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TOWANDA:

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## Selected Poetry.

### SMILE UPON THE FALLEN.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—  
 It perhaps may heal a smart;  
 It may cause a flow of gladness  
 To warm the frozen heart;  
 And cause a gloom to change into  
 A smile of other years.  
 When everything was happiness,  
 And all unknown were tears.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—  
 Think not, because 'tis so,  
 That in their hearts no feelings live,  
 No sweet affections flow;  
 Think not because their deeds were dark,  
 Grim feelings haunt them still;  
 Remember thou repentance true  
 The darkest heart may fill.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—  
 The heart that's suffer'd scorn,  
 Though crush'd, has tender impulse;  
 Though trampled on, may own  
 Rare gems, as bright as ever lived  
 In hearts that ne'er have known  
 The pangs, the pains, the hopeless hours,  
 The fallen one may own.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—  
 Look kindly in their faces;  
 There are plenty who can crown on them,  
 But few the smiles they trace.  
 Why, then, shouldst thou thy grim look add,  
 When thou a smile may use?  
 A smile which may to their hearts  
 A ray of hope infuse.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—  
 Who knows but from above,  
 The angels may be looking on  
 The smiles of happy love!  
 And then, perchance, the fallen one  
 May utter up a prayer,  
 That Heaven may bless thee in thy paths,  
 And send thy life the fair.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—  
 Remember drooping flowers  
 To raise their heads when suns do smile,  
 Are nourish'd by kind showers;  
 Then, smile upon the fallen one;  
 It perhaps may heal a smart;  
 It may cause a flow of gladness  
 To warm the frozen heart.

JOHN ALLEN.

## Letter from New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JULY 14, 1851.

FRIEND REPORTER:—Would you like to know the whereabouts of your old correspondent "Rotter"? I have the pleasure of informing you that he is sitting this present evening at his open window in the "Crescent City," fighting mosquitoes with an industry quite commendable, and between times trying to get off a few lines of gossip for your edification. The weather is "awful," warm here now, and it is only after sunset that one can screw his ambition up high enough to do anything. The evenings, however, are very pleasant, and they would be quite a compensation for the warmth of the day if it were not for the "gallinippers" singing their very unwelcome songs around one's head, and like impudent creditors sticking their bills into one's face. I left Bradford County on the 13th of June, and I intended to have dropped you a few notes by the way, but after getting started I found so much of interest to take my attention that I could not spare any time for writing. June is certainly the pleasantest month in the year for travelling, for the weather is then almost always fine, and nature everywhere is arrayed in her loveliest attire. It was only two days in going to Cincinnati, whereas, four years ago it took me eight days to go that distance. The facilities for travelling are increasing every year beyond all calculation, and the comforts are also increased while the expenses are very much reduced. By the route I came the distance to this city is 18,000 seven hundred miles. I was twelve days coming, and my necessary expenses did not exceed thirty dollars, although I lared like a prince every day. By taking second class conveyances one might come for fifteen dollars.—After leaving Cleveland on Lake Erie, the rail-road passed through a beautiful part of the State of Ohio, being about the centre. That part near Columbus I remained as exceedingly fine, and I could not compare it to my own mind with the wild and rugged scenery of my native Pennsylvania. There were thousands of acres of corn and wheat on land as level and rich as the Susquehanna flats, and it seemed as though it must be a pleasure for the farmers to cultivate such soil. But on conversing with some of them upon the subject, I found that they were no more satisfied with their lot than anybody else. They were troubled with chills and fever, and they thought Illinois was a much more fertile and healthy state. Alas, poor human nature! Contentment is a very sparing ingredient in its composition. I have never yet heard of that place which the goddess of happiness has chosen for her continued abode. I remained at Cincinnati two days, and had a fine opportunity of seeing the West. And it is indeed a great and busy city, and even its beauty will not lose in comparison with any place of its size east of the Alleghenies.—I had been travelling above all other modes is the most comfortable and interesting, and especially so on the western rivers. One has an elegant parlor to oneself, and everything that he can wish for to eat and drink, and sleep just as he pleases. The banks of the La Belle Riviere between Cincinnati and Louisville are a perfect garden, adorned with some of the most beautiful villages, and country residences that could wish to see. The falls at Louisville are a great disadvantage to the Ohio river. They prevent a passage over fifteen millions of dollars, and still is not wide enough for the largest class of boats. The tolls are very burdensome to those engaged in the boating business. Our boat carried 100 tons of freight, and the Captain informed

