

They patronize julips and whoever saw
 A gent of this order without a *cigah*?
 They visit the Debolt, Verandah or Tell,
 And call to the waiter, who knows them full well,
 "A lemonade, *waitah*, containing a *stick*!"
 Or, "*waitah* come fan me to sleep with a brick!"
 Oh! soon shall the echo go up to the skies
 The rising generation's no higher to rise!

The other sex too, rise prodigiously fast,
 They far have out-stripped all hopes of the past.
 They, too, with blind fury do Fashion's behest,
 As she bids them be clad they quickly are dressed.
 If she bids them wear dresses high in the throat,
 They choke themselves so, they can't sing a note.
 At frickle dame Fashion's capricious command,
 If she in the pride of her power should demand
 That the bosom and shoulders be open to view:
 No matter if ebon or snowy their hue,
 The edict of Fashion must every one
 Most quickly obey, or be scorned by the *ton*.

The girls once derived from a bonnet no pleasure
 If it was aught less than a half-bushel measure,
 But now, they despise any gear for the head
 Less delicate than the gossamer thread;
 The head is kept bare, save that half way upon it,
 Is jauntily worn the *hind half* of a bonnet.
 They, too, scorn all labor, on work they look down;
 Embroidery worship—on shirt-making frown;
 They thump the guitar—but bread they can't bake,
 They play the piano—but pies they can't make;
 Knit opera-caps—but can't iron a collar;
 Could spend "half a million," but can't earn a dollar.

These belles and these beaux form the young generation,
 Who're soon to control this unparalleled nation.
 Though our fathers have toiled as all "old fogies" will,
 Yet scorn we all manual exercise still.
 We'll eat our ice-creams, in Alf. Burnett's saloon;
 And forget we e'er ate with an old pewter spoon,
 In the days when our *daddies* were earning the *tin*,
 By real hard work, *that contemptible sin*.
 Though our papas have bent o'er the anvil, from dawn
 'Till the last ling'ring glimmer of twilight was gone,
 Yet scorn we all labor and turn up our nose
 At the humble mechanic with patch-cover'd clothes.
 Up! up! with the "Do-nothing" standard, my boys!
 Let's "know-nothing" here of the laborer's joys!
 Higher let's climb in the scale of perfection,