

TO A FRAGMENT OF SILK.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

[FROM THE TOKEN.]

Well radiant shred of silk, is it your choice,
Here on my carpet, thus at ease to lay,
I've heard the veriest trifles have a voice
Unto the musing mind ; what can you say ?
You seem to wake a dream of southern bowers,
Where sprang your rudiments, among Italian flowers.

Who were your ancestors ? Me-thinks you pause !
Excuse me, Yankees always ask the question ;
What ! those unsightly worms, with tireless maws,
And such a very marvellous digestion ?
Their spinning wheels no doubt their health supply ;
But lo ! in cone like urns they sold themselves to die.

Perchance to reel their slight cocoons did soil
The patient skill of many a purblind dame,
While firmer nerves essayed the shuttles toil,
From whence your rainbow tinted tissue came ;
Bound on a voyage o'er the boisterous ocean,
Quite snugly packed secure in bales from all commotion.

What was your destiny in this new world ?
In dazzling robe to make young beauty vain ?
Or for some waning lady, pranked and curled
To hide time's ravage from the giddy train ?
Or bid pale envy's pang the bosom swell,
That erring deems true bliss, with outward show to dwell.

Your history's not complete. Your second birth
Is in bank-paper to allure the eyes,
Making the rich o'erprize the gifts of earth,
And the poor covet what his God denies ;
Man's vanity from a vile worm may grow,
And paper puff his pride ; go, gaudy fragment go !