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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

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☞ The following touching lines appear in one of the new London Annuals for 1851:

The Mother's Last Song.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Sleep!—the ghostly winds are blowing,
Not moon's abroad: no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire
('Twas melted away by his look of fire;)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
And for the sake of man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel; the world's untrue;
Our foes are many; our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for us to do—
But fly—fly,
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

The Inebriate's Lament.

BY H. D. WHITE.

I have drank till friends have left me,
Till my strength of mind is gone;
And amid the world I'm standing,
A reprobate—alone!
I have blighted sweet affections,
I have wronged a gentle heart,
And the hopes I fondly cherished,
In the night of grief—depart.

I have wandered far and sadly,
And my heart can thrill no more;
But the thoughts still fondly linger
O'er the pleasant days of yore;
In the times when I am saddest—
In my hours of mental pain—
When delirium's fever tortures,
And there's fire within my brain.

When I shrink from all around me,
With a dread and dangerous fear—
There gleams in mem'ry's desert
An oasis bright and clear:
O'er its joys of placid gladness—
O'er its hope's of brighter years,
I can dwell with mournful sadness,
And in wealth of guileless tears.

Though I've wept upon the coffin
Of the sweetest hopes of life,
Though my cup henceforth be mingled
With the wretchedness of strife—
There's a just god reigns above us—
In his goodness will I trust;
Bowing low in meek submission,
And suffer as I must.

THE CLOUD.

Had there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow. In Paradise there was none, in man's innocence there was no need of any. Had there been no sin, there would never have been any sorrow, any gloom; but one clear, bright day of unbroken sunshine. But then we never could have seen the Father—have beheld him in all his wisdom, power and love, exhibited to us now in the face of Jesus Christ, nor ever have attained that eternal height of glory prepared for us by union with the Son of God. Without the tremendous darkness of the fall, the rainbow crown had never circled the Redeemer's head; so now, without clouds, we cannot see the rainbow and the darker they are, the brighter it appears. "Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven." Where could we have seen, what could we have known of our Father's mercy and our Saviour's love, the comforts of his spirit, and the power of his grace, without those intervals of gloom and sadness, that put them to the proof, and bring forth their strongest coloring? Can we find it in our hearts to wish our clouds away? If ever, at the approach of sunset, we have seen the pure, bright disc without a vapor near it, while above it and around it, tipped with burnished gold, rolled the broken masses of a dispersing thunder storm, and, in the opposite heavens, the rainbow arch drawn on the dark bosom of the receding shower; just so will be the aspect of our griefs and cares, when the ransomed soul is taking its departure to another world. An awful glory will light up the past; in deepened shadow, and in stronger light, each little circumstances of our past lives will be exhibited; things that went lightly over at the time, will gather substance and importance at the last; our escaped perils will be seen more fearful, our vanquished foes more terrible, our sins a thousand times more black—but it is not then that we shall wish our day of time had been lit up with Italian sunshine.

THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED.—Dr. Arnold very strikingly remarks: "Men forget what they were in their youth, or at least only partially remember it; it is hard even for those whose memories are strongest and lively, to put themselves exactly into the same position in which they stood as boys; they scarcely fancy that there was a time when they cared so much for pleasures and troubles which now seem so trifling. And it may be, that if we rise hereafter to angels' stature, if we join the ears such as we dream not of; if, being counted worthy to know God as he is, the poorest of all created pleasures shall be revealed to us, flashing upon our uncreated spirits like lights—it may be, that we shall feel it as hard to fancy how we could have cared for what we now deem most important; how twenty years, more or less, from these dear friends with whom we are now united forever—how this could have seemed of any importance to beings born for immortality—It is quite reasonable to suppose that the interests of manhood will hereafter appear to us just as insignificant; I ought rather to say ten thousand times more so, than the interests of our boyish years seem to us now.

"Can you read and write, my son?"—"Yes, sir!" "And, I suppose, would like to study geography—would'nt you?"—"No, sir-ee!—I get licked twice a day now." Nice sense of rattan that.

