Fair La Cadie.

O ! La Cadie, fair La Cadie,
Child of misfortunes past,
Thy lands, once stained by weeping blood,
Rejoice in peace at last.

Over the wilds of an eastern sea
Flows ever the restless wave,
Its rugged voice re-echoes loud
O'er many a nameless grave.

The moss-strewn sands, O ! La Cadie,
Smile on a sunlit sea,
A wealth of beauty they unfold
Vast as infinity.

Thy verdant hills and valleys fair
Have kissed a thousand tears,
As each succeeding joy or pain
Gave life to hope or fears.

The fitful flash, and cannon's crash,
The groan, and the sabre's gleam,
Disturb no more thy tranquil shore,
Peace now endures supreme.

The voice of fame proclaims thy name,
And bards and verse enshrine
The pathos of unhappy days,
Strewn on the waste of time.

Thy fields a golden harvest bear,
And woodlands amply crowned,
Sufficient unto winter's need
All blessings here abound.

Come not, thou fearful guest of war,
To Scotia's hills of green,
Where lived the fair *Gregoria—
Beloved Evangeline.

WILLIAM VAN BUREN THOMPSON.

*It is stated on good authority that Gregoria Romonia Antonia, a native of Spain (whose remains rest in the ancient burial ground at Annapolis, N. S.) accompanied her husband on the battlefield of Waterloo. "She rests far from the orange groves of Andalusia where once her youthful beauty commanded homage."—MacVicar's History of Annapolis Royal.