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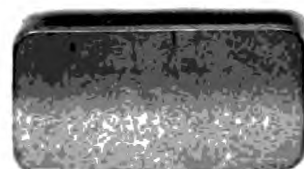
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CHATSWORTH

O R

THE GENIUS OF ENGLAND'S PROPHECY.

A P O E M.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE NAVAL TRIUMPH.

"Non caret Umbra Deo"

Statius.

" This England never did, nor never shall,
" Lye at the proud Foot of a Conqueror,
" But when it first did help to wound itself. -----
" Now these her Princes are come home again,
" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
" And we shall shock them! ----- Nought shall make us rue,
" If ENGLAND to itself do rest but true,"-----

Shakespeare.

CHESTERFIELD;

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CHATSWORTH

O R

THE GENIUS OF ENGLAND'S PROPHECY.

YE Dells, and woodland Wilds, in song unknown,
Receive a Wand'rer's tributary strains,
Here wont to muse ; where Nature on her Throne,
In awful, solitary Grandeur reigns.

And ye sublime, sequest'ring Mountains, hail !
Whose hoary ridges waving Pines adorn ;
Where roseate Health, that courts the vernal gale,
Hears the shrill Skylark wake the blushing Morn.

Struck with th'inspiring scenes, your Bard hath rung,
 His sylvan shell, 'till orient Suns have hurl'd
 Their latest beams †, and Hesperus hath hung
 His diamond Lustre o'er the peaceful World.

Nor when the vernal Pleiads cease to rise,
 When Summer to his southern Courts retires;
 • Not less, when snow-rob'd Winter rules the Skies,
 His awful reign the Poet's Soul inspires.

'Tis thine stern Pow'r ! to raise his soaring song,
 When the grim Tempest hovers on thy brows ;
 Or Night's pale Spectres glide thy wastes along,
 When Heav'n's blue Cope with streaming brilliance glows.

On storm-clad Zembla's unfrequented shores,
 The wand'ring Mariner by Fortune tost,
 While the rough Ocean round him raving roars,
 Thus views with awe stupendous piles of Frost :

† " sæpe ego longos
 " Cantando puerum tacuisti me condere soles. "

Where

Virg Ec

Where, on eternal Winter's ice-built Throne,
 Pale, ling'ring Suns a pensive radiance throw,
 And but the shaggy, fullen Bear alone,
 Tracks his wild Realm of ever-during Snow.

But chief amidst thy proudly-pendent Groves,
 Majestic Chatsworth! and thy fair Domains,
 The Muse with loit'ring step delighted roves,
 Or thoughtful meditates her sylvan strains.

There, in receding Scorpio's tranquil hour,
 She loves sweet Autumn! in thy train to hear
 The Redbreast, hid in golden foliage, pour
 Slow-warbl'd requiems o'er the parting Year :

Or rapt in Fancy's bright, elysian dream,
 She wanders Derwent! where, with ling'ring pride,
 The amber-tressed Naiads of thy stream
 Through bending Woods, and Vales luxuriant glide :

Fair, when the parting Sun's mild, golden light,
 A yellower radiance on thy Bosom throws ;
 But fairest, when the silver beams of Night,
 With trembling lustre, on thy Stream repose.

On Latmos thus, as Grecian Bards have sung ;
 When Night's fair Queen forsook her starry road,
 And o'er Endymion's Face enamour'd hung,
 His sleeping Form with silver radiance glow'd.

And thus, near fair Florentia's shining Tow'rs,
 Her Arno's Tide, immortaliz'd in Song,
 Rolls from his silver Urn through myrtle Bow'rs,
 And purple Vineyards, lucidly along.

Oh ! could my verse immortalize thy name,
 Derwent ! thy praise in song should ever flow
 With dulcet Murmurs, and increasing Fame,
 Like yellow Tiber, or resounding Po.

Thrown o'er the gentle Wave by Taste's pure hand,
 See deathless Angelo ! thy fair Design * :—
 Firm like thy Fame the graceful Arches stand,
 Where classic elegance and strength combine.

— But what sad, visionary Forms appear?
 What more than Echoes o'er the Water spread?
 Thus tremulous whisper in the still Night's ear,
 And startle Silence on her downy bed?

Lo ! through the Shades, by the Moon's glimm'ring ray,
 The pensive Spirit of a mournful Queen
 To yon forsaken Turret glides away §,
 Where deep-ton'd Lyres are rung by hands unseen!

