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THE  
TRIUMPH of ISIS,

*Early in y<sup>e</sup> morning*  
P O E M.

OCCASIONED BY

ISIS, an ELEGY.

*By The*  
*Author*

*By The Author*

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam  
Semper in ore geris? referunt si vera Parentes,  
Hanc Urbem insano Nullus qui Marte petivit  
æetatus violâsse redit. Nec numina sedem  
Destituunt.—*

CLAUDIAN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head* near Temple-Bar.



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T H E  
T R I U M P H  
O F  
I S I S.

**O**N closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse  
 The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;  
 When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,  
 And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;  
 Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,  
 O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd;  
 And calmly musing, thro' the twilight way,  
 In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.  
 When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam  
 Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;  
 And from the wave arose its guardian queen,  
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green:

While in the coral crown that bound her brow,  
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough,  
 As the smooth surface of the dimply flood  
 The silver-flipper'd virgin lightly trod,  
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she prefs'd,  
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

“ No more, my son, the rural reed employ,  
 Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy ;  
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit  
 To notes of past'ral pipe, or oaten flute.  
 For hark ! high thron'd on yon majestic walls,  
 To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls :  
 When Freedom calls, and OXFORD bids thee sing,  
 Why stays thy hand to strike the founding string ?  
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,  
 The venal sons of slavish CAM unite ;  
 To shake yon tow'rs when malice rears her crest,  
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?

Still sing, O CAM, thy fav'rite Freedom's cause,  
 Still boast of Freedom-----while you break its laws ;

To pow'r your songs of *gratulation* pay,  
 To courts addrefs soft flatt'ry's soothing lay.  
 What tho' your gentle M-----N's plaintive verfe  
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths MUSÆUS' herfe;  
 What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,  
 Soft as my fream in tuneful numbers flow;  
 Yet ftrove his Mufe, by fame or envy led,  
 To tear the laurels from a Sifter's head?-----  
 Misguided youth! with rude unclaffic rage,  
 To blaft the beauties of thy whiter page;  
 A rage that fullies ev'n thy guiltlefs lays,  
 And blafts the vernal bloom of half thy Bays.

Let GR----- boast the patrons of her name,  
 Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame;  
 Still of preferment let her fhine the queen,  
 Prolific parent of each bowing Dean!  
 Be her's each Pr-----te of the pamper'd cheek,  
 Each courtly Chaplain fanctify'd and fleek:  
 Still let the Drones of her exhaustlefs hive  
 On fat pluralities fupinely thrive.

Still let her senates titled slaves revere,  
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;  
 For tinsel'd courts their laurel'd mount despise  
 In stars and strings superlatively wise:  
 No longer charm'd by virtue's golden lyre,  
 Who sung of old amid th' Aonian choir,  
 Where CAM, flow-winding thro' the breezy reeds,  
 With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.  
 'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,  
 Where honour calls, and justice points the way;  
 To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings.  
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings!  
 Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muses' bow'r  
 Still nor enjoys, nor asks the smile of pow'r.  
 Tho' wakeful vengeance watch my chrystal spring,  
 Tho' persecution wave her iron wing,  
 And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,  
 " These destin'd feats be mine " exulting cries;  
 On Isis still each gift of fortune waits,  
 Still peace and plenty crown my beautous gates.



See Science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd,  
 With songs of joy my festal groves resound ;  
 My Muse divine still keeps her wonted state,  
 The front erect, and high majestic gait.  
 Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,  
 And still the Graces build my Parian piles :  
 My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,  
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

Ah should'st thou fall (forbid it heav'nly pow'rs!)  
 Dash'd into dust with all thy hundred tow'rs ;  
 Who but would mourn to British virtue dear,  
 What patriot could refuse the manly tear :  
 What British † MARIUS would refuse to weep  
 O'er mighty CARTHAGE fall'n, a prostrate heap !

E'en late when RADCLIFFE'S delegated train  
 Auspicious shone in ISIS' happy plain ;  
 When yon proud || dome, fair Learning's amplest shrine,  
 Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine ;

† *Vid. Vell. Patenc. Lib. ii. & Plutarch. in Vit. Marii.*

‡ The Radcliffe Library.

Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,  
 To RADCLIFFE due, and ISIS' honour'd cause?  
 What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,  
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay?  
 How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,  
 When SHELDON'S fane the patriot band receiv'd;  
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,  
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,  
 That made a BEAUFORT and an HARLEY mine!  
 That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,  
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,  
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,  
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.  
 While music left her golden sphere on high,  
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;  
 Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around,  
 Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound;  
 My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,  
 And list'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot:

In gentle eddies play'd my wanton wave,  
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave ;  
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,  
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the swelling concerts cease,  
 And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.  
 See on yon stage how all attentive stand,  
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.  
 Hark! he begins with all a TULLY'S art  
 To pour the dictates of a CATO'S heart.  
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,  
 He blends the Speaker's with the Patriot's fire ;  
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,  
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell :  
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,  
 To win with action, and with sense to warm :  
 Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense  
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence ;  
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,  
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise :

Bids happier days to ALBION be restor'd,  
 Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword :  
 From me, as from my country wins applause,  
 And makes an OXFORD'S a BRITANNIA'S cause.

