

## Poetical.

From the Utica Sentinel.

### BETTY BROOM.

A country girl was Betty Broom,  
That went to live in town;  
And never felt she so much up,  
As when she first came down.

She had a pretty face,  
A heart above disguise,  
And yet she could, at any time,  
Throw dust in people's eyes.

For Betty was a chambermaid,  
And swept her mistress' room;  
And her mistress said she ne'er before  
Had found so stout a Broom.

A fireman, young, and straight and tall,  
To Betty courting goes:  
Was it not strange, that being in love,  
He should neglect his hose?

Quoth he, "I am a fireman bold;  
And isn't it a shame,  
That all my engine unity,  
Cannot put out this flame?"

He swore that loss of wager'd pelf  
Ne'er put him in a pet;  
And yet he swore he'd hang himself,  
If he should lose his Bet.

And he declar'd, come weal, come woe,  
From her he ne'er would part;  
For though he long'd to ring her hand,  
He ne'er would ring her heart.

Whene're he talk'd about his love,  
So much on vows he ran,  
That all his friends declared he was  
A promising young man.

"Besides," said they, "his constancy,  
No trifles can impair,  
He loves good living, and of course  
Can ne'er forget his fare."

"'Tis true he was a farmer bred,  
And that for lack of pence;  
But then he is a gentleman,  
For he had learned to fence."

I wonder how young men can bear  
To promise, sigh, and flatter;  
Tis plain that matrimony now,  
Is made a money matter.

And so it proved, for he was false:  
And then you know what follows,  
Miss Betty sued him, gained the cause,  
And chang'd her grief for dollars.

He rav'd and stamp'd in useless rage,  
Made many fiery speeches,  
And swore 'twas a degen'rate age.  
When women sued for breaches.

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The following anecdote is quoted from the Philadelphia Quarterly. The review of American Biography, from which this is taken, contains a number of interesting incidents & characters.

"When the British army had possession of Philadelphia, genl. Howe's head quarters were in second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by gen. Cadwallader. Directly opposite, resided William & Lydia Daragh, members of the society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the adjutant general, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference, and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the 2d of December, the adjutant general told Lydia that they would be in the room at 7 o'clock, and remain late; and that he wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away they would call her to let them out, & extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited.

—She took off her shoes, and put her ear to the key hole of the conclave, & overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late on the evening of the 4th, at attack genl. Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this she returned to her chamber, and laid down. Soon after the officers knocked at the door, but she arose only at the third summons, having feigned herself asleep. Her

mind was so much agitated, that from this moment she could neither eat nor sleep; supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her fellow countrymen; but not knowing how she was to convey the information to genl. Washington, not daring to confide it to her husband. The time left, however, was short. She quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts. She informed her family, that as she was in want of flour she would go to Frankford for some; her husband insisted that she should take the servant maid with her, but to his surprise she positively refused. She got access to genl. Howe, and solicited what he readily granted a pass through the British troops on the lines—leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened towards the American lines, & encountered on her way an American lieut. col. (Craig) of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the look out for information. He knew her, and enquired where she was going? she answered, in quest of her son, an officer in the American army, and praying the colonel to alight, and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troop to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her secret after having obtained from him a solemn promise never to betray her individually, as her life might be at stake with the British.

He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed something for her to eat, and hastened to head quarters, when he brought general Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movement of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event. The next evening the adjutant general came in, & requested her to walk up to his room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror, when he locked the door and begged her, in an air of mystery, to be seated—she was sure she was either suspected or had been betrayed. He inquired earnestly whether any of her family were up the last night he & the other officer met: she told him they all retired at 8 o'clock. He observed—I know you were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me; I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave genl. Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh, we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us, and we have marched back like a parcel of fools.

*The Ancient Greeks.*—As every thing relating to the Greeks is now a subject of interest, we have taken particular pleasure in collecting the following from the most authentic accounts, as a real specimen of the Greek character in the earliest periods of their history; and as disclosing also the origin of Messina in Sicily.

The Spartans waged interminable war with their near neighbors the Messinians, who occupied a small district of territory a few miles from their city. It was

the intention of the Spartans to reduce them to the condition of the Helots; but they fought desperately, and defended themselves with a bravery and perseverance in repeated wars, and for a long series of years, which secured the respect of even their cruel enemies. Their cities were razed, their people massacred, and they were pursued by those professional butchers, the Spartans, with a pertinacity unknown to the savage warfare of the last century—They were driven from their valleys and hamlets to their defenced cities—thence to their mountains, and at last so diminished were their numbers, that they all retired, men, women and children, to a strong hold in Mount Ithome which they fortified, and resisted with a most heroic courage. This citadel they defended ten years against the utmost force of the disciplined and ruthless Spartans.

