

ing from his finger a heavy gold ring, in which was a valuable stone, he bid her wear it as a proof of his esteem. Madame Pfeiffer talks of once more visiting the Archipelago, and traveling over the Philippine Islands.

OUTWARD BEAUTY.

I cannot understand, says Frederika Bremer, the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, an indifference or whatever people may call it, towards gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are, in fact, for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause I am also of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree; and we have daily proof of this.

THE LIMITED WORLD'S CONVENTION OF NEW YORK.

It seems the pretended World's Convention of New York of 6th ult., was not only opposed to allowing females to speak or sit in that body as Delegates, but they were also opposed to the admission of men who had dark skins. This prejudice in Americans is a sad blot on their character—the exclusion from the Order of the Sons of all who have colored skins is a stain which prevents it from becoming what it ought to be, a world wide Order. Institutions of this partial and limited nature cannot last very long, and surely cannot be smiled on by the Creator of the whole human family. Suppose Africa were civilized as Hayti is—then because a few millions of white slave holders must be pleased, a whole Island or Continent is excluded from the participation in Conventions assembled for the world. This foul stain in the Order of the Sons will prevent its ever being established in Great Britain. We have asserted this wrong frequently in this paper and in the Grand Division too. Since writing the above, we have heard that the reason why Mr. Smith was rejected, was because he falsely pretended to be a delegate from Scotland, whereas he was not. We are inclined to doubt this story.—(Ed. Sox.)

THE "MAINE LAW" IN AFRICA.

In a letter written by Dr. McCune Smith, a colored gentleman of superior talents and no little learning, to the New York Tribune, complaining of his being refused admission to the World's Temperance Convention, although a regularly appointed delegate—there occurs a curious piece of information. Among the reasons why Dr. Smith wished to be in the Convention were the following:—

"The tender sympathies of the Convention were announced to three quarters of the globe, while the fourth was left to grope in the outer darkness of the REAL TRADE and its twin brother the SLAVE TRADE.—Globe.

"I felt anxious not only to fill up this omission, but also to claim for the quarter omitted, AFRICA, the land of my forefathers, not only a share of the sympathy, but also the gratitude and admiration of this World's Temperance Convention, for having organized in her very heart, among her untutored tribes, the germ of the *Maine Liquor Law*, long before Neal Dow was born. And I had with me ample proof of this interesting temperance fact in the following, which I quote from Pritchard's researches, &c., into the Physical History of Mankind volume 2, page 305:—

"The despatches of Col. Lacorda, written at Tete, in 1798, contain the depositions of Pereira, a traveller into the interior of South Africa, who passing through the territory of the Marraris, and by the Lake Zambra, came to the country of the Movizas, more advanced in civilization; these last pay tribute to a neighboring State, whose prince, Cassemba, dwells in a capital which was a fortified town: he was visited by Pereira, and found living in great magnificence; he has, moreover a well disciplined army, and appoints magistrates to prevent drunkenness among his subjects.

"The accuracy of the names of these localities is confirmed by a paper recently read by Rev. Joshua Leavitt before the American Geographical and Statistical Society.—N. Y. Tribune.

HOGS AND DISTILLERIES

The reader may recollect a case of a visit made by us, some weeks since, to the New Richmond distilleries, about 20 miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio river. A reporter connected with one of the weekly papers of our city, has been up to Richmond since our visit, and states that the work of whiskey-making and hog-killing is still in progress. We give part of his report:

There are two distilleries at New Richmond—one of them the most extensive establishment of the character in the United States. The larger is called the upper, the other the lower distillery,—at the upper one a stock of 100,000 bushels of corn and other grain is kept constantly on hand, out of which about 1300 bushels per day is taken for manufacturing purposes. In the same establishment, 20 barrels of flour are manufactured every forty hours. The average yield of whiskey is 125 barrels per day, at the upper, and 80 at the lower distillery. Of course, nothing but the spirit of the grain is extracted in this distillation process of getting the whiskey out of corn, and there remains a mass of matter which would be a dead loss were it not that still-fed pork is a marketable commodity.

