

P R E F A C E.

The controversy, of which the following poem is a metrical record, is fresh in the remembrance of us all. During its progress it engaged so large a share of our attention, that the leading characters on both sides are not yet forgotten, and it would be superfluous to explain the motives or object of either. In the Recorder we all recollect Doodledoo, Sebastian, the Ruralist, "M," the Director, Verberator, Cochraniculus—and in the Free Press Acadiensis, Occidentalis, Agricoliculus, Modestus, Mentor, Amicus, Julian—with many others of inferior note. After a desperate struggle, the Free Press were completely routed, and quietly succumbed to the crowings of the victor. They were then foolishly timorous; Dr. Cochran's name at full length alarmed them before—but now that respectable gentleman and his associates, with a filial obedience, are determined to persevere at all risks.

I admit, that this second contest they have courted, and in which hitherto they have only exposed themselves, gave birth to the Triumphale. I have many causes of personal dislike to the Free Press, independent of the abhorrence which I entertain for its views and general bearing. I planned nearly a year ago a poem of this kind; but about that time the Free Press gave in, and I thought them sufficiently humbled—nor would it ever have been executed, had it not been for this new attempt to disturb the common peace.

They are trying if they can in any way put a stop to our agricultural improvement, by a regular plan of opposition: and the reason is that it is going on without any assistance from themselves. Every body is satisfied that they are an envious, snarling and dangerous faction. They boast of their public spirit, and they have never given us one proof of it—of their intelligence, although on many subjects they have been convicted of downright ignorance—and of their utility, though there does not at this