A COLLECTION OF THE POEMS OF JONATHAN ODELL
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTION

by

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ABSTRACT

This thesis makes available, in as complete a collection as it has been possible to assemble, the poetry of Jonathan Odell, the first Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick, who was also a clergyman, doctor, and worker for the Loyalist cause during the American Revolution. Until now, Odell has been known almost wholly as a writer of political satire, comparable to Philip Freneau on the Revolutionary side. Further investigation, however, proves that Odell's literary activity continued long after the Revolutionary period and besides satire, included patriotic verse, occasional pieces, and descriptive and reflective poems. It was also confirmed that he wrote an essay on prosody which was published in England in 1805.

The manuscripts from which Odell's work has been transcribed are located at Saint John in the New Brunswick Museum, where they were made available for research for the purpose of this thesis. The Odell Collection consists of more than 870 items which include newspapers, books, portraits, and about two hundred pieces of manuscript material. This material comprises such documents as land transfers, grants, deeds, business letters, and miscellaneous correspondence, appointments, genealogical information, and poetry written by Odell. The collection is not confined only to material relating to Jonathan Odell, but includes also material relating to his son, the Honorable William F. Odell, and other members of the family.

The thesis includes a biographical sketch of Odell, a brief commentary on his work, and the complete poems. The biographical and critical remarks are compiled from items in the Odell Collection as well as from references in published material. The poems are represented chronologically according to the stages of Odell's literary activity: The Pre-Revolutionary Period (1759-1775), the Revolutionary Period (1776-1783), and the New Brunswick Period (1784-1818).

In addition to the poems from the Odell Collection, a number of others have been included which were not found in manuscript form, but which were taken from contemporary newspapers and later publications. All the poems given are presumed to be by Odell, although there is some question about "The American Times," "To Sir James Wallace," and "The Old Year and the New: a Prophecy." These have been placed, therefore, in an appendix.

The thesis shows that the scope of Odell's work is far wider than the revolutionary satire which literary historians have so far recognised. That Odell had done some writing before the war began and that he continued to write after hostilities ended are clearly demonstrated. The greatest body of his poetry, moreover, revealing the most variety in subject matter and style, and having direct reference to the Canadian scene, was written during the thirty-three years of his residence in New Brunswick.
CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION
The Life of Jonathan Odell 1
Commentary on his poetry xvi
Explanatory Notes xxv

COLLECTED POEMS

Pre-Revolutionary Period 1759-1775
To cherish Arts and Genius to befriend 1
To Britannia in the Year 1763 2
Welcome Home after the Peace in 1763 3
Pope's Garden at Twickenham 5
On the Anniversary of a Friend's Marriage 7
Song from Milton's Allegro, with two additional Stanzas written at Sea, anno 1767 8
Advice to a handsome young Lady newly married 9
When a Man of true Spirit, in speaking or writing 10
My Stocking comes, lest I shou'd tear it 12
Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle Gale 13
From thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws 14
Fragment 15
To the Ladies of Burlington Bank 16
To Orlando 17
The true History of the Golden Age 18

Revolutionary Period 1776-1785
Instum et Tenacem propositi Virum 20
Inscription for a curious chamber Stove 21
Song for a fishing Party 22
Ode for the King's Birth-day 23
'Tis large indeed—'tis monstrous large he cried 25
The Laws, in Days of Yore, how harsh! 29
A Birthday Song 33
Mary Odell on her Birthday March 19th 1778 34
The Word of Congress 35
The Congratulation 46
The Feu de Joie 51
Ode for the New Year 57
A Loyalist, in Exile from his Family, sends a miniature Picture to his disconsolate Wife 59
To the Memory of Major Andre 62
Immediately after the Tragedy of Chrononhotontologos, a Prologue intended for the Farce called Taste 63
Colonel Buckeridge's Prologue 64
The World's a Stage and all the Men and Women
merely Players

Prologue spoken at the Opening of a Theatre in New
York 30th Decem. 1781

Song to St. George--N.Y. 1781

A Wedding Song—three Years after Marriage!

Copy of a Card, dated 8th of June 1783

New Brunswick Period 1784-1818

The Inquisition
Lines on the Death of Rev. George Bisset
Age after Age, unlike the golden Prime
Many Thanks, my good Sir, for your kind Admonition
On seeing the Address to the Ship America in which
    Governor Carleton and his Family embark for
    England
He comes! and Heaven, in Part, has heard our Prayer
The vacant House
To the Memory of Lord Nelson
The drooping Rose
Song for the 4th of June 1808
To the Honorable Beverly Robinson
Our thirty-ninth Wedding Day
Desipere in Loco, once in a While
To a young Lady, on the Death of her Father
Equation of Time
The Comet of 1811
Hull's Incursion into Canada
Hull's Invasion into Canada
The Battle of Queen's Town, Upper Canada
The Agonizing Dilemma
For the 104th let the Muses entwine
A second Salute to Neighbour Madison
Dear Sir—as I promised—my Hobby's in Trim
Dear Madam, how truly I grieve
What we shall be doth not yet appear
My Pedigree
De Gustibus non Disputandum
Hymn for Sunday Evening
To a Mother, on the Death of an infant Son
Reflections in Sickness, and on Recovery
Epigramma Comburendum
Roll up this blotted Slip of Paper
A Touch of the Times
To his Excellency, the Lt. Governor
The Gamut — for Sarah Anne Odell

Appendix

To Sir James Wallace
The American Times
The Old Year and the New: a Prophecy

BIBLIOGRAPHY
The Honorable and Reverend Jonathan Odell, clergyman, doctor, poet, and first Provincial Secretary of the province of New Brunswick, was born in Newark, New Jersey, on 25 September 1737, the only son of John and Temperance Odell.

Although a branch of the Odell family established itself in America in Puritan times, the family has been traced back to the Norman Conquest.

The first Odell was Walter Flandrensis, the last Count of Flanders, brother of Matilda of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror, with whom he came to England in 1066 and became the first Baron Odell. He held a great barony in Bucks, England, in 1086, of which Wahull or Woodhull, meaning wood hill, was the chief county seat, and from him descended the Barons Wahul, Wodhull, Woodhull, Odell, which is found spelled various ways in old records, Odel, Odle, Oadele, Odil, etc...

The titles and estates were bestowed upon the first Baron Odell by William the Conqueror for distinguished military services in the conquest of England. The head of the barony was at Odell, Bedfordshire, England, where Odell church and Odell castle remain.¹

The founder of the Odell family in America was William Odell, from the parish of Odell in Bedfordshire. He came to New England in the early part of the seventeenth century, in company, it is thought, with the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, the rector of his parish in England.² William Odell apparently settled at Concord, Massachusetts, for his name can be found in the town records for the year 1639. Five years later he went to live in Fairfield, Connecticut,

¹Minnie Alice (Lewis) Pool, Odell Genealogy, United States and Canada (1635-1935); ten generations in direct line (Monroe, Wis., E.A. Odell, 1935), p. 11.

became the owner of a considerable estate, and died there in 1676.

William Odell's eldest son, John, was made a freeman in 1664 by the General Assembly. Other records show him having received grants of land in 1673 and 1678 from the town of Fairfield, and of his being a member of the Church in Stratfield. John Odell's son, Samuel, was born 16 March 1677 in Stratfield. He in turn received a deed of land from his father in 1700, and in 1722 the General Assembly commissioned him Ensign. He died in 1727.

John Odell, the son of Ensign Samuel Odell, removed to Connecticut Farms, New Jersey. Here he married Temperance Dickinson, the daughter of Reverend Jonathan Dickinson, the founder and first President of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University). John Odell's will, made in 1750, mentions specifically his son Jonathan, and other children.

Some details of Jonathan Odell's early life are contained in a letter he wrote to a relative in Limerick in 1784. Odell was spending a year in England before going to New Brunswick, and took the opportunity of making a few inquiries into the Odell family background.

London. 15th of June 1784.

Sir,

There is a family in New England, whose name is Odell, and from which I am descended. At what time, or from what place, they emigrated to America, I have not discovered; but we have a tradition that the family was originally of Bedfordshire in England.... My father, having married in New Jersey, settled in that Province, where he lived but a few years and, at his death, left me, his only Son, a patrimony little more than sufficient to defray the expenses of a liberal Education. I came to England at the close of the year 1763, was ordained by the Bishop of London in the year 1766, and in the year following returned to America, a missionary from the Society for the propagation of the
Gospel, and Rector of St. Mary's Church, at Burlington, in my native Province of New Jersey; where I lived very happily till the late convulsions made it necessary for me either to renounce my allegiance or to quit the country. In such an Alternative there was no room for hesitation; and I therefore, having joined the King's Army in the year 1776, I remained within the British Lines till the final Evacuation of New York, at which time I left the Continent and, in January last, arrived in England, with Sir Guy Carleton, who had done me the honor, at New York, & appoint me Chaplain to the King's American Dragoons and Assistant Secretary to the Commander in Chief....

Thus much of my little history I have taken the liberty, Sir, to communicate as an introduction to a request (of which I make in the fullest confidence of your kind compliance) that you will be so good as to inform me whether you can furnish any hints that may lead me to trace my family in their emigration either from England or Ireland....

Thomas Odell replied at once to this letter as follows:

...I made every possible enquiry amongst the old people of this place, about our family, & I find that two brothers (who must have been men of fortune as they purchased large estates) came over from England in Cromwell's time, one of whom settled in the County Waterford, the other in this County; But on the strictest enquiry I cou'd not find that any one of either family emigrated to America till about 30 years ago; I am inclined to think that all of the name are descendants of one family who came to England with William the Conqueror, & settled in Bedfordshire, then I am told there are several of the name in North Hamptonshire. I send you enclosed a rough sketch of our Arms taken from an old family Cup, which may be of some service in your researches....

The Grove, Limerick July 15th 1784. 4

A second letter from Odell to his Irish relative continued the investigation into family history.

3 A.L.s. in Odell collection, packet 16, shelf 29.

4 A.L.s. in Odell collection, packet 16, shelf 29.
6th of Aug. 1784

Dear Sir

...I am at present engaged in preparing for my new employment of Secretary to the New province of New Brunswick, to which the Brother of my Friend and Patron Sir Guy Carleton is appointed Governor....

Respecting the Sketch of your family Arms, inclosed in your letter, and for which I am further to thank you, I have to remark that if the crescents are red and the field yellow—or in the technical language of heraldry—if the arms be "Or, three crescents gules," they agree exactly with what I have been taught many years ago to claim as belonging to the stock from which I am derived....

While in England also, and probably as a result of his correspondence with his Irish relative, Odell changed both his crest and motto to that which was in use by the Irish branch of the family, and described as "Crest: An arm embowed in armor, holding a sword, all ppr. Motto:—Pro patria invictus." 6

What Odell did not mention in his letters to Thomas Odell was the fact of his graduation from Nassau Hall, a branch of the College of New Jersey, in 1759, with a Master of Arts degree in medicine, after which time he became a surgeon in the British Army stationed in the West Indies. It was while serving with the Army that Odell decided to go to England in order to study for the ministry. On 21 December 1766, three years after his arrival in England, he was ordained Deacon by the Right Reverend Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of London, in the Chapel Royal of St. James' Palace, Westminster, and on 4 January 1767, he took the orders of priesthood, being ordained, in this instance, by Philip, Bishop of Norwich, also at St. James' Palace. On 19 January

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5A.L.s. in Odell collection, packet 16, shelf 29.

of that year, Odell was licensed to preach in the province of New
Jersey, and on 29 March, he became a member of the Society for the
Relief of Widows and Orphans of Clergymen.

Later in 1767, Odell was sent by the Society for the Propagation
of the Gospel to the Church of St. Mary's, Burlington, New Jersey,
and was inducted by the governor of the province, His Excellency
William Franklin.8 Odell made his home in Burlington for the next
nine years, serving the church both there and in Mount Holly.

Burlington in 1767 was a community of about two hundred families,
a quarter of whom were of the Episcopal faith. Upon his arrival,
Odell found a considerable amount of work to be done on the church
and in the parish, both in the way of repairing the church building
and in arranging services for families in outlying districts. In two
years, the building had been repaired and enlarged, and gifts of fur-
nishings had been presented by the wife of the governor. Until the
debt incurred by the building of the church had been paid off, Odell
declined the contribution of his congregation towards his salary.
From 1769 to 1774 he was the secretary to the colonial society for
the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen, a corporation which he
and other Episcopalian ministers founded with the aid of Governor
Franklin.

In 1770, George Whitefield, the Calvinist missionary, preached
before the court house in Burlington. He was the most impressive of
a number of Methodist missionaries to come to the colonies, and

8The illegitimate son of Benjamin Franklin.
attracted great crowds wherever he went. This popularity did not
unduly alarm Odell who, in a letter to the Society for the Propagation
of the Gospel, offered his opinion of such dissenting ministers.

Burlington June 28, 1771.

Reverend Sir,
The state of Religion in general in my Mission
continues to be not unpromising notwithstanding some
inconveniences arising from time to time among us
from the frequent Visits that are made us by a number of
methodistic Emissaries who are taking uncommon pains to
get footing in this Country. I have hitherto been in
hopes that their diligence may be defeated by letting
the Novelty pass without any open warmth of opposition,
which might inflame the weak but honest minded few, who
for a while are apt to admire those Itinerants, but
may be expected ere long to change their admiration
into indifference.

I am Sir &c
Jonn Odell.

On 6 May 1772, Odell was married to Anne De Cou, daughter of
Isaac De Cou of Burlington, by William Thomson, Missionary, presumably
Episcopal, at Trenton. There were four children by this marriage—
one son and three daughters. Mary, the eldest, was born on 19 March
1773, and died at Maugerville, New Brunswick, in 1848. She never
married. William Franklin, born 19 October 1774, was named after the
last loyal governor of New Jersey, and succeeded his father as Provin-
cial Secretary of New Brunswick in 1812. Lucy Anne, born 14 November
1776, married Colonel Rudyard, of the Royal Engineers, and died at
Halifax in 1829, and Sarah Anne, born 11 May 1781, married Charles Lee
of York County, New Brunswick.

For financial reasons as well as for the welfare of the community,
Odell combined his ministerial work in Burlington with the practice

9George Morgan Hills, History of the Church in Burlington (Trenton,
William S. Sharp, 1876), pp. 300-301.
of medicine. In the diary of James Crafts, the entry for 25 August 1771, is "Episcopal Parson Odell commenced Dr. of Physick." On 8 November 1774, Odell presented himself as a candidate for admission into the New Jersey Medical Society. Being well known and well recommended, he was admitted with the usual examination. At the same meeting Odell was appointed to a committee to confer with the Attorney General and assist in the attempt to obtain a Charter of Incorporation for the members of the Society.

By 1774, political conditions had become so threatening that Governor Franklin felt it necessary to remove his official residence from Burlington to Perth Amboy, a town much closer to New York, the centre of Loyalist activity.

...the task undertaken by a governor of one of the provinces of Great Britain was one of great difficulty. His difficulties were greatly increased by the persistent attempt of the king, and his ministers and parliament, to tax the people of the colonies, without the consent of their representatives, which they were resolute in resisting.... Governor Franklin was a handsome and very agreeable man, abounding in facetious anecdotes, and thus resembling his father. That father continued on good terms with him until the war was in active progress. His last visit to him was after he removed to Perth Amboy in 1774. They then discussed the controversy between the mother country and her colonies. They were far from agreeing. No man in America was more fully resolved upon resistance, at whatever cost, than the elder Franklin. The son, who disapproved the earlier measures of the British ministry, was still mindful of his oath as a royal governor; and remained a thorough government man, deeming the opposition of the colonists more mad than the measures of the ministry.  

Upon the outbreak of the Revolution, the ministers of the church were expected to promote, as far as they were able, a spirit of peace

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11Elmer's Biographical Sketches, p. 52, quoted in Hills, p. 304.
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11 Elmer's Biographical Sketches, p. 52, quoted in Hills, p. 304.
amongst their parishioners, and it was Odell's sincere wish that there be a harmonious relationship between England and the colonies. He felt that discussion between the Colonial Office and America would bring about a greater understanding between the two, and that the hostilities which had arisen as a result of the Stamp Act could be averted. As the political situation worsened, however, Odell found himself strongly drawn to the Loyalist cause, and when two letters written by him were intercepted, he was paroled by the committee of Inspection and Observation in Philadelphia with the understanding that he would not leave that city. The Committee then referred the matter to the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania before which he appeared on 8 October 1775. He was discharged, having given his word to appear when required before the Committee of Safety of New Jersey. On 17 October, he appeared before the New Jersey Congress, and his case was deliberated upon.

After the signing of the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, the County Committee of Burlington took more direct action against Odell. Peter Tallman, the chairman of the Committee, was ordered to take parole of Odell as "a person suspected of being inimical to American liberty," and to obtain a promise that Odell "confine himself on the East side of the Delaware river, within a circle of eight miles from the Court House in the city of Burlington."

Odell remained in Burlington until December of 1776. The diary

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12 Hills, p. 312.
13 Ibid.
of Margaret Morris, a Quakeress who had bought Governor Franklin's house, furnishes interesting information regarding Odell's last few days in New Jersey.

Dec. 14th 1776. Several of our friends called to see us; amongst the number was one Dr. Odell esteemed by the whole family and very intimate in it; but the spirit of the devil still continued to rove through the town in the shape of tory-hunters. A message was delivered to our intimate friend, informing him a party of armed men were on the search for him—his horse was brought, and he retired to a place of safety. From the 13th to the 16th, parties of armed men rudely entered the town, and diligent search was made for tories; a loud knocking at my door brought me to it... I asked what they wanted there; they said to search for a tory. The name of a tory, so near my own door, seriously alarmed me, for a poor refugee was at that very time concealed like a thief in an auger hole. I put on a very simple look, and cried out, 'Bless me, I hope you are not Hessians.' — but I'll go with you into Col. Cox's house. So I marched at the head of them opened the door and searched every place, but we could not find the tory.... We returned — they greatly disappointed -- I, pleased to think my house was not suspected. They left us, and searched J.V.'s [James Verse's] and the two next houses, but no tory could they find. In the evening I went to town with my refugee, and placed him in other lodgings.

Dec. 18th. Our refugee gone off to-day out of the reach of gondolas and tory hunters.

Dec. 22d. This afternoon we hear of our refugee again, and that he has got a protection, as it is called. The rage of tory-hunting a little subsided.

After leaving Burlington, Odell went to New York where he spent the next seven years working for the Loyalist cause. "His principles and qualifications speedily procured the notice of persons in command at the seat of war, and during its continuance, he executed many important and confidential trusts." In 1778, he became chaplain to

14 A secret chamber, or room behind a linen closet.

15 Flat-bottomed barges used as gunboats.

16 Hills, p. 321.

the First Battalion of the Pennsylvania Loyalists, and from 4 November 1782, he was Assistant Secretary to the Board of Associated Loyalists. On 1 August 1782, Odell read an address before the King's American Dragoons, of which he was chaplain from 25 April 1782 to 10 October 1783. Prince William Henry, who later became William IV, was then a midshipman in the fleet of Admiral Bigby, and was amongst those who heard this address. In addition to being the chaplain of two regiments, Odell was employed as one of Sir Guy Carleton's secretaries, wrote political satire in both poetry and prose, for such party journals as Rivington's Royal Gazette, and generally used every means in his power to combat rebellion. He was also the agent through whom Benedict Arnold and Major André conducted their correspondence, the letters being sent to Odell's care. In 1778, an Inquisition of High Treason was issued against Odell and two other men from Burlington County. A further order was issued against them the following year. None of the three appeared at either of the Burlington County court sessions, and the matter was finally dropped in 1787.

Towards the end of the war, Odell wrote to his friend Edward Winslow, who was muster-master-general of provincial forces in Nova Scotia, asking for a recommendation for future employment, because he could foresee that his work for Sir Guy Carleton would soon be coming to an end. He said in part:

New York, 8th Novemb'r, 1783.

Sir,... my request is in three words, that you will speak of me in the language of a friendly partiality to General Fox, a hint from whom in my favour to his Brother... might contribute much to the success of my hopes respecting an appointment as Assistant Secretary to a British Ambassador,
if such an one is to be sent to this country. My present employment in the same station...is unavoidably to cease in a very short time.... ¹³

He closed the letter with the hope of seeing Winslow in Nova Scotia that winter; but a second letter less than a month later told of a change in his plans.

"Ceres"—off Staten Island, 3d Dec'r, 1783.

My dear Sir,—Our evacuation of New York took place on the 25th ultimo without any appearance of disorder, and the town, we hear, continues in quiet under the American military. The season being so far advanced, I have postponed my intended voyage to Nova Scotia till next Spring, and am hoping to pass the winter in England. The Commander in Chief having done me the honor to invite me to a passage with him makes this voyage the more agreeable.¹⁹

In return for his services in support of the Loyalist cause, Odell was eventually rewarded with a political appointment as secretary of the newly formed province of New Brunswick, which until 1784 had been part of Nova Scotia. This position, like that of the lieutenant-governor, was not intended to be permanent. Solicitor-General Ward Chipman, another appointee to the Council, wrote of this to Winslow, who had hoped to be given the position Odell received.

London, 9th July, 1784.

My dear Ned,...

Col. Carleton, Sir Guy's brother, is at length appointed and has accepted.... Had either Fox or Musgrave accepted the Government, you would have been the Secretary with the concomitant offices. But Mr. Odell has the appointment under Col. Carleton.... You I understand are one of the Council. I am now to tell you a secret not by any means to be again mentioned, which I have in confidence from Mr.


¹⁹ Ibid., p. 154.
Watson this morning, with permission to mention it to you only, in a very private letter. Col. Carleton's is but a temporary appointment, he goes on to be Governor to Quebec and will take Mr. Odell with him....

The position did develop into a permanent one, however, for both Odell and Carleton, although the Lieutenant-Governor took his family to England in 1803 and did not come back to the province.

Colonel Carleton had arrived in New Brunswick in November, 1784, bringing with him from London the Loyalists who had been appointed to the Council. Their work, in the years following the formation of the province, had to do with such administrative problems as land grants, commerce, boundary settlements, and the establishment of a college which was to become the University of New Brunswick in 1859. Carleton, Odell, Winslow, Chipman, and other Loyalists were among the governors and trustees of The College of New Brunswick to which a charter was granted in 1800 although an academy had been in existence in Fredericton for fifteen years.

As provincial secretary Odell discharged his office with efficiency and faithfulness. His life, at first in Saint John for a few months, and then in Fredericton, which was selected by Governor Carleton for the provincial capital, was filled with government duties and the social obligations attached thereto. Although there is no evidence of his continuing to practise medicine, Odell's services as a clergyman were not infrequently called upon. He became a warden of Trinity Church in Saint John, and he also preached there in 1784 and

\[20\] Ibid., pp. 213-214.
1785 when the church was without a regular minister. It was because of this double capacity as politician and minister that he became known by the title "the Honorable and Reverend Jonathan Odell."

While his Loyalist sympathies carried Odell from Burlington to New York, then England, and finally Canada, Mrs. Odell and the children remained in New Jersey, but after a nine year's separation, the family was reunited in Fredericton, sometime in 1785.

The foundation and growth of the province, and the life of the settlers there, would surely have provided much material for Odell to write about, yet in a letter of 1802 to his friend and fellow Loyalist, the Reverend Jonathan Boucher, who had returned to London and remained there, Odell suggested that nothing of importance had been happening in New Brunswick.

When I took leave of you in the year 1784, I promised sometimes to write to you from this New Country. It is now near eighteen years that I have at times thought of this promise, and always with a sincere determination to perform it--but seldom with anything at hand that appeared likely to afford you either amusement or interesting information. "The four corners of Europe on fire around you," left nothing for me to communicate, from this frigid retreat, worthy of your attention. You, on the contrary, have entertained and instructed your Country as a public Preacher, not from a single pulpit, but from the Press, which has consigned a part of your literary labors, and will yet I hope consign more of them to the present and future generations.  

It was obviously necessary for Odell to find some reason for breaking his eighteen year silence in order to ask a favor of his friend who had a certain amount of influence with the publishing business. However, to excuse himself on the ground that there was little about his life in the new country to afford either amusement or interesting

21A.L.s. in Odell Collection, packet 29, shelf 50.
information comes strangely from one who was so closely involved in the development of the province. Perhaps he was so near the centre of things that he did not realize the extent of the economic and cultural progress around him. But it seems more likely that, because of his official capacity, he regarded as confidential any information concerning the growth of New Brunswick as a matter for discussion only at meetings of the Executive Council.

Odell continued in his capacity of provincial secretary until 1812. A year or two previously, on behalf of his son, he had petitioned Lieutenant-Governor Martin Hunter who in turn applied to Robert Peel (under-secretary for the colonies). While Lord Liverpool, the Colonial Secretary, by no means condoned the principle of such succession, he nevertheless gave consent to the request that William Franklin Odell continue in the position held so long by his father.

Fredericton, New Brunswick, 10th Aug. 1811

Sir

In the Month of March 1810 I transmitted to My Lord Liverpool a Memorial ... from M. Odell the Provincial Secretary, with my Certificate in support of his petition—that after so many years of faithful and diligent Service, from the first establishment of the province in the year 1784, he might be permitted to retire, and that His Majesty's [sic] would be graciously pleased to appoint William Franklin Odell, the son of the Petitioner, to succeed him in the offices of Secretary, and Register of the Records and clerk of His Majesty's Council of New Brunswick.

During my administration of this Government, Mr. Odell has discharged the duties of his Station with such zeal and ability, that I should think myself guilty of injustice to a very Old and faithful Servant of His Majesty, if I were to leave the Province without making another effort to obtain a favorable answer to his request.... The offices in question, though they require talents and assiduity, are productive of small emolument seldom amounting in whole to four hundred pounds per annum, and this with no allowance for official
assistance of any kind; and I can assure his Lordship that both the father and the Son, for whom I solicit, are worthy of his favor and protection....

I have the honor...etc.
Sgd Martin Hunter
Lt. Gov. N.B.

Robt. Peel esq., etc. etc. etc. 22

In due course Robert Peel returned the following reply:

Downing Street,
5 December 1811.

Sir,

I have received and laid before the Earl of Liverpool your letter of the 10th August inclosing the Memorial of Mr. Odell the Secretary of the Province, & I am directed to acquaint you that although his Lordship deems the resignation of his office by Mr. Odell in favor of his Son objectionable on general principles; yet that he is induced in this instance in consequence of your earnest recommendation & the strong testimony which you have given of the faithful Services of Mr. Odell and the qualifications of his son to submit to the Prince Regent the appointment of Mr. William Franklin Odell to be Secretary & Register of the Province of New Brunswick.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient,
humble Servant,
Rob. Peel

Maj. Gen. Hunter
etc. etc. etc. 23

The position, then, passed from father to son, and William Franklin Odell served as provincial secretary until his death in 1844. The office had thus remained in the one family for sixty years.

--- The last six years of Odell's life, although marred occasionally by serious illness, were full and busy ones. He continued to take a

22 A.L.s. in Odell collection, packet 16, shelf 29.

23 A.L.s. in Odell collection, packet 16, shelf 29.
lively interest in the people and the events of the community; he
read widely, wrote poetry, studied Hebrew. Odell was eighty-one
years old when he died on 25 November 1818, and the flat stone which
covers his grave in the old Loyalist burying ground at Fredericton
records the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him.

The duties thus developing upon him he unremittingly and
faithfully discharged for upward of thirty years, assist­
ing also in emergency in the church. After the relinquish­
ment of his appointment he kept his wanted course to the
end, religious, loyal, upright, charitable, prompt in
friendship, persevering in good offices, he is now mourned
in proportion as he was cherished and respected by his
family, by his friends, by the public, by the poor.

Throughout most of his life, in addition to his religious and
political duties, Odell found time for writing. If he is known at all
today in literary circles, it is for his skill as a satirist for the
Loyalist cause during the Revolution that he is remembered. Yet he
had been writing for more than twenty years when his talent for both
prose and poetry was called upon for more serious use than he had
probably ever intended. There is little in his work before the Revol­
ution to suggest the powerful and forceful utterance he evinced during
the war years. The political satire of Charles Churchill in England,
and the literary styles of Dryden and Pope, greatly influenced all the
writers of the American Revolution, but because of the vigor and direct­
ness of his attack, and his mastery of the heroic couplet, Odell has
been referred to by an American literary historian as "the satirical
poet who in art and power surpassed all his fellows."24 Vernon

24 Moses Coit Tyler, The literary History of the American
Parrington, however, while conceding that Odell "for bitterness of satire outdid Freneau at his frankest," attaches no lasting merit to his work.

Empty Jonathan Odell of prejudice, class interest, passion for the prerogative, with their corollary of praise for an unmanly truckling to the King, and nothing remains, the empty sack collapses.

The satirical poems are the ones by which Odell is known because of their publication both in newspapers of the time and, at a later date, in The Loyal Verses of Stansbury and Odell edited by Winthrop Sargent, but his literary output extends far beyond this in both subject matter and style. His interest in writing began fairly early, and his development can be traced from his first dated poem (1759), which is a translation from the French; through an eulogy inspired by a visit to Pope's garden at Twickenham; a patriotic salute to his former regiment on their return from military duty; a group of pastoral poems with a Burlington setting; a wryly humorous little piece signed "Veridicus" intended as a reminder to some unidentified person about his unmended socks; and a serious satirical poem, also signed Veridicus, published in Pennsylvania Chronicle as early as 1768, which foreshadowed the growing hostilities in America. The following passage, taken from this early poem entitled "When a Man of true Spirit, in Speaking or Writing," indicates the direction of Odell's

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26Ibid. II, p. 259.
political thinking, and the influence of the contemporary literary style upon his work.

But—if I have rated your candour too high;  
If your modesty suffer you still to reply,  
And employ, without shame, your sophistical skill  
To make Reason and Conscience submit to your will;  
If you scorn to retreat from the path you are in,  
And because you've begun, will continue to sin  
Against equity, truth, and the faith you profess,  
If you thus persevere—all the World must confess  
That I paint, with the pencil of truth, the demerit  
Of such an unchristian intolerant spirit.

The outbreak of war, Odell's subsequent removal to New York, and his participation in the Revolution, brought to an end his years of apprenticeship and desultory composition of pleasant small pieces which showed by their allusions and style the influence of such poets as Milton and Pope. His full attention for the next seven years was to be given to the Loyalist cause for which he wrote in both poetry and prose under various pseudonyms such as Peter Puff, Yoric, Orlando, and possibly Camillo Querno. Winthrop Sargent says of the quality of his satire that "in fertility of conception and vigor and ease of expression, many passages in his poems will compare favorably with those of Churchill and Canning."^27

The satirical poems for which Odell is chiefly remembered are "The Word of Congress," "The Congratulation," "The Feu de Joie," and "The American Times," although there is some question as to his authorship of this last work. In these lengthy poems which serve as vehicles for bitter attacks on the revolutionaries, Odell harangues Congress for its part in stirring up rebellion, and mercilessly satirizes such eminent writers and leaders as Paine, Polaski, Jay, and Chase, while

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at all times showing complete confidence in the ultimate victory of the Tories. In "The American Times," in order to denounce the Revolutionaries, he relies on the Miltonic device of the fallen angels who in their absence from Pandemonium take human form. In calling the demons about him to receive sentence and punishment, he excludes scarcely anyone. The following excerpt concerning Washington will serve as an illustration.

Go, wretched author of thy country’s grief,  
Patron of Villainy, of villains chief;  
Seek with thy cursed crew the central gloom,  
Ere Truth’s avenging sword begin thy doom;  
Or sudden vengeance of celestial dart  
Precipitate thee with augmented smart.

This stanza from "The Feu de Joie" further exemplifies the bitterness of his attacks on the Revolutionary leaders.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
Does Lordly Congress relish this defeat—  
Say, is it pleasant to their souls and sweet?  
What, both o’er thrown, America and France,  
By one small splinter of the British Lance!  
Yet these were they, gigantic in their boast,  
Who swore to chase us from this Western Coast:  
Yet these were they who built flat-bottomed boats,  
And vow’d to drive us like a Flock of Goats.  
Unstable as the sand, their arts shall fail:  
As water weak, they never shall prevail,  
These, Reuben-like, their parents' couch defile:  
Like Judas, these shall perish in their guile.  
Could the Sword spare them, yet of Heaven accurst  
Their very Bowels would asunder burst.

At the same time that Odell was denouncing the Revolution and all who took part in it, he was warmly praising the Loyalist cause and predicting its ultimate victory. These lines from "A Birthday Song," composed in 1777 in honor of the king’s birthday show his confidence in the outcome of the war.
Though faction by falsehood awhile may prevail,
And loyalty suffers a captive in jail,
Britain is rouz'd, rebellion is falling:
   God save the King!
The captive shall soon be releas'd from his chain;
And conquest restore us to Britain again,
Ever to join in chanting merrily
   Glory and joy crown the King!

Two poems composed during the war but not primarily political
deserve some mention. One is addressed to Odell's daughter Mary on
the occasion of her fifth birthday. It is written from the point
of view of a young child as yet not directly affected by war. There
is a dual purpose in this poem—to greet his daughter, and to counsel
her, in words she would understand, on how to act should any adversity
touch her.

   And if, ere long, my vacant heart
   Is to be fill'd with care and pain,
   Still I shall bravely hear my part
   While Youth and Innocence remain.

