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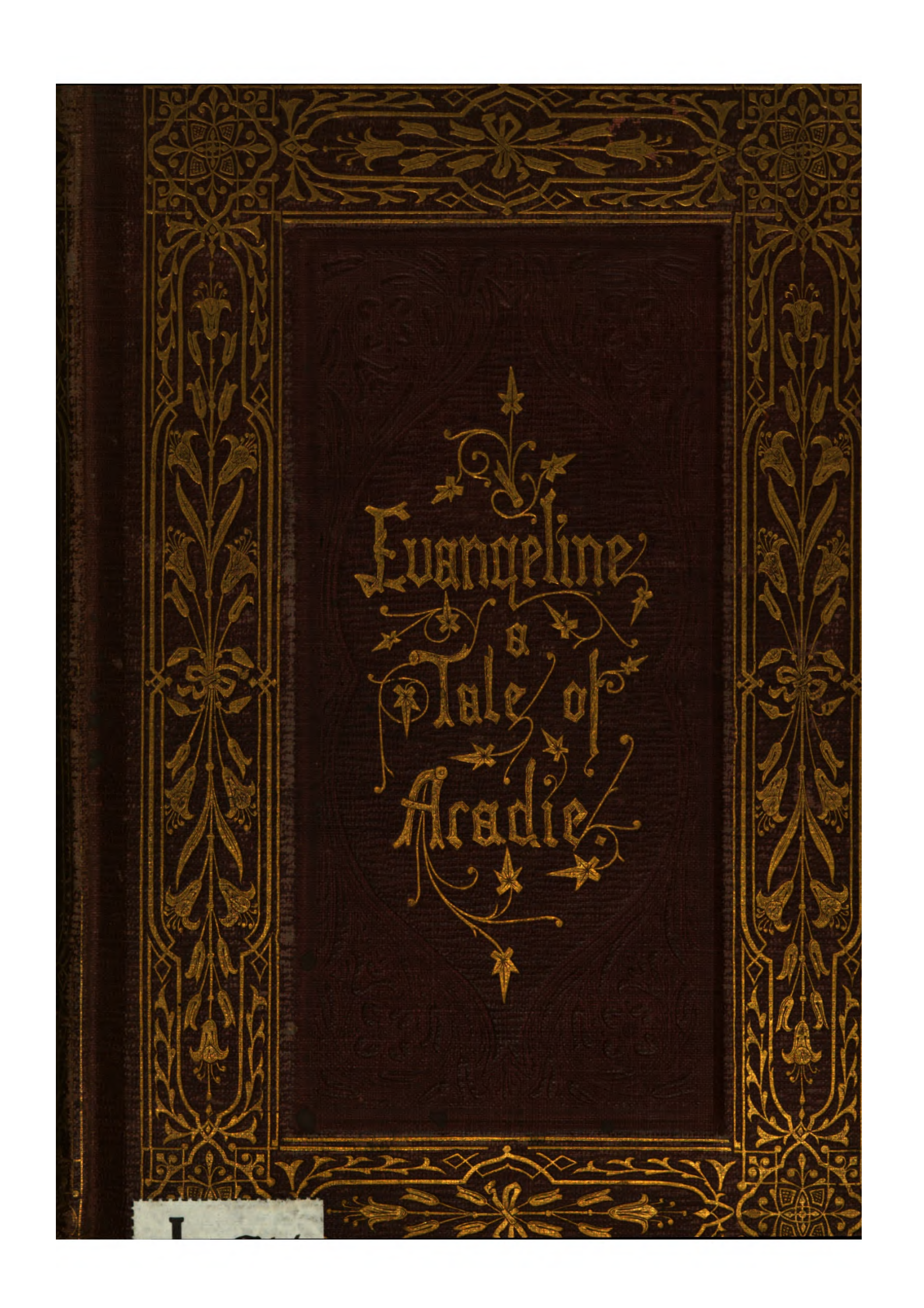
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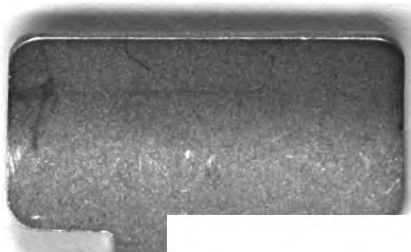
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Evangeline  
a  
Tale of  
Arcadie.



Lavinia Thompson

from her loving brother

Wm. A. Thompson

Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> 1859.

Johnson & Co.

W. H. ...  
1913

# EVANGELINE:

A TALE OF ACADIE.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH FORTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

FROM DESIGNS BY JANE E. BENHAM, BIRKET FOSTER, AND JOHN GILBERT

(FIFTH EDITION.)

