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## POETRY.

### PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SUAN RUIZ DE HITA.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says a word unto the wise.

A pepper corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is if love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

The skylark and the nigtingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

## MISCELLANEOUS

From the New Haven Courier.

### THE DRUNKARD.

"Unhappy man! whom sorrow, thus, and rage,
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to *forget;* nor sees
That melancholy slot', severe disease,
Memory confused and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie in the draught;
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
*Fell adders* hiss, and *poisonous serpents* roll."

When we contemplate the life of the drunkard, it is with feelings of mingled pity and disgust. A being formed in the image of his God, and endowed with faculties for high intellectual and social enjoyment, sinking himself below the brute creation! MAN! the noblest work that ever came from the hands of the world's great Architect, dares to deface the Creator's image, and crush with a suicidal hand heaven's pure attributes. He is a husband?—a father? Then doubly weighty is his sin, for he has made miserable that wife whom he swore to love and protect; and, as a parent, is setting an example before his children only calculated to poison their minds, and render miserable those who would look to the parent tree for advice and support.

When a man, through the process of indulgence in intoxicating beverages, has become a drunkard, he is both physically and morally changed. He no longer sees with the same eyes, hears with the same ears, or has the same faculties which he was once master of. All around assumes a new aspect. The genial warmth of the sun—the refreshing breeze—the beauties of Nature, and all things calculated to inspire the heart with love and admiration, are lost to him. The pure atmosphere he breathes is tainted with the poison. He despises himself, and therefore believes that those who are his best friends behold him with the same feelings.

Where are now the manly virtues which once could win the affections of confiding friends? Where the mildness of temper, the principles of benevolence, those traits which so ennoble the human character?—Swept away by the fiend Intemperance!

Let him be possessed of all that wealth can bring—let him recline upon a bed of down, and be fanned by the breath of flattery, the same worm gnaws at his vitals and corrodes his soul. It is true that if thus situated, the world's cold scorn may not be felt, for wealth gathers around it fawning favorites and rotten-hearted pretenders, but let his power to cater to the enjoyments and fashions of the day be lost, and he at once becomes the poor despised drunkard—those who were his *friends* while wealth lasted have deserted him, and as their adder tongues were once flippant in his praise, so now are they industriously engaged in spreading his faults and fall to the world.

That the drunkard is happy, his whole appearance denies. He may steep his soul in the Leathean draught, until forgetfulness creeps over his stupefied senses, and for a time renders him dead to the awful consequences of his course; but the spell is soon broken, and he awakes but to feel the more keenly the knawing of the worm within. There is to the drunkard no peace, no happiness, no hope. He feels the full weight of the curse which, like an incubus, presses him to the earth, and yet he clings to his destroyer until, with all the horrors of a death produced by inebriation, he sinks to fill an ignominious grave, unwept and unmourned. His sufferings on earth are ended; but is it so with the family who have just consigned him to the tomb? They yet live to feel the blight and mildew of a drunkard's heritage.

It is a reflection well calculated to impress the free mind with the deepest emotions, and the thought is forced home—who would be a drunkard! No one surely ever commenced life with the remotest idea that such would be his end: yet thousands of those who once only partook of the exhilirating beverage of fashion's shrine, now feel the full weight of the drunkard's woe—the drunkard's curse

"Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup, when it moveth itself aright—at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

From the New York Mirror.

### N. P. WILLIS' LETTERS FROM LONDON.

MY DEAR MORRIS: It is more a matter of rejoicing to Americans abroad than Congress supposes, when foreign ministers are the kind of men, in manners and mental culture, to do credit to the country. Mr. McLane's appointment as minister to England is a worthy succession to that of Mr. Everett—two more admirable representatives little likely to appear at the English court for any nation. I was dining a day or two since with a former member of the Queen's cabinet, and in the London papers of that morning Mr. McLane's appointment had been announced. Our host spoke of Mr. McLane, and afterwards of Mr. Everett, with a wholehearted tribute to their qualities as men and diplomatists, that would have gratified the friends of these gentlemen not a little; and indeed, wherever I go, Mr. Everett is lauded without measure. He has been in London in a trying time for a representative.—Our national credit—lumped without distinction of States, in one sweeping dishonor—has been like a visible cloud about him wherever he has appeared, and he has been waited on, of course, by committees on questions he could not answer without pain and mortification; and, through all this, he has steadily risen in the respect of those around him, and now stands personally higher (so I was assured by one who spoke with authority) than any diplomatic representative now at the English court. At another party I heard a very fine description given of the effect of his singular eloquence upon one of these committees. They had felt, in delivering what they had to say, that they had placed him, as the respondent, in a position of overwhelming embarrassment. His reply was waited for with a sympathy for him as a man. From every one of these gentlemen, however, he "drew tears," (so the describer stated) and they left his house enchanted with the man, if not more content with what he had to offer on the part of his country. Surely the difference between such a representative and others who are capable of being sent abroad, is worth the country's looking at and influencing.