The other poem, with self-explanatory title, is "A Loyalist, in Exile
from his Family, sends a miniature Picture to his disconsolate Wife."
In this very personal work Odell recalls their courtship and marriage
in the peaceful days before the Revolution, and expresses disappoint­
ment over the progress and length of the war and the separation from
his family. He asks his wife to take comfort from the thought that,
although they are necessarily apart

   He lives with thee, while here a lifeless form
   Alone remains to bide the pelting storm.

He concludes with a hope for happier days when the war will be over
and the family together once more.

   Those better days, I trust, shall yet come round;
   Again shall love and Innocence be crown'd,
   And, to the last, life's golden hours employ
   In a sweet circle of domestic joy.
The third phase of Odell's literary career can be said to begin about 1785 with his appointment to political office in New Brunswick. Because of the demands upon his time, his writing again became what he presumably originally intended it should be—a pleasant diversion for the enjoyment of his family and friends, with little or no thought of publication. During these years, Odell found time to write a surprising number of poems and verses, and while none sustained the brilliance of his political works, the reasons for his writings were different, and the variety of his themes help to establish a more complete picture of the man's personality.

In his book *Creative Writing in Canada*, Desmond Pacey says that Poets like Joseph Stansbury (1740-1809) and Jonathan Odell (1737-1818) turned out satirical poems directed against the republican sentiments of the American rebels, nostalgic lyrics in which they voiced the longings of the exile for home, and rousing patriotic songs in which they celebrated the glories of the British Flag and Crown, but most of their better work had been done before they came to Canada and none of it had any direct relationship with the Canadian scene.\(^2\)

While there is undoubtedly some truth in this statement, there is no evidence to suggest that Odell wished to return to Burlington other than in "A Loyalist in Exile," which he wrote while in New York. Rather, the subject matter of the later poems shows that Odell regarded himself as being permanently and contentedly established in the new country, for he wrote with both assurance and vividness about both local and international events during the thirty-four years of his residence in New Brunswick. There are, of course, a few verses like

\(^2\)Toronto, Ryerson, [1952], p. 8.
"Epigramma Comburendum" which are of only slight content and merit, but they were obviously never intended to be more than what they are—humorous greetings to his friends, in rhyme rather than prose. Odell's writing, on the whole, shows a considerable amount of diversity and skill.

An example of his interest in local happenings, and of his development as a poet, can be found in "The drooping Rose." This is a poem of welcome addressed to Mrs. Martin Hunter, the wife of the Lieutenant-governor who succeeded Thomas Carleton. Like much of Odell's work, the element of autobiography is clearly apparent, but it is a gracious and polished piece of writing, and it contains at least one passage of description which is well worth noting.

Fresh verdure decks the Lawn and tufted Trees,
The blooming Terrace courts the western breeze;
Calmly the River glides majestic by;
And yonder landscape charms the unwearied eye.

Another aspect of Odell's nature, as revealed in two short poems, is his interest in scientific matters. These verses are "The Equation of Time," and "The Comet of 1811." The latter is an amusing blend of fact and superstition.

'Tis all from that frizzle-pate vagabond Comet,
Who, squeezing his taile, like a Sponge as he pass'd,
Has drenched us with rain "from the Skirt of his blast."

In addition to writing poetry in New Brunswick, Odell had worked for some time on an essay, the subject of which held considerable interest for him. Published in London in 1805, the work was entitled An Essay on the elements, accents and prosody of the English language.\(^{29}\)

\(^{29}\)This work is listed in the British Museum Catalogue. There is a copy of it in the Odell Collection, but as it had been mislaid, I was not able to examine it. The manuscript, however was available.
It was on account of this essay that Odell wrote to Boucher the letter already quoted in part. He went on to say:

I have for some time past employed my leisure hours...in digesting and arranging some ideas that have long floated in my mind, on the Subject of the vocal and articulate Elements of our language, and on the Accents and Prosody both of our own and the ancient languages, some points of which...have never been satisfactorily explained nor rightly understood.... I mean...to give you...the trouble of perusing and, where you may see occasion, of correcting my manuscript, and superintending its publication.  

Odell's retirement from public life coincided with the War of 1812, so that his return to more ambitious writing in the form of political satire is not surprising. Although tempered by age and distance from the scene, the fire and zeal he exhibited during the Revolution are evident in such poems as "The Agonizing Dilemma," "Hull's Incursion into Canada," and "The Battle of Queen's Town." A quotation from "Hull's Incursion" will show his unabated patriotism.

Come, tune up and summon, with pipe and with tabor,  
Sweet Echo -- to sound a Salute to Our Neighbour,  
Whom Nap, the Destroyer of peace and good Order,  
Persuaded to make an Attack on our Border.  

......  
At his bidding came Hull, and he made Proclamation--  
"Choose wisely, Submission or Extermination."  
Full surely he thought, by this insolent Bluster,  
To put all his foes in a terrible fluster.  

......  
On the Shores of Potomack, in Washington City,  
Nap's Minions may sing thorough bass to my ditty  
But all who disdain to fight under his Order,  
Will curse Neighbour Madison's War on Our Border.

Of less lasting significance, however, are the verses Odell composed

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30 See footnote 21.
and sang to well-known tunes at social gatherings in Fredericton.

Songs like "To the 104th" were obviously meant only for the enjoyment of the moment by an uncritical and patriotic audience.

The poems which Odell wrote in his last years, excluding those which had to do with the War of 1812, are marked by introspection and simplicity. The fondness for family which we have already seen can be found again in such poems as "Dear Sir - as I promis'd - my Hobby's in Trim," a humorous verse indicating the friendly relationship between father and son; and in "The Gamut -- for Sarah Anne Odell" in which he reveals his pride in his youngest daughter's musical accomplishments. "Our thirty-ninth wedding day" reiterates the sentiment of "A Loyalist in Exile" but adds a more sombre note with his awareness of the possible nearness of death,

But now, approaching fast the verge of life,
With what emotions do I see a Wife
And children, smiling with affection dear
And think how sure that parting and how near!

A number of poems also written in the last few years of Odell's life reveal, directly or indirectly, an increasing dependency on the Bible for their inspiration. "What we shall be doth not yet appear" is based on the text from the first Epistle of St. John, while "Reflections in Sickness and on Recovery" illustrates the strength of his religious faith. The poem concludes with the following lines:

Protect me then, Great Giver of all Good,
And, through temptation watchfully withstood,
Conduct me Safely in the doubtful Strife
Of Virtue, struggling through the snares of life,
Till I may come victorious to the shore,
Where doubt and frailty shall be known no more.

An interesting contrast in diction is provided by two other religious poems of this period, "Hymn for Sunday Evening," and "To a young Lady
on the Death of her Father." The former is perhaps the simplest and quietest poem Odell ever wrote. The first stanza is:

Now, ere the fleeting hour is past away
And Night succeeds the consecrated day,
Let us resume our holy rites and raise
An Evening Sacrifice of prayer and praise.

"To a Young Lady," however, has this sonorous and declamatory opening:

Almighty Ruler, whose unceasing Sway
Millions of suns and rolling worlds obey,
That, through all Space, thy power may be display'd,
And light and life the boundless all pervade;
O what is Man!

These examples of Odell's poetic style may show the variety one finds in his work. His control of language and metre, developed over almost sixty years of writing, and one can trace the course of his literary career from apprentice work in translation and imitation, through the harsh fervour of his Revolutionary poems, to the evolution of a personal style which embodied the neo-classical elements of eighteenth-century literature.

Odell, who has been considered chiefly as a vitriolic satirist, is now revealed, through the poems of the New Brunswick period, as a writer who has achieved both technical facility and artistic taste.

NOTES

Most of the poems are signed by Odell, either with his full name or with initials, and these would certainly be his work. Those which are unsigned but in his handwriting are assumed to be his own composition, although it has been established that one poem in the collection, but not included here, "On Mr. B--- 's Singing an Hymn of his own Composing." is, according to Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, in The
famous Mather Byles, (Boston, W.A. Butterfield, 1914), the work of Joseph Green, a Halifax merchant.

The source of each poem, and the date, when known, are stated at the beginning. When more than one copy exists of the same work, the fair copy has been taken as the source, with the rough draft or other version mentioned at the conclusion of the poem.

Some poems are taken from notebooks in the Odell Collection. These are designated by number. Those poems which were found separately have been given the New Brunswick Museum catalogue number stamped on each, or indicated as unnumbered manuscripts.

Spelling has not been altered, but a few minor changes in punctuation (e.g., in the use of quotation marks), have been silently made. Where more than one copy of a poem exists, variants in capitalization and punctuation have not been cited. Other differences in wording found between fair copies and rough drafts have been shown at the end of each poem.
PRE-REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD 1759-1775
[TO CHERISH ARTS AND GENIUS TO BEFRIEND]

To cherish Arts and Genius to befriend,
To join with Taste what Science could supply,
The smiling Graces with the Virtues blend,
Fight for his King and for his Country die.
'Twas thus to Glory de Gisors aspired,
By friends lamented and by foes admired.
In plaintive Strains the Arulian Nymphs declare
A Father's grief, a tender Wife's despair.
Chaplets to deck the Hero's Urn they bring.
His merit and his name my Muse reveres,
But, fearful on a theme so high to sing,
Her tribute pays in silent tears.

J.O.

Odell gives the following explanation of this poem, which, as far as can be established, is his first work in verse form.

"Verses written by an English Gentleman - on the Count de Gisors, the only Son of the Marechal Duc de Bellisle, and last hope of that illustrious family.

"He was (says our Historian Smollet) a young Nobleman of extraordinary accomplishments, who finished a short life of honor in the embraces of military glory, and fell gallantly fighting at the head of his own Regiment, to the inexpressible grief of his aged Father and the universal regret of his Country." He was killed on the 23rd of June 1758, on the left Wing of the French Army, in an action near Crevelt in Germany.

Cultiver tous les Arts, proteger le Genie,
Joindre au goftt le searoir et les graces aux moeurs,
Combattre pour son Roi, mourir pour sa Patrie,
Regretté des Vaincus, admiré des Vainqueurs;
Telle fut di Gisors et l'étude et la gloire.
De leurs accents plaintifs les Nymphes de la loire
D'une Épouse et d'un Pere expriment les douleurs.
Sur l'Urne du Heros leurs mains jettent des fleurs.
Ma Muse, plus timide, honore sa memoire
Moins, par ses Vers que par ses pleurs."
TO BRITANNIA IN THE YEAR 1763

From Age to Age in Fame's high temple crown'd,
For peaceful arts and martial deeds renown'd,
Britannia, hail! -- While Ocean round thee flows,
Tis thine to smile amid surrounding foes.
When all around are harass'd with alarms,
Thy "Sea-girt Isle" repels the din of Arms.
And oft as envy prompts the ambitious foe,
Thy gallant Sons anticipate the blow.
O'er distant lands, or Ocean's boundless tide,
They fly to spread thy triumphs far and wide,
From clime to clime extending thy Domain:--
Ah! dearly bought with blood of Heroes slain.

Britain, forbear! let devastation cease;
For at thy hand the World sollicits peace.
'Tis thine, once more, the rage of War to bind,
And from a thirst of blood deter mankind.
Thy ancient Rivals, often taught before,
Again have learnt thy vengeance to deplore;
Again repent that perfidy and pride,
Which, unprovok'd, thy vengeance late defied.
Through distant Realms, and far as Ocean rolls,
From East to West, and to the frozen Poles,
Thy banners are display'd, thy fame resounds;
Thy Glory and the World have equal bounds.

J.O.
WELCOME HOME AFTER THE PEACE IN 1763

Addressed to the 22d Regiment.

From burning Sands or frozen plains,
Where Victory cheer'd the way,
Hail, ye returning small Remains
Of many a glorious day!

In eight revolving years, alass,
What havoc War has made!
A tear shall swell one circling Glass
In memory of the Dead.

With English hearts, to fate resign'd,
They ear'n'd a deathless fame;
For England bled, and left behind
A sadly-pleasing name.

On many a widely distant Land,
Or in the howling Deep,
Though now they seem, by Death's cold hand,
Held in eternal Sleep:

Yet are they far from what they seem;
Their clay alone is cold;
The Soul, a warm ethereal beam,
No power of Death can hold.

This mortal frame is but a Screen
Between us and the Skies;
Death draws the Curtain, and the Scene
Then opens on our eyes.

'Tis we that Dream, not they that sleep;
Their hovering Spirits fly
Around you still, and on you keep
A friendly watchful eye.
And thus the Chief, who lately led
Your Courage to the field,
May still be fancied at your head,
Still warn you ne'er to yield.

Your lost companions thus may strive
With you each toil to bear,
May still in fancy's eye survive,
Your future fame to share.

With joyful triumph, then, review
Your toils and dangers past;
Fill up the circling glass anew,
And -- welcome home at last.

J.O.

There is a draft of this poem (29445) in the Odell Estate and it also appears in The Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell; relating to the American Revolution, ed. Winthrop Sargent (Albany, J. Munsell, 1860), pp 106-108. It is called "A Welcome Home to the Twenty-third Regiment after the peace of 1763". and was included by Sargent in the notes at the end of the text because he felt the non-political bearing would interest readers who knew Odell only as a satirist.
Behold the consecrated Bowers,
    Where oft, with rapture sweet,
The Muse beguil'd the lingering hours,
    And cheer'd her Bard's Retreat.

To "wake the Soul, the Genius raise
    And mind the heart", he sings;
Echo repeats the melting lays,
    And fame her tribute brings.

Here nothing splendid, nothing great,
    Your admiration claims;
No proud display of wealth or State
    Your envy here inflames.

No vain sepulchral pomp is here;
    But every passing eye
Here pays the tribute of a tear,
    And every heart a Sigh.¹

No breathing Marbles do you meet,
    Near this enchanting Spot;
But Inspiration holds her Seat
    In yon Muse-haunted Grott.

Delightful hermitage! where still
    Some nameless charm resides;
But ah, no more the murmuring Rill
    Across the Cavern glides.

The Genius of the Grotto fled,
    And left the mournful Stream,
No longer by the Muses fed,
    To vanish as a dream.

Yet here, intranc'd, a simple Swain
    With rapture seems inspir'd;
Here fancy listens to the Strain
    That first my bosom fired.

¹A plain Obelisk, to the Memory of Mrs. Pope, with this Inscription. Ah Editha, Matrum optuma, Mulierum amantissiam, Vale!

-- Odell.
Methinks I hear, in every tree,
   The fluttering Sylphs around;
And lo! the ravish'd Lock I see
   A constellation crown'd.

Here, shelter'd by the solemn Shade,
   The Cloister seems to rise,
Where Eloisa, hapless Maid,
   Still vents her tender Sighs.

Here shrouded in a bloody Vail,
   A more ill-fated Fair
Glides by, and swells the hollow gale
   With Shrieks of wild despair.

But hark, an evangelic song
Reechoed from the spheres,
Here floats the silver Thames along
   A God, a God appears!

With awful and sublime delight
This hallow'd ground I tread
Where angels hover in my sight
   And whisper o'er my head.

This poem was published in Loyal Verses (pp 108-110), for the same reason that the "Welcome-Home" was included. Sargent dates the poem 1765 because he feels it must surely have been written while Odell was living in London. He calls the poem "On Pope's Garden at Twickenham: 1765!"
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FRIEND'S MARRIAGE

April 29th, 1766

Sweet Warblers, chirping through the Grove,
Your chorus let us join,
While your soft notes, attuned to Love,
Give harmony to mine.

How fresh the Morn! how soft the Breeze!
How mild the radiant beam,
That glances, twinkling, through the trees,
And silvers all the Stream!

O Denham! could I catch thy skill,
This Landscape, ever green,
In song should rival Cowper's Hill,
Or Shenstone's rural Scene.

Here should the Turtle build her nest,
And here the faithful Dove,
A Paradise should here be dress'd
For Innocence and Love;

That Love whose unrepented joy
The Winter's frown defies,
Whose heart-felt raptures never cloy,
Whose faith abhors disguise.

From life this hasty Sketch I trace;
'Tis yours, O happy Pair.
Beyond the grave 'twill find a place;
Love blooms eternal there.

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1Hyde Park. -- Odell.

2See Shenstone's "Ode To The Duchess of Somerset."

This poem is also in Book 2, p.7.
SONG FROM MILTON'S ALLEGRO—WITH TWO ADDITIONAL STANZAS,

Written at Sea, Anno 1767

1.

"Let me wander, not unseen,
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillots green,
Where the Ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
Where the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the Mower whets his Sythe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale."

2.

There a genial rapture springs
Of love and joy, unknown to Kings;
Gay content and Friendship free,
Rosy Health and careless glee.
Give me then, O Fate, but this;
On earth I ask no great bliss;
Let Delia listen to my tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

3.

Haste, my Fair! The call obey
Of Love, that pines at your delay;
Leave the noisy World behind,
Banish coyness and be kind.
Why should Youth and Beauty's bloom
Wear in Spring the Winter's gloom?
Then, Delia, listen to my tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale!

J.O.

This poem is also in Book 2, p. 8.
ADVICE TO A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY NEWLY MARRIED

(Air---"Let me wander not unseen")

Like a frail though peerless flower,
Beauty blossoms, fades and dies.
Short the triumphs of her power;
Soon the bright Enchantment flies.
Would you wish the charm to last?
In spite of glooms be ever kind;
And, still to hold your Captive fast,
Let gay content possess your Mind.

Then, though time with rapid wing
Bears away the bloom of youth,
Each returning day shall bring
Fresh proofs of honor love and truth.
Down the smiling Stream of life
Then your Bark shall sweetly glide,
Secure from every breath of Strife,
And borne on pleasure's constant tide.

A rough draft of this poem (29221), is signed Jonathan Odell rather than J.O., which was the more usual practice.
WHEN A MAN OF TRUE SPIRIT, IN SPEAKING OR WRITING

When a man of true spirit, in speaking or writing
On this side or that, in peace-making or fighting,
Transgresses the limits of due moderation,
He will try, by confession, to make reparation.

I am told, by my friends, and I fear it is true
(And therefore acknowledge the matter to you,
Mees'rs Centinel, Whig, and so forth) that my rhymes
Are a little too harsh for these delicate times.

To be sure 'twas indecent to run such a rig,
On a Centinel's dulness, to rail at a Whig,
And absurdly attempt, with a menace of birch,
To deter, you from venting your spleen at the Church;
And to lug in a cobler, so naal a propos,
Was, without all dispute, rather vulgar and low;
And the Pointer! I own it with shame and remorse,
I cou'd with her exchang'd for a Mule or a Horse,
Or for any comparison, pat to the case,
That my rhyme would allow me to put in her place.

Thus, you see, I confess myself highly to blame;
And, ere long, I shall hope to hear you do the same;
For, all joking apart, on a candid review
Of the cause that you plead, I'm persuaded that you
Will, yourselves, be so modest as frankly to own
That you're all in the wrong not to let us alone;
That we've never requested, nor wish'd to obtain,
What cou'd possibly put you sincerely in pain;
That you've spread an alarm when no danger was near,
And will, therefore, no longer in armour appear,
To defend what was never assaulted by those
Whome you rashly mistook to be liberty's foes.

This; I hope, without scruple, ere long, you'll confess.
For, while you, with unenvy'd indulgence, possess
All the freedom you ask, whether sacred or civil,
To deny us the same would be so like the D——l,
(That Father of envy, spite, malice and lies)
That I fain wou'd suppose you'd abhor and despise
Such an infamous wish; and we've told you before
(What you ought to believe) that we ask for no more.

1"Veridicus" had obviously published poems previously.
But ---- if I have rated your candour too high;
If your modesty suffer you still to reply,
And employ, without shame, your sophistical skill
To make Reason and Conscience submit to your will;
If you scorn to retreat from the path you are in,
And, because you've begun, will continue to sin
Against equity, truth, and the faith you profess;
If you thus persevere ---- all the World must confess
That I paint, with the pencil of truth, the demerit
Of such an unchristian intolerant spirit.

To you Consciences then let me hold up the glass.
See! with hearts full of rancour, with foreheads of brass,
With unbounded ambition, unlimited pride,
(Which Hypocrisy vainly endeavours to hide)
With suspicious distrust, that appears to be fraught
With revenge for what ne'er was attempted or thought,
With ferocity, perfidy, envy and spite,
And implacable --- How! do you start at the fight?
The outlines of my piece, are they faithful and true?
And does Conscience acknowledge a likeness of you?
Then, I trust; I may venture my hopes to repeat,
That, at length, you will honestly found a retreat,
And desist from the rage of intemperate zeal
Against Bishops and Chandler's pacific Appeal.

The following letter was published with the poem quoted above.

Mr. Goddard,

Once more I must request you to publish, in your Chronicle, a
few lines to those restless Perturbed Spirits, the Whigs and
Sentinels. They seem, at present, to be troubled with bad
dreams, which may probably arise from a bad digestion; for a
disorder'd stomach is apt to affect the head: But I hope they
will, in a little time, become less stomachful, and then, I
doubt not, they will rest better themselves, and be less
given to disturb the repose of others.

I am, Sir., your humble Servant,
Veridicus.

April 21, 1768.
My stocking comes, lest I shou’d tear it,  
For you to mend it ere I wear it. 
"A stitch in time" — (you know the adage) 
But every laundress, in this bad age, 
At best is but a meer pretender, 
An awkward clumsy-fisted mender: 
Then kindly lend your needle’d aid, 
Nor let the favor be delay’d; 
For, to be free, my stock is small, 
And more or less, wants mending all.

Excuse this freedom, & believe me, 
I am, unless my heart deceive me, 
I am, and wish to have it noted 
By all the world, your most devoted, 
Most faithful, honest & observant 
Friend & very humble Servant.

Veridicus

Friday morning
Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
[Source: Unnumbered MS.; undated]

[FROM THEE SWEET HOPE HER AIRY COLOURING DRAWS]

From thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue knows.
When Joy's bright Sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive Meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.
Gay Sephyr sported o'er the dancing Wave,
And softly whisper'd to the listening Grove;
Sweet soothing Murmur stole, from Echo's cave,
Along the winding Shore and round the Cove.
The rising Moon now led me forth to rove;
Her image gleam's upon the tide below,
While on the Bank I stray'd till Fancy wove
A Webb in-wrought with tales of bitter woe,
That wrung my throbbing heart and made my eyes o'erflow.

J.O.

---

1This may be a reference to Green Bank, a favourite walk between Governor Franklin's residence in Burlington, New Jersey, and the Delaware River.
TO THE LADIES OF BURLINGTON BANK

Rich Eden's bowers when Time was young
Nature with bonds of beauty hung:
And bade unnumber'd tints arise,
And blended sweets refresh the skies.

That Eden past, a second rears
Its green slopes o'er the wreck of years
Where flowers of far surpassing hue
Than those on Eden's banks which grew
Spangle the verdant carpet o'er,
In Sylphic rings emboss the shore,
And breathe a soft enchanting strain
Round every gazing, spell-bound swain.

Who stops to mark in every face
Matchless varieties of grace,
Flowers that from sultry noon-day fly,
And blossom to Eve's milder eye.

And at the hour when twilight grey,
Fringes the ruddy edge of day;
In elfin numbers bloom along,
A graceful, fair, attractive throng
Like gems from mines to sunshine given,
Sparkling with all the hues of heaven.
Long Burlington may charms like these be seen
Sprinkling with varied grace thy Bank of green.

Orlando.

---

1 The Bank referred to in the poem "Fragment."

2 Odell lived in Burlington from 1767 to 1776, During these years he was writing under various pseudonyms, of which Orlando was one.
TO ORLANDO

Orlando may fancy Greenbank to be Eden,
    And flatter some daughter of Eve with the tale;
To me a forlorn and disconsolate maiden
    It seems nothing better than Petticoat Vale.

Scarce one Son of Adam reclines in its bowers,
    Where flowrets neglected their sweetness exhale;
To Broadstreet\(^1\) transplanted let me pass my hours,
    I'll envy no Nun of all Petticoat Vale.

On Greenbank sleep sweetly the beams of the Moonlight,
    And Music divine nightly floats on the gale;
But give me Apollo more near in broad sunlight,
    And Dian is welcome to Petticoat Vale.

In Broadstreet dwell Damons of all shapes & features,
    Bards, Doctors & Lawyers each corner \(^2\) may hail;
While long Poplar trees are the only male creatures
    That stand in a row along Petticoat Vale.

On Greenbank the Lovesick resort to the water,
    My cure for the heartache's of great avail;
In Broadstreet each Avenue leads to the altar,
    Unlike the World's end \(^3\) upon Petticoat Vale.

Orlando! Orlando! Oh! bear me from Eden,
    On Delaware's bosom transported we'll sail;
And then to the World's end if thou will be lead on,
    Forever farewell to green Petticoat Vale.

\(^1\)The business area of Burlington. St. Mary's Church, of which Odell was the rector, also stood on Broad Street.

\(^2\)The word could be read as "comer".

\(^3\)Because of the faded condition of the manuscript, there is again some doubt as to the correct word.
Time turns his glass, and round the Pole
Another year begins to roll.
Touch'd by the Sun's returning fire
Stern Winter shall ere long retire,
And soon the all-animating Spring
Shall make the Hills and Valleys sing,
And Summer shall adorn the plain
With purple fruits and golden grain,
And Autumn press the loaded floor,
Till thankful Man shall ask no more.

But — when this ever-changeful Sky,
From hot to cold, from wet to dry?
Ah! whither fled that golden Age,
When yet no Dog-Star's burning rage,
No Summer's drought nor Winter's Snow
Forbade the limpid Streams to flow!
No torrents of descending rain
With desolation spread the plain;
No languid air, with sickly breath,
Diffus'd the poisonous seeds of Death;
No Comet's awful Stream of light
Shot through the Curtain of the Night;
No sable Gust flew howling by,
No Lighnings gleam's athwart the Sky,
Nor thunder shook the rolling Sphere;
But Spring — sweet Spring was all the year!
Then were the Hills and Valleys seen
Forever blooming, ever green;
Peace, smiling, walk's securely round,
Spontaneous plenty deck'd the Ground,
The World was all serene and gay,
And every sportive Month was May.
But now — how mute the leafless Groves!
What gloom o'erspreads the Vault above,
While Rivers lawns and Valleys below
Are all a shapeless waste of Snow!
And though the Sun's rekindling beams
Ere long dissolve the frozen Streams,
And howling Winter, for a while
Subdued by Spring's enchanting Smile,
May lay his Iron Scepter by,
While gentle Zephyr fans the Sky;
Yet soon the Monster will return
To drench us from his spouting Urn,
To strip the verdant hills and plains
And bind the floods in icy chains.
Say then, ye learned Sages, whence
This fatal change; what dire offence
Provokes that vengeance which deforms
The circling Year with clouds and Storms?

There needs no Sage this point to clear.
No change has happen'd in the Year;
That runs its first appointed round:
But in thyself the change is found.

The school-boy, whose enraptur'd view
Is daily charm'd with something new,
Beholds, where'er he turns his eyes,
Fresh Scenes of wonder and Surprize.
His heart, unconscious of a Stain,
Stranger alike to care and pain,
Fearless enjoys the passing hour;
Nor can the pelting of a Shower
His pastime check, nor clouds combin'd
Eclipse the Sun-shine of his mind.
But Age, life's winter, worn away
With cares of many an anxious day,
By frequent disappointments vex'd,
But still with hopes and fears perplex'd,
Eager in quest of wealth or fame,
Is ill at ease, and thinks the frame
Of Nature, by some hidden curse,
Is strangely alter'd for the worse.
You now regret that happy time
When heedless Youth was in its prime,
When pleasure blossom'd every day,
And every Month you thought, was May,
Let Fiction, then, confess the truth;
The joys of Innocence and Youth
Are all that either Bard or Sage
Intended by the Golden Age.

J.O.
REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD 1776-1783
INSTUM ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM

No civil frenzy, no dark frown
Of Tyrant rage, no sweeping gale
On Ocean fiercely rushing down,
Can make the Good man's courage fail.
Though Jove himself, with mighty hand,
Should hurl his thunder round the land;
Though Earth's foundations burst away,
Unhinged at once the Starry Pole,
Amid the Ruins no dismay
Would shake his firm and steady Soul!

J.C.

July 28th, 1776
INSCRIPTION
for a curious Chamber Stove, in the form of an Urn,
so constructed as to make the flame descend from the
fire. Invented by the celebrated Doctor Franklin.

Like a Newton sublimely he soar'd
To a Summit before unattain'd,
New regions of Science explor'd,
And the palm of philosophy gain'd.

With a Spark that he caught from the Skies
He display'd an unparallel'd wonder,
And we saw, with delight and Surprize,
That his Rod could protect us from Thunder!

O had he been wise to pursue
The track for his talents design'd,
What a tribute of praise had been due
To the teacher and friend of mankind!

But to covet political fame
Was, in him, a degrading ambition,
A Spark that from Lucifer came
And kindled the blaze of Sedition.

Let candor, then, write on his Urn,
"Here lies the renowned Inventor,
Whose flame to the Skies ought to burn,
But, inverted, descends to the Center."

J.O.

Anno 1776

This poem was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for April,
1777, and in Loyal Verses (p.5). It was also published, according to
Sargent, in Townes Evening Post, Philadelphia, (November 29, 1777);
In Boucher's View of the American Revolution (London, 1787), p. 449;
and in Rev. W. Smith's Works (Philadelphia, 1803), App. to Sermon on
Franklin.
SONG
For a fishing party near Burlington, on the Delaware, in 1776

How sweet is the season, the sky how serene;
On Delaware's banks how delightful the scene;
The Prince of the Rivers, his waves all asleep,
In silence majestic glides on to the Deep.

Away from the noise of the fife and the Drum,
And all the rude din of Bellona we come;
And a plentiful store of good humor we bring
To season our feast in the shade of Cold Spring.

A truce then to all whig and tory debate;
True lovers of Freedom, contention we hate:
For the Demon of discord in vain tries his art
To possess or inflame a true Protestant heart.

True Protestant friends to fair Liberty's cause,
To decorum, good order, religion and laws,
From avarice, jealousy, perfidy, free;
We wish all the world were as happy as we.

We have wants, we confess, but are free from the care
Of those that abound, yet have nothing to spare:
Serene as the sky, as the river serene,
We are happy to want envy, malice and spleen.

While thousands around us, misled by a few,
The Phantoms of pride and ambition pursue,
With pity their fatal delusion we see;
And wish all the world were as happy as we.

This poem is also to be found in George Morgan Hills, History of the Church in Burlington, New Jersey, (Trenton, William S. Sharp, 1876), p. 310.
BIRTHDAY ODE

O'er Britannia's happy Land;
Ruled by George's mild command,
On this bright auspicious day
Loyal hearts their tribute pay.
    Ever sacred be to mirth,
    the day that gave our Monarch birth!

There, the thundering Cannon's roar
Echoes round from shore to shore;
Royal Banners wave on high;
Drums and trumpets rend the sky.

There our Comrades, clad in Arms,
Long enured to War's alarms,
Marshall'd all in bright array,
Welcome this returning day.

There the temples chime their bells;
And the pealing anthem swells;
And the gay and grateful throng
Join the loud triumphant song!

Nor to Britain's Isle confin'd —
Many a distant region joined
Under George's happy sway,
Joys to hail this welcome day.

O'er this Land among the rest,
Till of late supremely blest,
George, to sons of Britain dear,
Swelled the song from year to year.

Here we now lament to find,
Sons of Britain, fierce and blind,
Drawn from loyal love astray,
Hail no more this welcome day.

When by foreign Foes dismay'd,
Thankless Sons, ye call'd for aid;
Then, we gladly fought and bled,
And your foes in triumph led.
Now, by Fortune's blind command,
Captives in your hostile Land;
To this lonely spot we stray,
Here-unseen to hail this day.

Though by Fortune thus betray'd,
For awhile we seek the shade,
Still our loyal hearts are free,
Still devoted, George, to thee.

Britain, Empress of the Main,
Fortune envies thee in vain;
Safe, while Ocean round thee flows,
Though the world were all thy foes.

Long as Sun and Moon endure,
Britain's Throne shall stand secure,
And Great George's royal line,
There in splendid honor shine.

Ever sacred be to mirth,
The day that gave our Monarch birth!

This poem is also quoted by in Hills' History (pp. 311-312),
with the notation that it was "written by Dr. Odell on occasion of
the King's birth day, June 4th, 1776, and sung by a number of
British officers, (captured at St. John's and Chambly by Gen.
Montgomery) who were prisoners at that time at Burlington; and
who, to avoid offence, had an entertainment in honor of the day
prepared on an island in the Delaware, where they dined under a
tree."
[Source: 28234; Date: 29:October 1776]

("TIS LARGE INDEED—TIS MONSTROUS LARGE HE CRIED)

"Tis large indeed — tis monstruous large he cried;  
What! -- wear a Ring that's double eight Miles wide!  
—That this vast Ring was form'd for mortal Man,  
Is Fable sure: — let him believe that can!  
Is't some huge Wight, to Brobdignag ally'd,  
Some great Colossus with his Ocean-Stride  
Or he who carv'd, the written Mountains Side?  
—Softly good Sir, nor scar so near the Skies,  
The Wearer is no more than common Size:  
Devoid of Gown, he looks like other Men —  
— O-ho -- he cries -- some Prelate now I ken,  
A Bishop doubtless — for he can't be less  
The Ring you mean is for the Diocess;  
Some pritty Pickings lye within the Bounds,  
I'll warr'a't a See of two Score hundred Pounds!  
And yet perchance, he thinks too small the Place,  
And pants with Ardor, to be call'd his Grace;  
A Bishop meerly, is but half the Thing,  
Arch Sir's the Word -- Arch-bishops crown the King,  
Taste first the Candle; at the Queens first Groan,  
And oft in Minor Reigns, they wear the Crown;  
'Midst Lords and Nobles always rank supreme,  
And bask their Days in Honor's pleasing Beam—  
— Your Fancy Sir runs wild with Court Intrigues,  
No Bishops reign, within a Thousand Leagues;  
The Ring I meant to have you understand,  
Was just an eight Mile Radius, on the Land,  
Drawn from a Center, pointing round and round,  
Fix'd for the Limit of poor Yorick's Round --

1 Odell, because of his loyalty to the British cause, was thought to be dangerous to American liberty. He was therefore ordered to sign a parole stating that he would confine himself to the east side of the Delaware river within a circle of eight miles from Burlington city courthouse.