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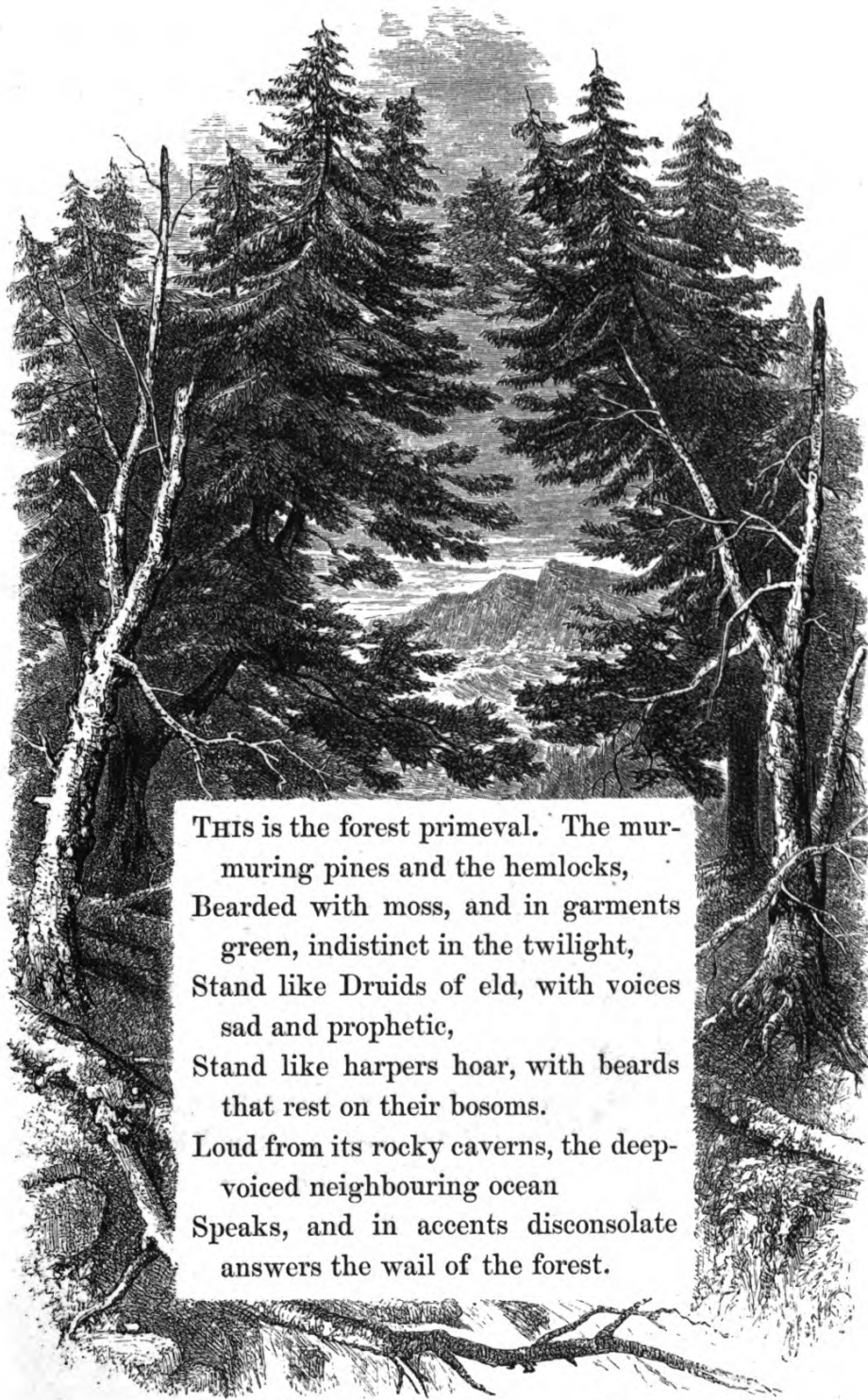
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EVANGELINE.

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PART THE FIRST.



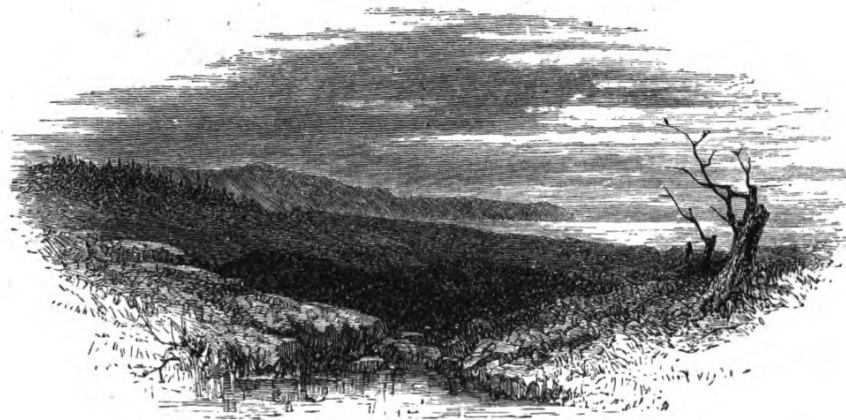


THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced 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  
    hunter ?

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.





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 labour 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  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.



There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the  
Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the 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.

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 labourers 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.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

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

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her  
tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her  
missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.



When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.  
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath



Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
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  
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.

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 suiter came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured 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 th  
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,

