

Luck and Labor.

BY MRS. D. HARRY PRIME.

“ONLY a penny 'tween work and play,”  
 Tom laughingly said to Dick one day;  
 “And he who plays the nickel takes;  
 Or, in other words, pockets the stakes.  
 We're setting forth on an unknown plain,  
 Each in fancy is counting his gain;  
 But life has problems yet to be solved,  
 And Health and Worth are the 'roots' involved.”

“We know that Luck and Labor await  
 To cast the die of our future fate.  
 Now, which of the two, my trusty friend,  
 Shall be your guide, on your steps attend?”  
 “It would need no thought, you silly boy!  
 Who would not trust him to Luck's employ;  
 No drudging Labor shall cast my fate;  
 More easy shall come my proud estate!”

The other, nobly, yet sadly, smiled:  
 “Ease goes with the helpless, guileless child.  
 I will pledge my hand to honored toil,  
 And leave to Luck her gain or spoil.”

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 Old Saturn sat like a fiend in state,  
 Clipping the years and sneering at fate;  
 While Tom and Dick scan their ledger page,  
 To see what is left for coming age.

Dick has his palace, his broad, rich lands;  
 He grasps his coupons in withered hands,  
 And his brow is seared by ruthless care,  
 All white and spare is his once dark hair.  
 The blood in his veins is pale and thin;  
 His smile has changed to a vapid grin;  
 And one can see by his cold, hard eye,  
 He's lost his soul in the fatal die!

Tom has his cottage, snug little farm,  
 His unbent form, and strong, brave arm  
 Rounded in health and muse'lar power,  
 So ready to help in all need of the hour.  
 Age sighed to leave her offering there,  
 And silvered light the raven hair;  
 His jewels beam in his soul-lit eye,  
 And his saving fund comes by and by.

Kitty Howard's Journal.

MY FIRST BABY.

EDITED BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

MAY 31.—Tom has asked me to keep a Journal! I, who hate a pen and so love to talk, keep a journal! But Tom says I must write just as I talk, use the same kind of words, and not try in the least to write like a book. He put my little desk on the table himself, and fixed my pen and ink all right, and bought me a blank book ruled, and wrote on the first page, “Kitty Howard's Journal. My First Baby.”

I told him it sounded like a prophecy of more, and pouted, and—well, Tom laughed till the tears came, and then, of course, he kissed me; and he said I “wasn't an angel, but the dearest little woman that ever lived!” Whereat, I told him plainly I would not be called little; I was not a little woman, I was taller than his sister Nellie, if I was not so stiff; and then he said he would call me his big wife; of course, I pulled his whiskers, and told him he was a bad boy, and now I am writing in my journal just to please him.

Studied the “Frugal Housekeeper.” Mended a rip in a sheet, and sewed on the buttons to Tom's shirt. I hate sewing on buttons!

Nurse freighted me with instructions about baby. He had never had the “red goom,” which was bad, and she shook her head ominously. I must be careful of damp clothes, and damp air; use water about “blood warm,” and be sure not to bathe him too often. “You are a great deal too particular and notional,” she complimented me by saying. “Babies are better asleep than awake for the first six months, and you had better give him a little paregoric now and then, or ‘Mrs. Winslow's Soothing;’ it saves a sight of trouble. Don't change his clothes too often, you'll take all his strength away. A dose of catnip tea, with a few drops of anise, or the least bit of gin is mighty soothing; a drop now and then would do you good, for you're inclined to be delicate, for all you talk about being well. Teetotal is well enough for them as can bear it; I could not do my duty to my women without something now and then.”

MEM.—Must ask Tom to buy me a book about taking care of babies, and that tells about the “red goom.”

Nurse has a horror of water, and says my coarse bread is only fit for pigs. She is shocked at my frequent bathing, and predicts that I shall die before my time, and leave a poor little moth-

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erless baby, for a second wife to take care of! I should laugh to see Tom with a second wife! She'd have no peace of her life, if a ghost could keep her in a fret.

