

The Burlington Free Press

Vol. XXIII.—Whole No 1181.

BURLINGTON, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1850.

New Series, Vol. 1—7 p. 35

Business Cards.

PECK & BAILEY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
BURLINGTON Vt.
April 16, 1849. ASHAEL PECK
GEORGE F. BAILEY.

J. MITCHELL,
MERCHANT TAILOR
General Ready-Made Clothing Store,
Church Street, Burlington, Vt.

Strong, Doolittle & Co.
DEALERS IN HEAVY AND SHEEP
CLOTHING, Saddlery, Mechanic's Tools, House Furnishings, Nails, Glass Windows, Sash, Iron, Steel, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Wire, PAINTS, OIL, FLOUR, SALT, PLASTER, GRIND STONES, Dry Groceries, &c.
General Agents and Commission Merchants,
BURLINGTON, Vt.
East Side Court House Square,
BURLINGTON, Vt.
Church and College Streets.

LIVERY STABLE,
BY S. S. SKINNER,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer,
East Side Court House Square,
BURLINGTON, Vt.
GEORGE PETERSON,
DEALER IN
DRESSING, &c.

GROceries DRY GOODS,
Burlington, Vt.
Tea, Coffee, Flour, Salt, Plaster, Window Sash, Glass, READY MADE CLOTHING,
together with a large variety of other articles.
FIRST DOOR NORTH OF THE COURT HOUSE.

R. E. WHITCOMB,
TEACHER OF DANCING,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
GOOD MUSIC FURNISHED FOR
cotillon Parties, &c.
Sept. 14, 1849.

Daguerreotypes.
T. M. PARKER
CONTINUES HIS ROOMS OPEN AS
usual. The same has been occupied for more than
two years, where thousands of pictures have been
produced to the general satisfaction of all. Persons
wishing very superior portraits will do well to call
upon a very favorable opportunity is presented.
Burlington, April 26, 1849. w43y1

"HART'S HOTEL,"
WATER STREET,
BURLINGTON, VT.

THIS HOTEL IS SITUATED NEAR THE
Steam Boat Landing, and but a few rods from the
Rail Road Depot, making it very convenient for
business men. It is a first class establishment.
LARGEST CLASS OF HOTELS,
and no pains shall be spared to make it a First Class
House.
Burlington, Jan. 20, 1849.

M. OSTHEIM,
IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE
DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
CIGARS,
FOREIGN PRESERVES, &c.
No. 116 Liberty Street,
(On the North River side of Broadway.)
New York.
July 11, '49. d&wly

HOWARD HOTEL,
BY
D. S. DREW,
South West Corner Court House Square,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.
April 20, 1849. w13y1

Mansion House,
BY
A. E. DURAND,
Corner of Church and Bank Streets,
Opposite the Bank of Burlington
Burlington, May 21, 1849. d42t

AMERICAN HOTEL,
BY
WILLIAM J. ODELL,
South side the Square, w30-1y
Burlington, Jan. 22, 1849.

C. S. ADKINS,
Bookseller & Stationer
BOOKBINDER, PAPER RULER,
AND
BLANK BOOK MAKER,
Depot of American Tract Society's
PUBLICATIONS,
One door east of the Agricultural Warehouse,
College Street.
Burlington, Jan. 15, 1850. w20f

E. F. MEAD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
HINESBURGH, VT.
May 1, 1849. w41y1

LIVERY STABLE,
BY
CHURCH AND PAUL,
College Street.

JASON C. PIERCE & SONS,
Forwarding
AND
Custom House Agents
AND
Commission Merchants,
SAINT JOHNS, C. E.
American Flour For Sale, in Bond.
May 12, 49. d33&w13m6f

To Old Countrymen.

PASSAGE CERTIFICATES
FROM
LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK & BOSTON,
AND
BILLS OF EXCHANGE
in amounts to suit purchasers,
CONTINUED TO BE SOLD
AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE,
West Side of the Square,
April 9, 1849. d6f.