CHITA;

OR, A VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

We dined the first evening at the Trattoria dell' Ercole, and took an ice at the Caffe di Europa. But our heads were in a disagreeable whirl, and we enjoyed nothing. We missed the creaking and the groaning of the Maria Christina; for which the rumbling of a few carriages, and the buzz of voices on the promenade, seemed—such is the force of habit—an insignificant compensation. Lines of well-lit shops, crowds of well dressed people, balconies filled with ladies, collonades of churches, and facades of palaces, danced dimly before our eyes, instead of the accustomed cordages, the naked masts, the smutty sail, the breast-high bulwarks, and that horrid squat funnel, with its cascade of black smoke, tinged, as it rolled forth, with a dull red glow. When I retired to rest, I caught myself holding on to the bed as if prepared to get into it; and I dreamed of nothing all night but the trampling of feet overhead, whistling of wind through the rigging, shifting of the anchor-chain, and all sorts of abominable noises. These physical reminiscences, however, disappeared next day, and I was prepared to enjoy Naples.

I did enjoy it; and I hope all my readers may enjoy it too. I know this is wishing a tremendously long life to some of them: but such a wish will offend nobody. During one of my strolls—this time I was alone—I came to the foot of the vast flight of steps shaded by trees that leads up towards the castle of St. Elmo. It was just past midday; and I suppose everybody was beginning the siesta; for not a single living soul could I see in any direction.—I sat down on one of the steps, under the shadow of a large elm, and looked upwards towards the sky along the broken avenue of trees that led aloft. There was something singularly beautiful to me in the scene. The trees here and there met, and huddled their heads together, and threw down a thick black shadow; beyond was a bright patch of sunshine; and then some thinly sprinkled branches bent across, and fluttered their green and gold leaves between me and the patch of blue sky that glanced at the top, seeming to be the only destination of this lofty staircase.

I was gazing upward, as if in expectation, but in reality admiring this curious effect, when a small dark form intercepted my view of the sky. I had amost imagined myself at the foot of Jacob's ladder; but the spell was at once broken, and I was about to rise and go away, when the singular motions of the person who had disturbed me drew my attention. It was evidently a girl with naked feet, but neat garment; her head was laden with flowers; and she skipped down with all the lightness of the gazelle for some space; then came to a halt, possibly on seeing a stranger; then continued her progress—now brightly in the sun, now dimly in the shade, until she came, and, after a sidelong glance at me, sat down on the opposite end of the sam step, where there was no protection from the heat. I now noticed that she carried a basket in her hand, from which she produced a variety of objects, evidently manufactured from lava. These she arranged by her side, and examined with care, every now and then casting a look towards me. There was a wildness in her eye, and a quaintness in her whole demeanor that pleased me, especially as her features were almost without a fault.—So I remained where I was, studying her movements; and the idea suddenly struck me that I was occupying her usual place, and that shyness prevented her from coming nearer. So I arose and went a little higher up, she at once crossed over, I thought, with a grateful smile. A little while afterwards she called to me and asked if I would buy some of her curiosities.

There was evidently no sordid motive in this; for when I came near she made no allusion to a bargain, but said I had chosen a place where there was not sufficient shade. I asked her a few questions about the lava, but got only vague answers. What conversation passed was a random kind of talk about the difference of Italy and foreign countries. It was evident that in the girl's eyes "Napoli"—which she pronounced with magnificent emphasis—was the only place in the world worth admiring. She had seen no other. The people, however, were bad—very bad. I thought upon this observation, that something like a story was coming; but the throat and face of the girl only darkened with a rush of blood, and she grew utterly silent. Suddenly she arranged her lava hastily in her basket, started up, leaving a piece which I had been holding in my hand, and had not paid for, and ran away down the street. I naturally ran after her to pay for what I had bought; but she turned round with flushed cheek and flashing eyes; and while I was indulging in the hope of being able to explain my intentions, I felt a blow on my breast from a stone launched with no weak hand; and before I had time to recover from my surprise, the girl had disappeard.

