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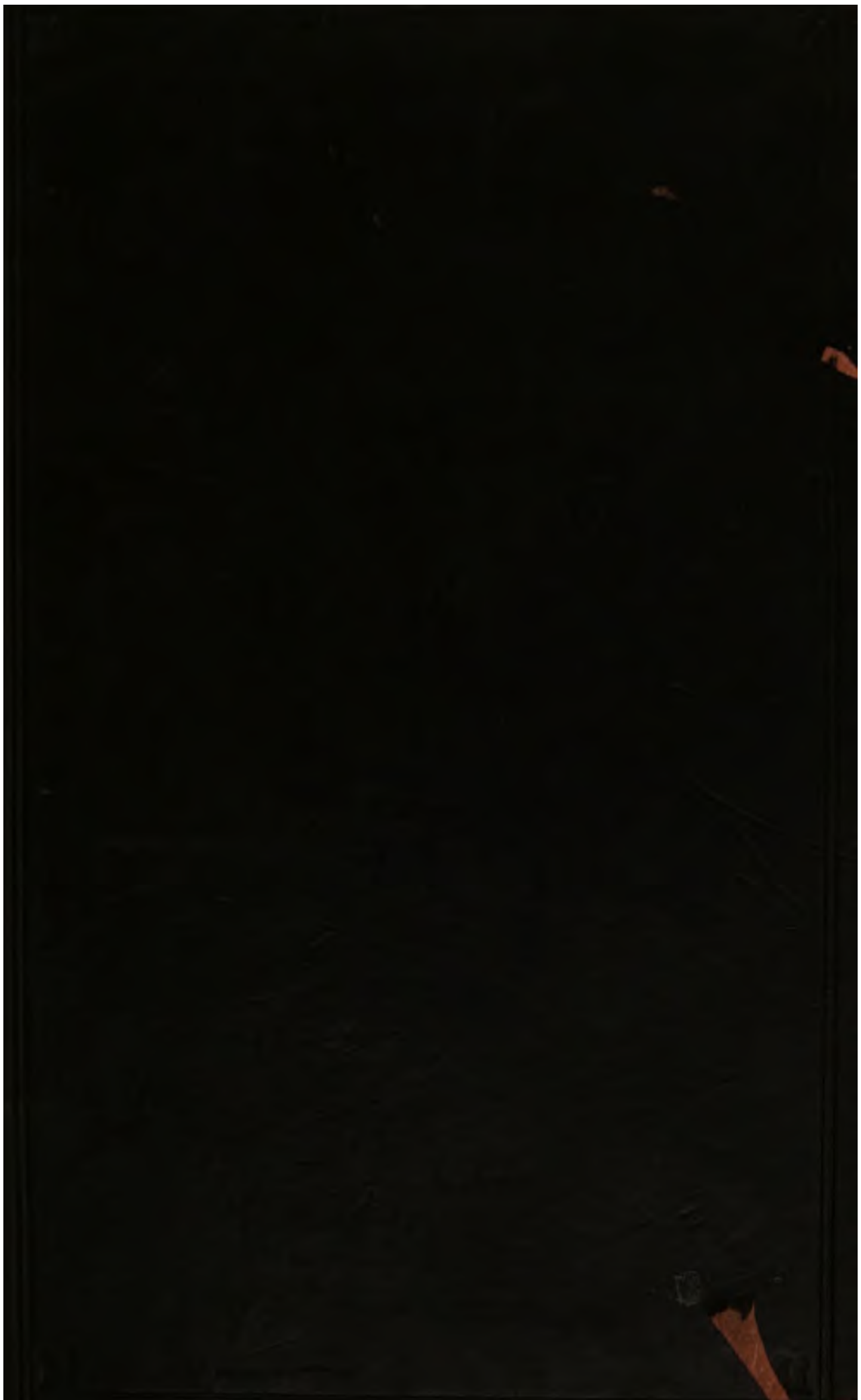
