

The "Otter Fall" with a noble swell,
 Comes then in a visionary dream,
 The swelling tide where the waters meet,
 Into a still and silent stream.

Never a thought till the rushing tide
 Frothing and seething, hissing along,
 All thy surroundings full justice do
 Unto thy waters so deep and strong.

Then comes the vilest, smallest of all,
 Seven following close in a line,
 So onward we speed, and quickly cross
 Within a few fleeting hours of time.

Then Bonnet Lake, but we will not wait
 The "White Mud" too we will pass in haste,
 Come to the ones so rightfully named
 The Silver Falls, on the rock bound waste.

Oh, "Silver Falls," yea, silver indeed,
 Thy bosom is all a shining white,
 Whilst sunbeams dancing thy crests upon,
 Do almost dazzle the orbs of sight.

No boat could live in thy treach'rous foam
 Beautiful only unto the eye,
 Rearing, and roaring, dashing along,
 With this last tribute I pass thee bye.

Pine Portage, I'll but mention thy name
 For well I remind me what thou wert,
 Our journey is short'ning fast you'll say,
 For yonder stands Alexander Fort.

The old flag floated where we landed
 Over us high the platform above,