

Aussi la Fortune volage
 N' a jamais causé mes ennuis,
 Soit qu' elle m' agaçe, ou qu' elle m' outrage,
 Je dormirai toutes les nuits
 En lui refusant mon hommage.
 Mais notre etat nous fait loi,
 Il nous oblige, il nous engage
 A mesurer notre courage,
 Sur ce qu' exige notre emploi.
 Voltaire dans sons hermitage,
 Dans un país dont l' heritage
 Est son antique bonne foi,
 Peut s' addonner an paix a la vertu du sage
 Dont Platon nous marque la loi.
 Pour moi menacé du naufrage,
 Je dois, en affrontant l' orage,
 Penfer, vivre, et mourir en Roi.

Translated into English.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq;

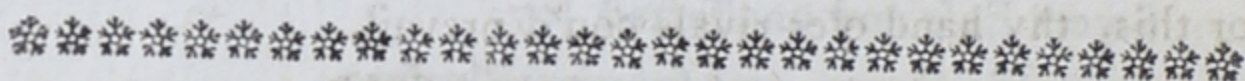
VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now
 In private life's calm station plac'd,
 Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,
 With cold indiff'rence would I view
 Changing Fortune's winged haste,
 And laugh at her caprice like you.
 Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
 Imperial duty's real weight,

The

The faithless courtier's supple bow,
 The fickle multitude's cares,
 And the great Vulgar's Littleness,
 By long experience well I know ;
 And, tho' a Prince and Poet born,
 Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
 For when the ruthless shears of Fate
 Have cut my life's precarious thread,
 And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,
 What wil't avail that I *was* great,
 Or that th' uncertain tongue of Fame
 In Mem'ry's temple chaunts my name ?
 One blisful moment whilst we live
 Weighs more than ages of renown ;
 What then do Potentates receive
 Of good, peculiarly their own ?
 Sweet Ease and unaffected Joy,
 Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure,
 The regal throne and palace fly,
 And, born for liberty, prefer
 Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
 To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,
 The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
 My pain or blis shall ne'er depend
 On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
 For, whether she's my foe or friend,
 In calm repose I'll pass the night ;
 And ne'er by watchful homage own
 I court her smile, or fear her frown.

But

But from our stations we derive
 Unerring precepts how to live,
 And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
 By which is measur'd human worth.
 Voltaire, within his private cell
 In realms where ancient honesty
 Is patrimonial property,
 And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,
 May give up all *his* peaceful mind,
 Guided by Plato's deathless page,
 In silent solitude resign'd
 To the mild virtues of a Sage;
 But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
 Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
 Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
 In thought, in life, in death a king.



At seeing * Archbishop WILLIAMS's Monument
 in CARNARVONSHIRE.

IN that remote and solitary place,
 Which the seas wash, and circling hills embrace,
 Where those lone walls amid the groves arise,
 All that remains of thee, fam'd *Williams*, lies.
 Thither, sequester'd shade, creation's nook,
 The wand'ring Muse her pensive journey took,

* *John Williams was consecrated bishop of Lincoln, November 11. 1621. was translated to York December 4. 1641. and died March 25. 1649. and was buried at Landegay near Bangor.*

Curious