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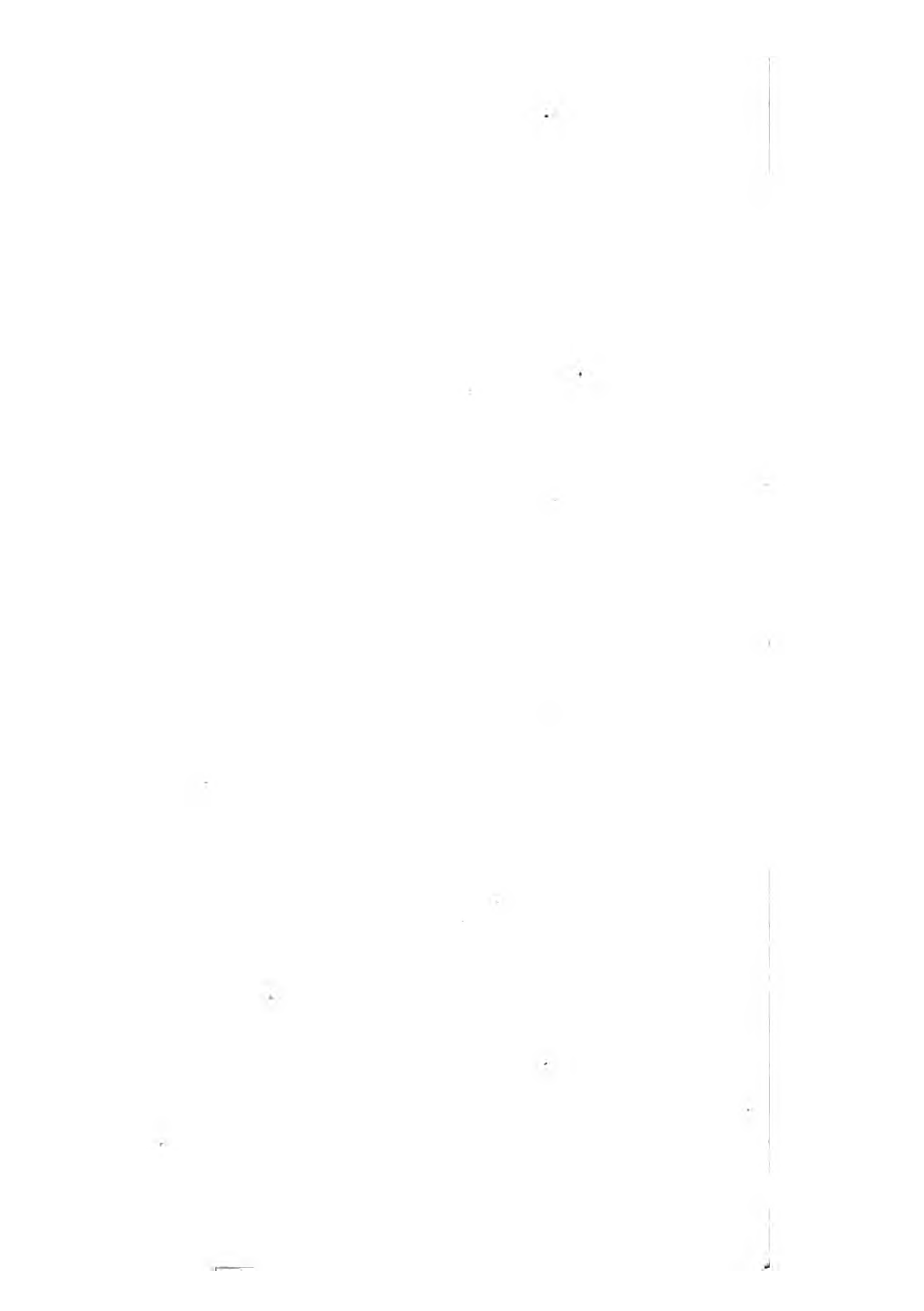