me that his expense in getting through the canal amounted to more than two hundred dollars, although the distance is only two miles. At Louisville two men on our boat were instantly killed by falling from the upper deck upon the guards below. After passing into the lower Mississippi the scenery tires one with its continuous sameness. There are no banks or hills or mountains to give variety to the scene. Yet it is not devoid of a peculiar sublimity. The mighty Father of Waters rolling on his majestic course so many hundred miles—the deep forests that border upon it, and the numerous large and powerful steamboats crowded with passengers that look like little birds floating on its surface—all these and a hundred other things cannot be contemplated without a sense of sublimity. At New Madrid, one hundred miles below the junction, it is very wide, and no bottom can be found. An earthquake occurred at that place in 1823, almost destroying the town. I was informed by one who was acquainted with that place, that some four miles from the river there was also a lake to which no bottom could be found, produced by the earthquake I have mentioned. The water is washing away the town by degrees every year, and already one half of the houses have tumbled into the river. I saw one large building myself which was almost gone, the ground having caved in under it; of course it is almost deserted. After passing Vicksburg the scene began to improve, and below Baton Rouge nothing could be imagined more lovely than the scenes on both sides of the river. Large fields of corn, seven and eight feet high stretched away, and beautiful sugar and cotton plantations adorned the banks. The planter's houses are tastefully built, in the midst of splendid gardens, and shaded by flowering trees and live oaks. The negro buildings are small white cottages, all alike, and all built in a row looking neat and village-like. In one single field I saw I was informed there was ten thousand acres, and I tell you it was a large one and as level as a floor. The rows of corn and cotton were as straight as a line could have made them. Just think what a figure our finest Bradford county farms would have made there—oh! It is all a city along the river for ten miles before we get to New Orleans proper, and everything denotes affluence. I arrived here on the 25th of June, and although I had only been absent two years, yet I saw a very perceptible change. New Orleans is improving rapidly, and if it only had some of the advantages which it lacks it would improve faster. But it is bound to be a great place despite of every disadvantage. It is not only improving in appearance but in the state of society here. Yankee emigration is fast doing away with many French and Spanish customs; and a complete system of public schools of a high order,—which by the way is the most powerful engine that can be brought to bear upon the moral character of a place—is doing much to elevate its character. Still it needs more than will be done in a good while, and it is not, certainly the most desirable place of residence in the Union. I believe in giving the Devil his due however, and I cannot put it down as low as some have in their wrath seen fit to do. We had a duel come off the other day, between a candidate for Congress, Dr. Hunt, and the Editor of the "Crescent" Mr. Frost, which proved fatal to Mr. Frost the challenger. And we have had two or three murders within a week or two. But such things happen in New York, and even in our own quiet and peaceful county.

Everybody except those who belong to the "Lanteg-away" club have gone to the north, or into the country, and consequently the city is as present comparatively dull. But there is no epidemic yet, and the city is usually healthy. There is considerable cholera along the river however, and ship fever on board of the boats. This is undoubtedly the place to make money easily and also to spend it easily. The lowest wages for male teachers in the public schools are seventy-five dollars per month and many of them get one hundred and twenty. The females get from forty to seventy-five per month, and the duties required are no more arduous than in a common district school in Bradford County. We have had no rain in a long time, and the streets are very dry. The gardens suffer for want of water. I forgot to mention that I accidentally fell in company with young Morgan, the Daguerrean Artist from Towanda, on my way. I shall probably write you occasionally. In the mean time I am yours.

## American Naval Anecdotes.

From the Washington Republic.

Some of the anecdotes contained in the following series have been before published; and some have not; all however, will bear telling once more, as there are, possibly some of our rising generation who have not read any of them.

When Macdonough was First Lieutenant of the Siren, under command of Captain Smith, a circumstance occurred in the harbor of Gibraltar sufficiently indicative of the firmness and decision of his character. An American merchant, brig came to anchor near the United States vessel. Macdonough in the absence of Captain Smith, who had gone on shore, saw a boat from a British frigate board the brig, and take from her a man; he instantly manned a gig, and pursued the British boat, which he overtook, just as it reached the frigate, and without ceremony, took the impressed man into his own boat. The frigate's boat was twice the force of his own; but the act was so bold as to astound the Lieutenant who commanded the presaging, and no resistance was offered. When the affair was made known to the British Captain, he came on board of the Siren in a great rage and inquired, how he dared to take a man from his boat. Macdonough replied, that the man was an American seaman, and was under the protection of the flag of the United States, and that it was his duty to protect him. The Captain with a volley of oaths, swore he would bring his frigate alongside the Siren, and sink her. That you may do, said Macdonough, "but, while she swims, the man you shall not have." The English Captain told Macdonough that he was a young hair-brained fellow, and would repeat of his rashness. Supposing, sir, said he, "I had been in that boat, would you have dared to have committed such an act? I should have made the attempt, sir, at all hazards, was the reply. "What sir?" said the English captain, "would you venture to interfere if I were to impress men from that brig?" You have only to try it, sir," was the witty answer. The English officer returned to his ship, manned his boat and made his way towards the brig; Macdonough did the same, but there the affair ended, the English boat took a circuitous route and returned to the ship. There was such a calmness in the conduct of Lieut. Macdonough, such a solemnity in his language, and such a politeness in his manner, that the British officer saw he had to deal with no ordinary man, and that it was not prudent to put him on his mettle.