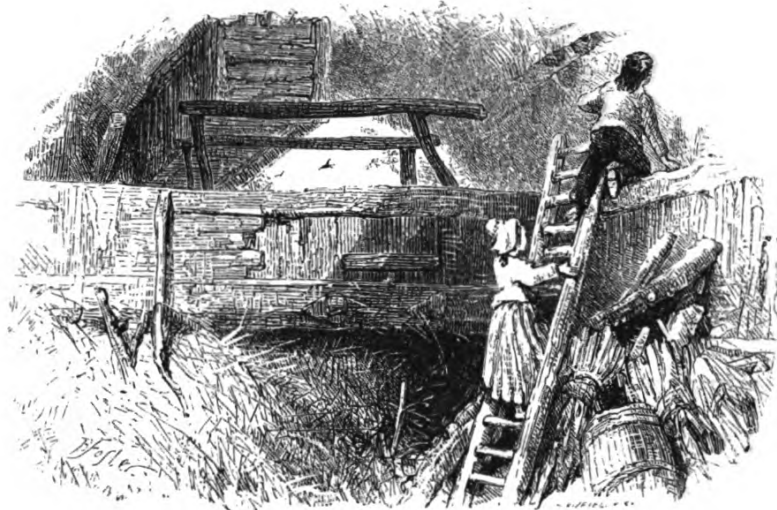


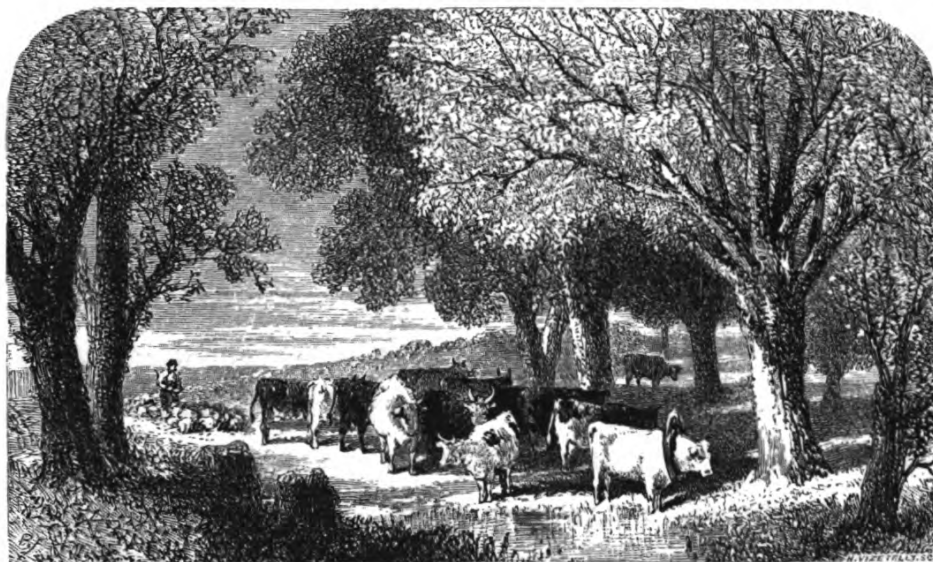
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and  
crevice,

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





## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey  
Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.  
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of All-Saints !

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the 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 vapours around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

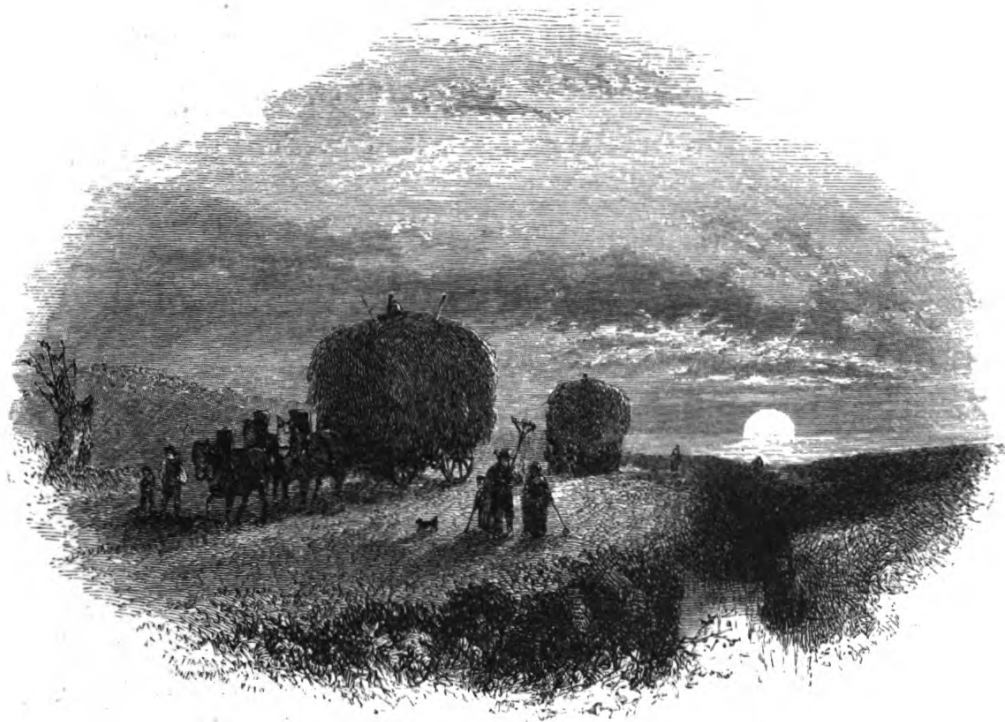
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side,

Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
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 odour.  
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,  
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
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 jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

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

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the  
threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;  
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.”  
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,  
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
Ever in 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  
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.”

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,

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 labouring 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 wisdom supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a  
captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.  
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;  
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
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,  
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 somewhat irascible black-  
smith ;

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

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it

When his 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.

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 the scaffold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

Lo! o’er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.”  
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the black-  
smith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours  
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,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,



Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the  
king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.  
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,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-  
press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in  
marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart  
of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!  
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her  
shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass  
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!



## IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour



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,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the  
house-doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :  
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and  
gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary  
seated ;  
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of  
waistcoats.  
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-  
white  
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.  
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,  
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.



Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.  
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter ;  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
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,—  
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  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !  
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !"  
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the  
house-roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.  
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted,  
"Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them  
allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.  
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized  
you?"

Forty years of my life have I 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 overflowing with hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive  
them!'

Let us repeat that prayer, in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"  
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;  
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the  
altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people  
responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion  
translated,

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

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on  
all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild  
flowers ;

