

INTERESTING RECOVERY AND RELEASE OF AN ENGLISHMAN, AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS' SLAVERY AMONGST SAVAGES AT TORRES' STRAITS.

The Essington schooner, Captain Watson, which arrived on Thursday night, brings with her a young man named Joseph Forbes, picked up by Captain Watson at Louran, Timor Laut, in Torres' Straits, on the 1st of April last. Forbes, it appears, is the only survivor of the crew of the schooner Statescomb, of London, which was forcibly taken possession of and ultimately destroyed and the crew massacred by the savages at Timor Laut, in 1822. The lad states that he sailed as cabin boy from London in the Statescomb, Captain Barnes, in 1821, bound on a trading voyage among the islands in Torres' Straits. At Melville Island, Captain Barnes resigned the charge of the vessel into the hands of the chief officer. The schooner reached Timor Laut at night, and the next morning the Captain and the boat's crew went on shore to trade, leaving Forbes, the steward, and another boy named John Edwards, on board. About noon Forbes took the glass to see whether the Captain was returning to dinner, and to his horror saw the savages attacking and murdering the captain and boat's crew. Apprehensive that when the tragedy going on on shore was completed the savages would put off to take possession of the vessel and subject these on board to the same fate as their companions ashore, the boys slipped the cable intending to get underweigh, to avoid their impending danger, but before they could accomplish their purpose the savages came off in their canoes and took possession of the vessel, letting go the small anchor to bring her up again. The boys took refuge in the rigging, but the steward was immediately surrounded by the savages, one of whom dashed his brains out with a piece of a handspike, and threw the body overboard. The boys remained at the mast head till the evening. The savages, in the meantime, made several efforts to go aloft, but desisted from fear. Several arrows were shot at the boys, but fortunately none of them took effect. Fearful, however, that they could not much longer escape, they at last resolved to come down; the savages immediately stripped them, put them into the canoes, and took them ashore. On their arrival the boys found that the savages had arranged the headless bodies of their murdered companions in a line on the beach, over which they were compelled to walk, Forbes recognizing the remains of his brother, one of the crew, in the third body on which they had to tread. On the following day the bodies were thrown into the bay. The heads were tied together and hung upon a tree in the centre of the village, round which the savages danced for three successive days and nights. Subsequently, when decomposition had advanced to such a degree as to become offensive, the heads were taken down and placed alongside a stone near the beach, where they remained until buried by the boy Forbes, without the knowledge of the savages about six years afterwards. On the day succeeding that on which the massacre took place, the savages ransacked the vessel, and after taking every thing out of her to which they took a fancy, they hauled her on the beach and set fire to her. The boy Edwards survived his captivity about seven years, when he died through the effects of exposure to the sun, and the ill treatment of the savages. After his death his remains were placed in a basket and hung up on a tree on the beach, where they remained until the bones fell piece by piece through the basket, which had become decayed, and were picked up and buried around the root of the tree by his surviving companion in misfortune. During the day the boys were employed in planting cocoa nuts, yams, melons, tobacco, &c. and during a portion of the night in fishing. Their food generally consisted of yams and fish. At first, before Forbes became acquainted with the language, they used to knock him down and otherwise maltreat him if he did not immediately do what they told him, whether he understood them or not. Subsequently when he became better acquainted with the language, he was treated much more humanely, but during the whole seventeen years he remained on the Island he was treated as a slave. The savages cut his ears and suspended from them large ear-rings, nearly half a pound each in weight. His teeth were filed to the gums, his arms burnt, and the back of his right hand tattooed. Whenever a vessel hove in sight he was bound hand and foot and carried into the interior until the vessel had gone. About four years ago, two vessels let go their anchors in Olilet, a village adjoining Louran, and offered gawn pieces and other articles of traffic as a ransom, but the natives refused to give him up, even if they should offer the vessels themselves. In March last a Dutch man-of-war anchored at Olilet; the natives went on board and informed the commander that there was an Englishman on the island, whom they would give up for some muskets and ammunition (the boy was at this time unable to walk from disease in his feet), but the offer was refused. The Dutchman fell in with the Essington, about a week afterwards, and Captain Watson having learned what had occurred, much to his credit, resolved to rescue the captive if possible. On the 31st March, the Essington reached Olilet. Several natives, among whom was one of the principal chiefs, came on board. This personage Captain Watson took immediate measures to secure, and, having succeeded, the others were driven off and informed that the chief should be held captive, until the white man was delivered safe on board. Several stratagems were resorted to in order to get the chief off, and an attempt was even made to capture the vessel, which fortunately failed. Captain Watson, finding that moderate measures were useless, then gave the chief to understand that if the white man was not given up immediately

he would execute summary justice on him. The chief, beginning to get alarmed, thought it best policy to comply with the Captain's demand, and the lad was accordingly given up. The chief was then presented with three old muskets, some handkerchiefs and fish-hooks, and dismissed.

