

O'er the ploug'd plain rough ridges rudely rise,—
Vanish'd the skater's scene of action flies.

So when the hurricane's destructive blast,
With rage relentless, o'er the shores has past,
Roofs, rafters, trees, torn by the furious storm,
The level surface of the meads deform.

Fearless, amidst the fragments, as they flow,
The skilful peasant guides his long canoe.
The trav'ler dauntless the snows depths disdains,
He stalks secure o'er hills, o'er vales and plains;
On the spread racket, whilst he safely strides,
Tales of Europeans lost in snow derides.

Here, (blush ye London fops embox'd in chair,
Who fear, tho' mild your clime, to face the air)
Scorning to shrink at every breeze that blows,
Unaw'd, the fair brave frosts and driving snows.

But see, far down the west, the God of day
Behind yon mountain's brow, low sinks his ray:
The fleecy clouds, deep-fring'd with blushing red,
Calm on the soul, mild as their lustre, shed.
True emblem of life's happy middle scene,
Where neither glare nor gloom once intervene:
Beneath the blaze of mad ambition's fire,
Yet above want, where all our joys expire.
There easy labour keeps the soul serene,
Nor rais'd by vanity nor sunk by spleen;
Life's clear smooth stream unruffled gently flows,
Nor one rude breeze to hurt it's quiet blows.

Now shade o'er shade steals gradual on the sight,
Darkness shuts up the scene and all is night.

Except,