

moment exist a single institution or improvement, the fruit of their labours. Had Agricola appeared in their paper, every body believes that he would have been extolled beyond all endurance; and his only fault is, that he has raised their rival too much above them. Their pretensions now of regard for our agriculture are quite disgusting; and no one ever thinks of giving them credit for half of what they lay claim to.

These are the grounds of my dislike to the Free Press; and they are sufficient, I think, to justify all I have said of them.—As a piece of composition I am sensible the poem has many defects;—and for these I must entreat the indulgence of the reader. The greater part of the three last cantos has been written during the last week; and as I consider it merely an ephemeral and hasty effort, I shall not pretend either to excuse or defend its faults. The Free Press, I dare say, will be very witty about them; and as petty errors and small criticism are just on a level with their capacities, I give them full liberty to indulge themselves.

I had almost forgotten to return my thanks to the Editors for their handsome offer to insert the second canto, after it had been rejected by Mr. Holland from prudence, and by Mr. Munro from fear. I am afraid it was only a boast—under the idea that the poem would never more be heard of. And in fact after I had prevailed on Mr. Holland to print it in this shape, I tried their happy *insensibility or stupidity* (which I put in Italics after their own manner) by causing an advertisement to be sent them last Monday, that the *Triumphale* was in the press—which advertisement they refused to insert, although it was of course to be paid for. They delayed the publication thereby one day—a short respite.

One word about myself. In the body of the poem, I have hinted that I may perhaps celebrate the second Campaign, as I have sung the first. Although this is my present intention, yet I shall not give any distinct promise. The contest wears so fierce an appearance, that there is no saying where it will end. The Reverend gentleman at the head of the body is already involved; and I would not be sorry to see the whole confederacy out before it is done yet. In that case the fifth and sixth cantos would have a new zest.

I am aware that the first question everywhere will be, who am I? This is a very natural curiosity;

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