A curious termination to an interview which I had began to persuade myself had something of a romantic character! I rubbed my thorax, tried to laugh at the little thing's vivacity, but could not get rid of the uneasy annoyance peculiar to misunderstood people. Perhaps I had been taken for a robber—perhaps something I had said in my broken Italian had been thought insulting. I grew quite morose; thought of nothing else all the afternoon; was set down as an ill-tempered fellow at dinner; and on retiring to bed, could not help stating this question—"Why should that pretty girl to whom my heart had expanded, have left me in so abrupt a manner; and on my endeavoring to restore her property, have made a target of me?" All night as I slept, I felt as if a hot coal was lying on my breast; and the place, indeed, *was* black and blue in the morning.

An excursion had been proposed to Vesuvius, and we started at three in the afternoon—myself, four Americans, with Mr. Jenkins and his wife—all crowded into what I believe is called a *carriolo*. The sea, along the brink of which we went, was still stormy, and the waves washed with a slushing noise up into the very street. The drive was beautiful to Portici, the white houses and vine-wreathed porticos of which I noticed with pleasure. At Portici, after some wrangling in the house of the guide, we were transferred to horses and donkeys; and off we went, first up a hot lane, between stone walls, and then along a fine paved road. The party was merry, and not unpicturesque, but out of character with the scene. Not one of us was subdued by the tranquil beauty of the little landscapes, the bright green nooks that opened here and there. Our temperaments were still too northern. We were not yet soothed down by the sunny sky and balmy air of Italy; and got stared at in consequence with contemptuous curiosity by the languid peasants in the fields.

At length a zig-zag road commenced, and up we went, turning ever and anon to view the expanding bay, softened down into apparent calm by distance. Green gullies and ravines of lava began to be intermingled; but tranquil observation was soon interrupted by tremendous gusts of wind that came roaring down the sides of the mountain, and enveloped us in whirlwinds of dust, sometimes mingled with pebbles, at every turn of the road. It was hard work to get on; and we were glad enough to reach the Hermitage and Observatory, where we tossed off a glass of *Lachryma Christi* to restore us.

The rest of the road was along a narrow ridge leading to the foot of the great black cone. On either side were gullies of green, and beyond great red fields of lava. It was not remarkably safe riding, and by no means commodious. Sometimes one's nose touched the horse's or ass's neck; was sometimes the back of one's head was whisked by the tail. It was a sort of rocking-horse motion. But we arrived safe at the dismounting place; and I must confess, looked rather dismayed at the desperately steep cone up which we were bound to scramble. But in traveling, "on, on," is the word; so on we went, stumbling up through the triturated and black lava, as if fame, or something else equally valuable had been at the summit. Mrs. Jenkins was in an open palanquin, borne by eight men, who grunted, staggered, crawled up or slid back, shouted, laughed, and belabored one another with their climbing-poles, while the undaunted lady sat as cooly as in her drawing-room at home, making observations on the scenery, which we could scarcely hear, and were too breathless to answer.

In about an hour we neared the summit, and got under a vast canopy of sulphurous smoke, which, blown by the furious wind, rolled grim and black over the serrated edge, stretched its impenetrable mass between us and the sky, and then swooped downed toward the bay, and dispersed in a vast mist. Most parts of the plain, too, were covered with a low ground-fog. It was a grand sight as we paused and looked back before the last effort. The whole sweep of the bay was visible from Sorrento to Baia, together with the islands, scattered like giant sentinels at the mouth; but all looked strange and fantastic through the sulphurous vapor. The sun was setting in a bath of blood and gold, just behind a straight line of ebony clouds with a sharp rim, like a wall of black marble. The white houses on the slopes of Costel a Mare were already looking ghastly in the twilight.

Our temples throbed with fatigue; but the guide cried "Forward," and we soon came to the disagreeable part of the business. The smoke was forced by the wind in a cascade some fifty yards down the declivity, and as soon as we got into it an awful sense of suffocation came on. The guide swore, and some of us talked of retreating. But the majority were for persevering; and, panting and coughing, we dashed upward, reached the summit, got into the midst of a fearful torent of black smoke, like that which is vomited by a steamer's funnel, and staggered giddily about seeking which way to go. At this moment a slight form glanced towards us, said a few words to the guide, and presently we were running to the left along black and dizzy precipices, until suddenly we emerged from the volcanic vapor, and were in full view at the same time of the plain and the sea, and of all the wonders of Vesuvius.

