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Time is not Years.
I saw a castle grim and grey,
Standing alone on the rocky way,

I saw the pomp of the lordly great,
Passing away from its ancient state,
Oblivion over their name and fate.

I saw a girl in her beauty's prime,
Worn with the weight of care and crime,
Lamenting the waste of her girlhood's time.

Gossiping.

The most prevailing fault of conversation in our country, and I believe in all social communities is gossiping.

In great and busy cities, where people live in total ignorance of their neighbors, where they cannot tell how they live, and hardly know when they die, there is no neighborhood, and there is no gossiping.

In a certain, small, thickly settled town, there lives a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister.

Mrs. — gave one hundred and fifty dollars for his new wagon, and he has no need of a new one; for the old one has not run more than two years.

Mrs. — has got new hired help, but she won't stay long; it's come and go there.

Mrs. — had another new gown at meeting yesterday, which makes the fifth in less than a year, and every one of her girls had new ribbons on their bonnets; it is a good thing to have rich friends; but for my part I had rather wear my old ribbands!

There goes Sam Biddy's people with barrel of flour, it was yesterday she was at the Judge's begging.

None of the Widow Day's girls were at meeting but they can walk out after the sun is down.

This is but a specimen of the talk of these unfortunate people, who seemed to have turned their home into a common sewer, through which all the sins and foibles of the neighborhood run.

The noted gossip, Miss —, makes a visit to a town where she has been previously a stranger. She divides her time between several families.

What should we think of persons who went about collecting for exhibition examples of the warts, wens and cancers with which their fellow beings were afflicted? And yet would not their employment be more honorable, more humane at least, than this gossip-monger's?

We have heard such talk as follows between ladies, wives and mothers the wives of educated men, and persons who were called educated women.

'Have you heard that Emma Ellis is going to Washington? To Washington! How on earth can the Ellises afford a winter in Washington? O you know they are not particular about their debts, and they have six girls to dispose of, and find rather a dull market here.'

'Have you heard that the Newtons are going to the country to live? Bless me! no!—what's that for? They say to educate their children; but my dress-maker, Sally Smith, who works for Mrs. Newton, says she is worn out with dinner parties. He runs the house down with company.'

'O I suppose they are obliged to go to economize. You know she dresses her children so extravagantly! I saw Mary Newton at the theatre (she is no older than my Grace) with a diamond Ferronier.'

'Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an aquamarine. The extravagance of some people is shocking! I don't wonder the men are out of patience! Don't tell it again because Ned Miller told me in confidence. He actually has locked up all his wife's pocket handkerchiefs. Well, whatever else my husband complains of, he can't find fault with my extravagance! Perhaps not—but faults far more heinous than extravagance in that poor woman had to account for—the pernicious words for which we must be brought into judgment.'

I hope it may appear more incredible to you, my young friends, that woman, half way through this short life, with the knowledge of their immortal destiny, with a world without them and a world within them to explore and make acquaintance with, with the delightful interests and solemn responsibilities of parent upon them, should so dishonor God's good gift of the tongue, should so waste their time, and poison social life. Be on your guard. If your minds are not employed on higher objects, and your hearts on better things, you will talk idly about your friends and acquaintances.—Means and Ends.

The Emigrant's Family.

[FROM BROUGHAM'S IRISH ENTERTAINMENT.]
One of the strongest peculiarities—indeed, I may say passions—of the Irish, is their devoted fondness for their offspring.

A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the Northern lakes. It happened to be what sailors call a very dirty weather, finished up by a tremendous gale, which obliged us to seek shelter at a lump of aboriginal barrenness, called Maitland Island, where we were obliged to remain five days.

There were a few deck passengers between five and six hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient for the average time, provisions became alarming scarce, and no probability of a supply. To be sure there was one venerable ox of a sort of semi-purification, an organic remnant of a poor, old, nutted, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who originally yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite amercy that we arrived to relieve him from a painful state of suspense; for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breath had not been extracted, he certainly could not have drawn it by himself.

Well, as you may suppose there was considerable contention on board. Short very short, allowance was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Among the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three beautiful children, the eldest about seven years, and all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of their fellow-passengers could afford them; and as they were but scantily supplied, it can readily be imagined how miserably off was the poor family.