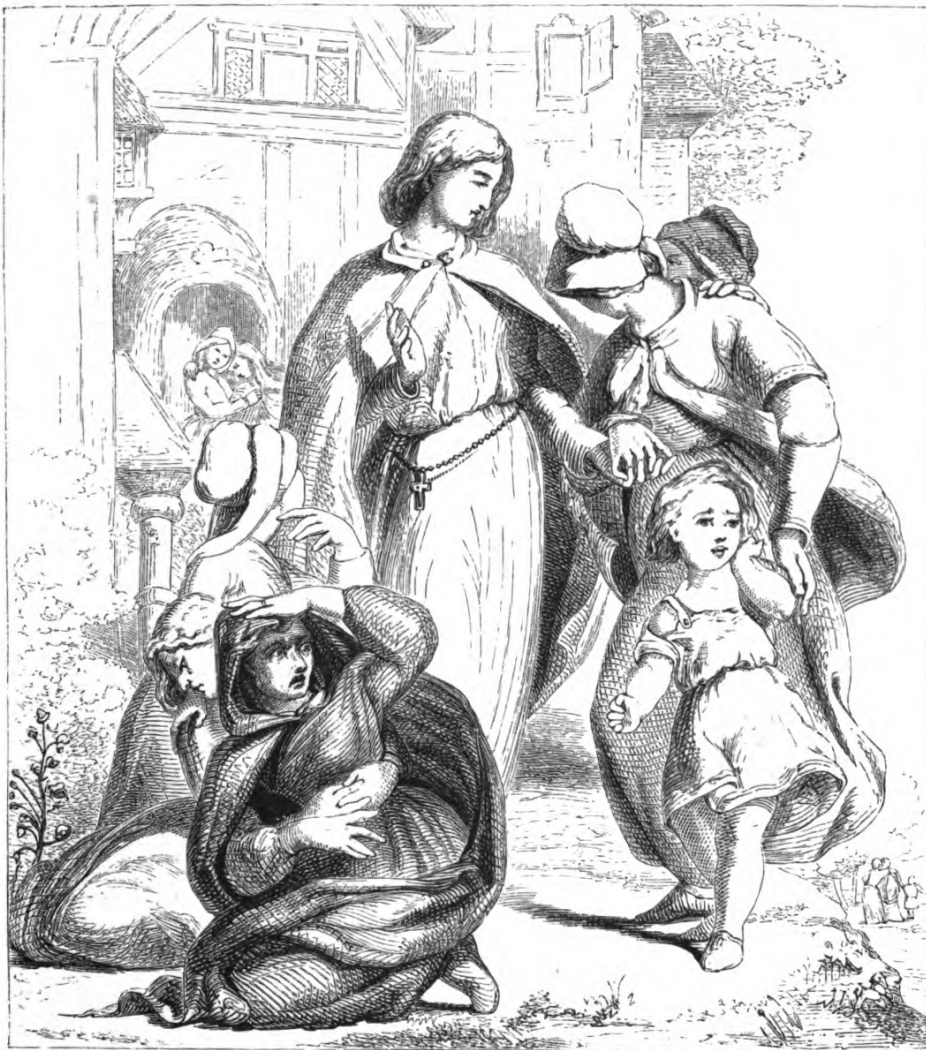
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from  
the dairy ;

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!



Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
Cheering with looks and words the 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 Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,  
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper  
untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.  
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till  
morning.



## V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the 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,  
 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 churchyard.  
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors  
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,  
 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,  
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.

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 gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,  
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.  
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.



Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;  
Sweet was the moist still air with the 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 milk-  
maid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the  
windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
Built of the 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 desolate sea-shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or  
emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he  
spake not,

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

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

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,  
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 road-  
stead.

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 winds 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,  
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

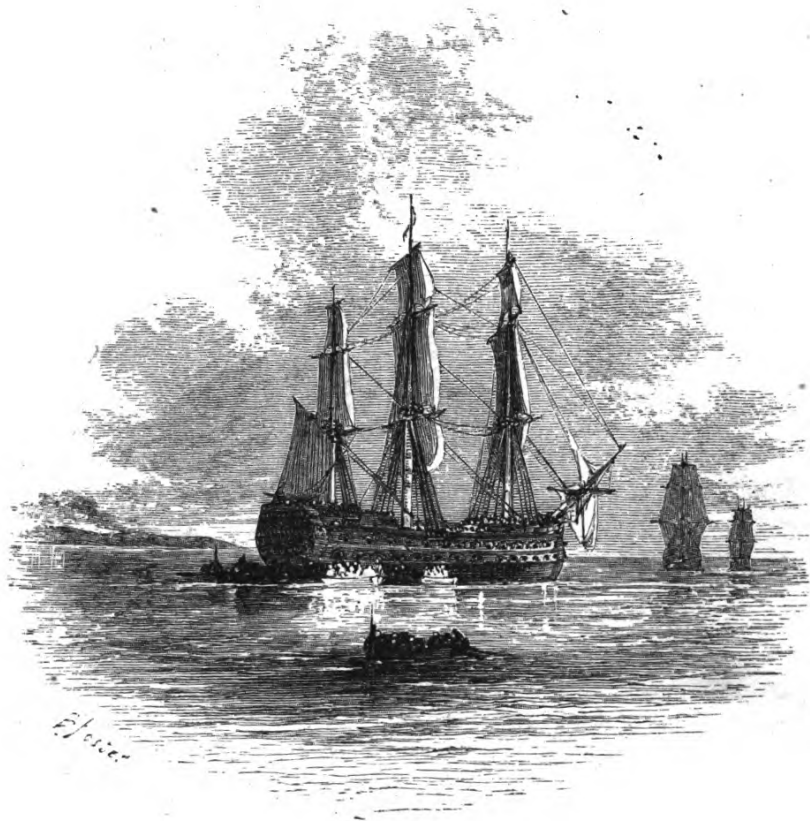
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;  
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude  
near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—  
“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”  
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the  
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;  
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.







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 New-  
foundland.

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 land 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 churchyards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.  
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
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,

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 rumour, 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 hunters and trappers.”

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

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

Then would they say,—“ Dear child ! why dream and wait for him  
longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others

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

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

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

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”

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

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

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

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

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
Said, with a smile,—“O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within  
thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment ;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
Patience ; accomplish thy 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 rendered 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.  
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer’s footsteps ;—  
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;  
But as a traveller follows the streamlet’s course through the valley :  
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.



## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,





Day after day they glided adown the  
turbulent river ;

Night after night, by their blazing  
fires, encamped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among  
green islands, where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy  
crests, they swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons,  
where silvery sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the  
wimpling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes,  
large flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along  
the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst  
of luxuriant gardens,

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

They were approaching the region  
where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast,  
and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river  
away to the eastward.

