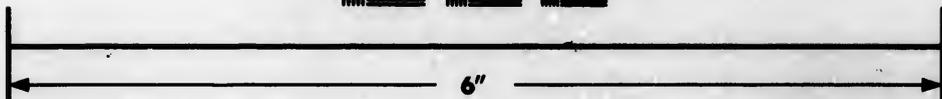
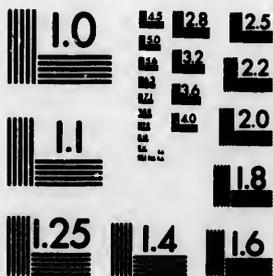


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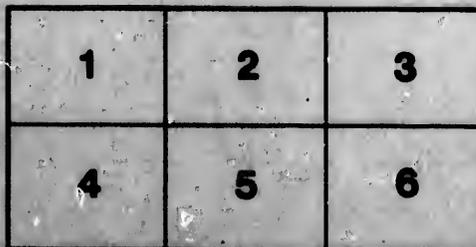
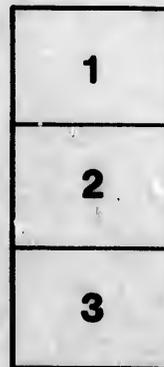
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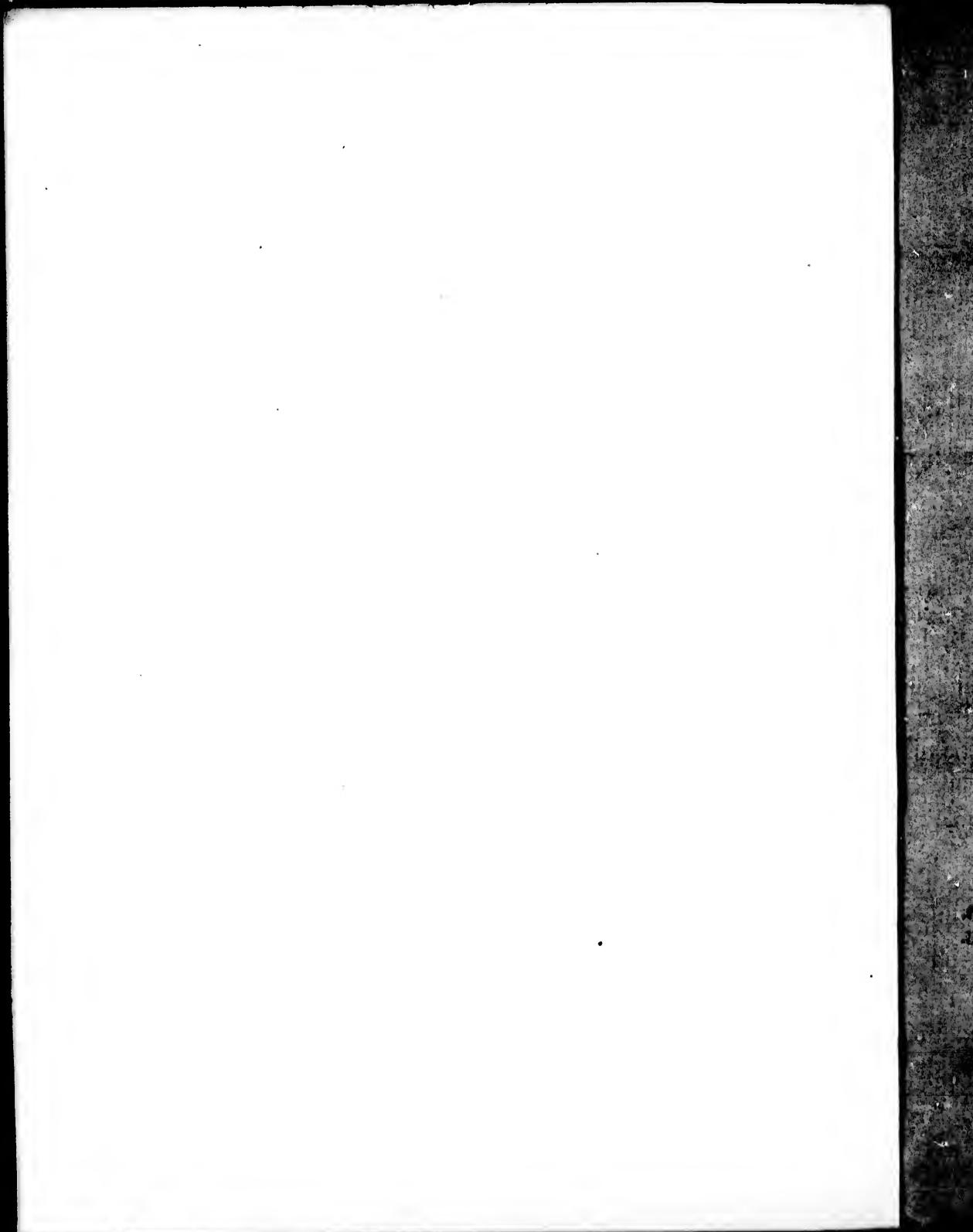
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AN
O D E,
IN
TWO PARTS, &c.

