

Fort Garry, with its vast prairie.
 Next morn, I left the camp behind,
 And even now I call to mind,
 The way the noisy river ran,
 From out the Lake Shebandowan,
 The rapids were but trifles to
 The ones we recently ran through.
 But here I am again, and learn,
 That I must 'even now return,
 Nor thus digress such lengthy spans,
 But start me from Shebandowan,
 And tell you what we did accrue,
 This weary lengthy journey through.
 Knowledge—you'll say, oh, guessing sage,
 We learn'd to traverse a portage.
 The busy scene occurs each day,
 Brigades are hastening-away,
 And as the mind embraces it,
 'The reign of Chaos' seems to fit.
 Day after day, fresh boats are gone,
 At latest eve, or early morn,
 All seem elated as they go,
 With 'human nature' feelings shew
 They care not what the change may be,
 To get from this tamè pageantry,
 Heed not the future, or the course,
 If 'twere for better or for worse ;
 It was a summer's evening bright,
 As ever fell to human sight
 Or could be wish'd by mortal man
 When we left the Shebandowan.
 I mean Cook's company ; the first,
 Perhaps the best, but not the worst,
 Of all Ontario's stalwart forms,
 That England's regiments now adorn.
 Though not all men like Harry Lee,
 Can boast of more than six feet three,