JUNE 1.—Baby is six weeks old to-day, and good old nurse—thank goodness!—is gone! I never really felt as if baby was mine till this blessed moment. Now I can kiss him, and pinch him, and love him, just as much as I choose, and nobody to warn me about “idols.” Idols! to be sure! God meant that I should love baby or he never would have made him such a rosy, cunning, helpless little thing as he is, that would not live a day without love; so here are twenty kisses to begin with.

There never was such a baby! he holds on to my finger so tight, that I verily believe he would lift himself by his hands, and nurse says it is a sign of a plenty of wit. To be sure, he is bright! I am no fool, and no genius, it is true, but Tom makes up for it; he is just as pro—found, and just as learned, as I am not; and baby is his image, only he has a mouth just like mine, so Tom says, and he knows.

Now what shall I do first? Let me see—this vial is castor oil, that goes out of the window! and this is catnip tea, that follows! No more torturing baby under my jurisdiction. Wind in his stomach! he never had a bit, unless this stuff caused it.

Yes, Bridget, put the roses on the table, and hang that pretty blanket over the chair, the color does me good to see it. Now the bath tub, and I will see how I can bathe baby.

I put on my great linen apron, and pinned my sleeves up above my elbows. I laid the sponge and the towels all handy; the cushion stuck full of pins with “Welcome, little Stranger!” stuck in the middle. I put baby's shirt and flannels, and pretty dress, and socks, and powder and puff, where I could lay hands on them without trouble, and then for baby. Oh, you young pollywog! you bit of a dumpling! how you will scream!

He pulled every article of clothes as if determined not to be undressed, and then gave such a stretch, when he had nothing left; first one foot down, and then the other, and then both straight out, and his arms over his head. I am sure he would like to go naked as that Irish child goes, that the papers used to tell about, that went summer and winter without a rag of clothes in the coldest of weather! I wonder the neighbors didn't put a stop to it.

Now I took baby up and plunged him into the cold water, head first, and then washed him

gently, so gently, and I talked, and smiled at him all of the time, for he screamed lustily at first, and then caught his breath and bore it like a man.

I laid him in a warm flannel, and rubbed him all over, he doubling up his little fists all the while, and now and then quivering a trifle at the chin; but I am sure he was not cold, and if he was, why he must get used to cold water. Nobody ought to go through the world on *topide*, and my boy shall not.

I brushed his soft hair, which, truth to say, is rather scanty, and his head handy for a phrenologist; and then I powdered him like a dusty miller, and he was as sweet as a rose, and as pretty as a Cupid too young for arrows, and then—well, he was right hungry, and dropped to sleep without a word.

MEM.—Never to let any body do any thing for baby that I can do myself. I am sure he will love me the better for it, and be sweeter, and every thing else in the world, that is better for it.

JUNE 4.—Last night baby and I were fast asleep when Tom waked us both up laughing out loud all alone. He sits up awhile at night preparing law papers, for he says he must study hard to keep up in his profession, and I knew very well there was nothing in the law to make a man laugh, so I peeped over the counterpane to see what he was about. Just as I expected. He was reading Kitty's Journal and laughing to die. Out of bed I hopped and took it away, and then he laughed the more, and I laughed and baby waked up and didn't laugh, but screamed loud enough to wake the seven sleepers, so I had to jump into bed again; but Tom declared it was capital, especially to call baby pollywog, and then he laughed again, and said I was wiser than the Queen of Sheba, and a great deal of other nonsense.

JUNE 12.—Baby grows like a young pig, I will say, though it is not genteel. He does not scream now at the cold water, but catches one hard breath and then the way that he kicks is a wonder. He never cries or frets, so I do not need to sing to him because he is bad, but for the pleasure of it I have made up a little lullaby, that suits my purpose to a T. Baby has learned to put up his little hand for me to kiss, while I nurse him, and so I sit and sing and kiss his darling hand, and am just as happy as the birds. I shall have to hum the tune or I shall not remember the words.

