

THE DOOM OF DERENZIE: A POEM

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The Doom of Derenzie: A Poem by Thomas Furlong

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THOMAS FURLONG

**THE DOOM OF
DERENZIE: A POEM**

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DOOM OF DERENZIE.

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DOOM OF DERENZIE,

A POEM. 29

BY THE LATE

THOMAS FURLONG.

To wit, reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or, at least, be just.

JOHNSON.

LONDON:

**JOSEPH ROBINS, BRIDE COURT,
BRIDGE STREET.**

1829.

101.



TO

HIS ESTEEMED FRIEND,

JAMES HARDIMAN, Esq.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THOMAS FURLONG.

PREFACE.

One sheet only of the following poem had the advantage of the author's corrections: it had scarcely passed through his hands when the grave prematurely closed upon him.

He died in Dublin, on the 25th of July, 1827, aged 33: his friends, and they were not a few, deeply lamented his fate; and the literati of the Irish metropolis testified their regard for his genius, by paying his remains, on the day of his funeral, a public mark of respect. Above one hundred mourning coaches followed the hearse to Drumcondra, a village situate a mile or two on the north of the city; in the picturesque cemetery of which the body of the poet lies. A few friends who had been long acquainted with his private worth, and who knew how to appreciate his talents, have

erected over his grave a monument, classically designed, and admirably executed: it bears this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS FURLONG, Esq.
 in whom the purest principles of
 Patriotism and Honor
 were combined with
 Superior Poetical Genius,
 This Memorial of Friendship
 is erected by those who valued and admired
 His various Talents, Public Integrity,
 and Private Worth.
 He died 26th July, 1827, aged 33 years.
 MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

Immediately after Mr. Furlong's decease, the editor of the **LITERARY GAZETTE**, with that amiable solicitude which he has ever shown to encourage living merit, and honor departed worth, inserted in his journal a brief memoir of his life, which subsequently found its way into the monthly magazines, and the Annual Obituary. It details the short and simple story of his brief existence: he was born to no hereditary honors; the advantages which are derived from family influence or parental wealth, were denied him; and perhaps his highest praise ought to be derived

from the mental industry by which he triumphed over the obstacles which the penury of his early circumstances, cast in his way. Amidst the bustle of commercial pursuits, he contrived to acquire no incompetent knowledge in the more popular sciences, and with every thing that appertained to general literature, he was intimately acquainted. For many years he contributed largely to the most respectable of the periodicals; and his lyrical productions have long been held in high estimation by his countrymen. Some years since he published a poem of a didactic nature, which was favorably received; and a short time before his death he completed a translation of the Songs of Carolan—the last and most celebrated of the Irish Bards. These, along with other curious remains of these men, who excited at once the censure and applause of Spenser, are now going through the press, under the superintendance of James Hardiman, Esq., whose intimate acquaintance with the Irish language, and extensive literary information, so admirably qualify him for the task.

Mr. Furlong's friends are not unwilling to rest his poetical character on these translations; but though he viewed them himself with all an

author's partiality, he seemed to feel that the poem now submitted to the public, had in it more of his mind and poetical feeling. Perhaps, like greater men, he thought that production the most felicitous which cost him most labour; and in this opinion he was undoubtedly strengthened by the commendations which his friend, the late Mr. Maturin, who had read the MS., unsparingly, and no doubt honestly, bestowed upon it. Had he lived to superintend its progress through the press, it would appear with fewer faults: the advantage of revising the proof sheets is well known to authors; verbal improvements naturally suggest themselves, and the erasure or alteration of whole passages is a thing of ordinary occurrences.

The "Doom of Derenzie," has not had the benefit of any such critical revision. The author's copy has been scrupulously followed; and perhaps the printer has not always read the MS. correctly. These things, however, are not stated for the purpose of disarming criticism: the author, were he alive, would prefer, at the hands of his reviewers, an honest to a partial verdict; and his friends flatter themselves, that there is no need of apprehending any severity of censure.