

**Fourth's Corner.**

**POCAHONTAS,  
THE INDIAN GIRL.**

Compiled from the *Berean* from Hale's *United States, Sparks' American Biography, and Bancroft's United States.*

When you look down upon the river, some one of these days, from the Platform, you will see two Steamers there with black sides and red funnels, looking very much alike, only the one large and the other small. You could almost fancy that the one was an old, large sea-monster, and the other its young one. But perhaps you know already that the large Steamer is the *Unicorn*; its name is taken from the fabulous animal formed like a horse with one horn on its forehead. The little Steamer has, I think, been built to resemble her, but she is called the *Pocahontas*, and has her name from a very dear Indian girl, of whom I am going to give you an account this time.

In the country which is now called Virginia, some five or six hundred miles from Quebec, there is a small stream called York River, on the banks of which Powhatan, a powerful Indian Chief, bore rule at the time when the English began to make settlements on that coast. A very bold and daring man among those settlers was Captain John Smith, who many times went up the river to see the country and get provisions, and had severe encounters with the Indians. On one occasion, in the year 1607, he visited Powhatan's country, and while he was shooting game at a distance, his boat-people were surprised and killed by the Indians, and Smith himself was discovered and taken prisoner, because he sank up to his middle in a swamp, where he could not do any thing for his defence. He was marched through the country in triumph and with many threatenings for six weeks, and at last he was presented before Powhatan, for him to decide what was to be done with the prisoner.

The Chief was seated on his sort of throne, and by his side sat his little daughter, about twelve years old. In all the accounts which we have of her, she is called Pocahontas, for that is the name by which she became known to the English; but her real name was Matoaka, and it is thought the Indians were afraid of some evil befalling her, if the English were informed how she was really called, hence they told them another name of her.

A long and solemn consultation now took place between the old Chief and his warriors; and the end was, that the prisoner must be put to death. Two large stones were brought, Smith was dragged near and his head placed upon them, that his brains might be beaten out. One man on each side raised his club, and each waited only for a nod from Powhatan to execute his savage command.

At this moment, Pocahontas rushed forward, clasped the helpless man's head in her arms, and laid her own head upon his as a defence. Her tender heart had melted with compassion for the unfortunate prisoner; she took this way of either saving Smith's life or dying with him. The Indian's iron heart was touched by this instance of tenderness, and he said to his warriors, as the prisoner seemed to be a cunning man, he might as well be spared to make hatchets for their Chief, and bells and beads for his little daughter. But the altered mind of the Chief did not stop at simply sparing the prisoner's life. After two days, he declared that they should thenceforth be friends, and the white man should be safely escorted back to his settlement. He kept his word. Twelve of his men accompanied Captain Smith as guides and guards to Jamestown, and returned with a variety of presents for Powhatan and his family.

From this time, we hear of Pocahontas now and then as the steady friend of the white settlers. At different times, when they were in great distress, she procured for them supplies of provisions, coming with a wild train of girls loaded with baskets of corn to relieve their wants. In the year 1609, she hastened through the woods in a dark and dreary night, at the peril of her own life if she were detected by her people, to tell Smith of a plot for the destruction of all the English by the Indians. The year after, she saved the life of a boy named Henry Spelman, who spent many years afterwards among the Indians. But it may be she became disheartened at the frequent occurrence of bloody wars and acts of cruelty which she had to witness and which she could not always prevent; for in the year 1612, we find that she had retired from her father's dominions to stay near the dwelling of another Chief, where one Captain Argall discovered her on a trading voyage which he made up the river. Now he concluded that it would be a great thing gained, if the English could get possession of her person, because as long as she was in their power, her old father would be kept at peace with them; and could be required to render them every help they might be in want of. He then promised presents to the Chief of the country and his wife, if they would help him to get Pocahontas on board his vessel and to carry her off to Jamestown. This wicked couple agreed to his dishonest proposal. The woman allured Pocahontas to go with her and her husband to the ship, and

when they got on board, the open-hearted girl found that she was a captive. She wept bitterly at this treachery of the white man, to whose people she had all along been so true a friend; yet she was not long in getting over this trouble, for she could expect no unkind treatment from the English at the settlement. And in this, she was not disappointed.