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, ex-  
 tended in every direction.  
 Over their heads the towering and  
 tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing  
 mosses in mid-air  
 Waved like banners that hang on  
 the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and  
 unbroken, save by the herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-  
 trees returning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon  
 with demoniac laughter.  
 Lovely the moonlight was as it  
 glanced and gleamed on the water,  
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress  
 and cedar sustaining the arches,  
 Down through whose broken vaults  
 it fell as through chinks in a ruin.  
 Dreamlike, and indistinct and strange  
 were all things around them ;  
 And o'er their spirits there came a  
 feeling of wonder and sadness,—  
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and  
 that cannot be compassed.



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

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his  
bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the mid-  
night,

Silent at times, and then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.  
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ; and  
before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

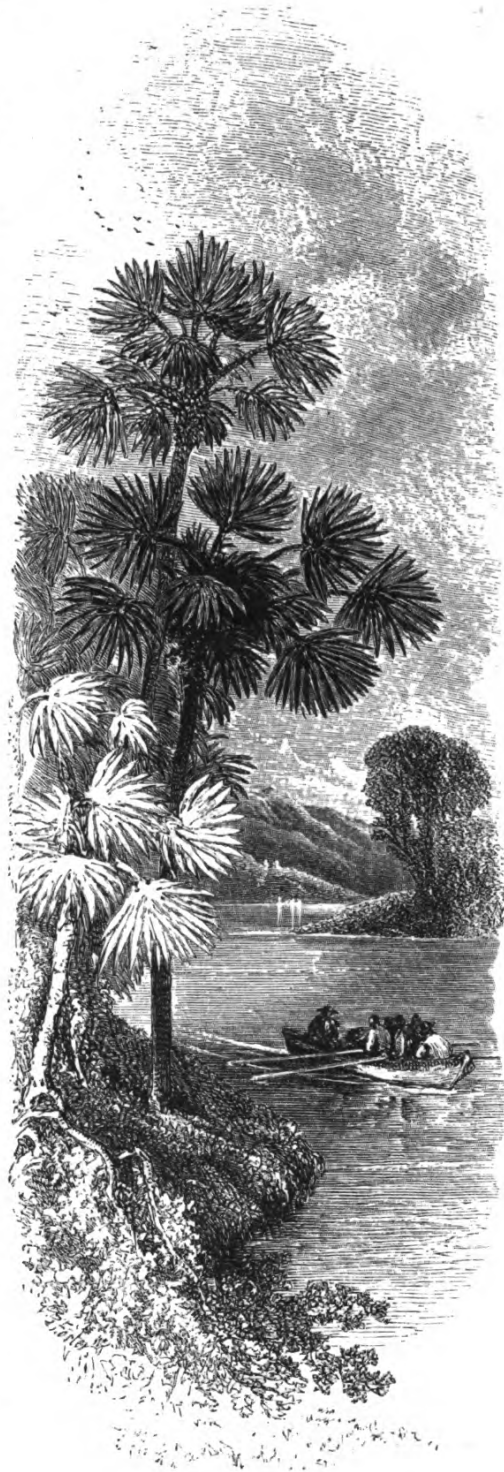


Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia  
blossoms,  
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,



Fragrant and thickly embowered  
 with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided  
 along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their  
 weary oars were suspended.  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows,  
 that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored; and  
 scattered about on the greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the  
 weary 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  
 ascending, descending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that  
 flitted from blossom to blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw  
 as she slumbered beneath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and  
 the dawn of an opening heaven  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the  
 glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among  
the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped  
away o'er the water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy  
arms of hunters and trappers.  
Northward its prow was turned, to  
the land of the bison and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with coun-  
tenance thoughtful and careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks oversha-  
dowed his brow, and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his  
face was legibly written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with  
waiting, unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion  
of self and of sorrow.  
Swiftly they glided along, close under  
the lee of the island,  
But by the opposite bank, and be-  
hind 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 superstition?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?”  
Then, with a blush, she added,—“Alas for my credulous fancy!  
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.”  
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—  
“Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without  
meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,  
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.  
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;  
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their  
journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapours arose ; and sky and water and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.  
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.  
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green  
Opelousas,  
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a 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  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless  
prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

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

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the  
evening.



Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the  
garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to  
meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly  
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and  
misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said,—“If you came by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the  
bayous?”

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—

“Gone? is Gabriel gone?” and, concealing her face on his  
shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—

“Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are  
against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the  
morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the  
river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"  
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.



Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,  
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal 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,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

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

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—  
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless  
    and homeless,  
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the  
    old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;  
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.  
Smoothly the 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 unclaimed in the prairies ;  
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber  
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.  
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils, And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table, So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded, Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the 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:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.

But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.



Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the  
herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
Came o'er her héart, 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  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“ O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
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 whippoorwill 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 oracular caverns of darkness;  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “ To-morrow!”

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

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and  
gladness,  
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,  
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,  
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but vague and uncertain  
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.





## IV.

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

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the 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 ;  
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 slaughtered in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were  
weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before  
them.