(Printed by the Author)

ERRATA.

PAGE 10, Line 10. *instead of nobly, read bravely.* P. 11. L. 3. *inst. of noblest, r. highest.*
P. 12. lin. 20. *inst. of nobly, r. surely.* P. 17. l. 22. *inst. of noblest, r. richest.* P. 18.
lin. 8. *inst. of it's, r. it; Same pag. and lin. inst. of noblest, r. surest.*

A N
O D E,
I N
T W O P A R T S,
H U M B L Y I N S C R I B ' D
T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
W I L L I A M P I T T.

Vincit Amor Patrie.

V I R G.

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M D C C L X.

ON



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

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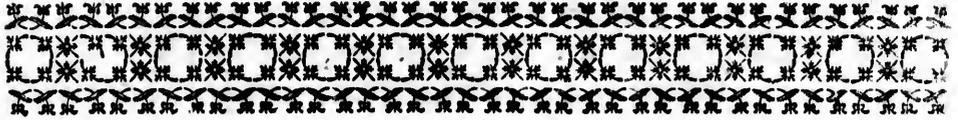
R E A D E R.

THE Author of the following Pages is encourag'd to hope they will meet with a more favourable Reception, at a Time when every Heart is exulting in the glorious Facts which they contain. He doubts not, with the Candour of the Publick in general, the Zeal of the BRITON will atone for the Errours of the Poet. And even flatters himself, that they who are most inclin'd to find Fault will (however it is executed) pardon, at this Time, a publick Effort of patriot Joy.

The ARGUMENT.

B *BRITANNIA is represented, after the Loss of Minorca, in a melancholy Posture, lamenting her publick Woes: Her Guardian Genius descending, comforts her with a prophetic Assurance of an happy Change of Affairs, in Consequence of Mr. PITT's ADMINISTRATION. This First Part of the Ode concludes with a Promise of lasting Peace, and the Reascension of the Genius.*

THE Second Part begins with general Reflections on the Triumphs of the glorious Year Fifty-nine: More particularly enlarging on the heroick Fall of General WOLFE, and the Conquest of Quebeck. Concluding with an humble Address to his MAJESTY on the Extent of his American Empire, and the necessary Instruction of its ignorant, and savage Natives.



O D E.

P A R T I.

HIGH on the Summit of an hoary Rock,
On whose deep Base the billowy Surges beat,
With many a loud, and many a dreadful Shock,
Rebellowing as the boist'rous Waves retreat,
Britannia fat, with sorr'wing Mind,
Supinely, on her Shield reclin'd,
Whilst from her Eyes a pearly Torrent fell;
And thus the neighb'ring Shepherds tell,
As slow she rais'd her drooping Head,
And all the boundless Main survey'd,
The Goddess Silence broke :

And, in such sweetly plaintive Strains
 As melted all the list'ning Swains,
 In these sad Sounds her heart-felt Anguish spoke.