Captain Smith was not any longer on the coast at this time. Messengers were sent to Powhatan to tell him that his daughter was in the power of the English, and to demand that he should give up all the captives and arms that he had ever taken from them. The old Chief became very angry; it was three months before he gave an answer, making some offers, but when he found that the English would not lessen their demands, he broke off again all communications with them.

In the year 1613, the English went up armed to Powhatan's country, to try if they could frighten the Chief. They took Pocahontas with them. Two of her brothers came to see her, and found her well and contented. The English also sent one John Rolfe and another settler as messengers to treat with Powhatan; but they did not see him, and no satisfaction was obtained by this attempt. In the mean time, however, John Rolfe and Pocahontas had become very fond of each other, and the young man had an earnest desire, not only that she should become his wife, but also that she should be a partaker with him of the hopes of the gospel. He was almost distracted on the one hand by the dread of marrying a heathen, and on the other by his desire of making her his companion for life. There was a minister of the Church of England at the settlement, and a little church, wild in appearance as every thing was at the time, the roof resting on rough pine-posts, fresh from the forest, and the sides just hewn to fit into each other at the ends; and in it there was a font hewn hollow out of the trunk of a tree, to hold the water for baptism. John Rolfe's struggle of mind was at last relieved and his zeal rewarded; for Pocahontas renounced her country's idolatry, embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized at that simple font in the little church in the wilderness. Her lover's honourable proposals were kindly received by her, and cheerfully approved by her father and relatives. Her uncle Opachisco and two of her brothers were present, in the month of April 1613, when she was given in marriage to John Rolfe, and peace was concluded between the English and all the Indians who stood in awe of Powhatan's power.

John Rolfe and his wife had lived three years happily together, and she had born him a little son, when they decided upon a visit to England. They landed there on the 12th of June, and Pocahontas was received with great marks of distinction, of which she showed herself every way deserving, her natural good sense and true kindness of heart having brought her soon to adopt gentle manners. She had been told Captain Smith was dead; now when she saw him alive in England, she seemed overcome with feeling; and when she recovered herself, she insisted upon calling him father, and that she must be his child, as long as she should be in England.

After seeing the magnificence of England, she prepared, without any feelings of regret, to leave it again and return to the freedom of the western forests, and to gladden once more the eyes of her father whose race of life was nearly run. But God had determined otherwise. Early in the year 1617, she was taken sick at Gravesend, and died, her firmness and resignation in the trying hour bearing witness to the sincerity of the profession which she made at her baptism in the wilderness. The hand of mercy saved her from beholding the wasting of her tribe by that savage warfare which she had been the blessed means of restraining. She was taken from the evil to come, being only about twenty two years old, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory endued with perpetual youth.

**DEATH OF A CHILD.**

Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are understanding to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down.—*Leighton.*

**THE WHITE PLUMES.**

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Walking slowly on a sultry day along the high path that skirted a public road, my attention was roused by the sudden question of a little child, "What is coming behind us? See, it is all black and white." I turned and saw a mourning coach, through the side windows of which projected the ends of a small coffin with its velvet pall; followed by a similar carriage, containing three or four gentlemen in black cloaks. The usual attendants, with their long staves, walked with measured

steps on either side the coaches, their turbans being of white silk, as were those of the drivers. But what had chiefly attracted the observation of my little companion, was the stately plume of white feathers waving on the heads of noble horses, whose glossy coats of jet black, velvet housings, long flowing manes and tails, and majestic bearing, as they paced along with restrained animation, could derive no additional grace from what, nevertheless, gave a striking finish to the spectacle.

"It is a baby's funeral," said I.

"But why are the feathers white? I thought all funerals went in mourning, and white is no mourning, you know."

I explained to the little enquirer the custom of substituting white for black on such an occasion; and then gratified his wish by accompanying, or rather following, the procession to the church, which was not far distant.

