

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,
5 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind
of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend
to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-
shine,
10 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 ter-
rible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vul-
ture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens. 5
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 10
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 15
overtake 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
 5 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,
 10 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca-
 manches,
 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.
 15 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 re-
 peated
 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 5
 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 10
 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 sun-
 shine,
 Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far
 into the forest.
 5 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,
 10 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,
 15 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
 Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and fill-
 ing 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 5
 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 10
 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 15
 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.
 5 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the
 village,
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A cru-
 cifix fastened
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by
 grape-vines,
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneel-
 ing beneath it.
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the in-
 tricate arches
 10 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 be-
 nignant expression,
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in 5
 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 solem-
 nity answered :
 " Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated 10
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-
 poses,
 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 15
 departed.
 " Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest ;
 " but in autumn,
 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mis-
 sion."
 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.

- 5 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.
- 10 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 !"
- 15 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 Mis-
 sion.
 When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
 She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan
 forests,
 5 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 Mis-
 sions,
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
 army,
 10 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
 cities,
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-
 membered.
 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 Dela- 5
 ware'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 10
 haunts they molested.
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
 an exile,
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
 country.
 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he de-
 parted,

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,
 5 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, uncom-
 plaining,
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
 thoughts and her footsteps.
 10 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the
 morning
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below
 us,
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and
 hamlets,
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
 world far below her,
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the
 pathway
 15 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 5
 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 ; fre- 10
 quenting
 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 neg-
 lected.
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the
 watchman repeated
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in 15
 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,
 5 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,
 10 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of exist-
 ence.
 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 ;
 15 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 1836, 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 be- 5
 hold 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 dis-
 tance.
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celes-
 tial,
 Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would 10
 enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-
 serted 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 fra- 15
 grance 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 ;
 5 Something within her said—" At length thy trials
 are ended ;"
 And, with a light in her looks, she entered the cham-
 bers of sickness.
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful at-
 tendants,
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
 and in silence
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing
 their faces,
 10 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,
 15 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
 forever.
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-
 time ;

1. **Christ Church.** An Episcopal 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 won-
 der,
 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 5
 the morning.
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terri-
 ble 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 10
 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 15
 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
 5 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,
 10 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.
 15 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, 5
 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 church-yard,
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed;
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside 10
 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 15
 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 ;

5 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.

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