

## SECEDING VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! mistrees 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 Palmaris steered our barque  
 Safe through the seething 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, the very soul  
 Of chivalry and pride,  
 And Pocahontas, princess pure,  
 The fount 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 her banner fold  
 Had trampled down and rent,  
 Thou shouldst have propped its shattered staff  
 With loyalty unspent;  
 Though all beside had recreant proved,  
 Thou shouldst have stood to aid;  
 Like Abdiel, dreadless seraph,  
 Alone, yet undismayed.  
 Who sleepeth at Mount Vernon,  
 In the glory of his fame?

Yet, go in silent infamy,  
 Nor dare pronounce his name,  
 For thou hast of their sacred force,  
 His farewell counsels reft,  
 And heaped 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!

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—*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 grandame thinks with a thrill of pride  
 How her mother knit and span beside  
 For that patriot hand 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.  
 O 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.*