In the pens of the upper distillery, there are, regularly, 9,000 hogs, and in the lower one, 7,000. It is calculated that the hogs are changed over twice a year, making 27,000 for one, and 21,000 for the other distillery, or 48,000 still-fed hogs, which New Richmond sends annually to the cities of the east and south.

Thus, from one of our distilleries, pork is not the only hog commodity. A large business is done in the manufacture of hard oil, by the same which do not happen to have strong enough constitutions to enable them to get fat on whisky tainted slop, and I venture to drink—nor a. Last reason, the number of these victims

was 3,000, their value about \$12,000. The proprietor of the lard-oil manufactory informs me that his sales of oil for the six months ending March, 1853, amounted to over \$3,500.

Oil made from hogs that die drunk may burn well, or be good to grease machinery, but it does appear to me that if I must eat pork, I should prefer that which was not fattened on slop which kills, at this season of the year, fifteen per day out of 9,000 of the hogs fed on it. I was informed that on an average 100 hogs per week die at the two distilleries. How many die with mania potu I did not learn; but no doubt the number is large, and of those that die of consumption still larger.

Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. 22, v. 3.

THE BLIND BOY.

[This is worthy of being read a hundred times.—Editor Sox]

It was a blessed summer's day—
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild—
The little birds pour'd forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wander'd on
Beneath the deep woods' ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children, who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in her's he gently put,—
And then I saw the boy was blind

The children knew not I was near;
A tree concealed me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary!" said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long—
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song!"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there,—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see,
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ever long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild,
His widow'd mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me,—
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more—but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And open'd first his eyes—in heaven.

APPEAL TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE AGE.

Five and twenty years ago the men to whom this appeal is addressed were in their cradle. But during the next quarter of this century the moral destiny of the world depends upon them. The strong hands of the veterans are, one by one, palsied by the touch of age. The voices that have rung out for God and Truth are slowly passing into the harmonies of a better world. Upon your shoulders the ark of Reform is henceforth to rest. In your hands the torch of human progress is to be borne onward.

Among the sacred truths bequeathed to your charge is the Temperance Reformation. It owes an existence no longer than yours. Thirty years ago this movement was restricted to a few earnest spirits who, further up the mount of progress than their fellows, had caught the rays of the early dawn before it had gilded the plants below. The first national organization against alcohol was formed in 1826. Since then the history of the Temperance Reform has been a history of healthy progress—the steady movement from the unknown out into the known and the well established. The first local society with its pledge against the use of ardent spirits alone, the subsequent adoption of the total abstinence principle, the Washingtonian movement, the formation of beneficial Orders like the Sons of Temperance, the creation of political "Alliances," and the enactment of laws for the entire prohibition of the deadly traffic are but the successive stages of a mighty revolution, each related to the other, and all looking to a common end. An abstract principle, once confined to a few sagacious minds, has since walked into the halls of legislation, and in five sovereign States it now sits upon the bench of Justice, crowned with the majesty of LAW.

The God of Love has stood by the history of this reform from its cradle, and has guided it onward through its most crucial periods. To the young men of our time it is now committed both as a trial and as a trust. What is it that God and humanity demand of us? What is the great question for our practical solution? Unless we greatly err, that question simply is—shall

we, by Jehovah's help, destroy the traffic in intoxicating poisons, or shall they destroy us? Shall we lay alcohol in its grave, or permit him to lay a myriad of our comrades in their own? Shall we consent to have the most brilliant intellects among us any longer extinguished? Shall we permit the fair bride of to-day to become a desolate widow of to-morrow? Shall we stand idly by and see the nobles of our brotherhood go down to darkness and the worm? Shall we suffer this monster evil to cast its hideous shadow athwart the rays that fall from Calvary itself, or shall we, hand in hand, join in the death-grapple with the Hades? The destiny of millions hang upon our answer.

The determination of this question demands great plainness of speech, as well as earnestness in action. Let us learn to speak right out. The press that is silent on this topic deserves a place in the collars of Hercules. The legislator who has not studied the code of prohibition is unworthy of the seat he occupies. The orator is to point his shafts, the voter must aim his ballots, and the philanthropist is to direct his prayerful efforts straight towards this, as the grand moral question of the age.

