

I feel I have very good reason to say,
Or think it at least, that you wrong Mr. A.
When you married, your friends and acquaint-
ances thought

You had done (no offence) quite as well as you ought ;

And could we trade husbands like secrets, you
know,

I would give you a chance to give trouble for woe."

Then spoke Mrs. C in a similar strain,

She fancied that neither had cause to complain,
But thought all the woes that belong to the state,
Were combined in her single exceptional fate.

Then spoke Mrs. D, in a tone that confess'd

How deeply she mourned the sad fate of the rest :

"Blest in a companion devoted and kind,

And gifted with more than an average mind ;

And what to a woman is dearer than life,

Who vows himself equally blest in his wife.

Your sorrow, my sisters, I cannot but share,

Having none of my own that are heavy to bear ;

You are much to be pitied ; I grieve to confess,

In the grave I would certainly pity you less—

Far better you all had been laid in your graves

Than wed to these villains who treat you as slaves."

With eyes upon D, and with fury aglow,

Like a park of artillery assaulting the foe :

"What! villains and slaves!" shouted A, B and C;

"My stars! O, the hussy!" continued the three;

"Who sued for your sympathy, madame, or who