

PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

Electrifying a Fuguer.

A writer in Dickens' Household Words relates this reminiscence of life in India:

"The fuguer is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises every earthly thing; sometimes preys on the poor; fasting; and lives on the fat of the land."

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the veranda of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage of it a shock. I heard a sharp noise, and, looking up, saw a small Indian, dressed in a white cloth, standing at the corner of the veranda, looking down at me with a fixed, intense gaze. He was a fuguer, and I was shocked.

The fuguer was the most singular sight I have ever seen. He was tall, thin, and gaunt, with a long, thin face, with his hair hanging in dishevelled 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 ap-

peared to be a small box with a brass plate at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Fuguer," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Black—black," he exclaimed, "surely you are black—goat about slow like you can't be wanting black?"

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

"You had better be off," I said, "I never give black to people who are able to work."

"We do Khoobs's work," replied the fuguer, with a sneer.

"O! you do them," I answered, "you had better ask Khoobs for black." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up at the fuguer, I saw that the fat man was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongue and dish were still extended, while his left hand sustained his right foot across his knee. I turned to the table, and again began to work, but he suddenly, and with a sneer, broke a glass, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. He had a consciousness of the fuguer'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 was an agonized expression over his face, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his feet upon the floor. His performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself—rather a pictureque ornament to the lawn, than he should take into account. These fellows sometimes remain in one position for hours, a veritable "W.I.T." I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boojies' lightning!"

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

"Lightning," he snorted, "your lightning can't touch a fuguer—the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the machine, and connected it with a civil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as to force one to cry, and which, now, is capable of voluntarily enduring beyond the endurance of the gods."

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill suppressed torment, to witness the fuguer's ordeal.

I fastened one wire to his still extended tongue, 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 wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the snap into the coil and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a dog, and leaped into the air, and quivered 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 tongue clanging as irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was too much in agony to speak, so that I began to fear he would die of 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 horrors he had just been through had really passed, then the tongue from his mouth bounded across the lawn and over the fence like an antelope. When he had 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, screeching, and tossing his arms about in a manner ferocious to behold.

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