2 One of the pseudonyms under which Odell wrote political satire.
— Yorick you say! — a Pris'ner on Parole!
An eight Mile Circle for his furthest Goal;
'Tmay hold his Body, but it can't his Soul;
The Links would fly excentric from their Place,
Shatter'd to Atoms, in a Moments Space,
O'er Valley, Mountain, Ocean, World & World,
Whilst all Resisters, down they headlong hurl'd.
Though round the Circle stood a Chain of Kings
Conven'd in Congress close, with brazen Rings,
His Soul wou'd Bounce, with such elastic Bound,
Each King wou'd lye committed to the Ground—
—Still you will wander from the Point in Hand,
Your Friend, I tell you, does in Durance stand,
What's to be done? — consider that we pray!
Nor thus with solemn Matters sportive play.
You know good Yorick's, double Duty\textsuperscript{3} calls,
To geal our Bodies and to help our Souls,
Say if some Patient's sharp pleuretic Pains,
Requir'd immediate Ease, through bleeding Veins,
Yet he, perchance, sojourn's on t'other Side
This dismal Circle scarcely half a Stride,
Shall he not leap the Bounds, to rescue Life,
And save some Husband, Father, Friend or Wife?
— The Case is easy and the Matter plain,
Adopt the eastern Mode to soften Pain;
Strip bare the Patient, quite from Top to Toe,
Provide the Doctor with a little Bow
Plenty of Arrows, small & fine and neat,
(Duhalde I think describes the wondrous Feat)
Then let him stand within his Magic Ring
And fire away"— "Aye just like anything\textsuperscript{4}
Tis ten to one you hit some bleeding Part,
And ease the Anguish of the Patients Heart.
—You trifle Sir — I cant with Patience hear;
Such ranting Strains are quite too much to bear.
—Suppose — again — some Churchman's Babe & Heir
Just ripe for Christening, waits the Parsons Care,
Too weak to move — and yet without the Line,
Must we the Ceremony here resign —

\textsuperscript{3} Odell was both minister and doctor to the city of Burlington and the neighbouring communities.

\textsuperscript{4}"Duke of Cumberlands Love Letter versified." -- Odell.
—By no Means Sir — if not too far without,
A Speaking Trumpet, and an Engines Spout,
May speak and sprinkle, and the Things made out
—Pogh! cease your sensless Jeers, nor further go,
Not half I've told you of the Doctors Woe
His Pulpit barr'ed— his Flock without the Fold,
Stand pensive, watchful till their Locks grow Cold,
The Threshold choak'd with Weeds, the Path obscure,
The rusty Hinges, 'speak the dormant Door,
The Spiders Web, with many a heedless Fly,
Spreads o'er the Key hole, and demands your Sigh --
—And why I pray this strange unheard of Case!
Are Priest and People too, devoid of Grace;
I'd strip his Surplus, instant o'er his Ears,
What! give his Parish, nor Discourse nor Pray'rs;
How can he answer to his solemn Oath?
What! Honesty and Consience vanish'd both!
—There Sir you've blunder'd right; the Bath's the Thing,
His Oath requires his praying for the King;
But now so hard the present Times are grown,
Our Rulers say, let each look to his own,
Nor pray for Kings, nor such like wicked Knaves,
Our Pray'rs are wanted for our selves & Slaves.
Yon "royal Brute" our Liberty denies,
Then who wo'd ask his Asscend to the Skies. --
—And are your Prelates then such squeamish Things,
They'll risque the Peoples Souls, to save the King's
George may for me the english Sceptre sway,
But those I honour — tis for them I pray:
Your Men of Virtue, who despise Deceit,
Your Heroes bold, whose Actions make them great,
Your Men who scorn the Wealth of ill wrought Deeds,
To grasp at Plenty while their Country bleeds;
Your Men who scorn to plunder Friend & Foe,
And rob the Widow of her little Show,
Or be it Money, Plate, or golden Ore,
Who spurn the Thought to take a Widow's Store;
Who wish again for Peace to rule the Land,
These, these are they who may our Pray'rs demand.
Then arm'd with Quiver, and with little-Bow,
With Trumpet, and with Engine let him go,
Let ev'ry Pray'r, be couch'd for each good Man,
Then Knaves stand off -- George claim it if you can.
But if your Rulers, think this too severe,
E'en pray for Knaves, & please their roguish Ear.

5 Common Sense -- Odell.
—This further Consolation let him draw,
If such an eight Mile Circle, is by Law
A Prison strong, and big with foul Disgrace,
His Prison-Makers, soon will take his Place
—Softly good Sir! -- what prophesy their Fall!
Adventurous Man -- my very Flesh will crawl;
Have you not seen the late tremendous Law,
Where Signs alone, may into Limbo draw;
How dare you utter such abhorrent Words,
Presume to talk of Prisons for your Lords;
Your Lords & Masters Sir -- my Pow'r I'd show
I'd lay such Chaps as you in Dungeon low. --
—Why hoight toights Man, where have you got
I mean no Mischief -- I design no Plot,
You catch one up so brisk, & wondrous quick,
As if you were an Agent of old Nick;
I only meant to call to Yorick's Mind,
That soon their Wisdoms meet, where he's confin'd
And then you know, they're all in Prison join'd.
Adieu my Friend, what here is pen'd,
I don't intend, should Soul offend,
Then do not cuff, my Head till rough,
For this sad Stuff———

Yours Peter Puff-- 6

October 29th 1776

6This is another pseudonym under which Odell wrote for the Loyalist cause.
[THE LAWS, IN DAYS OF YORE, HOW HARSH!]

The Laws, in Days of Yore, how harsh!
When, in default of ready cash,
The Creditor's Good-will to gain,
The tardy Debtor oft was fain
To beg, in humble terms, and pray
The favor of a short delay;
But now -- to mortify your pride,
The favor lies on t'other side:
Now, in their turn, the Rich are roasted.
"Your balance?" - "O, Sir, 'tis not posted --
My Clerks hae been employ'd, of late,
To settle things in Church and State --
Twould puzzle me, just now to find it.
At present -- come, you need not mind it."
"The Mortgage, Sir, -- I'm come to pay it."
"O, Sir, I'd rather you'd delay it."
"But -- let me tell you, Sir, I choose
To pay it now -- If you refuse,
On such a fair and legal tender.
The poor Man's Mortgage to surrender;
Why -- let the fate of Baldwin teach you --
The Debtor, Sir, will straight impeach you!
And now -- by way of Application--
Upon a candid calculation,
I'm deeply in your debt, no doubt;
And now the times will help me out,
With ease to balance your account,
At least with nominal Amount.
Were I, indeed, worth half a To, 1
I cou'd, perhaps, pay all I owe,
(For though my debt, I own, is great,
'Tis now the tithe of your Estate)
Cou'd pay you -- all in Sterling Wir,
That, like your own, wou'd make a Citt,
Unus'd to laugh, with laughter split!
I then cou'd match your Aire and Graces,
Your arch Inventions -- But the case is,
As you may see, Sir, that my Rental
Produces nought -- but continental,
Beware, then, how you puff and caper,
Because I pay my debts in paper.

1 A To is now so highly priz'd,
I saw one lately advertis'd! -- Odell.
After then — the consequence is plain —
No habeas corpus you'll obtain,
No bail or main-prize will avail
To get your worship out of Jail!

"Good Lord! you cry, can this be true?
Or, if it is — can Yoric, too
Avail himself of these hard times,
Instead of Wit, to pay with rhymes,
Meer gingling rhymes, and nothing more,
His long arrears? — I thought, before,
That — if the laws cou'd not prevail,
Honor, at least, wou'd never fail!
That such a tie wou'd surely bind
A gentle heart or manly mind;
Both which I thought in Yoric join'd!
Besides -- I took him for my friend,
Among the foremost to defend,
But never to dispute my claim
To well-earned property or fame.
And is he, too, so base an elf,
To care for no man but himself,
And barter a good name for pelf!"

"For Heaven's sake, Dear Sir, take breath!
Bless me! you'd frighten one to death!
Have patience for a moment, pray,
And hear what Yoric has to say.
I hate to be compel'd, 'tis true,
As all true sons of freedom do.
You'll, therefore, please to understand,
That what my creditors demand
By force of law, they must expect
I'll pay but as the laws direct.
And, pray, when wholesome laws are made
Wisely to give poor debtors aid;
When legislators — in their own
And by behalf — produce the stone,
So often vainly sought of yore,
That can convert to precious ore
The very rags along the street;
Will you not own it just and meet,
That I shou'd take advantage of it,
And make an honest lawful profit?
But — if you wave the law's decree,
And bring to Honor's court your plea,
Or tax my friendship; you shall find
That I have not so base a mind,
So hard a heart, as not to feel
And own the force of your appeal;
A force to which I freely yield,
Confess your claim and quit the field.
Servile compulsion is the Rub;
The Sheriff's Rod, the Bailiff's Club!
Of which the very apprehension,
You know, has cause a great contention,
And many thousands have confess'd
That, on that Score, they would protest
Against the payment of a Mite,
Though, otherwise, they own'd it right!

What wonder, then, in such a Case,
Though I should wear a flinty face,
Shou'd stand it out, and, in the Struggle,
To Council fly; and learn to juggle!
But -- when a friendly Suit you bring,
I scorn to do so base a thing;
I'm open to conviction then,
And hope we may be Friends again.

And O how gladly wou'd I now --
Pay off in kind the debt I owe?
But ah, my little Stock denies
Of ready Reins the Supplies,
And -- to confess the truth at once,
I'm such a heavy barren Dunce,
That ev'n this continental Scrawl
Has nearly cost my little All!
And, to convince you that my Skill
Shou'd bear the blame, and not my Will,
I've been so busy and so long
In penning this poor Scrap of Song,
That I had quite forgot a Blister
I shou'd have sent to your Good Sister;
Forgot to see your Nephew Dick,
Poor Lad! who still continues sick;
By this time, too, perhaps poor Willy
Lies panting hot, or shaking chilly;
And now they are at Neighbour Cox's,
I know no more -- than where my box is!

Stay -- let me have one pinch of Snuff --
And now, believe me, Mr. Puff,
(Though how my Friend Orlando came
To hit on Peter's borrow'd name,
I can't imagine) but, believe me,
It does in down-right earnest grieve me
To send you such a flimsy Letter;
And I wou'd fail produce a better;
But -- truly -- Poverty disables!
Then give me leave to turn the tables.
If Love and Honor disallow
My forcing payment on you now,
Let Love and Honor counsel you
To wait with patience for your due,
Till Wit and Humor shall descend,
Enrich me, as they do my Friend,
And make my Will and Power equal;
Then -- you shall not repent the Sequel.
Meantime, I thank you for the Bow,
Trumpet and Pipe that you bestow.
The Trumpet I devote to fame,
The Pipe — no, Engine is the Name,
A Spout! a Squirt! Oh, fie for shame!
A Gift so whimsical and strange
Let me return, and, in exchange,
Give me a Pipe — I know you can,
One fit for Phoebus, Pope, or Pan;
And then you'll see — but now, indeed,
I play on such a squeaking Reed,
That — if I cannot get a better,
I shall forever be your Debtor."

Yorio

P.S. Hold — notwithstanding this confession,
I ought to have, in my possession,
A certain piece, my honest right,
Which you, Sir, in a causeless fright,
Committed to the flames — by Night:
You'll say it can't be now retriev'd,
That I have since, in full, receiv'd
The Value lost. — That may be true;
But still I claim it, as my due,
That you shou'd take, among the Stars,
Another trip, and bring the Bears,
That have escap'd in conflagration,
Back to their late deserted Station.
A BIRTHDAY SONG

(Composed at New York, in honour of the anniversary of the King's birthday,
June 4, 1777)

Time was when America hallow'd the morn
On which the lov'd monarch of Britain was born,
Hallow'd the day, and joyfully chanted
God save the King!
Then flourish'd the blessings of freedom and peace;
And plenty flow'd in with a yearly increase.
Proud of our lot we chanted merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!

With envy beheld by the nations around,
We rapidly grew, nor was anything found
Able to check our growth while we chanted
God Save the King!
O blest beyond measure, had honour and truth
Still nurs'd in our hearts what they planted in youth!
Loyalty still had chanted merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!

But see! how rebellion has lifted her head!
How honour and truth are with loyalty fled!
Few are there now who join us in chanting
God save the King!
And see! how deluded the multitude fly
To arm in a cause that is built on a lye!
Yet are we proud to chant thus merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!

Though faction by falsehood awhile may prevail,
And loyalty suffers a captive in jail,
Britain is roused, rebellion is falling:
God save the King!
The captive shall soon be releas'd from his chain;
And conquest restore us to Britain again,
Ever to join in chanting merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!
MARY ODELL ON HER BIRTHDAY MARCH 19th 1778

Amidst the rage of vicil strife,
The Orphan's cries, and Widow's tears;
This day my rising dawn of life
Has measured five revolving years.

Unconscious of the howling storm,
No signs of Shipwreck do I see,
For what, with all its bustling Swarm,
What is the noisy world to me?

My needle and my Book employ
The busy moments of the day,
And — for the rest, with harmless joy,
I pass them in a round of play.

And if, ere long, my vacant heart
Is to be fill'd with care and pain,
Still I shall bravely bear my part,
While Youth and Innocence remain.

This is published in Loyal Verses, (P. 110), as "Molly Odell on her Birthday."

The following paraphrase was written by Mary Odell on the occasion of her seventy-second birthday.

PARAPHRASE FOR MARCH 19th, 1845

Mid varied scenes of Peace and Strife,
Of Joys and sorrows, Hopes and Fears,
This day my sinking sands of Life
Mark six times twelve revolving years.

Tho' oft this sometime vacant heart
Has been o'er charged with cares, and pains;
Still let me bravely bear my part;
Thro' the brief remnant that remains.

Now calmed the tumults of the mind
The gusts of Passion now at rest;
To all thy will O God! resign'd,
Thy Light, thy Peace is in my breast.

No more I dread the howling blast,
No signs of Shipwreck now I see;
The Haven is in view at last,
And my Soul springs O God to thee!

THE WORD OF CONGRESS

Tartareae intemdit vocem.—Virgil.

The Word of Congress, like a round of beef,
To hungry Satire gives a sure relief:
No trifling tid-bits to delude the pen;
But solid victuals, cut and come again.
Whitfield, 'tis said, this simile was thine; 2
Unapt for thy discourse, it suits with mine.
O P----n, I should think 'tis joy supreme
To win thy kind attention to my theme:
To cheer thy heart, with native humour fraught,
And steal thee from the painful task of thought.
Oft has thy liberal, thy capacious mind
Grieved for the wicked, sorrow'd for the blind;
Deplor'd past errors, present ills bemoan'd,
And anxious for the future deeply groan'd.
Were 't not best to quit these gloomy views,
And join the sportful salies of the Muse?
Smile at those evils we must both endure,
And laugh at follies which we cannot cure?
Come, friend, and let us mock, till mirth be stirr'd
In every vein, the many colour'd Word.

Oh! 'tis a Word of pow'r, of prime account:
I've seen it like the daring Osprey mount;
I've seen it like a dirty reptile creep,
Rush into flame, or plunge into the deep;
I've heard it like a hungry lion roar,
Who tears the prey, and bathes himself in gore;
I've seen it softer than the vernal rain,
Mildly descending on the grassy plain—
I've heard it pious, as a saint in pray'r—
I've heard it like an angry trooper swear—
I've known it suit itself to ev'ry plan—
I've known it lie to God, and lie to Man.

1Sargent reprinted this poem from Rivington's Royal Gazette of 18 September 1779. He collated it with a manuscript version given to a Mr. Fisher by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie.

2Whitfield's words - that he had "stirred the dry bones" of Philadelphia had become traditional.
Have you not read the marvellous escapes
Of Proteus shifting to a thousand shapes?
Have you not seen the wonders of the stage,
When Pantomime delights a trifling age?
Such and more various, such and more absurd,
3 Charles Thomson, witness of the changeful Word.
He'll sign to anything, no matter what;--
At truth alone his pen would make a blot.

There dwelt in Norriton's sequester'd bow'rs,
A mortal bless'd with mathematic pow'rs.
To whom was David Rittenhouse unknown?
Fair Science saw, and mark's him for her own.
His eye Creation to its bounds would trace--
His mind, the regions of unbounded Space.
Whilst thus he soar'd above the starry spheres,
The Word of Congress sounded in his ears;
He listen's to the voice with strange delight,
And swift descended from his dazzling height;
Then, mixing eager with seditious tools,
Vice-President elect of rogues and fools,
His hopes resign'd of philosophic fame--
A paltry statesman Rittenhouse became.

A Saint of old, as learned monks have said,
Preach'd to the Fish—the Fish his voice obey'd.
The same good man conven'd the grunting herd,
Whose bow'd obedient to his pow'ful word:
Such energy had truth, in days of yore;
Falsehood and nonsense, in our days, have more.
Duffield avows them to be all in all
And mounts, or quits the Pulpit, at their call.
In vain New Light displays her heav'nly shine;
In vain attract him Oracles divine;
Chaplain of Congress give him to become,
Light may be dark and Oracles be dumb.
It pleas'd Saint Anthony to preach to brutes;
To preach to Devils best with Duffield suits.

Tim Matlack once had credit and esteem;
His follies made them vanish as a dream.
By all his former friends abandon'd quite,
Game-cocks and Negroes were his sole delight.

3 Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress; David Rittenhouse, astronomer and mathematician.

4 Rev. George Duffield, D.D., Chaplain of Congress.
Vagrant and poor, his reputation slurr'd,
He hasten'd to obey the factious Word.
Who now so active in the Cause as Tim?
Theo! death to honour, it was life to him.
Rester'd to Consequence, tho' not to Grace,
Behold him fill the Secretary's place!
His pen can write you paragraphs by scores;
His valour kick two Quakers out of doors:
Tim for their champion let the People dub;
Yet Virtue still must hold him for a scrub.

Kerr, and Carmichael; Ishmaelites obscure;
Who deem that all things to the pure are pure;
Hag-rid by Congress, by sedition stirr'd,
Desert the Bible to proclaim the sword.
Such force attends the fascinating sound,
Murder is saluted, perjury renown'd.

Spencer and Caldwell, evangeline pair—
This a smooth serpent, that a furious bear—
With equal zeal, but different cast of head;
Prepar'd the Doctrine of the Word to spread.
One on the thunder of his tongue relied:
The other, wisely to his pen applied.
Figures and tropes rough Spencer chose to pour:
Arabian figures suited Caldwell more.
The first was bold in treasonable talk;
The second took the Commissary's walk.
Both were detested, as they both deserv'd;
But while the penman throve, the spokesman starv'd.
Spencer a martyr falls to rage and rum;
While Caldwell safe retires with half a plumb.

Tucker, from want and dirt and darkness sprung,
Of formal face, and Oliverian tongue—
'Soap'd from the gallows, gain'd the mob's esteem;
But no promotion could from fraud redeem.
No rank his heart to honesty could fix;
Still graceless he pursued his native tricks:
Now rose against him the tumultuous den;

Possibly Alexander Carmichael, Chairman of the Committee at Morristown, New Jersey, 1776

The Dev'1 himself can sometimes rail at sin;
Too much a knave for knaves themselves to bear,
Abhor'd by all men, Tucker quits the chair. 7

Paschal, who never right from wrong could tell;
Who never yet could read, or write, or spell;
From last, fromawl, from cutting-knife is torn,
While tanners weep, and half-shod soldiers mourn,
He's now a Justice—wherefore should we grudge?
When Cong. reigns King, a Cobbler may be Judge.

These are poor characters—Rise, Satire! rise,
And seize on villains of superior size.
Let censure reach to Shippen and to Yates, 9
Or dignify the verse with Greene and Gates;
Expose the meanness of the P***e to view, 10
Or strike at Willing, Hamilton, 11 and Chew, 12
Macdougall, Maxwell, Muhlenberg attack, 14
Or Baylor clad in white, or Knox in black:
Or blast Poughkeepsie's Lord, who soils a name,
That never but in him was doom'd to shame. 15

7 Possibly Samuel Tucker of Burlington, appointed to the Supreme Bench of New Jersey in 1776.

8 Edward Shippen, a Whig, although his son, the Chief Justice, was a moderate Tory.

9 Robert Yates, a lawyer.

10 John and Richard Penn, the latter being the most popular of the old governors.

11 Thomas Willing, a leading Philadelphia merchant, and partner of Robert Morris.

12 The Hamiltons were an important family in Pennsylvania.

13 Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia, made Chief Justice in 1772

14 Alexander McDougall, William Maxwell, and Peter Muhlenberg were all American generals.

15 General Baylor a colonel of a regiment of horse from Virginia whose corps wore white in summer. Henry Knox, the artillery general, whose favourite full-dress suit was black.

16 The Livingstons were probably the chief freeholders of Poughkeepsie at this time.
Or vengeful draw the weapon from the sheath,  17
And plunge it in the murd'rous breast of Heath.  
The blust'rer; the poltroon; the vile; the weak;
Who fight for Congress, or in Congress speak,
Or to its edicts cowardly submit,
Alike should undergo the lash of wit.

Come Mifflin, let me put thee on the stage:
As thou with Britain, war with thee I wage.
Fierce Mifflin foremost in the ranks was found;  18
Great thanks to Congress, and its doughty Word,
He cancell'd debts by flourishing his sword!
Not that he cares for Congress, or its voice;
Broils are his Int'rest, Tumult is his choice.
But that he wants the necessary skill
A pliant people to inflame at will:
But that his genius yields to Roberdeau,
In every art of managing the low:
Confusion would in aid of Justice rise,
Revenge the widow's groans, the orphan's cries;
The robbers of their ill-got treasure rob,
And give Joe Reed a victim to the mob.

Gates I have nam'd, but have not yet forsook:
Step forward, Gates—and tremble at my look.
Can'st thou, most harden'd tho' thou art, sustain
The glance of anger mingled with disdain?
I've seen thy father—has thy pride forgot—
Mean was his of flee—very mean his lot.
A gracious Master overlook'd thy birth,
And rais'd thee far above the dregs of earth.
Each act of favour how hast thou return'd?
What vile ingratitude thy soul has shown,
Is fit for devils to relate alone.  19
Go hide, abandon'd monster, hide thy head—
Go fly, if fly thou can'st, from inward dread—
Call cliffs, call mountains on thee to descend:
But rocks nor hills from terror shall defend.

17 Major-General had charge of some troops near Boston. The text refers to the stabbing of an unarmed British soldier by Captain Henley who was court-martialled and acquitted.

18 General Thomas Mifflin, later President of Congress and Governor of Pennsylvania.

19 Horatio Gates, son of a captain in the British army.
In Hell seek refuge—even there thou’lt find
A fiercer hell hot-bursting in thy mind.

Where, where is Sinclair? Takes he to his heels?
Blows aim’d at Gates by instinct Sinclair feels.
He too fought nobly in his Country’s cause;
He too the sword against his Sov’reign draws.
Like Gates entangled in rebellion’s snare,
He too, like him, should tremble and despair.
What comfort can they hope, what peace deserve,
Who forfeit virtue, and from duty swerve?
Avenging furies shall their steps pursue
Till, chas’d from earth, they join th’ infernal crew.

*******, whose meanness in the prime of life,
Allow’d old ******* to pollute his wife;21
Who, still, regardless of the filthy blot,
Owns all the bastards that the lecher got;
In age, and equally to honour’s grief,
From a tame cuckold grows a rebel chief.
O! may no saucy cannons round him roar;
No rude courtmartials vex his quiet more;
His days awhile, good Destiny, secure:
The’ stinking, great; and wealthy, tho’ impure.
Yes, let him live, kind Fate; but live abhor’d,
Till Justice fastens to his neck the cord.

Amidst ten thousand eminently base,
Thou, Sullivan,22 assume the highest place!
Sailor, and farmer—barrister of vogue—
Each state was thine, and thou in each a rogue,
Ambition came, and swallow’d in a trice,
Like Aaron’s rod, the reptile fry of vice.
One giant passion then his soul possess’d,
And dreams of lawless sway disturb’d his rest.
He gave each wild imagination scope,
And flew to Congress on the wings of hope.

20 Arthur St. Clair, an English officer who, like Montgomery, was with Wolfe at Quebec, and who was afterwards an American general.

21 Names withheld by the editor because of what he believed to be the untruth of the charge.

22 John Sullivan, an ardent whig, who was responsible for giving ill–timed commands at Brandywine.
Behold him there, but still behold him curst—
He sate in Congress; but he sate not first—
What could the fever of his mind compose?
Make him a Gen’ral; Gen’ral straight he grows.
Head of a shirtless, shoeless gang he strides,
While Wisdom stares, and Folly shakes her sides.

And must I sing the wonders of his might?
What are they?—Rout, captivity, and flight.
Rhode-Island saw him to her forts advance,
Assisted by the ships of faithless France:
Rhode-Island saw him shamefully retreat,
In imitation of the Gallic fleet.
His banners last on Susquehannah wav’d,
Where, lucky to excess, his scalp he sav’d.

All these, and more whose praise must be deferr’d,
Seditious rose when Congress gave the word;
Of various principles; from various soils;
Smitten with desire of change, or love of broils.
As when an ass with hideous clamour brays,
Unnumber’d asses loud their voices raise;
As when a restless ram the fence o’erleaps,
Flocks leave their grazing, and pursue in heaps;
So, at one noisy, turbulent command,
Contagion seiz’d and uproar fill’d the land.
All rush’d like frighten’d sheep, to join the Cause;
Or in sonorous cadence bray’d applause.

Come, heav’n-born Truth, and analyze a Word
To all things human and divine preferr’d;
Guide of the will, and ruler of the heart—
Why not examine each component part?
Impress’d so deeply, and diffus’d so wide,
It ought the test of Reason to abide:
Serene and beautiful in outward face,
Within; all wisdom, sanctity, and grace:
Impartial it should be, and void of faults;
It should—but Truth from this account revolts.

Far other portrait the prevailing Word
From Truth’s unerring pencil has incur’d.
Bid her describe the Congress:—straight she draws
An hydra-headed form, with harpies’ claws—
Let num’rous mouths hiss, chatter, bark, or croak:
Here, one like Cacus belches fire and smoke;
The second like a monkey grins and chats;
A third squalls horrible, like angry cats:
Here, you’ve the growls and snarlings of a dog;
And there the beastly gruntlings of a hog.
Others affect the puritanic tone;
The whine, the caut, the smuffle, and the groan.
In Candour's accents falsehoods some disguise;  
Whilst others vomit forth essential lies—  
All sounds delusive, all disgustful notes,  
Pour like a torrent from their brazen throats,  
To fill with rage the poor distracted crowd;  
Whilst Discord claps her hands, and shouts aloud.

This harsh account should Charity distrust,  
Yet sad Experience will pronounce it just.  
Whoever the Word of Congress shall peruse,  
In every piece will see it change its views:  
Now, swell with duty to the King elate;  
Now, melt with kindness to the parent state;  
Then back to Treason suddenly revolve,  
And join in Suffolk's infamous resolve.  
Trace it thro' all the windings of the press,  
Vote or appeal, petition or address,—  
Trace it in every act—in every speech—  
Too sure you'll find duplicity in each.  
Mark now its soothing, now its threatening strain;  
Mark its hypocrisy, deceit, chicane;  
From the soft breathings of the new-form'd board,  
To that fell hour when Independence roar'd;  
Forc'd, you'll acknowledge since Creation's dawn,  
Earth never yet produc'd so vile a spawn.

But still, in Britain, many disbelieve—  
I own, 'tis hard such baseness to conceive.  
Who, that beheld these foul impostors rave  
When Law confirmed the rights that Treaties gave:  
Heard them foretell Religion's general wreck,  
From Romish faith establish'd in Quebec;  
Who, that observ'd all this, could e'er opine  
That Saints like these with Popery should join?  
Imagination must it not surpass,  
That Congress should proceed in pomp to Mass?  
Yet that they did, authentic proofs can show;  
Myriads the frontless act—may, millions—know.

Here, gentle reader, we'll go back a space,  
Two famous missions of the Word to trace.  
Saint *****, with a priest in either hand,  
Devoutly travel'd to Canadian land:  
For those who should rebel, a copious store  
Of Absolutions our apostles bore.

23 A reference to the differing opinions concerning the Roman Catholic faith, and the official attitude toward it.
In faith, it prov'd a memorable job;  
Its gracious sounds avail'd not with the mob—  
Like Paul at Lystra, it provok'd the stones,  
And scarce the factious preachers sav'd their bones.  
McWhorter, Spencer, with the same designs;—  
A brace of flaming, pestilent divines,—  
To Carolina went, by Cong.'s decree,  
From oaths the fetter'd populace to free.  
Ridiculous attempt; unhallow'd work;  
Plain sense abhor'd the miserable quirk;  
The wretched bigots were dismiss'd with jeers,  
But kept ('twas more than they deserv'd) their ears.  

Not so discourag'd, the prolific Word  
To more successful artifice recur'd.  
Swarms of deceivers, practis'd in the trade,  
Were sent abroad to gull, cajole, persuade;  
Scotch with the scoffer; with the pious pray;  
Drink with the drunkard; frolick with the gay;  
All things to all with varied art become,  
And bribe with paper, or inflame with rum.  
Others, apart in some obscure recess,  
The studied lie for publication dress:  
Prepare the vague report, fallacious tale;  
Invent fresh calumnies; revive the stale;  
Pervert all records sacred and profane;  
And chief among them stands the villain Pain.  
This scribbling imp, 'tis said, from London came,  
That seat of glory, intermixed with shame;  
Imperial City, Queen of Arts enroll'd,  
But full of vice as Sodom was of old;  
Once with the deathless name of Barnard grac'd;  
By Wilkes, and Bull, and Sawbridge now defac'd.  

Our hireling author having chang'd his soil,  
True son of Grubstreet, here renew'd his toil!  
What cannot ceaseless impudence produce?  
Old ——.  

24 There were many loyal Scotch settlers in North Carolina. Rev. Elihu Spencer, and McWhorter were sent to influence them for the cause of independence, but met with little success.  

25 Barnard, Wilkes, Bull and Sawbridge were local officers in London, all but Barnard being friends of America.  

26 Payne came to America as a result of Franklin's efforts, but it is Franklin who is referred to here.
He caught at Paine; reliev'd his wretched plight;
And gave him notes, and set him down to write.
Fire from the Doctor's hints the miscreant took;
Discarded truth, and soon compos'd a book:
A pamphlet which, without the least pretence
To reason, bore the name of Common Sense.
No matter what you call this doggrel stuff;
Bad as it was, it pleas'd; and that's enough.
The work like wildfire through the Country ran,
And Folly bow'd the knee to -----'s plan.

Sense, reason, judgment were abash'd and fled;
And Congress reign'd triumphant in their stead.
O hapless Land! O People void of brains!
My heart bleeds for you, tho' my soul disdains.
Deep schemes ensued, to all appearance vague,
But fitted to disseminate the plague.
From the back woods half savages came down,
And awkward troops paraded ev'ry town.
Committees and Conventions met by scores;
Justice was banish'd—Law turn'd out of doors;
Disorder seem'd to overset the land;
They, who appear'd to rule, the tumult fam'd,
But cunning stood behind with sure controul;
And in one centre caus'd to meet the whole.
By what contrivance this effect was gain'd;
How the new States were finish'd and sustain'd;
All, all should be held up to public scorn;
An useful lesson to the child unborn!

But this would open an immense career,
And into port 'twere prudent now to steer.
Much have we labour'd in tempestuous seas:
'Tis time to give the shatter'd vessel ease.
When once refitted, we'll again display
Satire's red ensign on the wat'ry way;
Again encounter the rebellious Flag,
And from the staff the stripes of Faction drag:
These pirates hov'ring on the coast disperse,
And chase them with the flowing sail of verse.

0! grace of every Virtue--meek ey'd maid--
Sweet Modesty, in purple robes array'd--
Think me not vain of these enervate lines,
These feebie colourings, and faint designs.
To bring some stouter Champion on the scene
Is all I meditate, is all I mean.
I but endeavour to amuse the Foe,
Till Genius rise and deal the fatal blow.
But Genius, careless of his charge, sits still,
And lets the monster Congress rage at will:
Lifts not the terror of his ponderous lance:
Arrests not those who sell the land to France:
Tilts not with bitter Wayne, with boisterous Lee:
But leaves the task to Weakness, and to me.

