

The Amateuca May 1859.

What I would like to know;
I am now the mother of six fine girls
From twenty to thirty years old,
I have trained them all with every care,
And labour that cannot be told.

They can play the piano, and sing like Larks,
Can dance and sing and sigh,
But to make a dress or a dinner to get,
They cannot and will not try.

They have had many offers in times gone by
Or at least they have had some,
And refused them all with a queenly grace,
In hopes of better to come.

But the tide of suitors ebb'd away.
Now none of them remain
The girls wait vainly for offers of last
To be made to them again.

It's all very well for a mother to tell,
How she'll keep them all under her wing;
But I have to talk of dollars and cents,
And that makes a different thing.

Now who will give some good advice
To one whose troubles grow,
How to get them wedded and off my hands,
Is what I would like to know.

— Rosanna —