

HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW

---

POEMS AND OTHER WRITINGS

---

ed. J.D. McClatchy



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Song sinks into silence,  
 The story is told,  
 The windows are darkened,  
 The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
 The black shadows fall;  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all.

## EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

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.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that  
 beneath it  
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice  
 of the huntsman?  
 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.

## PART THE FIRST

## I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
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-windows; 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 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.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
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 earrings,  
 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 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 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 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 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 laboring 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 hillside 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 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 magical light; and the  
     landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of  
     the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony  
     blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-  
     yards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the  
     great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors  
     around him;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the  
     forest  
 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 seaside,  
 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 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 streamlets descended.  
 Lowing 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 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 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 laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of 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 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 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 at 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 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 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 a magpie, Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;

All his thoughts 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 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 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 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 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.

Thus was the evening passed. 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 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 labor  
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates 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 cider-press and the  
beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and  
of waistcoats.  
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his  
snow-white  
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the  
embers.  
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de*  
*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  
churchyard,  
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 crowd 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 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 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 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 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 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 women and  
children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right  
hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,  
descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and  
roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and 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 mournful 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 tenantless 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 disconsolate 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 neighboring 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 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  
 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  
 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 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 wayside  
 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 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 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 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 odor 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 the  
 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 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 the 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 sea, and the ships that lay in the  
roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering  
hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,  
and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred  
house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and  
on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their  
anguish,  
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-  
Pré!"  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,  
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 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-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 northeast  
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of  
 Newfoundland.  
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to  
 city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
 savannas,—  
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the  
 Father of Waters  
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the  
 ocean,  
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the  
 mammoth.  
 Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-  
 broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a  
 fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
 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 endeavor;  
 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 rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved  
 and known him,  
 But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" 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 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.”  
 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 labor; accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!”  
 Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline labored and waited.  
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered,  
 “Despair not!”  
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of 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 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 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, extended in every direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the  
cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient  
cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the  
herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees 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  
midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on 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,  
 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 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 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 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!"

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.  
 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 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 neighboring  
 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 vapory freshness  
That arose 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 arbor of roses with endless question and answer  
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly  
embraces,  
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and  
thoughtful.  
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and  
misgivings  
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat  
embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said, "If you 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 demeanor;  
 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 breezy  
 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 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,  
 While his huge, brown 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 neighboring 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 neighbors:  
 Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were  
     as strangers,  
 Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,  
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.  
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding  
 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 darkened 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 indefinable 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 thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands  
     around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy  
     slumbers!  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about  
     thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill  
     sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring  
     thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of  
     darkness:  
 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 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 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 wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the  
 roebuck;  
 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 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 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 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 wrapped up  
 in their blankets,  
 Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian  
 accent,  
 All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and  
 reverses.  
 Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
 Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been  
 disappointed.  
 Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's  
 compassion,  
 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near  
 her,  
 She in turn related her love and all its 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 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 Mountains the moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor  
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.  
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 aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the  
branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening  
devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the 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 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 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 reëcho 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 endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon 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 landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far  
below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway  
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 woodlands;—  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket  
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."  
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates erelong 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 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 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 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 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 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 churchyard,  
 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  
     forever,  
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from  
     their labors,  
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their  
     journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade 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, neighboring  
     ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the  
     forest.

of Hephaestus and kidnapped the apprentice Cedalion, who guided him over land and sea to the farthest Ocean, where Eos fell in love with him. Eos' brother Helios restored Orion's sight.

48.4 Who, unharmed, on his tusks] "A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and, with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, "that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, Query VI. [Longfellow's note]

49.1-2 some poem . . . heartfelt lay] This poem was originally written as the proem to Longfellow's anthology *The Waif*, a collection of favorite poems.

51.3 old-fashioned country-seat] The house described is the Gold mansion in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the homestead of Fanny Appleton, Longfellow's maternal grandfather.

51.8 Forever—never!] In his diary, on November 12, 1845, Longfellow wrote: "Began a poem on a clock, with the words 'Forever, never,' as the burden; suggested by the words of [Jacques] Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity, *C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux,—Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effrayables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, 'Quelle heure est-il?' et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, 'L'Eternité.'*" ["Eternity is a clock, the tick-tock of which repeats incessantly amid the silence of the tombs, these two words only: 'Forever, never—Never, forever.' And during its terrifying revolutions, a reprobate cries out, 'What time is it?' and the voice of another in misery replies, 'Eternity.'"]

54.9 like imperial Charlemagne] "Charlemagne may be called by preëminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at

Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns." [Longfellow's note]

54.23 Farinata] Cf. *Inferno*, Canto 10, lines 28-51.

61.25 started the penitent Peter] Cf. Matthew 26:74-75; Mark 14:72; Luke 22:60-61.

63.12-13 Lucky was he . . . swallow!] "If the eyes of one of the young of a swallow be put out, the mother bird will bring from the sea-shore a little stone, which will immediately restore its sight; fortunate is the person who finds this little stone in the nest, for it is a miraculous remedy." Pluquet, *Contes Populaires*, quoted by Wright, *Literature and Superstitions of England in the Middle Ages*, I. 128." [Longfellow's note]

63.21 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"]

"Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie

Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.

