

THE ENQUIRER.

THE REPLY.

In the play-house one night as I stood very quiet,
 And no way inclined for disturbance or riot,
 A puffed-up young coxcomb, with uplifted glass—
 Cries, "Demme take care! stand away! let me pass!"
 But observe that near me no room was to spare,
 I quietly said, "Pray, sir, stay where you are;
 For 'tis strange if a seat you can get by command,
 When all those around you scarce find room to stand."
 My answer displeased the gay votary of fashion,
 And put the young gentleman quite in a passion:
 Then blistering with rage, and a voice over loud,
 He cursed such an ill-bred, and beggarly croud:
 Called me a d—d scoundrel, just let loose from toil,
 And swore I had set all his blood in a boil.
 I calmly replied, "I suppose all this din
 Comes from bubbles which rise from your boilings within;
 Therefore prithee stand off,—not, young spark that I fear you—
 But as your blood boils, you may scald those who're near you,
 The door is hard by, and to 'scape ridicule,
 You had better walk out till your passion is cool."
 So turning my back on his frowning displeasure,
 I left him behind to get cool at his leisure.

HENRIQUE.

A PARODY ON "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE."

To write, or not to write? that is the question!
 Whether 'tis better with a pen to scribble
 The flights and fancies of outrageous nonsense,
 Or to lay down the quill and cease to trouble
 The patience of the world? To write, to scrawl;
 And by that scrawl to say we utter all
 The horrid stuff! The thousand foolish whimsies
 That labour in the brain! 'tis a deliverance
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To write, to scrawl—
 To scrawl—perchance to blot! ah! There's the rub!
 For, on a stricter view, what blots may come
 When we have scribbled all the paper o'er,
 Must give us pause! pause there's the respect
 That stops the weak presumptuous hands of fools.
 For who would bear the sneers and scorns of wit,
 The critic's laugh, the learned pedant's railing,
 The spurs and insolence of common sense,
 The jokes of humour, and the repartee,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With mere blank paper? Who would hisses hear,
 Or groan and sweat at sound of Catcall's squeak,
 But that the itch of writing for the stage
 Puzzles the will, the judgment leads astray,
 And makes us rather risqué all ridicule,
 Than shun the muses and forbear to rhyme.
 Ambition thus makes asses of us all!
 And thus each empty fellow, void of genius,
 Is tempted to imagine he's a poet;
 And Petit Maitres, of great skill in dressing,
 Even from the favorite mirror turn away,
 To gain the name of author.

SANGRADO.

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