The Morning Post of to-day contains Longman's first advertisement of the English edition of my "Dashes at Life," and in another column is the following formidable passage, showing the humor in which any thing American is likely to be handled. (It occurs in a review of Mr. Rush's book on England.)

"There is so much in the American character to excite the contempt and disgust of all upright and honest men, that we can scarce be excused for letting slip an opportunity of abusing them; but Mr. Rush so overwhelms us with his courtesies, and so gratefully and handsomely acknowledges the splendid hospitalities with which he was received by the noble and wealthy "Britishers," that we must *swelter under our venom till some more fitting occasion of venting it.*"

What with Lockhart and Foublanque for avowed adversaries, (of old,) and the corps of critics whom Macready keeps for his uses, and who will now retaliate upon me, my having dissented from the homage paid in our country to this artificial actor, my Tales are "put," as Falstaff says of his soldiers, "where they will be well peppered!" May it make them sell!

I found myself in a friend's box, the other night, at Brahaam's little dressy theatre, directly opposite two Queens and their royal husbands, (the Queen of England, and the Queen of Belgium,) and so near, from the narrowness of the house, that I could see their several Majesties as well as at a presentation. I felt quite authorized to level my glass at one, at least, of the royal dames, for a very beautiful countrywoman of my own being in our party, the King of the Belgians kept his glass very actively bent in *our* direction. His Majesty had the better view, but it was refreshing to see the ease and simplicity of the party we looked upon, and the complete absorption of Prince Albert and the English Queen, in the off-hand humor of the French play. No person in the audience, it seemed to me, laughed so hearty as the Prince, and with his gloveless hands over the edge of the box, and his unceremonious snatch-up of the opera-glass in the Queen's lap, occasionally, he would not have been taken for a man who was caring to appear *elegant*, though he was appearing, to me, that which was much better—*natural*. The Royal consort's wide cheek bones are modified in the many drawings of him, which are published—probably with a desire to remove his very German look, the English physiognomy being certainly handsomer—but his features, in other respects, are quite as regular as they are drawn, and he improves upon the pictures of him when he smiles. There was one of the farces, by the way, which was "by express desire" ordered, that is to say, by Her Majesty, which was homely enough in its humor to have pleased a back-woodsman. It is called "Le Poltron," and in the first scene, where the French actor gave an account of his being kicked at the Opera, describing it with a particularity that would be wholly inadmissible in English, the Queen laughed most unboundedly.

The lovers of music are to have a luxurious gratification in New York. Leopold de Meyer goes out in the same packet which takes this letter to you. Wallace, (who is the best authority) told me yesterday that de Meyer was unquestionably the greatest pianist living. He is so considered in London now, where he has just concluded a course of concerts, and he certainly *looks* something extraordinary, for a face more full of the expression of genius, I have seldom seen. I have not yet heard him, his concerts having been given during my late illness, and I have only talked with him five minutes in the street—but I would warrant him great in any thing he undertook, from the language in his very fine countenance only.

Wallace is writing an opera to be brought out at Drury Lane next season. He has had great success this year in London. I saw, the other day, a show-bill of some concerts given lately in Germany, by Wallace, and "Miss Edwarda de Bolivia," a young lady, who I understand, has formerly been one of the favorite public singers of the theatre at Naples, but who has meantime been travelling in the United States, and passed last winter at the Astor House, under the name of Miss Kenney. I understand she is a most effective singer, and I wonder that she so "hid her light under a bushel" in America. We discovered her beauty and her accomplishments as a linguist, and a conversationist, but Mr. Wallace alone had the secret of her being a theatrical star playing the incognita. Miss Edwarda de Bolivia is now in London, I understand, and I trust I shall have an opportunity of judging of her dramatic powers. By the way, you may remember Wallace's trip with this young lady to the West Indies, last winter, and the general supposition that they had gone thither to be married! It was a professional trip altogether, and they gave concerts in the Islands. Wallace was a married man, and his wife is still living in Ireland. Your friend Phillips has returned, and is warmly welcomed by the lovers of English singing.