However, it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin and their hunger appeased. Gleesome, bright-eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, all life and happiness and in blissful ignorance of the destitution by which they were surrounded.

One day, delighted with her little proteges the lady happened to say, half jestingly,—'I wonder would this poor man part with one of those little darlings? I should like to adopt it.'

'I don't know,' said I: 'suppose we make the inquiry.'

The man was sent for and the delicate business thus opened.—'My good friend' said the lady, 'you are very poor, are you not?'

His answer was peculiarly Irish:—'Poor! me lady,' said he. 'Be the powers of powther! if there's a poorer man nor myself troublein' the world, Ood pity both of uz, for we'd be about aqual!'

'Then you must find it difficult to support your children,' said I, making a long jump towards our object.

'Is it support them, sir? he replied. 'Lord bless ye, I never supported them—they never git supported somehow or another, they've never bin hungry yit—when they are it'll be time enough to grumble!'

Irish all over thought I—to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow look out for itself.

'Well then' I resumed, with a determined plunge, 'would it be a relief to you to part from one of them?'

I had mistaken my mode of attack. He started turned pale, and with a wild glare in his eye, literally screamed out:—'A relief! God be good to us, what d'ye mane? A relief!—would it be a relief, d'ye think, to have the hand chopped from my body, or the heart torn out of me breast?'

'You don't understand us,' interposed my philanthropic companion. 'Should one be enabled to place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well doing?'

hadn't I better go and speak to Mary; she's the mother of them, and would be onrisonable to be given away her child afore her face, and she not to know nothing' of the matter.'

'Away with you then,' said I, 'and bring us back word as soon as possible.' In about an hour he returned, but with eyes red and swollen, and features pale from excitement and agitation.

'Well,' inquired I, 'what success?'

'Bedad 'twas a hard struggle, sir,' said he, 'but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give uz strength to bear it!'

'Very good, and which is it to be?'

'Why, sir, I've bin spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Norah here is the oldest, she won't miss the mother as much, and if ye'll jist let her take a partin kiss, she'd give her to yez wid a blessing!'

'So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned, but when he did he was leading the second eldest.'

'How's this?' said I. 'Have you changed your mind?'

'Not exactly changed me mind, sir,' he replied; 'but I've changed the crathur. Ye see, sir I've ben spakin' to Mary, and when it come to the ind, be goxyl she could not part wid Norah, at all; they've got used to rich others ways; but here's little Biddy—she's purtier far, if she'll do as well!'

'May Heaven be yer guardian!' cried he, snatching her up in his arms, and giving her one long, hearty kiss. 'God be kind to them that kind to you, and them that offers you hurt or harm, may their soul never see St. Pether!'

'So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend Pat re-appeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms.'

'What the matter now?' said I.

'Why then,' with an expression of the most comic anxiety, 'axin' yer honor's pardon for bein, so wake-hearted, but when I begin to think of Biddy's eyes—look at them, they're the image of her mother's, bedad—I could not let her go; but here's little Paudeen—he won't be much trouble to any one, for if he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of creation; and if he takes after his father, he'll have a purty hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. — Take him, sir, and gi' me Biddy!'

'Just as you like,' said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would eventuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, an handed me the little toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us, thought I. Nor was he. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed ere he rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Paudeen upon his arms, returned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried out:—

'Look at him, sir—jist look at him!—it's the youngest. Ye wouldn't have the heart to keep him from us. The long and the short of it is, I've bin spakin' to Mary. Ye see she couldn't part wid Norah, and I didn't like to let Bidy go; but be me soul, nather of uz could live half a day widout little Paudeen. No, sir—no; we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our childer, unless it is the will of Heaven to take them from uz!'—N. O. P.

A Bill of Fare Not a Fair Bill.

At the dinner table of one our principal hotels yesterday—it matters not which, names being unnecessary for our purpose—there sat two men, plain in their apparel and unpretending in their appearance. They seemed to enjoy with a keen relish and healthy appetite, the good things set out before them, and paid their court to the wine with a freedom that would have done credit to more experienced *bons vivants*.

