

Poetical ESSAYS in JUNE, 1750.

On the Death of the Hon. Sir THOMAS
ABNEY, *Knt. one of the Justices of the
Court of Common-Pleas. (See p. 236.)*

YES! 'tis a glorious thought!—The
worthy mind,
Matur'd by wisdom, and from vice refin'd,
In various scenes of social life approv'd,
Of man the lover, and by God belov'd,
Must, sure, divested of its kindred clay,
Soar to the regions of empyreal day.
Such Abney shone; to deck whose mourn-
ful hearse
The muse lamenting pays her grateful verse,
The muse, long wont to love as to revere
The judge impartial and the friend sincere |
How has she oft with fixt attention hung
On the great truths, that grac'd his flowing
tongue; [to draw
Truths, that he joy'd with candid warmth
Fair from the moral or the christian law?
How oft beheld him glad the friendly scene,
Without all-chearful and all-calm within;
And, far from mad ambition's noisy strife?
Taste the pure blessings of domestick life?
How oft in him with pleasing wonder
view'd
A soul, where lawless passions sunk subdu'd,
Where virtue still her rightful rule main-
tain'd;
While gen'rous zeal by bigotry unstain'd,
And freedom, that protects with watchful
care [there?
Man's sacred rights, securely triumph'd
Sprung from a race, that, crown'd with
honest praise,
By virtuous deeds ador'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 insidious on the tainted breeze,
Soon from her seat imperial reason thrown,
No more the friend, or son, or comfort
known;
The sey'rous pest victorious wins its way,
Till spent, o'erpow'r'd by its resistless
sway, [friend!—
Frail nature yields.—O! parent, husband,
Must then th' endearing names for ever
end?— [powerful call,
Heaven calls him hence.—At that all-
Tho' sighs will spring and tears unbidden
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 factions ne'er
molest [triot's breast;
The native peace that calms the pa-
Where the great judge determines every
cause,
And blesses as he gives the just applause.

S. BRADBURY.

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

FROM fields of bliss, and that Elysian
grove, [rove,
Where bards and heroes 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 re-
 nown'd, [found ;
 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 ; [tongue ;
 Where first, the tragick muse unloos'd my
 By her inspir'd, I charm'd a former age,
 With Juliet's sorrows, and Othello's rage :
 A monarch's toils, my Falstaff's jests re-
 liev'd, [griev'd.
 With him she laugh'd, with pious Henry
 Nor was the pow'r, to draw a nation's
 tears,
 Fixt to one circle of revolving years :
 Nor cou'd so short a space, my fame con-
 fine, [mine.
 The present hours, nay, those to come, are
 Still shall my scenes show nature void of art,
 Still warm to virtue, ev'ry feeling heart.
 But whilst my lays instruct you on the
 stage, [page ;
 Guard me, ye Britons, from the pedant's
 Let not the critick charm your tastes away
 To waste, on trifling words, the studious
 day :
 No, to the idly busy bookworm leave
 Himself with length of thinking to deceive ;
 Let him the dross, and not the metal chuse,
 And my true genius in his language lose :
 Do you, the unimportant toil neglect,
 Pay to your poet's shade the due respect ;
 Go, to the lofty theatre repair,
 My words are best explain'd and told you
 there ; [live,
 By action rais'd, my scenes again shall
 And a new transport, to your bosoms give ;
 When all the critick race forgotten lie,
 The actors skill shall lift my fame on high.
 Come, let my triumph now in pomp
 begin : [Quin ;
 Let the true Falstaff give you mirth in
 Let Barry in Othello, pity move,
 Or melt in Romeo every breast to love ;
 Let Constance, mad with grief, your tears
 command, [demand ;
 When Cibber's looks those pitying drops
 Nor blush, when Juliet bleeds, her fate
 to weep,
 And o'er her tomb attentive silence keep.
 Nor less let Pritchard's silver voice invite
 When Beatrice affords a chaste delight ;
 When Hamlet's mother shows, her sex how
 frail ! [vail ;
 When Edward's widow, how her fears pre-
 Or the proud wife of Scotland's lawless
 king, [spring ;
 The dreadful ills which from ambition
 But let the modern Roscius stand the chief,
 Who wins the soul alike, to joy or grief.
 Garrick, whose voice inspires every
 thought,
 By whom my sentiments are noblest taught,

Thou mighty master of dramatick-art,
 Help me to touch the passions of each heart ;
 Show, conscious murderers, Richard strook
 with fear ;

Show, froward age, the fatal fault of Lear ;
 Let in Macbeth and English John be shown,
 The tyrant trembling on his ill-got throne ;
 In Hotspur, virtue by rebellion stain'd ;
 In Hamlet, duty by a son maintain'd ;
 The lurking traitor in Iago's fate,
 What disappointments on the villain wait ;
 While sprightly minds attend a livelier lay,
 And Benedict diverts the young and gay.

O favour'd of Melpomene, pursue
 The happy art reserv'd till now for you :
 O only worthy me ! my scenes rehearse,
 And give new spirit to each tuneful verse.
 The muse of fire, which Henry's conquests
 sung, [tongues
 Receiv'd 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 croud with bleeding Cæsar's
 praise ;

Let Imogen's unhappy, jealous lord
 Too soon affiance to false signs accord,
 Let guilty Beaufort die with conscious dread,
 And toss distracted on th' unquiet bed :
 Or freed from mirth, set savage rage to
 view,

In the fell vengeance of the bloody Jew.
 To thee, my great restorer, must belong
 The task to vindicate my injur'd song,
 To place each character 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 Tate :
 Retrieve the scenes already snatch'd away,
 Yet, take them back, nor let me fall their
 prey : [express,

My genuine thoughts when by thy voice
 Shall still be deemed the greatest and the
 best ;

So by each other's aid we both shall live,
 I, fame to thee, thou, life to me, shalt give.

*Ad Amicum J — P — r, E. Coll. Oxon.
 Art. Bacc. determinatum,
 Irrevocatio in Rus.*

EST mihi prius superantis annum,
 Multa vis zythi, cadus est Oporto ;
 Et licet vilis, cibus est salubris,
 Mundaquo mappa.

Sed locus non est legitis loquenti,
 Qui scholis præfunt, abeant, magistri,
 Major haud ulli, minor aut negator,
 Neve Sequela.

Hic bibas septem cyathos vel octo,
 (Spero te mecum vitium negare)
 Ferre si vires valeant, trecena
 Pocula sumas.