

is then at home, and his skill in the various manœuvres which he makes available in battle, such as throwing himself entirely upon one side of his horse, and discharging his arrows with great rapidity in the opposite direction, from beneath the animal's neck, while it is at full speed, is truly astonishing. Every warrior has his war-horse, which is the fleetest that can be obtained. He prizes him more highly than anything else in his possession, and it is seldom that he can be induced to part with him at any price. He never mounts him except when going into battle, for the buffalo chase, or upon state occasions.

These Comanches resemble the Arabs of the deserts, and the Tartar tribes, having no permanent abiding places, still living in their travelling lodges, and where these are pitched making their home. They acknowledge no other rule than the patriarchal, and no other alliance but that of fraternity; and are insensible to the wants and comforts of civilization.

They know neither poverty nor riches, vice nor virtue, and they are alike exempt from the deplorable vicissitudes of fortune. Theirs is a happy state of equality, which knows not the perplexities of ambition, nor the crimes of avarice. They never cultivate the soil, but subsist altogether on game, plunder, and pillage. They are governed by chiefs, whose office is hereditary, so long as their administration meets the approbation of their followers. But should they disgrace themselves by cowardice or otherwise, they are deposed.

They are perhaps as arrant freebooters as can be found on the face of the earth. They regard stealing from strangers as perfectly legitimate and honorable; and he who is most successful in this is most highly honored by his tribe. Indeed, a young man who has not made one or more robbing excursions into Mexico is held in but little repute. These forays are attended with trial and danger, and are called war-expeditions. Six or eight young men set out upon one of them, their only outfit being a horse each, bows and arrows, and some a gun; and frequently, thus equipped, they perform a journey of a thousand miles, through a perfectly wild and desolate country, dependent wholly upon such game as they may chance to find for subsistence.

The great majority are entirely ignorant of everything relating to the numerical power and prosperity of the whites, and many of them, having never seen a white man, believe the Comanches to be the most powerful nation in existence. These people are hospitable and kind to all those with whom they are not at war, and on the arrival of a stranger at their camps, a lodge is prepared for him, and he is entertained as long as he chooses to remain among them. They are also kind and affectionate to each other, and as long as any eatable remains in the camp, all are permitted to share alike; but, with these exceptions, they are possessed of but few virtues. Polygamy is sanctioned, and is very common among them, every man being allowed as many wives as he can support. Their women are of low stature, ill-shaped, and filthy and ugly in the extreme, while the men are tall well formed and fine looking.

All of them are extravagantly fond of tobacco; but it is worthy of remark that the Prairie Indians do not like the taste of rum, they say it makes fools of them, and they do not desire it.

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

As many of our readers are from Europe it will be interesting to them to see what is being done in the mother land. Notwithstanding the unjust libels that appear in such prints as Blackwood's Magazine against temperance men, it is with pleasure that we say that many of the best men and women of Britain are working hard to put down intemperance, and they work at a great sacrifice too, of personal comfort, whilst ridiculed by many who call themselves the genteel class. These people are actuated by the most benevolent motives and deserve the approbation of man as they have that of God and their own consciences.— [Editor Son.]

LETTER FROM LONDON.

E. W. Jackson, Esq., of Philadelphia, has received the following letter from London.

Weekly News and Chronicle Office, } 337 Strand, London, April 18th, 1853. }

E. W. Jackson, Philadelphia.—My Dear Sir: I am this day favored by yours of the 5th inst., and am exceedingly glad to hear of your great progress with the principles of the Maine Law. I had great doubts about the policy of that law, until I read the masterly discourse of your townsman, the Rev. Albert Barnes, "The Throne of Iniquity," (I have since put into circulation 20,000 copies of the Sermon, the Throne of Iniquity,) which by great persuasion, I got him again to deliver last Autumn, to the most crowded audience ever brought together to hear of Temperance in London. Its effect was salutary, and it caused active discussion where it did not convince. That discourse settled the matter with me. I am now, therefore, determined to use the few talents and small amount of influence with which I am entrusted to create a public feeling in England, which I hope soon to see demanding something like a Maine Law.

I herewith send you one of my papers, the Weekly News and Chronicle, which contains the Laws passed in New Brunswick, and much valuable information on the Temperance question.— We are at present in England, in a very prosperous condition. Taking the average consumption of the first five years of the Temperance movement with the last five years, we have a decrease of British spirits to the amount of 13,982,072 gallons. Of Wine, ..... 255,510 reduction of duty, ..... 232,915 And of Malt, bushels, ..... 4,306,088

This looks very encouraging, and when we consider that our population has increased during the same period, 1,618,766—it is still more so. The decrease of committals for drunkenness has been of equal importance.

In 1831, 31,353 were committed for drunkenness in London; in 1841, 15,000; in 1851, 10,663.

The indirect advancement has always been very great. You are perhaps aware, that the Crystal Palace Company have inserted a clause in their charter, whereby they are prevented from selling intoxicating drinks in that vast Temple of Science, Art and Manufactures.

