

And how many there would be more—  
 Thus four we cross'd ; when, it is true,  
 We to it more accustom'd grew.  
 Nor car'd at all what other's were,  
 We'd face them manfully when there,  
 With greater ease than at the first,  
 The two of all by far the worst.  
 The Height of Land we see at last,  
 Four of weary trials past,  
 Two called Kash-i-bowe,  
 And two I think are term'd Brule,  
 So we'll go on with better will  
 Cross we the two they term Baril.  
 Leave scenes so very much the same,  
 Giving them each a proper name,  
 For well they will remember'd be,  
 At least in our imagery.  
 So from Brule, for thus they ran,  
 There's three of Windigostigan,  
 While further on our pilgrimage,  
 We come upon the French portage,  
 Which pass'd ; a stream that ends with rock  
 Leads 'cross to Kaogasikok.  
 If then, with fewer words we'll take  
 A trip across old Sturgeon Lake.  
 Beautiful falls I can't forget,  
 The finest we have come to yet,  
 Tanner's and Island portage past,  
 We come to Neguagon at last.  
 Thence to Bare portage—the last one  
 Ere Rainy Lake we gaze upon  
 So for to night I'll rest my pen,  
 And sleep the same as other men.

Blow, breezes blow,  
 Our course lies on  
 Blow fresh and strong,