Why are the plumes white? I mentally repeated, and looked again at those waving crests. In point of fact they were not white, for the dusty road had imparted to them enough of its own substance to disguise their snowy aspect. Belonging, as they certainly did, to the pomps and vanities of this world, they wore its livery—defilement. Still, as distinguished from customary black, they were white plumes; and, with the other admixtures of that hue, shed light upon the darksome accompaniments, like sunshine breaking into smiles the cloudy shadows on some distant hill. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," was the text that occurred to my mind; and I dwelt upon the "sure and certain hope" that, in the case of an infant taken away, as infants undoubtedly are, from the evil to come, cannot fail to mingle a beam of gladness even with the first deep sorrow of a bereaved parent. Again I looked; and again the proud tread of those stately horses, the waving of their bright crests, and the fluttering of the white-edged pall, as a current of air passed occasionally through the windows, bespoke a character less of mourning than of triumph. I thought of the little inmate, riding there in solitary state, as of one who had conquered in the battle without striking a blow, succeeded in the race without moving a foot; and who now was crowned with glory incorruptible, never to fade away. It seemed almost a privilege to follow in such a train, to assist at such an ovation. But when the procession had reached its appointed place, and the pageantry, withdrawing, left the coffin, to be laid upon its tressels in the aisle of the church, and David's touching lament over frail mortality was poured forth, the joyousness of the preceding moments gave place to feelings sad and solemn, as the mind reverted to what man was at his bright creation, and what he is become through the entrance of sin and death. Scarcely could a handful of earth be selected from the ground whereon we stood, when the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place, which had not once been instinct with rational life, capable of glorifying God, whose is the body no less than the soul; and, O, among the multitude who had there become dust, how few might I dare to hope, had so glorified him! Dark, indeed, is the history of man, as written on earth's surface in characters formed by its rising mounds; and again I rejoiced that another had been rescued ere he could lift a hand, or form a thought, in rebellion against his God. Still, rebellion was his inheritance; and the taint would have speedily showed itself in open acts of presumptuous sin, proving his natural claim to a rebel's doom; a portion of which, the penalty of bodily death, had already been awarded, in token that he was liable to the whole infliction; but the short history of that babe was beautifully summed up in one line of the well known epitaph:

"He died, for Adam sinned; he lives, for Jesus died."

As I passed where the carriage waited to convey the mourners back to their distant residence, I looked for the white plumes; but they were gone. It was well, for what had he farther to do with any of this world's idle show? The earth had enclosed him, to open no more that portal, till she shall be called to yield up her dead, and to restore, in power and incorruption, what had been sown in weakness and dishonour. The white plumes, wherewith parental love had done honour to the baby's obsequies, could honour him no longer; but white robes had glittered in heaven, and palms had waved, and harps of gold had been tuned, to welcome a lamb, from among the lost sheep, to the soft green pastures and fountains of living waters, where the good Shepherd tends his happy flock for ever. O that we could realize these things more feelingly! We live in a shadowy world, and grasp at those shadows, as though they were the only real substance: while on that which endureth for ever we cast but now and then a transient thought, or stretch forth a wishful hand, without any real and vigorous effort to lay hold on eternal life. The trappings of woe are soon laid aside, and with them, too readily, the lesson that they perchance had brought to our reluctant minds. May the Holy Spirit, helping our infirmities, put life and meaning into the prayer too often mechanically uttered, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

**PROSPECTS FOR AFRICA.**

(From the *Friend of the Africans.*)

Extract from a Letter of Lieutenant Raymond, of Her Majesty's Brigantine "Spy," to Captain Foote; dated Prince's, December 11, 1812.

"At 8 p. m. of the 1st instant, I received the letters from the respective Chiefs, and upon the turn of the tide (then flood) I dropt down the river, and went to sea, for the purpose of rejoining you.

"With regard to the degree of power possessed by the two Chiefs, Eyamba, of Calabar, and Eyo, of Creek Town, Calabar, I am of opinion, from all the information I have been able to obtain, that they are entirely independent of each other, and possess sole power in their respective dominions, which are very extensive; they wish to become planters of cotton and coffee, to give employment to the immense number of Slaves they have by them; and, above all, to have a Missionary sent out to teach them; they are more disposed to be civilised here than at any other place I have yet been to."

