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Selected Poetry.

By and By.

BY DAVID BATES.

There is an angel ever near,
When toil and trouble vex and try,
That bids our fainting hearts take cheer,
And whispers to us—"By and by."

We hear it at our mother's knee,
With tender smile and love-lit eye,
She grants some boon on childish plea,
In these sweet accents—"By and by."

What visions crowd the youthful breast—
What holy aspirations high
Nerve the young heart to do its best,
And wait the promise—"By and by!"

The maiden, sitting sad and lone—
Her thoughts half utter with a sigh,
Nurses the grief she will not own,
And dreams bright dreams of—By and by.

The pale young wife dries up her tears,
And stills her restless infant's cry,
To catch the coming step, but hears,
How sadly whispered!—"By and by."

And manhood, with his strength and will,
To breast life's ills and fate defy,
Though fame and fortune be his, still
Has plans that lie in—By and by.

The destitute, whose scanty fare
The weary task can scarce supply,
Cheats the grim visage of Despair.
With Hope's fair promise—By and by.

The millions whom oppression wrongs
Send up to heaven their wailing cry,
And, writhing in the tyrant's thongs,
Still hope for freedom—By and by.

Thus ever on life's rugged way,
This angel, bending from the sky,
Beguiles our sorrows, day by day,
With her sweet whisperings—'By and by.'

A Select Story.

From the Home Journal.

Marriage of Pocahontas.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

During the lovely Indian summer time, in the autumn of 1608, there was a marriage on the banks of the Powhattan, where the English had laid the corner-stone of the great fabric of Anglo-Saxon Empire in the New World. It was celebrated in the second church which the English settlers had erected there. Like their first, which fire had devoured the previous winter, it was a rude structure, whose roof rested upon rough pine columns, fresh from the virgin forest, and whose adornings were little indebted to the hand of art. The officiating priest was "good Master Hunter," who had lost all his books by the conflagration. History, poetry, and song, have kept a dutiful silence respecting that first English marriage in America, because John Laydon and Anna Burrows were common people. The bridegroom was a carpenter, among the first adventurers who ascended the Powhatan, then named James in honor of a bad king; and the bride was waiting-maid to "Mistress Forrest," wife of Thomas Forrest, gentleman.—These were the first white women ever seen at the Jamestown settlement.

Almost five years later, there was another marriage at Old Jamestown, in honor of which history, poetry, and song have been employed. The bridegroom was "Master John Rolf, an honest gentleman, and of good behavior," from the realm of England; and the bride was a princess royal, named Matoa, or Pocahontas, the well-beloved daughter of the Emperor of the great Powhattan confederacy, on the Virginia peninsula. The officiating priest was Master Alexander Whitaker, a noble apostle of Christianity, who went to Virginia for the cure of souls. Sir Thomas Dale, then Governor of the colony, thus briefly tells his masters of the Company in London, the story of Pocahontas: "Powhatan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made a good progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding (as by his letter unto me, containing the reason of his marriage of her, you may perceive,) another knot to bind this peace the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and, I trust, will increase in goodness, as the knowledge of God increased in her. She will go to England with me, and, were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

So discoursed Sir Thomas Dale. Curiosity would know more of the Princess and her marriage and curiosity may here be gratified to the extent of the revelations of recorded history.

The finger of a special Providence, pointing down the vista of ages, is seen in the character and acts of Pocahontas. She was the daughter of a pagan king who had never heard of Jesus of Nazareth, yet her heart was overflowing with the cardinal virtues of a Christian life.

"She was a landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm quiet,
Luxuriant budding."—BYRON.

When Captain Smith, the boldest and the best of the early adventurers in Virginia, penetrated the dense forest, he was made a prisoner, was conducted in triumph from village to village, until he stood in the presence of Powhatan, the supreme ruler, and was condemned to die!

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung:
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb—
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" grasped the chief—
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angels kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

* * * * * * *

How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
How mock the sweet, imploring grace
That breathed in beauty from her face,
And to her kneeling action gave
A power to soothe and still subdue,
Until, though humble as a slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew.

WILLIAM G. SIMMS.

The Emperor yielded to the maid, and the captive was set free.

Two years after that event, Pocahontas again became an angel of deliverance. She hastened to Jamestown during a dark and stormy night, informed the English of a conspiracy to exterminate them, and was back to her couch before dawn. Smith was grateful, and the whole English colony regarded her as their deliverer. But gratitude is often a plant of feeble root, and the canker of selfishness will destroy it altogether. Smith went to England; the morals of the colonists became depraved; and Argall, a rough, half-piratical navigator, unmindful of her character, bribed a savage, by the promise of a copper kettle, to betray Pocahontas into his hands, to be kept as a hostage while compelling Powhatan to make restitution for injuries inflicted. The Emperor loved his daughter tenderly, agreed to the terms of ransom gladly, and promised unbroken friendship for the English.