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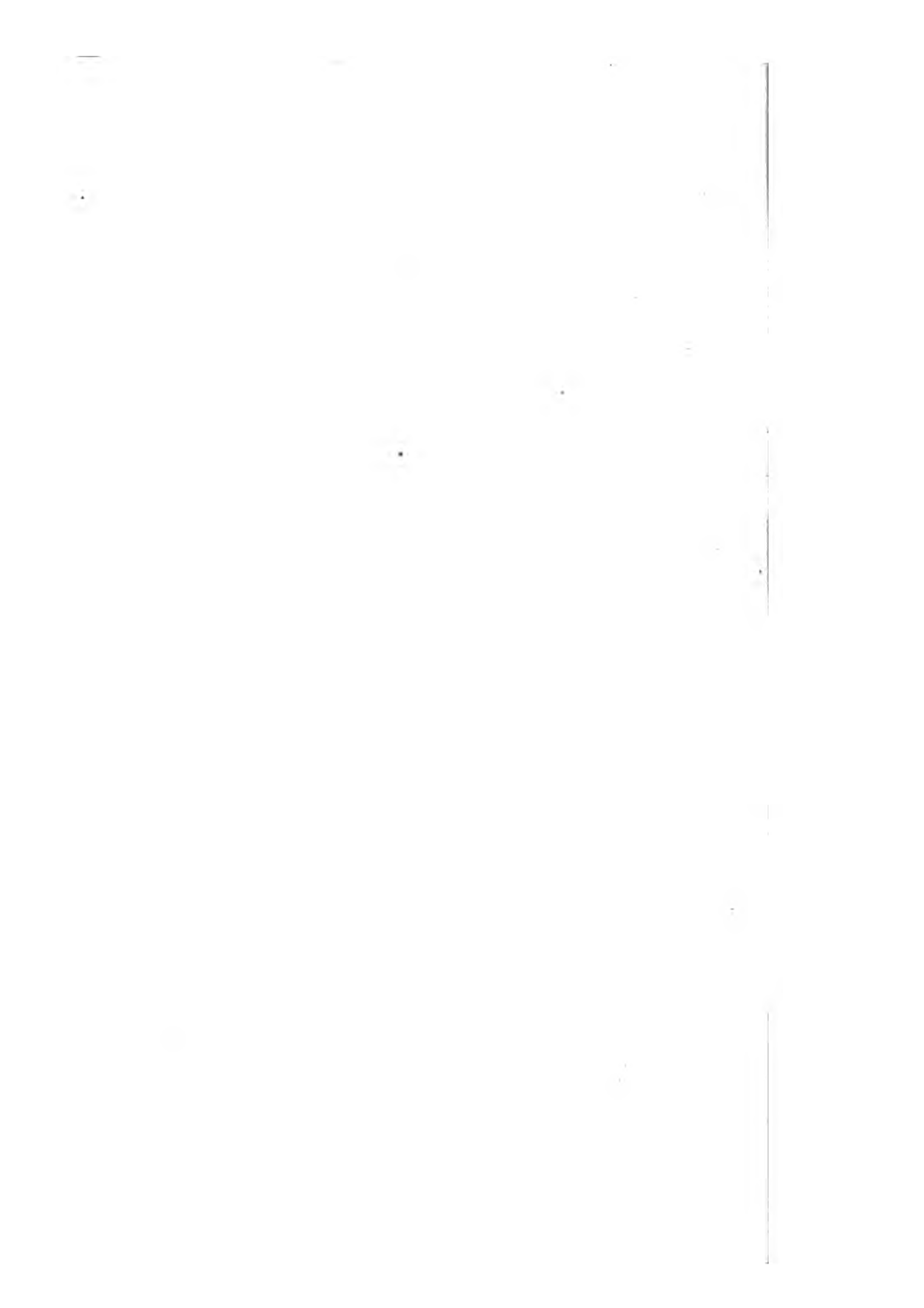