Thus, till some favour'd mortal raise his voice,
I must go on--'tis duty, and not choice.
Sister of Wisdom, Goddess of the Song,
Protect the meanest of the tuneful throng!
And when the feather'd weapon I prepare,
Once more to lay the villain's bosom bare;
Let inspiration from th' ethereal height
Shed on my soul her vivifying light—
Poetic ardour, strength of thought infuse,
The life, the spirit, of a glowing muse.

Ask I too much? then grant me for a time
Some deleterious pow'rs of acrid rhyme:
Some arsenic verse, to poison with the pen
These rats, who nestle in the Lion's den!

Sept. 1779
THE CONGRATULATION

A POEM

Dii Boni, boni quid porto. — Terence.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold!
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
In vain has Franklin's artifice been tried,
And Louis swell'd with treachery and pride:
Who reigns supreme in heav'n deception spurns,
And in the author's head the mischief turns.
What pains were taken to procure D'Estaing!
His fleet's dispers'd, and Congress may go hang.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold!
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
Heav'n's King finds forth the hurricane and strips
Of all their glory the perfidious ships.
His Ministers of Wrath the storm direct;
Nor can the Prince of Air his French protect.
Saint George, Saint David show'd themselves true hearts;
Saint Andrew and Saint Patrick topp'd their parts.
With right Eolian puffs the wind they blew;
Crack went the masts; the sails to shivers flew.
Such honest Saints shall never be forgot;
Saint Dennis, and Saint Tammany, go rot.

1A fleet under D'Estaing was sent from France to help destroy the British squadron in the Delaware. The English heard of his coming, and removed to a stronger position at New York. After various unsuccessful attempts by the Americans and French against the British, and after some unfortunate occurrences between the French and Americans which resulted in bitter feelings, D'Estaing refitted his fleet and left for Martinique. Without French support, the Americans had to retire.

2An allusion to Tamerund, the Indian king, as the patron saint of America.
Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold;
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
Old Satan holds a council in mid-air;
Hear the black Dragon furious rage and swear—
Are these the triumphs of my Gallic friends?
How will you ward this blow, my trusty fiends?
What remedy for this unlucky job?
What art shall raise the spirits of the mob?
Fly swift; ye sure supporters of my realm,
Ere this ill-news the rebels overwhelm.
Invent, say any thing to make them mad;
Tell them the King— No, Devils are not so bad;
The dogs of Congress at the King let loose;
But ye, brave Dev'l, avoid such mean abuse.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold;
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
What thinks Sir Washington of this mischance;
Blames he not those, who put their trust in France?
A broken reed comes pat into his kind;
Egypt and France by rushed are defined,
Basest of Kingdoms underneath the skies,
Kingdoms that could not profit their allies.
How could the tempest play him such a prank?
Blank is his prospect, and his visage blank;
Why from West-Point his armies has he brought?
Can nought be done? — sore sighs he at the thought.
Back to his mountains Washington may trot:
He take this city —'yes, when Ice is hot.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold;
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
Ah, poor militia of the Jersey State,
Your hopes are bootless, you are come too late.
Your four hours plunder of New-York is fled,
And grievous hunger haunts you in its stead.
Sorrow and sighing seize the Yankee race,
When the brave Briton looks them in the face:
The brawny Hessian, the bold Refugee,
Appear in arms, and lo! the rebels flee;
Each in his bowels griping spankue feels;
Each drops his haversack, and trusts his heels,
Scamp'ring and scouring o'er the fields they run,
And here you find a sword, and there a gun.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold;
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
The doleful tidings Philadelphia reach,
And Duffield cries — the wicked make a breach!
Members of Congress in confusion meet,
And with pale countenance each other greet,
—No comfort, brother? — Brother, none at all.
Fall'n is our tower; yea, broken down our wall.
Oh brother! things are at a dreadful pass;
Brother, we sinn'd in going to the Mass.
The Lord, who taught our fingers how to fight,
For this denied to curb the tempest's might:
Our paper coin refus'd for flour we see,
And lawyers will not take it for a fee.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
What caus'd the French from Parker's fleet to steal?
They wanted thirty thousand casks of meal.
Where are they now — can mortal man reply?
Who finds them out must have a lynx's eye.
Some place them in the ports of Chesapeake;
Others account them bound to Martinique;
Some think to Boston they intend to go;
And some suppose them in the deep below.
One thing is certain, be they where they will,
They keep their triumph most exceeding still.
They have not even Pantagruel's luck,
Who conquer'd two old women and a duck. 4

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
How long shall the deluded people look
For the French squadron moor'd at Sandy Hook?
Of all their hopes the comfort and the stay,
This vile deceit at length must pass away.
What imposition can be thought on next,
To cheer their partizans, with doubt perplex'd?
Dollars on dollars heaped up to the skies,
Their value sinks the more, the more they rise;
Bank notes of bankrupts, struck without a fund,
Puff'd for a season, will be at last shunn'd.
Call forth invention, ye renown'd in guile;
New falsehoods frame in matter, and in style;
Send some enormous fiction to the press;
Again prepare the circular address;

3 Reverend George Duffield, Presbyterian, chaplain to Congress. The reference which follows, to the mass, shows the willingness of a Protestant Congress to do honour to the faith of the French king and his ambassador.

4 Odeill was a French scholar, and the reference is to a story in Rabelais' La Vie de Gargantua et de Pantagruel.
With lies, with nonsense, keep the people drunk:  
For should they once reflect, your power is sunk.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold;  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;  
The farce of empire will be finish'd soon,  
And each mock-monarch dwindle to a loon.

Mock-money and mock-states shall melt away,  
And the mock-troops disband for want of pay.  
Ev'n now decisive ruin is prepar'd:  
Ev'n now the heart of Huntington is scar'd.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;  
How War, suspended by the scorching heat,  
Springs from his tent, and shines in arms complete.

Now Sickness, that of late made heroes pale,  
Flies from the keenness of the northern gale.  
Firmness and Enterprise, united, wait  
The last command, to strike the stroke of Fate.

Now Boston trembles; Philadelphia quakes;  
And Carolina to the center shakes.  
There is, whose councils the just moment scan;  
Whose wisdom meditates the mighty plan:

He, when the season is mature, shall speak;  
All Heaven shall plaud him, and all Hell shall shriek.  
At his dread fiat tumult shall retire;  
Abhor'd rebellion sicken and expire;

The fall of Congress prove the world's relief;  
And deathless glory crown the god-like chief:

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:  
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;  
What now is left of Continental brags?  
Taxes unpaid, tho' payable in rags.

What now remains of Continental force?  
Battalions mould'ring; Waste without resource.

---

Governor Samuel Huntington of Connecticut, president of Congress in 1779 and 1780.
What rests there yet of Continental Sway?
A ruin'd People, ripe to disobey.
Hate now of men, and soon to be the Jest;
Such is your fate, ye Monsters of the West!
Yet must on every face a smile be worn,
While every breast with agony is torn,
Hopeless yourselves, yet hope you must impart,
And comfort others with an aching heart.
Ill-fated they who, lost at home, must boast
Of help expected from a foreign coast:
How wretched is their lot, to France and Spain
Who look for succour, but who look in vain.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
Courage, my boys; dismiss your chilling fears:
Attend to me, I'll put you in your geers.
Come, I'll instruct you how to advertize
Your missing friends, your hide-and-seek Allies.
O Yea! — If any man alive will bring
News of the squadron of the Christian King:
If any man will find out Count D'Estaing,
With whose scrub actions both the Indies rang:
If any man will ascertain on oath
What has become of Monsieur de la Mothe;
 Whoever these important points explains,
Congress will nobly pay him for his pains,
Of pewter dollars, what both hands can hold,
A thimble-full of plate, a mite of gold:
The lands of some bit Tory he shall get,
And start a famous Colonel en brevet;
And last to honour him (we scorn to bribe)
We'll make him chief of the Oneida Tribe!''

6 Like D'Estaing, Monsieur de la Mothe Piquet was a distinguished French naval officer who served on the American coast during the Revolution.

7 The Oneidas were the only tribe of the Six Nations interested in the cause of Congress, for which reason several chiefs were given military rank.
THE FEU DE JOIE

A POEM

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
Hail, Congress, hail! magnificent, renown'd;
Rejoice, be merry; the lost Sheep is found;
You, Congress, knew him by his graceful bleat.
We only know him by his foul defeat.
Great Bell Wether, he led his scabby flock
In apt conjunction with the rebel stock.
He came, he pushed, he fled with half his train;
While sav'd Savannah swell'd with heaps of slain.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
What awful silence through the land prevail'd
Since Count D'Estaing from St. Domingo fail'd.
No voice, no breath, no sound, no rumour flew,
Lest Parker1 should with all his fleet pursue.
No whisper; no report—but all was mum,
Lest reinforcements from New York should come.
To-catch the British rapping was their thought:
Now, by my faith, a Tartar have they caught.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
The French, entangle in a dreadful scrape,
From the West Indies made a fine escape.
Arriv'd upon the coast, the scene was chang'd;
Uncivil Winds their armaments derang'd;
Their first reception was exceeding rough;
Howe'er they landed: landed sure enough.
Ashore, they vapour and defy the Storm,
And soon with Lincoln's troops a junction form.

1 Rear Admiral Hyde Parker.
Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
Plunder's the Word; but Plunder soon is o'er.
Rob folks of all, and you can rob no more.
Live stock or dead, they capture and condemn:
Come Whig, come Tory, 'tis the same to them.
The Continental gentry stand aghast
To see their good Allies devour so fast.
Are these the Troops of Louis, Friend of Men?
They're rather Tygers, loosen'd from a Den.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
The sworn confederates manfully advance
In quest of Glory and the Good of France.
Go summon, Trumpeter, von haughty Town:
Bid them surrender to the Gallic Crown.
What, are they restiff? -- scorn they to obey?
Paste—-we'll compel them with what speed we may.
Erect your batteries, Engineers, in haste;
Mortars and Cannons in the Works be plac'd.
Upon the right my valiant French shall load;
You Continentals, line th'Augusta road.
Moncreiffe\(^3\) seems active, but he'll soon be sick,
When shells and balls and bullets rattle thick.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
The brave D'Estaing encourages his troops,
and promises good store of drams and soups.
Work on, work on, ye jolly Pioneers.
The town shall soon be knocked about their ears.
Meantime, strict guard about the camp we'll keep,
And neither in nor out a mouse shall creep.
But whence arises, in the dead of night,
This horrid noise to fill us with affright?
Are all the devils got loose? -- D'Estaing cries out.
--No, sir, 'tis Maitland\(^4\) puts us to the rout.

\(^2\)D'Estaing summoned Savannah to surrender to France. News of the defense of Savannah reached New York on November 18, 1779, and this poem appeared in print on November 24, which testified to the speed and facility with which Odell was able to write his poems.

\(^3\)Captain Moncrieffe's leadership at Savannah in large part saved the town.

\(^4\)Colonel Maitland brought reinforcements into town after the stage began, which was important as Savannah had been unprepared for attack.
Stop him this instant! -- Sir, he won't be stopt.
Chop him—en verite, ourselves are chopt.
The town he shall not enter, I declare,
--True, noble Count, for he's already there.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
The Gallic Chief, his batteries complete,
Conceives the British humbled at his feet.
Full thirty cannons, mortars half a score;
No doubt Prevost must tremble at their roar.
They open, and proclaim Savannah's doom;
Hide day with smoke, with flashes night illume.
Now whistle through the air the ponderous plumbs;
Now mount aloft, and now descend the bombs.
Incessant thunders rend the frightened sky,
And bluffs and hillocks to the sound reply.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
What great effect has all this fire produc'd?
Here falls a house, and there a turf is loose'd.
What, no slain warriors tumbled in the trench?
Yes, by the Mass:—abundance of the French!
No cannon yet dismounted can you see?
Oh yes—a number marked with Fleurs de Lys.
Where are the Yankees?—where they were at first,
What have we got then?—we have got the worst.
How can this be? Six days, and nothing done!
The case is plain—the foe gives three for one.
Our thirty cannon have no chance at all,
Moncreiffe salutes with ninety from the wall.
Pize on't—this way of Siege is most absurd:
We'll have no more cn't—Storm shall be the word!

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
The Veterans of France have formed the line,
Expecting daybreak and the promis'd sign.
The Rebel Bands are marshall'd in array,
Boastful and loud, and covetous of prey.
What held the Town of beauty, wealth and power,
Was all devoted in that cruel hour.
Sore sigh'd the Mother, for her Babes afraid;
And, anxious for herself, the blooming Maid.
The Merchant trembled for his crowded store:
One dreadful pause—and all perhaps is gore!
So to the rock Andromeda lay bound,
When rose the Monster from the vase profound:
But soon her brave Deliverer fac'd the foe;  
No matter whether Perseus of Prevost.  
His winged courser gallant he bestrode;  
He look'd a Hero and he mov'd a God!  
He met the Monster in his fierce attack,  
And to old Ocean headlong drove him back.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
Lo! from the Artillery pours the grand salute;  
Then Silence flows -- and all is hush'd and mute.  
Sudden the drum rebellows; swells the fife;  
And all move forward to the mortal strife.  
The shouting warriors and the trumpets shrill  
The meanest heart with martial ardour fill.  
With rapid march advance the hostile rows,  
While British fire the ranks tremendous mows.  
Now nearer still and nearer they engage,  
And War puts on accumulated rage.  
There is the din of battle; there the crash;  
The roaring valley, and the frequent flash.  
There animation in the front appears:  
There charge the chosen Gallic Grenadiers.  
There, where each moment death they take or give,  
Scarce Immortality herself could live!

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,  
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!  
Now slaughter triumphed and resistless strow'd  
With mangled carcasses the reeking road.  
Ev'n then, when blood was streaming like a fount,  
Polaski rush'd the strong Redoubt to mount.  
Against the grape-shot thunders from the walls:  
He falls— half hero, half a fiend, he falls.  
Off from the field his soldiers bear their chief;  
Art was invok'd, but Art gave no relief;  
Deep in his groin was fix'd the deadly wound.  
Worthless, tho' brave, a glorious fate he found.  
Such noble death what right had he to hope,  
Whose odious Treason merited a Rope?  
Undaunted minds were made in verse to shine?  
But hate to parricides blots out the line.  
Not Valour's self the Traitor can excuse:  
Him Truth condemns: him execrates the Muse. 5

5 Polaski, referred to earlier in the stanza, had helped to oust Poniatowski from the Polish throne, and had then fled the country when Poniatowski escaped. A story has it that during the attack on Savannah the advance was delayed by an officer because his company had not obtained the position of honour on the right. While under fire from the town, the division was halted and the company marched into place.
Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a *feu de joie*!
Such desperate efforts the battalions then
Disorder and dismay and rout begin.
The worn brigades from sight recoiling swerve;
Their courage drops, they faint in every nerve.
Yet still remains an excellent resource—
Bring to the charge the Continental Force.
What ails these Braggadocios of the Land?
Won't they come forward?—stiff as Posts they stand.
Strange petrifaction on their host attends.
Deuce take the fools, they level at their friends!
Some angry Demon sure their sense misleads;
See, the French tremble, and their General bleeds.
By rebel hands (Lo! Providence is just)
The rebels' patron wounded bites the dust.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a *feu de joie*!
'Tis done: Confusion sits on every face;
Inevitable ruin; foul disgrace.
Now Terror domineers, and wild Affright:
No hope in Arms; no safety but in Flight.
Now, Britons, Hessians, and provincials pour:
Arrest the fugitives and bathe in gore.
'Tis done:—D'Estaing betakes him to his ship;
To Charlestown Yankees thro' the forests slip.
Go reckon up thy loss, amphibious Count;
Mark Fifteen Hundred to the full amount:
Of wounded and of killed an equal train
Left Lincoln weltering on the bloody plain:
Whilst forty Britons on the list appear.
O Earth confess, the Hand of Heaven was here!

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a *feu de joie*!
Does Lordly Congress relish this defeat—
Say, is it pleasant to their souls and sweet?
What, both o'erthrown, America and France,
By one small splinter of the British Lance!
Yet these were they, gigantic in their boast,
Who swore to chase us from this Western Coast:
Yet these were they who built flat-bottomed boats,
And vow'd to drive us like a Flock of Goats.

As a result of British strategy, the French and Americans fired on each other in the dark.
Unstable as the sand, their arts shall fail;
As water weak, they never shall prevail,
These, Reuben-like, their parents' couch defile:
Like Judas, these shall perish in their guile.
Could the Sword spare them; yet of Heaven accurst
Their very Bowels would asunder burst.

Let songs of triumph every voice employ,
And every Muse discharge a feu de joie!
Yet poor deluded owners of the soil,
For other's good who labour and who toil—
Ye wretches doom'd to sorrowful mistake,
Who hunger and who thirst for Congress' sake—
Arouse for Shame: like Men your rights resume,
And send your Tyrants to the Land of Gloom.
If Shame prevail not, still let Wisdom plead.
If both are slighted, Vengeance must succeed.
Your Parent State grows stronger every hour;
As yet, its mercy far exceeds its Power.
Your Congress every moment weaker grows.
Rags are its Treasure; Honest men its Foes.
Its Building cracks, tho' buttress'd by the Gaul:
It nods, it shakes, it totters to its fall.
O save yourselves before it is too late!
O, save your Country from impending Fate!
Leave those, whom Justice must at length destroy
Repent, come over, and partake our joy.

Sargent printed the poem from Rivington's Royal Gazette, 24 November 1779. The title refers to an American army custom of celebrating a victory with a discharge of firearms.
ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR
written at New York, Januy 1. st 1780.

(Air; Rule Britannia)

When rival Nations first descried,
Emerged from the boundless Main,
This Land, by Tyrants yet untried,
On high was sung this lofty Strain.
"Rise, Britannia, beaming far,
Rise, bright Freedom's Morning Star."

To distant Regions, unexplored,
Extend the blessings of thy Sway,
To yon benighted World afford
The light of thy all-cheering Ray.
"Rise, Britannia, rise bright Star,
Spread thy radiance wide and far."

The Shoots of Science, right and fair,
Transplanted from thy fostering Isle,
And by thy Genius nurtur'd there,
Shall teach the Wilderness to smile.
"Shine, Britannia, rise and shine,
To bless Mankind the task be thine."

Nor shall the Muses now disdain
To find a new Asylum there;
And, ripe for harvest, see the Plain
Where lately rov'd the prowling Bear.
"Plume, Britannia, plume thy Wing;
Teach the Savage Wild to sing."

From thee descended, there the Swain
Shall arm the Port and spread the Sail,
And speed his traffick o'er the Main,
With Skill to brave the sweeping Gale.
"Skill, Britannia, taught by thee,
Unrival'd Empress of the Sea."

This high and holy Strain -- how true,
Had now from Age to Age been shown,
And, to the World's admiring view,
Rose Freedom's transatlantic throne.
"Here, Britannia, here thy fame
Long did we with joy proclaim."
But ah! what frenzy breaks a band

Of Love and Union held so dear!
Rebellion madly shakes the Land,
And Love is turn'd to hate and fear.

Here, Britannia, here at last,
We feel Contagion's deadly blast.

Thus blind, alass, when all is well,
Thus blind are Mortals here below;
As when apostate Angels fell,
Ambition turns our bliss to woe.

Now, Britannia, now beware;
For other conflicts now prepare.

By thee controul'd for ages past,
See now half Europe in array,
For wild Ambition hopes, at last,
To fix her long-projected Sway.

Rise, Britannia, rise again;
The Scourge of haughty France and Spain.

The howling tempest fiercely blows,
And Ocean rages in the Storm.
'Tis then the fearless Pilot shows
What British courage can perform.

Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves,
And repel intruding Slaves.

This is to be found in Loyal Verses, (pp. 58-60). It appeared also in Rivington's Royal Gazette, 11 March 1780.
A LOYALIST, IN EXILE FROM HIS FAMILY, SENDS A MINIATURE PICTURE TO HIS DISCONSOLATE WIFE

Though cruel Fate condemns me still to mourn,
An Exile, from thy chaste embraces torn;
From year to year prolongs an Age of grief,
While Hope deferr'd still mocks my fond belief;
Yet - when Imagination paints the Scene,
Such, O my Anna, as it might have been, -
The ruthless Tyrant, with untimely haste,
Pointing his Lance, and near thy pillow plac'd -
Thy Bed surrounded by an Orphan train,
Whose tender cries to Heaven ascend in vain!
While speechless agony and Horror shake
My trembling frame, till from the trance I wake -
In such a moment years of absence seem
To vanish as the phantoms of a dream,
And I forbear to murmur or repine,
Exulting that I still may call thee mine.

I had been long a Wanderer, long had tried,
With baffled hope, to stem an adverse tide,
When first my weary Bark, I thought, had found
A Port secure, and Heaven no longer frown'd.
Misfortunes past and perils I forgot;
My Anna smiled; Love crown'd my happy Lot;
The Mother's charms were in her babes confest,
And silent rapture swall'd my grateful breast.
My joy was full; the Sky was all serene;
No cloud of doubt or fear obscured the Scene.
But soon the rising Storm began to roar,
And soon the Deluge swept me from the Shore!
Again I wander, weary and unblest,
Far from the Paradise I once possess'd.
Possess'd alas! like Adam - for a day!
And now, with heavy heart, alone I stray;
Not, "hand in hand," with Eve to grace my Side,
But yet, I trust, with "Providence my Guide."
For though, exiled from Bliss, I mourn my fall,
No guilt is mingled in my cup of gall.
Hope yet survives. - O Providence Divine,
O'er Anna's dwelling let the banner shine;
Protect the Mother and her Infant care,
Be thou her Guard, her Refuge from despair;
And, for her sake, let me again be blest,
Restore the Paradise I once possess'd!
Subdue the bloody rage of civil Strife;
Restore me to the Mother and the Wife;
To love and joy, to peace and cheerful ease,
And Love's dear pledges clinging to my knees!

Sure, Heaven assents and, like the faithful Dove,
Sweet Hope returns to Innocence and Love.
Our Sorrows have endured a dismal night,
And Joy, my Anna, waits approaching light.
Meantime accept this token, which, though dumb
To all beside, to thee shall seem to come
With tender greetings, and, in Fancy's ear,
Whisper assurance - that the Dawn is near,
When Peace shall banish Discord's bloody Train,
And Love his long lost Paradise regain.
Employ'd at thy request, the hand of Art
Has trac'd those features which thy partial heart
So long has cherish'd. Let this Picture then,
Beyond the feeble efforts of my pen,
Speak comfort to thee. Take it as the gift
Of one who, though in person turn'd adrift
Upon a troubled Ocean, is, in mind,
Still at the Haven which he left behind.
There ever present in his better part,
Stamp'd with the Seal of truth, a constant heart,
He lives with thee, while here a lifeless form
Alone remains to bide the pelting Storm.
Then, till the howling of the Storm shall cease,
Till civil frenzy hear the Voice of Peace,
Lock'd in thy casket from the Sight of foes,
Imagine him in safety to repose.
Thy willing Captive, in his prison blest,
When visited by thee, by thee caress'd,
Shall be by Love instructed to beguile
His gentle keeper's grief, to speak and smile,
Contented smile, and speak in tender phrase,
Of sweet endearments, as in better days.
Those better days, I trust, shall yet come round;
Again shall Love and Innocence be crown'd,
And, to the last, life's golden hours employ
In a sweet circle of domestic joy.

New York, March 23d, 1780
TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR ANDRE

(Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis!)

Nature, in him, her scatter'd rays combin'd-
A graceful person and heroic Mind,
A glowing fancy with a judgement clear,
Engaging manners and a Soul sincere.
By smiling Virtue led through spotless youth,
Wedded to Honor at the Shrine of Truth,
Adorn'd by Science, cherish'd by the Nine,
Prepared alike in Camp or Court to shine,
With loyal zeal and patriot ardor fired,
Dear to his Country, by her foes admir'd,-
His murder fill'd the measure of their shame,
And stamp'd with deep disgrace their Leader's name.

1Major John Andre (1751-1780), was the British soldier who was hanged as a spy during the American Revolution for negotiating with Benedict Arnold for the British seizure of West Point. On his return to New York, Major Andre was captured, and the secret papers were discovered. His death by hanging, ordered by Washington, caused considerable censure and the British army went into mourning for him. Major Andre, as well as being an able soldier, was a man of some poetic talent. His parody on "Chevy-chase" called "Cow-chase" appeared in New York on the day he was captured.
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRAGEDY OF CHRONONPHOTONOTHOLOGOS,¹

A PROLOGUE
INTENDED FOR THE FARCE CALLED TASTE

We see with pleasure, what your Smiles confess,
Our first Essay has met with some success;
Thus for our treat, you think, is well enough!
Then, for the Second Course, let Peter Puff
Present some Nicks-nacks, which, though done in haste,
Your Caterer hopes may chance to hit your taste,
De gustibus, you know, non disputandum;
That is to say -- (although, faith! I speak at random!) You all have taste; no Critic dares dispute it!
And, by your leave, I'll undertake to suit it. Fool's Market never wants for some rare Fish,
Or Game, to furnish but a savory Dish.
For, in pursuit of rich and dainty cheer,
He searches Town and Country, far and near.
To feast the Connoisseur with post-millennium.
He brings Antiques, all fresh -- from Herculaneum! Paintings and medals, ay! as old as Pharao! The Rust of Time, the rich oscuro chiaro!
But if you have no relish for Virtu,
At home he fits you with a nice ragout! Regales your turtle-eating bits, observe ye,
With matrimonial treats of cornu-cervi;
In short, the taste of Rake and Virtuoso,
Of roaring Buck, and sober Penseroso,
By him are studied; and we hope you'll find The present entertainment to your mind.
For, give me leave to whisper in your ear,
It has been tasted by some Judges here,
Whose Approbation is a Test so good,
To doubt of yours would be absurd and rude.

¹"The Tragedy of Chrononphonotaphologus, being the most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians," was a burlesque of contemporary drama by Henry Carey (1734). The play was produced four times at the John Street Theatre in New York on 20 March 1777; 9 January 1779; 3 March 1780; and 11 February 1782. His 9 January 1779 date which is important here, however, for on that day it was presented with Samuel Foote's two-act comedy called "Taste!" The programme stated "There will be an Occasional Prologue... to each Piece." See George C.D. Odell, Annals of the New York Stage, I (New York, Columbia University Press, 1927), p. 198.
COLONEL BUCKERIDGE'S PROLOGUE

Prologues are oft but prefaces to plays,
And lame apologies for lamer lays,
Howe'er that be — to-night we bring to view
No new production, tho' our Stage is new;
But, to beguile one winter's Evening, choose
The Tragi-comic, Mock-heroic Muse,
And neither Booty claim, nor Boon immense,
We crave your patience and we crave your pence.

Not dreading here the Pitt's pedantic Host,
The Morning Chronicle nor Morning Post,
Fall Courts! where actors are arraigned and tried
By cautious coldness and by Stoic pride.
To Critics o'er the Bottle we agree,
And to kind comments -- o'er a dish of tea.
Each, when parade is over, here may vary
His whim, his wig, his visage and vagary;
May play the Lunatic and Lover's part --
Lo! Hamlet -- yes, I have it all by heart --
"Angels and Ministers!" -- ay -- there's a start!
Each here may Prince, or Each may Porteous be,
Now rave like Lear -- or now strut like me --
May Falstaff emulate, with Pillows cram'd;
Or -- daring to be Richard -- dare be damn'd;
May, bartering for "a Horse! a Horse!" the Nation
Break Cups and Saucers in Gesticulation,
Then "binding up the wounds", replace them in their Station.

Heaven! what a change in six revolving years!
But late the Woods hung waving round our Ears;
And time may come when this expansive Field
To future Bands may future Laurels yield,
An Ovid and a Horace here be found,
And classic authors stamp this classic Ground;
May charm with Homer's Spirit, Pindar's fire,
A Maro's majesty, Anacreon's Lyre;
Some Pompey perish at his Country's call,
A Chatham thunder, or a Wolf may fall!
Some Cliveden here may boast its "proud Alcove,"
The Bower of future Shrewsburys and Love;
Or, Second Shakespear, — Second Nature's Child,
Warble, the Shades among, "His Woodnotes wild;"
Here other Druries other Garricks see,
Time, Patriots, Prophets, cry — all these may be.
Ay — you may smile — but thus say Mrs. Fame,
And old Ma'am History (Prim but precious Dame)
Prosperity from colonizing came
With Commerce which rich Industry awakes,
"And blesses him who gives and him who takes."
Say too, each art, each Science loves to roam
And gall — like other Ladies, far from home.
Greece sent her Sons to the Egean Isles,
Presenting Savage Scenes and desert wilds,
Ere Rome erected her imperial head,
The World's Great Mistress—— as you all have read.
She too pour'd forth her all-subduing Bands,
To share, in other Climates, other Lands —
See Britain's Sons approach the Western world,
Their Streaming Banners to the winds unfurl'd;
See them in Air her honor'd Standard rear,
Or — how the Devil shou'd we all come here?
List! List! — My hour is come — I must from hence,
Wear Satire's Solemn Mask, no poor pretence
To laugh Bombastic Poets into Sense.
Our merits humble, but not so the praise,
If you approve, and, thus those merits raise.

1 Bell rings. — Odell.

There seems to have been some doubt as to the authenticity of
this work. The question "Is this by Jonathan Odell?" in the hand-
writing of E.C. Odell is to be found on the manuscript. There
would seem, however, to be no reason to doubt the authorship.
THE WORLD'S A STAGE

AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS

Yes - from the days of Mother Eve till now, We have been playing, and - the Lord knows how! The Stage of Life presents, at every view, A thousand shifting Scenes; and yet how few, Among the busy Millions do we find Content to play the part by Heaven assign'd! Whoever turns to view the motley scene Must wonder what this crowded play can mean. Bless me! what running, panting, pressing, raving! What scrambling, grasping, hoarding and still craving! How much cajoling, coaxing, cheating, buffing! And then what lying, tattling, caning, cuffing! Here all is dangling, whining, tearing, kissing; And there 'tis peeping, prating, sneering, hissing; And all for what? can any Mortal tell? Because, alass, Men know not when they're well. In love, in politics, in peace or war, One day they covet, and the next abhor. In this alone they seem to act by rule; In every shifting Scene - to play the fool. In every Scene, unsatisfied, unblest, They languish still for "something unpossess'd; "And to the Coffin from the cradle 'Tis all a wish, and all a ladle!" Then let the mimic Scene, to candid eyes, Exhibit Vice and Folly as they rise. The Muse holds up her Glass, and if it shows Our image there reflected - I suppose The wiser way would be, instead of railing, To take the hint, and rectify the failing.
PROLOGUE

Spoken at the Opening of a Theatre in New York 30th Decem. 1781

The Satyrist exclaims that Man is prone
To center all his cares in Self alone.
Whence, then, the sympathetic tears that flow,
From even a savage eye, at Scenes of woe?
And where has Mirth the sweet contagion found
To catch the smiling joy and spread it round,
'Tis Nature speaks, and we obey her voice;
Weep with the Mourner, with the gay rejoice;
And, with these wakeful Sympathies, impress
By Nature's hand in every generous breast,
Another Sentiment with man is born;
We covet praise, and dread the eye of Scorn.
And hence it is, that noble deeds inspire
Our hearts to emulate what we admire;
While Ridicule her magic charm applies
To guard us from the follies we despise.

These latent Sparks to kindle, and impart
The spreading flame to every feeling heart;
To catch what else were lost in scatter'd rays,
And in a Mirror to collect the blaze;
For this the Stage arose. For this the Muse
"The manners living as they rise" reviews,
Selects, combines, and holds them up to Sight,
At once to give you profit and delight.
In such a cause, your candour we may claim;
To merit approbation is our Aim.
SONG TO ST. GEORGE—N.Y. 1781

All hail! Britannia hail!
Thy Champion claims the Song;
Let mountain Hill and Dale
The swelling Notes prolong.
On high his flaming Standard Waves,
The Boast of Freedom, Dread of Slaves.

Chorus

Huzza! Huzza!
To England and St George again
We join the loud triumphant Strain,
Huzza! Huzza!
In Clio's page eternally recorded stands the name,
And fills the sounding Trump of Fame.
Huzza! Huzza!

Thou still hast been survey'd
With Envy or Dismay,
Not shall they Glory fade
Till Sun and Stars decay!
Britannia! ever great and free,
What Nation e'er cou'd rival thee!

Chorus

Huzza! Huzza!
'Tis thine to hear loud Ocean roar
In homage round thy echoing Shore,
Huzza! Huzza!
To spread in all the pomp of War thy Banners far and wide,
Majestic o'er the swelling Tide,
Huzza! Huzza!

Thy Foes, from Age to Age,
Combin'd to pull thee down,
Have wrought, with frantic rage,
"Their woe and thy renown."
Though great in arms by Land or Sea,
They strove in vain to cope with thee.

Chorus

Huzza! Huzza!
Amid Bellona's wild alarms,
Thy Sons defy the World in Arms—
Huzza! Huzza!
In vain surrounding Nations join their force to pull thee down,
Britannia Smiles, though Fate may frown!
Huzza! Huzza!
Then rouse, my bold Britons' with manly Disdain,
To St. George gaily toss off a Flagon;
Rebellion shall fall like the Dragon,
And Britain be courted and envied again.

For still beneath the Sanguine Cross
We'll rout on Shore both Foot & Horse,
And make the World confess we reign
Unrival'd Masters on the Main.

Chorus.

