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LONGFELLOW'S

The Courtship of Miles Standish

MILES STANDISH

and Evening Hours



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The Courtship of Miles Standish

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

IN 1620, A HARDY BAND OF PILGRIMS LANDED AT PLYMOUTH ROCK. THEY HAD CROSSED THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ON THE GOOD SHIP "MAYFLOWER" TO SEEK RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN THE NEW WORLD. AMONG THESE VOYAGERS WERE MILES STANDISH, JOHN ALDEN, AND THE BEAUTIFUL PRISCILLA HULLINS. AMONG THESE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLERS, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, THE IMMORTAL AMERICAN POET, HAS NOVEN A ROMANTIC AND DRAMATIC TALE THAT HAS LONG BEEN RECOGNIZED AS A CLASSIC OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ON THE OLD COLONY DAYS, IN PLYMOUTH, THE LAND OF THE PILGRIMS, TO AND FRO IN A ROOM OF HIS SIMPLE AND PRIMITIVE DWELLING... STRODE, WITH A MARTIAL AIR, MILLS STANCHON, THE PURITAN CAPTAIN NEAR WHOM HAD BEATEN JOHN ALDEN, HIS FRIEND AND FORTY-SEVEN YEAR OLD



SUDDENLY, BREAKING THE SILENCE, BRAVE MILLS STANCHON, THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH,

THIS IS THE SWORD I FOUGHT WITH IN FLANDERS... HAD IT NOT BEEN OF SHEER STEEL MY BONES WOULD AT THIS MOMENT BE MOULD IN THEIR GRAVES.

TRULY THE LORD IN HIS MERCY PRESERVED YOU TO BE OUR SHIELD AND HELP!

SO I TAKE CARE OF MY ARMS, AS YOU YOUR FEATHER AND HORN, THEN, TOO, THERE ARE MY SOLDIERS. TWELVE MEN, AND LIKE CABBAGE, I KNOW THE MAKE OF EACH, NOW WE ARE READY, I THINK, FOR ANY ASSAULT OF THE INDIANS...



CAME AT THE WINDOW HE STOOD, AND RESTFULLY GAZED AT THE LANDSCAPE...

WONDER THERE, ON THE HILL BY THE SEA, LIES BURIED SOME STANCHON... BETTER TO HIDE THE BONES OF OUR PEOPLE LEFT INDIAN SCOTS LEARN HOW PLINY HAS ALREADY PERISHED





AFTER A WHILE, STANDISH EXCLAIMED:

TRULY A WONDERFUL MAN WAS CAESAR! JULIUS CAESAR BATTLED FIVE HUNDRED HE FOUGHT AND A THOUSAND CITIES HE CONQUERED - FINALLY HE WAS STABBED BY HIS FRIEND BRUTUS!





TO THE STONE WALL PREVEILED, AND ALDEN WENT ON HIS ERRAND, OUT OF THE STREET OF THE VILLAGE, AND INTO THE PATHS OF THE FOREST... ALL AROUND HIM WERE CALM, BUT WITHIN HIM CONVICTION AND CONFLICT



TO THROUGH THE PLYMOUTH WOODS, JOHN ALDEN WENT ON HIS ERRAND, HEARD AS HE DREW NEAR THE DOOR, THE MUSICAL VOICE OF BRISCOLLA...



SO HE ENTERED THE HOUSE, AND THE PAIR OF THE WHEEL, AND THE SPINNING SUDDENLY CEASED.

I KNEW IT WAS YOU WHEN I HEARD YOUR STEP IN THE PASSAGE, FOR I WAS THINKING OF YOU.



HE STOOD THERE ABRASHED, AND GAVE HER THE FLOWERS FOR AN ANSWER.

THEY SAT AND TALKED OF THEIR FRIENDS AT HOME, AND THE MAYFLOWER THAT SAILED ON THE MORROW.

I ALMOST WISH MYSELF BACK IN OLD ENGLAND. I FEEL SO LONELY AND WRETCHED.

I HAVE COME WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE MADE BY CAPTAIN WILES STANISH.



IF THE GREAT CAPTAIN IS SO VERY BRAGG TO WED ME, WHY DOES HE NOT COME HIMSELF TO HOO ME? IF I AM NOT WORTH THE WINNING, I SURELY AM NOT WORTH THE WINNING.



JOHN ALDEN WENT ON, UNMINDING THE WORDS OF PRISCILLA.

ANY WOMAN IN PLYMOUTH MIGHT BE HAPPY AND PROUD TO BE THE WIFE OF WILES STANISH!



BUT AS HE WALKED AND SLOWED, IN HIS SIMPLE AND ELEGANT LANGUAGE, QUITE FORGETFUL OF SELF, AND FULL OF PRAISE OF HIS RIVAL, AROUND THE MAIDEN SMILED.

WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?





IS IT MY FAULT THAT THE FALCON HAS CHOSEN BETWEEN US? MY FAULT THAT I AM THE VICTOR?

DAVID THE OPEN AIR, JOHN ALDEN RUSHED LIKE A MAN INSANE, AND WANDERED ALONG BY THE SEA-SIDE... THEN, LIFTING HIS HEAD, HE BEHELD THE FORM OF THE "WAYFLOWER" RIDING AT ANCHOR.



SOON HE ENTERED HIS DOOR.

LONG HAVE YOU BEEN ON YOUR BEND? COME, RELATE TO ME ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED.



WHEN JOHN ALDEN STOOD AND UP LEAVED THE CAPTAIN OF PLACIDITY.

"YOU TOLD BRATTLE'S NOSE TO THE NAME OF FRIENDSHIP HEREAFTER! LET THERE BE NOTHING BETWEEN US SAVE HATE AND UNPLACABLE HATED!"



OUT IN THE MIDST OF HIS ANGER, A MAN APPEARED AT THE DOORWAY BRINGING A MESSAGE OF URGENT IMPORTANCE.



THE WREATHEN CAPTAIN STRODE AWAY TO COUNCIL, FOUND IT ALREADY ASSEMBLED IMPATIENTLY AWAITING HIS COMING.

AS THEY STOOD AN INDIAN STERN AND DEFIANT WHILE ON THE TABLE WAS DRONE UNWINDING A BELL AND BESIDE IT, THE GRAY OF A RATTLE-SNAKE FILLED LIKE A QUIVER WITH ARROWS, A SIGNAL AND CHALLENGE OF WARFARE...



WAR IS A TERRIBLE TRADE BUT IN A CAUSE THAT IS RIGHTOUS, SWEET IS THE SWELL OF POWDER, AND THIS I ANSWER THE CHALLENGE!



THEN FROM THE RATTLE-SNAKE'S SKIN, WITH A BUDDY CONTEMPTUOUS GESTURE, JOINING THE INDIAN ARROWS, HE FILLED IT WITH POWDER AND BULLETS



HERE, TAKE IT! THIS IS YOUR ANSWER!

FROM SILENTLY OUT OF THE ROOM, SLIPPED THE ELUSTRING GAMBIT



SET IN THE
 GRAY OF DARK
 AS THE NIGHT APPROX
 FROM THE WOODS—
 FOLLOWS THEM, BY THE
 NIGHT, MARCHED SLOWLY
 OUT OF THE VILLAGE.
 STANDING AT THE
 STRAIGHT IT WAS WITH
 FRONT OF HIS UNARMED
 ARMY, LED BY THE
 INDIAN BOYS, BY
 APPROX, CRASHED
 THE WHITE
 MEN..



