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
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,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

1. **Savannas.** Extensive plains of grass, affording pasturage in the rainy seasons, and with few shrubs growing on them. In South America such plains are called Pampas.
2. **Father of Waters.** The Mississippi.
4. **The mammoth** seems to have resembled the elephant in many respects, but grayer in color, and with three coats of hair and a heavy mane. It is now extinct, but at one time was widely spread throughout the globe. In America it was a contemporary of the mastodon.



Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

*Coureurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers,"

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

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

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. **Coureurs-des-Bois.** Literally, *runners of the woods.* This name was given by the French and Canadians to the hardy hunters and traders who traveled through the yet uncleared forests of colonial times.

3. **Voyageur.** The Voyageurs were generally French-Canadians who were employed by the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies in transporting men and supplies between their various stations. This was done entirely by birch-bark canoes. The Voyageurs and the Coureurs-des-Bois were men accustomed to the dangers of an unsettled country, and well versed in all the stratagems of Indian warfare.

9. **Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses;** i.e., to live unmarried. Catherine of Alexandria was one of the patron saints of virgins. She suffered martyrdom under an edict of the Emperor Maxentius. "Coiffer Sainte Catherine" is a common saying among the French.



And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

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

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;

3. **Talk not of wasted affection.** Evangeline's later life was exactly in accordance with the advice here given by the priest.

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley;
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only:
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;

9. **Ohio . . . Wabash.** The Wabash separates Illinois from Indiana. It joins the Ohio, and the two flow into the Mississippi on the borders of Kentucky. The **Beautiful River** is the Ohio.



Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders,
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,

3. **Acadian coast** is the coast at the mouth of the Mississippi.
10. **Lagoons.** Here sheets of water formed by the encroachment of the river on the land. Lagoons are generally to be found on the lower courses of rivers.
11. **Wimpling.** Rippling, to appear as if laid in folds. A wimple used to be a covering, laid in folds, for the neck and face of a woman, and still retained in the dress of nuns.
12. **Pelicans.** The white pelican is a bird about the size of a swan, with a long, strong beak, webbed feet, and a capacious pouch formed by the loose skin of the throat. This pouch enables the pelican to swallow large fish.
14. **China-trees.** The cinchona, a tree peculiar to Peru and

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cotes.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and 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
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,

---

the adjacent countries. The valuable medicine Peruvian bark is made from this tree.

3. **Golden Coast** is in the south of Louisiana, above Baton Rouge.

5. **Plaquemine.** At Plaquemine, a town on the west bank of the Mississippi, 112 miles north of New Orleans, a bayou or creek runs westward into the Atchafalaya River.

10. **Banners that hang on the walls.** The regimental colors, when worn out, are generally hung on the walls of some cathedral, marked with the names of the great engagements through which they have been borne.



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.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

---

7. **Mimosa.** The sensitive plant. Shelley, in his poem *The Sensitive Plant*, writes—

"For the sensitive plant has no bright flower.
Radiance and color are not its dower;
It loves even like Love—its deep heart is full;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful."

13. **Through those shadowy aisles.** The bayou, with the cedars and cypresses meeting overhead, is compared to the aisle of a church, with its arched roof and pillars at the side.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.
Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

18. **Atchafalaya** is strictly a continuation of the Red River. When the floods cease, and the stream of the Mississippi falls, the Atchafalaya becomes stagnant in all its length; at other times it carries off the surcharge of that river into the Gulf of Mexico.



Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine

2. **Lotus.** Longfellow evidently here refers to the Wampapin lily, to which the name *lotus* is sometimes given. The following is a description of the plant: "This lily is the queen of American flowers. It is worth a long journey to see this shy denizen of our swamps in its full beauty. From the midst of its great floating leaves, which are two feet or more in diameter, rise two large leaves, borne upon stout foot-stalks, that bring them a yard above the water. From between these elevated leaves rises to a still greater height the stem of the golden flower, shaped like a cup. . . . These huge golden cups are poised on their stems, and wave in the breeze above great wheel-like leaves, while innumerable white lilies fill in the spaces between, and enrich the air with their perfume."

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
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,



So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
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.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."
And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

1. **Têche.** An affluent of the Mississippi, near its mouth.



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

6. **Bacchantes.** Priestesses of Bacchus, who, by wine and excitement, worked themselves into a frenzy at the festivals of the god.
12. **Opelousas.** The old name for a part of Louisiana.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
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-cotes were, as love's perpetual symbol,

2. **Spanish moss** is one of the strangest parasites imaginable. "It is a tangle of pale-green tendrils, in thickness like ordinary string, and while one end is closely woven round a branch of the tree, the remainder droops in long straight festoons. Its popular name *heno* (hay) conveys the best possible description of the effect it produces on the view." (GEIGER.)