There is a powerful body at work in Manchester, whose object is the entire Maine Law for England. It is supported by some

who are not teetotalers, but the leading movers are men of tried mettle. The London Temperance League are taking a Seventh day installment. They are effectively at work for the closing of public houses on the whole of Sunday.

Your World's Convention shall have my prayers for its success, and I shall use all my influence to make it known in the United Kingdom.

I am yours, most truly,  
W. TWEEDIE.

SCOTLAND.

The annual meeting of the Scottish League was held in Glasgow on Monday the 22nd of April. On the evening previous, sixteen temperance sermons were delivered in the city to at least 12,000 persons. The report gave details of much valuable labor in the year. No less than 6,011,500 pages of temperance matter have been issued from the office, and 1,100 lectures have been given. Deputations from the Board have visited the large towns in Scotland, and attended large meetings. Temperance refreshment rooms have been opened at markets and fairs with good results. The League has 3,490 members; 430 increase during the year. 1,849 pounds sterling has been the income of the League. The speakers of most attraction were Professor Stowe and Rev. Charles Beecher, who fully unfolded the Maine Law and its operations. Both are able speakers, and the facts and reasoning of professor Stowe, especially his details of the results of the Maine Law, must have created great sensation, and as they are read by thousands throughout the land, must make a deep impression. It is an extraordinary and happy providence that Professor Stowe and Mr. Beecher should be abroad advocating temperance, while another subject and connexion makes them so much the objects of attraction. Everybody is now willing and anxious to hear them on something, and the most obnoxious subject may be presented by them with acceptance. The meeting was closed by an able address by Rev. Wm. Reid, of Edinburgh. Always able, he here excelled, because he came manfully up to the Maine Law. Said he:—

"A vast body of returns from the various parishes in Scotland exhibit three points: that owing to the number of the dram-shops are the drinking habits of the people; that the introduction of these houses has demoralized a sober population; and that their removal has invariably been followed with an improvement in the social conditions of the community. There is nothing then left for us but to follow the example of those States in America which have abolished the traffic as a great public nuisance. If Scotland but wills it, her Majesty the Queen will put her hand to the bill as cheerfully as she did it the other day to the bill which abolishes the traffic in New Brunswick."

INTEMPERANCE IN SCOTLAND.

We are informed by MR. PLINY NILES, who has travelled much in Scotland, that there is a great deal of drinking and drunkenness in that small kingdom. Statistics show that it is so.

The population of Scotland is two and a half millions. They consume annually 7,000,000 gallons of whiskey, to say nothing of other liquors. Glasgow, the second city in size in the Kingdom of Great Britain, and containing 400,000 inhabitants, though characterized by much religious feeling, or rather superstitious regard for religious observances without its christian practices, carries on within its precincts a ruinous traffic in strong drink. The Temperance Society has investigated the number of grog shops open on the Sabbath day in violation of the law, and found nearly one thousand. All railroads and steamboat lines are debarred from running on Sunday, except one mail train to and from England. All are therefore compelled to remain in town. Those who do not go to church go to the grog shops, and excessive drinking is the consequence. It is quite similar in other cities and villages.

The Scotch are of a sanguine, ardent temperament, and when indulgence in strong drink has been commenced, they go to great excess and to a rapid extreme. The prosecution of the temperance enterprise was however, beginning to excite public attention, and the hope is entertained that the desolating ravages of intemperance will be immediately and materially checked, and that ere long the tide of ruin will be rolled back from the heart of society, and Scottish humanity allowed once more to breathe the pure air of their mountain heaths. The pure patriotism and heroic deeds of Wm. Wallace and Robert Bruce, and the winning charms and angelic graces of Helen Mar, whose noble actions rise up in the reader's mind, and throng the memory with a brilliant succession of glorious achievements, at the very name of Scotland, "turns to ashes on the lips" when we are obliged to contemplate modern Scotland, sunken in drunkenness and degradation. But though she may never be restored to her ancient renown in the annals of military glory, she may be redeemed from the curse of general intemperance, to sobriety and industry, peace and plenty.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

Direction of a Canadian letter:—

"in care of Mr. Robert Cameron"  
agela township county of simcoo  
across the little swamp To Mich cameron  
in the same county. "C. W."

The above is a fac simile of a letter sent to one of our Canadian Post offices.

The editor of the Rutland (Vt.) Herald, having gone abroad, his sub. poetically exclaims:—

The editor's absent; his scissors and quill  
Are left with the devil to handle at will;  
This item is given, kind reader, that you  
May for once, as you read, "give the devil his due."

"Pete, are you into them sweetmeats again?" "No marm, them sweetmeats is into me."

"Do you believe in second 'love, Mister McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love?" "Humph, if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when its gone don't he want another pound? and isn't that pound sweet too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

Ladies' Department.

{ ORIGINAL }

THE FAIR-FACED LOVER'S PERFDY.