The girl whose acquaintance I had made in so strange a manner had come to the assistance of the guide, and told him what direction to take in order soonest to escape from the smoke. I spoke to her; but although she recognized me, I think, she did not, or would not remember our former interview. The idea suggested itself that she was touched in her intellect, so I made no farther allusion to the subject. It was evident that the guide knew her. He asked her advice about the path which it would be advisable to follow; and obeyed her directions implicitly. "Who is that?" I whispered. "It is Ghita, the Volcano girl," he replied in English, before repeating the Italian name, which might be translated the "Daughter of the Volcano." I had no time for farther inquiries. We were once more in motion, and had enough to do to keep our footing on the rough lava in the teeth of as furious a blast as ever I remember encountering. It would have been dangerous to stand even near a precipice.

It was a marvelous scene, that vast black valley with its lake of fire at the bottom—its cone of fire on one hand. The discharges were constant, and had something appalling in their sound. We were almost too much excited for observation.—Now we looked at the cone of green and gold that sank and rose, faded and brightened, smoked or flamed; then at the seething lake; then at the burning figures that yawned around. There were yet some remnants of day—a gloomy twilight at last revealed the jagged rim of the valley. Down we went—down, down to the very edge of the boiling cauldron of melted lava, that rolled it huge waves toward the black shore, waves whose foam and spray were fire and flame! An eruption evidently was preparing, and soon indeed took place. We missed the sight; but what we now saw was grand enough.—A troop of heavy black clouds was hurrying athwart the sky, showing the stars ever and anon between "like a swarm of golden bees." The wind roared and bellowed among the lava gullies while the cone discharged its blocks of burning lava, or its showers of red sparks with a boom like that of a park of artillery.

A thousand travellers may witness and describe the scene, but it can never be hackneyed or vulgar. The volcano girl, evidently familiar with every changing aspect, crept to my side, as I stood apart, wrapt in silent admiration and wonder, and I caught her examining the expression of my face as it was revealed by the dismissal glare of the burning lake.—"*E bellissima!*" she whispered in a husky voice, pressing close to my side, and trembling like a leaf, not with present fear, but manifestly in memory of some dreadful event. We were friends from that moment, and she constituted herself my especial guide, running before me to choose the surest paths, giving me her delicate little hand, and showing, in fact, all possible willingness to make up our little quarrel if she retained any remembrance of it.

We returned toward the cone, and approached within dangerous proximity to it. The volcano girl often pulled my arm to induce me to keep back; but when she saw that I was determined to look down into the horrid flaming gulf of fire that yawned near the cone, she followed me, murmuring a low pensive song. On reaching the edge, which was uncertain and trembling, I halted and gazed; and while my guide and my companions shouted to me to come back, enjoyed a moment of fearful joy. I was standing on the brink of a vast chasm of fire, in which no flame was, but only a dreadful glow, that sickened by distance into substance. The wind shrieked around, the volcano roared above, the tremendous cloud of black smoke swayed and wavered as it rolled, beaten down by the wind to the outer edge of the crater, like a vast snake, or, when the blast for a moment ceased, towered aloft like an evil genius, and dispersed amid the clouds.

"Come back! come back!" cried Ghita, as the smoky pile of cinders trembled beneath us, and we both, panic-stricken, rushed to a surrer footing, while the point we had occupied slided into the gulf of fire! I never shall forget that moment.—The very memory of it makes my hair stand on an end, and a cold perspiration bursts out over my whole body. The girl clasped my hand convulsively as we ran, and when we stood again on the hot solid lava, utterred a low "*Dio grazia!*" All this was unlike folly, and together with our companionship in danger, heightened the interest I felt in my wild-looking, beautiful guide.