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*E. J. Rouse from W. W. Hutton  
July 5<sup>th</sup> 18*

EVANGELINE:

A

TALE OF ACADIE.

BY

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION,

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

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LONDON:  
KENT AND RICHARDS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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MR. LONGFELLOW'S beautiful poem, "EVANGELINE," has given a celebrity to the unfortunate village of Grand-Pré, the shores of the Gaspereau, and the French Acadians, which, in ninety years past, all their sufferings have not secured. Presuming there may be many readers of "Evangeline," who will learn from it, for the first time, the deplorable act of English tyranny which desolated the Acadian villages, a few facts have been collected, which will amuse those who read the poem, as well as re-awaken an interest in some of the terrible passages of colonial his-

tory. The particular event on which the poem is founded, attracts but little the notice of historians. The transaction was only one in a mighty series of events, which were convulsing Europe and America. It took place in a remote corner of the earth, and affected the fates and fortunes of a humble people, who were but slightly connected with the great destinies of the world. It will be seen how exactly and how closely Mr. Longfellow has followed the fate of these unhappy men.

The name of Acadie is derived from the Indian appellation of a river in what is now called Acadia or Nova Scotia, which being so far from Canada as to be quite beyond military assistance from that province, had repeatedly fallen into the hands of the English, before it was finally ceded to them by the French king, in the treaty of 1713. The French Govern-

ment, says the Abbè Raynal, never knew the value of this possession, although they should have found an interest in it, from the fact that it was the first region in America colonized by Frenchmen. The first permanent European settlement made north of America, was made at Port Royal, now Annapolis, by the French, in 1604.

By the treaty of 1713, the sovereignty of the colony was transferred to England, but the English seem to have cared little for their new acquisition. They stationed a small garrison at Port Royal, giving its present name to that place; but no emigration of any consequence followed, not five English families entering the colony for more than forty years.

The French colonists, who were transferred by this treaty to new masters, were only induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the

English crown, with this express qualification, that they should not be called upon to bear arms in defence of the province. This qualification was suggested by their unwillingness to fight against the French or the Indians, with whom they had contracted alliances. General Phillips, who was charged with administering the oaths, assented to this consideration. It is said that the king of England objected to it, when informed of it; the oaths, however, were never taken, or for many years proposed in any new form. These French colonists were always known in the subsequent struggles, as "the neutral French." What is remarkable in the matter, is, that no further steps were taken to secure their neutrality; no magistrates were ever appointed over them, no rents or taxes exacted from them. They were in the happiest of all

possible positions,—that of a people forgotten by an arbitrary government.

The war of the Succession ended in that quarter by the capture, by the English and provincial forces, of the French fort, Beau Sejour, an encroachment on this territory. It was then charged against these people, that they had furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarters, provisions, and assistance, and that three hundred of them were found in arms at Beau Sejour. To such as had not been found in arms, it is said the offer had been made by the English, that they might keep their land, if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualification. Whether this offer was really made, it does not appear, but if it were, it was rejected.

In the capitulation of Beau Sejour, the

English had consented that the inhabitants should be left in the same situation as they were in when the army arrived, and not be punished for what they had done afterwards. Notwithstanding this stipulation, however, after the surrender, the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, with his council, and the British admirals, agreed summarily, if they drove the inhabitants away from the country, on the charges named above, they would go to recruit the French armies in Canada,—it would be better at once “to disperse them among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures.”

This conclusion was carefully concealed from the Acadians, until they had gathered in their harvest, which the conquerors needed. The secret was perfectly kept, and a cunning proclamation issued, bidding the inhabitants

assemble in their different villages, to hear the king's orders.

“At Grand Pré,” says Minot, “where Colonel Winslow had the immediate command, four hundred and eighteen of their best men assembled.

“These being shut into the church (for that had become an arsenal), he placed himself, with his officers in the centre, and addressed them :

“ ‘Gentlemen,—I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the king's commission, which I have in my hand ; and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province of Nova Scotia ; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them, than any of his subjects in any part of



his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know.

“ ‘ The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species.

“ ‘ But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive; and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty’s orders and instructions, namely :—

“ ‘ That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

“ Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty’s orders, that the whole French inhabitants be

removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power, that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel; and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a good deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable, and happy people.

“ ‘I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, until the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command.’ ”

With this most quaint address, Colonel Winslow declared them the King's prisoners. And they were detained in the church for several days.

Minot closes the narrative thus :—

“The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré, finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families ; and their sons and daughters, to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and seventy-six of the latter, making in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty three souls. Their stock was upwards of five thousand horned cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, and twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven sheep and swine.

“As some of these wretched inhabitants es-

caped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste, to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas where numbers had fled, they were quickly dispersed, according to the original plan, among the several British Colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay and became a public expense, owing in a great degree to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation, which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary but humiliating establishment of paupers for their children."

The moment of embarkation is thus described by Mr. Haliburton: —

"The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one

hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. Their request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing

hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male population of the district of Minas put on board of five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereau, each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia."

