

T' have felt it with the rest.
 For thus I thought while I did float,
 Upon the sluggish stream,
 And call'd the past unto my mind,
 In retrospection's dream.
 Have ye ne'er had a dream like this
 And felt that something was amiss ?

I will not dwell upon it more,
 I'll watch me where we go,
 As by the river banks we glide,
 With measur'd stroke and slow.
 The oars dip in ; the liquid flood,
 Its sound to me is old,
 And trees of varied foliage shine,
 As if their leaves were gold.
 But yet no houses grace the side
 Of the Red River's ebbing tide.

So on, and on our good boat goes—
 I would the tale were done,
 Till near the "Lower Fort" and met
 The Sixtieth on return,
 And cordial greetings pass'd to all,
 And wishes there were said,
 Of good import from ey'ry lip,
 By shouts accompanied.
 While all the plunder they had there,
 Was a contented looking bear.

The sun had sunk behind the hill
 When our feet touch'd the shore,
 And walked around the Lower Fort,
 And scanned it o'er and o'er,
 We long'd to start the twenty miles,
 On which Fort Garry lies,
 To gaze upon its sim'lar walls.