

MOUNTAIN GENTLE.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX.

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TERMS.

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No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEE.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

The home of my boyhood, my own country home, I love it, I love it where'er I roam, Tho' long since my foot on its threshold was pressed, Neath the roof of the homestead in spirit I rest, While memory recalls all its beauties to me, And tints with her pencil the picture I see.

There stands the old barn where in childhood I played, The forest where oft with my brothers I strayed; There lies the green meadow, where on the fresh hay The long days of summer passed swiftly away; There bubbles the brook, as refreshing and cool As when on its borders I loitered from school.

There wave the green oaks, in the depths of whose shade The forms of my father and mother are laid; But vain is the effort to think of them there, My dear gentle mother is in her arm chair, While hearty and hale is the autumn of life, My father is sitting beside "the old wife."

Time softens the picture I look upon now, And few are the rose-flakes that rest on each brow, While round the old hearth-stone my brothers all stand, Ere death on the fairest had laid his cold hand; One sister I see through the vista of years, But the gleam of my memory is darkened with tears.

In the evening of life these scenes of my youth Come back to my mind with their freshness and truth, As stars that are hid by the light of the sun, Shine bright when his course in the heavens is run. Then I look to the future for comfort and cheer; Now hope is departed and memory is dear.

All, all have gone, the fair and the brave, And lonely I stand on the brink of the grave, Where the wife of my youth, her babe on her breast, My brothers and sisters have gone to their rest; Not one in the homestead my coming shall greet Of those who were wont round its hearth-stone to meet.

One only desire lives in my heart, To see that old homestead before I depart, To stand by the grave where my mother is laid, And point out the spot where my own shall be made. And in that old house where I first drew my breath, Sit quietly down till the coming of death.

Here is another spur for defective memories, which should draw blood from the most story-hearted of subscribers:— It is pleasant to sit with one's wife, By the light of a brilliant taper, While one's dear companion for life Looks over the family paper— And now and then reads a song or a story, A marriage, or death, or a tragedy gory.

To feel that one's nothing to do, But to sit and philosophize gravely; Each murderous deed to eschew— Applauding the editor bravely, For his tact and his talent, his shears, Now winking to laughter—now moving to tears.

Oh happy the man that is blest With a wife who can tattle read; Who will give his newspaper no rest, Till his terms have all gone to sea; Who exclaims now and then, as she picks up the paper, "My dear, won't the printer want pay for his paper?"

A Presentiment.

The New York Courier states that Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire, one of the victims of the recent accident on the New Haven Railroad, was visited a few weeks ago at his residence by a friend from New York, who invited him to spend a few days in that city, at the then approaching Medical Convention. Dr. B. replied that it would afford him much pleasure to spend some time in that city, but that he had great apprehension of danger in travelling to and fro, augmented by the fact that when he last visited New York he had engaged his passage in the steamer Lexington, for the fatal trip on which he was betrayed, when almost every passenger perished,—but did not reach the wharf in season to get on board. He subsequently overcame his reluctance to travel, attended the Convention, and met with the fate he dreaded, in the New Haven cars.

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very positive terms, that he could never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added:—"I have experienced that change and now feel no anxiety."

"And have you been born again?" said his companion, musingly.

"Yes, I trust I have."

"Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you, young man, to be born over more."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS.

[The Philippine Islands, a group which forms one boundary of the Chinese Sea, have seldom been visited by travellers of the book-making sort. Recently, however, a Frenchman, M. de la Girouiere, has published a work in which he narrates his adventures in those islands, during a residence of many years, and which contains a vast amount of entirely new information, respecting the islands and their inhabitants. From Blackwood's review of this work we extract a passage of great interest:—]

