Poetical Essays in JUNE, 1750.

On the Death of the Hon. Sir THOMAS
Abbey, Knight, one of the Justices of the
Curte of Common Pleas. (See p.226.)

YES! 'tis a glorious thought!—The
worthy mind,
Matur'd by wisdom, and from vice refin'd,
In various scenes of civil life approv'd,
Of man the layer, and by God belov'd,
Muir, fore, divested of its kindred clay,
Soar to the regions of empyreal day.

Such Abney more to deck whose mournful heart

The mute lamenting pays her grateful verse,
The mute, long wont to love as to revere
The judge impartial and the friend sincere!
How has she o'er with first attention hung
On the great truths, that grac'd his flowing tongue;

Truth; that he joy'd with candid warmth
F WAR the moral or the Christian law?
How oft beheld him glad the friendly scene,
Without all-scrupulous and all-calm within;
And, far from mad ambition's noisy arise?
Taste the pure blessings of domestic life?
How oft in him with pleasure wonder'd

A soul, where lawful passions sunk subdu'd,
Where virtue still her rightful rule maintain'd.

While generous zeal by bigotry unstain'd,
And freedom, that protects with watchful care:

Man's sacred rights, secur'd triumph'd
Sprung from a race, that, crown'd with honest praise.

By virtuous deeds adorn'd a length of days,

For him we hop'd kind temperance long
would wield
[shield,

Her arms, and o'er him spread her guardian
Fallacious hopes!—Ah! see the dire disease
Comes, borne infectious on the tainted breezes.
Soon from her seat imperial reason thrown.
No more the friend, or son, or comfort known;

The few'rous pest victorious wins its way,
Till spent; o'erpower'd by its resistless fray,

Frail nature yields. —O! parent, husband,
Muir then the endearing names for ever end?

Powerful call, Heaven calls him hence,—At that all
Thou' lights will spring and tears unshed fall,

Yet let us upward look, ('twill give relief,
'Twill check the torrent of impetuous grief,
With mental eyes his radiant course explore,
And view him landed on th' ethereal shore
Where envy's storms and fashions never molest

The native peace that calms the soul,
Where the great judge determines every cause,
And blest as he gives the just applause.

S. BRADBURY

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

FROM fields of bliss, and that Elysian
where

Where bard and hero souls, departed,
Fam'd Shakespeare seeks his native isle once more.

And views with filial eyes, the parent shore.

Hail!
Hail happy land! thro' all the world renown'd,
The first in arms, the first in learning.
Hail happy land! where ev'ry art maintains
Its sacred rule, where ev'ry science reigns.
Where first, in humble state my lyre I strung;
Where first, the tragic muse unloos'd my tongue;
By her inspir'd, I claim'd a former age,
With Juliet's toils, and Othello's rage.
A monarch's toils, my Falstaff's jests reliev'd;
With him the laugh'd, with pious Henry
Nor was the pow'r, to draw a nation's tears,
First to one circle of revolving years;
Not cou'd to short a space, my fame confine,
The present hours, shall to come, are
Still shall my scenes how nature void of art,
Still warm to virtue, ev'ry feeling heart.
But whilst my lays instruct you on the stage,
Guard me, ye Britons, from the pedant's
Let not the critic charm your talents away
To waste, on trifling words, the studious day.
No, to the shady bower bookworm leave
Himself with length of thinking to deceive,
Let him the dross, and not the metal chase,
And my true genius in his language lose;
Do you, the unimportant toil neglect,
Put to your poet's mind the due respect;
Go, to the lofty theatre repair,
My words are best explained and told you there;
By action rais'd, my scenes again shall
And a new transport, to your bosoms give;
When all the critic's rage forgot has lie
The actors still shall lift my fame on high.
Come, let my triumph now in pomp begin;
Let the true Falstaff give you mirth in
Let Barry in Othello, pity move,
Or melt in Rome, every breast to love;
Let Constance, mad with grief, your tears command;
When Cibber's looks those pitying drops
Nor blush, when Juliet bleeds, her fate to weep,
And oh! her tomb attentive silence keep.
Nor let her Lettice's silver voice inure
When Beatrice affords a charter delight;
When Hamlet's mother shows, her lex how frail;
When Edward's widow, bow her fears presage
Or the proud wife of Scotland's lawless king;
The dreadfulills which from ambition
But let the modern Roscius hand the chair,
Who wins the soul alike, to joy or grief,
Garrick, whose voice inures every thought,
By whom my sentiments are nobly taught,
Thou mighty master of dramatic art,
Help me to touch the passions of each heart;
Show, conscious murderers, Richard strick with fear.
Show, froward age, the fatal fault of Lear.
Let in Machiel and English John be shown.
The tyrant trembling on his ill-got throne;
In Roscius, virtue by rebellion stain'd.
In Hamlet, duty by a son maintaine'd.
The lurking traitor in Iago's fate,
What disappointments on the villain wait;
While sprite and minds attain a liv'ry lay,
And Benedict diverts the young and gay.
O favour'd of Melpomene, purify
The happy art refer'd till now for you,
Our only worthy met! my scenes releas'd,
And give new spirit to each tuneful verse.
The mute of fire, which Henry's conquests sung,
Receive new force, when summon'd by thy
Go on, and give a people more delight,
Produce each day fresh beauties to their sight.
Let Anthony a thousand passions raise,
Urging the crowd with bleeding Caesar's praise.
Let Imogen's unhappy, jealous lord
Too soon affiance to rash signs accord,
Let guilty Beaufort die with conscious dread,
And tos disturbed on the unquiet bed.
Or freed from mirth, let savage rage to view,
In the fell vengeance of the bloody Jew.
To thee, my great refather, must belong
The task to vindicate my injured song,
To place each charaft in proper light,
To speak my words and do my meaning right,
To save me from a dire impending fate,
Nor yield me up to Cibber and to Taste.
Retrieve the scenes already conspired away,
Yet, take them back, nor let me fall their prey.
My genuine thoughts when by thy voice
Shall ill be deemed the greatest and the best.
So by each other's aid we hath shall live,
I, fame to thee, thou, life to me, shall give.
Ad Amicum [—— P——, E. Coll. Osp.]
Art. Baco, determinatus,
Trifolium in Ruit.

EST mihi primum superantis annum,
Multa vis zythi, cadus eft Oporto
Et hie villae, cibus eft tabernae,
Mundusque mappa,
Sed locus non eft, legis locantem,
Qui schola praefit, abate, magistris,
Major haud illius, minor aut negator,
Novus Sequens.
He bibas septem eythos vel odio,
(Spera te mecum vacuis argenti)
Ferri a virese valent, treemae
Poda tumer.