

BO  
A N  
E S S A Y  
O F A  
C H A R A C T E R

Of the Late Right Honourable

Sir George Treby K<sup>t</sup>

Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's  
Court of *Common-Pleas*.

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By N. TATE, *Servant to His MAJESTY*.

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I Ndulge One Labour more, my drooping Muse,  
( Which neither Love nor Duty can refuse )  
For *TREBY*'s worthy Praise new String thy Lyre,  
And sing a Theme that will thy Verse inspire.  
The grateful Song wou'd Charm the listning Globe,  
Could'st Thou his Name Adorn, as He the Robe.  
See how from Specious Falshood he divides  
Wrong'd Truth, and like an Oracle decides !  
Whose Large, and Richly-furnisht Mind appears  
A Register of long-transacted Years ;  
Past Presidents so faithfully deriv'd,  
As more than *Nestor*'s Age he had surviv'd :  
As He the Practice of all Courts had seen,  
And from Law's Infancy her Guardian been.  
For Law, that do's a boundless Ocean seem,  
Is Coasted all, and Fathom'd all by Him.  
Yet, tho' with such sagacious Knowledge crown'd,  
No less for Justice than for Skill renown'd:  
His Judgments he from Truth's clear Fountain draws,  
Respecting not the Party, but the Cause :  
Makes haughty Pow'r to humble Right give Place ;  
Want fears no Wrong, and Wealth expects no Grace.

Pro-