The incidents which are related of Aristomenes, their chief and military leader, (for he refused to be their king) during their protracted struggle for liberty & the almost miraculous escapes which both himself and followers experienced, awaken our sympathy, & startle our credulity; while they show the abhorrence in which slavery was held, even in the remotest ages, by those high minded nations. In one instance, after the whole nation was besieged in Ithome, Aristomenes, at the head of three hundred men, sallied forth and defied the Spartans. After the most incredible exploits and achievements, they fell captive into the hands of their enemies—According to the spirit of the age, and the character of his adversaries, himself & his followers, were thrown headlong into a cavern, which was the mode practised by the Spartans for executing felons.

Aristomenes craved the boon of being incarcerated with his shield, and it is supposed the edges of the buckler hitting the sides of the cavern, broke the violence of his fall so that it did not take his life—On the third day he perceived a fox devouring his companions, & suffering it to approach him, he laid hold of it with one hand while with the other he defended himself from its bite. The terrified fox immediately ran towards the crevice which he had entered, and Aristomenes, keeping his hold of the animal with immense difficulty reached the aperture, and effected his own escape.

The return of Aristomenes was indeed like one risen from the dead; his friends rallied around him, and the Spartans soon found their unconquerable enemy ready for further contests.

The feats of valour achieved by this prince have but few parallels in ancient history. Three times he offered the sacrifice of the *He-catheopompeia*, which none could make but those who had slain a hundred of their enemies.

At the close of ten years he was betrayed—himself and his brave and worthy Messinians most treacherously betrayed. The strong hold which he had maintained against the arts & the arms of practised and confederated and savage warriors, for ten years, was now rested from its primitive possessors, who had inherited those lands, according to Deucalion and Pyrrha (Noah) finding all was lost, he placed the women and children in the centre of a battali-

on, and himself in the van, marched forward, with his spear erect, to the camp of the enemy.

Struck with a kind of superstitious astonishment at his valour, the Spartans gave place to his adventurous band, and unlike themselves, permitted them to depart unhurt. They abandoned their country, & sought refuge with the Arcadians, who gave them a hospitable reception, & assisted them in seeking an abiding place. This they found in the island of Sicily, where they founded a city, and called it Messina, in remembrance of their beloved country.

This city was established 650 years before Christ. Aristomenes appointed their leader, attended the fitting of their ships with patriarchal fidelity, gave them his counsel, and bade them farewell, declining to go with them. He turned his face towards Asia, and visited Sardas, the capital of ancient Lydia, hoping, as was believed, that he might induce that rich and powerful king to engage with him in some enterprise for the recovery of his native state. But it was otherwise decreed, Aristomenes sickened and died at Sardas, & found a quiet grave in a distant land, while his beloved country became the undisputed prey of the tyrannical conqueror.

*Spontaneous combustion.*—One of the late London Mechanic's Journal, contains some remarks on the subject of spontaneous combustion which are entitled to general notice. Some experiments have been made with a mixture of lamp black and hemp seed oil. It was wrapped in a coarse woollen cloth, and laid in a chest for a few hours. When taken out and laid on a stone floor it emitted a vapour, and in a few minutes took fire. Similar experiments were tried with hemp impregnated with tallow and a small quantity of hemp seed oil. This began to smoke in an hour, and in another hour took fire. Wool impregnated in the same manner, took fire in a few hours. Ground coffee bound up in linen, took fire in three quarters of an hour. Mahogany saw dust roasted brown, & wrapped up while warm, took fire in three quarters of an hour. Barley coffee roasted brown, being put into a shallow pot, and slightly covered with the lid became warm, and in a few hours, upon placing on the mass shreds of paper, they took fire, and a knife stuck into it became red hot. The writer states, for the information of brewers, that in the drying of malt, there is great danger of the grain taking fire in the kiln, and burning a long while after the operation is finished. He notices several mills were burnt down, in consequence of the vapour emitted by the heated flour taking fire when a light was introduced.

*Cologne Water.*—Our female readers who are disposed to practice a little economy, will find the following preparation a cheap substitute for the Cologne water of the shops, for which they pay 3 or 400 per cent more than the cost of this. The principal ingredient is worth \$1 per gallon, at retail, by the druggist, and the perfumery costs very little. To one pint of alcohol add 60 drops of lavender, 60 do. bergamot, 60 do. essence of lemon, 60 do. orange water.—To one gallon of alcohol, put 240 drops of each of the perfumes.