Hutchinson, in speaking of the distresses of these people, says:—"In several instances, the husbands who happened to be at a distance from home, were put on board vessels bound to one of the English colonies, and their wives and children on board other vessels, bound to other colonies, remote from the first. One of the most sensible of them,

describing his case, said, ' It was the hardest which had happened since our Saviour was upon earth.' ”

“ In another section of the colony,” says Mr. Sabine, “ two hundred and fifty-three houses were set on fire at one time, and their owners beheld the awful calamity from the neighbouring woods in unspeakable agony ; when, at length, an attempt was made to burn the church, they suddenly emerged from the forest, slew and maimed about thirty of their enemies, and quickly returned to ‘ God’s first temples.’ ”

Whatever were the offences of some of the Acadians, it is undeniably true that, as a people, they were involved in hopeless and utter misery, in consequence of their unalterable attachment to their religion, and their devoted loyalty to their sovereign. And was

the head of the most ancient and loyal family of New England the proper instrument to punish them for faithfulness to conscience and duty? Twenty years after, nearly every person of Winslow's lineage became sufferers, in turn, and for similar reasons; and the fact that they, by the force of events, were transplanted to the very soil from which the Acadians were expelled, and that men of their blood and name are now as rarely to be met with in the country in which, for a century and a half, they were prominent actors, as are those of French origin in the former Acadia of France, affords another instance of the vicissitudes of human life, and the changes of condition effected by civil war.

The René Leblanc of the poem is not an imaginary person. He was a Notary Public as represented, and had formerly testified his



allegiance to the English crown by his own sufferings. The Indians had carried him into captivity on that account, and detained him a prisoner four years. At the time of the events described, he was a vigorous old man, with twenty children, and one hundred and fifty grandchildren. Despite of Winslow's promise, he was sent, with his wife and his two youngest children only, to New York, the others having been sent elsewhere. With them he travelled to Philadelphia, in the search of others of his family, and succeeded in joining three of them in that town. But here he was exhausted, and died heart-broken and in despair.

*June, 1848.*

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  
neighbouring 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?

EVANGELINE.

---

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

EVANGELINE.

---

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.  
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 cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain;  
and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft  
on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from  
the mighty Atlantic

EVANGELINE.

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-win-  
dows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and  
shaded the door-way.

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

Lighted the village street, and gilded the  
vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps  
and in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs  
spinning the golden

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.

EVANGELINE.

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  
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.

EVANGELINE.

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, di-  
recting 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 cov-  
ered with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his  
cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seven-  
teen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows  
on the thorn by the way-side,

EVANGELINE.

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 bles-  
sings 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—



EVANGELINE.

---

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 be-  
neath ; 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 traveller sees in regions remote  
by the road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed  
image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was  
the well with its moss-grown

EVANGELINE.

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a  
trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the  
north, were the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the  
antique ploughs and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there,  
in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the  
cock, with the selfsame

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.

EVANGELINE.

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 dark-  
ness befriended,  
And as he knocked and waited to hear the  
sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or  
the knocker of iron ;  
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 ;

EVANGELINE.

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.  
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,

EVANGELINE.

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  
labouring 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  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore  
the sight of its fledglings ;

EVANGELINE.

---

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.

EVANGELINE.

---

II.

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

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden  
air, from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of  
tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with  
the winds of September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob  
of old with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and in-  
clement.

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.

EVANGELINE.

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 farm-yards,  
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 ;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and  
scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each  
glittering tree of the forest



EVANGELINE.

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 bleat-  
ing flocks from the sea-side,  
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind  
them followed the watch-dog,  
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the  
pride of his instinct,

EVANGELINE.

---

Walking from side to side with a lordly air,  
and superbly  
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward  
the stragglers ;  
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd  
slept ; their protector,  
When from the forest at night, through the  
starry silence, the wolves howled.  
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

EVANGELINE.

Into the sounding pail the foaming stream-  
lets descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were  
heard in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank  
into stillness ;

Heavily closed, with a creaking sound, the  
valves of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season  
was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouth fire-  
place, 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 pew-  
ter plates on the dresser

EVANGELINE.

---

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 interval 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.

EVANGELINE.

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,

EVANGELINE.

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by  
the fireside : —

“ Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy  
jest and thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when  
others are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin  
before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst  
picked up a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that  
Evangeline brought him,

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

---

EVANGELINE.

---

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the  
people.”

Then made answer the farmer: — “ Perhaps  
some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps  
the harvests in England

By 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.”

EVANGELINE.

---

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.

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,



## EVANGELINE.

---

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 ;  
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 wis-  
dom 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.

EVANGELINE.