Old Calabar, December 1, 1812.

"Now we have settled Treaty for not buying Slaves, I must tell you something I want your Queen to do for us; now we can't sell Slaves again, we must have too many man for country, and want something for make work and trade. And if we could have some seed for cotton and coffee, we could make trade; plenty sugar-cane live here, and if some man could come to teach way for do it, we get plenty sugar too; and then some man must come for teach book proper, and make all man serve God for white man; and then we go on by same fashion; we thank you too much for do what thing you have, and coming to keep thing right; long time we no look man of war; all same Mr. Blount promise, and one Frenchman been for make plenty palaver for Slave side when he can't have them: you been do very proper for us, and now we want to keep proper mouth, I hope some man of war must come sometimes with proper captain. All same you to look out for us, and help us to keep word. I hope Queen Victoria, and young Prince, will live long time, and we shall get good friend.

"I am your best friend,  
(Signed,) "KING EYAMBA,  
(The King of all Blackman.)"

Creek Town, December 1, 1812.

"I have too much man now, I can't sell Slaves, and don't know what for do for them; but if I can catch some small cotton here, and coffee to grow, and man to teach me, and to make all sugar-cane live for country come up proper, and sell for trade side, I very glad. Mr. Blyth tell me England glad for send me to teach for understand God all same white man; if Queen do so, I glad too much.

(Signed,) "KING EYO HONESTY."

**WOMAN'S BEST TREASURE.**

In the year 1140, the castle of Weinsberg in Suabia, into which Duke Guelf of Bavaria had thrown himself, was besieged by the Emperor Conrad III. of Germany. Being reduced to great distress, and knowing that his powerful enemy had sworn to give quarter to none of the seditious garrison within, the duke opened negotiations for the safety of the guiltless females at least; and no difficulty was experienced in obtaining the Emperor's consent that they all should leave the castle with as much as each of them could carry of what was dearest to her. As soon as these terms had been secured, the castle-gates opened, and forth came the fair prisoners—the Duchess and all the other ladies, each with her husband upon her back: they had nothing dearer to them than these. The Emperor was exceedingly affected, and confessed himself fairly taken in.

A benevolent Society now exists in that part of Germany, having for its object the relief of distressed women who have distinguished themselves by conjugal faithfulness under circumstances requiring painful sacrifice—for instance, by devoted attendance upon a husband under protracted sickness.—*From a German's note book.*

**RESPONSE TO PREACHING.**

Father Rocca, a popular preacher in Sicily, was one day delivering a penitential sermon at which his audience manifested uncommon feeling. When he thought them sufficiently impressed with a sense of their guilt in the sight of God, he suddenly addressed them in these words: "Whoever amongst you feels self-condemned and sincerely penitent, let him lift up his hand." Instantly all hands before him were raised high up. He then exclaimed with great solemnity: "And if any hand is now raised hypocritically, O Archangel Michael, who holdest the adamant sword of divine vengeance, cut it off!" At which with equal promptitude every hand was dropped.

**ENGLISH SPELLING.**

It is not present to every English Teacher's mind, that in teaching his scholar letters, he requires him to learn a number of names quite arbitrary and not a little puzzling to his little brains. Why should he be called *aitch*? why should z be called *izzard*, as we often hear it, and q be called *kw*? Some years ago, a Gentleman in Gloucestershire appeared as a witness in court. He was asked his name. "Ottiwel Wood" was the answer. "How do you spell it?" He had to reply as follows:

"O double tea  
I double you  
E double ell  
Double you  
Double O  
D."

It is much to be wondered at, when such is the first entrance upon development of the faculties at school, that the number of puzzle-heads is not far greater than we find it.

Principle, rectitude, a firm holding on in consistency, will at length command respect, though at particular periods you may have to go through much evil report.

Try to raise man to Christianity; do not lower Christianity to man.

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Ps. cxix. 57.—Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said that I would keep thy word: 1st Samuel, iii. 10.—Speak, Lord: for thy servant heareth! Quebec, 4th April, 1814.

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