

Eftsoons to the King's Bench our hero's haled,
 There to defend a suit the tailor pressed
 With hotter zeal than e'er his goose assailed
 Suits of his patrons when on Fortune's breast
 He basked serene. And now the debt's confessed—
 But lo ! when plea of payment is advanced,
 Where is the proof defendant once possessed ?
 At Echo's answer "where ?" he stands entranced,
 And sees the fatal bill by trial costs enhanced !

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Fate's but a humorist, and Man her toy !
 Our Marriott, anon, *sans* work of better kind,
 In sorting missives that once brought him joy,
 Haps on the bill the varlet Hampton signed
 As paid in full, where it had long reclined !
 Loud on Justitia for revenge he cried.
 (She is not deaf, he thought, though she be blind !)
 "My count, your lordships, cannot be denied ;
 It is for money had—the knave's both robbed and lied ."

KENYON, C.J.: "Your case in sentiment
 Is founded strong, but sadly lacks in law ;
 I am afraid of such a precedent.
 'Twould ope too wide fell Litigation's maw
 If parties knew that they to court might draw
 Some proof which they, by laches, did omit,
 And open suits adjudged. That were a flaw
 Our system wots not—for, so it is writ,
 'Interest reipub. ut finis litium sit !'"

And all the *puisse* judges did agree
 (As well becometh brethren great and small)
 That Marriott must go thence and learn to see
 The moral of the words their Chief let fall,
 Which, put in simple phrase, is plain to all :
 (Perhaps I've said it in my second verse—
 Yet, nathless, it is worthy a recall !)
 That negligence in all things is a curse,
 But negligence in lawsuits—well, there's no hing worse !

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