

Your former charming voice and beauty,
 But only mortify your pride,
 Now you are bruise'd and cast aside.
 How ill are life's reverses borne
 By those who nurture pride and scorn :
 You talk of "gems and common earth,"
 What weight are riches, rank, or birth,
 Tried in the scale with modest merit ?
 Light as a feather, I aver it.
 You proud, conceited, scornful ninny,
 Does wheat, or grass grow on a guinea ?
 And pray where is the silly booby,
 Would sow one seed upon a ruby ?
 Contrasting ornament with use,
 You place a peacock by a goose,
 The rosy wine by crystal water,
 Belle Anna by a farmer's daughter,
 A diamond ring beside a reel,
 You bauble by—a spinning wheel.

(Piano.)

Has music then, no use, old dame ?
 You soulless creature—fie for shame :
 This soothes the soul when grief is deep—
 It wakes to joy—it lulls to sleep,
 Whilst many a bright association
 Steals o'er the rapt imagination—
 Awakening mem'ry's dormant powers,
 To life's fresh morn, its sun and flowers—
 To distant scenes, and happy places,
 To absent friends, and smiling faces,
 And glory's field, and pleasure's bower
 Inspire with double bliss and power.

(Wheel.)

All this may do my pert piano,
 But City flirts like giddy Anna ;
 Unknowing harmony or measure,
 They play for pride—not music's pleasure—
 Whose jarring discord wounds the ear,
 And makes it misery to hear—
 Excepting ire, they raise no passion,
 But play, because 'tis just the fashion ;
 Whose dull monotony of thrumming
 Has far less music than my humming—
 But see at sunrise just beginning,
 A rosy farmer's daughter spinning,
 What pleasure in the sight and sound !
 It makes the very heart to bound.
 Men don't imagine, no, they *feel*
 The pleasure of a spinning wheel ;
 Away with rapt imaginations,
 All hail the warm associations,
 Of blankets, sheets, and shirts, and hose,
 To brave the winter's frosts and snows ;
 And homespun coats and pantaloons
 Have better charms than foreign tunes.
 I own my kind are much neglected,

Still they should ever be respected ;
 It was not Arkwright's fam'd machine
 That spun for *Bess*, when Britain's Queen ;
 Who, tho' she play'd upon the Harp,
 Might probably have spun a warp :
 For women then were *spinsters* all,
 Both rich and poor—both great and small,
 As they are now in *contradiction*,
 Yclept in matrimonial fiction :
 Whilst spinning yarn, and household cares
 Ill'suite Pianoforte players ;
 If girls would only fly to you
 When they have *nothing else to do*,
 Just for a transient relaxation,
 I then could brook your innovation ;—
 But now, to see our City girls
 Hung round with silk and lace and curls,
 Still thrumming you the live-long day,
 Their life and time absorb'd in play—
 Except to please some other passion,
 To see new finery and fashion
 They lounge awhile in drapers' stores,
 And swell indulgent father's scores ;
 Such "lilies" neither "toil nor spin"—
 Yet fine their dress, and fair their skin,
 They knit no sock, nor put a stitch in,
 Nor make a bed—nor sweep the kitchen ;
 And then to bake, or cook, or scrub,
 Or bend beside a washing tub,
 Or e'en to fetch a pail of water,
 Would almost be as bad as slaughter !
 "Helps meet for men"—to make them *poor*,
 And help them to a prison door :
 For sheriff's writs, and marshall's sorties,
 Oft follow you, Pianofortes.
 Wait—"wait a wee," (as Scotchmen say),
 I would not wish to see the day,
 But should that villain, Labouchere,
 Accomplish what too many fear,
 Once equalize the timber duties,
 'Twill damp the pride of City beauties.
 Farewell high rents, and silks and laces,
 Pianofortes—smiling faces !
 Methinks such useless things as you
 Will be retain'd by very few ;
 The kitchen fire, or auction hammer,
 Will end your music and your clamour—
 The slighted spinning wheel and plough,
 Will have the advantage then, I trow.

MORAL.

Let not a fair and fine outside,
 But worth and use your choice decide !

RUSTICS.

St. John, September, 1841.