---

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  
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 marvellous powers of four-leaved  
clover and horseshoes,

EVANGELINE.

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 demeanour 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?”

“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and some-  
what irascible blacksmith;

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

EVANGELINE.

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

Whenever neighbours 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.

EVANGELINE.

Even the birds had built their nests in the  
scales of the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in  
the sunshine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land  
were corrupted ;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak  
were oppressed, and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in  
a nobleman's palace  
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  
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

EVANGELINE.

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 ;  
And all his thoughts congealed into lines on  
his face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-  
panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp  
on the table,  
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 ink-horn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the  
age of the parties,

EVANGELINE.

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 con-  
tention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful  
manœuvre,

EVANGELINE.

---

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a  
breach was made in the king-row.  
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a  
window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, be-  
holding 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 door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled  
it with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that  
glowed on the hearth-stone,



EVANGELINE.

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread  
of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evan-  
geline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in  
the darkness,

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

Silent she passed through the hall, and en-  
tered the door of her chamber.

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

Ample and high, on whose precious shelves  
were carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evan-  
geline 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 mel-  
low and radiant moonlight

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

EVANGELINE.

---

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 neighbouring 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,

EVANGELINE.

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

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

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

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gos-  
sipped together.

Every house was an inn, where all were wel-  
comed 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,

EVANGELINE.

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

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

EVANGELINE.

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, Bene-  
dict'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.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the head-stones  
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 clangour  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from  
ceiling and casement,—

EVANGELINE.

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  
Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

EVANGELINE.

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peace-  
able people!

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his  
Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry sol-  
stice 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 rush-  
ed to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and  
fierce imprecations



EVANGELINE.

Rang through the house of prayer; and high  
o'er the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of  
Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the  
billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with pas-  
sion; and wildly he shouted,—  
“Down with the tyrants of England! we ne-  
ver 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 merci-  
less 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 an-  
gry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Fa-  
ther Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the  
steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he  
awed into silence

EVANGELINE.

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, dis-  
tinctly the clock strikes.  
“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what  
madness has seized you ?  
Forty years of my life have I laboured among  
you, and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one  
another !  
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and  
prayers and privations ?  
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 overflow-  
ing with hatred ?  
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross  
is gazing upon you !  
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness  
and holy compassion !

EVANGELINE.

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 for-  
give 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,

Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah as-  
cending to heaven.

EVANGELINE.

---

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 em-  
blazoned its windows.  
Lo! 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 arm-  
chair of the farmer.  
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door,  
as the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.

EVANGELINE.

Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance ce-  
lestial ascended,—  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and for-  
giveness and patience !  
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into  
the village,  
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate  
hearts of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering  
steps they departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary  
feet of their children.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden,  
glimmering vapours  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet  
descending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the An-  
gelus sounded.

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

EVANGELINE.

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.  
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 neighbouring 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 ;

EVANGELINE.

---

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 farm-house.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and  
mournful procession,  
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and  
farms the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household  
goods to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more  
on their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding  
road and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and  
urged on the oxen,

EVANGELINE.

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 labouring 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 church-yard.

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 way-worn,



EVANGELINE.

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 way-side

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,

EVANGELINE.

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.

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.

EVANGELINE.

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 sea-weed.  
Farther back in the midst of the household  
goods and the wagons,  
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a  
battle,

EVANGELINE.

---

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels  
near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless  
Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the  
bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
and leaving

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

Then, as the night descended, the herds re-  
turned from their pastures ;

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

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

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

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church  
no Angelus sounded,

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

But on the shores meanwhile the evening  
fires had been kindled,

EVANGELINE.

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands  
from wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful  
faces were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and  
the crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to  
hearth in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and  
blessing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's deso-  
late sea-shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evange-  
line 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,

EVANGELINE.

---

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the  
flickering fire-light.

“ *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

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon  
mountain and meadow,

EVANGELINE.

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 house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of  
flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on  
the shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud  
in their anguish,

“ We shall behold no more our homes in the  
village of Grand-Pré ! ”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in  
the farm-yards,

EVANGELINE.

---

Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the  
lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking  
of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles  
the sleeping encampments

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 sea-shore



EVANGELINE.

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, ob-  
livious slumber ;

And when she woke from the trance, she be-  
held a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mourn-  
fully 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 wa-  
vering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to  
the people,—

EVANGELINE.

