

V E R S E S
of the Printer's Boy
WHO CARRIES THE QUEBEC GAZETTE
To the Customers.

J A N U A R Y 1, 1791.

SINCE its freedom the press triumphant maintains,
And it quite the *ton* is, that all squeeze their brains;
Where, as in bad cheese, maggots swell into birth,
Which glow-worms crawl out t'enlighten the earth.
At least, to their breeders to persuade would prevail,
'Tho', sure 'tis, all maggots have not light in their tail.
No matter—if what the blind bard says be true,
That to greatly will, greatly is to do*.
An imp, thus encourag'd, just out of the shell,
Has his hopes he may please since he aims to do well:
Quite harmless his muse—of church, law, or state
It does not become him perty to prate.
What is it to him if churchmen love self,
And masses and other wares huckster for self,
All artists, but just 'tis, should live by their trade,
And where pray's the art mystery does not pervade?
Or what to him is it if priest, monk and nun,
Heav'n's clear will against, their race usefess run;
Or if, dreading light their dark deeds may betray,
They oppose all their efforts to th' appearance of day;
Pray was not the world created for them?
The empire of reason then sure right they condemn.
Or what to him is it if placemen in pow'r,
The loaves and the fishes all grasp and devour,
And let their poor drudges, who faithfully serve,
Live on air like camels on or half a meal starve?
What is it to him if in one court what's law,
In another infallibly found is a flaw:
Or if there poor devils oft fail of their right,
For want of golden weapons their cause well to fight?
Let the law whom it will rob, vex and perplex,
Uncertain 'tis as certain is you know who's sex:
A propos—how'er art may cheat the far eye,
Quarter-fits, you know Ma'am, the *touch* can't belye.
Or what to him is it if colonels love sway,
Or privates, for liveries, too humbly pray?
Or if, lost to feeling—soft-such brutes of men,
T'neath a single stroke are of any one's pen.
Such subjects for satire alone 'tis to lean,
Beside they sure are a suppliant's plan;
Who with all submission and meekness bows low,
And thankfully takes what you're pleas'd to bestow:
Who in no other way can greatful appear,
Than by happiness wishing you through the NEW-YEAR.

* *Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, and best; Dogs can no more.* Milton.

F
G

P O U R me
Etabli dep
Je viens vous
Tel qu'on vou
Sans pourtant
D'un vain fatu
Lesquels, n'ay
Souvent impo
Et que fagem
Pourais-j
Vous exp
On me doit ce
En' servis
Chaque femai
Je vous appo
Un fidelle récit
D'importance
Qui arrive en E
Païs fort peu
Dont Paris est
Cù l'Assemblée
Siège depuis
Et fait enrag
Qui faisoient
(Ceci soit dit
De puis plus
Ainsi que de
De plus
De ce qui se
A Londres,
Et à Consta