

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH
OF THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

BY MR. A— L—.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

—VIRTUOUS youth!

Thank Heaven, I knew thee not! I ne'er shall see!

The keen regret thy drooping friends sustain;

Yet will I drop the sympathizing tear,

And this due tribute to thy memory bring;

Not that thy noble birth provokes my song,

Or claims such offering from the Muses shrine;

But that thy spotless undisturbing heart,

Thy unaffected manners, all unstain'd

With pride of power, and insolence of wealth;

Thy probity, benevolence, and truth,

(Best inmates of man's soul!) for ever lost,

Cropt like fair flowers in Life's meridian bloom,

Fade undistinguish'd in the silent grave.

O BEDFORD!—pardon, if a Muse unknown,

Smit with thy heart-felt grief, directs her way

To Sorrow's dark abode, where thee she views,

Thee, wretched sire, and pitying, hears thee mourn

Thy RUSSEL's fate.—“Why was he thus belov'd?

Why did he bless my life?”—Fond parent, cease;

Occasioned by a fall from his horse.

Count not his virtues o'er.—Hard task !—Call forth
Thy firm hereditary strength of mind.

Lo ! where the shade of thy great ancestor,
Fam'd RUSSEL, stands, and chides thy vain complaint ;
His philosophic soul, with patience arm'd

And christian virtue brav'd the pangs of death ;
Admir'd, belov'd, he dy'd ; (if right I deem)

Not more lamented than thy virtuous Son.

Yet calm thy mind ; so may the lenient hand
Of Time, all soothing Time, thy pangs assuage,
Heal thy sad wound, and close thy days in peace,
See where the object of his filial love,

His mother, lost in tears, laments his doom !
Speak comfort to her soul. —

O ! from the sacred fount, where flow the streams
Of heavenly consolation, O ! one drop,

To sooth his hapless wife ! Sharp sorrow preys

Upon her tender frame.—Alas ! she faints—

She falls ! still grasping in her hand

The picture of her lord.—All-gracious Heaven !

Just are thy ways, and righteous thy decrees,

But dark and intricate ; else why this meed

For tender faithful love ? this sad return

For innocence and truth ? Was it for this,

By Virtue and the smiling Graces led,

(Fair types of long succeeding years of joy)

She twin'd the votive wreath at Hymen's shrine,

So soon to fade and die ? Yet O ! reflect,

Chaste partner of his life ! you ne'er deplor'd
 His alienated heart ; (disastrous state !
 Condition worse than death !) the sacred torch
 Burnt to the last its unremitted fires !
 No painful self-reproach hast thou to feel ;
 The conscious thought of every duty paid,
 This sweet reflection shall support thy mind :
 Be this thy comfort. — Turn thine eyes awhile,
 Nor with that lifeless picture feed thy woe ;
 Turn yet thine eyes ; see how they court thy smiles ;
 Those infant pledges of connubial joy !
 Dwell on their looks ; and trace his image there.
 And O ! since Heaven, in pity to thy loss,
 For thee one future blessing has in store,
 Cherish that tender hope. — Hear Reason's voice ;
 Hush'd be the storms that vex thy troubled breast,
 And angels guard thee in the hour of pain.

Accept this ardent prayer ; a Muse forgive,
 Who for thy sorrows draws the pensive sigh,
 Who feels thy grief. Tho' erst in frolic hour,
 She tun'd her comic rhymes to mirth and joy,
 Unskill'd (I ween) in lofty verse, unus'd
 To plaintive strains, yet by soft Pity led,
 Trembling revisits the Pierian vale ;
 There culls each fragrant flower to deck the tomb
 Where generous RUSSEL lies.