

Evangeline
A Tale of Acadie
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
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<p>This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic, Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep- voiced neighboring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.</p> <p>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 hunts- man? 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 reflect- ing 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 beau- tiful village of Grand-Pre.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">PART THE FIRST I</p> <p>In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant, Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates Opened, and welcomes 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 Blomindon 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 hemlock, Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries. Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-win- dows; and gables projecting Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway. 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</p>
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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 sounds with the whirl of the
wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solomnly down the street came the parish
priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he
extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up
rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of
affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the
field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed.
Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the
roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of
incense ascending.
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes
of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple
Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man.
Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy,
the vice of republics.
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-Pre,
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 be-
neath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the brown 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 ethe-
real 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 built 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 wood-

bine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats
beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disap-
peared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives over-
hung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote
by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed
image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was
the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a
trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the
north, were the barns and the farm-
yard.
There stood the broad wheeled wains and
the antique ploughs and the har-
rows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and
there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the
cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the
penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, them-
selves 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-Pre
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline
governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and
opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his
deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand
or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the
darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the
sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart
or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint
of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the
dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part
of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel
only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the
blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and
honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all
ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in
repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children
from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister;
and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village,
had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns
of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the
daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of
Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wonder-
ing 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 cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a
circle of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the
gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy,
through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched
the laboring bellows,
And as its painting 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 hillside bounding, they glided
away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns thy climbed to the pou-
lous 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 with 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 magi-
cal light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness
of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the
restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds
were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of
cocks in the farm-yards.
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the
cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs
of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him;
While arrayed in his 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 home-

<p>stead. 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 favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog, Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct, Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers; Regent of the flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector, When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled. Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes, Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor. Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks, While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles, Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms. Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence Into the sounding pails the foaming stream- lets descended. Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,</p>	<p>Echoed back to 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 sea- son was silent.</p> <p>In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreathes 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 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 meas- ured motion the clock clicked. Thus as they sat, there were footsteps</p>
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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 thresh-
old,
“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 midst of the marshes.”
Then, with a smile of content, thus an-
swered 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 thou art, 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 Eng-
lish 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 marrow 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 untimely rains or untimelier heat have
been blighted,
And from our bustling 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 heav-
ing a sigh he continued:--
“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau
Sejour, nor Port Royal.
Many have already 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 war-
like 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 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.
Rene Leblanc will be here anon, with his

papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in
the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with
her hand in her lover's ,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that
her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy
notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that oils in the
surf of the oceans,
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 Letiche, 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 marvelous powers of four-
leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore
of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside
Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and
slowly extended his right hand,
"Father Leblanc, " he exclaimed, "thou
hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news
of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer
the notary public,--
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet
am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not
better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine a 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 blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how,
and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the
right of the strongest!"
But without heeding his warmth, continued
the notary public,--
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and
finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story,
that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French
fort as Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and
he loved to repeat it.
When his neighbors complained that any
injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no
longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue

<p> 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 pearl's was lost, and ere long a suspicion Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a 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 the magpie, Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven." Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language; All his thought were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window- panes in the winter. Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp </p>	<p> 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- Pre; While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn, Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties, Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle. Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed, And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin. Then from his leathered 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 manoeuvre, Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row. Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure, Sat the lovers, and whispered together, be- holding the moon rise Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows. Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me- nots of the angels. </p>
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Thus was the evening passed. Anon the
bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine. the village cur-
few, 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 in 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 the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains
of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves
were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of
Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would
bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs
of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the
mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted
the room, till the heart of the
maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the
tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold,
as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming
floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the
trees of the orchard,

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

IV

Pleasantly rose the next morn the sun on the
village of Grand Pre.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air
the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shad-
ows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and
clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the
golden ages of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the
farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe
Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh
from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from
the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track
of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or
passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of
labor were silenced.
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,
Stript of its 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 cinder-
press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the
gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alter-
nately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the
jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes
are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant
sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le
Carillon du Dunquerque,
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 church yard,
Waited the women. They stood by the
graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens
fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and
marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and
dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums
from ceiling and casement,--
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the
ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crown awaited
the will of the soldiers.
Then arose 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 he has been; but how
you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my nat-
ural 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 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 even 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 oth-
 ers
 Rose, with this 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 those foreign soldiers, who seize
 on our homes and our harvests!"
 More he fain would have said, but the
 merciless hand of the 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, dis-
 tinctly the clock strikes.
 "What is this that ye do, my children?
 what madness has seized you?
 Forty years pf my life have I labored
 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 over-
 flowing with hatred?
 Lo! where the crucified Christ form his
 cross is gazing upon you!
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meek-
 ness and holy compassion!
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the
 prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
 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
 the passionate outbreak,
 While 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 ardor of prayer, like Elijah
ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the
tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house
the woman and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood,
with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of
the sun, that descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious
splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and
emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-
white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the
honey fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and
the cheese fresh brought from the
dairy,
And, at the head of the board, the great
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 mourn-
ful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering
steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the
weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in
golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the
Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the
Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the
church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the
door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till,
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 tenant-
less house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the
board was 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 dis-
consolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the syc-
amore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightening flashed; and the voice
of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and gov-
erned 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 neighboring hamlets and

farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their house-
hold goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once
more on their dwelling,
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 hands they clasped
some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hur-
ried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods
of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the
ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down
from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was
near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of
drums from the church yard.
Thither the women and children thronged.
On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and
marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long imprisoned, but patient,
Acadian farmers,
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from
their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they
are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian
peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid
their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising
together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the
Catholic Missions:--
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inex-
haustible 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 she waited, until the pro-
cession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale
with emotion.
Tears filled her eyes, and, eagerly run-
ning 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 sud-
denly 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
heavy 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 gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its northernmost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their utters;
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 fate 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 tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then he sat 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 stretched its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,

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

These things beheld in dismay the crown
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-Pre!”
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 bark-
ing 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 speech-
less, 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, ob-
livious 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 sad-
dest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illu-
minated 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 un-
known land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid
in the church-yard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And
there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village
for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the
farmer of Grand-Pre.
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 heav-
ing and hurrying landward.
Then recommended once more the stir and
noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships
sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore,
and the village in ruins.

Part the Second
I.

Many a weary year had passed since the
burning of Grand-Pre,
When on the falling tide the freighted ves-
sels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household
gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an ex-
ample in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Aca-
dians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow,
when the wind from the north-
east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken
the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wan-
dered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North, to sultry
Southern savannas,--
From the bleak shores of the sea to the
lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them
down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered
bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many,
despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no
longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of
stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who

waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently
suffering al 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 endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and
gazed on the crosses and tomb-
stones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought
that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to
slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inartic-
ulate 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 in was long ago, in some far-off place
or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh
yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and
both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous
hunters and trappers.”
“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh
yes! we have seen him.
He is a voyageur in the lowlands of
Louisiana.”
Then they would 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
sprints 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 illuminates the pathway,
Many things are made clear, and else lie
hidden in darkness.”
Thereupon the priest, her friends and father-
confessor,
Said, with a smile!, “O daughter! thy God
thus speakith 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 spring, like the rain, shall
fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns
again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accom-
plish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient
endurance is godlike,
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till
the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and ren-
dered more worthy of heaven!”
Cheered by the good man’s words, Evange-
line labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge
of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled
a voice that whispered, “Despair
not!”
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and
cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and
thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wan-
derer’s footsteps;--
Not through each devious path, each
changeful year of existence,
But as a traveler follows a streamlet’s
course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing
the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at
intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through
sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its
continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where
it reaches an outlet.

II.

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

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 wil-
derness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbu-
lent river;
Night after night, by the blazing fires,
encamped on its borders.
Now through rusting 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 lux-
uriant 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 Plaque-
mine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and
devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in
every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tene-
brous 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 their cedar-trees re-
turning 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 fore-
bodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke
of doom has attained it.
But, Evangeline's heart was sustained by a
vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her
on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that as-
sumed 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, the prow of the
boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if other like them
peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight
streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old in their own Acadian rivers,
While 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 the 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,

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 grapevine
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 religions celestial.

Nearer, and even nearer among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was

Near to these	legibly written.
<p>Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers. Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver. At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn. Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written. Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless, Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow. Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island, But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos, So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows; All 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</p>	<p>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 Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin. There the long-wandering bride shall be given again 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!"</p> <p>With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey. Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together. Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver, Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water. Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.</p>

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 neighboring thicket the mock-
 ing-bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung
 o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of
 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 Teche, where it
 flows through the green Opelousas,
 And, through the amber air, above the
 crest of the woodland,
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from
 a neighboring dwelling;--
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the dis-
 tant lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershad-
 owed 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
 herdmen. A garden
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxury-

ant 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 per-
 petual symbol,
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless con-
 tentions 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 thick 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 motion-
 less calm in the tropics,
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cord-
 age of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery
 surf of the prairie,
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish sad-
 dle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and
 doublet of deerskin,

