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THE GREEN MOUNTAIN FREEMAN, MONTPELIER, VERMONT, 1849.

Poetry.

Home and Friends.

The following lines deserve, as well for their beauty as for the excellent tracts they contain, to be engraven in the memory of every reader.

O, time's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
No need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be who find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life has here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and potent them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to mow them!
For things who still sweeter are,
When purchased by toil—yet hard are;
But none so dear bought that earth hath bought
Like home and friends around us!

The friends that spread in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were sight—if lost the light
Thus friendship's star crowd'st us,
"Twould prove the kiss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us!

Select Tales.

We find the following graphic sketch in the last *Living Age*, and, having seen ourselves born in the strange *Digitoria* which it relies, can answer for its general truthfulness.

The Melungens.

[We are sorry to have lost the name of the Southern paper from which this is taken.]

We give to day another amusing and characteristic sketch from a letter of our intelligent and sprightly correspondent, rejourning at present in one of the secluded vocated nooks hid away in our mountains.

You must know that within some ten miles of this one's nest, there is a watering place, known hereabouts as "Black-water Springs." It is situated in a narrow gorge scarcely half a mile wide, between Powell's Mountain and the Copper Ridge, and, as you may suppose, almost inaccessible.—A hundred men could defend the pass against even a Xerxes army. Now this gorge and the top and sides of the adjoining mountains are inhabited by a singular species of the human animal called Melungens.

The legend of their history, which they carefully preserve, is this. A great many years ago, these mountains were settled by a society of Portuguese adventurers, men and women—who came from the *Long-shore* part of Virginia, that they might be freed from the restraints and drawbacks imposed upon them by any form of government.—These people made themselves friendly with the Indians, and lived, as they were, from every kind of social government, they upsetted all conventional forms of society, and lived in a *delightful* Utopia of their own creation, trampling upon the marriage relation, dropping all form of religion, and subsisting upon corn, (the only possible product of the soil,) game, and the fruits of the woods. These intermarried with the Indians and subsequently their descendants (after the first advances of the whites into this part of the state) with the negroes and the mixtures than forming the present race of Melungens. They are tall, straight, well-formed people, of a dark copper color, with the Circassian features, but wooly heads, and other similar appendages of our negroes—They are privileged voters in the state in which they live, and that you presume are accredited citizens of the commonwealth. They are brave, but quarrelsome; and are hospitable and generous to strangers.—They have no preachers among them and are almost without a knowledge of a Superior Being. They are married by the established form, but husband and wife separate at their own pleasure, without meeting with any reproach or disgrace from their friends. They are remarkably unchaste, and want of chastity on the part of the females is no bar to their marrying. They have but little association with their neighbors, carefully preserving their identity as a race, or class, or whatever you may call it; and are in every respect, save they are under the state government, a separate and distinct people. Now this is no traveler's story. They are really what I tell you, without altering or setting down aught in malice. They are behind their neighbors in the times. They use oxen instead of horses in their agricultural attempts, and have implements of husbandry are chiefly made by themselves of wood. They are without exception, poor and ignorant, but apparently happy.

Having thus given you a correct geographical and scientific history of the people, I will proceed with my own adventures.

The doctor, was in usual, accompanied me *voyage*, and we stopped at "Old Vardy's" the hostelrie of the vicinage. Old Vardy is the "chief cook and bottle-washer" of the Melungens, and is really a very clever fellow; but his hotel covers pretty strongly of that perfume that one may find in the sleeping rooms of our negro servants, especially on a close, warm, summer's evening. We arrived at Vardy's in time for supper, and that fortunately, we went to the spring where were assembled several rude log huts, and a sprinkling of "the natives," together with other preparations for a dance. Shoes, stockings, and coats were unknown luxuries among them—at least we saw them not.