When Lieutenant Decatur was in the squadron lying before Tripoli, under the command of Commodore Preble, he conceived a plan for recapturing or destroying the U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, which having got lost on a ledge of rocks, and captured in the harbor of Tripoli, had been made a prize by the Algerines, and got a float again. With great difficulty he obtained the Commodore's sanction to his perilous enterprise; but having at last gained his consent, Decatur manned the Intrepid with seventy volunteers, and accompanied by other young officers, all of whom have since acquired fame, he sailed from Syracuse on the 3d of February, 1804, in company of the United States Brig Siren, Lieut. Stewart, who was to take off the men in his boats in case it should be found necessary to use the Intrepid as a fire ship.

After a tempestuous passage of a fortnight they arrived off Tripoli towards evening. It had been arranged between Lieutenants Decatur and Stewart that the ketch and the boats of the Siren should enter the harbor about ten o'clock that night. The Siren arrived; but a change of wind had carried the Siren several miles to the leeward; and Decatur determined to take advantage of the wind which was then fair, and venture into the harbor without waiting for the boats. The Philadelphia, with her guns mounted and loaded, was moored under the guns of the castle, two Tripolitan cruisers lay within two cables length on her starboard quarter, and several gun boats within half gun-shot on her starboard bow. The ketch carried her gallant crew within two hundred yards of the frigate, without interruption; they were then hailed, and ordered to anchor. A Maltese pilot, by Decatur's order, answered that they had lost their anchors in a gale of wind off the coast, and therefore, could not anchor. By this time had approached near the frigate and were becalmed. Lieut. Decatur then directed a small boat to take a rope, and make it fast to the fore chains of the frigate; this being accomplished, the crew began to warp the ketch alongside. Up to this moment, the enemy had suspected no danger; but now in great confusion, they began to prepare for defence. Before they were well aware of the character of their visitors, Decatur had sprung on board, followed by Midshipman Charles Morris. These two were nearly as minute on the deck before their companions joined them. Fortunately, the surprise was too sudden for advantage to be taken of the delay. The Turks crowded together on the quarter-deck, without attempting to repel the boarders; who, as soon as a sufficient number were assembled to form a front equal to their adversaries, rushed upon them, and very soon cleared the deck. About twenty Turks were killed in the assault—the rest jumped overboard or fled to the lower deck. He ordered the ship to be set on fire in several parts, and when certain of her destruction, the crew returned on board the ketch; a favorable breeze sprang up, and they sailed out of the harbor without the loss of a man, four only being wounded.

Soon after the above incident, Commodore Preble determined to make an attack on Tripoli; and gave Decatur the command of a division. Having secured a Prize, Decatur was about to take her out, when a boat, which had been commanded by his brother, Lieut. James Decatur, came under his stern; and he was informed that his brother, after capturing one of the enemy's boats, had been treacherously slain by the commander, who was making for the port. He waited to hear no more, but hastened to overtake the assassin, and avenge his brother; with his single boat he pursued the retreating foe beyond the line of the enemy, he succeeded in laying his boat alongside, and threw himself on board, with eleven of his men—all the

Americans he had left. The fight continued on deck for twenty minutes, and but four of his men remained unwounded. Decatur now singled out the commander, who was the special object of his vengeance. With his cutlass he attempted to cut off his head of the esposton with which his antagonist was armed, but striking the iron, the treacherous steel broke at the hilt, and he received a wound in the right breast. They then closed, and after a fierce struggle, both fell. The Turk endeavored to stab him with a dagger; but Decatur seized his arm with his left hand, and with his right brought a small pistol to bear upon his antagonist—cocked it, fired through his pocket, and killed him. During this struggle one of Tripolitans behind Decatur, aimed a blow at his head with a sabre; and an American seaman, who had been so severely wounded as to lose the use of both his hands, rushed between the sabre and his commander's head, and received the blow upon his own head which fractured his skull. The generous sailor survived, and his self-devotion was afterwards rewarded by the government.

After the war with Great Britain, a squadron was sent to the Mediterranean, under the command of Commodore Decatur, for the purpose of punishing the Algerines for depredation upon our commerce. He arrived before Algiers on the 23d of June, 1815, and immediately demanded a treaty. His terms were stated, with all possible brevity, to be a relinquishment of all annual tribute or ransom of prisoners; property taken from Americans to be restored or paid for; all enslaved Americans to be released, and no American ever again to be held as a slave. The relinquishment as tribute was the most difficult point to settle, as it was contended that it might be used as a precedent by the European powers, and prove destructive to the Dey. "Even a little powder," said the Algerine negotiator, "might prove satisfactory." "It," replied Decatur, "you insist upon receiving powder as tribute, you must expect to receive balls with it." In forty-eight hours the treaty was negotiated, giving to Americans privileges and immunities never before granted by a Barbary State to a Christian power.

