

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.*