'Great house this, David,' remarked one of them.

'Recon it is,' said David; 'but I find it a plaguey sight easier to eat their fixins than it is to read 'em in print.'

'Read 'em!' retorted David's friend; 'I'd scorn to read 'em; I didn't come here to read, I came here to eat.'

'But how are we to come at the best feed?' said David; 'if we can't pick it out?'

'By doing,' rejoined his friend; 'just as we do at a breakdown, when old Ned Morgan, the fiddler, plays the 'Boston Beauties'—by beginning here at the top, (pointing to the head of the bill of fare) leading down the middle, and taking a turn at everything we meet as we go along.'

'Good as wheat!' said David—'let us dig in,' and without further ceremony they commenced operations.

It need not be told that they did ample justice to the several dishes of which they partook, besides drinking deeply of the wine. When they had fully got through, smoked their cigars, talked of their lucky trip down, and congratulated themselves on the advantageous prices at which they had disposed of their corn, they in a swaggering 'd—n the expense' kind of a tone called for the bill. The waiter thinking they alluded to the bill of fare, handed them one. On the back or side, of every bill of fare there is the list of wines which the house is prepared to furnish, with the price affixed to each. The list of wines instead of the list of dishes, happened to present itself to our western friend, and the waiter noticed that in looking over it he became somewhat nervous.

'Three dollars is three, and two dollars and fifty cents, is five dollars and a half,' said he, aloud 'and two dollars is seven dollars and a half, and three is ten dollars and a half, and one fifty is twelve dollars'—and here he flung the bill in a passionate manner before him on the table saying to the waiter:—'Look here stranger, I thought I knew a little of cypherin', but it's a huckleberry above my persimmon to calculate that; besides, I think it a rascally take-in, to pile it on for all the wine my friend and I drink in that way. But I don't care a cuss; send the boss here and if he says I'm to fork over for all the wine in that bill, I'll do it. — I reckon however, you needn't trouble yourself to turn down a chair for me any more. Of course when I get up to Indiana I can say that I dined at this great hotel. Your dinner,' he added, still addressing the waiter, 'was fust rate—I'm ready to sign for that 'value received'; but the way you figure it out for the wine is a caution!'

The waiter who was now, for the first time, permitted to disabuse his guests, informed them

that he did not present them the bill of fare as the one which was to be footed; that the whole amount which they had to pay was—for dinners \$2, and for wine \$6.50.

Everything was now acknowledged to be right and the two Western men assured the waiter that they would patronize the establishment when they next visited the city.

Anecdote of Mr. Clay.

The following anecdote of Henry Clay, so eminently characteristic of the man, and so honorable to the statesman, we have upon the authority of a distinguished Senator of the United States. We give it nearly as we are able, in the language in which we had it from the lips of the Hon. Senator himself.

It was during the last Session of Mr. Clay's service in the Senate—that session during which the nomination of Edward Everett, as a minister to England, was confirmed. It will be remembered that, for a number of weeks after the nomination of Mr. Everett, great suspense and anxiety was felt throughout the country, as to the course which the Senate might take upon the question of confirmation. The Southern members, or at least a portion of them, demanded his rejection, on the ground of his having expressed sentiments upon the subject of abolition, highly offensive to the South, and such as the South was called upon, both directly and indirectly, to rebuke and condemn. Matters stood thus, when, at the close or near the close, of one of the Executive sessions of the Senate, on a long summer's day Mr. Clay left his seat and taking up his broad brimmed hat which he was accustomed to wear in the warm season, began walking slowly backward and forward near the door of the Senate expecting every moment when an adjournment would take place. Just then a Senator from the South, whose name the gentleman to whom we are indebted for these facts did not feel himself at liberty to mention, rose in his place and called the attention of the Senate to a correspondence which he had in his hand, between Mr. Everett and a certain abolitionist who had addressed to him a series of questions touching the subject of slavery. The correspondence had taken place at a time when if we recollect rightly, Mr. Everett was candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.—The language used by Mr. Everett, said the narrator was strong, stronger than we of ——— should consider to have been justifiable. The Senator having read the correspondence, made it the text of a strong denunciatory speech against Mr. Everett, earnestly and vehemently appealing to the representatives of Southern interests and institutions of that body, to record their sentence of condemnation against such dangerous sentiments, by rejecting the nomination of the man by whom they were put forth. This correspondence, together with the speech of the Senator who brought it forward, arrested the attention of the whole Senate and awakened new and strong apprehensions among the friends of Mr. Everett, as to the fate of his nomination. Soon after the Senator in question had risen from his seat and commenced speaking, Mr. Clay was observed to pause in his walk to and fro, and as the Senator from the South proceeded in his speech, he (Mr. C.) became evidently, more and more interested till, at length, he gradually returned to his accustomed seat, and was standing by it when the gentleman who was occupying the floor, finished his speech with the following emphatic language:—'If, under the circumstance, Mr. President, the Senate shall confirm the nomination of Mr. Everett, I consider the Union virtually dissolved.'