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

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended  
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the  
Mowis ;  
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  
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 Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she felt for a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had  
vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ; and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along,—“ On the western slope of these  
mountains

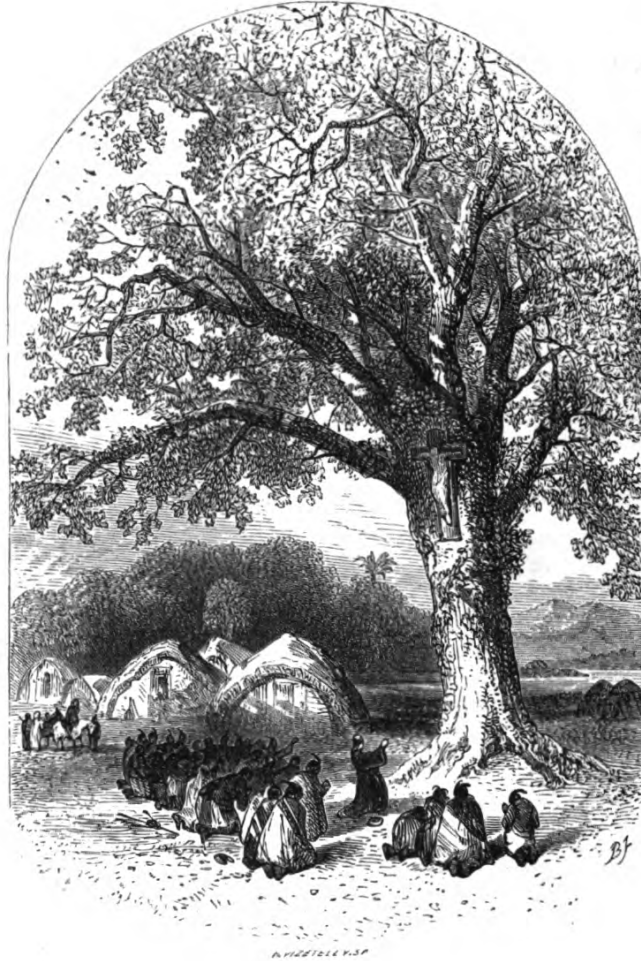
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear  
him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,—

“ Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us ! ”

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,





Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches  
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-  
ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—  
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”  
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of  
kindness;  
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-  
flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in autumn,  
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”  
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—  
“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”  
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were  
springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above  
her,  
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming  
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.  
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.  
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.  
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy prayer will  
be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;  
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their 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 Michigan 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.  
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ;—  
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.  
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her  
forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.



## V.

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

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her  
    footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but transfigured ;  
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.



Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman  
repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.



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 natural margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—  
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,  
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-  
lands ;—

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,  
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 corridors, cooled by the east wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ  
Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at  
Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;  
Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials are ended ;”  
And, with 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.  
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 ;  
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 sinking and sinking.  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their  
shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would  
have spoken.



Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.  
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “ Father, I thank thee ! ”



STILL stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic 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  
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.



H. VIZETELLY'S



## NOTES.

THE following detail of the facts on which the general incidents of the Poem of *EVANGELINE* are founded, is derived from Halliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*.

By the Treaty of Utrecht the province of Acadia or Nova Scotia was ceded by the French to the English Government. Nearly half a century, however, was suffered to elapse before any progress was made towards a regular settlement of the colony. In the year 1749 a large body of emigrants, aided by a grant from the Crown, arrived in the colony, and immediate steps were taken by them to clear the ground, and lay the foundation of the town of Halifax. The French settlers, who had been located in the province for many years, looked with jealousy on these proceedings, and parties of Indians headed by French commanders were engaged to harass the new comers. This state of things continued for some years, but in the meantime the territorial rights of both nations were more distinctly defined, and the Acadians took an oath of fidelity to the British Government, with a reservation, however, that they were not to be called upon to bear arms. Hostilities again commencing between the French and English, Governor Cornwallis, by the advice of his Council, issued a proclamation, ordering all the French inhabitants of the English colony to appear within three months, and take the oath of allegiance in the same unreserved and unqualified manner as British subjects; and he held out promises to those who should think proper to accept the same, and who would also engage to obey all future orders of the government, and render assistance to English settlers, that he would confirm them in the peaceable possession of all their cultivated lands, and in the enjoyment of their religion. He forbade, however, the exportation of corn, cattle, and provisions, to foreign settlements.

Pursuant to the proclamation, deputies arrived at Halifax from several of the French settlements, and were informed by the Governor that the oath of fidelity, formerly accepted of them, would no longer be received as a satisfactory guarantee for their good conduct; that no exemption from bearing arms in time of war could be allowed; that His Majesty would permit none to possess lands whose allegiance and assistance could not be depended upon; and that commissioners would be sent to the country to tender them the oath expressed in the same form as that used by English subjects. To this they replied, that if they should undertake to aid the English in sup-



pressing the Indians, the savages would pursue them with unrelenting hostility; that neither they nor their property would be secure from their vengeance; and that to bear arms against their countrymen was a condition repugnant to the feelings of human nature: they, therefore, requested to be informed, if they chose the alternative of quitting the country, whether they would be permitted to sell their lands and personal effects. They were told in reply, that, by the Treaty of Utrecht, one year was allowed to them for disposing of their property, which period having elapsed, they could now neither part with their effects, nor remove from the province. Upon hearing this determination, which required unconditional allegiance, or reduced them to the most abject poverty, they solicited leave to consult the Governors of Canada or Cape Breton as to the course they ought to adopt in this trying emergency, but were instantly threatened with the confiscation of their real estate and effects if they presumed to leave the province until they had first taken the oaths of allegiance.

No immediate steps, however, were taken to carry out this threat, and the English settlers still continued to suffer great annoyance from the predatory attacks of the Indians, who were aided in their excursions by the French colonists. This state of things lasted for some time, until at length the English troops met with a series of reverses, when it was finally determined by the Government authorities to effect a dislodgement of the Acadians from their settlements, and to disperse the entire French population of the province among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the Government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces, the commander of which, from the humanity and firmness of his character, was well qualified to carry it into effect. It was without doubt, as he himself declared, disagreeable to his natural make and temper, and his principles of implicit obedience as a soldier were put to a severe test by this ungrateful kind of duty, which required an ungenerous, cunning, and subtle severity, calculated to render the Acadians subservient to the English interests to the latest hour. They were kept entirely ignorant of their destiny, until the moment of their captivity, and were overawed, or allured, to labour at the gathering in of their harvest, which was secretly allotted to the use of their conquerors.

