

he is always ashamed of. "I knew the poor boy was my own brother." He paused, and then added, "I wonder has any of the great people made out in these improving times, what it is that draws people's hearts together without a reason or a knowledge. I'm too old to take much to strangers; but I felt my heart turn to that boy from the minute I seen him—a something stir in my breast to him—little thinking what it was. Its natur', I suppose, turn it which way they will, it's natur'; they can't go beyond it, nor get past it, with all their learning; it will have its own way—why not?"

I asked how he was.

"A wild life, ma'am; but I hope the end will be peaceful; he can't live, he's too far gone: but sure his mother and people are with him, and the Lord is merciful!"

Lawrence Larkin shouldered his hod—the usual steady expression of his features returned—he, as I have said, shouldered his hod and departed. Few, if any, who pass him in the street, will vouchsafe a thought upon him. During the week, he is a Bricklayer's Laborer; a creature, both to the destiny of carrying a hod and making mortar—and that is all!—on Sunday, he is confounded amid the hosts of "poor Irish," "disorderly Irish," "labouring Irish," hated with a bitter, but most unworthy and undeserved hatred by his own class of English fellow subjects, while the more refined consider him as a disorderly being, to be either feared or laughed at.

Does Larkin, the Bricklayer's Laborer, deserve to be so looked upon? Believe me, English reader—you with whom justice is always a duty—believe, amongst the class you either overlook or despise, Larry is by no means an uncommon character.

RELEASE OF AN ENGLISHMAN,

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS' SLAVERY AMONGST SAVAGES.

The Essington schooner, Captain Watson, which arrived recently, brought 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 Strait. 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. The boys slipped the cable, intending to get under weigh, to avoid the 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 none took effect. 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 he 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 upon 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 foot of a 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. At first, before Forbes became acquainted with the language, they used to maltreat him if he did not immediately do what they told him. 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 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 at Olilet, a village adjoining Louran, and offered gown 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. Captain Watson, finding that moderate measures were useless, gave the chief to understand that if the white man was not given up immediately, he should execute summary justice on him. The chief thought it the 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. When the lad was brought on board his hair hung 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. 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. — *Sydney (G. B.) Gazette, July 20.*

HYMN OF THE CITY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Not in the solitude
Alone, may Man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
Or sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty—here amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies.

And giv'st them stores
Of Ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the reckless mass that sweeps along;
And the eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest
Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

MUSINGS.

My window opens upon the fair valley of the Connecticut, and at this season of the year nothing can half equal the beauty of the scenery. The broad, silvery stream, sweeping here, with a graceful curve, around a bold headland, hurries on to pour its offering into the ocean's bosom, its either bank, as it bends to the flowing current, covered with the richest verdure. Beyond, the country rises with a continuous ascent, until the blue summits of the hills seem to blend with the over-arching skies.

No language can express the luxury of feeling that springs up responsive to the calls of the "op'ning year." The newness and

buoyancy of life, the vigour of thought, the energy of purpose, and the shaking off of all the dull, sickly influences, that the past death of nature has thrown upon the soul, chime harmoniously in with the expressive melodies of a world bursting into life afresh.

That heart must be most unfeeling and barren of all that is high and holy in our common nature, not to be moved, as the earth offers up, from a thousand speechless, though eloquent tongues, glory and honour and praise to its Creator.

O! let us also bow, while every ripening murmur is hushed by this visible manifestation of goodness infinite, unsearchable, and offer up to Him, who can unlock the treasures of hopes and joys, and insure their happy consummation, an offering fresh from the heart, and full of gratitude.

What gives this mysterious life to the world around? What spirit, enlivening, all-pervading, breathes its own nature into decay, and chaiges it to beauty? Who unlocks the treasures of fragrance, and frowns upon the air, such clouds of perfume? Who unfolds the leaves of tree and flower, and wakens anew the rich melodies of birds? "Jupiter in all things," cries the devout Roman; and well may the Christian answer to these inquiries, God in all things, the life, the inspiration, the fragrance, and the glory. Memory seems to catch the spirit of surrounding nature, and waked to new life, opens to the heart its long buried records.

Kind angel! thou art ever faithful to the pledges delivered, unto thee, and on thy wings I hasten over the wearisome course of years, and hurry myself once more in the innocent, unsuspecting joys of childhood; those days when joy was ecstasy, and pain a dream. I kneel again, in chastened love, upon the green mound of her, who left a mother's dying blessing on my head, and pluck thence the first wild flower of spring—a memento most precious. Sainted spirit! do they love in heaven?—*Boston Weekly Magazine.*

INVASION OF LOCUSTS.

At the time of our expedition, the periodical visitation of locusts, which occurs once in seven years, was devastating parts of the island of Manilla; and on the following day the place where I resided was doomed to share in the distress. We were flattering ourselves that the scourge would not come near us, when dark clouds were seen, far over the lake, approaching noiselessly, save in the rushing of wings, and soon the sun was hid, and night seemed coming before her time. Mile upon mile in length moved the deep broad column of this insect army; and the cultivator looked, and was silent, for the calamity was too overwhelming for words. There was promise of unusual productiveness, when the destroyer alighted. In a moment nothing was seen over the extended surface but a black mass of animated matter, heaving like a sea over the hopes of the planter. And when it arose to renew its flight, in search of food for the millions who had no share in the feast, it left behind desolation and ruin. Not a green thing stood where it had been, and the very earth looked as though no redeeming fertility was left to it. Human exertions availed nothing against the enemy. Wherever he came he swept like a consuming fire, and the ground seemed scorched by his presence. Branches of trees were broken by the accumulated weight of countless numbers; and the cattle fled in dismay before the rolling waves of this living ocean. The rewards of government and the devices of the husbandman for his protection were useless. Myriads of insects were taken and heaped together, till the air, for miles, was polluted. The typhon was the irresistible agent which at last terminated their ravages, and drove them before it into the Pacific. This remedy prostrated what the locust had left, but still it was prayed for as a mercy, and received with thanksgiving. — *Siliman's Journal.*

WOMAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Woman's little world is overclouded for lack of the old familiar means and appliances. The husband goes to his work with the same axe or hoe which fitted his hand in his old woods and fields; he tills the same soil, or perhaps a far richer and more hopeful one—he gazes on the same book of nature, which he has read from his infancy, and sees only a fresher and more glowing page; and he turns to his home with the sun strong in heart and full of self-gratulation on the favourable change in his lot. But he finds the home-bird drooping and disconsolate. She has been looking in vain for the reflection of any of the cherished features of her own dear fire-side. She has found a thousand deficiencies which her rougher mate can scarce be taught to feel as evils. What cares he if the time-honoured cupboard is meagerly represented by a few oak boards lying on pegs, and called shelves? His tea equipage shines as it was wont—the biscuits can hardly stay on the brightly-glistening plates. Will he find fault with the clay-built oven, or even the tin reflector? His bread, never, was better baked. What does he want with the great old cushioned rocking-chair? When he is tired he goes to bed, for he is never tired till bed-time. Women are the grumblers in Michigan, and they have some apology. Many of them have made sacrifices for which they were not at all prepared, and which detract largely from their every day stores of comfort. The conviction of good accruing on a large scale does not prevent the wearing sense of minor deprivations. — *From Scenes in Michigan, by Mrs. M. Clavers.*

Neither death nor the grave can break the bonds of real friendship. — *Jenkins.*