MEAT MARKET.
REMOVAL.
O. & C. PINNEY,
HAVE JUST REMOVED THEIR MARKET
from their old stand to the market recently oc-
cupied by T. Conner, near the Livery Stable of Ellis
& Church, where, as usual, they will keep at all
times Fresh and Salt Provisions which can be had at
the lowest Cash Prices. d4w

Burlington Free Press.

Published at Burlington, Vt.
By D. W. C. CLARKE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms:
To Village Subscribers who receive the paper by
the carrier, \$2.50
If paid in advance, \$2.00
Mail Subscribers and those who take it at the
Office, \$3.00
If paid in advance, \$2.50
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the customary terms.

HORTICULTURAL.

The Horticulturist for February, edited
by A. J. Downing, has been received in
Boston. This number contains as usual,
a great deal that is interesting to cultiva-
tors and lovers of the beautiful in rural
art. The opening article is a humorous
account of "a Mass Meeting of all the
fruits of America, assembled to discuss
the propriety of changing their names."—
We make from it the following extract:—

Here a stranger to us, the *Bredes* Ve-
terans, rose and said:—"Sure, I have de
honor to just arrive in dis country. I am
very much chagrined at dis proposition to
take away my name. I have run away
from de resolutions, what take away my
property, and here I hope to find *la liberte*
—*la pair*; and I only find *les voleurs*—
robbers—vat wish to take away my name.
Yes;—and what they will call me den?
'wild old mans,' or 'old sojars'?"
Bah! Me no like to be so, Moi, who belong
to de grand *batillon*—*le garde Napoleon*!"

Here a pleasant and amiable lady rose,
evidently a little embarrassed. It was
Louise Bonne de Jersey. She said she
loved America. True, she had found the
climate not to agree with her at first, and
her children seemed to pine away; but
since she had taken that hardy creature,
the Quince, for a partner, they had done
wonderfully well. For her own part, she
had no objection whatever to being called
"Good Louise," or even "Dear Louise," if
her American friends and cousins liked it
better. All she asked was to be allowed
to live in the closest intimacy with the
Quince, and not to have any cutting re-
marks made at her rosy cheeks. She could
not bear that.

A very superb and stately lady next
rose, giving a shiver to her broad skirts of
yellow satin, and looking about her with
the air of a Duchess. In fact, it was the
Duchesse D'Angouleme; and though she
was a little high shouldered, and her fea-
tures somewhat irregular, she had still a
very noble air. She remarked, in a simple
and dignified voice, that she had been
many years in this country, and had be-
come very partial to the people and
institutions. Naturally, she had strong
attachments to old names and associations,
especially where, as in her case, they were
names that were names. But, she
added, it was impossible to live in America
without mixing with the people; and it
was impossible to mix with the people, if
one's very name could not be understood.
It was very distressing to her feelings to
find, as she did, that French was not
taught in the common schools; and she
deplored if an agricultural college was estab-
lished, the scholars would be taught that
language which was synonymous with
everything elegant and refined. She
trusted, in conclusion, that though names
should be anglicized, the dignity would be
preserved. A Duchess, in name at least,
she must always be; but if republicans
preferred to call her simply the Duchess
of Angouleme, she saw nothing amiss in it.
Especially, she remarked, with a slight
toss of the head, especially, since she had
heard an ignorant man, at the country-seat
where she resided, call her repeatedly
"Dutchy-Dan goes-lame;" and another,
who visits him, speak of her, as "Dutch
Dangle-um," forgetting that she abhorred
Holland.