The dance was engaged in with hearty good will, and would have put to blush the tame steppings of our beaux. Among the participants was a very tall, raw boned damsel, with her two garments fluttering readily in the amorous night breezes, whose black eyes were lit up with an unusual fire, either from repeated visits to the nectar but, behind the door of which was placed an open mouthed stone jar of new-made corn whiskey, and in which was a gourd, with a "dense lot" of sugar at all, and no water nearer than the spring. Nearest her on the right, was a lank, hunter-eyed, high-cheeked, long legged fellow, who seemed similarly strained. Now there two, Joel Bilson, (that was he,) and Syl Varnum, (that was she,) were destined to affect the amusement of the evening; for Joel in cutting the pigeon wing, chanced to light from one of his aerial flights right upon the ponderous pedal appendage of Syl, a compliment which this amiable lady resented in no way disposed to accept kindly.

"Joel Bilson," said the insulted Syl, "I'll think you to keep your damed hoofs off my feet."

"Oh, Jeed's feet are as tired big, he can't manage 'em at my hand," suggested some predecessor near by.

"Hell have to keep 'em off me," suggested Syl, "or I'll shorten 'em for him.

"Not you yet here, Syl Varnum, answered Jeed, somewhat nettled at both remarks, "I did'nt go to tread on your feet;—but I don't want you to be cutting up tricks about it. You're nothing but a cross grained critter, any how."

"And you're a darned Melungen."

"Well, if I am, I ain't a nigger-Melungen, anyhow—I'm no *Indian-Melungen*, and that's more'n you is."

"See here, Jeed," said Syl, now highly nettled, "I'll give you a dollar of you'll go out on the green and fight it out."

Jeed smiled faintly and demurred, saying—"Go home Syl, and look under your pillowcheese and see if you can't fill a bed out's the hole of them bags you stole from Vardy."

"And you, go to Sion's cave, Jeed Bilson, if it comes to that, and see how many shanks you could get offen that corn you took from Jemes. Will you take the dollar?"

Jeed now seemed about to consent, and Syl reduced the premium by one half, and finally came down to a quarter, and then Jeed began to offer a quarter, a half, and finally a dollar; but Syl's prudence equalled his, and seeing that neither was likely to accept, we returned to our hotel, and were informed by old Vardy that the night for Jeed commenced was an "unusual" at one. The boys and gals was just having a little fun."

And so it proved, for about midnight we were wakened by a loud and long continuing portion to down cursed, and of course looking out of the chamber door, we saw the whole party engaged in a grand melee, the principal part of which, was the tragic voice of Syl Varnum, calling out—

"Stand back here, Sid Francy, and let me do the rest of this beating of Jeed Bilson—I hain't forgot his booth yet."

The melee closed and we retired again, and by breakfast next morning all hands were reconciled, and the stage jar was accomplished out of the mutual pocket, and peace and quiet ruled where so lately all had been recriminations and blows.

Wit and Amusement.

A Prediction.

The following, said to have been copied from an old Almanac of 1797, is going the rounds of the papers. Does it have a reference to our present Chief Magistrate and the California "diggings." We do not exactly comprehend the drift of the last line.

"When a country is ruled by a Tailor bold,
A beggar shall stride with a cheatin of gold;
And the waters shall harrain, instead of the land,
Three millions of men with their feet in sand."

Fame.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That but infinuity of noble minds)
To seem religious and free industrious days."

Advice to Young Ladies.

Dear girls! *if you'd have quite beaux,*
Your very fingers must be nimble,
The surest shield against the dove
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble!—*Mare.*

One of the Washington third House, men seem to have been amusing himself the past session by taking Daguerreotypes of our Honorable Mrs. The following which, we select from the list are not bad. The compliment paid Mr. Pack is a neat one, and such a man of our public men would get our deserve very often.

A MOON SHOTS.

The fellow who gives his own house the lie
By pressing Tyler to "head him or die,"
Per "the captain" wad's headed—yet Morse has beads,
And thinks he is "quit" by *political deeds!*

BEHAGE MAN.

Here comes for a wonder, (they'd wn can,
A right thorough whig, and a right honest man!
Yet he answers his name in politicians sign,
"And to party given up when was meant *for the school.*"

NARNS.

