

Some of the Natives hush it, and ignore,
 The narrative, when 'tis repeated o'er ;
 Or, start objections, childishly absurd,
 How such a scene could ever have occur'd.
 And, carelessly the tourists turn their eyes
 Away from where the granite boulder lies ;
 On which the Indian, for a target stood ;
 To know what length a cannon shot was good ;
 And left his carcass on the spot to tell,
 How far the Big gun carried, and how well !
 But should a pic-nic, or a rural fete
 Be improvised at Roundhill, or Rosette,
 Or, any frolic of ephem'ral kind,
 Made palatable to the youthful mind ;
 Whereon enjoyment all could calculate,
 What a sensation would it not create ?
 Like a Bee-hive reft of the regent queen,
 The countryside would instantly be seen ;
 And the details, at least, for one decade,
 The theme of fireside conversation made.
 And in hereafter, children would depone,
 To other children, what was said and done,
 With all the variations, and some more
 At ev'ry telling, than was told before—
 Transposed or dovetail'd in, as answers best
 Such audiences as are to be address'd.

And of the students, either east or west,
 (Dalhousie not excepted from the rest,)