DARKNESS, FROM THEIR HOUSES, CAME FORTH THE PILGRIMS OF PLYMOUTH, TO SAY FAREWELL TO THE UNDISCOVERED... AMONG THESE WAS ALDEN, DESIRE TO RETURN TO ENGLAND AND THUS GET AN END TO HIS ANGER.



BUT AS HE SAID ON THE BEACH, HE BEHELD THE FORM OF BRISCELLA.



HERE, FOR HER SAKE WILL I GO, AND HERE AROUND HER FOREVER.

LOST IN THE SOUND OF THE GAYE WAS THE LAST FAREWELL OF THE PILGRIMS. O STRONG HEARTS AND TRUES! NOT ONE WENT BACK ON THE MAYFLOWER!



WHEN THE YARDS WERE BRACED AND ALL SAUS SET TO THE WEST WIND, BLOWING STEADY AND STRONG, AND THE MAYFLOWER SAILED FROM THE HARBOR.



SO THEY RETURNED TO THEIR HOMES, BUT ALDEN LINGERED A LITTLE, THINKING OF MANY THINGS, BUT MOST OF ALL, PRISCILLA...



AND AS HE TURNED TO DEPART, PRISCILLA WAS STANDING BESIDE HIM.

ARE YOU SO MUCH OFFENDED YOU WILL NOT SPEAK TO ME?

I AM NOT ANGRY WITH YOU WITH ANYSELF ALONE. I AM I JARREY, BEING HOW BADLY I MARRIED THE MATTER I HAD IN MY HEADS.





NO, YOU ARE ANGRY WITH ME FOR SPEAKING SO FRANKLY AND FREELY.

HEAVEN FORBID IT, REBECCA.



OUR CAPTAIN HAS GONE IN PURSUIT OF THE INDIANS, WHERE HE IS HAPPIER THAN HE WOULD BE COMMANDING A HOUSEHOLD.

RICHARD TOGETHER THEY WALKED.



MUCH MORE TO ME IS YOUR FRIENDSHIP THAN ALL THE LOVE HE COULD GIVE, WERE HE TWICE THE HERO YOU THINK HIM.

YES WE MUST EVER BE FRIENDS, AND OF ALL WHO OWE YOU FRIENDSHIP LET ME BE EVER THE FIRST, THE TRUEST, THE NEAREST AND DEAREST.



I WOULD NOT BLAME FOR THIS WAS THE SOLDIER WHAT HAS A ROUGH SOLDIER TO DO WITH THE FEELING OF WARRIORS?

CAVENDISH, MILES STRONG HIS MARCHING STEADILY NORTHWARD SILENT AND MOODY HE WENT.

AFTER THREE DAYS MARCH, HE CAME TO AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT. TWO
 FROM AMONG THEM ADVANCING, CAME TO MEET HIM WITH STANDISH.



WELCOME,
 ENGLISH!

WHEN IN THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE THEY
 BEGGED FOR MUSKETS AND POWDER... BUT
 STANDISH SAID HE WOULD GIVE THEM THE BIBLE.

NOW WATTANAHUAT
 CAN SEE THE CAPTAIN
 IS ANGRY BUT BRAVE.
 WATTANAHUAT IS NOT
 AFRAID OF THE SIGHT.

THIS MIGHTY
 CAPTAIN IS A
 LITTLE MAN,
 LET HIM GO
 AND NOW WITH
 THE WOMEN.



MEANWHILE, STANDISH HAD NOTED THE FACED
 AND FEATURES OF INDIANS PEERING AND CREEP-
 ING ABOUT FROM BUSH TO TREE IN THE FOREST.



WHEN HE LEAPED ON THE BRABART AND SMATCHING THE
 KNIFE FROM ITS SCABBARD, FLOUNDED IT INTO HIS HEART.





STRAIGHT THERE AROSE FROM THE FOREST THE AWFUL SOUND OF THE WAR
 ANNOUS. SWIFT AND SUDDEN AND REEDY CAME A GLEIST OF DARTING
 ARROWS. THEN CAME A CLOUD OF SMOKE, AND OUT OF THE CLOUD CAME
 THE LIGHTNING. FRIGHTENED THE BARRAGE ALED FOR SHELTER IN SWAMP
 AND THicket, HOTLY PURSUED AND BESSET. BUT THOU BACHEM, THE
 BRAVE WATTAWAMAT FLED NOT, HE WAS DEAD!



ACROSS THE FIRST BATTLE WAS FOUGHT AND WON BY
 THE STALWART WILES STANDEW,
 WHEN AS A TROPHY OF WAR THE HEAD OF THE BRAVE
 WATTAWAMAT SCORLED FROM THE ROOF OF THE FORT. ALL
 WHO BEHELD IT RELUCED AND REMOVED THE LORD,
 AND TOOK COURAGE. ONLY PRISCILLA AVERTED HER
 FACE FROM THE SPECTER OF TERROR

24 MONTH AFTER JAGTH RAISED AN EYE, AND IN AUTUMN THE SHIPS OF THE MERCHANTS
CAME WITH KINDRED AND FRIENDS, WITH CATTLE AND CORN FOR THE FIELDS.
ALL IN THE VILLAGE WAS PEACE, THE MEN WERE ATENT ON THEIR LABORS.



25 SAVED THE STOLWART STORNEYER WAS
SECURING THE LAND WITH HIS FORCES
WARRING HELMUT IN FEET AND
DEPARTING THE ALIEN ARMED.



26 MEANWHILE ALDEN, AT HOME,
HAD BUILT HIM A NEW
HABITATION OF THICK
BOUGH-STEMS FROM THE
FURS OF THE FOREST.



27 ONE AFTERNOON
IN AUTUMN

NEVER IDLE A MOMENT,
BUT THIRTY AND THOUGHT.
FILL OF OTHERS YOU ARE
NO LONGER PRINCILLA, BUT
BERTHA THE BRUATERS.
SPINNER

COME YOU MUST NOT BE
IDLE IF I AM A PATRON
FOR HOUSEWIVES BE YOU
THE MODEL FOR HUSBANDS



SUDDENLY A BREATHLESS MESSENGER ENTERED BRINGING TERRIBLE NEWS FROM THE VILLAGE.

MILES STANDISH IS DEAD! AN INDIAN HAS BROUGHT US THE TONGUE—SLAIN BY A POISONED ARROW!



THOSE WHOM THE LORD HATH UNITED LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER,



THIS WAS THE WEDDING MORNING OF PERDUELLA, THE PLUMBER AND SON, CHARLE AND BRIDE WAS THE WEDDING. SOFTLY THE YOUTH AND THE MAIDEN REPEATED THE WORDS OF THE BETHROTHAL.



WHEN THE SERVICE WAS ENDED, A FORM APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD, CLAD IN ARMOR OF STEEL, A SOLID AND POWERFUL FIGURE, IS IT A MANIFESTATION OF AID... A BOODLESS SPECTRAL KILLING? IS IT A GHOST FROM THE GRAVE THAT HAS COME TO FORD THE BATTLE-PAUSE?