A member more famous for learning than large,
Thinks little of "*sounds*" but is quite fond of "*targes*"
Is "*ancient*" and "*modern*" is almost unclerk,
And, which nearly so odd—endeavands the rest *secret!*

WENTWORTH.

A member who rattles his arguments down
Like a shower of shells in a popular town;
And no wonder they fall with such fearful momentum,
When you think of the distance the fellow has sent 'em!

SOLDIERS.

A man of fine OFFICE,
Too fond of a beast—
And yet, when he speaks
To scatter "free soil."

L. S. PECK.

Some people go for "*measure*" only—then
You'll find another not who go for "*men*."
But old Vermont has found an easy plan
To gain at once a measure and a man!

The best board of health in the world is a well-board.

☞ Phonography spells words as they are pronounced. Thus: Helez wellow Rocket, when condensed into the Anglo-Saxon, means, "He look well in a frock coat."

A Devil fellow being requested by an old lady to read the newspaper, took it up and began as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy, about 49 years old, bought a fly contest for a lover, and chased it through the brick well nine feet thick, and jumped over it and broke his ankle right off above the knee, and fell into a dry well-pond and drowned. About 40 years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine curkey-gobblers—the wind blew Yankee Doodle into a flying pan, and knocked the old Dutch Clock down and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter!

"The old lady raised up both hands and exclaimed, "Do tell!"

NATIVE POLITENESS.—An elderly gentleman, walking along the street, took hold of one's tail, and deliberately placing it over her back, exclaimed, "Madam, you have dropped your hen."

A negro being asked if he knew who Elizabeth Custon was, replied:

"I don't exactly know de gemman my self, but reckon he is one of 'em, as he has his name on all de drums."

"Tut you sakes dat?" inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously, "it seems—just counting a little—don't it?" "Oh! dat's ah, eh! yes mam, I taught you was sighing."

"A BRASSY GIRL.—What are you doing there Jane?" Why, pa, I'm going to rip my doll pinafore out. But what have you to do with it? Bear, pa. Bear! Who on earth told you that that would do you? Why, ma said yesterday that it was bear that made your nose so red, and I thought that I——Here, Susan, take this child to bed."

A mother admonishing her son, a lad at least seven years of age, told him he should never defer till tomorrow what he could do today. The little urchin replied, "Then mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding tonight."

FOUNTAINS PLAYING.—Alfred Fountain and Mary Jane Fountain have been arrested in Baltimore for fighting and scratching each other.

A Frenchman, named Verbalie, ascended from New Orleans on the 11th inst. in a balloon, with his hand downwards, and after going through numerous "dido tricks" evolutions, he rose about a mile, when the balloon exploded and precipitated him to the earth from a distance of 7500 feet and he was not the least injured. He owed his miraculous escape from death to a vest back in the garden where he landed. The wind being very strong, the balloon was in a measure kept up in such a manner as to break the fall. Mr V. was very composed, and exclaimed, on rising from the vest back, and picking up a vest that he knocked off in the fall, "Ah, my, vant! this is a very escut spot."

☞ TO THE EDITORS.—In looking over a file of the Old Virginia Gazettes for the year 1748, No. 642, I have stumbled upon the following curious epitaph, which is said to have been copied from a tombstone at Arlington, near Paris. Your fully readers may be pleased to study out the meaning.

Here lies
Two Grandmothers, with their two Grandfathers; two Husbands, with their two Wives; two Fathers, with their two Daughters; one Mother, with their two Sons; two Maidens, with their two Mothers; two Sisters, with their two Brothers: yet but six corpses in all buried here, all born legitimate, from incest free.—*Nat. Int.*

A BAD BOOK.—Is that the prisoner? said one spectator to another, during a trial for manslaughter.

"Ah! indeed! What a dreadful bad book he has, especially about the eyes! But who is that respectable looking young man at his side in the green vest?"

