

THE MOTHER

OR, MATERNAL MISERIES!

A PARODY OF DR. WATTS'S "SLUGGARD."

—◆—

*"Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not; break
forth and cry, thou that travailest not."*—ST.
PAUL TO THE GALATIANS.

'TIS the griefs of a MOTHER, I heard her complain,—
"They've undone me too soon—I'd be childless again!"
As the slave on the tyrant, so she, on each day,
Wastes her strength and her beauty, and never seems gay.

A thousand more squalls, and dull cares without number,
These steal her best days, and her nights, too, encumber;
And as brats "get up" they're yet more on her hands,—
Each gets into mischief, or quiet ne'er stands!

I pass'd by her dwelling, and saw each young trier—
Her louts and her minxes grown stouter and higher;
The clothes she had on her a "tramp" would despise,
And her person still wastes, till—she droops and she dies!

I made her a visit, and hoped she'd began
To take the best course for reforming her plan:
She told me her plight gave sure signs of another,
Though she scarce had a crust, and her group craved no
brother!

Said I then to myself,—“Here's a lesson for all;
That woman but shows what to each might befall:
So thanks to my *nous*, for my care and my fearing,
Which taught me in time to shun breeding and rearing!!”

A MALTHUSIAN,
ONE WHO HAS CONSIDERED BEARING
IN ALL ITS BEARINGS!