

Through the long lonesome unfrequented way,
 Midst thickest woods, where only wild beasts stray;
 But all their efforts of how small avail!
 Their object conquest, but their fate a goal.
 The statesman thus builds high his golden hope,
 But finds his schemes end in an ax or rope.
 Thus too the merchant grasps his fancy'd plumb,
 But to a *whereas* lo! his prospects come.
 'The soldier, statesman, merchant, where's the state
 Exempt from the vicissitudes of fate?
 Ye great, ye rich, by heart this lesson learn,
 Nor, in the pride of pow'r, the wretched spurn:
 Blind fortune's fickle-wheel perpetual whirls,
 Those under lifts, those from the top low hurls.
 E're from the lungs, in air, the breath is lost,
 'Tis firmly fix'd a palpable hoar frost.
 Of Icelanders hence travellers declare,
 Their words, in winter utter'd, fix in air,
 'Till spring's warm sun the atmosphere unbinds,
 Then bursts the jargon of a thousand minds.
 The smooth firm flood Hyde-park's gay scene supplies,
 Where, hid in fur, the beau triumphant flies:
 The mettled steed pants to the distant goal,
 Whilst thund'ring follows the shod cariole.
 In furrows the pois'd skater plows the ice,
 In circles glides or onward swiftly flies.
 But if, unhing'd, broad floating fields of glass,
 In contest join'd, stubborn dispute the pass;
 From the collision soar, with rattling crash,
 Fragments that back the solar beams bright flash:

O'er