Pocahontas was now free to return to her forest home. But other bonds, more holy than those of Argall, detained her. While in the custody of the rude buccaneer, a mutual attachment had budded and blossomed between her and John Rolf, and the fruit was a happy marriage—"another knot to bind the peace" with Powhatan much stronger.

April, in the Virginia peninsula, where the English settlers first built a city, is one of the loveliest months in the year. Then winter has bidden a final adieu to the middle regions of America; the trees are robed in gay and fragant blossoms; the robin, the blue-bird, and the oriole, are just giving the first opening preludes to the summer concerts in the woods, and wild flowers are laughing merrily in every hedge, and upon the green banks of every stream.

It was a day in charming April, in 1613, when Rolf and Pocahontas stood at the nuptial altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown, where, not long before, the bride had received Christian baptism, and was named the Lady Rebecca. The sun had marched half way up toward the meridian, when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the "pews of cedar" commingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the "fair, broad windows," and the commandment tables above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of holly. The communion-table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat fields of Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, "hewn hollow between, like a canoe," sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews, the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the looms of Dacca.—Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and, hanging loosely towards her feet, was a robe of rich stuff, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolf was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage; she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God, history dipped her pen in the indestructable fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the New World. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Whitaker stood in his sacerdotal robes, and, with impressive voice pronounced the marriage ritual of the liturgy of the Anglican Church, then first planted on the Western continent. On his right, in a richly carved chair of state, brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever attendant halberdiers, with brazen hemlets, at his back.

There were yet but few women in the colony, and these, soon after this memorable event returned to native England. The "ninety young woman, pure and uncorrupted," whom the wise Sandys caused to be sent to Virginia, as wives for the planters, did not arrive until seven years later. All then at Jamestown were at the marriage.—The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them. Mistress John Rolf, with her child, (doubtless of the family of the bride,) Mistress Easton and child, and Mistress Morton and grandchild, with her maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who on a Christmas eve before, had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men then present, was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars, and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils of any who ever trusted to the ribs of the ships of Old England. And Master Sparkes, who had been co-ambassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier, with young Henry Spilman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood; and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene, was the elder brother of Pocahontas; but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Weroworomoco, while the ROSE and TOTUM were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Opachisco, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well, and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the Apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The music ceased, the benediction fell, the solemn "Amen" echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Govern. Thus "the peace" was made stronger, and the ROSE of England lay undisturbed upon the HATCHET of the Powhatans, while the father of Pocahontas lived.

Months glided away. The bride and groom "lived civilly and lovingly together," until Sir Thomas Dale departed to England, in 1616, when they with many settlers, accompanied him. Tomocomo, one of the shrewdest of Powhatan's councillors, went also, that he might report all the wonders of England to his master. The Lady Rebecca received great attention from the court and all below it. "She accustomed herself to civility, and carried herself as daughter of a king." Dr. King, the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her "with festival state and pomp," beyond what he had ever given to other ladies; and at court she was received with the courtesy due to her rank as a princess. But the silly bigot on the throne was highly incensed, because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry *a lady of royal blood*, and, in the midst of his dreams of prerogatives, he absurdly apprehended that Rolf might lay claim "to the crown of Virginia!" Afraid of the royal displeasure, Captain Smith, who was then in England, would not allow her to call him *father*, as she desired to do. She could not comprehend the cause; and her tender, simple heart was sorely grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She remained in England about a year; and, when ready to embark for America with her husband, she sickened, and died, at Gravesend, in the flowery month of June, 1617, when not quite twenty-two years of age. She left one son, Thomas Rolf, who afterwards became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. He had but one child, a daughter. From her, some of the leading families in Virginia trace their lineage. Among these are the Bollings, Murrays, Guys, Eldridges, and Randolphs. But Pocahontas needed no posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperishably preserved in the amber of history.

Sabbath Reading.

Instinct of Prayer.

PRAYER is the natural act of a dependent being. It is the voice of nature speaking to God. We observe something like prayer even in inarticulate nature!" "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain."—The earth, onheaved, and lacerated by earthquakes and volcanoes, seem as if struggling to give utterance to some mighty sense of woe. The deep, always restless and moaning, seems as if a vague sentiment of terror was passing over its breast. The cries of animals, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of flocks and herds, may easily be interpreted as the dim conciousness of want and weakness, seeking expression.

But it is in the breast of humility that this divine instinct becomes audible. Man alone knows how helpless he is, and is capable of turning consciously to a higher Power. His life from infancy to age teaches but one lesson—that of ignorance, of weakness, and of dependence upon God. The wisest feels that he is ignorant, and that he needs a divine illumination. He bursts forth with the dying Goethe, "Light, Lord, more light." The strongest feels that he is weak. His pulse beats faintly. He feels that his existence is a detached fragment, a frail and fragile thing, and that he needs to join himself to the center of all life. He is miserable, and he would come to the Fountain of Happiness. He is guilty, and he would go where Mercy can be found.

