SECEding VIRGINIA. — KNITTING SOCKS.

SECEding VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIEGOURNEY.

Ho! mistress of the rolling James, And of its mountain strand, The oldest, noblest, proudest one, Of all our household band; Thou of the stately form and step, The flower-encircled hair, Prime favorite of the fruitful earth, And of the balmy air; Thou who didst hold thy cresset forth Ere early dawn had fled, The morning star whose lambent ray Our constellation led, Yet when a comet madly rushed Across the argent plain, Why didst thou leave thy heaven-marked sphere, And join its flaming train? We loved thee well, Virginia! And gave thee deferent place, Pleased with thine ancient dignity, And native, peerless grace, And little deemed such sudden blight Would settle on thy bays, And change to discord and disgust Our gratulating praise; For thou hadst given thy great and good Our helm of state to guide; Thy Palinurtis steered our barque Safe through the wakening tide; And when we spake of Washington With grateful, reverent tone We called thine image forth, and blent Thy memory with his own. Our mother nursed thee at her breast, When she herself was young; And thou shouldst still have succored her, Though fiery serpents stung; Virginia Dare, the first-born bud Of the true Saxon vine, And old Powhatan, hoary chief Who led the warrior-line; And brave John Smith, tho very soul Of chivalry and pride, And Pocahontas, princess pure, The font of Christ beside,— Dreamed they that thou wouldst start aside, When treachery's tocsin rang And in her heaving bosom fix Thy matricidal fang? Thou shouldst around her fourscore years Have bent with hovering care, Who steadfast at thy cradle watched, And poured her ardent prayer; Thou shouldst not to her banded foes Have lent thy ready ear, Nor seen them desolate her joys Without a filial tear; Though all beside had recreant proved, Thou shouldst have propped its shattered staff With loyalty unspent; Though all beside had recreant proved, Thou shouldst have stood to aid; Like Adam, dreadless seraph, Alone, yet undismayed. Who sleepeth at Mount Vernon, In the glory of his fame? Yet, go in silent infancy, Nor dare pronounce his name, For thou hast of their sacred force, His farewell counsels reft, And helped to scatter to the winds The rich bequest he left; And in the darkest trial hour, Forsook the endangered side; And, ere the cock crew thrice, thy true Discipleship denied. Oh! that the pitying Prince of Peace On thee his glance might bend, And, from remediless remorse, Preserve our long-loved friend! Hartford, Conn., 21 May, 1861.

—National Intelligencer.

KNITTING SOCKS.

CLICK, click, click! how the needles go Through the busy fingers, to and fro— With no bright colors of Berlin wool Delicate hands to-day are full; Only a yarn of deep, dull blue, Socks for the feet of the brave and true. Yet click, click, how the needles go, 'Tis a power within that nerves them so. In the sunny hours of the bright spring day, And still in the night-time far away, Maiden, mother, and grandame sit Earnest and thoughtful while they knit. Many the silent prayer they pray, Many the teardrops brushed away, While busy on the needles go, Widen and narrow, heel and toe. The grandamo thinks with a thrill of pride How her mother knit and spun beside For that patriot band in olden days Who died the "Stars and Stripes" to raise— Now she in turn knits for the brave Who'd die that glorious flag to save. She is glad, she says, "the boys" have gone, 'Tis just as their grandfathers would have done. But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start, For "the boys" were the pride of grandame's heart. The mother's look is calm and high, God only hears her soul's deep cry— In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call, She gave her sons— in them her all. The maiden's cheek wears a paler shade, But the light in her eye is undismayed. Faith and hope give strength to her sight, She sees a red dawn after the night. 0 soldiers brave, will it brighten the day, And shorten the march on the weary way, To know that at home the loving and true Are knitting and hoping and praying for you! Soft are their voices when speaking your name, Proud are their glories when hearing your fame, And the gladdest hour in their lives will be When they greet you after the victory. —Transcript.