B

Soft

* The Bridge thrown over the river Derwent near Chatworth, was constructed by the ingenious and elegant Architect Mr. Paine, on the model of the Ponte della Trinita over the Arno at Florence,

§ A moated Tower and a Walk near the Bridge, said to have been the usual resort and walk of Mary Queen of Scots ; who, when the Prisoner of Elizabeth was sometimes at Chatworth ; being committed to the care of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, the then noble Possessors of that Mansion,

Soft, thrilling voices swell th' aerial strain,
 And plaintive warble hapless Mary's name ;
 O'er rayless Majesty immur'd, complain,
 Sooth her deep Woes, and mourn her murder'd Fame.

Unlike the Hour, when the gay Dauphin's Pride,
 In Beauty's morn the royal Virgin shone ;
 When gazing raptur'd on his peerless Bride,
 He led her blushing to his lillied Throne,

Then, the Lute's music led the laughing Hours,
 The sportive Loves their purple Pinions spread
 Where Hymen, and his saffron-vested Pow'rs,
 With new born Roses deck'd the bridal Bed.

Ah sad reverse ! pale Sorrow's trembling hand,
 Draws o'er her Diadem a fable Veil ;
 And Fate's stern Ministers around her stand,
 Each ling'ring Beauty from her Form to steal.

Thus

Thus, o'er the regal Sun's inspiring Ray,
 The dusky Moon her raven mantle throws :
 Shorn of his Glories mourns the Lord of Day,
 And troubl'd Nations dread impending Woes.

Frail, changeful Life! thy hope's fair blossoms torn
 By Fate's rude hand, in every Age employs
 The moral Muse, to warn Mankind, and mourn
 The transitory date of human Joys.

—But see! — “the faded Forms of Sorrow” fly
 Before gay Minstrelsey's enliv'ning Pow'rs,
 As fair Euphrosyne with sparkling Eye,
 In yon bright Palace, leads the golden Hours.

Where, o'er thy days by smiling Fortune crown'd,
 Illustrious C A V E N D I S H ! the Goddess throws
 Love's rosy garlands, by the Graces bound,
 Health's blooming Treasures, and a sweet Repose.

Where

Where Love, inspir'd by peerless DEVON'S Eyes,
 Whose living Lustre mocks the Diamond's Rays ;
 Bids all his fam'd Idalian Glories rise †,
 His orient Odours, and his Altars blaze :

Where Love's bright Queen, *her* graceful Form affumes*,
 And leads the mazy Dance, or tuneful Quires ;
 Where Hymen's Torch the nuptial Bow'r illumines
 With purple radiance, and auspicious Fires.

With genial influence from your Orbs look down,
 Ye star-thron'd Powers ! that kindred Hearts entwine ;
 And give, the Joys of CAVENDISH to crown,
 A blooming Offspring, like his patriot Line.

Hail

† ----- " ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
 " Thure calent aræ, fertisque recentibus halant."

Virg.

* " ----- " lumenque juventæ
 " Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores."

Virg.

Hail favour'd Race ! to Freedom ever dear † ;
 Just to your great Forefathers' spotless name ;
 Whose civic Virtues, and whose Honour clear,
 Still glow with bright, hereditary Flame.

Before yon stately Pile arose to view ;
 O'er the bright Dome, or proud Palladian Hall,
 Ere Verrio's animating Pencil drew
 Ambition's Victim, or a Tyrant's fall || :

Twas *hence*, when injur'd Freedom bow'd her head
 In a lone Cot, with umber heath o'ergrown *,
 Your Sires in renovated Splendour led
 The heaven-born Virgin to the British Throne,

C

Thus

† See some Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish, formerly published by Dr. Kennet.

|| The fall of Phaeton is painted on the Ceiling of the stair-case at Chatworth ; and in the Hall, the Death of Julius Cæsar.

* A Cottage on the Moors, where the Earl of Devonshire occasionally met some of his patriotic Friends, who, like his Lordship, were Promoters of the glorious Revolution.

Thus, when a purple Tyrant's lawless hand
 Was rais'd, to violate her ancient Fane,
 Gleam'd a firm Phalanx o'er the mourning Land,
 Of steel-clad Barons, to assert her Reign §.

Fierce roll'd their Eyes beneath their sable Helms,
 While deep'ning Frowns bespoke their awful Ire;
 Like the black Clouds that menace torrid Realms
 Their Fields to deluge, and their Woods to fire.

With kindred Souls, in Freedom's fair career,
 Ye patriot Band! your Course undaunted keep;
 Firm in her evil hour united flee
 The Bark of Britain, o'er the stormy Deep:

Her glitt'ring falchion ere stern Vengeance drew,
 Ere Havock flipt th' infuriate Dogs of War,
 Shrill through the Land his brazen Trumpet blew,
 Or yok'd his Tigers to his iron Car;

Had

§ King John granting Magna Charta to the English Barons.