We all returned toward the edge of the crater, and collected in a lava cave to light torches for our journey back. Here we met two or three men armed with guns, who professed to be guards, and might have been brigands. One of them spoke rather roughly to the volcano girl, who took refuge by my side and would not quit it. We started again by the light of great flaming torches, and soon began the descent down a dusty decline. It was a strange, rapid piece of work. The whole party, ran, rushed, tumbled, slided, rolled down in one confused crowd, the torches glaring, flakes of burning pitch scattered here and there, the palanquin bobbing up and down, the mountain sloping up to the clouds behind, and down into darkness before. We decended this time into the old crater—a great plain of dust and pumice-stone. All was gloomy around: but the lights of Naples and Portici could be distinguished in the distance.

Our horses and donkeys were waiting for us where we had left them; and we rode rapidly back *via* the Hermitage, but over the plain of lava, instead of by the zig-zag road, toward Portici. Ghita ran all the way by my side, but rarely spoke, except to tell me when we approached a steep declivity. I should have felt jealous had she attended to any one else; but was quite angry at hearing her jestingly spoken of as "my conquest." A single vulgar remark sometimes throws cold water on the most delicate sentiment.

At Portici she left us. The guides were paid, and every body forgot the volcano girl, who had been of such signal service to us. I looked for her, and saw her standing in the court-yard with the back of her little hand to her mouth in a pensive attitude. "Ghita," said I approaching, "I must give you something"—she started slightly—"that you may buy a remembrance with it of our first visit to the volcano." In such a form, the present—I did not write the amount down among my disbursements—was accepted frankly and freely. The poor girl was evidently in a state of great emotion; a few kind words from me had struck upon a chord ever ready to vibrate; the truth is, she sobbed, and could not answer. But when the tongue falters, and the lips tremble in the South, there is an eloquent substitute for language. She took my hand, and kissed it fervently, and a shower of warm tear-drops fell upon it. "Ghita," I murmured, trying to be firm, but bending over her with the tenderest affection—I cannot help it; I have an instinctive love for the sorrowful—"Ghita, you are unhappy? Can I do anything for you?" "No," was her answer, as she again pressed my hand, and, gliding away, disappeared like a shadow in the street.

We were at Naples an hour after midnight; but I found it impossible to sleep. I could think of nothing save the story of the volcano girl; for the substance of her story was evident—the material details alone were wanting. I afterwards learned the whole truth. A volume might be filled with them; a line will be sufficient.—She had been betrothed to a young man, a guide, who had perished during a visit to the volcano; she had gone mad in consequence—of a gentle harmless madness in general; but as a few brutal people insulted her, she was sometimes suspicious of strangers. She gained her living by selling ornaments of polished lava, or by guiding travellers. This was all; but it was enough. I have kept a place in my memory for Ghita, whose acquaintance I cultivated on other occasions. I saw her once among the ruins of Pompeii, where she greeted me with a friendly nod, but without referring at all to our previous meetings—I mean in words—for at parting she gave me a handful of wild flowers, and then ran away without waiting for a recompense.

MUSICAL PRODIGY.

WM. HENRY MARSH, the infant drummer, whose precocious development of musical talent and rythm, has called forth such an expression of astonishment from the musical world, was born at No. 12 Clarkson street, New York, Feb. 25, 1848, that being the birth-day of nine members of the same family, including grandfather, grandmother, father, one uncle, two aunts, and others.

During his early infancy, he manifested an unusual amount of intellect, and music seemed to quite captivate him, so much so, that fears were entertained that it would injure his health. At eight months old, he showed his appreciation of time or rythm, by regular motions of the hands, during the performance of music. When one year old, he would drum on the table with the knives and forks whenever he heard music, and the correctness of his *time* induced his father to purchase a drum for him which cost twenty-five cents; when it was first sounded he was in perfect ecstacy. He immediately commenced using it without any instruction, and in a few weeks produced a very pleasing effect, and soon attracted the notice and awakened the astonishment of all who heard him. Just before he was two years old, while recovering from the measles, and before he could sit up, he would cry for his drum, and sit in his cradle, and play upon it, although so weak he could scarcely hold the sticks. At the age of two, having worn out the first one, his father purchased a new drum costing fifty cents, which he was permitted to play upon in the front yard, to the great amusement of the crowds who gathered in the streets to listen.