"Is the green vest? Why that is the prisoner himself. The other man is his lawyer."

"Well, now I do begin to see that the fellow in the green vest don't look so respectable after all. Indeed, he has just the air of an old offender.

We have received two answers to our puzzle on the word New Deer, one from a boy in this village, and one from a small girl in Berlin, the last of which we insert, on account of its sentiment, as follows:

"Transposition of the letters in New-Deyon so as to make O-N-E W-O-R-D.

Practical Science.

NEW MODE OF MANUFACTURING SUBSTANCES FOR CANDLES.—

A new process has been recently patented in England for the manufacture of candles. The process is to combine resin with tallow or any other fatty or oleaginous substance in the proportion of about from twenty to thirty per cent. of resin in the combination. When the composition is melted and well mixed together, there is to be added by degrees any description of strong acid as concentrated sulphuric acid, it is then to be submitted to ambitious heat to evaporate the sulphuric acid gas, which will be accomplished in about from twelve to eighteen hours; it is afterwards submitted to the process of distillation well known for refinement of this description, and when cold, it is to be subjected to pressure, to separate the fluid from the solid parts, which are then formed into candles, or other suitable articles for illumination, which are cut and scraped and will give a very brilliant light.

TO MAKE CLOTH WATER PROOF.

—Take the purest and best glue; melt it, and when hot put into it a lump of alum. Stir it until the mass of alum is distinctly incorporated. The lump may be taken out, and the size is then ready for use. Sometimes a little soap is added; but we thought to render the size more flexible.

The sheet will only answer for cotton or linen cloth—no person would put glue on woolen cloth. Alum is a good substance to make cloth water proof of itself, but the cloth should be dried at a great heat.

PRICKLY WASH.—White sugar, lemon juice, and borax, powdered; rub well together, and put into glass phials

Agricultural.

FRUIT CULTURE.

Extract from Mr. Goodrich new work, the Northern Fruit Cultivator.

"When a coroner's jury to hold an inquest on numerous casualties of the apple trees that have died in Vermont, during the last twenty years, their verdict must be "Died from starvation." When a man talks of his orchard, he says 'is waste trimming,' and not being sure, as he supposes, he hates a man who says he 'knows how,' who with his hand saw, commences operations by cutting off large limbs, leaving naked stumps to be gnawed by mice, and rotted, in consequence, poisonous sap, which by running down the body, blisters and shoulders it. This with the use of extensive injuries, and exposure of the inner bark, obstructing the natural flow of the sap, soon kills the tree.

"Some years ago, I saw a few trees of a dozen years such mismanagement, and his orchard is dying fast. We ask him if he ever pruned it?—"Oh! dat's ah, eh! yes mam, I taught you was sighing."

"A BRASSY GIRL.—What are you doing there Jane?" Why, pa, I'm going to rip my doll pinafore out. But what have you to do with it? Bear, pa. Bear! Who on earth told you that that would do you? Why, ma said yesterday that it was bear that made your nose so red, and I thought that I——Here, Susan, take this child to bed."

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COMMISSION BUSINESS.
—For sale at the Manufacturers' Prices—
Cotton Yarns, Cotton Batts, Cotton Wick, Cotton Cords, Cotton Twine, Cotton Carpet Chain, Cotton Warp, Cotton Flannels, Cotton Shirtings, Cotton Sheetings, Cotton Drillings, Cotton Denims, Cotton Jeans, Cotton Satinets, Cotton Cassimeres, Cotton Tickings, Cotton Plaids, Cotton Stripes, Cotton Checks, Cotton Ginghams, Cotton Bleaching, Wire Cloth, Cotton Batting, Cotton Wadding, Cotton Twine, Cotton Cord, Cotton Tape, Cotton Thread, Cotton Sewing Silk, Cotton Hosiery, Cotton Gloves, Cotton Mittens, Cotton Suspenders, Cotton Shirts, Cotton Drawers, Cotton Bags, Cotton Bags, Cotton Bags