The orders from Lieutenant-Governor Laurence to Captain Murray, who was first on the station, with a plagiarism of the language, without the spirit

of Scripture, directed that, if these people behaved amiss, they should be punished at his discretion ; and, if any attempts were made to destroy or molest the troops, he should take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth ; and, in short, life for life, from the nearest neighbour where the mischief should be performed.

To hunt these people into captivity was a measure as impracticable as cruel ; and, as it was not to be supposed they would voluntarily surrender themselves as prisoners, their subjugation became a matter of great difficulty. At a consultation held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective ports on the same day ; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned ; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's Country, was as follows :—

‘ TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICT OF GRAND PRÉ, MINAS, RIVER CANARD, &c., AS WELL ANCIENT AS YOUNG MEN AND LADS.

“ Whereas His Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, His Excellency being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of His Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him ; we therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above-named district as of all the other districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the Church of Grand Pré, on Friday the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them ; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

“ Given at Grand Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of His Majesty's reign.

“ JOHN WINSLOW.”

In obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the Church (for that, too, had become an

arsenal), Colonel Winslow placed himself with his officers in the centre, and addressed them thus :—

“Gentlemen,—I have received from His Excellency Governor Laurence 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 of these districts 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 great 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, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command.” And he then declared them the King’s prisoners.

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 twenty-six of the latter ; making, in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock consisted of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hun-

dred and ninety sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs. As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped 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 alone, there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one church; and the friends of those who refused to surrender, were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy.

In short, so operative were the terrors that surrounded them, that of twenty-four young men, deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels; and one of their friends, who was supposed to have been accessory to their escape, was carried on shore to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence as a punishment for his temerity and perfidious aid to his comrades. The prisoners expressed the greatest concern at having incurred His Majesty's displeasure, and in a petition, addressed to Colonel Winslow, entreated him to detain a part of them as sureties for the appearance of the rest, who were desirous of visiting their families, and consoling them in their distress and misfortunes.

To comply with this request of holding a few as hostages for the surrender of the whole body, was deemed inconsistent with his instructions; but, as there could be no objection to allow a small number of them to return to their homes, permission was given to them to choose ten for the district of Minas (Horton), and ten for the district of Canard (Cornwallis), to whom leave of absence was given for one day; and on whose return, a similar number were indulged in the same manner. They bore their confinement, and received their sentence with a fortitude and resignation altogether unexpected; but when the hour of embarkation arrived, in which they were to leave the land of their nativity for ever—to part with their friends and relatives, without the hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers whose language, customs, and religion were opposed to their own—the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries. 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. This 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 part of the male population of the district of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gaspercau; 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.

The haste with which these measures were carried into execution did not admit of those preparations for their comfort which, if unmerited by their disloyalty, were at least due in pity to the severity of their punishment. The hurry, confusion, and excitement connected with the embarkation had scarcely subsided, when the provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery. Stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.

At Annapolis and Cumberland the proclamation was disobeyed by the French, in consequence of an apprehension that they were to be imprisoned or sent captives to Halifax. At the former place, when the ships arrived to convey them from their country, a party of soldiers was despatched up the river to bring them in by force; but they found the houses deserted, and learned that the people had fled to the woods, carrying with them their wives and children. Hunger, fatigue, and distress finally compelled many of them

to return and surrender themselves as prisoners, while some retired to the depths of the forest, where they encamped with the Indians, and others wandered through the woods to Chiegnecto, from whence they escaped to Canada. In Cumberland it was found necessary to resort to the most severe measures, and the country presented for several days a dreadful scene of conflagration. Two hundred and fifty-three houses were on fire at one time, in which a great quantity of wheat and flax were consumed. The miserable inhabitants beheld from the adjoining woods the destruction of their buildings and household goods, with horror and dismay; nor did they venture to offer any resistance, until the wanton attempt was made to burn their chapel. This they considered as adding insult to injury, and rushing upon the party, who were too intent upon the execution of their orders, to observe the necessary precautions to prevent a surprise, they killed and wounded twenty-nine rank and file, and then retreated again to the cover of the forest. As the different Acadian settlements were too widely dispersed to admit of the plan of subjugation being carried into effect at once; and as it had but partially succeeded at two of the most populous districts, only seven thousand of the inhabitants were collected at this time, and dispersed 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. They landed in a most deplorable condition at Philadelphia. The Government of the Colony, to relieve itself of the charge such a company of miserable wretches would require to maintain them, proposed to sell them, with their own consent; but when this expedient for their support was offered for their consideration, the neutrals refused it with indignation, alledging that they were prisoners, and expected to be maintained as such, and not forced to labour. But notwithstanding the severity of the treatment the Acadians had experienced, they sighed in exile to revisit their native land. That portion of them which had been sent to Georgia actually set out on their return, and by a circuitous, hazardous, and laborious coasting voyage, had reached New York, and even Boston, when they were met by orders from Governor Laurence for their detention, and were compelled to relinquish their design. The others, denying the charges which had been made against them, petitioned His Majesty for a legal hearing.

This petition, which Haliburton gives at full length, sets forth, that by

an agreement made between the British commanders in Nova Scotia and the forefathers of the petitioners, about the year 1713, the latter were to be permitted to remain in possession of their lands under an oath of fidelity to the British Government, with an exemption from bearing arms against either French or Indians, and with the allowance of the free exercise of their religion. Seventeen years later this agreement was renewed on the part of the British authorities by the Governor of New England; and again after the expiration of another seventeen years, in a declaration which the same Governor addressed to the Acadians, in answer to a report at that time current which stated it to be the intention of the British Government to remove the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia from their settlements in that province. This declaration was further confirmed by a letter written in the same year by the chief commander in Nova Scotia to the Acadian deputies; an extract from which was given by the Acadians in their petition.

