

A poem written by Sophonisba Peale Sellers, found in an album (a ladies' album of the 1840's--the kind you write verse and draw pictures in) which she gave to her daughter Anna.

My Needle

Poets have oft invoked the muse
For them as low as their old shoes;
Why then should I disdain to choose
My needle.

Thou little glittering pointed thing,
How long a ditty could I sing
Of all the comfort thou canst bring,
My needle.

How many a sad and lonely day,
Far from the happy and the gay,
Hast thou not helped to pass away,
My needle.

How many an hour of converse sweet
Has glided by with noiseless feet
While plying thee with fingers fleet,
My needle.

Though a soother too of woe,
Yet thou dost ne'er intrude, I know,
On conversation's cheerful flow,
My needle.

The kindly care that seeks to smooth
The daily path of those we love
How could I well without thee prove,
My needle.

And even England's Monarch ought
To bless the gentle hand that taught
The use of thee with pleasure fraught,
My needle.

Ah, how supremely blest am I,
Who still upon my bed must lie,
That I am able yet to ply
My needle.

S. S.

Sophonisba Peale Sellers (1786-1859) was the daughter of Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827) the American artist who was born in Queen Anne County, Md. She married Coleman Sellers of Philadelphia, Pa., in 1805 and had four sons and two daughters. Her younger daughter, Anna (1824-1905), never married and was a very good artist.