

To Rose she is a new-found toy,
And Rose is once again a child !—
She would have rather had a boy
She said,—but then the baby smiled,
Or if she did not smile we took
For smiling that most funny look—
And I am sure Rose would not change her
For any other little stranger !

She is to me a droll set out !
I scarcely know what I'm about
When her fond mother makes me 'take her,'—
I'd almost rather 'take' a pill,
For fear to pieces I should shake her,
Or do her some tremendous ill !

WHAT great responsibilities
Attach to this my new condition !
I look with due civilities
On 'Woman's Rights,' and 'Woman's Mission,'

And 'Women's Property ;' and laws
For giving them consideration ;—
There surely ought to be a clause
That they should govern all the nation

For women always govern men ;
And then, beside,—we have a queen