

Talk not to me of farming, 'tis alarming
 To see how hard you toil day after day
 Without pleasure or play ;
 There's no end of strife in such a life,
 Rather than be a slave I'll be a knave.

FATHER.

You talk of science and of art,
 Compare the railway to the cart ;
 The one is slow, the other fast,
 Yet both reach journey's end at last.
 My son, the people go of late
 A very dangerous kind of gait,
 And smash ups are as common now
 As farmers' sons who hate the plow.
 I cannot see the urgent need
 To go at such infernal speed,
 Rushing along by land and lake,
 With scarcely time a breath to take.
 Give me the old way, sure and slow,
 Observing well each step I go ;
 This modern rush will not alarm
 The honest man who tills the farm.

Presumption is a noted trait
 Of all the minors of to-day,
 While lispers only in their class
 They fain would speak as Baalam's ass.