Had heav'n-taught Mercy, pleading from your Tongue,
 Prophetic Truth, or Eloquence avail'd ;
 No civil Furies o'er the Realm had hung,
 Nor ev'n an envious World in arms prevail'd :

Ne'er had her Sons with rage and anguish burn'd,
 To view her matchless Empire's rapid fall ;
 Ne'er had the Gem "in Pride's mad moment " spurn'd,
 Flam'd on the rival Diadem of Gaul.

Doom'd her eternal enmity to feel,
 Ah credulous Isle! she lulls thee to repose ;
 But midst her Olives lurks her wakeful Steel,
 Her Lillies, wreath'd for thy devoted brows.

Britons beware! — trust not her faithless smiles :
 Your bright, cœrulean Trident to obtain,
 The restless Syren spreads her artful Toils,
 Tries ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry melting Strain.

' Midst their dark Woods, Numidia's swarthy Race
 Thus lure the lordly Lion to the snare ;
 O'er their deep pits the yielding texture place,
 With prey alluring, and with verdure fair *.

In vain his eyeballs flash indignant fires,
 In vain the Forest trembles at his Roar ;
 He lives a Captive, or with Wounds expires,
 And reigns the Monarch of the Woods no more.

Thy pristine Spirit Britain ! to revive,
 Still prompts the Patriot's ‡, and the Poet's ‡ strain ;
 And still thy lion-hearted Heroes strive
 To guard thy Trident on the azure Main.

Ev'n

* Dr. Shaw in his Travels thro' Barbary observes, that a similar method of catching the Lion and the Panther is used by the Arabs.

‡ Mr. Day's celebrated, masterly "Reflections upon the present State of England and the Independence of America;" recently republished with additions.

‡ See Mr. Maſon's elegant Ode to the Right Hon: William Pitt.

Ev'n now from orient climes, in accents bland,
 Fame swells her trumpet with thy Sons renown ;
 Applauding fees unyielding Valour's hand,
 Intrepid HUGHES with deathless Garlands crown.

Now the green Isles Fame's eagle eye explores,
 And points with Glory's awful, sun-bright Spear,
 Where Gaul's proud Genius still her fall deploras,
 Still vibrate RODNEY'S Thunders on her ear.

While scorning Death, thy Sons resistless glow ;
 Thus claim thy wonted Empire on the Main,
 Oh Britain ! let not all unheeded flow
 Truth's warning Song, thy Heroes bleed in vain ;

Vain, as down swart Arabia's rugged Rocks,
 The dews nectareous waste their balmy store ;
 Where bright-ey'd Morning, from his glitt'ring locks,
 Shakes Light and Fragrance on the purpl'd Shore.

Yet thus in vain, returning Peace may smile,
 While civil strifes her halcyon Morn deform ;
 While Discord broods upon the jarring Isle,
 Like the fierce Angel of a midnight Storm.

'Tis on her Sons like C A V E N D I S H, her Eyes,
 Beaming through tears, that mournful Britain throws ;
 To chase the Storms yet low'ring in her Skies,
 To save their Country, " sick with civil blows."

—And hear ! beneath those aged Oaks reclin'd,
 Like Tadmor silver'd by the lunar ray,
 Your Country's Genius pours his woe-struck Mind ;
 Great in his fall, majestic in Decay.

" No more my Sons let fierce Contentions burn,
 " No more on bleeding Brothers waste your Ire ;
 " Give your long Feuds to cold Oblivion's Urn,
 " And emulate your great Forefathers' fire ;

“ When o'er each Clime my conqu'ring Flag they wav'd,
“ Shook Bourbon's Realms with terror and alarms,
“ And with undaunted perseverance, brav'd
“ Unanimous, a jealous World in arms.

“ Disdain, like them, soft Lux'ry's tempting smile,
“ Her Syren Charms on roses stretch'd supine ;
“ And bid the slumb'ring Virtues of the Isle
“ Arise, with pristine Energy divine.

“ Her golden Harp, bid fair I E R N E ring,
“ Till round the Land each dying murmur cease,
“ And Concord spread her tutelary wing
“ O'er the twin Realms, with angel smiles of Peace.

“ Then, while glad Commerce, unconfin'd as Air,
“ The latent Mines of public Wealth explores,
“ Her lenient gifts my los's may yet repair,
“ And novel Treasures crown the sister shores.

“ Then

“ Then, though from bright, meridian Glory hurl'd,
“ THE SUN OF BRITAIN SETS ” in western Skies,
“ Yet shall his Orb upon th' astonish'd World,
“ With renovated Fires, in orient Splendour rife.”

F I N I S.