AND THE ROOM IT STOOD, AND THE PEOPLE BEHELD WITH AMAZEMENT, SOON, THERE IN HIS ARMOR, WILES STANDISH, CAPTAIN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

TOO LONG HAVE I CHECKED THE FEELINGS OF JAMES AND MUST NEVER SO MUCH AS NOW AND WILES STANISH THE FRIEND OF JOHN ALDEN-

...LET ALL BE FORGOTTEN BETWEEN US ALL SAVE THE DEAR OLD FRIENDSHIP AND THAT SHALL GROW OLDER AND DEARER



DEAR WAS THE PEOPLE'S AMAZEMENT AND GREATER THEIR REJOICING, THUS TO BEHOLD ONCE MORE THE CONQUEROR FACE OF THEIR CAPTAIN.



THE BRIDEGROOM WENT FORTH AND STOOD AT THE DOORWAY THERE THE REGULAR FLOW, THE GROUND OF FINE, AND THE REASONS, BUT TO THEIR EYES TRANSCURED IT SEEMED, AS THE GARDEN OF SOEN...

WHEN FROM A STALL NEAR BY HAND ALDEN BROUGHT OUT HIS SHAW-WHITE BULL...

TOWARD THE SOCIAL PROCESSION NOW MOVED TO THEIR NEW HABITATION, HAPPY HUSBAND AND WIFE AND FRIENDS CONVERSING TOGETHER, SO THROUGH THE FLYING WOODS PASSED ONWARD THE PROCESSION.



Evangeline

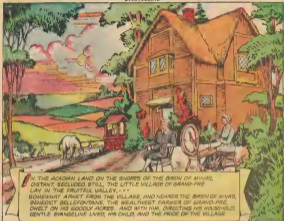
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THIS IS THE FOREST PRIMAL, THE MURKING
PINES AND THE HEMLOCKS
SHARDED WITH MOSS, AND IN GARMENT GREEN,
INDISTINCT IN THE TWILIGHT
STAND LIKE DRUIDS OF OLD, WITH VOICES SAD
AND PROPHETIC,
STAND LIKE HARPER'S HOME, WITH BEARDS
THAT REST ON THEIR BOSOMS.

THIS IS THE FOREST PRIMAL, BUT WHERE
ARE THE HEARTS THAT BENEATH IT
LEAPED LIKE THE ROE, WHEN HE HEARSEM THE
HOOGLAND THE VOICE OF THE HUNTERMAN?
WE WHO BELIEVE IN AFFECTION THAT HOPES, AND
ENDURES, AND IS PATIENT,
WE WHO BELIEVE IN THE BEAUTY AND STRENGTH
OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION,
LIST TO THE MOURNFUL TRADITION, STILL BUNG
BY THE PATHS OF THE FOREST;
LIST TO A TALE OF LOVE IN ACADE,
NONE OF THE HAPPY.

TIME: MID-EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY
PLACE: NOVA SCOTIA

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALEX A. BLUM



IN THE AGRIAN LAND ON THE SHORES OF THE BAY OF AVRAN, DISTANT, SECLUDED, STILL, THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE LAY IN THE FRUITFUL VALLEY, - - - SOMEWHAT APART FROM THE VILLAGE, AND NEARER THE BAY OF AVRAN, BENEVOLE BELLEFONTAINE, THE WEALTHIEST FARMER OF GRAND-PRE, DWELT ON HIS GOODLY ACRES. AND WITH HIM, DIRECTING HIS HOUSEHOLD, GENTLE EVANGELINE LIVED; HIS CHILD, AND THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.



WHEN IN THE HARVEST HEAT SHE BORE TO THE REARDER AT NOON-TIME FLAGONS OF HOME-BREWED ALE, AMY FAIR IN SCOTH WAS THE MAIDEN.



FAVORITE AND SHE, WHEN ON SUNDAY MORN, DOWN THE LONG STREET SHE PASSED WEARING HER NORMAN CAP AND HER KITTLE OF BLUE, AND THE BARK-BAGS, BROUGHT IN OLDER TIME FROM FRANCE, AND SINCE, AS AN HEIRLOOM, HANDED DOWN FROM MOTHER TO CHILD, THROUGH LONG GENERATIONS.



MANY A BUTLER CAME TO HER DOOR, AND AS HE KNOCKED AND WAITED TO HEAR THE SOUND OF HER FOOTSTEPS, KNEW NOT WHICH BEAT THE LOUDEST, HIS HEART OR THE ANVIL OF IRON.



EVEN AT THE JOYOUS FEASTS OF THE PATRON SAINT OF THE VILLAGE, SOLDIER BRON, 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 LAJUEWESSE, THE SON OF BARR, THE BLACKSMITH.



BARR WAS BENEVOLENT'S FRIEND, THEIR CHILDREN FROM EARLIEST CHILDHOOD Grew UP TOGETHER AS BROTHER AND SISTER. NOW THEY NO LONGER WERE CHILDREN.

ONE NIGHT AS BENEDECT AND EVANGELINE SAT IN THEIR HOUSE, THERE WERE FOOTSTEPS HEARD.

BENEDECT KNEW BY THE HOBBLED SHOES IT WAS BASIL, THE BLACKSMITH, AND BY HIS BEATING HEART EVANGELINE KNEW WHO WAS WITH HIM.

WELCOME, BASIL, MY FRIEND, COME TAKE THY PLACE ON THE SETTLE.



EVER IN CHEERFULLEST MOOD ART THOU, WHEN OTHERS ARE FILLED WITH GLOOMY FOREBODINGS OF ILL, THE ENGLISH SHIPS AT THEIR ANCHORS RIDE IN THE GASPEREAU'S MOUTH, WITH THEIR CANNON POINTED AGAINST US!



ALL ARE COMMANDED ON THE MORROW TO ASSEY IN THE CHURCH WHERE HIS MAJESTY'S MANDATE WILL BE PROCLAIMED AS LAW IN THE LAND.

FEAR NO EVIL, MY FRIEND, AND TOMORROW MAY NO SHADOW OR SORROW FALL ON THY HOUSE AND HEARTH; FOR THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE CONTRACT, SHALL WE NOT THEN BE GLAD, AND REJOICE IN THE JOY OF OUR CHILDREN?





WHEN LE ROSE RISE FROM HIS SEAT BY THE FIRE-SIDE DRAPE THE BLACKENED, HOOKED FROM HIS PIPE THE ASHES, AND SLOWLY EXTENDING HIS RIGHT HAND.



FATHER LESLAW, THOU HAST HEARD THE TALK IN THE VILLAGE, AND, PERHAPCE, CANST TELL US SOME NEWS OF THESE DAYS AND THEIR DEEDS

WHEN EVANGELINE HEARD THE WORDS THAT HER FATHER HAD SPOKEN, AND AS THEY DIED ON HIS LIPS, THE NOTARY NOTICED ENTERED.

WHEN WITH MODEST DEVIATION MADE ANSWER THE NOTARY PUBLIC

GOSPEL 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! MUST WE IN ALL THINGS LOOK FOR THE HOW AND THE WHY, AND THE WHEREFORE? ONLY INJUSTICE IS DONE, AND AUGHT IS THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST!



BUT WITHOUT HEEDING HIS WARNING, CONTINUED THE NOTARY PUBLIC...



MAN IS UNJUST, BUT GOD IS JUST, AND FINALLY JUSTICE TRIUMPHS.



WHEN EVANGELINE LIGHTED THE BRAZEN LOAF ON THE TABLE, FILLED TILL IT OVERFLOWED, THE PEETER TANKARD WITH HOME-BREWED RUBY-BROWN ALE, WHILE FROM HIS POCKET THE NOTARY DREW PAPERS AND MINGON WROTE WITH A STEADY HAND THE DATE AND THE AGE OF THE PARTIES, AND THE GREAT SEAL OF THE LAW WAS SET LIKE A SUN ON THE MARGIN.