"One morning," writes M. de la Girouiere, "we were silently pursuing our way, we heard before us a chorus of shrill voices, more resembling those of birds than of men. Presently we perceived at a short distance about forty savages of both sexes, and all ages, and having completely the appearance of animals. They were gathered round a large fire, hard by a stream. We took a few steps forward, presenting our backs to them. On perceiving us, they shrieked, and were about to fly, but I showed them a packet of cigars, and made signs that we wished to present these to them. When they understood this they drew up in a line, like soldiers on parade; it was the signal that we might approach. We did so, cigars in hand, and, commencing at one extremity of the line, I distributed my gift. It was very important to make friends of them, and, according to their usages, to give to each an equal part. The distribution over, our alliance was complete; the savages had nothing more to fear from us, nor we from them. They all began smoking. A deer was hanging from a tree; the chief took a bamboo knife and cut off three large pieces of venison, threw them into the glowing embers, and a minute afterwards, withdrew them, and presented a piece to each of us. The outside of this savage carbuncle was rather burnt and ashy, the inside quite raw and bloody. It would not do to show repugnance; my entertainers would have been scandalized, and I wished to live with them for a few days in harmony, so I ate my bit of deer, which, upon the whole, was not so very bad; my Indians followed my example, and thenceforward treachery was out of the question."

M. de la Girouiere found it very difficult to make himself understood, but the next day he fell in with a woman who spoke the English tongue. She acted as his interpreter; and from her he obtained such information as he desired concerning the Ajetas. These people appeared to him to be far more like monkeys than human beings; even their voices resembling the cries and jabbering of the animal, whilst their gestures were monkey all over. Their superiority consisted in knowing how to make a fire, and to use bow and lance. Their color is the ebony black of the African negro; their stout stature hardly attains five feet English, their hair is woolly; and as they know not how to get rid of it, it forms a strange sort of crown, or halo round their heads. Their features resemble those of the African blacks, but the lips are less prominent. Their sole dress is a girdle eight to twelve broad, made of the bark of trees. They feed on roots, fruit, and the produce of the chase. A bamboo lance, a palm-wood bow, and poisoned arrows, are their weapons. They eat their meat nearly raw, and live in groups or tribes composed of fifty or sixty persons. During the day, the old people, the invalids, and children sit around the fire, whilst the others go hunting; when they have enough food to last for some days, they all remain round the fire, and at night they sleep promiscuously in the ashes. "It is extremely curious to see thus assembled some fifty of these brutes, of all ages, and all more or less deformed. The old women are especially hideous; their decrepit limbs, their pot-bellies, and their extraordinary hair, giving them the appearance of furies or witches."

Nothing human can possibly be more degraded than these Ajetas. They have no religion; their worship consists in worshipping their dead, but adore for the day, any rock or tree trunk in which they trace a resemblance to an animal. Their language has very few words; their children take for sole name that of the place where they are born. They have great respect for old age, and and for the dead. For years after the decease of one of them, they place tobacco and betel-nut upon his grave, above which his bow and arrows are suspended. Every night, so they believe, he quits his grave to go hunting. They have no funeral ceremony. They lay the corpse at full length in the grave, and cover it with earth. But when an Ajetas is ill of a malady deemed incurable, or has been slightly wounded with a poisoned arrow, his friends place him in a large hole, his arms crossed upon his breast, and bury him alive. All the weapons of the Ajetas are poisoned. A wound from one of their arrows would not suffice to check the career of so strong an animal as the stag. But the least scratch of the poisoned dart produces an unquenchable thirst, and as soon as the animal drinks he dies. The hunters then cut away the flesh from around the wound, for otherwise the whole carcass would quickly acquire so intensely bitter a flavor that even the Ajetas (not very dainty feeders) could not eat it. When in Sumatra, M. de la Girouiere had investigated the nature of the poison used by the Malays for their arrows, and had found it to be simply a strong solution of arsenic in lemon-juice. He was curious to know what the Ajetas used. They took him to a large tree, tore off a bit of the bark, and told him that that was served them for poison. He chewed some in their presence; it was insupportably bitter, but otherwise harmless in its natural state. To render it fatal the Ajetas prepare it in a particular way, but they would not communicate their secret. It forms a paste, of which they spread a thin coat upon their arrows. M. de la Girouiere had painful experience of its powerful and pernicious effect. On quitting the Ajetas, who had treated him hospitably, and to the best of their ability, he took it into his head to carry away with him one of their skeletons, which he thought would be an acceptable present to the Jardin des Plantes, or anatomical museum at Paris. It was rather a dangerous undertaking, owing to the savages' veneration for their dead; and he had little quarter to expect if caught body-snatching. Undeterred by this risk, he had got but a quarter of a league from the camp, when he commenced opening some old graves. The first skeleton he got to was considered, but with some fear, that it was that of a woman, from her attitude had evidently been buried alive. Her bones were still covered with the skin; she was a sort of mummy, and exactly