While arms like these my stedfast fages wield,  
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ;  
 Say, shall the PUNY CHAMPION fondly dare,  
 To wage with force like this *scholastic* war?  
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,  
 With all the rage of pedant impotence ?  
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,  
 This parricide that wounds a mother's breast ?

Thus in some stately ship, that long has bore  
 Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore :  
 By chance beneath her close sequester'd cells  
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells ;  
 Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil  
 The deep foundation of the watry pile.  
 In vain the forrest lent its stateliest pride,  
 Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side :

In vain the thunder's martial rage the stood,  
 With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood ;  
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,  
 Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.

Ye venerable bow'rs, ye feats sublime,  
 Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time ;  
 Ye stately Piles of old munificence,  
 At once the pride of Learning, and defence,  
 Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,  
 Still seems to keep the hospitable door ;  
 Ye cloisters pale that lengthening to the fight,  
 Still step by step to musings mild invite ;  
 Ye high arch'd walls, where oft the bard has caught  
 The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought :  
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays  
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;  
 Lo ! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,  
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !  
 Hail, OXFORD, hail ! of all that's good and great,  
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the feat ;

Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,  
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame!  
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,  
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!  
 Ev'n now confest to my adoring eyes,  
 In awful ranks thy sacred fons arise:  
 With ev'ry various flow'r thy temples wreath'd,  
 That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.  
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,  
 Thy crowding Bards immortal CHAUCER leads:  
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,  
 And beams on all around cælestial fire.  
 With graceful step see ADDISON advance,  
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance:  
 To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,  
 See LOCKE leads Reason, his majestic bride:  
 See sacred HAMMOND, as he treads the field,  
 With goldlike arm uprears his heav'nly shield.  
 All who beneath the shades of gentle peace,  
 Best plan'd the labours of domestic ease;

Who

Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;  
 Who footh'd with Numbers, or with sense improv'd;  
 Who told the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd  
 All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind;  
 Each priest of health who mix'd the balmy bowl,  
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;  
 All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,  
 Hail, OXFORD, hail! with filial transport cry.  
 And see yon solemn band! with virtuous aim,  
 'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame:  
 With pious plans each musing feature glows,  
 And well-weigh'd counfels mark their meaning brows.  
 " † Lo these the leaders of thy patriot line,"  
 HAMDEN and HOOKER, HYDE and SIDNEY shine.  
 These from thy source the fires of Freedom caught:  
 How well thy sons by their example taught;  
 While in each breast th' hereditary flame  
 Still blazes unextinguish'd and the same!

† Vid. the ELEGY. Pag. 4.

Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,  
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.  
 I see the fable-suited prince advance  
 With lillies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,  
 EDWARD-----the Muses in yon hallow'd shade  
 Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade :  
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,  
 And OXFORD taught the deeds that CRESSY saw.

And see, great father of the laureat band,  
 The † BRITISH KING before me seems to stand ;  
 He by my plenty-crowned scenes beguil'd,  
 And genial influence of my seasons mild,  
 Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)  
 The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd ;  
 From Gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,  
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :  
 Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,  
 Soon pour'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd land.

† *Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.*



Tho' rude the dome, and humble the retreat,  
 Where first his pious care ordain'd her feat,  
 Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bow'rs,  
 And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.  
 He first fair Learning's and Britannia's cause  
 Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws;  
 He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,  
 And form'd his soul to social scenes of art;  
 Wisest and best of Kings!-----with ravis'd gaze  
 Elate the long procession he surveys:

————— of Learning's reign:  
 ————— marks in each ingenuous breast,  
 With all the founder in the race express:  
 With rapture views, fair Freedom still survive  
 In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive.)  
 (Such scene, as when the Goddess pour'd the beam  
 Unfullied, on his ancient diadem)

† — — — — — *Ad capitolia ducit*  
*Aurea nunc, olim Sylvestribus horrida dumis.* VIRG. ÆN.

Well

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Well pleas'd that in his own Pierian feat  
She plumes her wings, and rests her weary feet;  
That here at last she takes her fav'rite stand,  
Here deigns to linger e'er she leave the land.

*Handwritten signature*  
Hugh Watt

**F I N I S**

*That here, at  
Last she takes*



*Handwritten signature*  
J. M. Smith

1808