WHEN FROM HIS LEATHERY POUCH THE FARMER THREW ON THE TABLE THREE TIMES THE OLD MAN'S FEE IN GOLD PIECES OF SILVER.



AS PART SAT THE LOVERS, AND WHISPERED TOGETHER, BEHOLDING THE MOON RISE.



THUS WAS THE EVENING PASSED—AND ON THE BELL FROM THE DELIRY RANG OUT THE HOUR OF NINE, THE VILLAGE CURFEW, AND STRAIGHTWAY ROSE THE GUESTS, AND DEPARTED—AND SILENCE REIGNED IN THE HOUSEHOLD.



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.

EVANGELINE PASSED THE HALL, AND ENTERED THE DOOR OF HER CHAMBER—AH, SHE WAS FAIR, EXCEEDING FAIR TO BEHOLD.





PLEASANTLY ROSE NEXT MORN THE SUN ON THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE PLEASANTLY GLEAMED IN THE SOFT, SWEET AIR THE BOSOM OF HAVAS, WHERE THE SHIPS, WITH THEIR RISING SMOOKS, WERE RIDING AT ANCHOR.

NOW FROM THE COUNTRY AROUND, FROM THE FARMS AND NEIGHBORING HAMLETS, CAME IN THEIR MILDEN DRESSED THE BUOYANT ACADIAN PEASANTS, EVERY HOUSE WAS A FEAST, WHERE ALL WERE WELCOMED AND ROASTED; FOR WITH THE 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; UNDER THE OPEN SKY WAS SPREAD THE FEAST OF THE BRETROTHAL.



THERE IN THE SHADE OF THE PORCH WERE THE PRIEST AND THE NOTARY, THERE GOOD BENEDICT, AND STURDY BIAL, THE BLACKSMITH,



NOT FAR WITHDRAWN FROM THESE, MICHAEL THE FIDDLER WAS PLACED.



SO PASSED THE MORNING AWAY, AND LO! WITH A BUBBLING GONGOROUS SOUNDED THE BELL FROM ITS TOWER, AND OVER THE MEADOW A DRUM BEAT, THROUGH BRELONS WAS THE CHURCH WITH MEN, WITH OUT IN THE CHURCHYARD, WAITED THE WOMEN;

THEN CAME THE GUARD FROM THE SHIPS AND ENTERED THE SACRED PORTAL WITH LOUD AND DISSENTANT CLANGOR ECHOED THE SOUND OF THEIR BRAZEN DRUMS FROM CEILING AND CASSEMENT 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 BEALS THE ROYAL COMMISSION

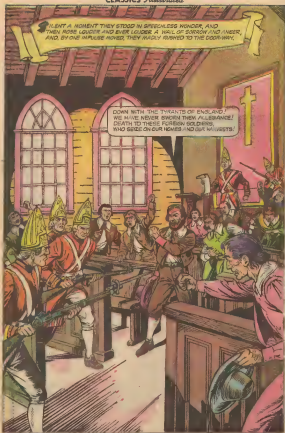


YOU ARE CONVENED THIS DAY BY HIS MAJESTY'S ORDERS. I MUST BOW AND OBEY AND DELIVER THE WILL OF OUR MONARCH, NAMELY THAT ALL YOUR LANDS, AND DWELLINGS, AND CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FORFEITED BE TO THE CROWN, AND THAT YOU YOURSELVES FROM THIS PROVINCE BE TRANSPORTED TO OTHER LANDS GOD GRANT YOU MAY DWELL THERE EVER AS FAITHFUL SUBJECTS, A HAPPY AND PEACEABLE PEOPLE PRISONERS NOW I DECLARE YOU, FOR SUCH IS HIS MAJESTY'S PLEASURE!



3
ILENT 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 RUSHED TO THE DOORWAY,

DOWN WITH THE TYRANTS OF ENGLAND!
WE HAVE NEVER SWORN THEM ALLEGIANCE!
DEATH TO THESE FOREIGN SOLDIERS,
WHO SEIZE ON OUR HOMES AND OUR WIVES!





MORE HE COULD HAVE SAID, BUT THE MERCILESS HAND OF A SOLDIER SMOTE HIM UPON THE MOUTH, AND DROGGED HIM DOWN TO THE PAVEMENT.



IN THE MIST OF THE STIRRE AND TUMULT OF ANGRY CONTENTION, LO! THE DOOR OF THE CHANCEL OPENED, AND FATHER FELICIAN ENTERED.

WHAT IS THIS YE DO, MY CHILDREN? WHAT SADNESS 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 TOIL, MY VOILS AND PRAYERS AND PROVISIONS? HAVE YOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN ALL LESSONS OF LOVE AND FORGIVENESS?

AS HE WERE HIS WORDS OF REBUKE, BUT DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PEOPLE BARK THEY, AND SIGNS OF CONTRITION SUCCEEDED THE PARISHWYRE OUTRAGEAN HYCLE THEY REPEATED HIS PRAYER, AND SAID, O FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!



THEN WHILE THE PLAGUE HAD SPREAD IN THE VILLAGE THE TOWNERS OF ALL AND ON ALL SIDES HANDEDLY WALKING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN



... AND THE GLOOM, BY THE CHURCH
 EMERELINE UNBROOD,
 ALL WAS SILENT WITHIN, AND IN VIEW
 AT THE DOOR AND THE WINDOWS
 STOOD SHE, AND LISTENED AND LOOKED TILL
 OVERTAKEN BY EMOTION, SHE CRIED "SHERRILL!"



BUT NO ANSWER CAME FROM THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD, NOR THE SLOOMER GRAVE OF THE LIVING. SLOWLY AT LENGTH SHE RETURNED TO THE TENANTLESS HOUSE OF HER FATHER. EMPTY AND DEAR, WAS EACH ROOM, AND, HAUNTED WITH PHANTOMS OF TERROR,

FOUR TIMES THE SUN HAD RISEN AND SET, AND NOW ON THE FIFTH DAY
CAME FROM THE NEIGHBORING HAMLETS AND FARMS THE ACADIAN WOMEN,
DRIVING IN PONDEROUS WAGONS THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS TO THE SEA SHORE.



WAGONS TO THE SHERRIFEAU'S MOUTH THEY
HURRLED, AND THERE ON THE SEA-BEACH
PILED IN CONFUSION LAY THE HOUSEHOLD
GOODS OF THE PEASANTS.



LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN THE SUN
WAS NEAR TO HIS SETTING,
SCORCHED FAR OVER THE FIELDS CAME THE
ROLL OF DRUMS FROM THE CHURCHYARD,
TITHER THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN
THRONGED.

ALL DAY LONG BETWEEN THE SHORE AND
THE SHIPS DID THE BOATS FLY,
ALL DAY LONG THE WINDS CAME LABOR-
ING DOWN FROM THE VILLAGE.



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.

HALF WAY DOWN TO THE SHORE, EMMAELINE WAITED IN SILENCE, NOT OVERCOME WITH GRIEF BUT STRONG IN THE HOUR OF AFFLICTION, AND SHE BEHELD THE FACE OF GABRIEL PALE WITH EXHAUSTION. CLASPED SHE HIS HANDS, AND LAID HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER AND WHISPURED:

GABRIEL! BE OF GOOD-CHEER! FOR IF WE LOVE ONE ANOTHER, NOTHING, IN TRUTH, CAN HARM US, WHATEVER PERILS MAY HAPPEN!