Huzza! Huzza!
To England—and St. George again
We swell the loud triumphant Strain,
Huzza! Huzza!

In Clio's page eternally recorded stands the name,
And fills the sounding Trump of Fame!

Huzza! Huzza!

For on this hallow'd Day the Nine
From year to year shall claim
Some Chief to share his Envied Fame!

This hallow'd Day, from year to year,
The Nine shall still proclaim
Some gallant Sons who share his Fame.
A WEDDING SONG - THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE!

Long may Philander bless the day
That crown'd his yielding Fair!
The Nymphs and Swains responsive pray,
Long live the happy Pair!
Their Board may peace and Plenty crown,
Let Rapture bless their Bed,
And rosy Health and fair Renown
Perfume the path they tread!
Fresh Health and fair Renown
Perfume the path they tread.

And may their soft endearments prove
The Source of future joys,—
To reap the harvest of their Love
In smiling Girls and Boys!—
And when, o'er all the joys of Life,
Bleak winter sheds a gloom,
Then, hand in hand, let man and wife
Take Refuge in the Tomb;
In Death let man and wife
United seek the Tomb!

Till Heaven's all-renovating Breath
Shall kindle brighter Skies;
Then shall they burst the bonds of Death,
Then, hand in hand, arise,
Arise in ever-blooming youth,
To soar on wing sublime
To blissful Seats, where Love and Truth
Survive the Wreck of Time!
To soar where Love and Truth,
Survive the wreck of Time!

Janua 1st 1782 To MRS. Armstrong
COPY OF A CARD, DATED 8TH OF JUNE 1783

Give me leave, my Dear Sir, though not greedy of pelf, To solicit your alms; — it is not for myself. — Poor K— is the man, who, at no little risk, Did his best as a Messenger willing and brisk, At the times preconceived he went and he came, Was constant and trusty, nor was he to blame If it happen'd, sometimes, that he came as he went, With nothing worth bringing when nothing was sent. Dear Major, believe me, this poor Fellow's case Has a claim to your pity; and were you to place Twenty Guineas, or so, to his present relief, I presume it won'd please our illustrious Chief. ¹

And now, for myself, let me beg you'll excuse This officious intrusion of Blunderhead's Muse, Who from both took her flight and deserted the well to dictate this Card for

your Servant
Odell.

I was told the next day, with a nod and a smile, That my Card was receive'd, and I thought, for a while, That my Friend wou'd embrace the first moment to join The weight of his own intercession with mine. Ten days had I waited, a credulous Elf! Till I spoke to the Noble Commander himself, When a hint was enough to obtain the request Which the major, I found, had politely suppress'd; Who thus, by concealing my Scribble, supplied, Unawares, an Occasion that flatter'd my pride.

¹Major-General Sir Guy Carleton, commander-in-chief of The British forces in New York from May 1782 to November 1783. Odell was a secretary to Carleton at this time.
NEW BRUNSWICK PERIOD 1784-1818
THE INQUISITION

An Herioc Poem in Four Cantos.

Preface

Let not the malicious, or the envious, flatter themselves that there is any thing of a personal nature in the following poem. Individual depravity is a subject too insignificant, and too disgusting, to dwell long upon a rational mind, much less to find employment for the immortal muse. As long as vice and folly modestly withdraw themselves from public observation, malevolence only could wish to hunt them out of their secret recesses; but when, they voluntarily come forward, bold and prominent, when they challenge motive and endanger the general morals of society, they become a public concern. No person therefore at all acquainted with this country can for a moment entertain a supposition that any, the most distant allusion, can have been intended to any characters, or events, in this happy, decorous, and harmonious Province of Nova Scotia. He will be sensible, that the plot is entirely fictitious and the Dramatis Personae.

1 This poem is to be found in a notebook in the Odell Estate, and although it is unsigned, several reasons can be given for the probability of its having been written by Odell. The particular incident which seems to have occasioned the poem was the liaison between Prince William and Mrs. Frances Wentworth, but the work suggests also the temper of Halifax society in the years 1786-91. Odell, being prominent in Maritime political life would almost certainly have known of the affair which so scandalized many Haligonians at the time. This reason, the satirical tone of the poem with its obvious influence of Pope, and the fact that the handwriting in spite of the faded condition of the manuscript looks like Odell's, would lead one to accept the poem as his own composition.
imaginary beings. Yet it is not on that account absolutely des­titute of utility. Such, productions of mere fancy, are like good medicines, in an Apothecary's shop; not always equally applicable, to every patient, but always ready to be applied when necessity requires them. So to put an hypothetical case, by way of illus­tration — Suppose there was any place so profligate and abandoned, that women who had been guilty of numerous indiscretions and most blameable levities; whose conduct had manifested a dangerous disregard to appearance and reputation, and whose best friends, and warmest advocates, had declared it necessary, that such their conduct should meet with the most avowed disapprobation & discouragement lest it should become general among the females of the society, which, in their opinion, would be destructive of those delicate principles, which cannot be too strongly impressed on female minds. Suppose now such women, on the contrary, from an avowed principle of opposition, should receive the most marked approbation, and encouragement, and should be treated, with the highest honours, in the most public, and ostentatious manner; suppose too, women of respectability, virtue & every elegant accomplishment, should be as openly censured, and maligned, only for refusing to pay such honours. Suppose likewise in addition, that those upon whom their elevated situations, had laid greater obligations of promoting the general welfare by good example, should betray the trust which Providence had reposed in them. In such a case when all reflecting minds would be justly alarmed, for the moral state of society, and would feel the most anxious apprehensions for the reputation, and virtuous
principles, of their wives and Daughters, it would immediately occur that the applications of the Satyric muse, in support of Public decency, would be attended with peculiar propriety. Her medicines would be severity, and ridicule, and though the effects might not be adequate to her wishes, her motives would be of the best. If virtue, and propriety of conduct, are the greatest happiness, and vice, and indecorum the greatest misery of mankind, to inforce the one and discourage the other, must be the dictate to true benevolence, and Christian charity, rightly understood; very different from that self-interested hypocrisy which disgraces the comprehensive virtue of charity by assuming her name, which spares offenders to the injury of the innocent; affects to hope for the amendment of the vicious, by encouraging them in their wickedness, and foolishly pretends to promote their repentance, by flattering their pride, and vanity. When the disease is fatal, and contagious, the use of the knife, the blister, or the caustic, may be a greater tenderness to the patients, and their neighbours, than administering opiates, and cordial.

THE INQUISITION

Canto 1st

Oh, thou, whose ardent, and resistless sway, God, men, and beast, and frigid plants obey; At whose command, more changeful tricks are played Than Breslaw's art to London's crowds displayed. Who coupllest stable boys, with courtly dames, Whilst Nobles burn, in Oyster-warches flames; "And through some certain strainers well-refined, Art gentle love, and charmest woman kind;" Thee I invoke, whether thy glories beam On Orient Ganges, by whose fruitful stream The deep learned Bramin leads the sacred bands, To where thy form the mystic idol stands, And black eyed Damsels with lascivious mien, In dances celebrate thy rites obscene;
Or if thy presence bless the fragrant bowers,  
Where some chaste Abbess, guards her choicest flowers,  
Where friendly Windsors midnight portals gape,  
To Briton's youth emboldened by the grape,  
And venal Nymphs expose their painted charms,  
To lure the novice to their hackneyed arms:  
Where e'er thou art, my kindling soul inspire;  
I sing thy triumphs, Virtue's friends in chains,  
And discord, raging in Arcadia's plains,  
In Transatlantic climes a country lies,  
Where nature's booms in vast profusion rise.  
No dire contagions thin a palid race.  
But health, and beauty, glow in every face,  
Appropriate gifts, her favoured children share,  
Her Sons heroes, all her Daughters fair  
No party feuds, or jealousies, were known,  
And love, and friendship, called the land their own,  
But human happiness disdains repose;  
And like some rivers rapid torrent flows,  
Now here, now there the foaming wave is tossed,  
o'er rocks, and cataracts, till in ocean lost.  
He who in Eden's deep imbowering shade,  
Our parents first connubial bliss surveyed,  
And wept with envy, saw Arcadia's joy,  
And swore such hateful blessings to destroy.  
Vexed at the sight, his furious passions rise,  
And all the Deamon lightness in his eyes,  
Forth from his bands a subtle fiend he calls;  
On Ardoise hill, in deep consult they join,  
And pro, and con, discuss the deep design,  
The black scorched pines, and rocks of mournful hue,  
The cursed spot disclose to human view.  
No vegetation glade the mildewed place,  
Save plants the foes of every living race.  
Hemlock, and Aconite, and poisonous Yew,  
And deadly night shade lurid to the view.  
Laurel, which oft the sportive lamb beguiled,  
And Savins, murderer of the unborn child.  
The consultation o'er th' infernal chief,  
Sinks to the City of Eternal grief.  
Whilst Belial executes his Lords command,  
To raise divisions, through the fated land.  
As drizzly vapours, up Chebucto bay,  
From banks of Cod-fish, wind their creeping way;

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1Prince Billy (William), son of George III, commander of the frigate Pegasus, together with his naval companions, spent considerable time in Halifax from 1786–89, where they became notorious for their rowdy behaviour.
Each narrow chink, the piercing fog pervades,
And flannel scarcely guards the shivering maids;
So through the air the Daemon plied his wings,
And reached the city, when the night bird sings.

Unseen, unheard, he took his silent round,
Whilst all the world in leaden sleep was drowned.
Nor doors, nor walls, his secret course impede,
Thro' all he travels, with an Angels speed;
And in each slumbering ear, as in the past,
He gently breathed a pestilential blast.
Mortals awoke with morn's ambrosial light.
And rose, unconscious of the deeds of night.
Whilst usual cares, their anxious thoughts employ,
On business this intent, and that on joy.

Th' impoisoned breath fermented in their veins,
And strange chimaeras filled their feverish brains.
As some fierce fire, when draughty August reigns,
Pours desolation o'er Columbia's plain,
Dropped from a Dutchman's pipe, an atom coal,
Small cause of mighty woes, inflames the whole.
The hardy settler views, with hopeless tears,
At once destroyed, the toil of all his years.
His Block-house, proved in many a stormy day,
His ripening harvest, and his well saved hay:
From hill to hill, the conflagration roars,
And high in air, the cloudy vapour soars,
Spruce burns on Spruce & Pines, on Hemlock fall,
Till ashes, stink, and smoke envelope all.

So gently first a dusky rumour rose.
Just heard in whispers, underneath the nose.
From mouth to mouth the wandrous stories ran,
And ladies talked at church behind the fan,
Though scarce one female told above a dozen,
The secret she had heard from Aunt, or Cousin,
Yet but a few, short fleeting hours had flown,
Before the news was spread, through all the town,
And Bella's name, was bandied high and loud,
This way and that way by the vulgar crowd.
With "foul adulteress", every corner rung,

2 This is a wild flower native to the Halifax area, referred to here in a humorous way.

3 This would be Frances Wentworth (Mrs. John Wentworth), whose husband was Surveyor-General of the King's Woods. Mrs. Wentworth was a worldly, ambitious woman, who, although twice the age of Prince Billy, became his mistress in order to gain social and political prominence for herself and her husband. On the death of Governor Parr in 1791, John Wentworth became governor of Nova Scotia through the influence of the prince, now Duke of Clarence. The ladies of Halifax who had ostracized Mrs. Wentworth because of her liaison with the prince subsequently found themselves ignored at Government House, and their husbands refused patronage in business matters.
"Contented Cuckold"4 trilled on every tongue,
E'en dirty boys salacious wit displayed,
And Strumpets swore that Bella spoiled their trade,
No salutation greets the low-fallen dame,
Abhorred her knowledge, and disgraced her name.
All virtuous matrons, with averted eye,
Indignant scowl, and from contagion fly.
The world deserts her, e'en Francisca frowns,
And good old Brinda, such a wretch disowns,
What wonder then the selfish, venal, race,
Should fly their benefactress, in disgrace?
When ruin threatens, cautious rats retire,
And crafty courtiers hail the rising fire,
Bell's enchanting parties now were o'er,
Her splendid banquets, & her balls, no more,
No more, her house receives the blind, and lame,
No more her presents bribe the voice of Fame.
Her harshest foes her friendship, once could boast;
They best must know her, who had seen her most.
From morn to night Bettina's larum rung,
No words too gross, for Flora's mincing tongue.
To every house with eager step they came;
At every house they murdered Bella's fame.

Now Bella's soul with anxious fury glows,
To wreck her vengeance, on her hated foes.
Confounded, not abashed, her callous heart,
Felt all the conscious powers of woman's art.
"Have I, said she, so long possessed the helm,
And ruled the fashion, through Arcadia's realm;
Have I been worshipped, by a crowd of beaux,
And led my sapient husband by the nose;
Did I direct, through Carlo Vento's pate,
The golden chain that draws affairs of State;
And shall I tamely sink, nor try to rise,
And yeld to paltry wretches I despise?
NO! against my power, though all the world combine,
By Heaven, or Hell, the victory shall be mine,
The storm I'll weather, though it fiercely roar,
And strength, or skill, shall bring me safe to shore."
She spake, and Jane, her faithful, grand Vizier,
Approved her spirit, as she curled her hair.
Belial perceived his well laid ferment rise,
And sparks of rapture darted from his eyes.

4 John Wentworth was aware of the relationship between his wife and the Prince.
Canto 2nd

'Twixt two wide roads, good Edwards' princely care,
A grand Rotunda lifts its head in air,
High o'er the dome, a golden peacock gleams,
Within an amphitheatre it seems,
Here now assembled, by its own decree;
A solemn court of high authority,
Female concerns, scandal, and reputation,
The weighty subjects of their consultation,
If any damsel, by misfortune crost,
Her precious virtue in the fields had lost,
Let bar petition, this mysterious board,
Her stolen commodity was soon restored,
If Mr. A. was caught with Mr. B.
And jealous husband saw, or seemed to see,
'Twas their's by process of an opiate kind,
To Pour oblivion o'er the doubting mind.
Or if some spouse, of deary's beauty proud,
Some harmless freedoms to a friend allowed;
Their writs prohibit meddling folks to pry,
And shield the generous man from infamy.
Blest institution! formed to ease the smart,
And drive reflection from the guilty heart;
On vice's daughters, Virtue need bestow,
And save a sinner from repentant woe;

The junto met, the members took their places,
All men of wisdom, with sagacious faces,
The gallant Moro, with a martial air,
Assured, and filled, the presidential chair;
Attempted oft to utter manly sense;
But oath's, and passion checked his eloquence,
Then down he sat, impatient of controul,
Whilst fumes of choler, choaked his ardent soul.
Becco sat next, who claims an actor's due,
And treats the merchant, harder than the Jew.
Profound Amygdalus was likewise there,
Of scientific skill to probe a dark affair,
The nurses darling, and the ladies care,

5 In 1794, Prince Edward, Prince William's brother, arrived in Halifax from Quebec where he had been in command of the garrison for three years, because he feared that the French would at some time attempt a reconquest of Canada. Prince Edward was conscientious in military and civil matters, and it was under his command that Halifax became a strong fortress.

6 While in Quebec, the prince had fallen in love with a French-Canadian girl who became his mistress. He brought her to Halifax where they lived in a house of the Wentworth's six miles from the city on the shore of Bedford Basin. The rotunda referred to was a band-stand which the prince had built on the Wentworth estate.
Two Barristers, in desperate cases wise,
Bring all their learning, and unfee'd advise.
What though in crowds consulting clients come,
Some lawyers cannot give the law at home,
Of these was Villicus, of restless mind,
Who shakes his head, to no one place confined.
With wit, some learning, some small love of gain,
Parboiled, and jumbled, in a shattered brain;
In all things like a pendulum he swings
Midst law, religion, colleges, and kings.
Till interest fixes firm his wavering soul;
Interest the guide star of the northern pole.
So burns a Weather cock to every blast,
Till, stiff with rust, it points one way at last.
The secretary to the high divan
A Merchant, God's best work, an honest man!
The court convened, no Cryer, silence bawls,
All ears profane, were vanished from those walls.
Not twelve sage Matrons, summoned to decide
On pregnant Widow, or suspected Bride,
Or view, with spectacled, experienced, eye,
Some curious case of imbecility;
Not cardinals, who grope with holy care,
Lest new Pope Jones, should whelp in Peter's chair;
Not midnight owls, in wisdom's garb arrayed,
Such solemn, self-important, looks displayed,
Sole judge of facts, imboxed, no jury sits,
No talking Council puzzles honest wits;
No harsh accuser against the culprit pleads,
And screws reluctant truth from perjured maids.
Bello appears, the injured Lady's spouse,
Grief and despair sat lowering on the brows,
His wife's defender, tears suffused his eyes,
His blubbering mouth, the power of speech denies,
At length restored his half-suspended wits,
In moving strain's he states "his heartfelt woes,
Complains of cruel, and malignant foes,
How scandal vexed his dear beloved wife,
Whom he had ne'er suspected in his life.
He swore he loved her, 'twas in vain folks talked,
Nay blessed the very grounds, on which she walked:
So sweet she ogled, and she kissed so sweet,
And played so pretty in a tete-a-tete.

This could possibly be a reference to Pope Joan, a mythical female pope who supposedly rose to the papacy in the ninth century. Legend has it that she died in childbirth during a procession.
He knew her virtue, though the world in scorn,
Told at eight months how swapping babes were born,
How this a Soldier, that a Tar betrays,
And Carlo's smartness shines in t'others face,
If all were true, 'twas his concern alone,
He took her flesh, for flesh, and bone for bone,
And loved her children, as he loved his own,
Though many venial frailties might be found,
Well might her merits, for her faults compound,
Flora could slip a little, and recover,
And other virtuous wives, had had a lover.
'Twas he who suffered, for his wife's disgrace,
Cut by his friends who snickered in his face.
In vain from naught he rose by Branu's bounty,
Justice of peace, and member, for the county,
By all descriptions, high, and low, abhorred,
Not e'en good dinners filled his costly board,
He ceased, two rays ethereal from his forehead beamed,
Two arrant horns to mortal sight they seemed.
Hushed be each breeze, and mute the strifeful tongue
Be every ear in expectation hung,
Let soft slow music only fan the air,
Behold with solemn step the injured fair!
No mean submission in her face appears,
No forced repentance fills her eyes with tears.
Clothed with consummate impudence she stands,
And asks for justice only at their hands,
Demands her trial, every proof defies,
And boldly tells the meddling world it lies,
So when some black eyed heroine of the Strand,
Holds up at Justice Hall, her unwashed hand,
Inspired by Ale, Tobacco, Gin, and fury,
She damns Judge, witness, counsellor, and Jury,
The skilful clerk her fair defence records,
Then, as by law prescribed, the Court awards
Three, solemn ordeals, or her guilt to shew,
Or prove her conduct white as driven snow.

Canto 3rd

The rosy hours unbar the heavenly gate
Of day, now pregnant with a lady's fate.
The judges sat, the anxious crowd around,
In awful silence check each rising sound.
Near where St. Lawrence delved, his wondrous cells,
In Sherwoods wilds, an ancient Druid dwells.

Simple his manners, simpler still his wit,
Yet skilled in all that learned Merlin writ,
Each constellation by its name he knew,
And culled each plant that sips the silver dew,
His wondrous charms, the labouring moon controll,
And drag its secret from the closest soul.
Him now they summoned, joyful he attends;
The friends of Heaven, are innocence's friends.
With looks mysterious, robed in purest white,
The sacred man began the magic rite.
With sable wand a circle on the ground,
He traced, with unknown figures marked around.
Thrice to the east his head submissive vails.
Thrice to the region of Hespemian gales,
Then the black tome, with quivering voice, he read
Which to the earth condemns the silent dead,
Corrupted mortals calls to life again,
And firmly binds the adamantine chain,
A charmed substance from his vest he drew,
And held it high exposed to public view,
Of herbs, and flowers, by magic skill compressed,
Strange words he muttered, and the crowd addressed.
"Hear all ye people, see this sacred cake,
And hence let sinners awful warning take.
If any foul adultress, dare presume,
This charm to swallow, mark the certain doom,
Senseless, distracted, and convulsed with pain,
Instant she swells, turns black, & bursts in twain;"*
Bella unawed her lilly hand extends,
And gently takes it with her fingers ends.
"Be that, or worse, my wretched fate she cries,
If this true heart, its real guilt denies.
If e'en in thought, I broke my solemn vows,
Or fixed one antler, on my good man's brows,
If wilful falsehood e'er these lips has past,
May this be poison, and this hour my last!"
 Whilst dreadful fears, the gaping crowd appall,
With steady face, she fairly eats it all.
They gaze, but soon their panic fears are o'er,
She smiles, and looks more charming than before,
No livid spots the brilliant rouge deform,
No swellings rise but nature's amorous form,
No strange eclipse, obscures the star of day,
No earthquakes gape, no palid lightenings play,
The audience clap, Francisco smiles applause,
And hails the triumph of the good old cause.
Deluded mortals! little do you know,
The secret causes of events below!
A hair, a spark, a breath, a grain of sand,
Can save or ruin an imperial land,
Well might they spare their wonder, had they known,
A secret trusted to the muse alone.
Her piercing, telescopic, eye observed
When from the rigid path, the druid swerved;
How soothed by kindness, and a jovial dinner,
He thought it cruel to destroy a sinner,
And thought, no doubt, the Lady's soul was pure,
'Twas best from accidents to be secure,
So, as the famed John Hunter once was said,
Imagined all's to cure with pills of bread,
The good old man contrived the court to hum,
And formed his harmless spell of new-baked crumb.
And now stand forth, and answer name, by name,
Twelve compurgators of the Lady's fame,
Six pyebald footmen, all in liveries new,
With six meek slipshocks formed the motly crew,
Maidens well skilled the secret tale to bear,
And whisper scandal, in their Lady's ear,
Ope the wet wafer, through a crevice pry,
Or to a key hole, fix the curious eye.
Ranged by the President around they stand,
Each with a sacred volume in his hand,
Each to high Heaven, his raised right hand erects,
These words repeating, as the clerk directs;
"Hear, 0 ye judges, all ye people hear!
By all the dreadful powers of Styx we swear,
That ne'er or sitting, standing, lying,
Prone, or supine, in walking, swimming, flying;
On bed, chair, sofa,8 either up or down;
In doors, or out, in country, or in town,
In mossy hermitage, or forest green;
We ne'er saw Bella do the deed obscene.
So may Heaven shield poor servants from disasters,
And grant kind mistresses, and pur-blind masters."
They kiss the book, the Court, declares, nam: con:
Compleat the Lady's exculpation.
Another awful trial still remains,
To cleanse poor Bella from imputed stains;
With banded eyes, and step-performing legs,
To dance nine times, o'er nine endangered eggs,
Condemned as guilty should, but one be found,
To shed its golden honours, on the ground.
Bella advances, whilst her loving spouse,
Binds tight the napkin round his deary's brows.
The eggs are placed irregularly true.

8This may be an allusion to a damask sofa which the Duke of Clarence gave to Mrs. Wentworth when she visited him in London in 1791 for the purpose of securing the governorship of Nova Scotia for her husband.
Whilst all the audience shudder at the view;
Bella among them nimbly plays her part,
Skipping, and footling, like the bounding hart
Her many twinkling feet they scarce descry,
This way, and that, the eggs unbroken fly,
And whilst she passes full nine times, or more,
No yellow currents stain the plantered floor.

Not Don Chloroso could perform so well,
Yet the plain truth the honest muse must tell,
For Jane and Polly Hayes considered long,
Eggs were but brittle, Mistress, might step wrong.
Janes wisdom first suggest the lucky thought,
So nine sham eggs, in place of true, were brought,
With skilful hand by Polly's husband wrought,
So nicely formed in statuary stone,
No mortal hen could tell them, from her own.

Canto 4th.

O for the muse, who whilom did inspire,
Anacreon's elegant translator's lyre,
Sublime, on Deila Crusca's wings to soar,
Inflamed by Kotzebue's illumined lore;
And taught great truths, known only to the wise,
That pleasure's virtue, pain alone is vice
That all our duties from our passions flow,
Enjoyment, best obedience here below;
In treacherous colours tricked the frail one's part,
Portrayed the sweetness of her feeling heart,
But veiled in clouds an helpless offspring's stain,
An injured husband's agonizing pain;
Then should my verse in soft meanders wind,
Far above vulgar common sense refined,
Blaspheme my God, to keep the table roaring,
Find Trinities in drinking, singing, whoring,
And, like the splendor's of a feverish dream,
Pour false illusions, worthy of my theme;
But Belial now Arcadia's fate revoked
And Bella's triumph to complete resolved.
Perched like a raven on the golden ball,
When chimes to dinner hungry soldiers call,
The loyal City he examines round,
Till some fit took, if kindred mind he found.
Nor searches long, but soon directs his eyes,
Where from the sea Britannia's glories rise.
Where Brito camp, magnificent, and proud
Smiles with complacence on the dunghill crowd.
To that high eminence by merit raised,
The great he flattered, and their harlots praised,
 Unreal vision, formed for empty show,
All pomp above, and meanness all below!
See his rich board with cheapened dainties spread
Whilst hungry servants, call in vain for bread,
The starving footmen ranging round the seats,
Grudge every mouthful that the stranger eats.
Where no warm charities expand the breast,
What spreads the splendid board, the daily feast?
Who fears reflection, downs in noisy revels,
The stings of conscience, and the azure devils.
Oft when the good to slumber are consigned,
A wretched wife sets heavy on his mind.
He sees the perjured negro, at the scourge,
Aghast ['?], and prompt the faithless tale to forge,
Whilst the poor wife, to evil tongues a prey,
By all deserted, shuns the face of day,
Her sex disowns her, e'en her children learn
Her fostering bosoms kind embrace to spurn.
Was it for this, that Heaven's transcendant care
Closed ocean's mouth, & bade the tempest spare?
When from the shipwrecked vessels side he flew,
A bright example to the sinking crew,
And taught old tars, who every danger brave,
That precious thing, a Captain's life to save.
Him Belial instigates, with practiced sway,
To honour Bella by a festive day.
Cards fly by packs, to folks of each degree,
Request the favour, and R.S.V.P.
What sleepless nights poor milliners sustained,
Of best Carmine, what Druggists shops were drained
What, Turkies, chickens, Pigs, and Pigeons, fall,
To grace the banquet, not the Muse could tell.
The evening came, the sun withdrew his light;
And left the world to folly, vice, and night.
The dames arrive, in muslins, gauzes, satins,
In Chariots, Coaches, one horse Chairs and pattens.
Argand's trimmed lamps, their fluttering light display,
Nor lawn, nor Ladles, weep the absent day.
The gaudy banners flutter to the air,
The silver side board, groans with sumptuous fare,
The fiddles crash, the merry tambours beat,
In notes responsive to the dancers feet,
Through female veins the piercing Octave thrills,
And Dartmouth echoes from the pine-clad hills,
Beneath a canopy's resplendent head,
High on a tinselled Sopha, Bella spread,
With trinkets dazed out from head to toe,
The well earned spoils of many a vanquished foe.
Three blooming brides in honey moon elate,
Like Venus Graces, round the Goddess wait,
Triumphant joy her smiling face expands,
Whilst all around her, form her faithful bands.
On every side congratulations flow,
Crowds press in crowds their ardent love to show,
All the great little, and the little great,
Great men of law, great ministers of state,
Great Treasurers ice-struck at Melvilles falling,
Great fools, great knaves, great folks of every calling,
Great harlots into honest women made,
And some who still profess the thriving trade,
Great accoucheurs, great saints, and great sinners,
And all who love great, dances & great dinners,
Great Ladies who the charms of home despise,
And pleasures call above decorum prize,
Red coats, and blue coats altogether squeeze,
Buzzing & honeyed like a swarm of bees,
Fornest in zeal, as deepest in offence,
Behold the slanderers of (injured) innocence,
Bella's, apostate, scandalizing, friends,
With fortune changed, and prompt to make amends,
With prudent foresight, prostrate at her feet,
Prepared, that bitterest food; their own foul words to eat
All bring their offerings, nor thinks this too dear,
A Wife's, or that a sister's character.
Virgins unnumbered, blooming, and divine,
Their mothers immolate at Bella's shrine,
Their generous host; attached to all the sex,
To nice distinctions puzzle, and perplex,
True to the cause he every W-- defends,
And with his daughter props his falling friends.
How persecuted, and insulted now, the few,
Among the faithless, still to virtue true;
Who, undismayed, and from contagion free,
Refused to Baal to bow the suppliant knee,
And midst low, ill bred, scorn, unmoved remained,
And all their sex's noblest pride sustained.
Not birth, nor rank, with every grace combined,
Not all the beauties, both of form, and mind,
Their fair possessors, saved from vulgar spite,
Despised and hooted on that shameless night,
And now advanced the sable stoled race,
Of grave demeanor, and submissive face,
Saint Austin, from the woods, on Heaven intent,
By his good son, a Bishop's blessing sent.
The kiss of peace, he brings with saint like air,
And leaves his Parish to the Sexton's care.
Taber, who rules his infantine domain,
Nor sternly bears the birchen rod in vain,
Bestows in Bella's hands the master tome,
Whilst sniveling schoolboys tingling wait their doom.
The deep read Clerks at female learning gazed,
And my respected hearers stood amazed,
From purest realms of Academic truth;
See next the guardian of Arcadia's youth.
Borne by the stream his firmness should have checked
His morals floated, and his duty wrecked,
Alas! he kneels, by Bella's smiles subdued,
A sad prognostic for the rising brood.
Holy Saint Paul, if, in the realms of day,
To souls seraphic sorrow find its way,
How wouldst thou grieve, thy Rector's face to view,
Amidst this venal, prostituted crew?
Blessed constitution of Arcadia's Church,
Where Owls, and Bats, on Heavens high altar perch,
Where parishes hold ministers in chains,
Bound by the annual pensions petty gains.
In vain we seek, the fearless man of God,
Who o'er the trembling sinner holds the rod.
More than the Deity they fear the frown,
Of vestries, rich, Church Wardens, & the town.
Is a smart tradesman, upstart, proud, & vain?
Or is his pampered wife a b—in grain?
Unawed, unchecked, by holy exhortation,
They slide down hill the broad road of damnation.
Tis done! the glorious triumph is complete!
The sacred orders crouch at vice's feet,
The female virtues, bleeding at the sight,
To Heavens high portal wing their hasty flight.
LINES\(^1\) ON THE DEATH OF REV. GEORGE BISSET\(^2\)

"A man most excellent, also replete
With nature's gifts and grace's richer stores,
Thou Bisset wast; these to the world dispensed
In different places, thou at length
Hast reached the realms of rest, to which the Lord
Has welcomed thee with his immense applause.
"All hail, my servant, in thy various trusts
Found vigilant and faithful: see the Ports,
See the eternal kingdom of the skies
With all their boundless glory, boundless joy,
Opened for thy reception, and thy bliss."
Meantime the Body in its peaceful cell
Reposing from its toils, awaits the star,
Whose living lustres lead that promised morn,
Whose vivifying dews thy mouldered corpse
Shall visit, and immortal life inspire."

\(^1\)According to a notation in Acadiensis the poem was first published in the Royal Gazette of 11 March 1788 and attributed to "The Honorable and Reverend Jonathan Odell."

\(^2\)The Reverend George Bisset, M.A., was the first rector of the Parish of Saint John, he preached at Trinity Church from 1786-1788. Prior to his arrival in Saint John, Mr. Bisset had been assistant to the rector of Christ Church, Newport, Rhode Island, and also school master in that town from 1737 to 1779. Loyalist sentiment caused him to go to New York where he lived until 1786. After a short visit to England, he took up his duties in Saint John.
Hesiod's description of a fifth Race of Men, quoted by Mr. Jephson, in his Roman Portraits, as peculiarly applicable to the barbarous State of Revolutionary France.

Age after Age, unlike the golden Prime,
Having gone down the rapid Stream of Time
More wicked each and wretched than the last,
And all by this fifth Progeny surpass'd;
O that my Lot had been ere now to die,
Or to be born beneath some future Sky,
Unspotted by the pestilential breath
Of Frenzy, pregnant with the Seeds of death!
For see, the Monsters, whose atrocious crimes
Eclipse the daring of all former times,
Already have begun their fell career,
Furies in front, perdition in the rear.

Henceforth, from day to day, from night to night,
Fresh horror, and amazement, and affright
Shall blast each bud of joy. The peaceful Dove
Shall vanish now, and now paternal love,
And filial piety, and friendship dear,
The Stranger's claim to hospitable cheer,
And all the "tender amities of life"
Give place to Envy, Hate and deadly Strife.
Nor years, nor Sex, nor Merit can avail
Against vindictive Rage to turn the Scale;
But aged Parents, destitute of food,
With bitter taunts and scoffings are pursued
By Sons, relentless insolent and vain,
And who High Heaven's avenging power disdain.
Her bloody banner Anarchy displays;
The cultured fields and plunder'd cities blaze.
The awful Sanctity of Oaths despised,
Truth, Honor, Justice are no longer prized;
But rather he, who dares the boldest wrong,
Is most applauded by the frantic throng;
While He, whom grateful Millions should have bless'd,
Sinks in the dust by perfidy oppress'd.
And now, conceal'd in robes of snowy white,
Sweet Modesty and Justice take their flight,
And leave the abandon'd Race below to share
The fruits of rage, revenge, and fierce despair.
[Source: 29255; Date: 12 January 1792]

MANY THANKS, MY GOOD SIR, FOR YOUR KIND ADMONITION

Fredericton. 12th Janu. 1792

Many thanks, my good Sir, for your kind admonition!
When the cause is discover'd - an able Physician
Soon cures the Disease; I have therefore no doubt
But I soon shall be able to try t'other bout;
And I promise no Knave shall my caution seduce
The Colonel's proud Ace to mistake for a Deuce.

