



ABRAM'S PLAINS.

THY Plains, O *Abram!* and thy pleasing views,
Where, hid in shades, I sit and court the muse,
Grateful I sing. For there, from care and noise,
Oft have I fled to taste thy silent joys:
There, lost in thought, my musing passion fed,
Or held blest converse with the learned dead.
Else, like a steed, unbroke to bit or rein,
Courting fair health, I drive across the plain;
'The balmy breeze of Zephyrus inhale,
Or bare my breast to the bleak northern gale.
Oft, on the green sod rolling as I lay,
Heedless, the grazing herds around me stray:
Close by my side shy songsters fearless hop,
And shyer squirrels the young verdure crop:
All take me for some native of the wood,
Or else some senseless block thrown from the flood.
Thy flood Saint Lawrence, in whose copious wave
The Naiades of a thousand riv'lets lave:
'Through whom, fresh seas, from mighty urns descend,
And, in one stream, their many waters blend.
Thee, first of lakes*! as *Asia's Caspian* great,
Where congregated streams hold icy state.

B

Huron,

* Lake *Superieur*. One quality of whose waters is to be remarkably cold under the surface.