FOR MISS R. — — —

Continued

He woke, he ope'd his large gray eyes,  
Those eyes in which 'oft flamed the  
fire  
Of intellect—love—enterprise,  
And hatred's deep and d'ring ire  
Half languid on the maid they look,  
As if he still was in a dream,  
Till gently as his frame she shook  
With reason's rays again they beam  
With wary word and sign she strove  
To tell him danger dailied there,  
Her pity soon had soared to love,  
And fate would save the stranger  
fair.  
His feeble feet she gilded through  
The tangled vine, and pancey pad,  
To where, hid from the vulgar view,  
The Indian maid her cloister had.  
When seated on her mossy bed,  
She left the fair-faced stranger there  
And hasted forth with hurried tread,  
To furnish for his future care,  
The fairest fruit the bushes bore,  
And sparkling water from the spring;  
The richest dessert of her store,  
She to the wanderer did bring  
And fondly by the stranger stood,  
While pleasure's sparkles lit her  
eye,  
As he fed of the fragal food  
Her feeble heart served to supply.  
Thus days and weeks rolled on, and  
now  
Once more the hues of health had  
stole,  
Along the cheek of that pale brow—  
Would that as spotless were his  
soul  
At morn and evening by his side  
The Indian maid was seated still,  
His care, her fondest joy and pride,  
Nor dreamt she once of coming ill  
Her taper fingers locked in his,  
Love lingering in her beaming eyes,  
Who listens wapt in ecstasies,  
While passion's plea her artful ples  
For he would vow in accents wild  
Eternal truth and faithful love,  
Alas, that dark brow'd Indian child  
Knew not how pallid hearts could  
rove:  
Knew not how hollow is the heart  
That's schooled in fashion's festive  
balls;  
She knew not love was but an art  
Which won, depleas'd its silted  
thralls.  
Too soon an hour of priling came,  
And oh! fair Ooah felt it sore,  
The love her fancy fan'd to flame,  
On phoanic wing refused to soar.  
But he, the pale brow, what did he?  
Did remorse rack and rend his heart?  
No! in it rign'd but ecstasy,  
Though falsehood feign'd grief to im-  
part!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

WOMEN'S STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Women's State Temperance Society, was held at Rochester last week. There appears to have been considerable excitement on the question of changing the name of the society to that of "People's State Society," and of making men eligible to the offices. This subject consumed considerable time, but was finally laid on the table—the Bloomer party carrying the day. The officers elected for the year are as follows: President—Mrs. Mary C. Vaughn; Vice-Presidents—Mrs. L. N. Fowler; Mrs. Gough, of Weedsport; Mrs. Long, of Seneca Falls; Mrs. Cornwell, of Rochester; Mrs. Holbrook of Elmira; Mrs. Corey, of Utica; Mrs. Nichols, of Vermont, was elected an Honorary Vice-President; Recording Secretary—Mrs. Albro; Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Amelia Bloomer; Treasurer—Mrs. E. C. Marsh; Executive Committee—Mrs. D. C. Alling, Rochester; Mrs. Angeline Fish, Victor; Mrs. H. W. Williams, Mrs. C. W. Robie, Buffalo; Mrs. Martha Christie, Horseheads; Miss Mary C. Rich, New York; Miss Emily Clark, Le Roy.

THE SECRET OF MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Zschokka, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a bride:—"In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly, never, not even in jest, wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never, I say, never! wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next praise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it freely. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You, two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you, will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"

NEW AMUSEMENTS.—We have sometimes thought it might prove a most useful thing for the pale, feeble, and sickly young women of the present day, if some competent person should get up a series of amusements for them, of a kind fitted to develop and strengthen their physical powers. Suppose, for example, we should get up an amusement called "Taking off our grandmother," in which one or several of these feeble young women, should appear in short gown and petticoat, with pails, soap, and scrubbing-brush, and play scrubbing the floor, mind only play it, though of course to be effectually played it should be done as vigorously, and as nearly like our grandmothers who did it in earnest, as possible. The brush should be laid on as hard, and the floor made as clean, as if done in earnest instead of fun, but you must remember that it is only to be fun, fashionable fun, and you know that a great many fashionable amusements are as fatiguing as scrubbing floors, for instance, dancing all night. Only let some ingenious body contrive to make it a fashionable amusement, to take off our grandmothers' scrubbing-floor, and our word for it, many of our fashionable young women who don't seem to have strength enough to pick up a fan or handkerchief, would go through the whole process of scrubbing, and do it well. It is only as well that they can't do it. Fun is altogether another thing.

AN ACT OF GALLANTRY.—Scott, in one of his novels, informs us that Walter Raleigh paved his way to royal favor by throwing his mantle beneath the feet of Queen Elizabeth, lest they should be soiled in crossing a puddle of water. Passing up Broadway yesterday, a little accident occurred which recalled to our mind Sir Walter's gallantry. A young and handsomely dressed lady was tripping along a dilapidated sidewalk, while an Irishman, who was no respecter of persons, was shoveling dirt into the street. She was in the act of passing, and a spade full of mother earth was coming directly towards her splendid dress and "sweet bonnet," when a young man interposed, and received the whole discharge in his shirt bosom. The young lady blushed her gratitude, and the young man immediately cut for a buck