what Dr. Pable wanted. So he took her out of the grave, and put her in a sack, but had scarcely done so when shrill cries were heard. The Ajetas were on the trail of the three resurrectionists, who ran for their lives, but without relinquishing their booty. The savages climbed trees (which they do just like monkeys)—using their hands and setting the soles of their feet against the trunk, and peeped them with arrows. Darkness facilitated the escape of the fugitives; but on getting out of the wood, M. de la Girouiere noticed a scratch on one of his fingers. He attributed it to a branch of brier, and thought no more about it.

Seated on the sea-beach with the skeleton, the three wanderers took counsel together. Aija was downcast, and anticipated evil. His chief did not much admire the aspect of affairs, but nevertheless kept a stout heart, and a bold visage, and cheered his followers. A fire was lighted, and the two Indians went to seek shell-fish. On their return they announced the discovery of a pigroque which the waves had cast upon the strand. It was half buried in the sand, and needed calking and repairs; but with the help of gum and bamboo-fibre, they managed to make it water-tight, and put to sea. A bamboo converted into a sail, the skeleton's sack was converted into a mast, and the three voyagers were accustomed to handle these fragile boats, and feared nothing. Gladly the Indians, more used to the lake than the ocean, fell sea-sick, and M. de la Girouiere had to sail and steer the skiff totally unassisted. "When I reflect," he says, "upon the position in which I found myself, afloat on the Pacific Ocean, in a frail pigroque, having for auxiliaries two helpless persons, (the Indians lay prostrate in the bottom of the boat,) two skulls, and the skeleton of an Ajetas, and managing my reader, supposing that I am fabricating a story for my amusement. Nevertheless, it is the exact truth I am narrating; and, besides, let those who please believe me." After four-and-twenty hours' anxious navigation, the pigroque put into land, near a Tagalog village, and another day and night took the adventurers to Jala-Jala. Thence M. de la Girouiere went to Manila. On the first night of his arrival there, he experienced such acute pain in the finger, which had received a scratch during his flight from the Ajetas, that he twice fainted away. The pain became so violent that he no longer doubted the trifling hurt to have proceeded from a poisoned arrow. An operation, performed by a brother surgeon, rather increased than diminished the pain and irritation. The inflammation spread to the arm, and such, as he experienced, such agony, and sleeplessness, the doctor made way for the priest, who administered the last sacrament. Nevertheless M. de la Girouiere recovered; but his convalescence was long, and for more than a year afterwards he suffered from acute pains in the chest. But, with characteristic industry, he had stuck to his skeleton, both by sea and by land, and it is now in the Museum of Anatomy.

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

The greatest phenomenon of this age of stupendous and astonishing events, is the immense tide of emigration which is pouring out of Ireland. A people possessing in the most eminent degree all the elevated characteristics which belong to the human race, are forsaking the fairest country upon the face of the globe, by families, by communities—by millions—because wanting in that devotion to the native soil which has such deep root in the patriotic breast; but for want of affection for the government which claims their allegiance and of that direct and most inexorable of necessities—DEATH.

No American can contemplate the progress of this mighty phenomenon unmoved. His sympathy for the noble race that is seeking our shores is not more poignant than the just pride which their pilgrimage into our confines excites in the institutions under which they seek an asylum.

While on the Irish subject we cannot refrain from publishing, at least, the conclusion of the eloquent speech delivered by the celebrated Dr. Cahill, at the dinner in honor of St. Patrick's day, given in Galway, Ireland, on the last day of the Irish tutelary Saint. The tribute to America is one of the most eloquent ever uttered on any subject, and is so full of grace and beauty, that it is a rare treat to read it. A brief extract from it has already been extensively published in the newspapers of this country. We have felt that it would be a mutilation not to publish, with this extract, at least as much of the oration as here follows:

Fellow countrymen—this is certainly a great day for Ireland. As your chairman has given me credit for having some knowledge of astronomy, I must take the liberty of informing the people of Scotland that the length of the day and night in Ireland is twenty-four hours,—(loud laughter)—and that it was twelve o'clock noon in our colonies in the east at about four o'clock this morning in Ireland; and again, that about this present hour, while we are filling our sparkling glasses, the Irish are just going to mass, with the shamrocks in their hats, at twelve o'clock in America. The Irish soldier, therefore, on this morning, at four o'clock, saluted the glorious memory of St. Patrick at the mouth of the Ganges; he began the shout in the east as the sun culminated over Pekin; and as the day advanced, the shout rolled along the foot of Himalaya, it swept across the Indus, passed over the track of Alexander the Great, was heard in ancient Byzantium, disturbed the slumber of the sleeping hero in the gray field of Marathon, reverberated along the seven hills of Rome, and almost awoke about ten o'clock this morning, old Bonibus on the banks of the Tiber. Owing to the mysterious destinies of Ireland, and of our scattered race, there is not a spot from the yellow sea to the pillars of Hercules, from Garryowen to Melbourne, in which some merry Irishman does not on this fix the green shamrock in his cap, and, with overflowing soul and wild transport of native joy, sing the inspiring air of his country, and chaunt aloud the magical tune of "St. Patrick's day in the Morning."—(Loud cheers for several minutes.)

But the commemorating voice of this day through primeval Asia and old Europe is weak in comparison to the power it attains when it has crossed the Atlantic, and reached the friendly shores of our young and vigorous America. There many a fond Irish heart welcomes the well known cheer as they burst in the patriot skies of Bunker's Hill; there the shout assumes the majesty of thunder as it rolls in peals, again and again repeated, over the boundless

prairies that skirt the Mississippi, and is echoed and re-echoed along the chisels Alleghenies, until it dies away into silence about two o'clock on the Pacific. [Loud cheering.] Thus round and round the globe in the voice of Ireland heard this day by all mankind—thus her scattered and fated children sing the wild song of their native land to the stranger—thus her poor north the patriot strains of their beloved country to the idolatrous Tartar, to the polished European, and the savage Indian; thus they stretch their united hands to each other on this day, and round the entire world; they form a circle of national love and patriotism, which reaches from the east to the west, and we couple the north and the south poles within the wide circle of our exalted but glorious affections. [No one except those who heard the conclusion of the sentence can form any idea of the wild enthusiasm which followed. After a while silence was again restored, and every ear again on the strain to drink in eagerly the burning language of the gifted orator.] He proceeded—(Loud cheer for a moment about 12 o'clock to night, and you will hear our own harp pour forth its Irish plaintive voice from New York across the broad unraped waters of the Atlantic. Even now, if you will be quiet, you can audibly distinguish the sound of joy raised by seven millions of our blood, and our race, and our faith all along the broad shores of glorious, hospitable America—Oh! America, how I love your green fields, because they are now the resting place of the wandering children of my country!)

I worship your lofty mountains and your rich valleys, because they afford an asylum and a barrier against the storms of adversity which have swept away and withered the ancient home of my country, and your majestic rivers, your magnificent lakes, your verdant and friendly canyons, conveying my former countrymen to a peaceful and plentiful home. Oh, America, I could die for your generous people, because they have opened their arms to welcome the ejected sons of St. Patrick. I long to stand in the presence of the patriot, the accomplished Mrs. Tyler, and the incomparable ladies of America, but I may offer the deep homage of my grateful heart—that I may present to them the respect and the enthusiasm of the people of Ireland for the withering chastisement they have inflicted on the sainted cruelty of the Duchess of Sutherland, and for the graceful dignity with which they have exposed the well meaning hypocrisy of her most noble committee. And I long to behold the country where the broken heart of Ireland is bound, her daughters protected, her sons adopted; where conscience is free, where religion is not a hypocrisy, where liberty is a reality, and where the gospel is a holy profession of divine love, and not a profligate trade of national vengeance. [Enthusiastic shouts of applause.] How long, O Lord, wilt thou hold thy turbulent scourge over Ireland, the most faithful of all the countries that possess the divine revelations from heaven? But till Providence is pleased to staunch the flowing blood of Ireland and to heal the wounds, we, her persecuted sons, are bound to raise the cry of horror against our relentless oppressors, to keep up through each coming year and each century the watchword of our sires for freedom till the happy day of our deliverance. It is glorious to struggle for the redemption of one's country; it is baser to tamely submit to the tyrant's frowns—liberty, and then death, is preferable to slavery and life. Oh, eternal Liberty—inheritance of the soul!

