

The side ache; and those unnatural pains we make ^{heir to} flesh
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To unlace, to make
Our waist-hirchance too large; ay, there's the rub;
For in that life of peace contempt may come,
When we have shuffled off this suffrance vile
And are at ease. There's no respect,
But continually, for a waist too large;
For who, fearing the sneers and scoffs of men, would bear
The corset tight, the dress's burdening weight,
The fringe of pinched toes, the high heeled shoe,
The tilting panier, and all those complaints
That patient nature of the unworthy makes,
When we ourselves might restful quiet take
With a loose bodice? Who would a bustle wear?
To grunt and sweat under its warty weight,
But that Madam Grundy's voice that dreaded oracle
From whose decree no woman wars, orders it so,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Shall Fashion thus make cowards of us all?
Shall thus the natural form, a God-given boon
Be changed, transformed, till none would recognize it
Shall grand reforms of such great pith and moment
With slight regards their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action?

Minnie Parker Horning