

"Grave sirs and reverend, ( excuse misnomer,  
 But compliment ne'er wandered far for owner )  
 And you dear Madam, for a moment's space,  
 Let me attempt this folly here to trace.  
 Host Alvan has belied his ancient fame,  
 And well excused the faults that point his name ;  
 And sneering Urban has his reputation,  
 Well held by sneering upon least occasion,  
 And said some things too mean for other's mention,  
 And much below your Worships' grave attention.  
 Beriah's told us in his pompous way,  
 Where he has been and how long he did stay,  
 What there he saw, the virtues and the vices ;  
 But never a word of wines at foreign prices.  
 Theobald too got on his hobby-horse,  
 And rode the devil out of him round the course ;  
 Made ladies blush or wish they had not painted,  
 And on my honor some there were who fainted.  
 But to no purpose. Still 'twas all midnight.  
 No single argument has given us light.  
 And now you come here Lady Marcia, we  
 Are all confessed we're very much at sea.  
 However I am ready to point out,  
 In a short space ; nor leave the slightest doubt,  
 That all your plan is but the bright ideal  
 Of Fancy credulous and most unreal.  
 You Marcia opened our Pandora box,  
 And even Hope fled with the 'scaping flocks  
 Of spreading woes that you so illy guarded,  
 And nought but tears have since your cares rewarded.  
 Your offspring weep and you yourself do weep,  
 And dream of ruin even in your sleep.  
 But Lady when you dropped the box of Hope,