

**FOGY DAYS, AND
NOW; OR, THE WORLD
HAS CHANGED**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649188079

Fogy days, and now; or, the world has changed by Dave U. Sloan

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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DAVE U. SLOAN

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THE INNOVATIONS OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

BY DAVE C. SLOAN, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The world moves on, it does progress,
Rests not, rushing on, on it goes,
Where or whitherward, it may be bound,
Is veiled, God Himself only knows.

The rage now is, to let her roll,
Roll on, rush on, regardless where;
Let her roll, we'll cross the stream,
Though we know a maelstrom's near.

To-day every man's for himself,
Hindmost left to the devil's care,
The tickling game's the winning card,
Man must tickle to get his share.

If all progress was but for good,
Both good and evil, run along,
Side by side do their waters flow,
But evil seems the bigger prong.

Sometimes we gaze into God's expanse,
Peer out into a thousand years,
Then look back at the trifling past,
And smile at former joys and fears.

FOOTE & DAVIES,
PRINTERS AND BOOK BINDERS,
ATLANTA, GA., 1891.

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PREFACE.

It has been said that truly great men do not like to talk about themselves; and why should they, when their names and deeds are in the mouths of all the people?

If the little ones of the world don't speak out for themselves, how can they be heard from?

Therefore, we pray the indulgence of our readers and trust they will make due allowance for the egotistical little word "I," so frequently used in this bungling production.

In the very outset, we confess our verdancy in the art of book-making, and in taking the risk are fully aware of our liability to be cropped by the frisky kine from the herds of the literati—especially the gory ones from the clover pastures of authorhood—and if any such should stray in our rural pathway, and perchance nip from our coarser tufts, the greens are not unwholesome—won't hurt them; they are welcome. Our wild grass ranges, or commons, are not intended for them, but for the people—God bless them—the best of all.

We are unacquainted with the science of music, absolutely in the dark as to its very rudiments, yet have observed when we chassa our horse-hair across the bridge of our old fiddle, that our hearers are inclined to pat their feet.

Nor do we make any pretense to erudition, elegance of diction, metrical verse, or even to grammatical sentences; but if

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we can only so shake our literary tambourine as to strike a responsive chord with the hearts of the people, then our labors shall not have been unrewarded.

In this little daub of a book, we have dabbled both in verse and prose, and though the structure may appear rustic and uncouth, we have tried, nevertheless, to drive the nails square in the wood, and if it should be said there is more truth than poetry in the make-up, we shall not appeal from the verdict.

Any way, let the effort be considered good, bad or indifferent, we are alone responsible; have copied after nobody. It's all home-made truck, and if critics can discover nothing but our ears, we want it distinctly understood that we have not assumed the disguise of the lion's skin.

Our book is indited to the people, and we have tried in our simple way to illustrate some of the scenes and customs of the days of fogyism, trusting to the youth of the present day, it may afford amusing portraiture of the days of "yore," and to our old-time folks suggest pleasing reminiscences of the "Days of Auld-Lang-Syne."

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER,

A noble, wee-bit of a woman, with an enormous heart, made up largely of love, lamb and lion; afraid of nothing above, beneath or on the earth, but God Himself, and a cyclone; a devoted Christian mother, wife and friend, with refined and literary tastes; the very soul of rectitude, and fearless champion of right under every circumstance; the faithful mother of a round dozen of children, and died scratching for her brood.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON,
D. C., IN THE YEAR 1801, BY DAVE U. SLOAN.

INTRODUCTION.

Have often tho't I'd write a book,
Tho' had grave doubts how it would look.
To write a book should have knowledge,
To look nice should come from college.

But I've not been through such machine.
Their inside walls have never seen,
Therefore am short in education,
So much needed in this vocation.

I'd clutch the idea, then abolish,
Because I could not give it polish.
Still it haunts from time to time,
I'll let it slide in prose and rhyme.

I'll start in verse—see how it goes—
I'll mix it up, both rhyme and prose,
The garbage may not please the eye
Of cultured critics, nor shall I try.

Out on the world the book I'll cast,
Waft out the songs of old times past;
Songs of the good old times I have seen,
What I have heard and where I have been.

Old-time happenings set afloat,
Made up of story and anecdote.
Contrast to-day with foggy times,
Show 'em up in bungling rhymes.

From the days of yore, I take my text,
Our fathers' days with ours affixed,
Warp of Auld-Lang-Syne, woof of yore,
From which will weave a cloth of lore.

Now, in this day of innovation,
In this grand, progressive nation;
Now, when these young canny laddies,
Gathering wisdom, beat their daddies.