Mean-time, Sir, I am - sick or well;
Your oblig'd humble Servant
Odell

Colonel Robinson

---

1 The Honorable Beverly Robinson was colonel of a regiment at Poughkeepsie, New York, during the Revolution. He was named to the Executive Council of New Brunswick, but never took his seat because he was never in the province.
ON SEEING THE ADDRESS TO THE SHIP AMERICA IN WHICH
GOVERNOR CARLETON AND HIS FAMILY EMBARK FOR ENGLAND* 

With Hazen's^2 prayer, so well express'd, 
And, though to fabled Names address'd, 
Yet meant to One Great Power Divine.
Accept, fair Ship, and mingle mine.
O may that Power, whose awful sway
Contending Elements obey,
With Western Breezes sweep the Sea,
To clear a smiling path for thee!
Yet, while he checks the raging main,
Let not a placid sameness reign,
But let Parental Joy perceive
The changing Scene, from Morn to Eve,
New wonders of the Deep display,
To fill the young enquiring sight
With fresh Surprise and fresh Delight.

"Look Emma, for your Infant Eye,
Had learn'd no objects to descry,
Beyond the Space that shelter gave
To cradle you across the wave,
When, destin'd first abroad to roam,
You reach'd yon temporary Home;
Look Anne, who in this Western world
First saw the light;—See how, unfurl'd,
The swelling sail its bosom fills
With Breezes from the lessening Hills;
And while her wings the Vessel speed,
See how those lessening Hills recede!
The craggy mount, whose frowning Brow
Is honor'd with the name of Howe,
No longer shows the Banner spread
Which lately mark'd his lofty head.

^1Governor Carleton and his family returned to England in 1803.

^2This is probably a reference to a member of the Hazen family
which had settled in the Saint John area about twenty years before
the Loyalists arrived.

^3Fort Howe, Saint John.
Now can the straining Eye no more
Discern the windings of the Shore;
The Landscape seems to sink away,
And leave the Sun's declining Ray,
Without eclipse, to gild the Wave,
Until, his burning Orb to lave,
Beyond the bending Western Steep,
He slowly glides into the Deep."

And here — when Evening, which now lights on high
The starry Vault, and Morning, which comes round
Shall of this Voyage measure the first day, --
Oh! had I Milton's Voice, to summon forth;
In apt Succession, daily to appear,
And daily to diversify the Scene,
Such Natives of the main, as, whether oft
Or seldom, have to man's intrepid eye,
In various tracts of Ocean's wide Domain,
Their various forms and characters displayed; --
These all, by turns, or in well mingled throngs,
As best the occasion might befit, should come,
(If happily at my bidding they would come)
Round thee to play, and do thy Passengers
Mute homage and fantastic gratulation."

But hold — nor let my lips profane
Attempt this lofty hallowed strain;
Hallowed in Eden's blissful Seat
And on the Tempter's last defeat.
Disclaiming then the Poet's Art,
Let me the wishes of my heart
Briefly express: ------------
------------------------LET CARLETON come,
Attended as he goes, from home,
With happy Omens, back to share,
For us a gracious Monarch's care,
Leaving that Monarch's Realm in Peace,
With wealth and Glory's rich increase,
Triumphant o'er his foes! — and then,
I hope, with tuneful voice, again
To lure sweet Echo from her Cave,
And welcome Carleton, while a brave
And Loyal People loudly Sing
"Welcome CARLETON! and GOD Save the KING!"
HE COMES! AND HEAVEN, IN PART, HAS HEARD OUR PRAYER

Fredericton, 24th July 1804---It is reported that the Governor is arrived at Saint John. ---Without waiting to question the probability of this report, let me at least imagine the fact to be ascertained. ---

He comes! and Heaven, in part, has heard our Prayer;
Carleton returns, resumes his guardian care,
And, as at first, rejoiced to impart
Fresh Hope— and Joy to every loyal heart.
And though, still menac’d by a daring Foe,
Britons all present thoughts of peace forego,
Yet envied Glory, and unfailing Wealth,
And Of Our Sovereign’s renovated Health,
Are now the holy theme of gratulation,
Of British Piety and Exultation.
Defiance to the Foe, whom Europe dreads,
Kindles afresh, and through the Nation spreads.
Come then, sweet Echo, traverse Hill and Dale,
While acclamations load each passing Gale.
A loyal People, who exulting claim
The filial honors of a British name,
With cheering confidence renew their toil,
To speed the plough and tame the rugged Soil;
To fell the lofty Pine and form the Mast,
To trim the Sail and brave the Northern Blast.
Carleton returns, rejoicing to impart
Fresh Hope and Joy to every loyal heart.

1 Spem redux is the Motto inscribed on the Great Seal, given by His Majesty for New Brunswick, when, by His Royal Commission to Governor Carleton, it was first erected into a Province.

--- Odell.
Whence this emotion! Why, on entering here,  
Do I recoil, as with a sudden fear?  
In silence as I pass, from room to room,  
Why am I conscious of this pensive gloom?  
Say, gentle Spirit of ethereal race,  
Thou tutelary Genius of the place,  
Sole Inmate now, though present yet unseen,  
Am I infected with prophetic Spleen?  
Or can it be thy warning Voice I hear,  
Whispering alarm to Fancy's jealous ear?  
It seems, by turns, to rise and die away,  
And this the burden of the mystic Lay -  
"Shall they return, whose absence we bewail?" 
"Fond hope! or must our vows and wishes fail?"

Thus restless Mortals covet to descry  
Tomorrow's destiny, for every eye  
Wisely conceal'd. Ah, rather thank High Heaven  
For blindness to the future kindly given!

In youth, enamour'd of the Muse, I paid  
My ardent vows in her sequester'd Shade;  
Nor did She with disdain repay my Suit,  
Or to my Search refuse her treasur'd fruit.  
The charms of Science and the liberal Arts  
For Softer charms prepare ingenuous hearts;  
Now smiling Love "his golden Shafts employed,"  
And all was joy, unbounded, unalloy'd.

Suspecting no reverse, I thus had seen  
Five Summers pass, unclouded and serene;  
When o'er the blackening Sky a Storm arose,  
Which soon destroyed my Mansion of repose,  
And fierce Rebellion drove me from the Shore,  
Which I was destin'd to behold no more.  
From Anna far, and from her Infant train,  
Nine years exiled, my heart endured the pain  
Of hope deferr'd; a hope in vain renew'd;  
By zeal supported, but by Fate subdued!  
Then, in a Carleton's kind protecting care,  
I found, at last, a refuge from despair.

1 Governor Carleton, and his family. -- Odell.
O England! why recall him from the field,
Just when Rebellion was prepared to yield?
But—History, to a more impartial Age,
Must yet refer this dark discolour'd page.
He took me from the Wreck; dispell'd my fear,
And placed me in a safe Asylum here.
Here, with the remnant of a loyal Band,
Under a Second Carleton's mild command,
My alienated native Land forgot,
I have till now enjoyed a happy lot.
And if my Bark, by some unlook'd-for blast,
Must yet again upon the Rocks be cast,
Let me at least avoid one shallow Reef,
The unhallowed bitterness of hopeless grief.

But as the destin'd hour must now be near,
When I shall enter on a new career,
To you, my only Patrons upon earth,
Brothers—no less in virtue than by birth,
To you I turn, and, with a heart impress'd
With memory of the past, I yet request
Your generous aid; complete what you've begun;
Extend your kind protection to my Son!

Fredericton 6th Septem. 1804

---

2General Thomas Carleton, Governor of New Brunswick, was the brother of Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), Governor-in-Chief of British North America from 1786 to 1796, under whom Odell served as a secretary during the Revolution.

3Lord Dorchester and General Carleton. — Odell.
There is a rough draft of this poem (29103), dated 31st Aug 1804.
TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON

Sung at General Hunter's Ball, Fredericton
14th Feb: 1806

Though envied and hated by Tyrants and Slaves,
Britannia fair Queen of the Ocean remains.
Repell'd by her Ramparts, that float on the Waves,
War flies from her Borders and Want from her plains.
  For Ages renown'd,
  By Victory crown'd,
Her Tars have display'd an invincible train.
  Surpass'd by no other,
  Each rivals his Brother,
And all prove their title as Lords of the Main.
Lords of the Main! Aye, Lords of the Main,
The Tars of Old England are Lords of the Main.

This Charter, descending from Heroes of old,
Expands in Succession as Ages roll on,
A climax of Glory! But ah, can it hold?
Who shall rival the past, now that Nelson is gone!
  Yet hark, from on High,
  The angelic reply-
"Your Nelson shall conquer and triumph again.
  Each Tar shall inherit
  A Share of his Spirit,
And all prove invincible Lords of the Main.
Lords of the Main, &c.

Wherever your far-dreaded Sails are unfurl'd,
The Genius of Nelson shall fight by your Side,
And teach you again to astonish the World,
By deeds unexampled, achievements untried.
  Then Britons strike home!
  For ages to come
Your Nelson shall conquer and triumph again.
  Each Tar shall inherit
  A Share of his Spirit,
And all prove invincible Lords of the Main."
Lords of the Main, &c.
Nor are we alone in the noble career;
The Soldier partakes of the genorous flame.
To Glory he marches, to Glory we steer;
Between us we share the rich harvest of fame.

Recorded on High,
Their names never die,
Whose deeds the renown of their Country sustain.
The King! then, God bless him!
The World shall confess him,
The Lord of those Men who are Lords of the Main.
Lords of the Main, Aye Lords of the Main;
The Tars of Old England are Lords of the Main.

There are two rough drafts of this poem (29217, 29249), and a
typewritten copy of it (unnumbered), which is called "A Song for the
Navy — The Tars of Old England," which has the following explanation:
Written by the Hon. Jonathan Odell and sung by him at a banquet given
at Frederickton N.B., on receipt there of the news of the victory of
"Lord Nelson" over the French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar,
October 21st., 1805.

His signal on commencing the action was: "England expects every
men will do his duty." In this action he received his fatal wound and
only lived long enough to be made acquainted with the number of ships
captured—— His last words were "I have done my duty!" "I praise God
for it."
Sweet Rose, look up — Thy Season comes at last.  
Fierce Aquilo hath spent his chilling blast,  
And every Monument of Winter's power  
Has felt the Western Breeze and Vernal Shower.  
Sweet Rose, thy Season comes, and comes to bring  
The welcome period of no common Spring.

Thrice has yon River\(^1\) burst his icy chain  
And spread his annual tribute o'er the plain,  
Diffusing, from his rich and swelling tide,  
The seas of future plenty far and wide,  
While here, forsaken it has been thy lot,  
"To blush unseen", and in this charming Spot  
To mourn the want of Emma's fostering care,  
And "waste thy sweetness on the desert Air."

But now, sweet Rose, look up. This joyless doom  
No more awaits thy renovated bloom.  
His task again, see, faithful Nichols\(^2\) plies;  
Again this Spot attracts admiring eyes;  
And they,\(^3\) whose absence we so long bewail,  
Bespeak fair Winds to swell the lofty Sail,  
And speed their passage home!

But is it home?

Can it, alass, be so to them, who come  
From England hither? Or, as hence they went,  
Can they return with joy and gay content?

Yes — When a Sense of duty intervenes,  
Virtue will gladly quit the splendid Scenes  
Of pomp or pleasure, still secure to find;  
In every place, that "Sun-shine of the mind,"  
That self-approv'd Serenity of Soul,  
Which tempers every clime from pole to pole,  
And turns the World, in all its ample round;

\(^1\) The Saint John River.  
\(^2\) The gardener at the governor's residence  
\(^3\) Governor Carleton, and his family.
For England's progeny; to English Ground.

Hence, with undoubting confidence they come,
Here to enjoy again the Sweets of home,
Pure joys, which hallow the domestic Spot,
Pleasures which, tasted once, are ne'er forgot.
O may propitious breezes waft them o'er,
With speed and Safety to this Western Shore,
Where loyal thousands with impatience burn
To hail the Jubilee of their Return.

Postscript
1808.

Thus did the Sylvan Muse, to Hill and Dale,
Gaily proclaim her visionary tale.
The pleasing prospect, which had been so long
The prompter and the burden of her Song,
Now vanish'd, like the forms of dusky light,
Which fill the peering eye of Second-sight.
In vain She sung. In vain did thousands burn,
Impatient for the prophesied Return.
But - though denied that wish of every heart,
Another boon was destin'd to impart
A joy as universal as the grief,
Which all had suffer'd for an absent chief.
Permitting him, for years of Service past,
In honour'd leisure to repose at last,
The Royal Will a new career ordains,
And to a chosen Hand commits the Reins.

With ardour the Patrician Board unites
In due performance of the solemn rites
To them assign'd, and all, with hearts elate,
See Hunter^ seated in the chair of State.
A tribute of unfeign'd esteem they pay,
And joyfully record the auspicious day.
Responsive acclamation spreads around,
And, mingling with the Trumpet's silver Sound,
To Heaven ascends, and Hills and Valleys ring
With the loud Anthem of God save the King!

---

^Governor Carleton, however, did not return to Canada.
^Major General Hunter, who had been in command of the troops in Nova Scotia, came to Fredericton in May 1808 to become President of the province of New Brunswick.
^24th May 1808. -- Odell.
To join the feather'd tribes who winter here,  
And all, in sprightly chorus, sweet and clear,  
Warble their amorous notes, and hail the Scene,  
Where all is cheerful, tranquil and serene.

The following letter appears at the head of the poem in the notebook.

Fredericton, 24th May 1810

Madam,

Four years ago, at this Season, the Return of Governor Carleton with his family was here confidently expected. Preparations for their reception were made at the House, and in the Garden. On that occasion I wrote a little pastoral, intitled "the drooping Rose", of which I send you a copy, as an introduction to a Postscript for the year 1808, of which I request your acceptance.

I am, Madam, your affectionate  
and most obedient Servant  
John Odell

Mrs Hunter.

There is also a draft of this letter and poem (29195). With the exception of the last paragraph of the Postscript, the poem was published in the Fredericton Telegraph on 13 August 1806.
SONG FOR THE 4TH OF JUNE 1808

Though Storm and Tempest shake the World,
And spread despair from Realm to Realm,
Still are our dreaded Sails unfurl'd,
And British Valour holds the Helm.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves,
And defy the rage of Slaves.

While Gallia's fierce Usurper drives
His flaming Car o'er falling States,
Though leagued with Hell, in vain he strives
To come within thy peaceful Gates.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves,
Secure against invading Slaves.

For crimes and follies unatton'd,
See thrones and altars round thee blaze;
But still, in loyal hearts enthron'd,
A Patriot King thy Sceptre sways.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves,
The dread of Tyrants leagued with Slaves.

Secure in Heaven's approving Smile,
Thy loyal truth its aim attains.
For thee and for thy Sister Isle
Her throne fair Freedom still maintains.
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves,
The Envy of despairing Slaves.

Then, oft as this auspicious day
Fresh joy to Sons of Freedom brings,
Let Love and Duty join to pay
Their tribute to the best of Kings!
Rule, Britannia, rule the Waves;
From tyrant Arts to rescue Slaves.
TO THE HONORABLE BEVERLY ROBINSON¹

Dear Sir, lest again you should think me to blame
For an innocent blunder, in letting your name
Steal into a numerous List of Grantees,
Who, for Patents long pass'd, had forgotten the fees;
To prevent a recurrence of fancied offence
From the root of all evil, pounds shillings and pence
Permit me - without a professional proxy,
An Attorney, whose wig is so frizzled and foxy-
Permit me to say you again are my Debtor,
For a Patent of lands - and for this dunning letter.
The Patent's a trifle:-but Verses like these!
You may prize them as highly, good Sir, as you please,
No price you can name shall surpass the good-will
Which I cherish'd so long - and I cherish it still -
For the friend whom I once was astonish'd to find,
As I thought, without reason reserv'd and unkind.

But, secure of your present regard and esteem,
I now bid adieu to this long buried theme;
And finish my Note with a wish and a prayer,
That many New Year may yet fall to your share,
And each, in its turn, bring a portion of joy,
With as little as may be of human alloy;
And when I am summon'd to bid you farewell,
Let Hope banish grief for your old friend
Odell.

Fredericton, 4th Janu. 1809

¹See footnote 1, p. 89.
Twice nineteen years, dear Nancy, on this day
Complete their Circle, since the smiling May
Beheld us, at the altar, kneel and join
In holy rites and Vows which made thee mine.
Then, like the reddening East, without a cloud,
Bright was my dawn of joy. To Heaven I bowed
In thankful exultation, well assured
That all my heart could covet was secured.

But ah, how soon this dawn of joy, so bright,
Was followed by a dark and stormy Night!
The howling tempest, in a fatal hour,
Drove me, an Exile from our nuptial Bower,
To seek for refuge in the tented field,
Till democratic Tyranny should yield.
Thus, town asunder, we, from year to year,
Endured the alternate Strife of hope and fear,
Till, from Suspence deliver'd by defeat,
I came hither, and found a safe retreat.

Here join'd by thee and thy young playful train,
I was o'erpaid for years of toil and pain.
We had renounced our native hostile Shore,
And met, I trust, till death to part no more.
But now, approaching fast the verge of life,
With what emotions do I see a Wife
And children, smiling with affection dear,
And think how sure that parting and how near?

The solemn thought I wish not to restrain.
Though painful, 'tis a salutary pain -
Then let this Verse in your remembrance live;
That when from life releas'd, I still may give
Some token of my love, may whisper still
Some fault to shun, some duty to fulfill;
May prompt your Sympathy some pain to share,
Or warn you of some pleasure to beware;
Remind you that the arrow's silent flight,
Should cause no perturbation or dismay,
But teach you to enjoy the passing day
With dutiful tranquility of mind,
Active and diligent, but still resign'd.
For our Redeemer liveth, and we know,
How or whenever parted here below,
His faithful Servants, in the Realm above,
Shall meet again as Heirs of his eternal Love.

The following note has been added to the poem, possibly by Mary Odell: This parting took place Nov? 25th 1813, and the same dread power reunited them August 27, 1825.

This letter appears also in the note book.

Fredericton, 10th July 1812.

Dear Madam,

In the course of a long life, I have met with a few friends, by whom I hope to be recognized hereafter, when our Existence will no longer be measured by successive revolutions of days and years, nor subject to local restraints. Among these few, General Hunter and yourself will be ever gratefully and affectionately remembered.

As I cannot expect again to see you here, I request your acceptance of the enclosed, as a token of my regard. But why do I present to you this copy of a billet, written two years ago to my own Wife? Because it was dictated simply by a feeling of that conjugal truth and parental affection, in which we have the happiness to resemble you. May the parallel on your part be no less correct in respect to its duration. Little did I think, when these lines were written, that the Shore, to which I was approaching, was yet so distant. May the Voyage, with all its vicissitudes, be to us all prosperous at last. A copy of another little piece, which, in December last, I address'd to a young Lady on the death of her Father, is also enclosed.

God grant you a safe and speedy passage and a happy meeting with your friends at home.

I am your most affectionate Servant.

Mrs Hunter.

The poem was published in Loyal Verses (p.111), and in Hills' History (p. 322).
"Desipere in loco," once in a while,  
May serve the dull flight of old Time to beguile.  
Then let me - with this sober maxim in view,  
Once more seize the pen and my Scribble renew.  
Both Heroes and Wits have, in critical times,  
Been sily assil'd with Round Robins and Rhymes.  
One instance, however, on record I find,  
By Burke and his Fellows - But how shall I dare  
My little round O with great Sam to compare!  
A man, my dear Sir, "from whom Wit never varies,"  
Must be one full of whimsical freaks and vagaries;  
"A Feather" (without contradiction, I hope,  
I may say what was said by no less than a Pope)  
A feather, like thistle-down, borne here and there,  
Just as Chance may direct the light Current of air;  
Unsteady, inconstant, capricious and fickle;  
A spiteful, vindictive, satirical Pickle!  
And does the Chief-Justice indeed, think it fit,  
With rhymes conjur'd up from the bottomless pit,  
To charge one so roundly, whom He so well knows  
To be perfectly harmless, in Verse or in prose!  

12th JanuY 1811

---

1A reference to a Literary Club established in 1764 by Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and others.

2George Duncan Ludlow, previously a Judge of the Supreme Court in New York. He and his brother, Gabriel G. Ludlow, first mayor of Saint John, came to New Brunswick at about the same time as Odell.
TO A YOUNG LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER

Almighty Ruler, whose unceasing Sway
Millions of Suns and rolling Worlds obey,
That, through all Space, thy power may be display'd,
And light and life the boundless all pervade;
What is Man! who, from this vale of tears,
Of mingled joys and Sorrows, hopes and fears,
Can dart his eye to Heaven, and catch a gleam
Of light far brighter than the Solar beam,
And, in the Volume of created things,
Discern the Source whence all creation springs.

Man, thus by Nature's bounty richly fraught
With active power and energy of thought,
May claim alliance with angelic thrones,
Yet oft, alas, his present lot bemoans.
On passion's tide, by winds confliction toss'd,
Wide of his course, his helm of reason lost,
Oft over rocks and shallows is he driven,
Until again for aid he looks to Heaven.

On earth, a Pilgrim, for probation sent,
In vain his high-born Spirit seeks content.
Let Pleasure, Wealth and Power their gifts impart,
In rich profusion, still the craving heart
Even in the want of an untried desire,
Would find fresh fuel for that hasty fire,
Which, kindled at our birth, unquench'd remains
During our passage o'er life's feverish plains.
For -- though unconscious of the cause -- we roam
In exile here, and sigh to be at home.

Then, 0 fair Mournor, let my Verse recall
Your weeping eyes from yonder sable-pall.
Look up to Him, who can dispell the gloom
Through which Imagination views the tomb.
Hear his consoling Voice -- "The dead are bless'd
Who sleep in Christ, who now from labour rest,"
Ere long to rise and, from their bed of dust,
Pass to the peaceful Mansions of the Just.

Although this poem is undated, the time of writing can be given
as December, 1811. See Odell's letter of 10 July 1812 to Mrs. Hunter
appended to the poem "Our Thirty-ninth Wedding Day."
EQUATION OF TIME

On the first of September,
At Christmas, mid-April, mid-June,
The Sun you’ll remember
And Clock start together at Noon;

At first the Sun gains,
And in two months attains
Full sixteen minutes advance;
Then slackens his pace,
Till, at Christmas the race
Recommences, and Clock leads the dance.

In forty-nine days
The Sun’s tardy rays
Are nearly fifteen in arrear;
Sixty-two journeys more.
Bring them up as before,
And Mid-April renews the Career.

Thence on to Mid-May
Sol again leads the way,
But has only four minutes to boast,
Then pulls in the rein,
Till at mid-June again
They come to a new Starting post.

Clock’s uniform speed
Here again takes the lead,
Till July twenty-six shews the Sun
Six minutes behind;
But anon you will find
With September a new race begun.
THE COMET OF 1811

Of things new and rare, if you wish for a Sample;
Here is one that surpasses all former example.
For who, in these Regions of Frost, ever saw
December display so prodigious a thaw!

After having been used many days as a Road,
And borne, like a Turnpike, full many a load,
Our River, escaping from Winter's arrest,
Has drown'd half our Cattle, and starved half the rest.
And Winter, mean-time, has himself taken wing,
And the breath of December reminds us of Spring.
But Oh, look around you and see, far and wide,
What havoc is made by this merciless tide.
Can you tell us the cause, or assign any reason
For such a portentous unnatural Season?
Don't you think it miraculous? — Oh no — far from it —
'Tis all from that frizzle-pate vagabond Comet,
Who, squeezing his tail, like a Sponge, as he pass'd,
Has drench'd us with rain "from the Skirt of his blast,"
And left us, not wading, like Crows on the plain,
At the death of Rochwaldus, in the blood of the Slain,
But wading in Mud, as we stroll along Shore,
And the loss of our Beef and our Mutton deplore.

1 Unlike the foregoing "Equation of Time," which is scientifically accurate in all details, "The Comet of 1811" is a combination of fact and superstition. It is not possible to know definitely which comet Odell is referring to, although he has given the date at which, presumably, it was seen over Fredericton.

2 13th Decem. — Odell.

3 The Saint John River.

There is also a rough draft of this poem (29201).
HULL'S INCURSION INTO CANADA

(Air—"Cesar and Pompey were both of them honored.")
Sung at a Ball given by Gen'l Smyth, at Fredericton, 9th September 1812.

Come, tune up and summon, with pipe and with tabor,
Sweet Echo— to sound a Salute to Our Neighbour,
Whom Nap, the Destroyer of peace and good Order,
Persuaded to make an Attack on our Border.
Impell'd by the Foe to all peace and good Order,
Neighbour Madison made an Attack on our Border.

At his bidding came Hull, and he made Proclamation—
"Choose wisely, Submission or Extermination."
Full surely he thought, by this insolent Bluster,
To put all his foes in a terrible fluster.
With a medley of insolent coaxing and bluster,
He thought he could surely put all in a fluster.

Thus confident, once and again he assail'd us,
But courage and conduct as usual avail'd us.
When teaz'd with his bouncing and hasty retreating,
We flew to his Rear, and there gave him a beating.
With crossing, recrossing, advancing, retreating,
Our patience he tried till his Rear got a beating.

His prog intercepted, no whisky to cheer him,
Though still two to one, yet he thought us too near him.
In short—With Bellona no longer he flirted,
But wisely surrender'd with— not a man hurted!
With bloody Bellona no longer he flirted,
But wisely surrender'd with not a man hurted.

On the Shores of Potomack, in Washington City,
Nap's Minions may sing thorough-bass to my ditty;
But all who disdain to fight under his Order,
Will curse Neighbour Madison's War on Our Border—
All true Sons of Freedom will spurn at his Order,
And curse Neighbour Madison's War on our Border.

There is another stanza (23204), with a prefatory explanation by Odell.

On the 11th Sept. two days only after the ball above mentioned,
we received the news of the Ship Guerriere, demolished by the Consti-
tution, commanded by Capt. Hull, a Brother of our captive General. 
This however was so modestly reported in the Boston News Paper, that
it seemed to call for some notice on our part. The following was there-
fore suggested as a Postscript to the ditty of the 9th.

Our Hull, we have found to our cost, has a Brother.—
If on one Fortune frowns, she has smiled on the other.
Of Dacre's disaster his candid relation,
From a foe, claims a tribute of just estimation.
His gallant exploit and his candid relation,
Shall both have our tribute of just estimation.
HULL’S INVASION INTO CANADA

Sung at a Ball given by Genl Smyth at Fredericton, Sept. 9th, 1812.

Come, tune up and summon, with pipe and with tabor,
Sweet Echo - to sound a Salute to our Neighbour,
Whom Nap, the Destroyer of peace and good Order,
Prevailed on to make an attack on our Border.
Impell'd by the foe to all peace and good Order;
Neighbour Madison made an attack on our Border.

At his bidding came Hull, and he made proclamation -
"Choose wisely, Submission or Extermination!"
Full surely he thought, by this insolent bluster,
To put all his foes in a terrible fluster.
With a medley of insolent coaxing and bluster,
He thought he could surely put all in a fluster.

Thus confident, once and again he assail'd us;
But courage and Conduct, as usual, avail'd us;
When taiz'd with his banning and hasty retreating,
We flew to his Rear, and there gave him a beating.
With crossing, recrossing, advancing, retreating,
Our patience he tried, till his Rear got a beating.
His Prog intercepted, no whisky to cheer him,
Though still two to one, yet he thought us too near him.
In short - With Bellona no longer he flirted,
But wisely surrender'd and - not a man hurted!
With bloody Bellona no longer he flirted,
But wisely surrender'd and not a man hurted.

On the Shores of Potomack, in Washington City,
Nap's Minions may sing thorough-bass to my ditty;
But all who disdain to fight under his Order
Will curse Neighbour Madison’s War on our Border.
All true Sons of Freedom will spurn at his order,
And curse Neighbour Madison’s War on our Border.

Monsieur Hull, of his late Expedition,
Has given the World a Report,
In a Stile of sublime composition,
Well known at the Corsican’s Court.

Odell has added five stanzas to the poem “Hull’s Incursion into Canada” and renamed it “Hull’s Invasion into Canada.”
Out of four hundred Indians he musters
All the tribes of North, South, East and West,
All swarming around him in clusters,
His March and his Camp to molest.

From the Fort, where his Foes had enclos'd him —
Whose force he forgets to declare,
To march out against those who oppos'd him,
Six hundred were all he could spare.

Yet his Myrmidons would have contended —
With courage that mounts like a Rocket,
Till their cartridges all were expended
And their Bayonets worn to the Socket!

But where is the hero so daring
As not with compunction to feel
The prospect of such waste and wearing
Of flesh, paper, powder and Steel?

31st October.

The following letter appears at the head of the poem and helps to explain the similarity between this and the preceding work.

Fredericton, 9th November 1812

Dear Sir

On the 9th of September at a Ball given on the occasion by our President, a few lines, written in haste, were sung in commemoration of Mr Hull's invasion and Surrender, of which a corrected copy, together with two other little pieces, of subsequent dates, will, I hope, be not an unwelcome mark of attention, at this time, from your old friend and humble Servant

Joh. Odell

Lt. Col. Armstrong

This letter was not forwarded.
THE BATTLE OF QUEEN'S TOWN, UPPER CANADA

Again, with confidence elate,
The invading foe has found
A Captive's unexpected fate
On our Canadian Ground.
Triumphant, as before, though still
Outnumber'd by the Foe,
Our Chiefs again have shown how Skill
Can deal the unerring blow.

Again we boast— but with a Sigh!
A brilliant Day's career;
For Brock demands from every eye
The tribute of a tear!
Devoted to his Country's Cause,
The Soldier's debt he paid;
From Age to Age, with just applause,
His name shall be convey'd.

Fredericton
6th Novem. 1812.

In a rough draft (29197), Odell suggested the air "Gramachree" as a suitable tune for this poem.
THE AGONIZING DILEMMA

From M. Gen. Van Renselaer's
Account of the
Battle of Queenston
Canto 1.

Sir

As here I prominently stand
Responsible to all the land,
For movements which, at all events,
May cause alarming discontents,
Movements of character important,
And which — to say the long and short on't,
Have cost us of our troops the best,
And risk the safety of the rest,
I beg, by way of explanation,
To state my views and situation.

I found, as mention'd in my last,
A crisis was approaching fast,
That if we meant to strike a blow,
It must be soon, or all would go
For worse than nothing, all in vain
The expense and toil of this campaign,
Dishonor then the whole would tinge,
And burning shame my whiskers singe!

Though heretofore somewhat a bragger,
This rapid crisis made me stagger,
I fear'd, as well I might indeed,
That we should make more haste than speed,
And wish'd to have some consultations
Upon our future operations:
Mean-time the News of Elliot's fight

1 The accepted spelling of this name is Rensselaer. Stephen Van Rensselaer, a civilian placed at the head of the New York State militia, was a Federalist and was opposed to the cause of the war. His military appointment was apparently a deliberate move on the part of Governor Tomkins, a Democrat, who wished to discredit both Van Rensselaer and the Federalists in order to further his own party's ends regardless of the outcome of the war. Van Rensselaer, realizing his inexperience appealed to his cousin Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer who was a soldier by profession and chief of the staff, for expert advice regarding the campaign. It was actually Colonel Van Rensselaer who made the plans for simultaneous attacks on Fort George and Queenston Heights.

2 Lieutenant Elliott was able to cut off two British ships at Fort Erie on October 9, 1812. This caused so much excitement amongst the American troops that General Van Rensselaer was hesitant to curb their spirits in any way.
From further comment I refrain —
But now, intelligence to gain
I sent Thorn Trimmer, whose report —
That General Brock had left Queen's Fort,
And gone, with numbers, to Detroit,
Seem'd now to warrant some exploit,
And this, in confidence, related
To Officers of rank, created
A wish to ascertain the fact,
And so produced great zeal to act.

Thus fill'd with eager animation,
The troops prepared for embarkation.
As here the River's rocky bed is
Spread with a Sheet of rapid eddies,
Lieutenant Sim was sent ahead,
That, by a skilful Pilot led,
We might securely pull away,
And land unseen ere break of day.

Sim, in the dark, which was extreme,
Pass'd over, but too far up Stream;
And having drawn his boat to Shore --
In which was nearly every Car
For all the boats beside -- he fled,
The Lord knows where, to hide his head.

Can you conceive our dismal plight
During the remnant of this night!
-- In utter darkness to remain
Paraded in a flood of rain,
Waiting for signals preconcerted
With one who, mean-time, had deserted --
Or jump aboard and take our chance
Without a pilot to advance --
But though our way we might explore,
What could we do without an Car?
Dilemma truly agonizing!
Yet thus we stood, till day-light rising
Fully display'd our Situation,
And fill'd us all with desperation;
-- With Shoes in mud above the Vamp,
We sullenly return'd to Camp.

