

In gentle belle, and stately beau.
 Silks shall usurp the place of cotton, [ten ?]
 And homespun coats give place to "bough-
 Your lads shall labour 'mong the stumps
 In ruffled shirts, and dancing pumps ;
 With rakish beavers on their " knobs,"
 And watch-chains dangling from their fobs ;
 Nor shall they know—such is my will—
 A meal-tub from a coffee mill,
 A worthy justice from an ass,
 Without the aid of quizzing-glass.
 Shall sink the broomstick—mount a garran,
 Before their chins can boast a hair on,
 For every farm shall have its stud,
 And every buck, his " bit of blood."
 One heel shall sport a spur, the head
 Shall sport another, better sped,—
 For that above is, as you know,
 Worth twice as much as th' one below.

Your girls no more shall ride astraddle,
 But sideways sit upon a saddle,
 With habits closely buttoned round,
 Whose ample skirts shall sweep the ground.

The cards with which their mothers wrought
 Be thrown aside as things of nought,
 While *other* cards, with painted faces,
 Shall enter in and fill their places.

The useless wheel, whose doleful sound,
 Distressed and deafened all around,
 Shall cease its revolutions, and
 Amidst old lumber take its stand :
 'To it, succeed the " pipe and tabour,"