During the last summer he was taken to a military parade, and instead of being attracted by the nodding plumes and gay uniforms of the soldiers, his eye and ear caught and followed the fife and drum, which were the first he had ever seen, and he seemed crazy to try his hand on a large drum with something better than whittling to drum by. Although he could hardly wield the large sticks, yet he surprised all the musicians and became the lion of the hour.

A few months since his father was solicited by a member of the corpse to which he is attached, to have him presented.—He listened to the drummers a moment, when he commenced on his own, with a regular measured tap, then rattled away, following the music with such animation and precision as to astonish all present.—This he continued for three quarters of an hour, with as much accuracy as a drummer of forty. The corpse voted him a full uniform like their own, in which he has appeared at their annual ball. A few days since his father took him to the street to see a military funeral, and was obliged to carry him in his arms more than a mile, that he might hear the music, for if he attempted to turn back with him, he became almost frantic. The following paragraph we clip from a New York paper:

MUSICAL PRODIGY.—Last evening a private exhibition of the powers of an infant boy, two and a half years old, was given before a number of gentlemen of musical celebrity of this city, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Y. Marsh, father of the child. The little fellow is by nature, wonderfully precocious, his head presenting the appearance of matured intellect. His phrenological developments, in this respect, are said to be remarkably large, and the young ster shows by his performance, that they are. Last evening he performed on a drum with the *sang froid* of an old soldier drummer, and rattled off with the most perfect precision of time and stroke, exciting the astonishment of every one present.

A BOY WITH A SHORT MEMORY.—A good deacon returning from church one Sabbath afternoon, was accosted by a man—"Sir, did you see a boy driving a cart, with a bag of cotton in it?"

"I think I did," said the deacon musingly: "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?"

The man looked confused and said, "Why do you think he has a short memory, sir?"

The deacon seemed to enjoy his confusion, and even determined to increase it.—"I think so: and I think, moreover, that he must belong to a family with short memories."

"What in the world makes you say that?" said the man, more perplexed than ever.

"Why simply this," said the old gentleman, assuming, all of a sudden, a very grave and solemn manner, "because God Almighty has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, in a solemn manner, among other things, 'REMEMBER the Sabbath Day to keep it holy;' and that boy has forgotten all about it. His memory is very short, indeed—very."

JESUS JUDGED BY THE JEWS.—Dr. Raphael, of Birmingham, says:

"While I and the Jews of the present day protest against being identified with the zealots who were concerned in the proceedings against Jesus of Nazareth, we are far from reviling his character, or deriding his precepts, which are, indeed, for the most part, the precepts of Moses and the prophets. You have heard me style him the *Great Teacher of Nazareth*; for that designation I and the Jews take to be his due."

BRITISH POST-OFFICE, OR THE BENEFITS OF CHEAP POSTAGE.—The gross revenue of the British Post-Office for the year ending Jan. 5, 1850, was £2,213,149; the cost of management £1,307,248; the net revenue, £840,767. The number of money orders issued, was 4,248,891,—The number of letters transmitted, between 3 and 400,000,000!

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The 34th anniversary of the American Colonization Society was held in Washington on Wednesday night. We learn from the National Intelligencer that the Hon. Henry Clay, the President of the Society, took the chair, and that there were present his Excellency, the President of the United States; Hon. Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior; several United States Senators and Members of the House of Representatives, a large number of Clergymen and gentlemen from that and other cities. The body of the Church was filled with a large and respectable audience. The proceedings of the evening were commenced by devotional exercises, which were led by the Rev. Dr. Eddy. The President of the Society, Mr. Clay, then delivered a deeply interesting address of three-quarters of an hour's duration, which was frequently applauded. Mr. McLain, Secretary of the Society, next proceeded to read the following abstract of the proceedings of the past year:

Since the last annual meeting, four of the Vice Presidents have died; viz: John Kerr, M. D., of Natchez, Mississippi; Hon. Jonathan Hyde, of Bath, Maine; Rev. C. C. Cuyler, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and John McDonough, of New Orleans.

