



POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON PATRIOT.

MAZEPPA.

We yesterday extracted from Bell's Messenger, an article giving a brief outline of the history of Mazeppa, who was there stated to be the hero of a "forthcoming" poem from the pen of Lord Byron. We since learn that Messrs. Wells & Lilly, of this town have received a copy of the poem, and with their usual alacrity, have put it to press. Annexed to the poem is an ode, which proves Lord Byron, to be a legitimate friend to freedom. The following is the concluding stanza. It will be seen that it is highly complimentary to our country, and particularly to the Navy.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone

O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;

Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own

A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;

If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone

His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,

For tyranny of late is cunning grown.

And in its own good season tramples down

The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,

Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean

Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion

Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for,

and

Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,

And proud distinction from each other land.

Whose son's must bow them at a monarch's

motion,

As if his senseless sceptre were a wand

Full of the magic of exploded science—

Still one great clime in full and free de-

liance,

Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sub-

lime,

Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught

Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,

The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,

May strike to those whose red light hands

have bought

Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still,

lill, for ever

Better, though each man's life-blood were

a river,

That it should flow, and overflow, than creep

Through thousand lazy channels in our

veins,

Damn'd like the dull canal with locks and

chains,

And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,

Three paces, and then faltering,—better be

Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are

free,

In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,

Than stagnate in our marsh—or o'er the

dear

Ty, and one current to the ocean add,

One spirit to the souls our fathers had,

One freeman more, America, to thee!

Miscellaneous.

POMPEY'S COLUMN.

"As you go out of the enclosure of the Arabs, by the gate of the south, the eye is struck with one of the most astonishing monuments which antiquity has transmitted to us. Proud of not having sunk under the wastes of time, nor under the more prompt and terrible attacks of superstitious ignorance, rears its majestic head the grandest column that ever existed. It is of the most beautiful and the hardest granite, and is composed of three pieces—out of which have been cut the capital, the shaft, and the pedestal. I had not the means of measuring its height; and travellers who have gone before me are not perfectly agreed on this point. Savary assigns to it a height of 114 feet; whereas Paul Lucas, who declares he had taken an accurate measurement of it, makes its height no more than 94 feet. This last opinion was generally adopted by the Europeans of Alexandria. The height of the column was admitted there to be from 94 to 95 feet of France. The pedestal is 15 feet high; the shaft, with the socle, 76 feet; finally, the capital, 10 feet—making in all 95 feet. The mean diameter is 7 feet 9 inches. Admitting these proportions, the entire mass of the column may be estimated at 6000 cubic feet. It is well known that the cubic foot of red Egyptian granite weighs 158 pounds. The weight of the whole coloma therefore is 4,110,000 pounds.

However hard the substance of the column may be, it has not escaped the corroding tooth of time. The bottom of the shaft is very much damaged on the east side; and it is very easy to separate, on the same side, thin lamina from the pedestal. It has been already remarked that the hieroglyphics of Cleopatra's needle were corroded, on the face exposed to that point of the compass. It is most probably the effect of the wind blowing from the sea. Some have pretended, that, on the opposite face, that to the west, a Greek inscription was discernible, when the sun bore upon it; but with all the attention that I could employ, it was not in my power to perceive any thing of it.

The ground on which the pillar is raised having given way, part of the pivot which supports it has been laid open. It is a block of six feet only in the square; it bears the weight, as a centre, of a pedestal much larger than itself, which proves the exact perpendicularity of the whole. It too is granite—but of a species different from that of the column. The people of the country had laid round the pivot, with the view of strengthening the pedestal; this piece of masonry, totally useless, was formed of stones of various qualities; among which fragments of marble, detached from the ruins of some antique edifice, and sculptured with beautiful hieroglyphics, attracted notice. While some were exerting themselves to prevent the falling of the monument, others, the Bedouins, as I was told, endeavored to bring it down, in the hope of finding treasure under its base, when burst to pieces. For this purpose they had employed the action of gunpowder; but very fortunately they had no great skill in the art of mining. The explosion only carried away a part of the mason work so idly intended to be a prop to the pedestal.

