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I S I S.

A N

E L E G Y.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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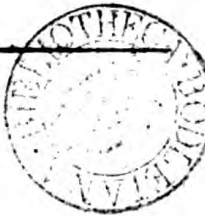
I S I S.

A N

E L E G Y.

Written in the Year 1748,

By Mr. *M A S O N*.



Ω ΔΥΣΤΗΝΟΣ

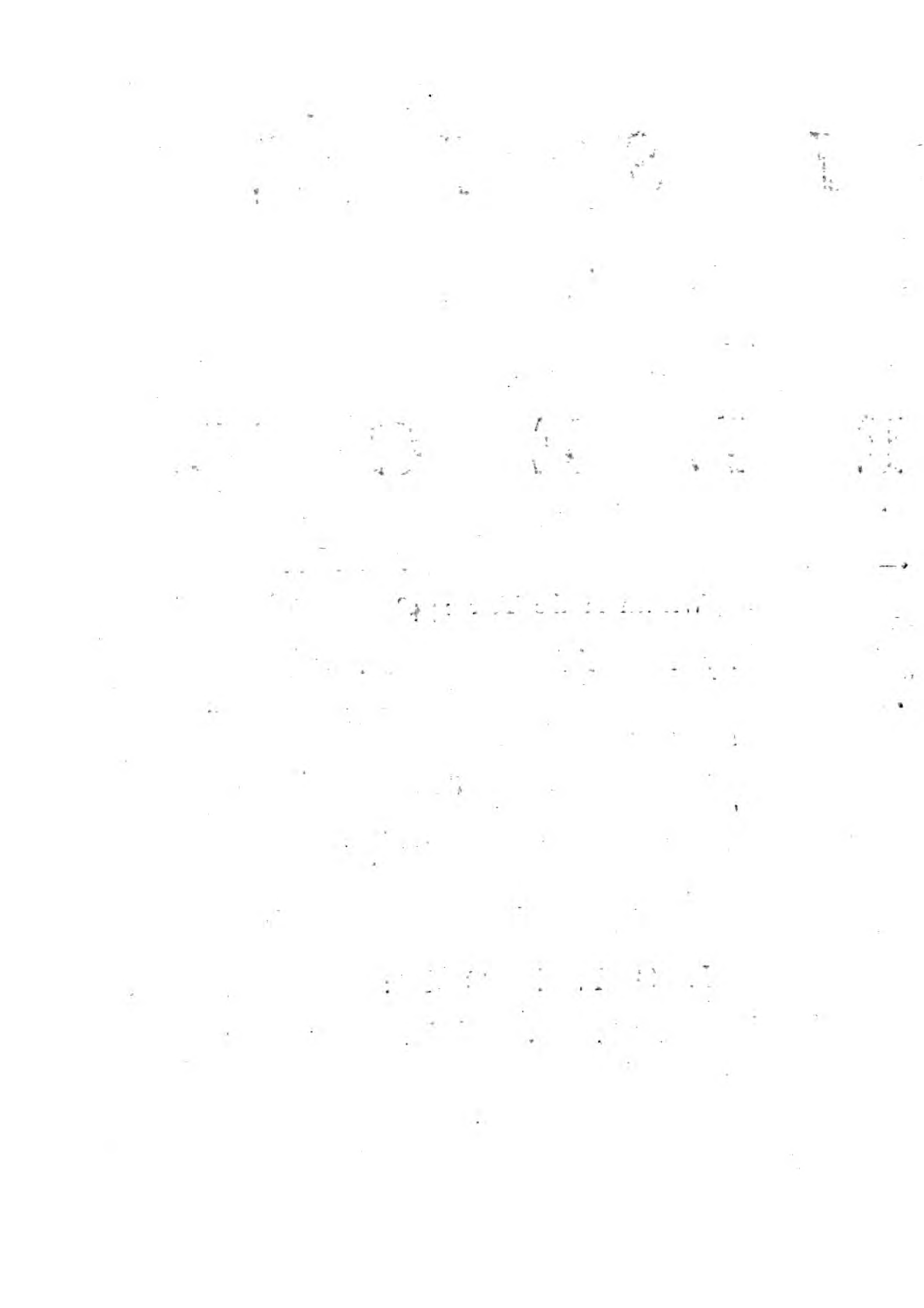
ΤΙ ΠΟΥ ΟΥ ΔΗ ΠΟΥ
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ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΑΦΡΟΥΝΗ ΚΑΘΕΛΟΝΤΕΣ.

