

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.

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At seeing \* Archbishop WILLIAMS's Monument  
 in CARNARVONSHIRE.

**I**N 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



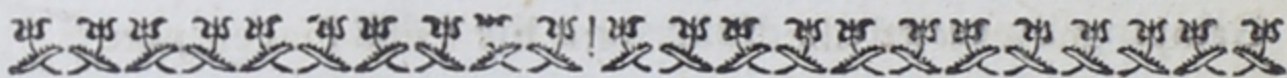
Curious to trace the statesman to his home,  
 And moralize at leisure o'er his tomb :  
 She came not, with the pilgrim, tears to shed,  
 Mutter a vow, or trifle with a bead,  
 But such a sadness did her thoughts employ,  
 As lives within the neighbourhood of joy.  
 Reflecting much upon the mighty shade,  
 His glories, and his miseries, she said :

“ How poor the lot of the once-honour'd dead !  
 Perhaps the dust is *Williams*, that we tread.  
 The learn'd, ambitious, politic, and great,  
 Statesman, and prelate, this alas ! thy fate.  
 Cou'd not thy *Lincoln* yield her pastor room,  
 Cou'd not thy *York* supply thee with a tomb ?  
 Was it for this thy lofty genius soar'd,  
 Carefs'd by monarchs and by crowds ador'd ?  
 For this, thy hand o'er rivals cou'd prevail,  
 Grasping by turns the crozier and the <sup>b</sup> seal ?  
 Who dar'd on *Laud*'s meridian pow'r to frown,  
 And on aspiring *Buckingham* look down.  
 This thy gay morn, ——— but ere the day decline  
 Clouds gather, and adversity is thine.  
 Doom'd to behold thy country's fierce alarms,  
 What had thy trembling age to do with arms ?  
 Thy lands dragoon'd, thy palaces in dust,  
 Why was thy life protracted to be curst ?  
 Thy king in chains, ——— thyself by lawless might  
 Strip't of all pow'r, and exil'd from thy right.

<sup>b</sup> He was made lord keeper of the great seal July 20. 1621.



Awhile the venerable hero stood,  
 And stemm'd with quiv'ring limbs the boist'rous flood;  
 At length, o'er-match'd by injuries and time,  
 Stole from the world and fought his native clime.  
*Cambria* for him with moans her region fills:  
 She wept his downfall from a thousand hills:  
 Tender embrac'd her prelate tho' undone,  
 Stretch'd out her mother-rocks to hide her son:  
 Search'd, while alive, each vale for his repast,  
 And, when he died, receiv'd him in her breast.  
 Envied Ambition! what are all thy schemes,  
 But waking misery, or pleasing dreams,  
 Sliding and tottering on the heights of state!  
 The subject of this verse declares thy fate.  
 Great as he was, you see how small the gain,  
 A burial so obscure, a Muse so mean.



Extempore Verses upon a Trial of Skill between  
 the two great Masters of Defence, Messieurs  
 FIGG and SUTTON.

By Dr. B Y R O M.

I.

**L**ONG was the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains,  
 Sole monarch acknowledg'd of Mary-bone plains:  
 To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,  
 And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend;  
 Where