

Or, if tired of a day's shopping or visiting,
Fall asleep in the midst of *pathetic reading*.
They, of course, would sure on Sundays wear fine bonnets,
And look down 'pon people, as would so many hornets;
Return home, having understood of the sermon
As much as a fish would, were it even a salmon.

To think that such females as uncouth as their males,
Expect good, sensible people, from their very entrails,
To come and respect and honour *their ladyships*,
Makes an intelligent man laugh and split his lips.
Such is the power of position or favour,
That all in a rush the ignorant will clamour :

Hoy-toity, let us marry none else than *ladies*
Who will stamp us for *gentlemen* in those families
That will proudly look contemptuously on others
As a pack of small, insignificant strollers.
Long live my useful and high, lofty dignity
Which obliges vulgar people to call me a lady !

SHAKESPEARE

The immortal Shakespeare we all admire,
Never had, has or ever will he see
A mate who could really, truly aspire
To the height he carried beyond the sea,
At a time when learned men were as few
As quiet, harmonious peace, religion knew.