She was followed by the *Red Streak* Apple,
from New Jersey, a very blunt, sturdy
fellow, who spoke his mind plainly.—
He said he liked the good sense of the
lady who had just spoken; she was a
woman he should have no objection to call a
Duchess himself. About this matter he
had but few words to say. Some folks
were all talk and no cider; that, thank God!
was not his fashion. What he had to say
he said; and that was, that he was sick of
this tongue-tongue about foreign names. A
name either meant something, or it did not.
Anybody who looked at him could see that
he was a Red-Streak, and that was all that
his father expected when he named him.
Anybody could believe that the last speak-
er was a Duchess. But what, he should
like to know, did the man mean who nam-
ed a Peach "Sanguinate a chaty adherent?"
He should like to meet that chap. It would
be a regular raw-head and bloody-hones
piece of business for him. And "Fondant
du Bois;" he supposed that was the fund
ant of some boys;—it might be the 'old
boy,' for all he knew. And "Buerre Gris"
"Hier nouveau." Could anything be more
ridiculous! He should like to know how
those clever people, the pomologists, would
translate that? They told him, 'new grey
winter butter.' [Laughter.] and what sort
of winter butter, pray, was that? "Reine
de Pays Bas;" what this meant he not ex-
actly know, something, he supposed, about
'rainy weather pays bad,' which would
not go down, he could tell the gentleman,
in our dry climate. There was no end to
this stuff, he said. He seconded the Pipin-
pin. Clear it all away; boil it down to a
little pure, plain English essence, if there
was any substance in it; if not, throw the
lingo to the dogs. He hoped the Pears
would excuse him. He meant no offence
to them, personally. But he didn't like
their names, and he told them so to their
faces.

The Minister Apple here observed that
he had some more scruples about changing
the names of all the fruits. It might have
a bad effect on the hearts and minds of the
community. He begged leave to present
to the Speaker's consideration such names
for example, as the 'Ah non Dieu,' and the
'Cuisse Madame' Pears! There were many
who grew those Pears, and, like our first

parents, did not know the real nature of the
fruits in the garden. Happy ignorance!
Translate them, and they would, he feared,
become fruits of the tree of knowledge.

A tall Mazarin Cherry hereupon remarked,
(wiping his spectacles, that a very easy way
of avoiding the danger which, as worthy friend
had just said down, had pointed out, would
be to reject both the Pears and the names, and
they were no better than the last. He was a
warm friend to progress in horticulture, and
was fully of the opinion of the Jersey Red
Streak, that things should not come among us,
mainly republicans in disposition. How, indeed,
did we know that these Pears of France were
not set out here under these queer names for
the very purpose of corrupting our morals; or,
at least, imposing on us in some way. He had
been settled in a garden for some years, among
a pleasant society of trees, when last spring the
owner introduced a new Pear from abroad, un-
der the fine name of "Charbule." For some
time the thing put on airs, and talked about its
estate and chateau having been destroyed by
incendiarism; and it showed a petition for char-
ity. What was his amazement, one day, when
the daughter of the proprietor came in the gar-
den, to see the contempt with which she turned
away from this Pear, and exclaimed: "what
could have induced you to have brought this
'singled cat here?" Charbule indeed! He
went over the creature and saw that, here was
the first stormy day. He was for translating
all good fruits and damming all bad ones. (At
hearing this, certain second rate Strawberries
commenced running.)

The convention grew very excited as the Maz-
zarin sat down. The *Mazcar Noir* Grape look-
ed black in the face; the *Crown Bals* Gooseberry
threw up his hat; and the Blood Peach, who
had been flirting with a very worthless fellow
—the French-soldier Almond—turned quite
crimson all over. Shies of 'order, order,' were
heard from all sides; and it was only restored
to a little plump, jolly, fat, looking young
girl, who was a great favorite in our
society, sprang upon a chair in order to be seen
and heard.

This was the Lady Apple. Her eyes spark-
led, and set off her brilliant complexion, which
was quite dazzlingly fair. It was easy to see
that she was a sort of spoiled child among the
fruits.