After stating the difficulties in which they found themselves placed by the frequent incursions made by the French through that portion of the province inhabited by the Acadian population, for the purpose of annoying the English, who were at that time engaged in fortifying and settling Halifax, the petitioners proceed to reply to what appears to have been the main charges made against them, and on the presumed truth of which their forcible removal from the province took place. The justification they plead is as follows:—

“We were likewise obliged to comply with the demand of the enemy, made for provision, cattle, &c., upon pain of military execution, which we had reason to believe the Government was made sensible was not an act of choice on our part, but of necessity, as those in authority appeared to take in good part the representations we always made to them after anything of that nature had happened.

“Notwithstanding the many difficulties we thus laboured under, yet we dare appeal to the several Governors, both at Halifax and Annapolis-Royal, for testimonies of our being always ready and willing to obey their orders, and give all the assistance in our power, either in furnishing provisions and materials, or making roads, building forts, &c., agreeable to Your Majesty’s orders and our oath of fidelity, whensoever called upon, or required thereunto.

“It was also our constant care to give notice to Your Majesty’s commanders of the danger they have been from time to time exposed to by the enemy’s troops; and had the intelligence we gave been always attended to, many lives might have been spared, particularly in the unhappy affair which

befel Major Noble and his brother at Grand Pré, when they, with great numbers of their men, were cut off by the enemy, notwithstanding the frequent advices we had given them of the danger they were in; and yet we have been very unjustly accused as parties in that massacre.

“And although we have been thus anxiously concerned to manifest our fidelity in these several respects, yet it has been falsely insinuated that it had been our general practice to abet and support Your Majesty’s enemies; but we trust that Your Majesty will not suffer suspicions and accusations to be received as proofs sufficient to reduce some thousands of innocent people, from the most happy situation to a state of the greatest distress and misery! No, this was far from our thoughts; we esteemed our situation so happy as by no means to desire a change. We have always desired, and again desire that we may be permitted to answer our accusers in a judicial way. In the meantime permit us, Sir, here solemnly to declare, that these accusations are utterly false and groundless so far as they concern us as a collective body of people. It hath been always our desire to live as our fathers have done, as faithful subjects under Your Majesty’s royal protection, with an unfeigned resolution to maintain our oath of fidelity to the utmost of our power. Yet it cannot be expected, but that amongst us, as well as amongst other people, there have been some weak and false-hearted persons, susceptible of being bribed by the enemy, so as to break the oath of fidelity. Twelve of these were outlawed in Governor Shirley’s proclamation before mentioned; but it will be found that the number of such false-hearted men amongst us was very few, considering our situation, the number of our inhabitants, and how we stood circumstanced in several respects, and it may be easily made appear, that it was the constant care of our deputies to prevent and put a stop to such wicked conduct, when it came to their knowledge.”

This memorial had not the effect of procuring them redress, and they were left to undergo their punishment in exile, and to mingle with the population among whom they were distributed, with the hope that in time their language, predilections, and even the recollection of their origin, would be lost amidst the mass of English people with whom they were incorporated. Such was the fate of these unfortunate and deluded people. Upon an impartial review of the transactions of this period, it must be admitted, that the transportation of the Acadians to distant colonies, with all the marks of ignominy and guilt peculiar to convicts, was cruel; and although such a conclusion could not then be drawn, yet subsequent events have disclosed that their expulsion was



unnecessary. It seems totally irreconcilable with the idea, as at this day entertained of justice, that those who are not involved in the guilt shall participate in the punishment; or that a whole community shall suffer for the misconduct of a part. It is, doubtless, a stain on the Provincial Councils, and we shall not attempt to justify that which all good men have agreed to condemn. But we must not lose sight of the offence in pity for the culprits, nor, in the indulgence of our indignation, forget that although nothing can be offered in defence, much may be produced in palliation of this transaction. Had the milder sentence of unrestricted exile been passed upon them, it was obvious that it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada, and that they would naturally have engaged in those attempts which the French were constantly making for the recovery of the Province.

Three hundred of them had been found in arms at one time; and no doubt existed of others having advised and assisted the Indians in those numerous acts of hostility, which, at that time, totally interrupted the settlement of the country. When all were thus suspected of being disaffected, and many were detected in open rebellion, what confidence could be placed in their future loyalty?

It was also deemed impracticable, in those days of religious rancour, for the English colonists to mingle in the same community with Frenchmen and Catholics. Those persons who are acquainted with the early history of the neighbouring colonies of New England, will easily perceive of what magnitude this objection must have appeared at that period. Amidst all these difficulties, surrounded by a vigilant and powerful enemy, and burthened with a population whose attachment was more than doubtful, what course could the Governor adopt, which, while it ensured the tranquillity of the colony, should temper justice with mercy to those misguided people? With the knowledge we now possess of the issue of a contest which was then extremely uncertain, it might not be difficult to point to the measures which should have been adopted; but we must admit, that the choice was attended with circumstances of peculiar embarrassment. If the Acadians, therefore, had to lament that they were condemned unheard, that their accusers were also their judges, and that their sentence was disproportioned to their offence; they had also much reason to attribute their misfortunes to the intrigues of their countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from their allegiance to a government which was disposed to extend to them its protection and regard, and instigated them to a rebellion, which it was easy to foresee would end in their ruin.



*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 labour incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides.*—PAGE 3.

“Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling, with dikes, the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks.”—*Haliburton*.

*But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.*—PAGE 5.

“Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren.”—*Abbé Reynal*.

*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.*—PAGE 19.

“As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks.”—*Abbé Reynal*.

*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.*—PAGE 21.

“René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in Your Majesty’s service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years’ captivity.”—*Petition of the Acadians to the King*.

*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.—PAGE 39.*

“Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels, that we had not room even for all our bodies to lay down at once, and, consequently, were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom quickly ended their misery with their lives.”—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

*Many, despairing, heart-broken,*

*Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.*

*Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.—PAGE 48.*

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

*There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,*

*Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.—PAGE 81.*

“René Leblanc, the notary public before mentioned, was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labour and deep sufferings for Your Majesty's service.”—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

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