

Where stood their homes—yet unforget,
 Whose toil first blessed the Land.
 The stranger's* charm'd voice told not all
 The story of their doom;
 Still moan through many a ruined wall,
 Past agony and gloom.†
 Moan—that the old world came to view
 Its lost Arcadia‡ in the New.

Bethink ye—that ye leave unsung,
 The stately Moose to roam;
 Nor less might some sweet Lyre be strung,
 For yon wild hunter's home.
 Beneath the sighing branchy pine,
 The wandering people dwell;
 While delicate dark fingers twine,
 The brilliant fabric well.
 'Till in its graceful craft you trace,
 The fancies of the simple race.

Have ye not one melodious strain,
 For that strange exile-grove,§
 Whose boughs are bright in warm spring rain.
 And green when snow-winds rove.
 The Indian deemed he earned his doom,
 Whose guidance had betrayed;
 To brethren pale, the sacred gloom
 Of that mysterious shade.
 Unreached—upon the Alien shore,
 Save Alien's daring foot explore.

Look with the yellow autumn sun,
 Where the flax-gatherers toil,
 Nor scorn the mirth when day is done,
 That mockery cannot spoil.
 And mark across some threshold lone,
 The evening sunlight lies,
 Where—humming to her small wheel's tone—
 The white-haired woman plies,
 The whiter threads, that yet shall crowd
 Round household cradle, board and shroud.

Still songless sweeps the splendid wave,
 (Whose rafts float to the sea,)
 The wild romantic banks to lave,
 Of 'Shubenacadie.'

* Longfellow's Evangeline.

† The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of the unreflecting soldiery; stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.—HALIBURTON'S NOVA SCOTIA.

‡ Acadia, Acadie, and Arcadia were the names given indiscriminately, by the first French settlers, to this Province.

§ See the account given by Mr. James Irons, of these singular Trees, upon the occasion of the successful search for their locality, by Capt. C——ly. Also, the very fanciful tradition attached by the Indians to the spot.