SWILING SHE BRACE THESE WORDS, THEN SUDDENLY PAUSED, FOR HER FATHER SAW SHE SLOWLY ADVANCING ALAS! NOW CHANGED WAS HIS ASPECT! GONE WAS THE GLOW FROM HIS CHEEK, AND THE FIRE FROM HIS EYE, AND HIS FOOTSTEP HEAVIER BENEATH WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE HEAVY HEART IN HIS BOSOM.



THUS TO THE MISFORTUNE'S HEAVY MOVED ON THAT AGONIZING PROCESSION, THERE DISORDER PREVAILLED, AND THE TURBULT AND STIR OF EMBARKING. BUSILY FLED THE PRESENTED BOATS, AND IN THE CONFUSION WIVES WERE TORN FROM THEIR HUSBANDS, AND MOTHERS, TOO LATE, SAW THEIR CHILDREN LEFT ON LAND, EXTENDING THEIR ARMS.



SO INTO SEPARATE SHIPS WERE EARL AND GABRIEL CARRIED, WHILE IN DESPAIR ON THE SHORE EMMAELINE STOOD WITH HER FATHER

THEN, AS THE NIGHT DE-SCENDED, THE HERDS RETURNED FROM THEIR PASTURES, SWEET AND THE MOST STILL AIR WITH THE GLOW OF HALK FROM THEIR UDDERS. LONELY, THEY WAITED, AND LONG, AT THE HELL-ANGRY SAYS OF THE FRESHWIND, WAITED AND LOOKED IN VAIN FOR THE VOICE AND THE HAND OF THE MCKENZIE





BUT ON THE SHORES MEANWHILE THE EVENING FIRES HAD BEEN KINDLED ONWARD FROM FIRE TO FIRE, AS FROM HEARTH TO HEARTH IN HIS ARMEN, WANDERED THE FAITHFUL PRIEST CONSOLING AND BLESSING AND CHEERING,



THUS HE APPROACHED THE PLACE WHERE EVANGELINE SAT WITH HER FATHER, AND IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT BEHELD THE FACE OF THE OLD MAN, THEN HE SAT DOWN AT HER SIDE, AND THEY WENT TOGETHER IN SILENCE.



SUDDENLY ROSE FROM THE SOUTH A LIGHT, AS IN AUTUMN THE BLOOD-RED MOON CROSSED THE CRYSTAL WALLS OF HEAVEN, BROADER AND EVER BROADER IT GLEAMED ON THE ROOFS OF THE VILLAGE.



OVERWHELMED WITH THE SIGHT, YET SPEECHLESS, THE PRIEST AND THE MAIDEN GAZED ON THE SCENE OF TERROR THAT RECEIVED AND WITNESSED BEFORE THEM, AND AS THEY TURNED AT LENGTH TO SPEAK TO THEIR SILENT COMPANION, LO! FROM HIS SEAT HE HAD FALLEN, AND STRETCHED ABOARD ON THE SEAGRADE MOTIONLESS LAY HIS FORM, FROM WHICH THE SOUL HAD DEPARTED.

WHEN IN A SWOON SHE SAUK, AND LAY WITH HER HEAD ON HIS BOSOM, THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT SHE LAY IN DEEP, OBLIVIOUS SLUMBER, 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 PROUDLY LAD IN THE CHURCHYARD.



WHEN RECOMMENCED ONCE MORE THE STRA AND NOISE OF DEPARTING, AND WITH THE EBB OF THE TIDE THE SHIPS SAILED OUT OF THE HARBOR, LEAVING BEHIND THEM THE DEAR ON THE SHORE, AND THE VILLAGE IN RUINS.

MANY A WEARY YEAR HAD PASSED, SINCE THE BURNING OF GRAND-PRÉ; FAR ABUNDER, ON SEPARATE COASTS, THE ACADIAN LANKED, FRIENDLESS, HOMELESS, HOPELESS, THEY WANDERED FROM CITY TO CITY LONG AND THERE WAS SEEN A MAIDEN WHO WAITED AND WANDERED SOMETIMES SHE SPoke WITH THOSE WHO HAD SEEN HER BELOVED AND KNOWN HIM.

GABRIEL LAJUNESSE! O YES! WE HAVE SEEN HIM, HE WAS WITH BRILL, THE BLACKSMITH, AND BOTH HAVE GONE TO THE PRAIRIES

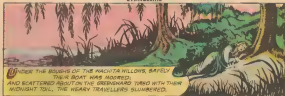
WHETHER MY HEART HAS GONE THERE FOLLOWED BY HAND AND NOT ELSEWHERE!

DEAR CHILD! WHY WAIT FOR HIM LONGER? ARE THERE NOT OTHER YOUTHS AS FAIR AS GABRIEL?

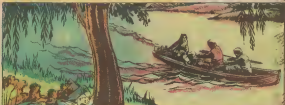
GABRIEL LAJUNESSE! O YES! HE IS A VOUSSUR IN THE LOWLANDS OF LOUISIANA.



IT WAS THE MONTH OF MAY FAR DOWN THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER EAST THE OCHSBORE AND EAST THE MOUTH OF THE WABASH INTO THE GOLDEN STREAM OF THE BROAD AND SWIFT AND SEVERY FLOATED A CUMBERSOME BOAT THAT WAS ROWED BY ACADIAN BROTHERS



UNDER THE BOUGHS OF THE WACHTA WILLOWS, SAFELY
THEIR BOAT WAS MOORED,
AND SCATTERED ABOUT ON THE GREENWARD TERNED WITH THEIR
MIDNIGHT TOLL, THE WEARY TRAVELLERS SLUMBERED.



NEARER, EVER NEARER, AMONG THE NUMBERLESS ISLANDS,
DARTED A LIGHT, SNIFF BOAT, NORTHWARD ITS PROW WAS TURNED
AT THE HELM SAT A YOUTH. 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.

THE SLEEPERS AWOKE, AND THE
MAIDEN SAID WITH A SIGH,



'O BROTHER 'FEUDAN'!
SOMETHING SAYS IN
MY HEART THAT NEAR
WE 'GABRIEL
WANDERER'

DAUGHTER, THY WORDS ARE NOT IDLE
GABRIEL IS TRULY NEAR THEE.
NOT FAR AWAY ARE THE TOWNS OF
ST. MAUR AND ST. MARTIN
THERE THE LONG WANDERING BRIDE
SHALL BE GREEN AS AN EIDER BRIGGSBORN
THOU WHO DWELL THERE HAVE NAMED
IT THE EDGE 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 HAND OVER THE LANDSCAPE.



JUST WHERE THE WOODLANDS MEET THE FLOWERY SURF OF THE PRAIRIE SAT EVANGELINE, THE BLACKSMITH, ARMED BY GAITERS AND DOUBLET OF DEERSKIN.

EVANGELINE!

HEARTY HIS WELCOME WAS, AS HE LED HIS GUESTS TO THE GARDEN. THERE IN AN ARBOR OF ROSES WITH ENDLESS QUESTION AND ANSWER SAWE THEY VENT TO THEIR HEARTS... LAUGHING AND WEeping BY TURNS, OR SITTING SILENT AND THOUGHTFUL, THOUGHTFUL, FOR GABRIEL CAME NOT.