“ Great Ocean! once my noblest Boast,
 “ And circling Safe-guard of my Coast,
 “ When my brave Sons, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 “ By Love of Fame and Freedom fir'd,
 “ Bade *Britain's Fleet* sublimely ride,
 “ The Glory of thy wond'ring Tide:
 “ Whilst ev'ry hostile Vessel fled,
 “ Or instant drop'd the captive Head.
 “ Kings saw me Mistress of thy Waves,
 “ And Tyrants trembled with their Slaves.
 “ Secure my stately Bulwarks rose,
 “ The Terrour of approaching Foes.
 “ But now these Foes my Forts destroy,
 “ Now British Fleets have learn'd to fly:
 “ *Minorca* feels the fatal Stroke,
 “ And yields to haughty *Gallia's* Yoke.

Dishonour thus her tortur'd Bosom stung,
 And *Gallia's* Yoke still faulter'd on her Tongue;

When

When o'er the gloomy Waves below,
Sudden Beams of Radiance glow.
With Wonder seiz'd, and wild Surprise,
The Goddess lifts her languid Eyes ;
When lo ! a glorious Scene appears,
And Sounds celestial strike her Ears :
The chearing Strains her dying Hopes recall,
The starting Tear forgets to fall ;
Whilst the bright Vision charms her captive Eye,
And pleas'd Attention stills the rising Sigh.

High thron'd on mingling Beams of Light
Whose glorious Lustre glads her Sight,
A Form celestial she beholds ;
His Limbs a snowy Robe infolds ;
His azure Hair majestick flows ;
His Harbingers, in shining Rows,
Before their Prince exulting fly,
And paint with Gold the parting Sky.
The Goddess sat, with anxious View,
Thinking the lovely Youth she knew.
Suspence a while her Heart beguiles,
Till lab'ring Doubt dissolves in Smiles ;

Her guardian Genius soon is known,
 As nearer moves his floating Throne.
 At last he makes the rocky Strand,
 And, lighting, leaves his airy Band;
 Who, as their Sov'reign gains the Ground,
 Again their Silver Trumpets found,
 Then listen, as, with graceful Mein,
 He, smiling, thus salutes the Sea-born Queen :

“ Arise, *Britannia*, check that Tide of Tears,
 “ And nobly banish thy infeebling Fears:
 “ No more thy sinking State deplore,
 “ Lament thy fading Fame no more,
 “ Thy flying Fleets, and falling Towers,
 “ Or haughty Foes' united Powers.
 “ To Thee the conquer'd Kingdoms yet shall bow,
 “ And radiant Laurels dignify thy Brow.
 “ As late I wander'd thro' the Fields of Air,
 “ Thy Woes my Grief, thy future Fate my Care,
 “ By kind Permission I was shown
 “ The rising Glory of thy Throne;
 “ Which, Spite of *Gallia*, still shall stand,
 “ The Dread of each revering Land.

“ A

" A PATRIOT MINISTER thy Helm shall guide,
 " Nor sway'd by sordid Wealth, nor dup'd by Pride ;
 " Thy Good his Glory ; and his noblest Aim
 " To build his own on thy superiour Fame.
 " Thy *Senate*, freed from Party Rage,
 " Thro' him shall awe the wond'ring Age :
 " His Wisdom, Truth, and steady Zeal
 " Shall nobly guard thy publick Weal :
 " His Eloquence, in one commanding Flow,
 " Shall rouse thy Sons against their common Foe,
 " Shall the dire Spleen of civil Discord charm,
 " And nerve with Vengeance one * resistless Arm.
 " Then shall proud *Gaul* repent too late
 " When in thy Sword she sees her Fate,
 " And hears thy martial Thunders roar,
 " The Terror of her trembling Shore :
 " Shall, forr'wing, then, her own Ambition blame,
 " When she beholds her harbour'd Fleets in Flame ;
 " And, groaning, feels on her defenceless Coast
 " The just Resentment of a *British* Host.

