

For Zion's Herald.

POCAHONTAS AND VIRGINIA.

SONNET I.

Sweet Pocahontas! Nature's loveliest child!  
How 'round these haunts thy memory lingers still;  
These shores that caught thy laughter clear and wild,  
This oak, that saw thy woman's eyes o'erfill  
With tear-drops mightier than the war king's will,  
What time thy matchless beauty, undefiled,  
'Round thy pale hero's doomed and prostrate form  
In pleading, passionate anguish clinging warm,  
All thought of wrath in each rude breast beguiled,  
Till red revenge to pardoning pity smiled  
And bade the lifted death-club scathless fall,  
And peace-pipes glow, for races reconciled;—  
Love, beauty, pity,—thine, and deathless all,  
O, red man's child, whose tale these rocks and waves  
recall.

SONNET II.

O, fair Virginia, lovely in the light  
Of spring's wide sunshine smiles thy realms afar;  
But, nearer seen,—behold the withering blight,  
The waste, the ravage and the wreck of war!  
Peeled, scourged, and trampled! Ah, what was it for,  
This strife, that gashed thy meadows, emerald bright,  
With iron not the ploughman's; scarred thy woods;  
Devoured thy fields, and turned thy crimsoned floods  
To unknown channels; veiled thy day in night;  
And wrapped thy towers with flame in heaven's broad  
sight,  
Lit by thy own mad hand, what time God's scath  
Fell flaming on thy rout and shame and flight?  
Ah, hadst thou saved the weak, as she whose path  
Winds 'round these shores, not thus thy soul had  
drunk Heaven's wrath.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

Point of Rocks, Va., April 8, 1865.

NOTE.—The scene of Capt. John Smith's preservation by Pocahontas is variously located by tradition. One account places it on the York River, and another on the Chickahominy, in the swamps of which he was captured. Smith himself, however, in his "Early History of Virginia," only two or three copies of which are known to be extant, says the rescue transpired under an oak, on the bluff now known as the Point of Rocks, on the left bank of the Appomattox, and about three miles above its junction with the James. Undoubted tradition has marked both the spot and the tree ever since, until the latter, already dead, was felled by the Union forces occupying that peninsula, and wholly cut up for relics. Its sister tree, a beautiful and thrifty white oak, still stands only a few yards from the roots of the other.

G. L. T.