IF YOU CAME BY THE MITCHICALAWA HOW HAVE YOU NOWHERE ENCOUNTERED MY GABRIEL'S BOAT ON THE BAYOU?

COULD'VE GABRIEL GONE?

BE OF GOOD CHEER, MY CHILD. IT IS ONLY TODAY HE DEPARTED THINKING EVER OF THEE. AT LEAST I BELIEVE HE AND SENT HIM INTO THE TOWN OF ADAMS TO TRADE FOR MULES WITH THE BRAGGARDS WE WILL FOLLOW HIM FAST AND BRING HIM BACK TO HIS PRISON.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. W. COLEMAN




WHEN OLD LOUIS HERE HEARD AND UP FROM THE BANKS OF THE RIVER BOATS ALOFT ON HIS COMRADES' ARMS, CAME MICHAEL THE FIDLER,



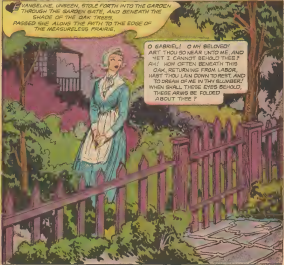
WHEN THEY ASCENDED THE STEPS, AND CROSSING THE BRIDGY VERANDA ENTERED THE HALL OF THE HOUSE, WHERE ALREADY THE SUPPER OF BEER, WAITED HIS LATE RETURN, AND THEY RESTED AND REASTED TOGETHER

WELCOME ONCE MORE, MY FRIENDS, WHO LONG HAVE BEEN FRIENDLESS AND HOMELESS HERE NO HUNGRY WINTER CONGELS OUR BLOOD LIKE THE RIVERS HERE NO STON GROUND PROOVES THE WORTH OF THE FARMER GRASS GROWS MORE IN A SINGLE NIGHT THAN IN A WHOLE CANADIAN SUMMER, NO KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND SHALL DRIVE YOU AWAY FROM YOUR HOMESTEAD.





ONLY BEWARE OF THE FEVER, MY FRIEND, BEWARE OF THE FEVER! FOR IT IS NOT LIKE THAT OF OUR COOL ACADIAN CLIMATE, CURED BY WEARING A SPIDER HINE AROUND ONE'S NECK IN A HUTWELL!



EVANGELINE, UNSEEN, STOLE FORTH INTO THE GARDEN THROUGH THE GARDEN BUTTS, AND BENEATH THE SHADE OF THE OAK TREES, PASSED HER ALONG THE PATH TO THE EDGE OF THE MEASURELESS FRINGS.

O GABRIEL! O MY BELOVED! ART THOU SO NEAR UNTO ME, AND YET I CANNOT BEHOLD THEE? AH! HOW OFTEN BENEATH THIS OAK, RETURNING FROM LABOR, HAST THOU LAIN DOWN TO REST, AND TO DREAM OF ME IN THY SLUMBER! WHEN SHALL THESE EYES BEHOLD, THESE ARMS BE FOLDED ABOUT THEE?



NOT THAT DAY, NOR THE NEXT, NOR YET THE DAY THAT SUCCEEDED FOUND THEY THE TRACE OF HIS COURSE, IN LAKE OR FORDS, OR RIVER.



ALL, AT THE LITTLE INN OF THE SPANISH TOWN OF ADVICE, THEY LEARNED THAT ON THE DAY BEFORE, BOTH FORBES AND COMMISSIONERS, GABRIEL LEFT THE VILLAGE AND TOOK THE ROAD OF THE PRAIRIES.

FEAR IN THE WEST THERE LIES A DESERT LAND WHERE THE MOUNTAINS LIFT, THROUGH FOREVERAL, BEYOND THEIR CRESTS AND LUMINOUS SUMMITS, INTO THIS WONDERFUL LAND, AT THE BASE OF THE CELESTIAL MOUNTAINS, GABRIEL HAD ENTERED, WITH HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS BEHIND HIM.



SOMETIMES THEY SAW, OR THOUGHT THEY SAW, THE SMOKE OF HIS CAMP-FIRE RISE IN THE MORNING AIR FROM THE DESERT PLAIN ...



... BUT AT NIGHTFALL, WHEN THEY HAD REACHED THE PLACE, THEY FOUND ONLY EMBERS AND ASHES.





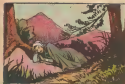
FACE AS THEY SAT BY THEIR EVENING FIRE, THERE SILENTLY ENTERED INTO THE LITTLE CAMP AN INDIAN WOMAN.



SHE WAS A SHAWNEE WOMAN RETURNING HOME TO HER PEOPLE, FROM THE FAR-OFF HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE GREAT COMANCHES, WHERE HER CANADIAN HUSBAND, A COURSEY-DEE-BOY, HAD BEEN MURDERED.



WHEN SHE TOLD OF THE TALE OF ARIUS FROM THE BRIDEGROOM OF SNOW, WHO WON AND WEDDED A MAIDEN, BUT, WHEN THE MORNING CAME, AROSE AND PASSED FROM THE HIGHWAY, RIDING AND MELTING AWAY AND DISSOLVING INTO THE SUNSHINE, TILL SHE BEHELD HIM NO MORE, THOUGH SHE FOLLOWED FAR INTO THE ADIRACKS.



EARLY UPON THE MORNING THE MARCH WAS RESUMED, AND THE SHAWNEE SAID AS THEY JOURNEYED ALONG

ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THESE MOUNTAINS DWELLS THE BLACK ROBE CHIEF OF THE MISSION. MUCH HE TEACHES THE PEOPLE AND TELLS THEM OF HARRY AND JESUS.

LET'S GO TO THE MISSION, FOR THERE GOOD THINGS AWAIT US!



BREATH FROM THE REGION OF SPIRITS SEEMED TO FLOAT IN THE AIR ABOUT, AND SHE FELT FOR A MOMENT THAT, LIKE THE INDIAN MAID, SHE, TOO, WAS PURSUING A PHANTOM WITH THIS SHE AWEAT, AND THE FEAR AND THE PHANTOM VANISHED.

WHETHER THEY TURNED THEIR STEEDS... SOON WAS THEIR STORY TOLD, AND THE PRIEST WITH SOLEMNITY ANSWERED:

AFTER SUNS HAVE SET SINCE GABRIEL CONTINUED HIS JOURNEY FAR TO THE NORTH HE HAS GONE, BUT IN AUTUMN WHEN THE CHASE IS DONE, WILL RETURN AGAIN TO THE MISSION.



LET ME REMAIN WITH THEE, FOR MY SOUL IS SAD AND AFFLICTED.



POINTING HIS MOUNTAIN STEED, WITH HIS INDIAN GUIDES AND COMPANIONS, HOMECARD BARK, RETURNED AND EVANGELINE STAYED AT THE MISSION.



SLOWLY, SLOWLY, SLOWLY THE DAYS succeeded each other, - SO CAME THE AUTUMN, AND PASSED, AND THE WINTER - - - YET GABRIEL CAUGHT BUT ON THE BREATH OF SPRING, AND A RUMOR WAS WAFTED, 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 BLOOD, THAT SOUGHT THE LAKES OF ST LAWRENCE, SAYING A GAD FOREWELL, EMAGELINE WENT FROM THE MISSION.

SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80



EACH SUCCEEDING YEAR STOLE SOMETHING AWAY FROM HER BEAUTY, THEN THERE APPEARED AND SPREAD FAINT STREAKS OF GRAY OVER HER FOREHEAD.

WHEN OVER HEAVY 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!



IN THAT DELIGHTFUL LAND WHICH IS BLESSED BY THE DELAWARE'S WATERS, SOMEONE IN BYLAWY SPOKE THE NAME OF JOHN THE APOSTLE. THERE FROM THE TROUBLED SEA HAD EVANGELINE LANDED, AN EXILE, GABRIEL HAD NOT FORGOTTEN, WITHIN HIS HEART WAS HIS IMAGE.



IN MANY YEARS SHE LIVED AS A SISTER OF MERCY, FREQUENTING LONELY AND WRETCHED ROOMS IN THE CROWDED LANES OF THE CITY.



ON THE BRIM OF THE OAR, HE DROVE THROUGH THE SUBURBS, FLOODED THE GERMAN FARMER, MET HE THAT ROCK, PALE FACE RETURNING HOME FROM ITS WATCHERS.



WHEN IT CAME TO PASS THAT A PESTILENCE FELL ON THE CITY THE POOR WHO HAD NEITHER FRIENDS NOR ATTENDANTS CREPT AWAY TO DIE IN THE ALMSHOUSE NONE OF THE HOMELESS.



WHILE, ON A SABBATH MORNING, SHE ENTERED THE DOOR OF THE ALMHOUSE,
AND, WITH LIGHT IN HER LOOKS, ENTERED THE CHAMBERS OF SICKNESS.



SUDDENLY STILL SHE STOOD,
WHILE A SHOWER RAN
THROUGH HER HAIR
AND THE FLOWERS'DROPPED
FROM HER FINGERS.



ON THE PALLET BEFORE HER WAS STRETCHED
THE FORM OF AN OLD MAN
LONG AND THIN, AND GRAY WERE THE LOCKS
THAT SHADDED HIS TEMPLES.

FINALLY HE STROVE TO RISE, AND EVANGELINE
KNEELING BEFORE HIM
KISSED HIS DYING LIPS AND LAID HIS HEAD
ON HER BOSOM
MEEKLY SHE BOWED HER OWN, AND MURMURED—

FATHER,
I THANK
THEE!



STILL STANDS THE FOREST PRINCESS,
BUT FAR AWAY FROM ITS SHADOW,
SIDE BY SIDE IN THEIR NAMELESS
GRAVES, THE LOVERS ARE SLEEPING.
IN THE FISHERMAN'S COT THE WHEEL
AND THE LOOM ARE STILL BUSY
MAKING STILL, WEAR THEIR NORMAN
CAPS AND THEIR VIRTUES
OF HOMESPIN
AND BY THE EVENING FIRE REPEAT
EVANGELINE'S STORY,
WHILE FROM ITS ROCKY CAVERNS,
THE DEEP-VOICED
NEIGHBORING OCEAN
SPEAKS, AND IN ACCENTS
DISCONSOLATE ANSWERS
THE WAIL, OF THE FOREST.

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AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH Longfellow was born on February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine. His mother, Eliza Wadsworth, was said to be a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. His grandfather, William Longfellow, came to the New World from England in 1676 and settled in wilderness which later became the state of Maine. His father, Stephen, was a lawyer and an honored member of the American Congress.

In 1821, when he was but fourteen years old, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College. Among his classmates were the famous J. S. C. Abbot, writer of children's stories, Nathaniel Hawthorne, great American novelist, and George B. Cheever, champion of universal liberty.

Even before Longfellow was out of college, some of his literary works were published. After he completed his studies, he accepted the position of Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin. However, to better fit himself for the position, he first traveled throughout Europe for three and a half years, devoting his time to study and research. In 1829, he returned to Bowdoin and his new position. In 1831, he married Mary S. Potter, a childhood sweetheart.

Four years later, Longfellow completed and published "Ottie Mer" and was invited by Harvard College to become Chairman of their Modern Languages Department, a great honor which he accepted. But, again, he first went abroad for fifteen months to prepare himself for his new work. During this trip, his wife suddenly died in Rotterdam on November 29, 1835.

In 1836, Longfellow settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, close to historical and cultural Boston. The succeeding years were devoted to writing. First came "Hyperion" (1839), a story of his travels and the same year, a volume of original poems, "Voices of



the Night." In 1841, he gave forth with another cluster of well-received poems, among them "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

In 1843, Longfellow made a third trip to Europe. Upon his return, he gave evidence of his enthusiasm for freedom with "Poems of Slavery." That same year, he married Frances K. Appleton, of Boston, and moved to a house which had served as headquarters for George Washington in 1775.

Between the years 1847 and 1858, Longfellow produced three great American classics which helped make his name immortal—"Evangeline" (1847), "The Song of Hiawatha" (1855), and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858).

Longfellow's life of serenity and literary productivity was interrupted in 1861 by the tragic death of his wife, who burned to death in their Cambridge home. He was left with his five children, his sorrow, and an inability to work. It was two full years before the great poet could resume his writing. In 1868-69, he made yet another trip to Europe where he received great acclaim and much honor.

In 1867, after thirty years of arduous work, Longfellow completed and had published his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His years of study, his linguistic ability and his poetic spirit enabled him to complete many translations but none has become more famous than this great work.

Longfellow was afflicted with rheumatism and his later years were spent in suffering. Although he rallied at times, his strength began to fail. On March 24th, 1862, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died.

A great tribute was paid him by England when a bust of him was placed in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. But even greater is the monument he, himself, erected through his writings.

THE JERSEY TEA PARTY

By WENDELL SMITH

ONE day in the Fall of 1774, nearly everyone in the usually quiet south New Jersey town of Greenwich had gathered in the market place. They were watching the British ship *Greyhound*, which had just arrived from Delaware Bay moored to the wharf on Cobansay Creek.

Henry Stacks stood among the crowd also watching as the crew carried boxes and chests from the ship and into the cellar of a house up the bank. He could hear the people around him saying, "The British knew they couldn't land it at Philadelphia . . . they didn't get away with unloading tea in Boston harbor, so they think they can do it here!"

"Tea!" Henry said to a man standing nearby. "And I haven't had even as much as a taste of tea in months!"

"Well, drink the British tea," the man answered, "and pay the king's tax. They didn't get away with it in Massachusetts, and they'll not in Jersey, either!"

"Well spoken!" Henry Stacks replied, "but they picked a good spot to store it. Right in Dan Bowen's cellar. And he not only a Tory but the sheriff!"

"They can bring it all ashore, but they'll not sell any here!"

Stacks knew there would be trouble ahead, but as the last of the boxes was carried ashore, he raised his nose like a hound and sniffed the air. Tea! Oh, the blessed aroma of tea. Now he would like just a sip of that good hot brew. Slowly he turned toward his home. He'd have to scuffle for dried blackberry leaves.

It was a few weeks later, on the night of December 22, 1774, when Henry Stacks heard the knock at his door he had been waiting for. A man dressed as an Indian whispered in to him, "Put on your disguise, and let's go, Stacks! The coast is clear and there's no time to lose!"

In the street were others dressed as Indians already starting towards the house where the tea was stored. The man at the

head of the group was Richard Howell, a young Revolutionary from Bridgeton, who later became governor of New Jersey. Stacks also recognized others of the forty men assembled as being from the nearby towns of Fairfield and Shiloh and Roadstown.