Yours, faithfully, N. P. WILLIS.

SAM SLICK'S IDEA OF A GOOD WIFE.—She hadn't no *ear for music*, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that is much better. No one ever seen so much dirt in my house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Bostin gals may boast of their spinets, and their *gytars*, and their *eyetalian* airs, and their *ears for music*—but give me the gal, I say, that has an *eye for dirt*, for she's the gal for my money.

If rich, it is easy to conceal our wealth, but if poor it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find it less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat. There is one consolation, however, thieves might steal our guineas, but they wont the holes in our coat.

INTERESTING VISIT TO THE KING OF PERSIA.—In a late number of the Missionary Herald there is an interesting account of the visit of Messrs. Perkins and Stocking to the Shah of Persia, at Teheran. The following is the description given:

The formality of presentation to the King is far more simple than was practised in the time of his predecessor. In a treaty, at the close of the last war with Russia, it was conceded that a Russian Ambassador might sit in the Shah's presence. The same privilege is now extended to the English Ambassador. Neither, however, commonly avails himself of this privilege more than a few moments; after which he resumes a standing posture with the ministers in attendance. And instead of the long course of bowing, formerly practised in passing through the court, and approaching His Majesty, the hand is now simply raised to the head, with a slight inclination of the body, on entering his presence.

The King was sitting at the upper corner (the corner opposite to the door and near the window, 'the chief seat' in Persian estimation) of a large room, into which we were ushered with the simple ceremony above mentioned. We took a standing attitude, a few feet from the door, by the side of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom we had just visited.

The King welcomed us and inquired after our health. He is a fine looking man, now 40 years old, and of remarkably agreeable, unassuming manners. I have seen no person of rank in Persia whose appearance is more entirely divested of ostentation than the Shah's. His dress was not superior to many of his courtiers, nor was it at all peculiar. He appears with his crown, bracelets of pearls, &c., only on State occasions. And the room where we were received, though spacious and richly carpeted, had nothing of the dazzling finery which we often see in the rooms of Persian nobles.

The King inquired of the Minister of Foreign Affairs whether we really were, in origin, Americans, appearing to look upon us with no ordinary interest as the first genuine citizens of the New World whom he had ever seen. The Minister answered in the affirmative, and told him that he could converse with us directly, as we knew the native language; on which his Majesty proceeded to make many inquiries respecting our country with entire informality. The King has a good knowledge of geography and a great taste for the study of it; and the task of conversing with him was thus rendered very agreeable, and he readily comprehended our answers to his various questions.

He inquired as to the extent and population of our country; the number and size of its cities; the extent of our army and navy; the number of our foreign ambassadors; the fact of our Government being republican, &c. He appeared somewhat nonplussed by the fact that so great and flourishing a country has no king; and on being reminded of our system of electing chief magistrates, of which he before knew something, he remarked that it was rather a queer idea that a man, after being king four years, should thus be *cashiered*. But he was somewhat relieved on this point, when told that the same individual might be elected again to that high station.

The King inquired particularly about the city of Washington, our seat of Government. When we suggested that he probably knew that it bore the name of our first President, 'O yes,' he replied, adding, with a hearty laugh, 'he was that fine hero who flogged the English, and took from them your country.' He appeared surprised that we had an ambassador even in China, and inquired whether he was in Canton or in Pekin.

He remarked that he had heard that there was a prospect of war between our country and Mexico, and inquired the cause. This led us into a brief exposition of the Texas question, of which he had before heard something. I expressed my gratification at finding him so familiar with things in the New World, of which the mass of his subjects knew so little. He replied that he was kept informed by the gazettes; and I afterwards ascertained that Mr. Burgess, an Englishman at Tabreez, translates paragraphs of interest from an English Gazette for the King's brother at that place, who, after reading them, transmits them to the Shah.

