

Always effective ; never overstrained—
 His views when adverse, courteously maintain'd.
 Not more enchanting, at the ev'ning hour,
 The Nightingale her orisons can pour,
 Than were the cadences of Archibald's voice,
 The diction pleasing, and the language choice,
 So rich in melody, so full and clear—
 His utterances came upon the ear !
 But tho' the plaudits that the public gave
 Was adulation more than he might crave ;
 Yet, all the noble services he did
 Are now, beside him in the grave kept hid ;
 Nor is there aught commemorates a name,
 So well deserving—of a niche in fame.

Among the mighty who in *Albyn's* day
 Without acknowledgement have pass'd away,
 In head and shoulders over all the rest
 For rhetoric "AGRICOLA" stands confest !
 Of all the honours, by our magnates gain'd,
 By acclamation, YOUNG the first obtain'd.
 Persuasion pour'd impetuous from his tongue,
 And on his pen, wreaths of enchantment hung !
 The finish'd scholar, and a taste refined,
 Were in his attic utterances combined.
 And if not poetry, yet more than prose
 Was in the lustrous language that he chose,
 The polish'd period his, and his the dart,
 That left behind a lancinating smart.