Six expeditions, with five hundred and seven emigrants, have been sent to Liberia. This is a larger number of emigrants than have been sent in any one preceding year, except 1832.

The receipts of the society have been $64,973.81, which is considerably above any former year.

The Legislature of Virginia have appropriated thirty thousand dollars a year for five years to aid in colonising the free colored people of their own State. The law limits the amount appropriated to each one to twenty-five dollars for an adult and fifteen dollars for a child. This will not cover half the expense of their transportation, and their support for six months in Liberia.

The Legislature of Ohio have passed resolutions urging the recognition of the independence of Liberia by the United States Government. It is thought they will make an appropriation to aid the Colonization Society. The money spent by Ohio in legislating for and taking care of her free people, would more than send them all to Liberia. Many of the very best colored in the State are preparing to go to Liberia. Memorials from all parts of the State have been sent, praying the adoption by the General Government, of some efficient plan for carrying on colonization.

The Legislature of Indiana have taken strong ground in favor of national action to advance colonization and the suppression of the slave trade, and the recognition of the independence of Liberia by the United States Government.

An appeal signed very numerously by citizens in Kentucky has been presented to the Legislature of that State for an appropriation, which it is thought will be made.

The subject has also been discussed in Tennessee, and will come up before the Legislature at its next meeting.

The New Jersey Colonization Society has petitioned the Legislature of that State for an appropriation. The Missouri Colonization Society has petitioned the Legislature of that State; and the New York Society are about to do the same thing.

The sentiment is becoming general that the several States must make appropriations for colonising their own free colored people.

The State of Maryland in 1832 appropriated $200,000, and has planted a colony at Cape Palmas, which is in a prosperous condition.

The steamship project now before Congress is one of the most popular measures in all parts of the country which has ever been proposed.

The report of the Rev. R. R. Gurley of his mission to Liberia, has been published by the United States Senate, and is replete with important information.

The Massachusetts Legislature have chartered a board of trustees for establishing a college in Liberia, and the effort meets with much favor.

The Alexandria High School, at Monrovia, has gone into full operation, and increased attention is paid to the subject of education in Liberia.

Extensive purchases of territory have been made adjacent to Liberia; the most important of which is the Gallinas, that noted slave factory. How beautifully conspicuous does the influence of Liberia stand out here! Gallinas has been for years the principal slave factory on the western coast of Africa. It is now a part of the Republic of Liberia. The traffic in slaves is abolished, and lawful commerce substituted. The last slave factory between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas has given place to institutions of civilization and Christianity! What imagination can paint the thousandth part of the misery which has been endured by human beings on this spot? Of the five to ten thousand who were annually brought to this place, each and every one had to mourn a home made desolate, a family dismembered, the blood of kindred flowing! Of this number, how many sunk in these wretched barracoons from distress of mind, from disease and famine! How many were sacrificed in their hurried shipment by the ravenous sharks! How many perished under the protracted horrors of the middle passage! But a change has taken place. Gallinas, as a slave mart, is no more! From its marshy islets the fiat shall no more go forth to spread fire and sword throughout a peaceful village; the marauding chief has bound his last victim; the haggard lazarone slaver has riveted its last fetter; the long black schooner has shipped its last cargo; the shark at the bar has fed on his last slave gang; and this land, heretofore detested and detestable, is now to form a part of the free and independent Republic of Liberia, and schools, and churches, and dwellings of civilized men are to rise in grandeur upon it, and the shout of gladness and joy from ten thousand tongues taught the strain is yet to make the welkin ring!

We anticipate, during the present year, a large increase of emigrants. The law by which every man aspires to a superior condition, sure and unalterable as the ebb and flow of tides, will carry them to Liberia.—The free people of color in the U. States number upwards of half a million. Among them are many of education and intelligence. They must soon perceive that Liberia presents the only relief from their present disabilities. Interest, pride, ambition, self-love, self-respect, benevolence, "faith, hope, and charity," all combine to lead them thither, as the *hope* for themselves and their children.