The King inquired about the big gun, 'the peace maker,' which had burst and killed our vizier and some of our meerzas, and appeared interested to know that it was made of wrought iron. He asked, with interest, about the mineral resources of our country; and of being reminded of our coal mines, he stated, with great apparent satisfaction, that he also has a plenty of coal near Teheran; but,' he added, 'we have no good miners to quarry it.' He inquired with much interest respecting the ancient inhabitants of our country, the Indians; asking whether they settle in towns; whether they are converted to Christianity, &c. On being told that they do not settle in our cities, 'Do they never visit them?' he asked. 'Yes,' we told him, 'their chiefs and others sometimes visit our cities, and then return to their native wilds.' 'They come and look at you, and then run back again into the forests, do they?'

RYE, TALL AND SHORT.—All our farmers ought to know that the kind of Maryland is still capable of being easilly improved so as to yield abundantly the necessaries of human life and pleasure. The large sample of rye which I send you was sown about the first of last September, say half a bushel to the acre, to test its capacity for branching in rich ground, which appears to be very great, as there are thousands of similar bunches in the field from whence that bunch was extracted, and each bunch is the product of one single seed, yielding thousands. The next smaller sample was sown thick about the 10th of last October and was mowed off close to the ground on the 23d of last April, when it was all out in head and 3 to 4 feet high, yielding a large crop of good hay. It then sprouted from the roots again, and that is the second growth which has so far matured in about 60 days—it ought to have been sowed on the 1st of September and the hay crop taken off by the middle of April, then the second would be perfect by the 1st of July. The smallest sample was derived from a handful of rye sown as thick as the grains could lie side by side in the same field, and at the same time that the second sample was sown. The result was that they were too thick to thrive, hence they yielded nothing worth saving. The products of our soil are improved as much in quality as in quantity by good cultivation and good ground. Agriculture is the most important business in the world, and yet no business appears to be less understood or more neglected.

The above, from an old and experienced farmer near Ellicott's Mills, was accompanied by the three specimens of Rye alluded to, and while the first is truly "*tall Rye,*" (nearly seven feet) well filled, the smallest (about 2 1-2 feet) looks more like *chess* than any thing we have seen for many years, not to be that pest of the wheat field—the second specimen is about 5 feet.—*Amer. Farmer.*

DISEASES OF CATTLE.—*Colic*—One pint of linseed oil, mixed with 1 1-2 oz. laudanum. *Diarrhœa*—Give half an oz. of powdered catechu, ten grains of powdered opium, in a little gruel. *Hove or hoven*—Use the elastic tube: as a preventive, let them be well supplied with common salt, and restrained from rapid feeding when first feeding on rank grass or clover. *Mange*—Half a pint of black brimstone, quarter of a pint of turpentine, one pint of train oil: mix them together, and rub them well in over the affected parts. *Milk fever or garget*—Two ounces of brimstone, two ounces of diapente, one ounce of cummin seed powdered, one ounce of powdered nitrate: give this daily in a little gruel, and well rub the udder with a little goose grease. *Murrain*—Half a pound of salt, two ounces of bruised coriander seed, one ounce of gentian powder; give these in a little water. Poisons swallowed by oxen are commonly the yew, the wort, and the common water hemlock; one and a half pint of linseed oil is the best remedy. *Purge for poisoning*—Either one pound of salts in a quart of water of gruel, or a pint to a pint and a half of linseed oil. *Sprains*—Embrocation; one ounce of sweet oil, four ounces of spirits of hartshorn, half ounce of oil of thyme. *Sting of the adder or slow worm*—Apply immediately strong spirits of hartshorn.—For sting of bees, apply chalk or whitening mixed with vinegar. *To take film from a horse's eye*—Blow loaf sugar and a little salt into the inflamed eye, and in most cases it will be relieved. Sassafras buds pounded, and put in water, to stand till it becomes nearly as thick as cream, applied to the eye, is an excellent remedy for inflammation. *To relieve colic in horses*—Rub spirits of turpentine on the breast of the horse; and if he be drenched with it he will be relieved. Horses should never be put to severe work on a full stomach: more horses are hurt by hard driving after a full feed, than by a full feed after hard driving.—*English Journal.*

CHEAP REMEDY.—For removing the disagreable smell from any putrescent matter—a little copperas dissolved in water will render it entirely inodorous in a very short time.