“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a  
happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the un-  
known land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in  
the church-yard.”  
Such were the words of the priest. And there  
in haste by the sea-side,  
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,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving  
and hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and  
noise of embarking ;

EVANGELINE.

---

And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed  
out of the harbour,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore,  
and the village in ruins.

EVANGELINE.

---

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 north-east  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken  
the Banks of Newfoundland.

EVANGELINE.

---

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered  
from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry  
Southern savannas,—  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands  
where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them  
down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered  
bones of the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes; and many,  
despairing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer  
a friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of  
stone in the church-yards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who  
waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffer-  
ing all things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before  
her extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life,  
with its pathway

EVANGELINE.

Marked by the graves of those who had sor-  
rowed and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long  
dead and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western de-  
sert is marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that  
bleach in the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete,  
imperfect, unfinished ;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music  
and sunshine,  
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 endeavour ;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed  
on the crosses and tombstones,

EVANGELINE.

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;  
*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hun-  
ters and trappers.”  
“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “O, yes!  
we have seen him.  
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Lou-  
isiana.”  
Then would they say,—“Dear child! why  
dream and wait for him longer?”

EVANGELINE.

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. Cath-  
erine'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."

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;



EVANGELINE.

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 labour ; accomplish  
thy work of affection !  
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient  
endurance is godlike.  
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till  
the heart is made godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and ren-  
dered more worthy of heaven ! ”  
Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline  
laboured 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.

EVANGELINE.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—  
Not through each devious path, each change-ful year of existence;  
But as a traveller 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.

## EVANGELINE.

### 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 float-  
ing together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and  
a common misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who, guided  
by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among  
the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of  
fair Opelousas.

EVANGELINE.

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

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilder-  
ness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbu-  
lent river ;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, en-  
camped 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 sil-  
very 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 lux-  
uriant gardens,

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

EVANGELINE.

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 re-  
turning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with  
demoniac laughter.

EVANGELINE.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and  
gleamed on the water,  
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 fore-  
bodings 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.

EVANGELINE.

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

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel  
wandered before her,

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

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

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 corri-  
dors 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 rever-  
berant branches ;

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

EVANGELINE.

---

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, and then singing familiar  
Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Aca-  
dian rivers.

And through the night were heard the mys-  
terious 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.  
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.



EVANGELINE.

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 blos-  
soming hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, in-  
vited 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  
travellers slumbered.  
Over them vast and high extended the cope  
of a cedar.  
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-  
flower and the grape-vine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the  
ladder of Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascend-  
ing, descending,

EVANGELINE.

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 num-  
berless 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, un-  
happy and restless,

EVANGELINE.

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 and vague super-  
stition ?

EVANGELINE.

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.

EVANGELINE.

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.

EVANGELINE.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred foun-  
tains of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
waters around her.  
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mock-  
ing-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung  
o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of de-  
lirious 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.  
Then single notes were 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.

## EVANGELINE.

---

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  
neighbouring dwelling; —  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant  
lowing of cattle.

---

### III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed  
by oaks, from whose branches  
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

EVANGELINE.

---

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, ex-  
tended around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of  
the garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's per-  
petual symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless conten-  
tions 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



EVANGELINE.

---

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 sha-  
dowy canvas

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

Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with 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.

EVANGELINE.

Round about him were numberless herds of  
kine, that were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the va-  
pory 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.

EVANGELINE.

---

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 arbour of roses with endless ques-  
tion 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, some-  
what embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by  
the Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered my  
Gabriel's boat on the bayous ?”  
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil  
a shade passed.

EVANGELINE.

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

EVANGELINE.

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.

EVANGELINE.

“ 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  
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 patriar-  
chal demeanour ;  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the  
soil and the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds  
were his who would take them ;  
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too,  
would go and do likewise.  
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing  
the airy veranda,

EVANGELINE.

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 land-  
scape 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.

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 !

EVANGELINE.

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood  
like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of  
the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the  
soil, as a keel through the water.

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 un-  
claimed 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 steal-  
ing your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful  
cloud from his nostrils,



EVANGELINE.

---

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering  
down on the table,  
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, be-  
ware 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 neighbouring 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 neighbours:

EVANGELINE.