## LULLABY.

Hush! my darling, little dear,  
 Fold thy pretty eyes to sleep,  
 Holy angels hovering near  
 Watch and ward around thee keep.  
 Sleep, sleep, baby sleep.

Angels watch while mothers sleep;  
 Mothers once, but angels now;  
 Angels watch when mothers weep,  
 Dropping tears on baby brow.  
 Sleep, sleep, baby sleep.

I remember, as I sit with my baby in my lap, many old rhymes which seem very pretty to me now that I am a mother, and which I used to think little of. Watt's Cradle Hymn is tender, and soothing, especially the first two stanzas, and there are many lovely poems written by women, which I shall read, for I am growing quite thoughtful since baby came. I used to hum over Lady Bothwell's lullaby, and think it pretty, but now it gives me the heartache.

"By low, my babe,  
 Lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sair  
 To see thee weep.  
 By low, by low."

JUNE 14.—I will not have a cradle to addle the brains of my baby, and I think I shall do very well without one. I wash him, I rub his back, which begins to have ridges of fat; I make him stretch, and laugh; make him draw himself up by my fingers. See that his flesh is wholesome, without a spot or blemish (MEX. He has never shown signs of the "red goom"), and dress him in fresh, plain loose clothes; next, I give him, of course, a few extra shakes and kisses, and lay him down on the pillows, where the light will shine equally upon both eyes, and there leave him to kick up his little legs and amuse himself.

MEX.—People must not expect to be carried through the world; they must carry themselves. My boy must begin early to find the way to his legs and back.

Another thing. I undress baby at night, have him very sweet, and nice, and warm, and b——y full; and then I fold his little hands together, and say "God bless the baby." Then I put him, with kisses, into his crib, and go out and leave him in the dark. Of course, I steal back on tip-toe, to see what he is about, and there the darling little loblolly lies with his bright eyes wide open, no doubt wondering what it all means. Well, he must learn to get out of darkness. He

begins to "goo, goo." He is very bright, I am sure! inclined to be precocious. Mercy, me! what if he should get hydro—no, it is not phobia; well, water on the brain! I'll examine that subject in our Medical Dictionary.

JUNE 15.—Last night, when Tom had read my journal, as he does every night, he came to me and kissed me on the forehead without speaking, and I saw he had tears in his eyes. I think Tom and I both grow more thoughtful.

JUNE 20.—Baby has never seen a cross, discontented look, nor has he heard a harsh voice. He looks very intently in my eyes now, when I talk to him, and chirrup. His face is not one of these fat, unmeaning ones, that we generally see, but grows defined and clear. I give him every morning a spoonful of cold water, and he likes it; he must be teetotal. I will never let him have any thing that may create a false appetite.

21.—Last night our good, kind old-fashioned neighbor called to see me. She looked around my room, where I sat sewing, and Tom reading "The Tempest" to me, because he thought Maranda very lovely, and a little like me, and seeing no cradle, she asked "Where is baby?" "Oh, he has been in bed this half hour!" I replied. "He goes at sundown, lies down with the lamb, and rises with the lark!"

"Let me see him!"

"Certainly," I replied, delighted to show my handsome baby, and we went up stairs taking a light; and there he was, wide awake, all the clothes kicked off, and his night dress tight under his feet! "That will never do, my boy! I shall shorten your clothes at once."

"You don't mean me to understand that you put this child to bed alone in the dark, wide awake?" she cried.

"Yes, I do; and I think it will save him a great deal of trouble, as well as myself."

She stooped over the crib and kissed him with a grim kind of pity for his sufferings, and turned away in silence. As we went down stairs, she said,

"You bathe him in cold water, and put him away in the dark at two months old! You're a cruel woman, for all you're so mighty soft-spoken!"

