

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Poet's Corner.

For the Susquehanna Register.

Hath he Perished.

Where is his grave? Oh tell me where
They buried him! That brother dear,
With whom I oft have played;
With whom I share the happy hours
Of childhood's days, and plucked the flowers
As over the fields we strayed!

Show me the sacred spot, where rests
The cold damp clay upon his breast,
Say then I may believe,

That he has passed away from earth;
No more to join with me in death,
Nor more with me to give.

But oh! 'till I have seen the spot
Where rests his ashes, I cannot
Believe that life has fled;

Even now methinks I see him stand,
Where last I grasped the parting hand,
And said "good bye dear Fred!"

That self same smile lights up his brow,
Those sparkling eyes, I see them now
In fancy just as then.

He speaks, and that same ready wit
Its object, as of old hath hit,
And raised our mirth again.

I never can think of thee as one,
With whom I watched and saw the sun
Of life decline and die.

Can it be that thou hast gone
From thine eternal home,
Beyond the bright blue sky?

They tell me so; but still it seems
Softe the memory of a dream,
I can't believe it true.

I seem again the fields to roam,
Adjusting to our father's home
'Tis company with you.

A wonder that to me it seems
Like the slim shadow of my dreams,
The story of thy death.

None who never knew thee other,
Than a healthy joyous brother,
Ling with every breath,

Partner thou of my work and play,
Shares of all hours, sad and gay,
Companion of my bed.

Sureless, and joyous and free,
Thy ray, brother Fred, can it be,
That thou indeed art dead?

No! there is something tells me now
It is thy hand upon my brow
Alas the fever there;

And gently sooths my aching mind,
Lulling my soul to be resigned.

For thou art with me here.

That though the form with which I play'd,
Beneath an alien soil is laid,
So there exist the same.

That they laid thee to rest alone,
No kin beside thee and no tombstone
Whereto to trace thy name.

The form I loved may hide away
And to meet most my eye by day,
But then art only "sleeping."

That ever joyous soul of thine,
In dreams shall mingle still with mine

And guide me by thy teachings.

By voice like the gently rising wave
Stole o'er my soul from thy far off grave.

As fall the dews of even;

Telling me not for thy death to grieve,
But for a union with thee on high.

Where death comes not, in Heaven.

ED.

Selected Miscellany.

From Dickens' Household Words.

A FUQUEER'S CURSE.

Among the 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 Fuqueer.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with such the same sort of feeling as a vagrant lock-punch, when he makes his appearance unnoticed in a modern drawing room. If we could imagine the aforesaid lock-punch brandish his horn in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and admiring with conceited swagger, that a virtue of ugliness he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, the analogy would be more complete.

The Fuqueer is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises every kind of labor; and everything; sometimes preys on perpetual fasting, and lives on the fat of the land.

There is this much, however, to be said of him, that when he does mortify him self for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenient fast, penance of parched peas in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a Fuqueer who was never known to eat at all. He carried a small black bag about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty, yet he had a host of supplementaries, and a protuberant paunch which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, business was to collect stalks and stalkables, but like the Scottish gentry, who were "no for mazal, but for mazal," when I saw him he was collecting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and fowl, for the benefit of his patron Devil.

These offerings were singularly laid upon the altar before the Devil, who was supposed to absorb them during the night, leaving the remnants to be devoured by the dogs.

The only answer to this threat, was a smile of derision sent his mischievous blustering across his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered, "your lightning won't burn me."

"I am the lightning," he retorted, "and you are the lightning."

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the Fuqueer surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women, to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility, telling them how he had withheld me up root and branch, and expressed a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheol, who ventured to take liberties with a Fuqueer.

The crowd bid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulder. His eyes

goodness and freshness of these offerings, for he rejected such as were too stale to be retained next morning, with his malevolence to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a Fuqueer will take it into his head that community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a cart wheel, for a couple of hundred of miles or so. He ties his wrists, to his ankles, composed of crooked straw, mud, and cow dung laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees, and his elbow, by way of an axle, and on he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a bubble-bubble, hung like trinkets at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him several years, like Milton's friend:

"O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, feet or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the 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. Heroic holiness undamps washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road, and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, he enters into conversation with the assembled visitors. Just as if he were an ordinary mortal, making very particular inquiries about the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their funds. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up in a hoop; and dispute gets warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the Fuqueer makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attentions 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 tire 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 "weak vessels" of humanity, with whom generally he is 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; dubbing his cheeks with 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 venerable cross-bone effect to his breast. When I add, that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is not a part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

The afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the rear of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage, a taste of what they called "Wulste boisee" (English lightning) when along came a gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disorder masses over his face, was observed to cross the line. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of the other servants whispering together behind the purda or door-curtain, no attention was paid to him. On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels, like a crew of frightened partridges. The old kidmudgar 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-bub, re-bub!" and began to babble, as only a fat kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the Fuqueer, and make him a present; if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before tomorrow's sun; "For," said he, "a Fuqueer's curse is good as *Lionat-ka-ha*" (a matter of fate). 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 yet there was time.

The Fuqueer had gone, I cautiously held my hand, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of acid, and consequently became so ill, as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour I called to my bearer to bring me a glass of water, but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda 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 purda, 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 crew of frightened partridges. The old kidmudgar 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-bub, re-bub!" and began to babble, as only a fat kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the Fuqueer, and make him a present; if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before tomorrow's sun; "For," said he, "a Fuqueer's curse is good as *Lionat-ka-ha*" (a matter of fate).

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