3. **Yule-tide.** Christmas-time is thus called because of the old English custom of burning a great yule-log on Christmas-day. The Druids held the oak in great veneration. Pliny, the Roman historian, says that whatever grew on the oak was thought by them to be a gift from the gods. The mistletoe grows sometimes on the oak as a parasite. When thus found it was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe, two white bulls being sacrificed on the spot.



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

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

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.
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
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said—"If you come by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals,
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

1. **Adayes.** A town in north Texas.
2. **The Ozark Mountains** run from the borders of Arkansas through Missouri.
10. **Olympus.** A mountain at the head of the Pass of Tempe, in Thessaly, the home of the Homeric gods.



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

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the 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.

4. **Ci-devant.** The French for *former*.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

1. **Natchitoches.** A town in Louisiana, on the Red River.



So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors;
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

9. **Creoles.** A name given to those inhabitants of Louisiana who, though born there, have a French and Spanish ancestry.

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.

16. **Carthusian.** The Carthusians are a contemplative order of monks founded in 1086 by St. Bruno in the Grande Chartreuse, a wild mountain group in Grenoble in France.



Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and the fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried—"O Gabriel! O my 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?

11. **"Upharsin."** In the Book of Daniel in the Old Testament is described how, while Belshazzar the king was feasting and drinking from the golden vessels taken from the temple in Jerusalem, a hand appeared on the wall and wrote the words Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, which interpreted by Daniel meant destruction to Belshazzar.

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended



Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country,
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweetwater Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;

1. **Oregon,** or Columbia, River flows into the Pacific about lat. 46°. The Owyhee and Walleway are tributaries of the Oregon on the left and right bank, respectively.
2. **Wind-river Mountains.** A portion of the Rocky Mountains, crossing the centre of Idaho.
3. **Nebraska.** The junction of the Platte River with the North and South Fork forms the Nebraska. The **Sweetwater Valley** leads from the Wind river Mountains.
4. **Fontaine-qui-bout** (the boiling spring). Supposed to be a well-known spring, situated in a valley south of Denver City, in Colorado.
4. **Spanish sierras.** In Spanish *sierra* means a saw, and hence any craggy, jagged mountain ridge. The Spanish sierras commence east of Utah and New Mexico.



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

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

1. **Ishmael's children.** The twelve children of Ishmael formed the twelve tribes some of which disappeared. These lost tribes are supposed by some speculators to have wandered somehow into America and become the progenitors of the North American Indian.

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

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

4. **Fata Morgana.** A mirage or optical delusion, so called because supposed to be the work of the Fata Morgana or the Fairy (fata) Morgana.



Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its 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 ;

12. **Mowis.** The story is as follows: A beautiful Indian maiden had by her sorcery cast an Indian brave into a wasting sickness. The "Manito" (good spirit) of the warrior promised to avenge him. By his orders the Indian made a suit of clothes from old rags, and richly adorned them with jewels. He then formed a human figure out of dried bones and refuse, bound together with snow. The Manito breathed life into this figure (Mowis), and brought him before the maiden. She at once fell in love with the stranger, and married him. On the morning after the marriage-day the bridegroom rose early, and, taking his bows and arrows, told his wife that he was forced to set out on a long journey. She begged to be allowed to accompany him. After some attempts at dissuasion he consented. They set out together, but she could not keep up with her husband's steps, and soon lost sight of him. The sun rose, and the fierce heat melted the snow that bound Mowis together; the dry bones began to reappear, and then the form utterly disappeared. When the maiden realized that she had lost her lover, she lay down and died.

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seem like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

6. **Lilinau.** The story of "Leelinau; or, The Lost Daughter" is very prettily told in the *Enchanted Moccasins and Other Tales*, adapted by Matthews from Schoolcraft's work on *Indian Myths*.



With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

16. **Mission.** The Jesuit priests were dauntless in their efforts to push into the wilderness and convert the Indians. Many fearful stories are told of their adventures.

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

---

6. **Black Robe chief with his children.** This incident of the Jesuit Mission was probably suggested to Longfellow by Chateaubriand's *Atala*. The French author, in his tale of the loves of two Indians, Chactas and Atala, makes his hero and heroine find help in their time of sorest need at the mission station of Father Aubry, who, like the Black Robe chief, had retired to the forest, and gathered around him a family of Indians, to whom he taught Christianity in its simplest form. Several of the pictures in Longfellow's description of river and forest scenery seem to have been suggested by the same story of the French author, for it must be remembered that Longfellow had never traveled through the scenes he described, his longest journey in his own land being from Boston to New York or Philadelphia, so that he was entirely dependent on books for the description of the scenery of the Mississippi,

11. **Susurrus.** Whisper.