I flushed up red in the face, but was too polite to say a word. When she sat down by the center table, she said to Tom very solemnly,

"I have been the mother of eight as fine children as ever was born," and she pursed up her mouth, and rolled her eyes to the ceiling. "I

nursed them all, and I tell you plainly I never put a drop of cold water to one of them, and I never put my children away in the dark. I give you warning, that child of yours will never live to grow up!"

I rushed up to baby, and dropped down on my knees, and asked God to give me wisdom to do the right thing. Tom came up and kissed my tears, and told me not to mind a word the old meddlesome thing said. She owned up to him that she had lost five of her children "in teething," and the three left were "weakly." Tom gave her some strawberries and cream, and she went home thinking Tom the "nicest man that ever was, but most unfortunately married." I told Tom she would tell every body so, at which he laughed, and told me never "to mind such twattle, and I never will!"

MEM.—I think my temper needs a little curbing!

JUNE 24.—Baby likes the smell of roses, the darling. I held one up for him to see, and then put it to his nose, and he sneezed. It won't hurt him to sneeze, it shows his brain is active, if he sneezes at a rose, the little rascal, he must learn better!

Tom is just as stupid about babies as he can be. When he wants baby to look at any thing he holds it so close to his eyes, that he looks squint-eyed at it. That is the way to make baby near-sighted, and put spectacles on his nose, and make him go peeping and squinting and blinking through the world.

TRYON, in 1691, said:

"Temperance, cleanliness, and abstinence have greater power over the soul and body than most in our days imagine. Some of the ancients have delivered it as a maxim, 'That none could understand God and his works, and enjoy perfect health and long life, but those that abstain from flesh, wine, and vices, bounding their desires according to the end and necessities of Nature.'"

It was in Newark, in the Jerseys, on last Thanksgiving Day, when the children and grandchildren were gathered at the old homestead, and grandfather looking complacently at the merry group. Dinner was over. The jest and laugh were going around, when father turned to the merriest, and with grave face asked: "Oliver, did you ever read 'Watts on the Mind?'" "No, pa," was the frank reply; "but I know *What's on the Stomach.*"

## An Hour in Mr. Power's Studio.

BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

WHEN at Florence, Italy, last April, I called upon Mr. Hiram Powers, with whom I became acquainted thirty years ago in Cincinnati, when I was giving a course of lectures in that city. Two remarkable circumstances made me remember my former acquaintance with him. He was brought into my private room by a gentleman who requested me to point out his leading traits of character, if he had any, and to state what employment he was fitted by his organization to pursue successfully; implying by his words and manner that he had never accomplished any thing in life, and that he thought it doubtful whether there was much probability that he ever would. After examining his phrenological developments, I remarked that if he had not yet exhibited any mental power; he had a superior type of brain, and was equal to any task he chose to undertake; that he had a special talent for designing, drawing, modeling, working by the eye, putting parts together, trying experiments, engineering, planning, and for persevering in whatever he undertook to do; that if he had the right education, he could succeed as a first-class artist, sculptor, or designer; and that it was a pity that he could not have the opportunity to direct his mind into the right channels. At the close of the examination, I was introduced to Mr. Hiram Powers, a young sculptor, who had already, with only limited opportunities, begun to distinguish himself in Cincinnati, by modeling several clever works; but more especially for making one called "Heaven and Hell," which was attracting a great deal of attention. I prophesied that if he lived, America would be proud of him.

It was with much pleasure that I renewed an acquaintance begun thirty years ago, and re-examined his brain to ascertain the changes that time, and the activities of a well-spent life had made in it. Thinking that it may interest some of his many friends in America, I append the deductions I made last April. It is very instructive to compare the developments and the life worked out of them or by them. Mr. Powers, at the present time, possesses a very singularly marked organization, which indicates great practical strength and nervous susceptibility, with a full degree of vital power and animal life, but he has no excess of the vital element. He prefers to be employed in physical labor and mental action, rather than to indulge in animal excess.