The natural expression of his painful consciousness is to pray. Prayer is the voice of man crying to God out of the abyss of misery and guilt into which he is plunged.—Left to himself; he is like a traveller lost in one of the awful gorges of the Himmalehs. From the mountain's base he looks aloft to the strip of blue sky which is alone visable through the parted summits, and cries to Him who is enthroned above the hills to bring him up from the gates of death. Oppressed with such uncertainty and fear, there is hardly a man who does not at all times give utterance to a bitter sense of his weakness, and cry to God to help him.

It is then natural for man to pray. Pride may stifle the expression of distress. Shame may bury its head in its bosom to hide its secret woe. But the soul, feeling the breath of heaven upon it, longs to open itself to God as flowers open themselves to the sun. There is not a warm, gushing emotion of our nature which does not naturally breathe out in prayer. The heart demands an object to love, and God is presented to its affection as the best friend and confidant. Innocence draws towards God as her natural protector; and gratitude chants to the Deity an eternal hymn.

Path of the Just.--its Radiancy.

THE path of the sun is a radiant path.—It is not only glorious. That expresses but half the truth. It is glorious because it is radiant. The sun is not like the moon—a mere reflector, glittering with borrowed light. God has given it light in itself; and therefore it shines, and cannot but shine.—If the mountains could be lifted up until they should enclose it like a wall, and the clouds, ascending from the mountains, should concentrate their masses, and overarch it, like a roof, it would shine still. Nay, made the more intense by the confinement, it would turn the mountains into diamonds, and the clouds into crystals, and flash through them all, and fill the world with new splendors.

So with the path of the just. His glory is from within. It is a radiation. Put him where you will, he shines, and cannot but shine. God made him to shine, for instance—imprison Joseph, and he will shine out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. Imprison Daniel, and the dazzled lions will retire to their lairs, and the King comes forth to worship at his rising, and all Babylon bless the beauty of the brighter and better day. Imprison Peter, and, with an angel for a harbinger star, he will swell his aurora from the fountains of Jordan to the well of Beersheba, and break like the morning over mountain and sea.

Imprison Paul—and there will be high noon over the Roman Empire. Imprison John—and the isles of the Ægean and all the coast around, will kindle with sunset visions, too gorgeous to be described, but never to be forgotten—a boundless panorama of prophecy, gliding from sky to sky and enchanting the nations with openings of Heaven, transit of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the city and Kingdom of God. Not only so: for modern times have similar examples: examples in the Church, and examples in the State. For instance, bury Luther in the depths of Black Forest—and "the angel that dwelt in the bush" will honor him there: the trees around him will turn like shafts of ruby, and his glowing orbs loom up again, round and clear as the light of all Europe. Thrust Bunyan into the gloom of Bedford jail—and as he leans his head on his hands, the murky horizon of Britain will flame with fiery symbols—"delectable mountains" and celestial mansions, with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hills, and bands of bliss, from the gates of pearl, hastening to welcome them home.

[*F. H. Stockton.*

Political.

From the New Orleans Delta.

The Southern System of Labor.

OF all the disgusting, mawkish things that meet us occasionally in politics and politicians, nothing is more nauseating than the apologetic, deprecatory tones of the paltering and sinistrous class of defenders with which the Southern people have been afflicted. They are those who conceive that black slavery is an evil—that it is wrong economically, politically and morally—but that owing to imperious circumstances, it should be tolerated for a time. Unfortunately, Mr. Clay, who with all his acknowledged statesmanship, rather skimmed over the surface of great questions than dived to the bottom, was misled into this weak and namby-pamby view of the subject; and his defence of the South was scarcely less dangerous than Seward's open and formed attacks.

We are glad to see every day indications that the Southern people are determined to discountenance this whining tone and supplicating cant in their behalf, by weak or treacherous advocates who take the South before a Northern tribunal for trial, and open the pleading with a confession of guilt. We trust the political days of such are numbered, and that they will be pushed into harmless obscurity which they merit. John C. Calhoun well knew the dangerous tendency of this species of left handed vindication, and it is mainly due to his philosophic mind and masterly statesmanship that black slavery at the South has been placed on the solid basis, moral, political and economical, which it now occupies. By the laws of mental affinity, his thought has attracted the best thought of the country, and of all parties, until philosophy, statesmanship, as well as enlightened philanthrophy, are all compelled to proclaim that the black slavery of the South is right in principle and expedient in policy. Upon this basis the question must be kept, or yielded altogether.

