

And—lady-doctors, too ; and then,—

We know that women's wits are keen.

And now they're all to be so skilled,

Boys will be beaten by a head !—

But, in whatever they are drilled,

Pray teach them this before they wed :—

*That loveless marriage is a crime,*

*That flirting is a 'false pretence.'*—

This is the evil of the time ;

And rank the crops that spring up hence.

Now that I own a little daughter,

How can I tell what lies in store ?

How many lovers she may slaughter—

And then turn round and ask for more !

No ! she shall be sincere and true,

And like her mother as she grows,

But better trained, and taught to do

Not quite the same as did dear Rose.

For though at last it turned out well,

And she her husband learnt to love,

It was a chance !—No Major Bell

Shall train this pretty nestling dove.

The system surely has been shaped

To lead to misery and sin !

I feel I narrowly escaped

A quagmire sucking many in.