

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
 gazing upon her,  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-  
 passion.  
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
 landscape,  
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
 faces around her,  
 5 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."  
 10 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,  
 15 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.

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## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of 5  
 Grand-Pré,  
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
 parted,  
 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 10  
 wind from the northeast  
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks  
 of Newfoundland.  
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
 city to city,

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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.  
5 Friends they sought and homes; and many, de-  
spairing, 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.  
10 Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her ex-  
tended,  
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, imper-  
fect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-  
shine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-  
scended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had 5  
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 per- 10  
haps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.  
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whis-  
per,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-  
ward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,  
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for- 15  
gotten.  
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have  
seen him."  
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have  
gone to the prairies;



*Coueurs-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?

5 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."

10 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. *Coueurs-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 *Coueurs-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 5 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 10 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 15 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 :  
 5 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,  
 10 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mis-  
 sissippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian  
 boatmen.  
 It was a band of exiles ; a raft, as it were, from the  
 shipwrecked  
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-  
 gether,  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a com-  
 mon 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-  
 aced farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-  
 lousas.  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
 Father Felician.  
 Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness 5  
 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- 10  
 bars  
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of  
 their margin,  
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of peli-  
 cans 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 per-  
 petual summer,  
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
 orange and citron,  
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
 eastward.  
 5 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  
 10 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 sus-  
 taining 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 5  
 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 10  
 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 perad-  
 venture  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a  
 blast on his bugle.  
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
 leafy the blast rang,  
 5 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;  
 10 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,  
 15 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 undula-  
 tions  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,  
 the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-  
 men.  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of mag-  
 nolia blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan 5  
 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 10  
 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, de-  
 scending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
 blossom to blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered  
 beneath it.  
 5 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.  
 10 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
 bison and beaver.  
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
 ful 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,  
 15 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 un-  
 seen, were the sleepers ;  
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-  
 ing 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 5  
 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 10  
 spirit ?"  
 Then, with a blush, she added—" Alas for my credu-  
 lous 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 15  
 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 ;  
5 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 con-  
tinued their journey.  
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western  
horizon  
10 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 mo-  
tionless water.  
15 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 soar- 5  
ing 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 10  
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 neighbor-  
ing dwelling ;  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing 15  
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  
 5 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,  
 10 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 5  
 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 10  
 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 15  
 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  
 5 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.  
 10 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through  
 the gate of the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-  
 vancing to meet him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-  
 ment, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
 wonder ;  
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the  
 Blacksmith.  
 15 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 <sup>a</sup> come by the  
 Atchafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's 5  
 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 trem-  
 ulous 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 10  
 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 exist-  
 ence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever, 15  
 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 ;

5 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.

10 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

15 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 5 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 10 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 15 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 !

5 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.

10 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,

15 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, 5 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 to 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 15

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 flut-  
tering garments.  
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest  
and the herdsman  
5 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.  
10 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  
15 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Car-  
thusian.

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 long-  
ings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown  
shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure- 5  
less 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 10  
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 15  
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.  
 5 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;  
 10 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;  
 15 "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 5 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 10 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 15 gorge, like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,