

**ADVENTURES IN HYDRABAD.**—We pitched our tents on the banks of the Hoosen Saugor tank, and, shortly after donning my Musselman costume, I rode towards the city, accompanied with a native friend, Moodien Khan. We crossed the river at the Chadur Ghat, or sheet ford, and entered the city by the gate of the same name. A highly interesting sight was now afforded us. Instead of deserted streets and empty houses, these were crowded with men of every caste, colour, and country of Hindoostan. The costumes, too, were widely dissimilar and highly picturesque; of course the turban prevailed but it was of every colour and shape; and the other vestments were of divers bright dyes, causing an assemblage of the people to resemble a bed of tulips. Every man who was able to wield a sword had one begirt about his loins, and the shawl sash sustained daggers and pistols. In consequence of arms being so generally worn, and the police being ineffective, brawls and murders are of daily occurrence, and the people are so accustomed to these, that they walk past a pool of human gore, or a dead body in the streets, with seeming indifference. It is highly dangerous for Europeans to enter within the walls: they will certainly get insulted, and, perhaps, shot from a window. We traversed numberless streets, where the celebrated oriental magnificence and splendour, painted in such glowing colours in the Arabian Nights, were realized. Elephants, in gorgeous trapping, were constantly seen parading about in every direction. The shops in the bazars glistened with cloth of gold and embroidery; shawls of cashmere, exposed for sale, forming flowing draperies in others; and the hum of so many thousand voices; and the sight of so many turbaned heads, occasioned in us a most pleasant excitement. Suddenly a shouting and noise was heard at some distance, we turned our horses towards the quarter whence it proceeded, and saw, rushing towards us, a dark and savage-looking native, his eyes starting from their sockets, and in his hand a bloody dagger. We prepared for defence, when we observed that he was pursued by a tall Musselman wielding a curved sabre; he advanced with hasty strides after the fugitive, and, coming up with him, dealt him a smart cut across the neck which brought him to the dust. Oyer he rolled, writhing in the agonies of death, and, turning towards the Musselman, he uttered a prayer for mercy. 'Accursed dog! did you show any to the Hakim Bashee?' said the other; and, with a blow on the throat, he sent him to render his account to Allah. The spectators then commenced congratulating and praising the young Musselman; and, on inquiring the particulars of the affray, we were able to collect what follows:—The Nizam's physician was passing along in his palankeen, between the Mecca Musjid, (or Mecca Mosque,) where the famous Mizim Alles lies buried, and the Char Minar, or gateway of the four minarets. He was accosted by three Pathan men, one of whom held out his left hand for his pulse to be felt. Whilst performing the friendly office, the physician was stabbed in the bowels by the villain, and, at the same moment received his death-wound in his side from a murderer at the other door of the palankeen, which the bearers immediately let fall and fled, and the blood was poured out like water on the street. The Pathans immediately attempted to make off, but were pursued by a servant, who, calling out that these were the men which had just murdered his master, the young Musselman nobleman, before mentioned, sitting in his upper story, heard him, and sallied out into the street, came up with the fugitives and cut them down in succession. It seems that the Pathans belonged to a troublesome tribe, who, a short time before, had been expelled the city; and, thinking that the physician was instrumental in procuring their banishment, they revenged themselves on him as before described. The three bodies were afterwards suspended from the gates, and presented a ghastly spectacle.—Captain Alexander: Forget Me Not.

**MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.**—In the battle of Brandywine several foreign officers of distinction served in the American army. Among these was the celebrated Marquis de la Fayette: he was only about twenty years of age, and, animated by a youthful and enthusiastic love of liberty, had quitted his country, a plentiful fortune, and all the endearments of polished society, to fight under the banners of the infant republic at the most gloomy period of the contest. At his own expense he purchased and fitted out a vessel to convey him to the American continent, and sailed notwithstanding a prohibition of the French government, which did not then deem it expedient to throw off the mask. This battle was his first military service in the American cause, and in it he received a

wound in the leg, but did not leave the field. Some other French officers were in the battle on the same side, and also Count Pulaski, a Polish nobleman.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XIII.*

FROM THE LONDON ATHENEUM.

**THE POET'S MISTRESS TO HER LOVER.**

BREATHE—me a lay of old romance,  
A festive or a battle strain;  
Tell me of knightly steed or lance,  
But never sing of love again:  
For while I hang upon thy lute,  
And feel it to my spirit cling,  
I wish thy lip of passion mute—  
I'd have thee feel too much to sing!

I hearken till a spell appears  
Enwreathed about my soul the while;  
And I look up to thee in tears,  
When I should greet thee with a smile.  
Then strike a livelier chord for me,  
Of marshalled hosts and teated plain—  
Of pomp, and pride, and pageantry—  
But never sing of love again!

Proud one! thy lute has many strings:  
Why wilt thou always waken one,  
And fetter thine imaginings,  
As since I've loved thee thou hast done?  
There are a thousand beautiful flow'rs,  
The gentle breath of spring has blown;  
Wreath them, I pray, and make them ours,  
Nor let the rose be twined alone.

If I could touch the lute like thee,  
I'd tell thee tales of fairy-land;  
And forms of light and witchery  
Should wake to life beneath my hand:  
But, didst thou ask a gentler lay,  
And bid me sweep love's trembling string;  
I'd put the lute in haste away,  
For I should feel too much to sing!