Before the boy was taken on board the savages told him that they were determined never to hurt another Englishman. The chief next in authority took the captive, cut the arm of another chief sufficiently deep to draw the blood, and with his finger crossed the sword with blood from the wound; the chief then tasted the blood and told the boy to do the same, which he did, this being their mode of imposing the obligation of an oath. When the lad was brought on board his hair was of immense length, hanging down nearly to his knees; his ears were extended to an unnatural length from the weight of the ornaments he was compelled to wear; his feet were so much diseased from the effects of the burning heat of the sun on the sand, that he was not able to walk. He had completely forgotten his native language, retaining only a sufficient recollection of it to be able to pronounce his own name; he was not able even to understand what countrymen had rescued him. In the course of a short time, however, he recovered his recollection of the language, and speaks English as fluently as ever he did. The crew of the Statescomb consisted of the master, six men, and two boys, all of whom were massacred, with the exception of Forbes and Edwards. Forbes states that about thirteen years ago the savages took possession of a Dutch vessel at a place called Larrat, some distance from Olilet, massacred the crew and set fire to the vessel. The Dutch Government at Copang sent a man-of-war to punish the murderers, as soon as the intelligence was received. The village was entirely destroyed by the Dutch, the cocoa nut trees cut down, and the plantations destroyed. The inhabitants who on the first alarm had taken us both, then escaped; but some elderly persons who were unable to leave their huts, perished in the flames. We trust Captain Watson's humane exertions in the matter will be rewarded by some suitable mark of public approbation.—*Sydney Gazette*.

THE MONKS AND DOGS OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

—The hospitality and unwearied humanity of the monks of the convent of St. Bernard, have long been proverbial. In the year 1818, alone, the meals furnished by them to travellers, amounted to no fewer than thirty-one thousand and seventy-eight.

The breed of dogs, kept by the monks to assist them in recovering lost travellers, has long been celebrated, and many of their aboriginal descendants may be now found in our city, celebrated for sagacity and fidelity. In the year 1823, all the oldest and most tried of these animals were buried, together with many unfortunate travellers, under one of those tremendous snow-falls so peculiar to the Alps. Three or four promising puppies were reserved in the convent, and from them the present descendants have originated. One of the most celebrated of the existing species, was one called BARRY. This animal served the hospital for twelve years, during which he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable; whenever the mountain was enveloped in fog and snow, he set out for objects of distress. He was accustomed to run barking till he lost his breath, and would frequently venture on the most hazardous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks. One day this interesting animal found a child, in a frozen state, between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice-house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his caresses, he induced the child to fasten himself to his body, and in this way he carried his charge in triumph to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Barney. After his death, his hide was stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial in which he carried a reviving liquor to the distressed travellers, whom he frequently found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck in his silent but sacred tomb; and no doubt exists, but many an Alpine destitute traveller will yet be found to bear testimony to the fidelity and almost christian guardianship of the dog Barry.

THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

—There has not been, for the last twenty years, a single minister in France (ministers of war excepted,) who has not been the editor of or writer in a newspaper. The same may be said of every political character of importance and of every literary person of celebrity. Without going back to the days of Mirabeau, Madame Roland, Lameth, &c., who were all journalists in their day, in the author's time there have been Benjamin Constant and general Foy. And in the present day there is Chateaubriand, he who has wrestled in journals with apostolic zeal for peace and liberty and faith, and there is Guizot, the author of *L'Histoire de Progres de la Civilisation*, and *Les Memoires de Washington*, which are only just published, and there is Villemain, the eulogist of Montaigne, Cousin, Mauguin, Barrot, Berryer, the two Bertins, &c. &c. The literary list is not less rich in illustrious names than the political. Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Balsac, Jules Janin, and a host of others, are all writers in journals; not to forget Madame Emile de Girardin herself, who, under the name of *Le Vicomte de Launay*, has long been a contributor to "La Presse." In a word, all good writers in France, either have been, are, or will be journalists. It is impossible it can be otherwise; newspapers with our continental neighbours being much more powerful and universal engines than they have yet been with us. Smaller in size, they are more redolent of general interest. In

