

He, elate with bold opinions,
Caught from Caledonian sire,
With Thornton tries his waxen pinions,
And sinks, poor flutterer, in the mire.

Room for Dewer ! wondrous learned,
Solemn pupil of high life,
Proud of place, full dearly earned,
Vain of his soft whispering wife.

Pye, that olio of perfection,
Medal of theatric grace,
Happy, by all rule's rejection,
In the actor's envied place.

He, equipped from Cupid's armoury,
Storms the bosoms of the fair,
And wants but judgment, taste, and memory,
To make him an accomplished player.

Quebec, Jany 1810.

