

To prove that his intentions all are right,
 That for the weal of all the world he lives,
 And to improve man's lot he daily strives.
 He swears he uses all his neighbors well,
 And with strict justice does their clamors quell.
 When their hens ruin his potato-patch,
 He sends his brood in right return to scratch ;
 When they their fingers stick into his pot,
 He builds a fire that for them is too hot,
 Then proves the stove whereon the pot does boil
 And all appurtenances, e'en the soil
 Whereon it stands, belong alone to him.
 They, in a mildness shames their former vim,
 Agree he's right and thus the matter settle,
 And leave him boiling undisturbed his kettle.
 And when his family take a wrong way,
 He is the first to follow those who stray.
 Ursula heaped on his aged head the grief
 Of unthanked love. But her complaint was brief.
 First the strong arm of parent did restrain,
 And then the parent's love did sooth the pain ;
 And the new garb she so much did desire,
 Kindled anew a filial love's strong fire--
 Here Marcia turns and to her waiting sons
 Her discourse thus, filled with a fierce scorn, runs :
 " Yon dotard scarce deserves your words or time ;
 Yet punish him ; it needs not aught sublime ;
 But meet him with the weapons he has chosen,
 Or meaner, till his verbal flood is frozen.
 Then on his fall build up the grander scheme
 Of earth's redemption from the tinselled gleam
 Of wit, that passed so with the hungry mass,
 That jilted wisdom at the bray of ass."