them nations discourse together; the present, past, and future, are all appealed to and discussed. Every thing is revealed to the public. Every body is praised or attacked—often no doubt unjustly and unfairly; but here lies the abuse. This is the alloy that appears to be inevitable in all things earthly, and which amalgamates so much too readily with what would otherwise be the pure and shining ore of human intelligence.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE ASHANTEE PRINCES.

—Monday the Prince William Quantainassah and Prince John Ansale, nephews of the powerful King of Ashantee, arrived at the New London Inn, in this city, on the route to Plymouth and Cornwall, accompanied by the Rev. T. Pyne, of Tooting. These young Princes are about 18 and 19 years of age, and were delivered over to our Government as hostages a few years since, at the termination of a treaty with the Ashantees on the Gold Coast of Africa; they are exceedingly interesting and intelligent young men, and have greatly profited by the care and attention bestowed upon their education; they are now engaged in a tour through England, to inspect the principal manufactories, and other places worthy of their attention, previous to their return to their native country. They have not only been taught the Christian Religion, but we believe are sincere and true converts, and the selection of a clergyman of piety and literary attainments as their present companion, reflects great credit on Lord John Russell, who has taken a lively interest in the welfare of the young Princes. It is intended that they shall leave England about six months hence for Ashantee, and it is hoped their influence and exertions will not only prove of great advantage, in a political point of view, to our settlements in the neighbourhood, but tend to impede that accursed traffic in human flesh, which, while the British are prohibited from engaging in it, is continued surreptitiously under other flags, to the great detriment of legitimate commerce and civilization.—*London Paper*.

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.

—In Madagascar, grows a singular tree (*Urania*) which from its property of yielding water, is called the Traveller's Friend. It differs from most other trees, in having all its branches in one place, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch, grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out very gracefully. These leaves radiate heat so rapidly after sunset, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them; and soon collecting into drops, forms little streams which go down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow spaces of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one over the other alternately, and when a knife, or, what is better, a flat piece of stick, (for it is not necessary to cut the tree,) is inserted between the parts which overlay, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water gushes out, as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of "Traveller's Friend."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

—If you should happen to meet with an accident at table, endeavour to preserve your composure, and do not add to the discomfort you have created by making an unnecessary fuss about it. I remember hearing it told of a very accomplished gentleman, that when carving a very tough goose he had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of the lady next to him, on which he looked her full in the face and said, "Ma'am, I will thank you for that goose." This manner of bearing such a mortifying accident gained him more credit than he lost by his awkward carving.

NIGHT ATTACKS.

—The French usually advanced to make their first attack before the early light of dawn; when, turning our attention to a feigned attempt upon some well defended post, their principal assault was made upon the weakest part of our position. Thus it was in Egypt, when Menou, spreading out his troops upon a wide extent of surface, burst like a torrent upon our lines; and covered by the darkness, made a false attack upon the left, in order to divert us from the real object of his fire; while, on the right, a desperate struggle terminated in the defeat of the assailing party. The beginning of a combat such as this almost amounted to a night attack, and was fully as exciting in its nature. Nothing could be more impressive than the eve of such a business, nor could a situation be imagined where so great a number of melo-dramatic scenes were represented. During the live-long hours (which seemed as though they were never to have an end) all was wrapt in awful stillness. The slightest murmur could be heard distinctly.

The half extinguished fires of the bivouac, both of friends and foes, threw a lurid glare upon the pallid faces of the veterans who lay in groups around them; while those veterans waiting the signal to arise, were, like wild Indians, prepared and armed to rush with fury on each other.