## A FUGUEE'S CURSE.

Among the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering fuguee.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the stores of black brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that in virtue of his ugliness, he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The fuguee is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises everybody and everything; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting; and lives on the fat of the land.

There is this much, however, to be said for him that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A late fast, or a penance of parched peas in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a fuguee who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking this stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fatening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables; but like the Scottish gentlemen who was continually begging bismarck, they were "no for his set, but for a neighbor." When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi. These offerings were daily laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to absorb them during the night, considerably leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings; for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a fuguee will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trudging himself along, like a cart-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a tic, composed of chopped straw, mud, cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbones; a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a bubble bubble, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

"Over bog or swamp, through straight rough, dense or rare,  
 With head, hands, feet or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with due honors to the public well or tank; the men beating drums and the women singing through their noses.

Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers; just as if he were an ordinary mortal; making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their lands, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one was anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up in the shape of a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the fuguee makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attention shown him, and intimates that he intends

taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh fire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not certainly indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow; a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth; his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venereal cross-bone effect to his breast. When he is dressed in no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasioned in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the verandah of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage to taste of what they called *fulate boinee* (English lightning) when a long gaunt figure with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out towards me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Fuguee," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek?" (Alms.)

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The fuguee paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to whom you are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the fuguee, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do—then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the fuguee was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dishes were still extended while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work; but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. Had a consciousness of the fuguee's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be faintest indication of his unfolding himself;—rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth. "If," I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinee (lightning) as will make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered—"your lightning can't touch a fuguee—the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the battery and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The fuguee seemed rather amused at the queer looking implements on the table, but ostentatiously maintained a look of lofty stolidity; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the fuguee's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wire did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivering in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground; yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs changing an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about on such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and, thinking he had now as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an envelope. When he got to what he reckoned cursing distance, he turned round, shook his fist at me, and fell to work—pouring out a torrent of imprecations—shouting, screaming, and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold!

There is a peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters, boils and ulcers, (no inefficient cures in a hot country,) he does not otherwise allude to him personally; but directs the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives—from his grandmother to his grand-daughter, wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and grandaunts inclusive. These he appreciates individually and collectively through every clause of a proscribed formulary, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail and comprehensiveness of malediction, leaves small scope for additions or improvements.

Leaving me to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings and compose his ruffled dignity.

"It so happened, that a short time after the fuguee had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the results of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bed room and lie down. In the course of an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the door, or door curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the curtain, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door. On seeing me they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges. The old Kidmdagar was too fat to run far; so I seized him, just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself; so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with "Oh! re-hab-re-hab!" and began to blubber, as only a fat Kidmdagar can, imploring me to send instantly for the fuguee, and make him a present; if I did not I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun; for said he, a fuguee's curse is good as *tham-ke-hat* (matter of fact). Some of his fellows now seeing that the murder was out ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

A laugh was the only answer I could make.—This somewhat reassured them, but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man.—It was no purpose that I told them that was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a kid and a bag of rupees to the fuguee. The durzeez (tailor), who had rapped to me from the village where the fuguee had taken refuge, told me, that as soon as the fuguee heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas sent* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse every body in the village as he had me and mine. The consequence was that pice, cotries, rice and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the fuguee surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women; to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had whipped me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheilan who ventured to take liberties with a fuguee. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of his sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thigh sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I cannot tell. I heard no more of him.

A few such adventures as these would tend to lesson the gross, and, to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labor.

**THE BARE-FOOTED LITTLE ONE.**—Two little ragged girls went by my window just now, their little scanty garments fluttering in the wind; but their little blue faces were locked in each other, and the elder tenderly lifted the younger through the snow drift. It was but a short time ago, that I passed the same children in Broadway. One of them had ragged around her feet, and a pair of broken shoes. The other was barefoot, and she looked very red, for it was pinching cold. "Hurry," said the other, in a gentle voice, "sit down on the door step here, and I will take off my rags and shoes. Your feet are cold, and you shall wear them the rest of the way." "Just a little while," replied the other, "for they are very cold; but you shall have them again directly." They sat down and made the friendly exchange, and away jumped the little one, her bare feet pattering on the cold stones, burbling with a happy-heart-warmth.

**WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The polypus receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand microns in the eye of the drone, and to effect the respiration, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of one thousand to each mass, join together when they come out and make a mass with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than one thousand united. Linnæus, by means of a microscope, observed spiders no larger than a grain of sand, which spun threads so fine it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.