A SKETCH FROM NATURE
BY REV. Carell.

Near Richmond, Virginia, on the banks of James river, there is a great and rapid stream of the South-Dominion, stands Powhatan, a beautiful, time-honored mansion, the hereditary seat of the Mayo family.

The spot is peculiarly interesting, as being the residence occupied by the Indian chief whose name it bears, and the abode of his gentle daughter Pocahontas.

Traditionary lore informs us (and who would wish to doubt) that it was the scene of her romantic attachment and interposition for her ungrateful lover, Captain Smith. The very stone upon which his head was laid for decapitation, when, like a guardian spirit, she appeared and rescued him from the death-blow, is pointed out in the garden, while a more massive rock in the house-yard is designated as the simple and unlettered sepulchre of her relenting father.

Around this rock a few young cedars are planted, and on its smooth gray surface, the impressions of two feet may be traced; hint, indeed, but still there they lie, evidently the print of a child's and a man's foot—when, how, or by whom engraved, none living can tell.

On a neighboring height, towering over the river, is the Mayo Cemetery, where venerable cedars and other trees of your shelter some antique granite tombs and several white marble monuments of modern date, which, though less interesting to a disciple of "Munkhams," are more precious to individuals of the present generation. Besides these sacred memorials, there are many stoneless, turf hillocks, whose long grass, waving in the summer gale, whispers to the heart the names, the unforgotten cherished names of dear ones repose below.

'Tis a sweet and tranquilizing spot; and often at the close of day, my fancy lingers over its beauties and melancholy attractions, for within its solemn precincts lie buried my dead!

Thus sadly musing one evening, busy thoughts wove themselves into the following stanzas:

In twilight's musing, mystic hour,
Visions of the past come over me,
And Memory, with her thrilling power,
Brings the loved and lost before me.

Those who now in graves lie sleeping,
Near Powhatan's fast-flowing tide,

Those who now in graves lie sleeping,
Near Powhatan's fast-flowing tide,

The Indian-appellation and ancient name of James river.

Around whose death-couch he stood weeping,
When they looked farewell and died;

On whose tomb the light is gleaming
Through each tall, firi; cedar's crest,
And the shanting song rises streaming
Awaft their mortuarv place of rest,

In the dim pensive time appear:
I trace their features—hear them speak:
'Tis but a dream—they are not here,
And near, below, my burning cheek.

From earth they are forever gone—
Forever from our home-hand river!
They left us lonely, one by one,
Called to a brighter home in Heaven.

Death ruthless broke the cords of love
Which sweetly bound our hearts together,
Removed the idols of our grave,
And doomed the flowers of Hope to wither.

Sung here in their strength and bloom;
Over their young forms the dirge we sung
Grief-stricken, we bore them to the tomb,
And laid them there our sites among;

And some departed ripe in years,
Whose annals, like a moral page,
Instruct us to resist earth's snares,
And emulate a virtuous age.

Be not the precious sight slighted,
But studied as the evening star,
When, to the wilder and bolder,
It shines a guide to homes afar.

Then wilt it prove to us a mine
Of golden thoughts and precepts pure,
Teach us to see for faith divine,
Life's bitter trials to endure.

Lead us to seek God's holy land,
To kindle at His altars there
Devotion's sacred, Heaven-born flame.
The life-breath of the Christian's prayer;

The flame which lights our way to bliss,
And constant burns in deepest gloom,
Intensest-the rod to kiss,
And makes each thorn a floweret bloom.

Thus loved ones of my spirit land
Still speak from out their bliss above,
To the wandering, weary pilgrim band,
Toiling yet through earth's rough road.