

And some opponents still could show the scars,
 Bestowed upon them in the wordy wars.
 Solons of Agriculture once so free,
 In rural disquisitions where are ye?
 Like other things that flutter and take flight,
 One after one, evanish out of sight.
 Half Buccaneers, what they could not enjoy,
 Deem'd it a bounden duty to destroy.
 With them at least, 'tis wisdom to forget,
 His classic way of cancelling a debt.
 It is not marvellous that there are some
 Still found on his accomplishments so dumb.

So much to praise, so little to bedim,
 Where is the wreath ; the mausoleum for him?
 A grateful people, gratefully bestow—
 On those, who triumph o'er a common foe.
 The question seems unanswerable ; none
 Care to respond now when Agricola's gone.
 No monument to valour, or to skill
 No "Appian way" invites us to Camp-hill.
 An avenue is found in ten per-cent,
 To give the feelings of the gen'rous vent.
 Those making fortunes, in a single day,
 Ere yet the golden times had pass'd away,
 Saw little merit, in Agricola when,
 He made the Province flourish with his pen.