* How nobly is this Prediction verif'd in the glorious Ardour of those Constitutional Troops who, animated by Leaders of the first Distinction and Property, compose one mighty Phalanx of PATRIOT STRENGTH, in Defence of all that is dear and valuable in these happy Kingdoms !

- " Thus *Gallia*, punish'd for her Crimes,
 " Shall sink, the Scorn of future Times:
 " Thus *Britain's Fleet* the World shall awe,
 " And give the vanquish'd Nations Law.
 " Thy native Ocean thou shalt yet command,
 " And rule the shining Waves from Strand to Strand;
 " Majestick still, thy naval Honours claim,
 " And spread on distant Shores thy awful Name.
 " The Sun through all his circling Reign
 " Shall wond'ring view thy vast Domain,
 " Shall on thy growing Greatness shine,
 " And light thy Sons to Glory's Shrine.
 " Where ardent *India* drinks his rising Beams,
 " And glowing *Ganges* rowles in sacred * Streams,
 " Resistless CLIVE shall force his glorious Way,
 " And spread through trembling Realms thy boundless
 Sway.
 " Where Sol his radiant Journey ends,
 " And bath'd in western Waves descends,
 " See AMHERST and BOSCAWEN glow,
 " And nobly aim the mighty Blow:
 " For they, unaw'd, whilst brazen Thunders roar,
 " Shall bravely *Breton's* inmost Gulf explore,

* Alluding to the religious Veneration in which this River is held by the *Indians*.

“ Her Harbours seize, her proudest Towers destroy,
“ And raise *Britannia's* streaming Flag on high.
“ Hence shall thy crowded Ports with Commerce smile,
“ And foreign Plenty feed thy favour'd Isle :
“ Fair Freedom on thy happy Coast shall dwell,
“ And rising Arts thy rising Grandeur swell :
“ Whilst gentle Peace with all her blissful Train,
“ Consents to fix with Thee her lasting Reign.
He said —— then spread his Stole, and instant rose,
His hov'ring Guards their Monarch soon inclose :
The wond'ring Goddess mark'd their airy Way,
Till, wrapt in radiant Clouds, they mingle with the Day.



O D E.

P A R T II.

AND see the promis'd Æra dawn!
 Behold fair Honour's radiant Morn!
 Observe her beaming Splendour rise,
 And brighten o'er *Britannia's* Skies;
 Till all the wide extended Rays
 Burst forth in one unbounded Blaze
 One Blaze of Glory, and Renown,
 Which all PITT's patriot Labours crown:
 To scourge by him her haughty Foes,
 And heal her injur'd Children's Woes;
 Begirt with Courage, fraught with Zeal,
 Ardent for her publick Weal,
 Behold her grasp the Sword;
 Whilst all around are heard
 From gath'ring Millions loud Alarms,
 Arise *Britannia*, rise to Arms!
 Assert thy ancient Sway,
 Teach Tyrants to obey,

No longer let thy Sons complain ;
 Assert thy ancient Sway, the Empire of the Main !

Excited thus, by ev'ry Charm,
 To fire the Heart, and nerve the Arm,
 Spirit, and Council by her Side,
 Who all her mighty Actions guide,
 And shielded by those sacred Laws
 Which nobly aid her righteous Cause,
 Behold Her clad in Triumph's Regal Robe,
 Guiding the Car of Conquest round the Globe :
 Whilst Giant Terror strides before,
 And bears her dreaded Name from Shore to Shore.

But chief, where *Lawrence* with * impetuous Tides
 The † boundless Western Continent divides,
 On *Canada's* ensanguin'd Plain,
 Her Sons the fairest Laurels gain :
 Exulting seize the bright auspicious Hour,
 And on unshaken Basis build *Britannia's* Pow'r.

* The known Rapidity and stupendous Cataracts by which the Navigation of the River *St. Lawrence* is interrupted, justify this Epithet.