In this warfare for humanity, we have need of patience. Wilberforce toiled through one whole generation ere the British Parliament declared the slave trade to be piracy. Opinions grow slowly. Let us put our trust in Truth rather than in majorities. The prohibitory law movement was, not long ago, in a minority of one; but the Lord of Hosts stood with that man, and together they were more than an overmatch for all that were against them. Galileo with his telescope, and Columbus with his compass, stood up alone against the world, but they both at last brought over the whole world to their positions. May it not be also that before this century closes the law of Maine will become the law of Christendom?

Comrades in this sublime warfare! we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Humanity beckons us onward. We tread upon the dust of heroes as we advance. White-robed Love, floating in mid-air before us, leads us to the conflict. The shouts of the ransomed are in our tents; and the voice of praise makes music amid our banners.

Let us press forward with our ago. Let us wear a bright link in the history of our country. Let us lie down to our rest near the goal of human perfection. Let us find in our toils an ever-exciting stimulus—an ever-fresh delight. So shall our inter-annals be written in the characters of a millennial glory. So shall our posterity be cheered by that sun which shall shine with a seven-fold lustre, as the light of seven days."

Though we were but two or three,
Sure of triumph we should be,
We our promised land shall see,
Though the law seem long;

Every fearless word we speak
Makes sin's strongholds bend and creak,
Wickedness is always weak,
But Truth is young and strong.

—Massachusetts Life Boat.

WHEREABOUTS OF KOSZTA.—A letter from Smyrna to the Boston Traveller, says:

Kosztka is now in confinement in the French Hospital in this city, where, by pushing my way boldly in, in company with a friend, I obtained an interview with him. An old, grey-headed Turk who stood guard at the entrance, upon our mentioning the name of "Kosztka," produced a key most ponderous in size, from his highly ornamental waistcoat, and unlocking the door, ushered us into Koszta's room. His confinement is at present by no means rigorous. The walls of his room are of stone, and his window is covered with an iron grating. These are the only signs which indicate that his liberty is restrained. His room is about ten feet square, and contains a sofa, or more properly a Turkish divan, coarsely covered, but very comfortable, nevertheless, several chairs two tables, upon both of which stand vases of flowers, lately gathered. A washstand with its usual accompaniments, and an iron bedstead, complete the furniture of the room.

M. Koszta received us very cordially, and entertained us for an hour or more in reciting the events connected with his capture, and the part he took in the late Hungarian revolution. He held the rank of Captain in the Hungarian army, and was under the immediate command of General Bem, and he told me that he had been in active service in more than twenty-five battles. For his bravery and high military abilities, he received a promotion during the war, the certificate of which he showed me in Bem's handwriting. He latterly acted as aid-de-camp to General Bem. Twenty days previous to the capitulation and surrender of Gorgoy, having been stationed in a narrow defile with a corps of about 900 men, to harass and attack a body of Russians who were expected to pass that way, he was surprised by a large body of the enemy, who came upon him unexpectedly from the rear, forced him from his position, and separating him from the main body of his army, obliged him with his few remaining men, to take refuge in the territories of Turkey, near the borders of which he was at that time stationed. He was soon after joined by Bem and others, fleeing from the sword of the Austrians and Russians, victorious only on account of Gorgoy's treachery.

CAPT. INGRAHAM.—Commander Duncan H. Ingraham, is the son of the late Nathaniel Ingraham, of Charleston, S. C. Almost all his ancestors have been in some way connected with naval affairs. His father was an intimate friend of Captain Paul Jones, and volunteered under him on the first cruise of the Bon Homme Richard in 1779, and was in the desperate action with the British frigate Serapis. His uncle, Capt. Jos. Ingraham, U. S. N., was lost on board the U. S. ship Pickering, which was lost at sea, and never heard from afterward. His cousin, Wm. Ingraham, a lieutenant in the Navy, was killed at the age of 20, Capt. Ingraham married Harnet R. Laurens, of South Carolina, grand daughter of Henry Laurens, President of the first Continental Congress, who was captured and confined for a long time in the tower of London. It is a curious fact, that by intermarriage of his progenitors, Capt. Ingraham is related to some of the most distinguished officers in the British Navy, among whom we name Capt. Murray, C. B., and Sir Edward Belcher, K. C. B., now in command of the Arctic Expedition.