Truly, Mynheer, I must confess
Your case involved no small distress.
But why depend so much on Sim?
Or why were all the Cars with him?
Alass; Dear Sir (Dear Born3 I mean)

You know we yet are young and green,
I did indeed indulge the hope,
That patience now might have some scope,
And give me, from the late result,
Some time to breathe, and to consult;
That now the troops would have the wit,
A while at least, to chew the bit.
And bear the salutary bridle—
But soon I found my hope was idle.
Their ardor, previously excited,
Had gain'd new heart; for though benighted,
In heavy rain and Wind Northeast,
And though the pelting Storm increas'd
Till all the Camp was like a pool,
It had no power their Spunk to cool!
In short— they press'd on every Side,
Till, though reluctant, I complied.

Canto 11

Resolved to be no more besimm'd,
We now prepared, in boats well trimm'd,
By Boatmen skill'd and confidential,
(Two requisites alike essential)
To force, with many a well plied Oar,
A passage to the hostile Shore.

At dawn of day, our boats being ready,
The troops embark'd, well stow'd and steady;
For they were cover'd, snug as flounders,
By sixes and by eighteen-pounders.
But soon, their movements being seen,
Neither six-pounder nor eighteen
Could check the fire of Musquet Shot,
Which now they found both brisk and hot.
For though our Guns began to roar,
With level aim to sweep the Shore,
While we were, from that Shore, descried;
'Twas yet too dark upon our Side,
With safety to direct much fire.
And yet three Batteries all conspire,
In that same instant, on our boats
To open their tremendous throats!
Our Battery soon, with grape and round,
Return'd their fire; and now the Sound
Of Guns and Mortars rent the Sky,
And flame and Smoke fill'd every eye.

Embarrass'd by the whirling tide,
And showers of pelting shot beside,
The boats press'd on, some less, some more;
But when the headmost struck the Shore,
Their Passengers, a slender Band,
About one hundred, rush to land,
And, while astonish'd eyes admire,
Slowly advance against the fire.
Colonel Van Renselaer, at their head,
Soon felt the force of whizzing lead.
Thrice in three minutes, through and through,
Hip, thigh and Calf three bullets flew;
And then a fourth contused his heel;
Which might have made Achilles wheel
And face about, with Shield a-back,
From such a hail-storm of attack!

This was again, in our condition,
A crisis in the Expedition.
For, under so severe a fire,
To form raw troops must needs require
Uncommon talents; which, indeed
Were now display'd -- in time of need.
For Colonel Christie's look'd-for aid
Had here been shamefully delay'd,
And ere his boats could reach the land,
He had been wounded in the hand;
Which justified our care prudential,
In choosing Boatmen confidential!

Though wounded thrice, and sorely bruised,
Yet undismay'd and unconfused,
Colonel Van Renselaer still could stand,
And gave his officers command,
To wait no longer for Support,
But rapidly to storm the Fort.
For well he knew that from behind,
His growing Column still was join'd
By numbers who, with ardor keen,
Press'd on -- to see and to be seen;
Or, if you please -- with all their might
Press'd on -- to share the gallant fight.

The troops obey'd with right good will,
And, halter skelter, down the hill,
In all directions ran the Foe,
Unable to sustain the blow.
But soon the Conflict was renewed;
For while they ran and we pursued,

*American reinforcements under Colonel Christie had difficulty in getting across, and immediate command was given to Colonel Wool.*
They met fresh troops, and we were join'd,
By reinforcements from behind.
A while contending chances seem
Suspended on an even beam.
A Guard-House here, a Store-House there,
With Echoes fill the trembling air.
At length, the fact appear'd undoubted,
That now the Foe was fairly routed.
Our boats now unmolested pass'd,
And now I thought it time, at last,
To quit our Battery of Eighteens,
And move Head Quarters o'er to Queens.

I went — and, with delight uncloy'd,
The triumphs of the hour enjoy'd;
Enjoy'd the triumphs, newly bought,
And which, full surely now, I thought,
My throbbing temples, round and round,
Had with unfading laurels bound!

One little hour, the Foe's defeat
And our Success appear'd complete.
But still expecting fresh attacks,
I call'd for Mattock Spade and Axe,
To fortify my Camp — when lo!
In rapid March, to aid the Foe,
An unexpected troop we saw
Of Savages from Chipawa;
Whose fierce attack was bravely met
With Rifle and with Bayonet.

My troops, by this time, I perceived
Embarking very slowly; — Grieved,
And ved'd at heart, I hasten'd o'er,
In hopes to quicken from the Shore
Their languid Movements — but in vain!
With mix'd astonishment and pain,
I found that ardor quite subsided,
In which at first they so much prided.

But why pursue the fatal tale?
In short — Our Enemies prevail.
Our gallant troops, across the Water,
Surrender, to escape from Slaughter;
The laurel withers round my head;
And all my towering hopes are fled!

Fredericton 25th Nov. 1812
To Col: Halkett and the Regiment under his command, of whose expected removal from this Province the report has led to the recollection of a trifle, presented two years ago, and of which a corrected copy is now offered as a renewed expression of that sincere regard by which the Original was dictated.

Fredericton, 5th February 1813

For the 104th let the Muses entwine
An unfading Wreath from the New Brunswick Pine.
On Ocean transplanted aloft it displays
That Flag which the proudest of Nations dismays.
Hence a Wreath from this cloud-piercing Pine shall proclaim
A brave competition,
The Soldier's ambition
To rival the Lords of the Ocean in fame.

Beloved by Apollo, the Laurel has long
Deck'd the brows of the Hero and bloom'd in his Song;
But Daphne shall now, in a Chaplet, combine
Her bright polish'd leaf with a tuft from the Pine.
Thus united, the Laurel and Pine shall proclaim,
Through Lowlands and Highlands,
O'er Freedom's twin Islands,
That the Lords of the Ocean have Rivals in fame.

Mature for the field and enroll'd in the Line,
You have long been impatient to handsel the Pine.
Well tried are your Leaders, and well may you vie
With all who resolve to conquer or die.
Thus resolv'd, may your gallant achievements proclaim,
Through Lowlands and Highlands,
O'er Freedom's twin Islands,
That the Lords of the Ocean have Rivals in fame.

1 The original poem (89205), was dedicated to the Honorable Major General Hunter and his regiment.

When more troops were needed to serve in Western Canada during the 1812-14 war, it was decided to send six hundred men of the 104th regiment to Quebec, under the command of Col. Halkett. Their subsequent march of four hundred miles in twenty-four days in the intensely cold weather and without a single death is considered to be a remarkable achievement in military history.
Once more let us summon, with pipe and with tabor,
Sweet Echo, to sound a Salute to our Neighbour,
Whom Nap, the Destroyer of peace and good Order,
Set on to invade our Canadian Border.
Impell'd by the foe to all peace and good Order,
Neighbour Madison rashly invaded our Border.¹

Poor Mady, misled by that Son of perdition,
Had long been possess'd with a teasing ambition,
To worry John Bull, and the Cur only waited
The first fair occasion for John to be baited.
He mutter'd, and snarled, and impatiently waited,
Till John, as he thought, might safely be baited.

He waited till Nap was prepared - for his Wager
of four hundred thousand - to tame Ursa Major!
What time more inviting could Mady have chosen?
Yet Nap, in the Sequel, lost hat, Shoes and hosen.
The Bear faced about, at a Moment well chosen,
And Nap scamper'd off - without hat, shoes, or hosen.

Meantime Mady, trusting to Nap's great alliance,
At John Bull had bow-wow'd his daring defiance.
Then Hull too bow-wow'd a sublime proclamation,
"Choose wisely, Submission or Extermination."
Aye, well we remember poor Hull's proclamation,
And well he remembers his own subjugation.

Tan Ransellear came next, and, like Hull, caught a Tartar.
But - why should I name each unfortunate Martyr,
Whom folly has brought to disgrace and disaster,
In beating the bush for a Corsican Master?
For shame, Neighbour Mady! - Disgrace and Disaster
Ere now should have made thee renounce such a Master.

¹ Cf. the first stanza of this poem with "Hull's Incursion," p.108.
For where is he now? This invincible Bragger,
This dreamer of Sceptres, now dreams of a dagger.
Of thousands another four hundred, expended,
Have left him detested, unpitied, unfriended.
The Cut-throat Usurper, his means all expended,
By Satan himself is no longer befriended.

A rough draft of this poem (29214), called "A cheering Salute
to Neighbour Madison," contains the note after the Battles of Leipsick.
DEAR SIR---AS I PROMISED---MY HOBBY'S IN TRIM

Dear Sir---as I promised---my Hobby's in trim;
You may mount at your Leisure and follow your whim.
So true are his Gaits, and his training so rare,
He will run in a Circle, an Oval, a Square;
To a line stretch his Oval, and -- ne'er at a loss,
Of that line, at your bidding, he'll make you a Cross.
In short, Sir, he ambles and capers so well,
I think you must like him, and -- am yours

Odell.

Fredericton 26th July 1814
To Lieut Odell, 99th Regt
DEAR MADAM, HOW TRULY I GRIEVE

To a Lady, by whom, with other friends, I had been Invited to attend the Christening of her son, but was detained at home by sickness.
Fredericton, 27th October 1814.

Dear Madam, how truly I grieve
Just now to be sick and confined,
No friend will be slow to conceive
Nor wonder to hear that I find
The task of Submission severe,
When deprived of your Smiles and good cheer.

A sick Man - at least for himself,
May find for his prayers time and place.
But the prayers which are kept on my Shelf
A much wider Circle embrace,
Appointing a daily petition
For all, of whatever condition:

Yet far from refusing a part
Of our warmest and deepest devotion
To those whom we cherish at heart,
Though between us may roll the wide Ocean;
On this festive day then let mine
With your glad devotions combine:

May the young Christian Soldier, who dates
His enrollment from this happy day,
In his turn be received at the Gates
Of those bright Abodes, which display
The result of that marvellous Love,
Which brought down the Lord from above!

Blest Mansions, prepared by our Lord
For all who believe and obey,
How rich, how immense a reward
Will distinguish that glorbus day,
When the Sun shall himself disappear,
And Time shall give place to an infinite year!

Odell has identified the lady as the wife of General Smyth. Major-General George Stracey Smyth was appointed commander of His Majesty's forces in New Brunswick in June 1812, and took oath as president of the province that same month. He later became the Lieutenant-Governor, holding that office until his death in 1823.
An infinite year, to be crown'd
With constant Accessions of joy,
Of which we can measure no bound,
Which forever is free from alloy -
Rich fruit of that marvellous Love
Which brought down Our Lord from above.

Our Lord, who was pleased to command
The young Innocents all to be brought,
By charity's fostering hand,
To Him - to be sprinkled and taught
To follow the Guide from on high,
Here appointed his place to supply,

Till the great consummation of all,
When Death and our first deadly foe
Forever shall vanish, and fall,
No longer to work human woe.
When the day of probation shall cease,
And the Good shall replenish the Mansions of peace.

"Well done, good and faithful; come in;
Partake of the joy of your Lord.
Redeem'd from the power of Sin,
You are ripe for the gracious reward.
Henceforth 'tis my Father's decree -
Where I am you also shall be."

May this blessed hope be ordain'd
For the Christian Recruit of this day!
And - forgetting the Stations attain'd,
May be press to the end of his way,
A champion in Virtue's high cause,
To be crown'd by his Leader's most gracious applause.

A rough draft of this poem (29251), is entitled A Present for young Mr. Smyth, addressed to his Mother on the day of his christening, at Fredericton, New Brunswick, 27th October 1814: By her respectful and obedient humble Servant Jon. Odell."
[WHAT WE SHALL BE DOETH NOT YET APPEAR]

What we shall be doeth not yet appear,
Nor can we conceive - till the day
When Time shall have clos'd his career,
And Death shall surrender his prey.
Then, to all who in Christ have repos'd
Shall the Scene preordain'd be disclos'd.

Those of every Age, from the first
To the last date of time, shall arise;
Shall spring, at his call, from the dust,
And pass to the new-spreading Skies.
There, like himself, shall they shine,
Bright Heirs of his Glory divine!

Ineffable Anticipation!
Here the Believer may find
A Spirit of high animation,
Yet humble and meek and resign'd.
With such a prospect of joy,
What present pains can annoy?

Blest with a hope so sublime,
Though life be a pilgrimage here,
Let us seek, in our journey through time,
That "Love which casteth out fear."
So shall our patience endure,
And so shall our triumph be sure.

St. John 1st 4-15. The following also appears in the notebook.

Dear Madam

I have lately read a Volume of excellent Sermons, by the late
Dr. Paley. One of the Subjects is that striking text in the first
Epistle of St. John -- "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but
we know that when He appeareth we shall be like him." This led me to
the following little Comment, of which I request your acceptance, in
addition to former tokens of my regard.

Another copy of this poem (29191), is called "First Epistle of St.
John, III 2d." At the end are added the words: Fredericton, 10th
Novem. 1814. Composed during a severe illness.
MY PEDIGREE
A Song from the New Herald's Office,  
in Fredericton, New Brunswick

(Tune, "The Old Hunter -- Black Sloven")

When puritan frenzy made England rebell,
Untainted and firm stood the Sons of Odell,
   Stood to their arms, and piously chanted
      God save the King!
They stood in the Ranks of the loyal and brave
Who rather would sleep in the dust of the Grave,
Then wake at the call of raving Democrats,
   Traitors to God and the King.

Though long was the Contest -- alass all in vain --
The fierce democratic misrule to restrain,
   Still undismay'd they heartily chanted
      God save the King!
But when, on the Scaffold, the King lost his head,
From England—dear England, indignant they fled,
Scorning to live with raving Democrats,
   Slaves—who had murder'd their King!

Of these loyal Emigrants some found their way
From Thames to the Shannon, and there, to this day,
   Their Sons make the Grove\(^1\) re-echo with chanting
      God save the King!
But some\(^2\) to the Wilds of America stray'd,
Of whom a Descendant here chants, in the Shade
Of loyal repose, his Scorn of Democrats
   Curs'd with a Madison King.

\(^1\)Shannon Grove, Limerick, Ireland, the family home of the descendants of Thomas Odell.

\(^2\)William Odell founded the family in America in the mid-seventeenth century.
Dear Sir,

De gustibus non disputandum —
That is — Our tastes are form'd at random,
By combinations oddly suited,
And all too vague to be disputed.
The Widow's lovely hand and arm
Had for Sir Roger's heart a charm;
And some have seen, with envious eyes,
Fat, fair and forty bear the prize.
But hold, -- This random-shot suggestion
Is foreign to the present question, --
Which craves your answer -- Can you tell,
By any orthographic spell,
How to make Odle of Odell?¹
Or why should any one have wish'd
To have the name so queerly dish'd?
In point of taste, I think it clear—
'Twas not design'd to please the ear;
And if the family migration
Led them to choose this innovation,
When first they were induced to rove
From Bedfordshire to Shannon Grove,²
Their motive must have been to show
There was, in their initial O ³
No badge of old Hibernian honor,
No claim of kindred with O'Connell,
O'Neil, O'Dougherty, O'Keef,
Or other ancient Irish Chief.
For Englishmen, abroad who roam,
Still look on England as their home,
And teach their children to proclaim
The land from which their father came.

¹This is a reference to such spellings of the name as Odle, Oadele, and Odil.

²Both branches of the family came originally from Bedfordshire.

³Odell is sometimes incorrectly spelled O'dell.
As grave historians trace a chain
Of doubtful causes, to explain
The Course of great events, so now
Have I, dear Sir, conjectured how,
Like English Penny to Scotch Bodle
Odell has dwindled into Odle —
Dwindled in Sound, the written name,
Remaining constantly the same.
And though all this to you should seem
The phantom of an idle dream,
The coinage of a drowsy brain,
Believe me I shall still remain,
While this protracted life endured,
Most truly and sincerely yours.

4A Scotch Coin, one sixth of a penny. See Grace's Provincial Glossary. — Odell.
Now, ere the fleeting hour is past away,
And Night succeeds this consecrated day,
Let us resume our holy rites, and raise
An Evening Sacrifice of prayer and praise.

And from this holy place when we retire
Let pious meditation fan the fire
Of thanks to Him who gave the Word of Truth
Our age to animate and guide our youth.

So may we hope our gracious God will bless
Our needful labors here with meet Success,
And, when our days of weekly rest are past,
Give us eternally to rest at last.

Glory to God on High, To Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, eternal Three in One,
Be here address'd by hearts prepared to join
The Host of Seraphim in Songs divine.
TO A MOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON

Sad Mourner, let my friendly verse
The balm of sympathy impart,
Till calm reflection may disperse
The grief now pressing on your heart.
Your Son, baptized and born anew,
The adopted Heir of peace and joy,
Has realiz'd the prize in view,
Secure from forfeit or alloy.

And now, escaped the toils of life,
And all the Scenes of human woe,
Safe from the perils and the Strife
Of Virtue struggling here below;

He sleeps an Infant, but shall rise
Mature in high angelic lore,
A Star in those eternal Skies
Which dawn when Time shall be no more.

Maternal Sorrows, then, adieu!
Regard no phantoms of the tomb;
The glorious prospect now in view
Dispels their visionary gloom.

But let Imagination soar
On wings of faith, and, in your Boy,
Behold a cherub, gone before,
His Mother's future crown of joy!

A rough draft (29252), gives an alternative wording for the last stanza:

But let imagination soar
On wings of faith, and may you view
Your Babe a Cherub, gone before,
A future Crown of joy to you.

The initials J.O. appear at the end of the poem, and on the back of the manuscript there is the following stanza:

How can modesty conceal
How can moderation hide
What affection must reveal
Of one so dear as he who died.
REFLECTIONS IN SICKNESS, AND ON RECOVERY

Awake, my Soul, and, ere it be too late,  
Let conscience rouse thee from this torpid State.  
O listen to that Monitor within,  
Who cries — "beware of unrepented Sin."

What fatal apathy can lull the fears  
Of one so near the brink of four-score years,  
To whom dark days and restless nights recall  
That Image, which may stouter hearts appal,  
The approaching hour, when all we value here  
Shall, like a baseless Vision, disappear,  
And dust to dust conclude life's perilous career;

While on this fearful precipice I stand,  
The day far spent, the Night so near at hand,  
Can I the past with tranquil mind survey?  
Or to the future look without dismay?  
Ah, what is this but, in my utmost need,  
To dream that all is well, and on a Reed  
To lean securely, till the broken dart  
Transfix the hand or pierce the unguarded heart!
My Soul, awake and, with suspended breath,  
Tremble, lest this may prove a Sleep of death;  
Eternal death! O what pernicious charm  
This image of its terrors can disarm!  
And at a time like this! alas, beware;  
Awake, and watch, and make thy fervent prayer  
To Him, who can the essential gift impart,  
A broken Spirit and a contrite heart.  
To Him, whose gracious promise cannot fail,  
That they who ask and faint not shall prevail.

From mortal life, then, welcome a release!  
Thy Servant, Lord, shall then depart in peace,  
Obey thy summons with unclouded mind,  
By faith sustain'd and to thy will resign'd.

Meantime thy Will for me decrees again  
A gracious respite from a bed of pain.  
In one short Season twice have I been spared  
When Death approach'd me — ah how unprepared!  
And since, by Nature, with unquench'd desire,  
While life remains, to live we still aspire,  
O may it be in mercy that my days
Unnumber'd yet, are still a theme of praise,
Ascending from a family of love,
In grateful homage to thy throne above.

Thus, from a gloomy chamber of disease,
Restor'd to light and Zephyr's cheering breeze,
To Hill and Dale, mild Sun or shady Bower,
The morning Walk, the social evening hour;
O how shall I express the glowing thought
Which melts my heart, and thank thee as I ought;
Thank thee, O God, with mingled hope and fear;
Dreading lest on that day, which must be near,
Thy merciful forbearance may be found
With fresh remorse my Conscience to confound;
Yet humbly hoping, through thy gracious Aid,
To meet the awful moment undismay'd.
Protect me, then, Great Giver of All Good,
And, through temptation watchfully withstood,
Conduct me Safely in the doubtful Strife
Of Virtue, struggling through the Snares of life,
Till I may come victorious to the Shore,
Where doubt and frailty shall be known no more.

Fredericton
May — 1815
EPICHRAMMA COMBURENDUM

Why, on a birth-night, are the folks,
All helter-skelter, Belles and Beaus,
To scramble for their hats and cloaks,
Their tippets, Shawls and over-hose,
Where not a Dame can pluck a rose?
Because a common-place attention
Would be too great a condescension,
And wicked Wags might dare to call
This royal dance a piddling Ball.

3d Jan'y 1816

This poem, and the one which follows, were sent to Jonathan Bliss, first Attorney-General of New Brunswick.
Dear Sir

Roll up this blotted Slip of paper; and make a Match to light your taper.

Poor Will\(^1\) has made his first Essay To draught a Speech — and, sooth to say, In style and Substance full and clear, It satisfied my partial ear. From yesterday's recital, then, You may be sure some other pen Has interlarded such addition, As must extinguish Mill's ambition Of all suppos’d participation In such a marvellous Oration!

---

\(^1\) Odell's son, a lawyer, who succeeded his father as Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick in 1812.
A TOUCH OF THE TIMES

Fredericton July 16th 1817

A turkey-cock one day quite pail,
Went out to strut without his tail,
By which the chicks, in coops hard by,
Did not his mightiness descry;
Thus put him in a rage so great,
That fall it must on some on's pate;
The Cock was C---------, I and knew
Full well, he thought, the honor due
To dignity like his immense,
For though this turkey had not sense,
He had ambition, and a hen,
As sometimes happens among men,
To guide him in affairs of state,
And put him up to being great.
For mate he chucks, then falls to thinking,
Dame rous'd, and strongly urged a clinking:
"Not know my love! you surely mock,
Not know my own dear turkey Cock?
There's not in town just such another,
No not in all the world your brother;
They ought to know you at a glance.
Without e'en hat, or Spur, or lance,
They surely must by inspiration,
Therefore, 'twas downright affectation,
And I would bring them to their senses;
In spite of all such lame pretences;
You cannot wring their necks 'tis true,
But other punishments with you --
Make them turn out each time you pop
Your head without this stylish shop,
Whether at Kitchen door or gate,
At early dawn or evening late;
What better can such small folk do
Than keep their eye on me and you?
Send for them here, and scold them soundly,
I wish 'twere me, I'd do it roundly;
Suppose my love, before we part,
A word or two you get by heart,
You know your poor head always aches,
When press'd, or active part it takes,

Odell wrote the word "Commandant" in the margin, although he probably had a specific person in mind.
I'll write it down — come my best love,
What's mine is yours — you must approve;
There's question first — then here, -- and here,
Be sure you mouth it well my dear,
Sure wife was ne'er so proud before,
I'll keep my ear just by this door,
Would 'tware my eye, for stage effect,
I think you will not quite neglect;
Again my love, if you think best,
Pray put some one in close arrest,
You have said A, — why not Say B?
And so go on to C and D;
'Twill make Some others feel our power,
For which I'd die this very hour,
And prove, I think, to demonstration
We have at least some penetration,
To find out faults in this pet brood
Who always have appeared so good,
And done their duty so demurely,
Deer love 'twill vex their proud hearts purely,
To have you tear the mask away,
And bring them out to light of day.
But hark! -- I think I hear a rap,
So pray, my dear, go take a nap."

A Touch of the times
A Satirical Poem

Fredericton July 16th 1817.
TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE LT. GOVERNOR

With a Copy of Verses of older date on THE GAMUT

Permit me, Sir, this artless Verse to bring,
An offering from an overflowing Spring
Of gratitude, for that propitious Aid,
Which, while it melts the heart, can be repaid
By nothing short of this sublime award,
"The deeds of virtue are their own reward."

From year to year, my unassisted Child
Warble, with timid voice, her "wood-notes wild;"
But, by your generous condescension fired,
And thence with rising confidence inspired,
The task she now resumes, and hopes are long
To catch some portion of that glowing Song,
That swelling harmony, which none can hear
With heart untouch'd, or undelighted Ear.
And, oh Sir, let me here a verse subjoin
From Young's pathetic Muse, a verse divine!
"Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy — this group
Of bright Ideas, flowers of paradise
As yet unforfeit, in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and present them to the Skies — as all
We guess of Heaven! and these were all her own."

10th Jan: 1818

1 Major General George Stracey Smyth.

2 Sarah Anne Odell.
As Heaven bestowed the precious art
Our thoughts by letters to impart;
To "waft from Indus to the Pole"
The secret whispers of the Soul;
So, by a like celestial aid
Of graphic art, the Silent Maid
May to the distant swain convey
The sprightly Song or melting lay.
And so, when Handel sweeps the Strings,
When Harmony, from all her Springs,
Fills up the measure of delight;
The Sounds, arrested in their flight,
Are treasured by this magic Scale,
Secure till time and Nature fail.

Come then, sweet Bird, whose early Note
Has cheer'd me oft, while yet, by rote,
The Voice could but repeat the Strain,
Which Memory taught thee to retain;
Now shall thy well instructed eye
Recorded harmonies discern,
And prompt thy Voice at sight to sing,
Thy hand at Sight to wake the String,
And through my captive ear impart
Sweet rapture to a Father's heart.

A rough draft of this poem (29223), is dated January 11th, 1818.
TO SIR JAMES WALLACE

Fye! fye! Sir James! it cruel is
Of the old Dutchman to make a prize.
Tho', on enquiry, you may find
It was for good King Cong designed.
Do' st think it is an honest job
This Mity bunch of Kings to rob?
The Wine they want to cheer their spirits:
The Cordage to reward their merits:
Tea's now no more a cursed plant;
It now has Virtue— which they want.
Their Linen and their Silks return—
They're all in rags; their garments torn!
Yet e'en of rags nigh destitute—
The bullion which their friends recruit,
Tho' by Experiment you find
Their Bark is Jesuits, rescind:
And I dare tell you, free as wink;
Detain their Salt, they then must slink:
Or, if you mean at all to save,
Their brandy let the Varlets have.

---

1 Sargent states that the poem appeared in Robertson's Royal Pennsylvania Gazette, 24 March 1778; and there was credited to a New York newspaper. The author is said to have been Odell.

2 The commander of a man-of-war who captured a Dutch vessel bound for Carolina and brought it into New York harbour.

3 The author explains this as a pun on the word mite—an insect which destroys the substance giving it life.

4 The name of the ship which Sir James commanded.

5 The ship's cargo consisted of the articles mentioned in the last five lines.
[Source: Loyalist Poetry, pp. 1-37; Date: 1779]

THE AMERICAN TIMES

A SATIRE

In three parts.

Facit indignatio versum;—Juvenal.

Part 1.

When Faction, poisons as the scorpion's sting,
Infests the people and insults the King;
When foul Sedition skulks no more conceal'd,
But grasps the sword and rushes to the field;
When Justice, Law, and Truth are in disgrace,
And Treason, Fraud, and Murder fill their place;
Smarting beneath accumulated woes,
Shall we not dare the tyrants to expose?
We will, we must—tho' mighty Laurens frown,
Or Hancock with his rabble hunt us down;

While this poem is generally attributed to Odell, doubts as to its authorship have been expressed. Kenneth Rice in "A Note on the Author of The Times", see AL, II (March 1930), 79-82 suggests as a possibility Daniel Batwell of York, Pennsylvania, another loyalist of the period, whose signature is on the title page and whose corrections and additions appear throughout the work in a volume owned by John Garrett of Baltimore. Winthrop Sargent, in Loyal Verses (p. 105), states that it has been attributed to Dr. Myles Cooper, but considers it to be the work of Odell. Certainly there is room for doubt, although the use of the pseudonym Camillo Querno, who was poet laureate and jester to pope Leo X is in accordance with Odell's use of such names as Yoric and Puff for his satirical writings. Until the manuscript can be located and studied, the doubt of its authorship remains, and for this reason the poem has been placed in the appendix.

The earlier Fisher manuscript has these lines following
Should Atley summon to his savage bar,
To tremble at his rod be from us far.
William Augustus Atley was one of the court which convicted Roberts and Carlisle.
Champions of virtue, we'll alike disdain
The guards of Washington, the lies of Payne;
And greatly bear, without one anxious throb,
The wrath of Congress, or its lords the mob.
Bad are the Times, almost too bad to paint;
The whole head sickens, the whole heart is faint;
The State is rotten, rotten to the core,
'Tis all one bruize, one putrefying sore.
Here Anarchy before the gaping crowd
Proclaims the people's majesty aloud;
There Folly runs with eagerness about,
And prompts the cheated populace to shout;
Here paper-dollars meagre Famine holds,
There votes of Congress Tyranny unfolds;
With doctrines strange in matter and in dress,
Here sounds the pulpit, and there groans the press;
Confusion blows her trump—and far and wide
The noise is heard—the plough is thrown aside;
The awl, the needle, and the shuttle drops;
Tools change to swords, and camps succeed to shops;
The doctor's glisten-pipe, the lawyer's quill,
Transform'd to guns, retain the power to kill;
From garrets, cellars, rushing thro' the street,
The new-born statesmen in committee meet;
Legions of Senators infest the land,
And mushroom generals thick as mushrooms stand.

Ye western climes, where youthful plenty smiled,
Ye plains just rescued from the dreary wild,
Ye cities just emerging into fame,
Ye minds new tinct'd with learning's sacred flame,
Ye people wondering at your swift increase,
Sons of united liberty and peace,
How are your glories in a moment fled?
See, Pity weeps, and Honour hangs his head.

Oh for some magic voice, some powerful spell,
To call the Furies from profoundest hell;
Arise, ye Fiends, from dark Cocytus' brink;
Soot all my paper; sulphurize my ink;
So with my theme the colours shall agree,
Brimstone and black, the livery of Lee.

American leaders included doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, farmers, merchants and inn-keepers.

General Charles Lee, a severe and coarse leader hated by the Tories.
They come, they come!—convulsive heaves the ground,
Earth opens—Lo! they pour, they swarm around;
About me throng unnumber'd hideous shapes,
Infernal wolves, and bears, and hounds, and apes;
All Pandemonium stands reveal'd to sight;
Good monsters, give me leave, and let me write:
They will be notic'd—Memory, set them down,
Tho' reason stand aghast, and order frown.

Whence and what art thou, execrable form,
Rough as a bear, and roaring as a storm?
Ay, now I know thee—Livingston art thou—
Call in thy heart, and malice on thy brow;
Coward, yet cruel—zealous, yet profane;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are thy gain;
Go, glut like Death thy vast unhide-bound maw,
Remorseless swallow liberty and law;
At one enormous stroke a nation slay,
But thou thyself shall perish with thy prey.

What Fiend is this of countenance acute,
More of the knave who seems, and less of brute;
Whose words are cutting like a show' r of hail,
And blasting as the mildew in the vale?
'Tis Jay—to him these characters belong:
Sure sense of right, with fix'd pursuit of wrong;
An outside keen, where malice makes abode,
Voice of a lark, and venom of a toad;
Semblance of worth, not substance, he puts on;
And Satan owns him for his darling son.

Flit not around me thus, pernicious elf,
Whose love of country terminates in self;
Back to the gloomy shades, detested sprite,
Mangler of rhet' ric, enemy of right;
Curs'd of thy father; sum of all that's base;
Thy sight is odious, and thy name is Chase.

What spectre's that with eyes on earth intent,
Whose god is gold, whose glory cent. per cent.;
Whose soul, devoted to the love of gain,
Revolts from feelings noble or humane?

5William Livingston, Governor of New Jersey, formerly a lawyer. He was severe in his treatment of the British, and hanged as traitors those who took up arms for the king.
6John Jay, Member and President of the Congress, a New York lawyer. He was a man of integrity and sincerity.
7Samuel Chase, member of Congress, a Maryland lawyer.
Let friends, let family, let country groan,
Despairing widows shriek, and orphans moan;
Turn'd to the centre, where his riches grow,
His eye regards not spectacles of woe;

Morris, look up—for so thy name we spell—
On earth, Bob Morris—Mammon 'tis in hell.

Wretch, who hast meanly sold thy native land,
Tremble, thou wretch, for vengeance is at hand;
Soon shall thy treasures fly on eagle's wings,
And Conscience goad thee with her thousand stings.

Of head erect, and self-sufficient mien,
Another Morris presses to be seen;
Demons of vanity, you know him sure;
This is your pupil, this is Gouverneur;
Some little knowledge, and some little sense,
More affectation far, and more pretence;
Such is the man—his tongue he never balks;
On all things talkable he boldly talks;
A specious orator, of law he prates;
A pompous nothing, mingles in debates;
Consummate impudence, sheer brass of soul,
Crown every sentence, and completes the whole;
In other times unmotic'd he might drop:
Confusion makes a statesman of a fop.

Hail, Faction, wayward queen, whose charms retain—
Such opposites—the sordid, and the vain:
Who jar in all things else, in thee unite;
Robert the greedy, Gouverneur the light;
And if another contrast we display,
Still both are thine, the serious and the gay.

There is a man, all spirit, life, and ease,
Whose native humour never fails to please;
There is a man devout, reserv'd, austere,
Whose grave demeanor other men revere;
These, whom their various turns forbid to meet,
Have met in Congress in communion sweet;
There, mirth put off, and gravity resign'd,
The two sworn brothers stand in treason join'd;
Let triumphs, sing the devilish fiends,
Discordant natures whose deduction blends.

Robert Morris, a Philadelphia merchant.

