

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE PIC-NIC.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Now morning fair with golden hair
 Is through the pine woods streaming;
 And of a day of mirth and play
 The youngsters all are dreaming,
 No sound of axe salutes the ear,
 The ox set free from logging,
 And neighbours all both great and small
 Are to the Pic-nic jogging.

The girls and boys how they rejoice,
 So merrily they're driving,
 And far and wide from every side.
 In happy pairs arriving :
 Bill's mounted on his idol there,
 With boughs he has array'd her,
 And boasts the virtues of "that mare"
 To Dicky the horse-trader.

Dick stumps him just to try a heat,
 "Come bring your scare-crow hither,"
 And in such living converse sweet
 They trot along together ;
 They pass along the ridge of beech,
 And by the hemlocks hoary,
 And leave the noble troop of pines
 All towering in their glory.

They reach the grove of maples green
 Beside the winding river,
 Still at the song it sung so long
 To Red Men gone forever !
 And it will leap and laugh along
 As gay and happy hearted,
 And it will sing the self same song
 When we, too, have departed.

A table's spread beneath the trees,
 Some busily partaking,
 While others swing, or romp and sing,
 All bent on merry-making :
 The old folks talk about the crops;
 The little boys are larking,
 And with the fair young creatures
 The lads are busy sparking.

They form a circle round the spring
 The sparkling waters quaffing,
 All peeling fun, and ne'er a one
 At all can keep from laughing
 At am'rous John still sparking on,

At sixty-two a wanter,
 Or roaring at the great exploits
 Of Bill the mighty hunter.

His treecing coons 'neath Autumn moons,
 His fishings and his forays,
 His great affairs with angry bears,
 His terrible wolf stories ;—
 When Fred comes with his violin
 By young and old invited,
 With shouts of joy the bashful boy
 They circle round delighted.

Tho' he is but a backwoods lad
 A native born musician,
 What strains he brings from those mere strings
 O ! he's a real magician,
 He plays a quick and merry tune,
 With joy each eye is glancing,
 How he appeals to all their heels,
 And sets them all a dancing.

That mother with her joyous air
 Her baby how she dandles,
 While Bill and Dick are dancing quick,
 And shouting out like vandals.
 The chipmonk peeps from out the logs
 And wonders at the glurry,
 And all amazed with tail upraised
 Makes tracks in quite a hurry.

The gray owl opens up his eyes
 And looks in stupid wonder,
 While through the wood the partridge brood
 Are rolling off like thunder,
 The old coon's in the elm above
 Pretending that he's sleeping,
 But with one eye the old boy sly
 A wond'ring watch is keeping.

Fred's mood has changed, and in the midst
 Of all our merry madness,
 He makes us drink ere we can think
 The deeper joy of sadness,
 The youths and maidens hush to hear,
 Tho' 'tis no tale of glory,
 And drink in with a greedy ear
 That simple backwood's story.

His voice he flings among the strings
 That seem with sorrow laden,
 Oh ! hear the sighs and wailing cries
 Of the poor hapless maiden ;
 "Ah thou art laid in thy death bed
 Beneath the grassy cover