The men gathered together and stormed Dan Bowen's house and broke into the cellar. They began carrying out the boxes and smashing them, pouring the tea into a pile.

"The British will get no tax from this tea!" Howell shouted as he set fire to the pile. Stacks was just coming out of the cellar with a chest of tea when he saw the tea in the market place starting to burn.

The smell of the tea was strong in the air, and he watched the crackling flames light up the square. He thought of the evenings he would have to resort to dried blackberry leaves instead of the tea that was fast being consumed by the flames. "I'm not a merchant," he thought, "a little tea for my efforts will never be missed and won't go to waste."

So with every box that Stacks threw on the flames, he scooped a handful of tea from the pile and slipped it into his shirt and trousers. After several trips to the fire, Stacks began to take on a rather peculiar shape.

Finally, the last of the tea was on the fire and the flames began to die down. As the "Indians" drifted back to their homes, many were the questioning glances which were thrown in the direction of one figure, for it was so unusually fat and lumpy.

The next morning, only ashes remained in the market place of Greenwich, but the flames that had leaped from these ashes were flames of freedom which helped bring on the American Revolution.

And that evening, Henry Stacks sat down to a steaming cup of tea, and he had tea for many weeks afterwards. It took him a lifetime, however, to live down the name of "Tea Stacks."



AMERICAN INDIANS

THE APACHE

IT HAS been said of the Apaches that they were the Ishmaels of the West. Ishmael, you will recall from the Old Testament, was the son of Abraham and Hagar. It was predicted of him, "His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." It was so with the Apache. He raided Indian village and white settlement alike, looting, burning, murdering. War was the way of life of this nomadic tribe which drenched the good earth of the New World with blood for more than three hundred years.

In October, 1860, the father of a boy who was kidnapped by Indians protested to the military. A second lieutenant, George N. Bascom, was ordered to recover the boy from Cochise, the Chiricahua chief, who was believed to be responsible for the kidnapping.

Cochise met with Lt. Bascom and brought along his wife and son, a brother and two nephews. Cochise said he did not have the boy but would try to locate him and purchase his freedom from the tribe which held him. Meantime, Bascom had had the tent surrounded by soldiers. He informed Cochise that he and his people would be held as hostages until the boy was surrendered. Almost before the words were out of the Lieutenant's mouth, Cochise had drawn his knife and, with the spring of a wildcat, had slashed the tent wall and leaped through into the midst of the startled soldiers. Before the soldiers could recover from their astonishment, Cochise was on his horse and flying away.

Cochise's first move was to gather his followers and attack a mail station. He killed one man and seized a stage driver named Wallace. The same evening, he captured a wagon train and carried away two Americans after murdering the others.

Cochise waited a few days and then



arranged a second meeting with Lieut. Bascom. Wallace's hands were tied with a rope, one end of which was attached to the saddle of Cochise's horse. The Apache chief offered to release Wallace and the other two Americans if Bascom would release his relatives. Wallace, who spoke the Apache tongue, pleaded with Lt. Bascom to make the exchange. The Lt. stubbornly held to his first demands. At the failure of this ploy, Cochise dragged Wallace to death and later killed the other Americans. In reprisal, Bascom hanged Cochise's relatives.

After many years of terror and bloodshed, the Apaches, under Cochise, surrendered in 1874 when the government assured them they would be returned to the reservation at Ojo Caliente. Cochise died shortly afterward, and the authorities sighed with relief. . . . but the sigh was premature. In 1877, another chief, Geronimo, led the warriors off the reservation and into Mexico where they began a series of attacks. Soon, all of Southern Arizona resounded with the name of Geronimo, whose savage warriors plundered and murdered. The sound of hoof beats echoed in the canyons of Arizona as the U. S. Cavalry followed Geronimo's devilish path as it climbed hills, descended into valleys and crossed swift-running streams.

The last great chief of the Apaches continued to maneuver, feint, attack — and evade capture. It was a day of rejoicing when Geronimo finally decided to surrender his entire band on September 4, 1886. This marked the end of effective organized resistance against the United States by the Apaches. It meant a new and greater freedom of the plains and the end of a threat from a foe whose very name was synonymous with warfare, cruelty, bloodshed, terror—the Apache—Ishmaels of the West!

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

CYRUS McCORMICK

Inventor of the Reaper



ON A bright July day in 1831, on the hillside of a Virginia farm, a husky young man of twenty-two glanced at a field of wheat. As his excited parents, brothers and sisters watched, the lad hitched a team of horses between the shafts

of a clumsy-looking contraption and drove it into the grain. A reel revolved on the machine and swept the wheat down on a knife. The steel blade near the ground cut the wheat with a rapid back-and-forth motion of its saw-edged teeth. The grain fell neatly out upon an attached platform.

The young man, Cyrus McCormick, climbed from the team to receive the congratulations of his parents. He had invented and successfully tested a machine that would revolutionize agriculture—the Reaper.

Even before Cyrus was born in 1809, his father, Robert McCormick, was trying to invent a reaper. For years he struggled with the idea, and finally, giving up in disgust, he swore it was an impossibility. Cyrus looked over his father's plans; they were impossible. The reaper that Cyrus perfected worked on an entirely different theory. True, his first machine worked poorly, but its fundamental principles have proved essential to reaping and harvesting machinery down to the present day.

In 1833, Cyrus improved his machine and exhibited it before a crowd in Lexington, Virginia. Some farmers were hostile to the Reaper, but most were impressed when they saw it could do the work of six men.

It was not until 1834 that McCormick took out a patent on the Reaper. Still not convinced that his machine was capable of meeting all conditions of harvest, he decided against placing it on the market.

For several years, though he still experimented with his invention, McCormick engaged in the business of making iron. The panic of 1837, however, forced him to shut

down his iron furnace. He then turned completely to perfecting his Reaper for commercial manufacture.

In 1844, after a 3500 mile trip to the North and West, he arranged for its manufacture in Brockport, New York, Cincinnati, and Illinois.

But this plan did not work. These manufacturers used poor materials and unskilled workmen. McCormick wanted his Reapers to be good. If he wanted perfection, he knew he would have to make them in his own factory.

He remembered the far-reaching uncultivated plains of the West. These rich lands were unused, for farmers could not harvest by hand the vast crops that might be grown there. He knew that the future of his Reaper lay in the plains states, and that they must be built near the prairie.

In 1847, McCormick erected a factory in a then insignificant lakeport—Chicago. He had the vision to see that Chicago, then but a small town without even a railroad, would some day be a great shipping center.

By 1851, he was building a thousand Reapers a year and still was unable to meet the demands of prairie farmers. Other men, too, were making Reapers, and patent complications arose, but McCormick's reputation was so well established that his output far exceeded his scores of imitators.

The effects of McCormick's Reaper were widely felt. Farmers could cut their crops whenever they were ready, in less time, with less labor and at a greater yield. The Reaper helped to open great stretches of the West to immigrants. It released many laborers from the fields who in turn expanded Eastern industrial enterprises.

By 1875, McCormick's factories were turning out not only Reapers but many other labor-saving farm devices.

Cyrus McCormick died in 1884. He will be remembered as a benefactor who made it possible for mankind to harvest grain on millions of land-acres never before cultivated—and a man who greatly increased and cheapened the world's supply of bread.



Classics Illustrated Junior

BEST LOVED STORIES FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FAIRY TALES



- 301 SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
- 302 THE UGLY DUCKLING
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