

And quicker hearing, is always peering  
 With anxious eyes for some great prize  
 Which he must gain by book and brain.

To-day the youth, fifteen or less,  
 You must confess,  
 Knows more than you at forty-two ;  
 This is the age of youthful sage,  
 For one year's jamming and cramming  
 In our schools to-day, I venture to say,  
 Is well worth nine in the olden time.

All now is push and a rush,  
 A crash and a smash,  
 The iron horse at full speed  
 You can hardly see it  
 Cleaving the air on the polished rail.

The telephone and telegraph  
 Sneer and laugh  
 At the way you used to transmit the news.

All is changed now, e'en the farmer's cow  
 Is better bred and better fed ;  
 The common grade is in the shade.

The dunderpates are dying out  
 With rust or gout,  
 Or poking along behind half blind.