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## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Time's Revenge.

WHEN I was ten and she fifteen —  
Ah, me! how fair I thought her.  
She treated with disdainful mien  
The homage that I brought her,  
And, in a patronizing way,  
Would of my shy advances say:  
"It's really quite absurd, you see;  
He's very much too young for me."

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five —  
Well, well! how old she's growing.  
I fancy that my suit might thrive  
If pressed again; but, owing  
To great discrepancy in age,  
Her marked attentions don't engage  
My young affections, for, you see,  
She's really quite too old for me.

*Walter Learned.*

### Childer and Wife.

I WAS going home, one snowy winter day,  
When a poor old creature stopped my weary way.  
Have you any pennies?" (crouching like a slave)  
"For I have two childer, and their mother's in the grave."

Though I have a wife, I don't care much for pelf  
When I meet a man who is poorer than myself;  
Beaten by the world, I feel no longer brave,  
For my two children are lying in the grave!

I gave my brother pauper pennies four or five—  
Enough, I hope, to keep him another hour alive.  
My pocket was opened by the reasons that he gave,—  
His two little children, and their mother in the grave!

*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

### Song.

If you love me, come and be  
In my heart of hearts, and see  
How I think of naught but thee!

If you hate me, tell me so;  
I should love you still, I know:  
Hate to love will sometimes grow.

If you neither love nor hate,  
For your grace I ne'er will wait;  
You will never be my fate.

*Oscar Fay Adams.*

### Aphorisms from the Quarters.

YOUR luck aint always ekul to de lenk o' your fishin'-pole.

Grass don't grow high roun' de corn-crib.

De man aint put togedder right dat don't lub his own dorg.

Sunset mighty pretty to de plow-hand.

It takes a hones' miller to keep lean shotes.

Don't kill de old goose in sight o' de fedder-bed.

De full moon is a po' han' to keep secrets.

Old hen got 'nough l'arnin' to tell her own chillun in de dark.

*J. A. Macon.*

### Plowing.



GOOD mornin', sir! A clearin' sky —  
What? Want to talk with me, sir?  
You tracked across that piece o' rye,  
But we wont disagree, sir.

I'm sure yer welcome on this sod.  
The piece was heavy-seeded;  
The finest catch there, where you trod,  
Since the old farm was deeded.

Whoa, boy! It's gettin' warm ag'in —  
That colt is just a-learnin' —  
Come, boy! Come Fan, come in! *Come in!*  
They're rather slow a-turnin'.

The air, I guess, don't smell so sweet  
Where you live, in the city,  
No grass or shade-trees on the street?  
Now, that must be a pity.

I calculate a farmer lacks  
Some things you make a show of;  
But there may be some curious facts  
That city folks don't know of.

You see the nest on that pine-bough?  
Do you know what there's hid in't?  
D'ye know what bird 'tis singin' now?  
No? Well, I thought you didn't.

You mus'n't think a pleasin' thing  
Is lost on country people;  
The birds that in that maple sing  
Beat chimes in any steeple.

And as for good, fresh thinkin' stuff,  
Paved streets can't be so givin';  
While this one field has got enough  
To last you while you're livin'.

Kin Boston beat that row of stumps  
The little lot is fenced with?  
*Who-o-o-a!* Woodchuck holes are wuss'n mumps!  
The beasts might be dispensed with.

You'd like to hold the plow awhile?  
All right, sir. I am willin'.  
*Whoa there,* I say! Don't go a mile!  
You'd ought to kept its *bill* in.

What threw the plow out? Oh, a stone  
*They're* rather *apt* to turn her.  
 I guess I'll go it best alone—  
 You do well for a learner.

Why, I have seen men lean and try  
 To push the plow before 'em!  
 'Twould make a horse laugh till he'd cry;  
 But one fool makes a quorum.

I s'pose they think that Kingdom Come  
 Depends on them for motion;  
 But of the Power that's pullin' some  
 They haven't the slightest notion.

It's like good times to plow sod loam,—  
 To hear the coulter rippin',  
 And the soft earth, like fallin' foam,  
 Into the furrer drippin'.

But when you strike a stretch o' stone  
 It's sickness and low prices!  
 The plow not only shakes each bone  
 But kinder wakes yer vices.

A plow's a contrary concern,  
 A young calf can't out-do it;  
 To guide the point the handles turn  
 The opposite way to it.

Cut furrer wide, lean handles right—  
 You know how 'tis, I dare say—  
 Lift up, and it dives out of sight,  
 And t'other way, vice versey.

Not married? Well, you'll hardly swim  
 Before you go in swimmin';  
 But p'raps you'll find that in this whim  
 A plow is like some wimmin'!

Nags like the furrer—softer ground—  
 Their crowdin's apt to balk us;  
 They're like two politicians bound  
 To carry the same caucus.

The colt lags, don't he? 'Pon my soul,  
 I guess the mare's the stronger!  
 I'll move that clevis up a hole  
 And make his end the longer.

Young hoss, if you don't stop that prank  
 I'm 'fraid you'll get a floggin'.  
 This knoll grows quack-grass mighty rank—  
 The meanest stuff for cloggin'!

I'm blamed if quack-grass aint like sin,  
 It grows where land's the poorest;  
 Ag'in a hoe it's sure to win—  
 Guess buryin's the surest.

I tried a new plow at the fair;  
 'Twas neat, but I refused it.  
 This "Rough and Ready" stands the tear,  
 And our folks allus used it.

Old plows and old beliefs are strong,  
 And good yet if kept shinin'!  
 Things that have stood the strain so long  
 Kin stand *some* underminin'.

I like to watch before the plow  
 The grass a-tumblin' over;  
 The big and little have to bow,  
 The June-grass and the clover.

A plow reminds me, then, of Time.  
 Does't other folks, I wonder?  
 There goes a violet in its prime—  
 I hate to turn *them* under.

But when above the buried weeds  
 The yellow wheat is wavin',  
 'Twill teach that buried years and deeds  
 Still live, if worth the savin'.

A life-time dwindles like these lands  
 In which the lot's divided;  
 When the dead-furrer's reached one stands  
 And wonders where it's slid.

Tell how I run a furrer straight,  
 And keep my sights when sowin'?  
 Yer competition would be late,  
 So I don't mind yer knowin'.

I set that pole this side the lot,  
 Then start from over yonder,  
 And range that pole with some fur spot  
 And never let it wander.

I've sometimes thought if we would range  
 Our daily walk with Natur',  
 Our lives with things that never change,  
 We'd draw our furrer straighter.

I'm apt at preachin'? So I've heard.  
 Yes, I 'tend church on Sunday.  
 Why, if I didn't hear the Word  
 I couldn't work on Monday.

Ah, ha! That whistle blows for noon,  
 And dinner-time, I'm thinkin';  
 Well, I don't think it blows too soon,—  
 I feel like eatin' an' drinkin'.

Ned's callin' me, my little son,—  
 Jest five years ter his story;—  
 He makes us seven, countin' one  
 That's now a child o' glory.

How proud that team steps now that they  
 Are p'intin' for the stable!  
 A pretty tune their trappin's play,  
 Judgin' as I am able.

Come in the house and see my Nell—  
 I think she aint bad-lookin'—  
 And she's just as reliable  
 At counselin' as cookin'!

Charles H. Crandall.