'And I say, sir,' said Mr. Clay instantly taking up the words of the Honorable Senator, that is if this Senate, sitting on the nomination of Mr. Everett or any other man as minister to a foreign Court, shall take upon itself to reject that nomination, on the ground that the person, nominated has expressed to his neighbors and fellow citizens of the State to which he belongs, sentiments not in accordance with our own, yet in no way impeaching his character or affecting his qualifications for the post which he is nominated;—then, sir said Mr. Clay, elevating himself to his full height and raising his voice to that clarion like tone of impassioned eloquence for which he above all living men, is so justly distinguished, then sir, I tell the Honorable gentleman and the Senate THAT WE HAVE NO LONGER ANY UNION TO DISOLVE!' Preceding from this point, Mr. Clay poured fourth, for the space of about ten minutes, the most eloquent speech that I ever heard from him in all my life. 'And that speech,' said the gentleman from whom these facts were derived, 'settled the question of Mr. Everett's nomination.'—Norwich Courier.

A correspondent of the Bay State Democrat gives the following account of the customary observance of Sunday in New Orleans—

The Sabbath in New Orleans, as a general thing, is very little regarded. Most kinds of business are carried on, on that day, as usual. The principle cause of this is that many who come here to do business, come on speculation, with the intention of staying but a short time, and for the purpose of making money. This is their principal object, and they do business as many hours and as many days as possible. The Sabbath is observed more among the French, so far as business is concerned; but they devote more of their time to gaming, horse-racing, and other like amusements on Sunday. The military turn out here on Sunday, for parade. It seems to be an established custom for the different companies to assemble on Lafayette square almost every Sunday morning at ten o'clock and march through the city. The different theatres are open on Sunday evening, and it is always the best evening, in the week for the managers, the houses being generally well filled. The ball rooms are sometimes open on Sunday evening, but not often. There are fewer churches in New Orleans than in any other city in the United States in proportion to the population. They number about two Catholic, three Episcopalians, one Baptist, one Unitarian.

I always do.—An Irishman and a negro were fighting a few days ago in Philadelphia, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed:—'You black vagabond, halloo cuss; I'll fight till I die!'

'So will I,' sung out the negro; 'I always does!'

Agricultural.

HOW TO RAISE PLUMS.

From the N. E. Farmer.
Sir:—In the last number of the New Genesee Farmer, there is a beautiful entomological article on the character and habits of the curculio—a destructive insect, that destroys plums that are not half developed. In consequence of the insidious and instinctive operations of the plum weevil, this kind of fruit is really very dear in New England, and unless some certain method is speedily devised for protecting the tree from the depredations of this insect, good plums cannot be raised.

