

there may be a re-union for us which will be everlasting;
that our hearts, firmly united on earth, will be bound more
closely in Heaven.

THE RISING GENERATION.

[The following poem was composed by John T. Swartz, and read by him at
the Commencement Exercises of Woodward High School, June 30th, 1854. Ed.]

The era of lightning—the era of steam—
The age when the wildest Utopian dream
Will soon be accomplished, and when ready made
Or got up to order, new sights are displayed,
This glorious age is the theme of my verse,
Its wonders and follies I'll try to rehearse.

The people our ancestors would have call'd *Boys*,
Would now scorn poor boyhood, with its empty joys;
They *wait on* the women (dear darlings with curls,
Whom some folks even now still dare to call girls.)
With readiness, which 'twould surprise you to see,
They follow our Fashion's commands to a T.
If fashion proclaims that 'tis right for gallants,
To wear the enormous *plaid* pattern for pants,
With cross-bar so broad, that fully to show
The pattern, two fellows together must go;
Or if the last *plates*, show the barber-pole *mode*,
Where a stripe round the leg winds its serpentine road;
Thus giving the wearer the aspect sublime
Of a two-barrel'd corkscrew; whatever the time
May call for, their lower limbs always are cased
In the best of material well cut and well placed;
And their swallow-tailed coats with bright buttons glow,
In the height of the *mode*, whether paid for or no.

Some cherish the beard 'neath the Know-nothing hat,
Goatee like a shoe-brush—mustache like a rat—
While others who can't raise the *quantum* of hair,
Say Nature ne'er meant that the beard men should wear.
Like lilies they toil not, nor yet do they spin,
In fact, they believe that hard work is a *sin*.
They live by their wits, yet but little wit show,
And belong to the Pay-nothing order, you know.