Northern and English philanthropists and fanatics who are so eager to reform the South, act upon the assumption that the negro is a black white man, and qualified to live in perfect social and political equality with the white or Caucassian races—a fallacy that we may expect to be established when the leopard changes his spots, and the sooty Ethiopian is washed white in the fountains of the Nile. Meantime the moral justification of the South lies in facts against which fanaticism and cant are both powerless. They are these, to wit, that the negro is inferior to the white man by nature and by destiny; that he never can be his equal until the laws of God are abrogated; and that wherever and whenever the two come in juxtaposition, dominion on one side and servitude on the other—are the legitimate relations between them.

As a political institution, we find black slavery a blessing in the fact, that it prevents the enslavement of any class of the whites, and obviates an evil which has been the fruitful source of nearly all the agrarian movements and sanguinary revolutions which have rent and convulsed society—that of want and famine in the poor class. In free society, or where there is no slave population, a contest is always waging between capital and labor—between the rich and poor classes—the tendency of which is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, until extremity drives the latter to satiate at once their vengeance and their want by slaughter and rapine. Free society, no matter under what form of government, has not been able to find a remedy for this evil, and its continually recurring catastrophe. The gaunt spectre of famine is ever haunting the nominally free society of Western Europe, and there is not one of its thrones that is able to stand before the mad cry for bread. But under the system of well regulated black slavery there can be no scarcity, no famine and consequently no wild cry for bread, agrarian outbreaks and carnage.

In an economical view, black slavery is a blessing—indeed, an institution indispensable to the agriculture of the South at least. In the free States, men are inclined to shun agriculture, the simplest but the rudest, most repulsive and least remunerated of all labors, and crowd into the professions, trades, arts &c., at the expense of the productive resources of the country. The effect is, a constant tendency to a decline in agriculture, the demoralization of the laboring classes, an increase in the price of food, scarcity, and possible famine.

The tendency to neglect agriculture would be much greater in southern and tropical countries, where the whites cannot endure field labor, and the blacks will not work without a master. The present condition of Jamaica and Hayti are illustrations. Mexico is fast verging to the same condition, and all serve to convince us that on the cessation of slave labor directed by intelligence, the most productive countries in the world will begin to assume their wild fauna and flora, and to lapse into saragery. Black slavery secures the South from such a doom, while it guarantees her against poverty and famine, and the social and political evils which they engender. It is only that which can yet restore Jamaica and Hayti, and yet save Cuba from desolation; and it is that also, and an accession of new white blood which are necessary to regenerate Mexico give her political stability and do justice to her natural resources. History, geography, political economy, abound in evidence to vindicate the black slavery of the South. She wants no apologists—she only challenges injury.

Democracy.

THE New York *Express* is discussing the true meaning of the *word* at the head at this article, and says:

There has never been a word in the English language more perverted from its true meaning than the word Democracy. It is derived from two Greek words "Demos," a people, and "Kratos," power—and signifies "the power, or government by the people." Of course, then, a "Democratic government is one where the people rule themselves. Now in this broad sense we are all "Democrats," and it is absurd to style any particular party the "Democratic," because all parties in the United States recognize this as their primary principle. Who are THE PEOPLE of any country? Common sense at once answers, THE NATIVES OF THAT COUNTRY! Would it not be absurd, were it asked "What are the people of Ireland called?" to reply, "American," or "English." If then, *the people* of Ireland are the natives of its soil, so we say that THE PEOPLE of America are the natives of the country; they are *Americans*, and not French, etc. Now apply this test to the so called "Democratic" party. Will any sane man pretend that the self styled "Democratic party" is a party composed of THE people of the United States? Is it not notorious that that party has maintained itself by the fact that it is largely composed of foreigners? The People, then, of the United States do not rule themselves, but are controlled by the natives of other countries, who have come to this country to reside. We repeat, that it is a gross misnomer to call the party of office holders, many of whom the Priests direct, the Democratic party. The truth is, it a party of politicians who care chiefly for the spoils of office, having held and hunted office so long they do not care to be outed and will support any party which seems to promise the best pay. Having had control of the country, through the aid of foreign prelates and votes, for the major part of the last thirty years, they have deemed themselves invulnerable, and have resisted all attempts at reform. But now they begin to quake at the prospects of the campaign of 1856. We should not wonder now that they find that political *Priests* are poor sticks to lean on, that they will leave them in the lurch, *and for the sake of retaining office, will become loud-mouthed* Americans. Can a party of men, political tricksters, holding office through foreign votes, be in any sense a Democratic party? We maintain they cannot.

True Democracy is when a people of a country, the natives of its soil, rule themselves, either directly or through their representatives. But, with some noble exceptions, the so-called Democratic office holders represent chiefly the foreign vote, for which they bargained, and which elected them to their places. But the American people intend, henceforth, to be represented by men who will not truckle to Foreign Prelates or consult them in any political matters.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

ONE angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself cannot allay.