† Though the River *St. Lawrence* does not divide the whole Continent of *America*, the immense Tract through which it flows will be a sufficient Apology for the Licence of the Expression.

Whilst thus their Thoughts with rising Greatness glow,
 A sudden and lamented Blow
 The Stroke of Victory arrests,
 And wounds, with mighty Pangs, a thousand gen'rous Breasts:
 Before *Quebeck*, that God-like Man
 Whose wond'rous and heroic Plan
 Subdues, at last, her yielding Walls,
 Just in the Arms of Triumph, falls.
 In dumb Concern his heart-stung Vet'rans stand,
 And stern Bellona drops her slack'ning Hand:
 An universal Groan succeeds:
 Firm Courage stands aghast, and Conquest bleeds:
 Whilst Sorrow rises wrapt in fable Clouds,
 And, in one sullen Gloom, the Dawn of Glory shrouds.
 So fell of old the famous *Theban* Chief,
 Whelming victorious Troops in noble Grief:
 Like his WOLFE's Fate; like his, WOLFE's deathless Name
 Swells the loud Trump of everlasting Fame.

Nor should the glorious Wound which suddenly interrupted his Command, deprive the heroick General MONCKTON of the Praise so justly due to his noble Behaviour. Was the Author equal to the Attempt, he might appear inexcusable in omitting an honourable Mention of the victorious JOHNSON, HAWKE, SAUNDERS, MOORE, &c. &c. But he must leave a particular Panegyrick on this matchless List of *British* Worthies to an abler Pen; and content himself with a more general and humble Sketch of this glorious *Æra*.

Brave

Brave TOWNSHEND now the fallen Truncheon takes,
Swift flies Suspence, and slumb'ring Vengeance wakes:
Fir'd with fresh Rage the fierce Battalions close,
And press with double Force their flying Foes.
Their Hero's Fall, and Country's Wrongs unite
To brace their conqu'ring Arms with double Might;
In Streams of Blood they mark their dreadful Way,
Till their great End compleated crowns the Day:
The stubborn Tow'rs to *British* Valour bend,
And *British* Shouts the vaulted Welkin rend;
Triumphant Ensigns awe the subject Plains,
And o'er unbounded Realms *Britannia's* Monarch reigns.

A Thought so int'resting arises here,
In which such Weight, such great Effects appear,
And fraught with such ineffable Reward,
As claims the Royal Favour and Regard.

Behold, DREAD SOV'REIGN! in these wide Domains
The vast Extent your growing Empire gains,
And let the Voice of HEAV'N your Pow'r persuade
For savage Millions, who implore your Aid;
Your Subjects now, who, in this View demand
The noblest Blessing of your bounteous Hand;

They

They ask Instruction's animating Ray,
That brightest Sunshine of your glorious Sway ;
To thaw the Ignorance, which deep controuls
The frozen Currents of their fetter'd Souls.
Thus Errour shall imbibe the op'ning Day,
Thus Knowledge light Religion on her Way :
Religion ! from whose Pow'r, and sacred Train
The Throne it's noblest Permanence will gain,
Since all those Virtues on her Steps attend
Which form the King, the Subject, and the Friend,
And in the Mind those Principles create
Which best will serve the noblest Ends of State.
But, above all, the CHRISTIAN SCHEME explain,
By which poor Sons of Earth immortal Glory gain.
When, crown'd with Age and Honour, You shall rise
To those exalted and unfading Joys,
Admiring *Seraphs* shall with Rapture gaze,
And own, an Act like this, exceeds all Praise,
Which, to His awful Throne, a Tribute brings
Most pleasing to the gracious KING of *Kings*.
This Tribute will to Heav'n and Earth impart
The gen'rous Fire that warms your Royal Heart,
And best your sacred Gratitude explain
For all the Glories of your prosp'rous Reign :

Whilst

Whilst to your *Britain* it insures that Aid
Nor Time can waste, nor envious Foes invade,
Securely fixing in this happy Isle
Pow'r's earthly Throne, and Heav'n's eternal Smile.

The E N D.