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

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended

17. **Compass-flower.** See *Hiawatha*, xiii. A stout perennial



Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.

plant, three to six feet high, bearing a yellow flower. The edges of the leaves are said to turn north and south, while the faces are turned east and west. Hunters, when lost on the prairies on dark nights, easily get their bearings by feeling the edges of the leaves. On seeing in later life a compass flower in the Botanical Gardens, Longfellow proposed to alter this description of the plant so as to be more true to nature. He altered "*delicate plant*" to "*vigorous plant*," and "*on its fragile stalk*" to "*in the houseless wild*."

7. **Nepenthe.** The asphodel was supposed by the ancient Greeks to cover the broad fields of the future world. Nepenthe was any potion that had the power of dispelling pain and care.

14. **Saginaw.** A river in Michigan running into Lake Huron.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities,
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,

8. **Moravian Missions.** A congregation of Christians descended from the Bohemian Brethren, who were a branch of the Hussites. Their chief settlement was at Fulnek, in Moravia. Their settlements were destroyed during the Thirty Years' War They afterwards settled in various parts of the Old and New World under the name of United Brethren, to whom Protestants of every kind were admitted if they submitted to their rules of discipline. One of the chief objects of the Moravians was the sending out of missionaries. In many respects they closely resemble Quakers.



Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,

6. **Penn the apostle.** In the year 1681 Penn received from Charles II. the grant of a district west of the Delaware River, to which the name of Pennsylvania was given. This colony was the most enlightened colony of the time in America. Religious liberty was established, and enactments against slavery introduced. Philadelphia, a name suggesting the tenets of its Quaker founders, was founded in 1683, on the banks of the Delaware.

10. **Dryads.** Wood-nymphs, believed to die with the trees, which had once been their abode.

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



Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.

---

14. **Watchman.** Before the days of police the streets used to be patrolled by watchmen, who called out the hours of the night, and cried at intervals, "All's well!"

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

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in a meadow,
So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless;
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands—

15. **Then in the suburbs it stood.** Longfellow was in Philadelphia in 1826, nearly twenty years before he wrote *Evangeline*. It was during this visit that, while wandering through the streets one morning, he came upon the pleasant enclosure of the Pennsylvania Hospital. The picture of this "almshouse"



Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,

remained in his memory when, many years afterwards, he made it the scene of the last meeting of Evangeline and Gabriel.

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said—"At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with a light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the nighttime;

1. **Christ Church.** An Episcopalian church in Philadelphia, where Franklin was buried.
3. **Swedes in their church at Wicaco.** Wicaco is now a suburb of Philadelphia, on the shore.



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

14. **Like the Hebrew.** Referring to the striking of the lintels of the doors with the blood of the lamb during the last plague of the Egyptians. (*Exodus* xii. 7-31; *Leviticus* iv. 7.)

Seemed to be sinking down to infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.



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!"

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

---

6-9, p. 110. **Still stands the forest primeval.** Compare lines 1-9 at the beginning of the poem. The closing lines of the poem repeat the thought of the opening stanza, but are written in a minor key, suited to the sad tale of love which has just been concluded.

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

**No. 5. Die Wandelnde Glocke**, from *Der Lahrer Hinkende Bote*, by Wilhelm Fischer. *Elementary.* 33 pages text, 24 pages notes, 38 pages vocabulary and appendix. Cloth, 25 cents.

**No. 6. Der Besuch im Carcer**, Humoreske, by Ernst Eckstein. *Elementary.* 31 pages text, 23 pages notes, 30 pages vocabulary and appendix. Cloth, 25 cents.

**No. 7. Episodes from Andreas Hofer**, by Otto Hoffman. *Elementary.* 78 pages text, 18 pages notes. Cloth, 25 cents.

**No. 8. Die Werke der Barmherzigkeit**, by W. H. Riehl. *Elementary.* 60 pages text, 34 pages notes. Cloth, 25 cents.

**No. 9. Harold**, Trauerspiel in fünf Akten, by Ernst von Wildenbruch. *Advanced.* 4 pages introduction, 115 pages text, 18 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

**No. 10. Kolberg**, Historisches Schauspiel in fünf Akten, by Paul Heyse. *Advanced.* 112 pages text, 25 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

**No. 11. Robert Blake** (ein Seestück) und **Cromwell**, zwei ausgewählte Aufsätze, by Reinhold Pauli. *Advanced.* 2 pages preface, 93 pages text, 53 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

**No. 12. Das deutsche Ordensland Preussen**, by H. von Treitschke. *Advanced.* With map, 77 pages text, 62 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

**No. 13. Meister Martin Hildebrand**, by W. H. Riehl. *Advanced.* An easy volume. 3 pages introduction, 53 pages text, 35 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

**No. 14. Die Lehrjahre eines Humanisten**, by W. H. Riehl. *Advanced.* 55 pages text, 47 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

**No. 15. Aus dem Jahrhundert des Grossen Krieges**, by Gustav Freytag. *Advanced.* 28 pages introduction, 85 pages text, 41 pages notes. Cloth, 40 cents.

