

and puffs them wide of Hope: With Hearts of Proof,
 full against Wind, and Tide, *some* win their Way;
 and when strong Effort has deserv'd the Port,
 and tugg'd it into View, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
 Tho' strong their Oar, still stronger is their Fate;
 They strike; and, while they Triumph, they Expire.
 In Strefs of Weather, *Most*; *Some* sink outright;
 o'er them, and o'er their Names, the Billows close;
 to-morrow knows not they were ever Born.
Others a short Memorial leave behind,
 like a Flag floating, when the Bark's ingulph'd;
 it floats a Moment, and is seen no more:
 One CAESAR lives; a Thousand are forgot.
 How Few, beneath auspicious Planets born,
 (Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's Elect!)
 with swelling Sails make good the promis'd Port,
 with all their Wishes freighted! Yet ev'n These,
 freighted with all their Wishes, soon complain;
 free from Misfortune, not from Nature free,
 they still are Men; and when is Man secure?
 As fatal Time, as Storm, the Rush of Years
 beats down their Strength; their numberless Escapes
 in Ruin end: And, now, their proud Success