Gouverneur Morris, member of Congress, a New York lawyer.
But still the question agitates mankind,
Could Duer be over-reach'd, Duane be blind? 10
Thy sprightly genius, Duer, couldn't thou controul,
The flow of wit, the sallies of the soul;
Abandon every muse, and every grace,
For eminence among a savage race?
Could'st thou, Duane, give up thy favourite church,
And leave religion weeping in the lurch,
Bid truth and decent piety adieu,
For dire promotion o'er a godless crew?
In Jotham's famous apologue we read,
Not so the fruit-trees wiser far decreed; 11
Shall we, said they, our wine and oil desert,
Which decorate the face, and cheer the heart,
Quit peace and plenty, elegance and ease,
To reign scrub monarchs over barbarous trees?
'Twere strange—but stranger, Honour to resign,
And govern, legion-like, the herd of swine.

What group of Wizards next salutes my eyes,
United comrades, quadruple allies?
Bostonian Cooper, with his Hancock join'd; 12
Adams with Adams, one in heart and mind.
Sprung from the soil, where witches swarm'd of yore;
They come well skill'd in necromantic lore;
Intent on mischief, busily they toil,
The magic cauldron to prepare and boil;
Array'd in sable vests, and caps of fur,
With wands of ebony the mess they stir;
See! the smoke rises from the cursed drench,
And poisons all the air with horrid stench.

Celestial muse, I fear 'twill make thee hot
To count the vile ingredients of the pot:
Dire incantations, words of death, they mix
With noxious plants, and Water from the Styx;
Treason's rank flow'rs, Ambition's swelling fruits,
Hypocrisy in seeds, and Fraud in roots,
Bundles of Lies fresh gather'd in their prime,
And stalks of Calumny grown stale with time;

10 William Duer and James Duane, members of Congress, and New York Lawyers.
11 Judges; IX, 8-15.
12 Dr. Cooper, a Congregational minister of Boston; John Adams, a writer; Samuel Adams, a radical politician; General Hancock, hoped for supreme command, rather than Washington.
Handfuls of Zeal's intoxicating leaves;
Riot in bunches, Cruelty in sheaves;
Slices of Cunning cut exceeding thin;
Kernels of Malice, rotten cores of Sin;
Branches of Persecution, boughs of Thrall,
And sprigs of Superstition, dipt in gall;
Opium to lull or madden all the throng,
And asafoetida profusely strong;
Milk from Tisiphone's infernal breast;
Herbs of all venom, drugs of every pest,
With minerals from the centre brought by Gnomes;
All seethe together till the furnace foams.

Was this the potion, this the draught design'd
To cheat the croud, and fascitate mankind?
0 void of reason they, who thus were caught;
0 lost to virtue, who so cheap were bought;
0 folly, which all folly sure transcends,
Such bungling sorc'rans to account as friends.

Yet tho' the frantic populace applaud,
'Tis Satire's part to stigmatize the fraud.
Exult, ye jugglers, in your lucky tricks;
Yet on your fame the lasting brand we'll fix.
Cheat male and female, poison age and youth;
Still we'll pursue you with the goad of truth.
Whilst in mid-heav'n shines forth the golden flame,
Hancock and Adams shall be words of shame;
Whilst silver beams the face of night adorn,
Cooper of Boston shall be held in scorn.

Strike up, hell's music! roar, infernal drums!
Discharge the cannon—Lo! the warrior comes!
He comes, not tame as on Ohio's banks,
But rampant at the head of ragged ranks.
Hunger and itch are with him—Gates and Wayne.13
And all the lice of Egypt in his train.
Sure these are Falstaff's soldiers, poor and bare;
Or else the rotten regiments of Rag-fair:14
Bid the French generals to their Chief advance,
And grace his suite—0 shame! they're fled to France.15

13 Gates and Wayne, rebel generals.
14 The physical condition of the army was often very bad. The men suffered from hunger, disease, and the weather.
15 Europe was at peace at this time, so many military men were attracted to America. The rebel cause was the more popular, and many offered their services for it.
Wilt thou, great chief of Freedom's lawless sons,
Great captain of the western Goths and Huns,
Wilt thou for once permit a private man
To parley with thee, and thy conduct scan?
At Reason's bar has Catiline been heard;
At Reason's bar e'en Cromwell has appear'd;
Successless, or successful, all must stand
At her tribunal with uplifted hand. 16
Severe, but just, the case she fairly states;
And fame or infamy her sentence waits.

Hear thy indictment, Washington, at large;
Attend and listen to the solemn charge:
Thou hast supported an atrocious cause
Against thy King, thy Country, and the laws;
Committed perjury, encourag'd lies,
Forced conscience, broken the most sacred ties;
Myriads of wives and fathers at thy hand
Their slaughter'd husbands, slaughter'd sons demand;
That pastures hear no more the lowing kine,—
That towns are desolate, all—all is thine;
The frequent sacrilege that pain'd my sight: 17
The blasphemies my pen abhors to write;
Innumerable crimes on thee must fall—
For thou maintainest, thou defendest all.

Wilt thou pretend that Britain is in fault?
In Reason's court a falsehood goes for nought.
Will it avail, with subterfuge refin'd
To say, such deeds are foreign to thy mind?
Wilt thou assert that, generous and humane,
Thy nature suffers at another's pain?
He who a band of ruffians keeps to kill,
Is he not guilty of the blood they spill?
Who guards M'Kean, and Joseph Reed the vile
Help'd he not murder Roberts and Carlisle? 18
So, who protects committees in the chair,
In all their shocking cruelties must share.

16 Washington had many enemies on both sides. His own party tried to undermine his command, and the Tories accused him of cruelty.

17 Possibly an allusion to the besiegers of Boston who in 1775 turned the episcopal church into a barrack, and melted the organ pipes for bullets.

18 M'Kean, a rebel chief justice; Reed, President of Pennsylvania; Roberts and Carlisle, Quakers.
What could, when half-way up the hill to fame,
Induce thee to go back, and link with shame?
Was it ambition, vanity, or spite,
That prompted thee with Congress to unite;
Or did all three within thy bosom roll,
"Thou heart of hero with a traitor's soul?"
Go, wretched author of thy country's grief,
Patron of villainy, of villains chief;
Seek with thy cursed crew the central gloom,
Ere Truth's avenging sword begin thy doom;
Or sudden vengeance of celestial dart
Precipitate thee with augmented smart.

O Poet, seated on the lofty throne,
Forgive the bard who makes thy words his own;
Surpriz'd I trace in thy prophetic page
The crimes, the follies of the present age;
Thy scenery, sayings, admirable man,
Pourtray our struggles with the dark Divan.
What Michael to the first arch-rebel said,
Would well rebuke the rebel army's head;
What Satan to th' angelic Prince replied,
Such are the words of Continental pride,
I swear by Him, who rules the earth and sky,
The dread event shall equally apply;
That Clinton's warfare is the war of God,
And Washington shall feel the vengeful rod.

Part II

Why has thou soar'd so high, ambitious muse?
Descend in prudence, and contract thy views;
Not always generals offer to our aim;
By turns we must advert to meaner game.

Yet hard to rescue from oblivion's grasp,
The worthless beetle, and the noxious asp;
And full as hard to save for after-times
The names of men known only for their crimes.
Left to themselves they soon would be forgot;
But yet 'tis right that rogues should hang and rot.

Still, as we own, and as old saws relate,
Not always thrives the verse that haunts the great:
Of rulers in America, I deem,
Swift is the change, and slight is the esteem;
When Houston from Savannah fled of late,
Did any ask who took his chair of state?19

19 John Houston, rebel governor of Georgia.
Let Henry quit, and Jefferson succeed;\(^{20}\)
Let Wharton's place (who cares?) be fill'd by Reed;\(^{21}\)
Who matters what of Stirling may become,
The quintessence of whisky, soul of rum?\(^{22}\)
Fractious at nine, quite gay at twelve o'clock;
From thence till bed-time stupid as a stock;
These are sad samples—but we'll cull our store;
Can liberality herself do more?

Turn out, black monsters--let us take our choice;
What dev'lish figure's this, with dev'lish voice?
Oh! 'tis Pulaski—'tis a foreign chief;
On him we'll comment--be our comment brief:
What are his merits, judges may dispute;
We'll solve the doubt, and praise him for a brute.
No quarter, is his motto--sweet and short:
Good Britons, give him a severe retort.
As yet he 'scape the shot deserv'd so well;
His nobler horse in Carolina fell;
He fears not in the field where heroes bleed,
He starts at nothing but a gen'rous deed.

Escap'd from Poland, where his murd'rous knife,
'Tis said, was rais'd against his sov'reign's life;
Perhaps he scoffs with fashionable mirth
The notion of a God, who rules the earth:
Fool, not to see that something more than lot,
Conducts the traitor to this destin'd spot;
Rank with congenial crimes, that call for blood;
Where justice soon must pour the purple flood;
A parricide, with parricides to die,
And vindicate the pow'r that reigns on high.\(^{23}\)

Who is that phantom, silent, pale, and slow,
That looks the picture of dejected woe?
Art thou not Wilson?—ha! dost thou lament
Thy poison'd principles, thy days mis-spent?
Was it thy fatal faith that led thee wrong?
Yet had'st thou reason, and that reason strong:
Judgment was thine, and in no common share;

\(^{20}\)Henry and Jefferson, rebel governors of Virginia.

\(^{21}\)Wharton and Reed, rebel presidents of Pennsylvania.

\(^{22}\)William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, rebel general.

\(^{23}\)Pulaski died in the siege of Savannah, so the author's prediction came true.
That judgment cultur'd with assiduous care:
But all was fruitless; popular applause
Seduc'd thee to embrace an impious cause. 24
Now, or my mind deceives me, thou would'st fain
Thy former duty, former truth regain:
Like some rash boy, whom strong desire to lave
Too daring, tempts to trust the briny wave;
But soon borne out to distance from the strand,
He longs with ardour to retrieve the land:
In vain--the waves his weak endeavours spurn,
And rapid tides forbid him to return.

Room for a spectre of portentous show;
Make room for triple-headed Roberdeau 25
Churchman, dissenter, methodist appear;
Chairman, and congress-man, and brigadier;
Cerberean barker at the Stygian ford,
Where is thy bible, say, and where thy sword?
Thy bible—that long since was wisely lost,
Because its maxims with thy practice cross'd;
Well, but thy weapon—was it lost in fight?
Hush, I remember—'twas to aid thy flight.
Of brass, lead, leather, treble is thy shield;
And treble tremblings seize thee in the field;
Treble in office and in faith thou art,
And nothing double in thee, but thy heart.

Ye priests of Baal, from hot Tartarean stoves,
Approach with all the prophets of the groves.
Mess-mates of Jezebel's luxurious mess;
Come in the splendor of pontific dress;
Haste to receive your chief in solemn state;
Haste to attend on Witherspoon the great 26
Ye lying spirits too; who brisk and bold
Appeard before the throne divine of old,
For form, not use, augment his rev'rend train;
The sire of lies resides within his brain.
Scotland confess'd him sensible and shrewd,
Austere and rigid; many thought him good,
But turbulence of temper spoil'd the whole,
And show'd the movements of his immost soul.
Disclos'd machinery loses of its force:
He felt the fact, and westward bent his course.

24 James Wilson, a Pennsylvania lawyer.

25 Daniel Roberdeau, a member of Congress, merchant of Philadelphia, and a general of the militia.

26 Doctor John Witherspoon, Doctor of Divinity, a member of Congress.
Princeton receiv'd him, bright amidst his flaws,
And saw him labour in the good old cause;
Saw him promote the meritorious work,
The hate of Kings, and glory of the Kirk.

Excuse, each reverend Caledonian seer,
Whose worth I own, whose learning I revere;
Your duty to the Prince who fills the throne,
Your liberal sentiments are fully known:
Here in these lands start up a spurious brood,
And boast themselves allied to you in blood;
Think it not hard their faults if I condemn;
'Tis not with you I combat, but with them.27

Return we to the hero of our song:
Who now but he the darling of the throng;
Known in the pulpit by seditious toils;
Grown into consequence by civil broils;
Three times he tried, and miserably fail'd
To overset the laws—the fourth prevail'd.
Whether as tool he acted, or as guide
Is yet a doubt; his conscience must decide.
Meanwhile unhappy Jersey mourns her thrall,
Ordain'd by vilest of the vile to fall;
To fall by Witherspoon—O name, the curse
Of sound religion, and disgrace of verse.

Member of Congress we must hail him next:
Come out of Babylon, was now his text.
Fierce as the fiercest, foremost of the first,
He'd rail at Kings, with venom well-nigh burst:
Not uniformly grand—for some by end
To dirtiest acts of treason he'd descend.
I've known him seek the dungeon dark as night,
Imprison'd Tories to convert or fright;
Whilst to myself I've humm'd, in dismal tune,
I'd rather be a dog than Witherspoon.
Be patient, reader—for the issue trust,
His day will come—remember, Heav'n is just.

Yes, Heav'n is just—what then can they expect,
Who, not impell'd by violence of sect—
Bred up in doctrines eminently pure,
Which loyalty instill, and peace ensure—
Yet idolize Rebellion's bleating calves,
Or meanly split their principles in halves.

27 The loyalty of Scotland during the war was conspicuous.
Half priest, half presbyter, I mourn thee, White!  
Half whig, half tory, Smith, canst thou be right?  
0 fools, to worship in forbidden ground,  
0 worse than rebels, who your mother wound!

What uproar now—what hideous monsters rush,  
Whose recreant looks put honour to the blush?  
Mixtures of pallid fear, and bloody rage,  
Like Banquo's ghost tremendous on the stage;  
These are from Georgia, from the southern sun;  
Swift as Achilles, not to fight, but run;  
Their hides all reeking from the British lash--  
Queer generals--Moultrie, Lincoln, Elbert, Ash.

Bring up yon wretched solitary pair,  
Mark'd with pride, malice, envy, rage, despair.  
Why are you banish'd from your comrades, tell?  
Will none endure your company in hell?  
That all the fiends avoid your sight is plain,  
Infamous Reed, more infamous M'Kean.  
Is this the order of your rank agreed;  
Or is it base M'Kean, and baser Reed?  
Go, shunn'd of men, disown'd of devils, go,  
And traverse desolate the realms of woe.

Ye pow'rs, what noise what execrable yell!  
How now, Dick Peters, hast thou emptied hell?  
Legions and shoals of all prodigious forms,  
Loud as the rattling of a thousand storms,  
Gorgons in look, and Caffres in address,  
Dutch, Yankles, Yellow-wigs for audience press.

Wretches, whose acts the very French abhor;  
Commissioners of loans, and boards of war,

28 Bishop White, assistant minister of Philadelphia churches, chaplain of Congress.  
29 Doctor William Smith, Doctor of Divinity, provost of the college at Philadelphia.  
30 Rebel generals in the south.  
31 See Note 18.  
32 Richard Peters, Secretary of the Board of War of 1776, one of the members of the remodelled board of 1777. He became federal judge at Philadelphia.  
33 The Scotch-Irish presbyterians of York and Cumberland, Pennsylvania.
Marine committees, commissaries, scribes,
Assemblies, councils, senatorial tribes,
Vain of their titles all attention claim;
Proud of dishonour, glorying in their shame.
Ask you the names of these egregious wights?
I could as soon recount Glendower's sprites.
Thick as mosquitoes, venomously keen;
Thicker than locusts, spoilers of the green;
Swarming like maggots, who the carcass scour
Of some poor ox, and as they crawl, devour;
They'd mock the labour of a hundred pens:
"Back, owly-headed monsters, to your dens."
At length they're silenced—Laurens, thou draw near;
What I shall utter, thou attentive hear:
I loathe all conference with thy boisterous clan;
But now with thee I'll argue as a man.34

What could incite thee, Laurens, to rebel?
Thy soul thou wouldst not for a trifle sell.
'Twas not of pow'r the wild, insatiate lust;
Mistaken as thou art, I deem thee just.
Saw'st thou thy King tyrannically rule?
Thou couldst not think it—thou art not a fool.
Thou wast no bankrupt, no enthusiast thou;
The clearness of thy fame e'en foes allow:
For months I watch'd thee with a jealous eye,
Yet could no turpitude of mind espy:
In private life I hold thee far from base;
Thy public conduct wears another face.
In thee a stern republican I view;
This of thy actions is the only clew.
Admit thy principles—I then demand,
Could these give right to desolate a land?
Could it be right, with arbitrary will
To fine, imprison, plunder, torture, kill!
Impose new oaths, make stubborn conscience yield,
And force out thousands to the bloody field?
Could it be right to do these monstrous things
Because thy nature was averse to Kings?

Well, but a stern republican thou art;
Heav'n send thee soon to meet with thy desert!
Thee, Laurens, foe to monarchy we call,
And thou, or legal government must fall.
Who wept for Cato, was not Cato's friend;
Who pitied Brutus, Brutus would offend;
So, Laurens, to conclude my grave harangue,
I would not pity tho' I saw thee hang.

34 Henry Laurens, wealthy Carolinian merchant, former president of Congress.
Bless me! what formidable figure's this,
That interrupts my words with saucy hiss?
She seems at least a woman by her face,
With harlot smiles adorn'd and winning grace:
A glittering gorget on her breast she wears;
The shining silver two inscriptions bears;
Servant of Servants, in a laurel wreath,
But Lord of Lords is written underneath.
A flowing robe, that reaches to her heels,
From sight the foulness of her shape conceals;
She holds with poison'd darts a quiver stor'd
Circean potions, and a flaming sword.
This is Democracy—the case is plain;
She comes attended by a motley train:
Addresses to the people some unfold;
Rods, scourges, fetters, axes, others hold;
The sorceress waves her magic wand about,
And models at her will the rabble rout;
Here Violence puts on a close disguise
And Public Spirit's character belies.
The dress of Policy see Cunning steal,
And Persecution wear the coat of Zeal;
Hypocrisy Religion's garb assume,
Fraud Virtue strip, and figure in her room;
With other changes tedious to relate
All emblematic of our present state.

She calls the nations—Lo! in crowds they sup
Intoxication from her golden cup.
Joy to my heart, and pleasure to my eye,
A chosen phalanx her attempts defy:
In rage she rises and her arrows throws;
O all ye saints and angels interpose!
Amazement! every shaft is spent in vain;
The sons of Truth inviolate remain.
Invulnerable champions, sacred band,
Behind the shield of Loyalty they stand;
Unhurt, unsullied they maintain their ground,
And all the host of heav'n their praises sound.

Yet too, too many feel her baneful spell;
Bleed by her shafts, or by her venom swell.
The cruel plague assaults each vital part;
Arise, some sage of Esculapian art!
Thee, Inglis, wise physician, thee I urge;

35 Apart from New England, the idea of democracy was not popular at the beginning of the war.

36 Rev. Dr. Inglis, Rector of New York, one of the refugees who settled in Nova Scotia and became Bishop in that province.
Direct the diet thou, prepare the purge.
Thou to the bottom probe the dangerous sore,
And in the wound the friendly balsam pour.
Enough for me the caustic to apply,
Twinge the proud flesh, and draw the face awry:
Thou, cure the parts which I have forc'd to feel;
I make the patient smart, but thou canst heal.

Part III

When the wise ruler of Flubdubdrib's isle
Had entertain'd Sir Gulliver awhile,
With various spectacles of ancient days,
Kings crown'd with gold, and poets deck'd with bays;
Sages with pupils, tyrants with their slaves,
Heroes and traitors, senators and knaves;
When each instructive lesson was express'd,
And the rich banquet had suffic'd the guest:
Then wav'd the great controuler of the dead
His magic ensign, and the vision fled.

Have we less pow'r o'er that infernal crew
Which lately pass'd before us in review?
Our invocation summon'd up the pack:
Our potent word can send them headlong back.
Ye coxcomb Congressmen, declaimers keen,
Brisk puppets of the Philadelphia scene;
Ye numerous chiefs, who can or cannot fight;
Ye curious scribes, who can or cannot write;
Ye lawyers who, for law, confusion teach;
Ye preachers who, for gospel, discord preach;
Statesmen, who rule as none e'er ruled before,—
Mark, I dismiss you to the Stygian shore:
Away, fantastic, visionary throng!
Come, sober Reason, and direct the song.

But what can reason in a world like this?
For one that plauds her, millions hate and hiss.
She shines, 'tis true, with ever blooming charms;
Peace in her look, and pleasure in her arms;
But not a guinea has she to bestow,
And men avoid her as a mortal foe.
Who without wealth would take her for a bride?
James Smith from childhood has her pow'r defied;37

37 James Smith of York County, Pennsylvania, a lawyer and member of Congress.
Hartley and Dickinson, as best may suit, With, or without her, by the hour dispute; 'Tis said that once, on Burgoyne's strange affair, She spake her mind, and made the Congress stare: Perhaps with Laurens, (did not Laurens sell His virtue for a name), she'd love to dwell.

Amidst the war of words, the roar of lungs; The barbarous outcry of confederate tongues, Seditious, busy, turbulent, and bold; Votes to be bought, opinions to be sold, What chance has Reason?—her soft voice in vain May plead, lament, expostulate, complain; With heav'n-born eloquence should angels speak, Against the crisis Heav'n itself were weak: Howl, all ye fiends, and all ye devils, bawl! Will. Henry Drayton shall outdo you all.

When civil madness first from man to man In these devoted climes like wildfire ran; There were who gave the moderating hint, In conversation some, and some in print: Wisely they spake, and what was their reward? The tar, the rail, the prison, and the cord.

Ev'n now there are, who bright in Reason's dress Watch the polluted Continental press; Confront the lies that Congress sends abroad; Expose the sophistry, detect the fraud. Truth's genuine maxims forcibly display: Chandler and Coxe are proofs of what I say.

But knights of old, who wander'd thro' the world, And fell destruction on enchanters hurl'd; Slew fiery dragons, giants overcame, And sav'd from ruin many a peerless dame; Play'd not so deep, so desperate a stake, As he who draws the pen for Virtue's sake.

For once the monster slain, the spell was broke; And joy succeeded to the daring stroke:

38 Colonel Thomas Hartley of Chambersburg, a lawyer, and rebel colonel.

39 John Dickinson, member of Congress.

40 William Henry Drayton, member of Congress.

41 Rev. Dr. Samuel Chandler, when driven from New Jersey, took up residence in England.
The ladies bless'd their lovers with their charms,  
And the knight rested from his feats of arms.

But error may not with such ease be quell'd;  
She rallies fresh her force tho' oft repell'd.  
Cut, hack'd, and mangled, she denies to yield,  
And strait returns with vigour to the field;  
Champions of truth, our efforts are in vain;  
Fast as we slay, the foe revives again.  
Vainly th' enchanted castle we surprize;  
New monsters hiss, and new enchantments rise.

Was Samuel Adams to become a ghost,  
Another Adams would assume his post:  
Was bustling Hancock number'd with the dead,  
Another full as wise might raise his head:  
What if the sands of Laurens now were run,  
How should we miss him—has he not a son?  
Or what if Washington should close his scene,  
Could none succeed him?—Is there not a Green?  
Knave after knave as easy we could join,  
As new emissions of the paper coin.

When it became the high United States  
To send their envoys to Versailles' proud gates,  
Were not three ministers produc'd at once?  
Delicious group—fanatic, deist, dunce.  
And what if Lee, and what if Silas fell,  
Or what if Franklin should go down to hell;  
Why should we grieve? the land, 'tis understood,  
Can furnish hundreds equally as good.

When like a hill convuls'd, whose womb has nurs'd  
Internal fires, the constitution burst;  
What strange varieties we daily saw—  
What prodigies of policy and law!  
See in committees Ignorance preside;  
Conventions met, and Folly was their guide;

42 John Adams, an ardent worker for American independence.  
43 Lee and Silas Deane, Commissioners in France.  
44 Benjamin Franklin.  
45 A probable reference to the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776 made under Samuel Adams, opposed by many Whigs, and eventually abandoned.
Plan follow'd plan, first, second, and the third,  
More barb'rous who can say; or more absurd.  
With full consent, poor Reason was dethron'd;  
The mad-man govern'd, and the wise man groan'd.  
But why blot paper with these idle schemes?  
Or why enum'rate undigested dreams?

Expose an opal to the solar ray,  
And mark the beams that momentary play:  
See the gay stone, in mimic robes array'd,  
Glow in the red or in the purple fade;  
In swift progression vary to the sight,  
And run thro' all the different modes of light.  
Go then, and count the colours as they rise;  
Tell, if thou canst, the numbers of the dyes;  
Each combination of the fluid mass;  
Nor let the shifting of a sun-beam pass.  
This once accomplish'd, thy sagacious pen  
May note the phrenzies of impatient men,  
The bands of faith and loyalty who break,  
And roam the fields of popular mistake.  
Truce with these flow'rs—the Times are out of joint;  
Hence trifling—come we closer to the point:  
Some muse attendant on th' eternal Zing,  
Truth's radiant mirror for my guidance bring.  
I ask not now the thunder and the fire;  
The still small voice is all that I desire.

Stand forth, Taxation—kindler of the flame;  
Inexplicable question, doubtful claim:  
Suppose the right in Britain to be clear;  
Britain was mad to exercise it here.  
Call it unjust, or, if you please, unwise;  
The Colonists were mad—in arms to rise:  
Impolitic, and open to abuse,  
How could it answer—what could it produce?  
No need for furious demagogues to chafe;  
America was jealous, and was safe.  
Secure she stood in national alarms,  
And Madness only would have flown to arms.  
Arms could not help the tribute, nor confound:  
Self-slain it must have tumbled to the ground.  
Impossible the scheme should e'er succeed,  
Why lift the spear against a brittle reed?  
But arm they would, ridiculously brave;  
Good laughter, spare me; I would fain be grave:  
So arm they did—the knave led on the fool;  
Good anger, spare me; I would fain be cool:  
Mixtures were seen amazing in their kind;  
Extravagance with cruelty was joined.  
The presbyterian with the convict march'd;
The meeting-house was thinn'd, the gaol was search'd:
Servants were seiz'd, apprentices enroll'd;
Youth guarded not the boy, nor age the old:
Tag, rag, and bobtail issued on the foe,
Marshal'd by generals—Ewing, *Roberdeau.*

This was not Reason—this was wildest rage,
To make the land one military stage:
The strange resolve, obtain'd the Lord knows how,
Which forc'd the farmer to forsake the plough;
Bade tradesmen mighty warriors to become,
And lawyers quit the parchment for the drum;
To fight they knew not why, they knew not what;
Was surely Madness—Reason it was not.

Next independence came, that German charm,*47*
Of pow'r to save from violence and harm;
That curious olio vile compounded dish,
Like salmagundy, neither flesh nor fish;
That brazen serpent, rais'd on Freedom's pole,
To render all who look upon it whole;
That half-dressed idol of the western shore,
All rags behind, all elegance before;
That conj'rer, which conveys away your gold,
And gives you paper in its stead to hold.

Heav'n's! how my breast has swell'd with painful throb
To view the phrenzy of the cheated mob:
True sons of liberty in flattering thought;
But real slaves to basest bondage brought:
Frantic as Bacchanals in ancient times,
They rush'd to perpetrate the worst of crimes;
Chas'd peace, chas'd order from each bless'd abode;
While Reason stood abash'd, and Folly crow'd.

Now, now erect the rich triumphal gate;
The French alliance comes in solemn state:
Hail to the master-piece of madness, hail;
The head of glory with a serpent's tail!
This seals, America, thy wretched doom:
Here, Liberty, survey thy destin'd tomb:
Behold, the temple of tyrannic sway
Is now complete—ye deep-ton'd organs, play;
Proclaim thro' all the land that Louis rules—
Worship your saint, ye giddy-headed fools.

*46* General Ewing of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

*47* The Germans were known for their faith in spells and charms.
Illustrious guardians of the laurel hill,
Excuse this warmth, these sallies of the quill:
I would be temperate, but severe disdain
Calls for the lash when'er I check the rein
I would be patient, but the teasing smart
Of insects makes the fiery courser start.
I wish'd for Reason in her calmest mood,
In vain—the cruel subject fires my blood.
When thro' the land the dogs of havoc roar,
And the torn country bleeds in every pore,
'Tis hard to keep the sober line of thought:
The brain turns round with such ideas fraught.
Rage makes a weapon blunt as mine to pierce,
And indignation gathers in the verse.

More yet remains, of sense and honour stain'd;
Conventions broken; flags of truce detain'd;
A thousand foolish freaks my wrath provoke;
A thousand culprits ought to feel my stroke
To treat of villains were exceeding hard,
And not to mention once thy name, Gerard.48
But 'twere the work of Hercules to sweep
From the rank stable this enormous heap.

Such are the times—Cease, useless Satire, cease!
Each moment dire barbarities increase.
E'en while I write, a monster fierce and huge
Has fix'd his station in the land of Googe;
Virginian caitiff; Jefferson by name;49
Perhaps from Jefferies sprung of rotten fame.
His savage letter all belief exceeds,
And Congress glories in his brutal deeds.
In the dark dungeon Hamilton is thrown.
The virtuous hero there disdains to groan:
There with his brave companions, faithful friends,
Th' approaching hour in silence he attends,
When, with his council, shall the wretch expire
Or by the British, or celestial fire.

48Gerard, French ambassador to the rebel Congress.

49See note 20. Virginia referred to as "the land of Googe" because Lieutenant Governor Gooch, a friend to Presbyterianism, was unpopular with those loyal to Church and king for consenting to an act of which they disapproved.

50Henry Hamilton, Major-Commandant at Fort Detroit, surprised by rebels, was imprisoned at Williamsburg.
Ol may that hour be soon! for pity's sake,
Genius of Britain, from thy slumber wake,
Too long has Mercy spoke, but spoke in vain:
Let Justice now in awful terror reign.

Am I deceiv'd, or see I in the east
Tenfold the radiance of the day increas'd?
Britannia's guardian angel greets my eye,
In all th' unclouded lustre of the sky.
See his right hand a two edg'd weapon wield:
The double cross shines brilliant on his shield;
Hear him, ye just, and in his words rejoice:
Ye hearts of rancour, tremble at his voice.

"Yet, yet a little, and the door of grace
Must close for ever on an impious race:
The sun that visits these unhappy climes,
Is weary to behold incessant crimes:
Angels, appointed from the Throne divine
To guard the land, their hopeless charge resign:
No more their gentle pleadings interpose;
Yet, yet a little, and the door shall close.

Ungrateful country, by my arms secur'd!
In thy behalf what have I not endur'd?
When from my grasp the sceptre thou wouldst rend--
From me, thy patron, thy protecting friend--
Did I not check my thunder in mid-air;
Far less inclin'd to punish than to spare?
Have I not labour'd ceaseless to reclaim
Thy frantic sons from misery and shame?
With bounty carried to excess I strove
Thy doubts, however causeless, to remove:
As speaks a father to his only child,
Amidst repeated provocations mild;
So have I wish'd thy errors to forgive,
And bid thee turn from wickedness, and live.

For this thy malice, swelling like a flood,
Has overpass'd all bounds, and foam'd with blood.
Outrage has follow'd outrage, shocking sight!
And streets have echoed, pulpits teem'd with spite.
The raving calumny, the dirty lie,
Treach'rous escape, assassination sly;
All monstrous crimes, which fiends themselves reject,
Within thy walls claim'd honour and respect.
Whatever honest, peaceable, or pure,
Dwell in thy reach, to feel thy hate was sure:
The virtuous man was odious to the cause,
And he who sinn'd the most, gain'd most applause.
At length the day of Vengeance is at hand:
Th' exterminating Angel takes his stand:
Hear the last summons, rebels, and relent:
Yet but a moment is there to repent.
Lo! the great Searcher ready at the door,
Who means decisively to purge his floor:
Yes, the wise Sifter now prepares the fan
To separate the meal from useless bran,
Down to the centre from his burning ire
Ye foes of goodness and of truth, retire:
And ye, who now lie humbled in the dust,
Shall raise your heads, ye loyal and ye just;
Th' approving sentence of your Sov'reign gain,
And shine resurgent as the starry train.
Then, when eternal justice is appeas'd;
When with due vengeance heav'n and earth are pleas'd;
America, from dire pollution clear'd,
Shall flourish yet again, belov'd, rever'd:
In duty's lap her growing sons be nur'd,
And her last days be happier than her first.
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW: A PROPHECY

"What though last year be past and gone,
Why should we grieve or mourn about it?
As good a year is now begun,
And better, too, -- let no one doubt it.
'Tis New Year's morn; why should we part?
Why not enjoy what heaven has sent us?
Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine content us.

"War's rude alarms disturbed last year;
Our country bled and wept around us;
But this each honest heart shall cheer,
And peace and plenty shall surround us.

"Last year 'King Congo,' through the land,
Displayed his thirteen stripes to fright us;
But George's power, in Clinton's hand,
In this New Year shall surely right us.

"Last year saw many honest men
Torn from each dear and sweet connection;
But this shall see them home again
And happy in their king's protection.

"Last year vain Frenchmen braved our coasts,
And baffled Howe, and 'scaped from Byron;
But this shall bring their vanquished hosts
To crouch beneath the British lion.

"Last year rebellion proudly stood,
Elate, in her meridian glory;
But this shall quench her pride in blood,—
George will avenge each martyred Tory.

"Then bring us wine, full bumpers bring;
Hail this New Year in joyful chorus;
God bless great George our gracious king,
And crush rebellion down before us.
'Tis New Year's morn; why should we part?
Why not enjoy what heaven has sent us?
Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine content us."

¹This poem is to be found in Loyal Verses, pp. 99-101. Although Sargent does not attribute it to Odell, Tyler feels that it must surely have been written by him.
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