

Never heard there in all the years, now fled,  
On times' recording pages number'ed.

Scarce had the daylight broke, and morning light  
Grew to the fulness of a summer's day—  
We found our wind had vanish'd in the night,  
And oars betask'd us for a weary way ;  
Reach'd we an island ; camp'd under its lee,  
'Till more advantageous the breeze should be,  
So here I'll leave imagery to beg,  
And come at once into the Winnipeg.

Rat Portage, I can picture thee now  
Though I will give thee only a line  
'Dallas' we'll pass with a souvenance,  
The "Grand Decharge" will hasten the time.

Yellow Mud now recedes from my view,  
Remembrance here will linger apace,  
Islington Mission greets my view,  
Its rural outlines my mind can trace.

Island Portage or Portage de l'Isle,  
Passes by in a beautiful dream,  
Chute a Jacques, its tortuous way,  
Swift silent tide, and picturesque stream.

Point de Bois and next the "Slave Falls,"  
Glorious ! rushing their course along.  
Eddies whirl round their rocky beds,  
Unconquer'd current shallow and strong.

Trees that shade o'er its rocky banks,  
Granite rocks on each side of my hand,  
Resting there in their silent sleep,  
Thousands of years in that sterile land,