Mr. SPEAKER, she said in a very sweet voice,
you will indulge me, I am sure, with a very
little speech;—my maiden speech. I should
not have ventured here, but I positively thought
it was to have been a private party, and not
one of these odious mass meetings. I am an
enemy to the society of wet-bred people,
and know something of the polite languages
of both hemispheres. Indeed my ancestors still
live in France, though I am myself a real
American. What I have to tell is only a little
of my own experience; which is, that one may,
if one has looks, and a few talents, and a
name changed without suffering the least
loss of character or reputation. Indeed, I am
convinced it may often add to her circle of
admire, by making her better understood and
appreciated. I am almost ashamed, ladies and
gentlemen, to refer to my own life, illustra-
tion of this remark. I have been, as you are
blushed, and looked around her very sweetly.)
At home, there, in *la belle France*, I belong
to the old and very respectable family of the *AP's*.
There was not much in that; but mostly shut
up in an old dingy chateau;—no society—no
evening parties—no company. I assure you
it was very dull. In this country, where I am
known everywhere as the 'Lady Apple,' I am
invited everywhere among the most fashionable
people. Yes, Mr. SPEAKER, this country has
charmingly been called the paradise of ladies;
and I would advise all desiring and modest
girls in *jeune France* to come over to younger
America, and change their names as quickly as
they can. (Here, her, especially from the *Jo-
nathan* Apple.) If they will take my advice,
they will put off all foolish pride and fine names
that mean nothing, and try to speak plain En-
glish and dress in the latest and most stylish
(especially, she added, and turning to the
foreign Pears, especially as the fashions al-
ways come from Paris.)

This lively little lady evidently made a favor-
able impression. The Bartlett Pear said he
was rebely in France as the *Poire Guillaume*,
which here, where it is known as the Bartlett,
hear for in its etymology, which was a great
success, and needs to be heard plain Bell-
flower; and the *Surprise* Apple turned red,
as he attempted to say something (the *Morrello*
trying to stammer his astonishment that any one
could doubt the policy of so wise a movement.
There was here a tumult among some of the
foreign Pears, accustomed to live in glass
houses, who had been caught by the Crab Ap-
ples *stoking* the windows, and sticking their
spurs (they were short pruned vines) into some
patient looking old horse Apples from the
western states. A freemason, who was known as
the *Northern Spy*, was able to sew the seeds
of the apple of discord in the convention, by
bringing forward an amendment, that no foreign
fruits, and especially none which were not "of
their own blood," should be allowed to settle
in any of the new states or territories, when
they had not the Virginius Pear, made a
soothing speech, in his usual melting and
but very manner, which brought all the meeting
to a feeling of unanimity again; when they re-
solved to postpone further action, but to prepare
a memorial on the subject, to be laid before the
Congress of fruit-growers, at its meeting next
fall in Cincinnati.

A writer in the London Gardener's Chronicle
gives the following direction to make the hens
lay all winter, which would appear to be worth
of consideration by those who may engage in
the business of raising poultry:—
"Keep no roosters; give the hens fresh meat,
clopped like sausage meat, once a day, a very
small portion, say one half an ounce a day, to
each hen during the winter, or from the time in-
sects disappear in the fall till they appear
again in the spring. Never allow the eggs to
remain in the nest for what are called 'stuck
eggs.' When the roosters do not run with the
hens, and no nest eggs are left, the hens will
not cease laying after the production of twelve
to fifteen eggs; they always do when roosters
and nest eggs are allowed—but continue laying
permanently. My hens lay all winter, and each
from sixty to one hundred eggs in succession.
The only reason why hens do not lay in the
winter as freely as in summer, is the want of
animal food; which they get in the summer, in
abundance in the form of insects. I have for
several winters reduced my theory to practice,
and proved its entire correctness."

RAISING POULTRY.

The business of the farmer largely
admits of, in our view, demands, observa-
tion and reflection. When engaged in the
healthful labors of the field, breathing the
invigorating air, and conversant with the prin-
ciples and beauties of nature around him, he
may pursue habits of thought to an extent,
and with an elasticity and vigor of mind, which
as it can think, is an occupation that exalted
heart, trembling nerves and a throbbing
head, often signs for a vain. We farmers who
have not yet felt the importance of cultivating
and using the thinking faculty to some valua-
ble purpose, may with propriety receive and ponder
the address of a preservation of life.
"My friend, to have thought for too little, we
shall find among the capital faults in the review
of life. To have in our nature a noble part that
can think, it would be a cause for infinite exulta-
tion, if it actually did think as much and as well
as it can think, and to have an unthinking
mind were not equivalent to having no mind at
all. The mind might, and it should be, kept in

The Farm.