I have had some experience in regard to the influence of a marine atmosphere in warding off the attack of the curculio,—and am disposed to believe that islands on the Atlantic Shore, are decidedly the best places for planting plum trees. Many years ago, an old estate was demolished in Summer street, the garden of which had old plum trees. The executor made me a present of two of them, if taken immediately away. The ground was frozen hard, and the roots were necessarily very compactly secured in a perfect wheel of frozen earth. In a word the trees were in a profound winter slumber, and in that condition transported in a boat to Rainsford Island, down the harbor.—Being well set out, in the spring they awoke, like Mr. Irving's Dutchman, from a long sleep, without being at all conscious of a change of locality. They blossomed fully, and bore a tremendous crop of rich, luscious fruit, and have continued to do so every year since, undisturbed by the weevil.—Last season, the wind shook off the plums when about half grown, but the curculio seems not to have an abiding place where the atmosphere is impregnated with salt as strongly as it is on islands. A large number of thrifty trees, of different varieties, are now doing exceedingly well at the same place. But the great point is, the successful cultivation of the plum in the interior—or in fact, everywhere.

In the early part of last August, I was invited to examine Judge Longworth's celebrated gar'en, in the city of Cincinnati. Mr. Longworth, the son, very kindly pointed out the objects of most interest, as we passed along. By and by we came to a cluster of full bearing plum trees. The sight was quite different from the scanty crops I had been accustomed to see in the neighborhood of Boston. He remarked that for years in succession, although they blossomed splendidly, the young fruit had invariably been ruined by the curculio, and not a specimen, therefore, of the fruit could be obtained. Utterly discouraged with such positive bad luck, a brisk pavement that extended from the house, near the trees was carried out, entirely beyond them; for convenient purposes; but had not been done before, for fear of injuring or interfering with the functions of those peculiar trees. As they had not perfected their fruit, owing to the unremitted annual visitations of the curculio, nothing was to be lost by carrying out the bricks quite beyond them. They are spared, in fact, as I understand it, merely because they are grown and ornamental, not on account of their productive qualities.

The year following, to their astonishment, they ripened a splendid yield of plums, and have continued to produce in the same way ever since.

Mr. Longworth assured me that the curculio, the habits of which he had philosophically investigated, would not venture upon a tree, from whence, when they dropped, they could not instantly burrow in the earth. Again under a pavement they never conceal themselves. In a word they assuredly avoid a tree thus murrally protected.

Accidentally, therefore, a sure mode of keeping off the plum-weevil has been discovered, that is effectual in Cincinnati; and the same law enforced in Massachusetts, would unquestionably produce the same gratifying results. At all events, the process is exceedingly simple, and within the reach of every farmer and gardener. He must be exceedingly deficient in constructiveness, who cannot pave round the trunk of a tree with stones or brick—the outer border of which should extend as far as the limbs happen to spread.

Hoping Mr. Editor, that these observations may lead some of your readers to imitate the plan I have been describing, it would afford me unfeigned gratification to ascertain at some future day, that the plum trees of this region have been made profitable by my suggestions.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
Boston, April 2, 1844. J. V. C. SMITH.

From the Farmer's Monthly Visitor.

LIME AS A MANURE.

Much labor has been exhausted in trying to ascertain the best method to enrich and prepare the ground so as to procure the best crop. After using various kinds of dressing, none have proved better than lime, for land on which corn is planted.

Lime has in itself many valuable properties.—It gives a suitable degree of heat to cause immediate vegetation; it guards it from worms and insects that often destroy one-half of the first planting; it causes an early and rapid growth, that ripens the grain before the frost appears. When lime is used for other kind of grain, it has the same effect as on corn; it has also the valuable quality of guarding against mildew. No grain so prepared, will suffer from this great evil, with which so many valuable fields have been destroyed.

The best method of using lime is, to mix one-eight part with old barn manure, then to be placed in the hole with the corn. When used for other kinds of grain it should be spread on the top of the ground after it is plowed, and harrowed in with the grain. No one can fully estimate the value of lime for this purpose, unless they try the experiment. The average difference is from one-third to one-half more by using the lime.

It is also almost the only sure preventive of vermin on fruit trees in this section of the country.—lime placed about the body of the trees in the spring, prevent their increase. Slack lime mixed with soap and water, used as a wash on the part of the tree where insects have deposited their eggs will destroy them entirely. This has been proved by the writer.

In many parts of England they estimate the value of their land, in some proportion, to its nearness to lime kilns, on account of the valuable properties of lime for dressing. Our farmers should turn their attention to the subject. A CLOSE OBSERVER.