---

**Goethe's Italienische Reise.** (*Selected Letters.*) With introduction, 16 pages, map, text, 98 pages, notes, 48 pages. Edited by H. S. BERESFORD-WEBB, *Examiner in German* (*Prelim.*) *to the University of Glasgow.* Cloth, 50 cents.

## ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES—CONTINUED.

158-159 **Lamb's Essays.** (Selections.)
160-161 **Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution.**
162-163 **Macaulay's History of England, Chapter I.** *Complete.*
164-165-166 **Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.** (Condensed.)

New numbers will be added from time to time.

***Single numbers, 32 to 96 pages: mailing price, 12 cents per copy. Double numbers, 97 to 158 pages: mailing price, 24 cents per copy.***

### SPECIAL NUMBERS.

**Milton's Paradise Lost. Book I.** With portrait and biographical sketch of Milton, and full introductory and explanatory notes. Bound in Boards. *Mailing price, 30 cents.*

**Milton's Paradise Lost. Books I. and II.** With portrait and biographical sketch of Milton, and full introductory and explanatory notes. Boards. *Mailing price, 40 cents.*

**Shakespeare Reader.** Extracts from the Plays of Shakespeare, with historical and explanatory notes. By C. H. WYKES. 160 pp., 16mo, cloth. *Mailing price, 35 cents.*

**Chaucer's The Canterbury Tales. The Prologue.** With portrait and biographical sketch of the author, introductory and explanatory notes, brief history of English language to time of Chaucer, and glossary. Bound in boards. *Mailing price, 35 cents.*

**Chaucer's The Squieres Tale.** With portrait and biographical sketch of author, glossary, and full explanatory notes. Boards. *Mailing price, 35 cents.*

**Chaucer's The Knightes Tale.** With portrait and biographical sketch of author, glossary, and full explanatory notes. Boards. *Mailing price, 40 cents.*

**Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer.** With biographical sketch of author, and full explanatory notes. Boards. *Mailing price, 30 cents.*

**Homer's Iliad. Books I. and VI.** Metrical translation by GEORGE HOWLAND. With introduction and notes. *Mailing price, 25 cents.*

**Homer's Odyssey. Books I., V., IX., and X.** Metrical translation by GEORGE HOWLAND. With introduction and notes. *Mailing price, 25 cents.*

**Horace's The Art of Poetry.** Translated in verse by GEORGE HOWLAND. *Mailing price, 25 cents.*

**Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.** Edited by PETER PARLEY, with introduction and notes. 160 pp. 16mo. Linen. *Mailing price, 30 cents.*

**The Story of the German Iliad, with Related Stories.** With a full glossary and review of the influence of the Nibelungen Lied through Richard Wagner. By MARY E. BURT. Illustrated. 128 pages, 12mo, cloth. *Mailing price, 50 cents.*

**Special Prices to Teachers.**

FULL DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE SENT ON APPLICATION.

# ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES.

**KELLOGG'S EDITIONS.**

## SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

**Each Play in One Volume.**

**Text Carefully Expurgated for Use in Mixed Classes.**

*With Portrait, Notes, Introduction to Shakespeare's Grammar, Examination Papers and Plan of Study.*

(SELECTED.)

BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, LL.D.,

*Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Lessons in English."*

The notes of English Editors have been freely used; but they have been rigorously pruned, or generously added to, wherever it was thought they might better meet the needs of American School and College Students.

We are confident that teachers who examine these editions will pronounce them better adapted to the wants of the class-room than any others published. **These are the only American Editions of these Plays that have been carefully expurgated for use in mixed classes.**

Printed from large type, attractively bound in cloth, and sold at nearly one half the price of other School Editions of Shakespeare.

*The following Plays, each in one volume, are now ready:*

**Merchant of Venice.**
**Julius Cæsar.**
**Macbeth.**
**Tempest.**
**Hamlet.**
**King John.**
**Much Ado about Nothing.**
**King Henry V.**
**King Lear.**
**Othello.**
**King Henry IV., Part I.**
**King Henry VIII.**
**Coriolanus.**
**As You Like It.**
**King Richard III.**
**A Midsummer-Night's Dream.**
**A Winter's Tale.**
**Twelfth Night.**
**Romeo and Juliet.**

***Mailing price, 30 cents per copy. Special price to Teachers.***