(From the Cultivator.)

Should the Farmer be a man of knowledge?

EDITORS OF THE CULTIVATOR:—As you well
know, a controversy has been going on for many
years between the plough-juggers on one side,
and the Agricultural Journals and 'book-
farmers' on the other; as to whether the Farmer
should be a man of knowledge.

The first named class contend, that to follow
the dogmas of tradition, and under such a
labor; to read and write indifferently, or
perhaps make his mark; to study his almanac
faithfully, and plow, sow and harvest according
to the old or new of the moon; to stick his
"heel" on the barn-door or his hat; as to avoid an
agricultural paper, or a 'book-farmer,' as he
would a pestilence; to extract the fertility of the
soil, and leave matter earth with her future
generations, to shift for themselves as best
they can; that these are the kind of qualifica-
tions to make a good farmer.

The other class contend, that the farmer
should be a man of reading, observation and
study; that his calling involves a degree of ac-
tivity, inquiry equal to that of almost any other;
that inasmuch as the advancing spirit of the
times is in other callings continually crying out—
"Onward!" he should partake of that spirit,
advance with others in education and mental
discipline, and claim, and be able to take, equal
rank with the highest.

Being of the latter, rather inclined to favor
the views of the last-named class, I shall briefly
survey a portion of the ground involved in the
question, in order to see for myself whether
the Farmer should be a man of general as well
as particular knowledge. If I find the 'lay of the
land' such as I supposed to be, I will take a
stroll from time to time, to the Journals and
'book-farmers.'

In the short and graphic account given us
of the Creation, we are informed that after form had
been given to matter, and the vegetable and
lower animal world had been brought forth to
life, man was made, in the image of his Creator,
to be lord of his other works, and commanded to
subdue and cultivate the ground. "O, in the
nobility of the part!

There wanted yet the master-work, the end
of all yet done; a creature, not a brute
And brute as other creatures, not a god
With such a rest of reason, might, and
Honor, and spirit, with his serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from hence,
Magnanimous, to correspond with heaven.
But, greater honors were his lot,
Descend, thither with heart and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
His Maker, the Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works."

The pursuit, then, originally assigned to man,
was that of Agriculture, and thus did his
Maker confer superiority upon it. He was
endued with reason, to distinguish him from
the brute; and with a faculty of mind, to enable
him, among other things, to subdue and culti-
vate the earth. Reason is, by far the most
important of man's intellectual powers. By it
he devises means to accomplish ends, distinguishes truth from error, or, in other
words, acquires knowledge. It is, also, progress-
ive from infancy to age. It is our right
reason that our success, both in the pursuit
of knowledge and happiness depends; and in
proportion as we acquire knowledge, so, in
reason, we are enlarged and strengthened, and
as a due enablement to make still higher ac-
quirements. To subvert, or to neglect, the
original gift, should be improved by the
attainment of knowledge.

Knowledge expands the mind of the farmer
from mere attention to details and brute force,
to an extensive comprehension of general prin-
ciples, and a great and noble end, which
nature is governed in her operations, and which
he necessarily comes in contact every day.
In the business of cultivation, an infinite
diversity of principles and mysteries arise to
the thoughtful mind, many of which, if ever
understood at all, must be wrought out by
all before was done, and a cultivated
mind. Few of us, indeed, can give a
satisfactory reason for many of the simplest
operations of nature which are continually be-
fore our eyes. We are therefore about as liable
to go wrong as right, in some of our commonest
methods of tillage.

A state of habitual exertion, that would save us
from needing to appeal for proof of its existence
on some occasion yesterday when he did think
the highest and enjoy the beauties and sublimities
of nature. A state of ignorance cannot
be favorable to the emotions of taste. Neither
do we look for its exercise in the mere getter or
hoarder of money, the man of loose morals, or
dissolute habits. Cuffed tattle is intimately al-
lied to morals, for it naturally elevates the mind
to the highest and enjoy the beauties and sublimities
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