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 coun-  
    try together.  
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music,  
    proceeding  
From the accordant strings of Michael's melo-  
    dious fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like chil-  
    dren delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave them-  
    selves 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

---

EVANGELINE.

---

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst  
of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irre-  
pressible 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 odours, that were  
their prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy  
with shadows and night-dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm  
and the magical moonlight

EVANGELINE.

Seemed to inundate her soul with undefinable  
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  
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 ?

EVANGELINE.

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

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

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

Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning  
from labour,

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 whip-  
poorwill sounded

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

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
into silence.

“ Patience !” whispered the oaks from oracu-  
lar caverns of darkness ;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh re-  
sponded, “ To-morrow !”

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the  
flowers of the garden

EVANGELINE.

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 back 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 boat-  
men 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,

## EVANGELINE.

---

Nor, after many days, had they found him ;  
but vague and uncertain  
Rumours 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.

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## 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 desolate, deep ravines, where  
the gorge, like a gateway,

EVANGELINE.

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the  
emigrant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway  
and Owhyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the  
Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate  
leaps the Nebraska ;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and  
the Spanish sierras,  
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 ;



EVANGELINE.

---

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of  
riderless horses ;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that  
are weary with travel ;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of  
Ishmael's children,  
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 slaugh-  
tered 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 brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystal-  
line heaven,

EVANGELINE.

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  
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.



## EVANGELINE.

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 fire-light

---

EVANGELINE.

---

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 disas-  
ters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when  
she had ended  
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a myste-  
rious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and re-  
peated the tale of the Mowis ;

EVANGELINE.

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 seemed  
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

EVANGELINE.

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  
    splendour  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing  
    and filling the woodland.  
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 Evan-  
    geline'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 pur-  
    suing a phantom.

EVANGELINE.

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

Early upon the morrow the march was re-  
sumed ; and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along, — “ On the  
westward 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 ! ”

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.

EVANGELINE.

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 over-  
shadowed by grape-vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multi-  
tude 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 travellers,  
nearer approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the  
evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the bene-  
diction had fallen  
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



EVANGELINE.

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 snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds  
have departed.

EVANGELINE.

---

“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 be-  
times 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 inter-  
lacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries  
pillaged by squirrels.

EVANGELINE.

---

Then in the golden weather the maize was  
husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that beto-  
kened 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 flower 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

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the tra-  
veller’s journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of  
the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blos-  
soms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and  
fuller of fragrance,

EVANGELINE.

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and  
their odour 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 blue-bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet  
Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a  
rumour was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of  
blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Mi-  
chigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the  
Saginaw river.

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

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from  
the Mission.

EVANGELINE.

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 Mora-  
vian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields  
of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and popu-  
lous 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 disappoint-  
ment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away  
from her beauty,

EVANGELINE.

---

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-ëcho the names of the  
trees of the forest,

EVANGELINE.

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,

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 coun-  
try,

Where all men were equal, and all were  
brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed  
endeavour,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth,  
uncomplaining,

EVANGELINE.

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 si-  
lence 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 ;



EVANGELINE.

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 Mer-  
cy ; frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded  
lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed them-  
selves from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets lan-  
guished neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep,  
as the watchman repeated

EVANGELINE.

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was  
well in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light  
of her taper.  
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as  
slow through the suburbs  
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 the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its na-  
tural margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream  
of existence.

EVANGELINE.

---

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 ;—  
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its  
gateway and wicket  
Meek, in the midst of splendour, 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 splendour,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of  
saints and apostles,

EVANGELINE.

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 odour 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 corri-  
dors, cooled by the east wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes  
from the belfry of Christ Church,  
And, intermingled with these, across the mea-  
dows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the  
Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

EVANGELINE.

---

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 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 road-side.  
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 for ever.

EVANGELINE.

---

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the  
night-time ;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling  
of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colourless 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 ;

EVANGELINE.

---

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

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

Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sink-  
ing and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multi-  
plied 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 ;

EVANGELINE.

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 sud-  
denly 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,



EVANGELINE.

---

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 !”

EVANGELINE.

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 them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs  
are at rest and for ever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no  
longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labours,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have  
completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under  
the shade of its branches

EVANGELINE.

---

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,  
neighbouring ocean

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



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