Ἰ. SOPHOCLES in Antig.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall,
and Sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster Row.

MDCCLXIX.



Advertisement.

THE following Poem would never have appeared in print, had not an interpolated copy of it, published in a country news-paper, scandalously misrepresented the principles of the Author.

MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

[Illegible text follows, appearing to be a memorandum format with several lines of text that are too faint to transcribe accurately.]

I S I S.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
 The pointed cryftals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping mofs where sparkling dew-drops fell,
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed fhell,
 Pale *Ifis* lay ; a willow's lowly fhade
 Spread it's thin foliage o'er the penfive maid ;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaft
 In carelefs folds loofe flow'd her zonelefs veft ;
 While down her neck her vagrant trefles flow
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;

Her

Her urn fustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where *Vulcan's* art had lavish'd all it's grace ;
 Here, full with life was heav'n-taught Science seen,
 Known by the laurel wreath and musing mein :
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vista's green
 At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :
 Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd attention trace
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.

Yes, *Isis!* oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead,
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;
 While ev'ry Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
 Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues cou'd bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th'ideal train,
 And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain ;
 See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS shine.
 See HOUGH superior to a tyrant's doom
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.

Each soul whom truth cou'd fire, or virtue move,
 Each breast strong panting with it's country's love,
 All that to *Albion* gave the heart or head,
 That wisely councell'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear ; on me they grateful smile,
 The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.

Ah ! I remember well yon beachen spray,
 There ADDISON first tun'd his polish'd lay ;
 'Twas there great *Cato's* form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty.
 “ My Son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,
 “ In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw ;

“ Th

“ The piercing notes shall strike each *British* ear,
“ Each *British* eye shall drop the patriot tear ;
“ And rous’d to glory by the nervous strain,
“ Each Youth shall spurn at flav’ry’s abject reign,
“ Shall guard with *Cato*’s zeal *Britannia*’s laws,
“ And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom’s cause.”

The Hero spoke, the Bard assenting bow’d,
The lay to liberty and *Cato* flow’d ;
While Echo, as she rov’d the vale along,
Join’d the strong cadence of his *Roman* song.

But ah ! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute Attention check’d each rising sound ;

Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet *Philomel* her softest lay,
 When LOCKE walk'd musing forth ; e'en now I view
 Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
 View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
 Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest ;
 Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 E'er long to burst in blessings on mankind ;
 E'er long to shew to reason's purged eye,
 That " NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)

Then

Then vain as *Niobe*, exulting cry'd,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd *Athenian* tide ;
 Tho' *Plato's* steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
 Tho' fair *Lycæum* lent it's awful shade,
 Tho' ev'ry *Academic* green imprest
 It's image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And *Britain's Isis* flow with *Attic* fame.

Alas ! how chang'd ! where now that *Attic* boast ?
 See ! *Gothic* Licence rage o'er all my coast.
 See ! *Hydra Faction* spread it's impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain.
 Hence frontless crouds that not content to fright
 The blushing *Cynthia* from her throne of night,

Blast

Blast the fair face of day ; and madly bold,
 To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold ;
 To Freedom's foes, ah ! see the goblet crown'd,
 Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound ;
 The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt ;
 Learning that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam,
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade
 Where a firm few support her sickly head ;
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
 Who scour like *Thracia's* moon-struck rout the plain,
 Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
 All *Phæbus* favours, or *Minerva* loves.

Are

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear?
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care,
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,
 And boast while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
 That "*Isis* taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
 Forbid it heav'n! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves,
 In *England's* cause their patriot floods employ,
 As *Xanthus* delug'd in the cause of *Troy*.
 Is this deny'd? then point some secret way
 Where far far hence these guiltless streams may stray,
 Some unknown channel lend where nature spreads
 Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads,

There

There where a Hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a Pilgrim treads the pathless plain
Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side ;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue,
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd prefer oblivion to disgrace.

F I N I S.