MISS PARDOE.

**SCHEDIASMA.**

MIRAMICHI:

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1831.

The Courier did not arrive with the mail until 8 o'clock, yesterday morning. It appears from the Way Bills, that the delay was owing to detention at the Ferries to the Southward of Richibucto. We are still without the February mail, and the Nova-scotia remarks, "if old Tilly be not the commander of the Packet, serious apprehensions for her safety may be entertained." The papers furnish no late intelligence from Europe.

Agreeably to a notice in our last week's paper, a meeting was held at Mrs LITTLE'S, on FRIDAY evening last, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing a TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. The Rev. Mr. M'Curdy opened the meeting with a prayer, and a few introductory remarks, and was unanimously called to the chair. After some desultory conversation upon the subject, it was moved and carried, that another meeting should be held on the 15th instant, at 6 o'clock, P.M. when measures would be adopted for the formation of a Society. We were requested at the meeting to publish the following extract from a speech delivered by Mr COLLIN, at the first public meeting of the Edinburgh Association, for the Suppression of Intemperance.

It is conceived by many, that Temperance Societies are established for the sole purpose of reclaiming drunkards, and that they are the only proper persons for becoming members of them. Now, this is not their main design. While TEMPERATE men continue their present practices, the evil can never be brought to a termination. For while these societies were occasionally reforming a solitary drunkard, there would be furnished from among temperate men, fifty to supply his place. Temperate men, by continuing to drink, are filling up the ranks of intemperance from which the host of drunkards will be drawn. These Societies, therefore, are established for temperate men to suspend entirely the practice of drinking among them.

We should learn wisdom from American experience. In America there are 1015 Temperance Societies, containing upwards of 100,000 members. These Societies last year reclaimed 705 drunkards; but, in the same year, 30,000 perished by drinking! What a host of drunkards, then, must have risen up, when so many perished in one year! And would the reformation of 700 drunkards have healed the nation, or terminated the evil? If these Societies had done nothing but reclaimed drunkards, death would have done more to terminate drunkenness than Temperance Societies; for while they only reclaimed 700, death carried off 30,000! What, then, was the mighty good which Temperance Societies achieved in America? It was not the reformation of 700 drunkards—it was the arresting of 100,000 temperate men in their progress to intemperance.

But had the temperate men of America acted under the same deep fallacy, and urged the same apology which so many of the temperate men of our own country can do, she would never have been able to proclaim her triumphs, and we should never have been induced to imitate her example. For though the spirit of the Lord were to descend from heaven now, and cast the evil spirit of intemperance out of every drunkard that exists, it would not terminate the evil; for while temperate men continue to drink, we should just have a new succession of drunkards as before. This is a position as clear and as certain as the sure demonstrations of geometry. It is rather too late for men to become members when they have become drunkards. Had Temperance Societies existed in the early days of the present race of drunkards, and had they been so wise as to have joined them, they would have been saved from their present desperate condition. 'The prudent man,' says Solomon, 'foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.' And if it would have been wise in the present race of drunkards, to have availed themselves of such a hiding place, it is surely not less the dictate of wisdom to the temperate men of the present day, to take refuge in them. Let us never again hear of that deep fallacy and desperate delusion which so extensively prevails, that temperate men do not need to join these Societies. While such a delusion continues to exist, intemperance will still continue to spread its triumphs over our land. It is for temperate men, and I had almost said, for temperate men alone, that these Societies are established; and if they decline to become members, all hope for our country is gone.

2. I shall next advert to a no less fallacious objection which is urged against the principle of these Societies. It is frequently said, why make total abstinence from the use of ardent spirits the principle? If you were to admit of moderation we would join you; but when you interdict their use altogether, we are indisposed to join you. My answer to this is, we adopt the principle of abstinence just because no other principle would be productive of any good; and because they cannot effect their object but on this principle. For it is the plainest of all truisms, that if a man never drinks, he will never become a drunkard, and therefore, from the members of Temperance Societies on this principle, not a drunkard can arise; and were all men to become members, this moral pestilence would completely disappear. But experience has shown, that the reverse of this position holds equally true, for while men continue to drink, many of them will become drunkards: No man driuks with the intention or expectation of becoming a drunkard. From whence, then, has such a host of drunkards arisen in our country? From moderate drinkers;—for every drunkard was once a moderate drinker, and it was the moderate use which betrayed him into his present ruined condition. Can we expect any other result from the modern use of spirits than has always resulted from it. This principle of moderation, for which so many earnestly contend, is the very principle on which men have all long been acting. And what has been the result? Why, that drunkenness has become the curse and the disgrace of our country. This is the inevitable result of allowing moderation; but can any such result come out of abstinence? No. It must, therefore, be either abstinence or nothing. Abstinence will heal the nation, but to allow moderation, will bring it to ruin. A gentleman said to me the other day, 'you carry matters to extreme, and injure your cause by doing so. If you were to admit of moderation you would get 50,000 to join you, for 10,000 who will join you on the principle of abstinence.' Perhaps he was right. But what then? I would not give one straw for his 50,000 members. And why? Just because they would perpetuate intemperance in our land, by pro-