ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH
OF THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

BY MR. A——L——.

Sunt lacryme rerum & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

VIRTUOUS youth!
Thank Heaven, I knew thee not! I never 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 undimmed heart,
Thy unaffected manners, all unstain'd
With pride of power, and insolvency of wealth;
Thy probity, benevolence, and truth,
(Best inmates of man's soul!) for ever lost,
Cropped like fair flowers in Life's meridian bloom,
Fade undistinguished 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 fire, 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 talk!—Call forth
Thy firm hereditary strength of mind.
Lo! where the finale of thy great ancestor,
Fam'd Russell, stands, and chides thy vain complaint.
His philosophic soul, with patience arm'd,
And Christian virtue braved the pangs of death.
Admir'd, belov'd, he dy'd; (if right I deem)
Yet calm thy mind; so may the lenient hand
Of Time, all footling Time, thy pangs assuage,
Heal thy fad wound, and clothe thy days in peace.
See where the object of his filial love,
His mother, lo! in tears, laments his doom!
Speak comfort to her soul!—O from the sacred founts, where flow the streams
Of heavenly consolation, O! one drop,
To soothe her hapless wife! Sharp sorrow press
Upon her tender frame. Alas! the saints
The picture of her lord. All gracious Heaven
Just are thy ways, and righteous thy decrees,
But dark and intricate! Else why this need?
For tender faithful love? This fact return
By Virtue and the smiling Graces led,
(Fair types of long succeeding years of joy)
She twined 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. Thou'rt fit 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 Russell lies.