Touching the operations of the present year, it becomes us to remark that the most energetic measures are demanded. The voice of God, speaking no less audibly than when it summoned the camp of Israel to "go forward," calls upon the country to awake to this enterprise as the only redemptive influence for Africa, and an everlasting monument to the praise of our benevolence.

The permanency and glory of our Union, intimately blended with the success of this cause, appeals to our statesmen, in all their high places of honor and responsibility, to advocate any measure calculated to secure so desirable a result.

The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq., the Hon. F. P. Stanton, of Tennessee, and the Hon. Robert R. Reed, member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. Suitable resolutions were submitted and adopted, and at a late hour the meeting adjourned.

A Hundred Years Ago.

A hundred years ago, a stupid German monarch reigned over these United States—then colonies of Great Britain—and on the whole earth, with the exception of Switzerland, there was not a single republic of any pretensions. A hundred years ago the French lilies floated over Quebec, Pittsburg, and New Orleans. A hundred years ago the old French monarchy existed—the Bastile reared its accursed towers—and Louis the Fifteenth dallied with infamous wantons, squandered his subjects' money, and blasphemed in his own person the name of man. Fifty years ago the name of Napoleon was still comparatively strange, for Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, and Waterloo, had not been fought. Fifty years ago the steam engine was a new thing comparatively. Fifty years ago cotton mills had, as it were, just been invented; and railroads, locomotives, and magnetic telegraphs, were practically unknown. Fifty years ago there were scarcely five millions of people in the United States, and Ohio was almost as much of a wilderness as Oregon is now. Fifty years ago Washington had just died, Jefferson was still living, and Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, were names as yet unknown to fame.

Another Victim to Rum.—The Wilmington (Del.) Gazette states that Professor Annsley, a young man of fine acquirements, whose classical attainments are well attested in a work entitled "Elements of Literature, or an introduction to the study of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," published in 1849, by Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, died in that city on Monday last, after being found in an almost frozen condition in an old hovel, with a bottle of whisky by his side.—He recently held the position of Professor of St. Mary's College at Wilmington, from which he was removed on account of his inebriate habits. He continued, however, his course of dissipation, until he was reduced to a condition of utter destitution—homeless and homeless, friendless and penniless—he was driven to the extreme of starvation, wandering about, seeking shelter wherever chance directed him.

Singular Punishment.—A Mr. Lynton has lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society of London, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of China:

"A Chinese merchant, named Hiam-ly, accused and convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the *surveillance* of three guardians who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking any sleep night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days, without having slept for a single minute.—At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so cruel that he begged, as a great favor, that they would kill him by strangulation.

No Liquor Selling in Vermont.—The sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited absolutely, by an act of the Vermont Legislature, except for medical, chemical, and mechanical purposes. The selectmen of the several towns are the licensing board for their respective towns, and they may license not more than two persons in each.

Extraordinary Surgical Operation.—We learn, says the Boston Journal, that Doctor Warren, of this city, recently took from the stomach of an Irish girl, at the Massachusetts general hospital, by means of an incision, a tape worm *forty-one feet and eleven inches in length!* The operation was performed while the sufferer was under the influence of ether. She observed, in coming to her senses, "Oh! I have had a pleasant dream, and feel relieved." The wound was dressed with great care, and she has scarcely complained of pain since the operation.—This, we are told, is the only case on record where the tape worm has been literally cut from the human stomach.

A new invention called "The Centrifugal Sugar Making Machine," for the purpose of refining coarse sugars, has been introduced in Havana, with the most gratifying results. It is said to convert the lowest quality of Muscavado Sugar into a refined article, of beautiful crystal, and brilliant whiteness, in a few minutes, and at a small expense. This improvement will have an important bearing on the economical interests of the island of Cuba.

If we only knew how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness, our lives would seldom lead thro' dry wilderness.

Lemon has its specs, though they seem not the firmament; and its hinge, though they are not invented, with purpose to [illegible]