"Better to bleed for an age at thy shrine, Than to sleep for one moment in chains." [Wild and rapturous cheering.] Beloved fellow-countrymen, of late years I have had more opportunities of seeing the sufferings of the Irish than many others. I met them at the airport to the city, I heard their complaints; I am familiar with their hard trials, and I feel intensely their dire fate; and in the midst of all their misfortunes they never lose the native affections of their warm Irish hearts. About the year 1848, I went on board an emigrant ship at the Custom House in Dublin, in order to see the accommodation of the poor emigrants. While walking on the deck, I saw a decent poor man from the county of Meath, with the mightiest dog I ever beheld in his arms. He seemed to be keeping up a kind of private conversation with this dog, and occasionally he kissed him so affectionately that I was led to speak to him, and make some enquiry about him. He told me that the dog's name was Brandy, that he and his mother were in his family for several years, and that he was the same age as his youngest child. He continued to say that, on the day he was ejected from his home through war, Brandy's house was thrown down too; in fact that the poor dog was exterminated as well as himself. That he took pity on him, brought him to Dublin, paid fifteen shillings for his passage to America, and that he would support him with his children as long as he lived. While he was speaking, the dog began to bark, on which I enquired what he was barking at. "Oh, sir," said he, "he knows we are talking about the landlord. He knows his name as well as I do, and the creature always cries and roars when he hears his name mentioned."—(roars of laughter, which lasted several minutes.) Oh, many a trial the poor Irish have endured during the last six years. Many a volume could be filled with the cruel persecution of the faithful Irish. From Galway to America the track of the ship is marked by the whitened bones of the murdered Irish that lie along the bottom of the abysses of the mourning ocean.—And yet those that have reached the friendly shore still drag a heavy chain, which binds them to their native land; still they long to see their own beloved hills, and lay their bones with the ancient dead of their faith and their kindred.—And if death summons them beyond the Atlantic, they are buried in the snows of Canada, or pestilence of Mexico, they turn their fading eyes towards the day-star that rises over Ireland, and their last prayer is offered to heaven for the liberty of their country. Their last sigh of God is made for the freedom of her altars. (The learned gentleman then sat down amidst an enthusiasm of applause and a demonstration of respect by waving of handkerchiefs and continued cheering, such as we have never before witnessed in this city.)

A young dandy about strating on a sea voyage, went to a store to purchase a life preserver. "Oh, you will not need it," suggested the clerk, "bags of wind won't sink!"

No True Story Camels.

The following true story loses much of its effect in the translation from the Dutch, in which we originally heard it, and in the manner of recital. Delivered in the Colonel's inimitable style, it was enough to make a horse laugh.

Several years ago the celebrated Col. L. of this county, was connected with a traveling exhibition, which was announced in every store, tavern, and blacksmith shop in the "rural districts" of old Berks, in large hand-bills, under the glaring heads of "ground and lofty tumbling," "legerdemain," and "splendid menagerie." The "menagerie" consisted of three live camels, and as it was the principal feature of attraction, the Colonel was obliged to drive them from one place of entertainment to another at night, in order to prevent the "free and intelligent citizens of old Berks" from getting a glimpse of the animals "free gratis for nothing," which would have considerably diminished the receipts of the concern. One night, after keeping up the exhibition to a rather late hour, the Colonel had strayed into a country tavern yard, where he was surrounded by a crowd of "free and intelligent citizens of old Berks" from getting a glimpse of the animals "free gratis for nothing," which would have considerably diminished the receipts of the concern. One night, after keeping up the exhibition to a rather late hour, the Colonel had strayed into a country tavern yard, where he was surrounded by a crowd of "free and intelligent citizens of old Berks" from getting a glimpse of the animals "free gratis for nothing," which would have considerably diminished the receipts of the concern. 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