Broad and brown was the face that from
under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the
lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds
of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the
vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread
itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side,
and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast,
that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still
damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white
horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse cur-
rents of ocean.
Silent a moment they grazed, then bellow-
ing 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 gar-
den
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 exclama-
tions of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized
Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his
guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless
questions 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 shadow passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said,
with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, conceal-
ing 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 sor-
rowful 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 be-
thought me, and sent him
Unto the towns 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 forest, on rivers
trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow
the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, an 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 pro-
cession; 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 compan-
ions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing
mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of
the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his pa-
triarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of
the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds
were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too,
would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing
the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where al-
ready the supper of Basil
Waited his return; and they rested
and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden dark-
ness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuminating 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 lamp-
light.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of
the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine to-
gether 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
long have been friendless and home-
less,
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 wa-
ter.
All the year round the orange-groves are
in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Cana-
dian 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 those words, he blew a wrathful
cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thunder-
ing 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 neighboring Creoles and small
Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house
of Basil the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient com-
rades and neighbors.
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and
they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as
friends to each others,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common
country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of
music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael’s
melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like
children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave
themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and
swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush
of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the
hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present
and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced,
for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst
of the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an
irrepressible sadness
Came o’er her heart, and unseen she stole
forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black
wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the
moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a dark-
ened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold
flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were
their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a
silent Carthusian.
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 indefin-
able longings,
As, through the garden-gate, and beneath
the 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 fireflies
Gleamed and floated 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 fireflies,
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 they feet have trod this path
to the prairie!

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

Ah! How often beneath this oak, returning
from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream
of me in my slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms
be folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the roots of a
whipporwill sounded

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

Farther and farther away it floated and
dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from orac-
ular caverns of darkness:

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh re-
sponded, "Tomorrow!"

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

Bathed in 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 boat-
men already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morn-
ing, 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 the trace of his course, in lake
or forest or river,

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

Rumors alone were their guides through a
wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned
from the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and
guides and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road
of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land,
where the mountains

Lift, through the 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 Walle-
way and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the
Wind-river Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipi-
tate 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 wandered the buffalo herds, and

the elk and the roe-buck;
Over them wandered 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 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 its sky, the clear and crys-
talline 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 of
Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, then re-
treated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire,
there silently entered
Into their 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 Comanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-
des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story,
and warmest and friendliest wel-
come
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 wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she
sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm
of her Indian accent,
All the tale of 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 dis-
asters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and
when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mys-

terious 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 Lilineau, 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 whis-
pered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving
plume through the forest,
And nevermore 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 Moun-
tains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mys-
terious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing
and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed
by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely
audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evan-
geline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into
the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the

region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and
she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was
pursuing a phantom.
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 be-
hind 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 chil-
dren. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and over-
shadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multi-
tude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through
the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their
vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus
and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers,
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 smiles
 with benignant expression,
 And, with rods 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 he
 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," continues
 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 be-
 tokened 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 they prayer will be an-
 swered!
 Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its
 head from the meadow,
 See how its leaves are turned to the north,
 as true as the magnet;
 This is the compass-flower, that the finger
 of God has planted
 Here in the houseless wild, 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 odor is deadly.
 Only this humble plant can guide us here,
 and hereafter
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are
 wet with the dews of nepenthe."
 So came the autumn, and passed, and the
 winter, -- yet Gabriel came not;
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes
 of the robin and bluebird
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet

Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a
rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor
of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the
Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the
Saginaw River.
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 peril-
ous 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 wan-
dering 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 disappoint-
ment 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 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 id
the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reecho 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 Evange-
line landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home
and a country.
There old Rene 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 disap-
pointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon the earth,
uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned
her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from the mountain's top the rainy mists
of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the land-
scape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities
and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she
saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illuminated with love;

<p> 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 devo- tion to others, This was the lesson a life of trial and sor- row 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 conceal them- selves from the sunlight, Where disease and sorrow in garrets lan- guished neglected. Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated 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 </p>	<p> 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, Darkened 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 woodlands;-- Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seemed 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, in- deed, to behold there Gleams of celestial light encircle her fore- head with splendor, Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles, Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance. Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial, Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter. </p>
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<p>Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent, Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse. Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden; And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them, That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty. Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind, 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 chamber of sickness. Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants, Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces, Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside. Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered, Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison. And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler, Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time; Vacant their places were, or filled already</p>	<p>by strangers. Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers, And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning. Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish, That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows. On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man. Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples; But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood; So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying. Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever, As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over. Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness, Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking. Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded Whispered in 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</p>
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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 sud-
denly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of
wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the
fear, and the sorrow,
All was aching of heart, the restless, unsat-
isfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant an-
guish 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 Catho-
lic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown
and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flow-
ing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where

theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs
no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs
have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have
completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but un-
der 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 fa-
thers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die
in its bosom.
In the fisherman’s cot the wheel and the
loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and
their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline’s
story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-
voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest.

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