PLUQUET in WRIGHT, I. 131." [Longfellow's note]

63.37-38 as Jacob of old with the angel] Cf. Genesis 32:24-29.

64.27-28 Flashed . . . mantles and jewels] "See Evelyn's *Silva*, II. 53." [Longfellow's note] Herodotus tells in his *History* (Book 7) of a plane-tree that the Persian king Xerxes found so beautiful he adorned it in jewels and fine robes.

68.3-4 Louisburg . . . Beau Séjour . . . Port Royal] Forts on Nova Scotia built by the French but captured by the English.

69.14 Loup-garou] Were-wolf.

70.18-71.7 "Once in an ancient . . . was inwoven."] Cf. Rossini's opera, *La Giza Ladra*.

73.21-22 As out . . . with Hagar!] Cf. Genesis 21:14.

78.4 Elijah] Cf. II Kings 2:11.

79.3-4 like the Prophet . . . Sinai] Cf. Exodus 34:29-30.

83.3 shipwrecked Paul . . . sea-shore] Cf. Acts 27:44-28:1.

84.6 gleeds] Burning coals.

87.39 Thou art too fair . . . tresses] "There is a Norman saying of a maid who does not marry—*Elle restera pour coiffer Sainte Katherine*." [Longfellow's note]

92.16 ladder of Jacob] Cf. Genesis 28:12.

98.9 ci-devant] Former.



- 101.13 "Upharsin." Cf. Daniel 5:25-28.
- 103.16 amorphas] Wild bean plants, covered with purple flowers.
- 103.23 Ishmael's children] Cf. Genesis 21:13.
- 112.6-7 "The poor . . . with you." Cf. John 12:8.
- 112.32-33 Swedes . . . Wicaco] Swedes founded Gloria Dei church at Wicaco, in what is now the Southwark section of Philadelphia, as early as 1698.
- 113.34-36 like the Hebrew . . . pass over] Cf. Exodus 12:13-13.
- 122.3 Behold, at last] "I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparred and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—  
"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparred and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!" [Longfellow's note]
- 128.16 *Chrysaor*] Son of Poseidon, who sprang to life with his brother Pegasus from the body of Medusa after she had been slain by Perseus.
- 128.27 Callirrhoe] One of the daughters of the titan Oceanus.
- 130.1 *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*] "When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—Belknap's *American Biography*, i. 203." [Longfellow's note]
- 132.1 Christopher] Third century A.D. Christian martyr often described allegorically as a giant who carries the young Christ over the river of death.
- 135.3 one dead lamb] This poem was written in the autumn of 1848, soon after the death of Longfellow's daughter Fanny, aged fifteen months, on September 11.
- 135.8 Rachel] Cf. Jeremiah 31:15 and Matthew 2:18.

138.10-13 Perhaps the camels . . . son they bore] Cf. Genesis 37:25-36.

141.1 THE SONG OF HIAWATHA] "This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenya-wagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algonic Researches*, vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

"Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

"The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

#### "VOCABULARY

Adjidau'mo, *the red squirrel*.  
 Ahdeck', *the reindeer*.  
 Ahkose'win, *fever*.  
 Ahmeek', *the beaver*.  
 Algon'quin, *Ojibway*.  
 Annemee'kee, *the thunder*.  
 Apuk'wa, *a bulrush*.  
 Baim-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder*.  
 Bemah'gut, *the grapevine*.  
 Be'na, *the pheasant*.  
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior*.  
 Bukada'win, *famine*.  
 Cheemaun', *a birch canoe*.  
 Chetowaik', *the plover*.  
 Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits*.  
 Dahin'da, *the bull-frog*.  
 Dush-kwo-ne'she, *or Kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly*.  
 Esa, *shame upon you*.  
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby*.  
 Ghec'zis, *the sun*.  
 Gitche Gu'mec, *the Big Sea-Water, Lake Superior*.  
 Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life*.  
 Gushkewau', *the darkness*.  
 Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudjeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis*.  
 Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller*.

Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl*.  
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet*.  
 Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit*.  
 Joss'akeed, *a prophet*.  
 Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind*.  
 Kagh, *the hedgehog*.  
 Ka'go, *do not*.  
 Kahgahgee', *the raven*.  
 Kaw, *no*.  
 Kayoshk', *the sea-gull*.  
 Kaween', *no indeed*.  
 Kee'go, *a fish*.  
 Keeway'din, *the Northwest Wind, the Home-Wind*.  
 Kena'beek, *a serpent*.  
 Keneu', *the great war-eagle*.  
 Keno'zha, *the pickerel*.  
 Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl*.  
 Kuntasoo', *the Game of Plum-stones*.  
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man*.  
 Kwo-ne'she, *or Dush-kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly*.  
 Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan*.  
 Mahng, *the loon*.  
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted brave*.  
 Mahnomo'nec, *wild rice*.  
 Ma'ma, *the woodpecker*.  
 Maskeno'zha, *the pike*.  
 Me'da, *a medicine-man*.  
 Meenah'ga, *the blueberry*.  
 Megissog'won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician and the Manito of Wealth*.