The flash which gleamed from a rambling fire of picquets gave the first alarm, when "Stand to arms, men!" was heard in many quarters. The soldiers, starting on their feet with the spring of buoyancy and vigour, were quickly on their ground; some, as they rose, were peering through the gloom; and others, listening with eagerness as the noise of war approached. Distant sounds or voices from the enemy filled up the pauses which ensued; while pouring in with the tramp of men inured to early work, their voices sounded loudly on the ear; the blast of bugles far and near, with loud and sharp commands, answered to each other. By this time "grey-eyed morn" began to throw a glimpse of light on the affair, when, within the shortest space, all were commingled in one impetuous fray. Here the romance of fighting was at an end; the veil of night withdrawn, it

was all fair play, straightforward work; where the bravest men had room and light to exercise their valour, and to give a specimen to their less adventurous comrades of what a soldier was and ought to be.—*Major Patterson's Camp and Quarters*.

TOWER OF BABEL.

—The following account of the Tower of Babel from Sir Robert K. Porter's travels in Western Asia, between the years 1817 and 1820, is quoted by Professor Silliman, in his last number of the *Journal of Science*.

This is an immense pile of ruins—at its base it measures 3,082 feet in circuit; width 450 feet—it presents two stages of hills, the first about 66 feet high, cloven into a deep ravine by the ruin, and intersected with the furrows of ages. To the base of the second ascent is about two hundred feet from the bottom of the entire pile, and from the base of this ruin to the top is 35 feet.—On the western side, the entire mass rises at once from the plain in one stupendous, though irregular pyramidal hill, broken in the slopes of its sweeping acclivities by time and violence. The south and north fronts are particularly abrupt towards the point of the brick ruin; on the north side there are large piles of ruins of fine brick work, projecting from among immense masses of rubbish at the base; the fine bricks were evidently part of the extreme summit in a solid mass 28 feet broad, made of the most beautiful brick and masonry, and presenting the apparent angle of some structure originally of a square shape, the remains of which stand on the east to the height of 85 feet, and to the south 22 feet. It is rent from the top to nearly half way down—the remains of the masonry are furnace-burnt bricks; they are united by a calcareous cement about a quarter of an inch in thickness, having in it a layer of straw, and so hard that it could not be separated. The base of the structure was not altered, but the piles of fine brick thrown down were vitrified with various colours, and they gave the ringing sound belonging to the vitrifications of glass in the manufactories; the lines of cement are visible and distinct, and are vitrified. The consuming powers appear to have acted from above, and the scattered ruins fell from a higher point than the summit of the present standing fragment.

The heat of the fire which produced such amazing effects must have burned with much force. From the appearance of the cleft in the wall and these vitrified masses, I should be inclined, says the author, to attribute the catastrophe from heaven. Ruins, by the explosion of any combustible matter, would have exhibited very different appearances. The entire surface of the structure appears to have been faced with fine brick.

TO APPRENTICES.

—The only way for a young man to prepare for usefulness, is to devote himself to study, during his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business. Never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit that will make you respected by your employer and the community. Make it your business to see and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own. Second, be industrious in your studies. Few persons can complain of a harder master than Franklin's, yet he had laid the foundation of his greatness while an apprentice. Success depends not on the amount of leisure you may have, but upon the manner in which it is employed.

HINT TO FARMERS.

—It is much to be wished that our farmers were more desirous to possess good, fertile, productive farms, than large farms. If farmers in our country, instead of increasing the number of their acres, would bestow more care and expense in cultivating, in the best possible manner, every acre they already possess, they would live easier, and become richer and happier also. It has often been remarked, especially by those who have travelled abroad, that the great fault of our American farmers, lies in their eager desires to add field to field, which often impoverishes them, keeps them in debt, and renders them unable to bring any of their land into the highest and most profitable state of cultivation. The advice of Dean Swift should be treasured up by every farmer. This distinguished man said, "Whoever can make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."—*Mercantile Journal*.

On Monday last, the ceremony of dispelling the supposed evil influence of witchcraft took place at Newlyn. It appears that a mackerel seine called the Broom, had the ill luck of invariably missing whatever fish she shot at, and the cause was attributed to the evil wishes of a simple young woman of the place, and the mode adopted to counteract it was the burning of a portion of the article under the influence of the supposed witch, amid the cheers and huzzas of the assembled multitude.—*Falmouth Packet*.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

O, I love to see a captain take down his chart and consult it carefully and thoughtfully. It teaches me such a lesson in regard to my own duty. What I shall I be ashamed to consult my Bible, when he is not ashamed to consult his chart? I have infinitely greater interest at stake than he has. His voyage is temporal; but I am on the great voyage to Eternity.—(Goodell.)