

Huron, distinguish'd by its thund'ring bay,
 Where full-charg'd clouds heav'ns ord'nance ceaseless play.
 Thee *Michigan*, where learned beavers lave,
 And two great tribes divided hold thy wave.
Erie for serpents fam'd, whose noisome breath,
 By man inhal'd, conveys the venom'd death.
 The streams thence rushing with tremendous roar,
 Down thy dread fall, *Niagara*, prone pour;
 Back foaming, in thick hoary mists, they bound,
 The thund'ring noise deafens the country round,
 Whilst echo, from her caves, redoubling sends the sound. }
 'Twixt awe and pleasure, rapt in wild suspense,
 Giddy, the gazer yields up ev'ry sense.
 So have I felt when Handel's heavenly strains,
 Choral, announce the great Messiah reigns:
 Caught up by sound, I leave my earthly part,
 And into something more than mortal start.
 Now, in *Ontario's* urn, spacious they spread,
 By added waters, from *Oswego*, fed,
 Thence down the *Cataragui* rolling on,
 Or gliding gently to the Naiades' song;
 Who, in full chorus, vocal, join their lays,
 To chant, in chearful carols, Ceres' praise:
 Whose yellow harvests, nodding, glad the shore,
 Where Dryades, midst wild deserts, reign'd before.
 Where prowl'd the wolf, the bear and fox obscene,
 Now grateful kine, loud lowing, graze the green.
 Such are thy blessings peace! superior far
 To specious conquests of wild-wasting war.
 Destructive war! at best the good of few,
 Its dire effects whilst millions dearly rue.

How