Paul Lucas relates, that in 1744, a mountebank having got upon the capital, with a facility which astonished every body, declared it was hollow at top. We have some years ago indications more positive on the subject. Some English sailors contrived to get upon the summit of the column, by means of a paper kite, which assisted them in fixing a ladder of ropes. They found, as well as the man mentioned by Paul Lucas, a great round hollow in the middle of the capital, and moreover a hole in each of the corners. It is therefore certain this chapter served as a base to some statue, the fragments of which seem to be irrecoverably lost. Some friends of M. Roboli, who had been French interpreter at Alexandria, have assured me that he had discovered near the column, pieces of a statue, which, to judge from the fragments, must have been of prodigious magnitude; that they had been conveyed to the house occupied by the French, but that, notwithstanding the most diligent researches, not being able to procure the other pieces of it, he had ordered the first to be thrown into the sea, close by that same house. They were shewn to me; but it was impossible for me to distinguish any thing—for they are almost entirely buried under the sand of the sea. I was farther informed, that those fragments of a statue were of the most beautiful porphyry.—Extracted from C. S. Sonnini's Travels in Egypt.

From the Village Record.

We last week introduced to our readers, r. Heckewelder's account of the Indian history, manners, &c. Some extracts were made, which would not have been entertaining. There are a few more remarks and extracts which we feel inclined to make being assured that they will be acceptable. The Indian's account of his origin is as follows:—

Indian Mythology.

The Indians consider the earth as their universal mother. They believe that they were created within her bosom where for a long time they

had their abode, before they came to live on its surface.

Among the Delawares, those of the Minsi, or Wolf tribe say, that in the beginning they dwelt in the earth under a lake, and were fortunately extricated from this unpleasant abode by the discovery which one of their men made of a hole through which he ascended to the surface; on which, as he was walking, he found a Deer, which he carried back with him into his subterraneous habitation; that the deer was killed, and he and his companions found the meat so good, that they unanimously determined to leave their dark abode, and remove to a place, where they could enjoy the light of heaven, and have such excellent game in abundance.

The other tribes, the Unamis or Tortoise, and the Unalachtigas or Turkey, have similar notions, but reject the story of the lake, which seems peculiar to the Minsi tribe.

These notions must be very far extended among the Indians of North America generally, since we find that they prevail also among the Iroquois, a nation so opposed to the Delawares, as has been shewn in the former parts of this work, and whose language is so different from theirs, that not two words, perhaps, similar or even analogous of significance may be found alike in both. On this subject I beg leave to present an extract from the manuscript notes of the late Rev. Christopher Pyriæus, whom I am always fond of quoting with respect, as he was a man of great truth, and well acquainted with the six Nations and their idioms. The accounts that he here gives of the traditions of that people concerning their original existence was taken down by him in January, 1748, from the mouth of a respectable Mohawk chief named Sganarady, who resided on the Mohawk river.

The Extract.

"Traditio.—That they had dwelt in the earth where no sun did shine. That Ganawagahha (one of them) having accidentally found a hole to get out of the earth at, he went out, and in walking about on the earth he found a deer, which he took back with him, and that both on account of the meat tasting so very good, and the favorable description he had given them of the country above and on the earth, their mother concluded it best for them all to come out: that accordingly they did so, and immediately set about planting corn. &c.

Mechanical Genius.

Counsellor Bockman possesses a large astronomical clock, constructed by the Rev. Pastor Hahn, which not only contains the common divisions of time, but has likewise divisions of ten, of a hundred, and of a thousand years. The spectator contemplates with pleasure, the contrasted quick motion of the second hand and the thousand year hand, which turns on a small dial plate, not larger than that of a Parisian watch.—The progress of the latter in 50 years is very small, so that its motion is imperceptible. The ten, hundred, and thousand year hands, are not a mere display of the art of the maker; they are of great use—for, on the large dial plate, which contains all the lesser, the globes are described, and the progress of the stars denoted; so that the hands, by their combining motions, display the variations, positions, and appearances of the earth and the heavenly bodies.

We saw a watch made by Mr. Auch, of Stutgard, a scholar of the minister Hahn. He is only six and twenty, yet in the opinion of some, he already surpasses his master. His watch contains the divisions of time, from a second to a century. On the opposite side, on a clouded azure ground, is seen the course of the sun and moon, with its mode and cliques. The artist means to improve this watch, and describe the course of Venus, as a morning and evening star.

German paper.

SKETCH BOOK, No. 2.

The second number of the "Sketch Book," contains, among other articles, "The Broken Heart," from which the following extracts are made. The comparison of the sexes is beautiful, and as far as we know, just: But the female reader will be much better qualified to decide upon its truth or falsity than ourselves.

Catskill Recorder.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affectionous. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. "To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pang; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

"But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate."

Curious definition of a Kiss.

Extract of a Love Letter, written in the year 1679, translated from the German.

"What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of our future union; a dumb, but at the same time the audible language of a living heart; a present which at the same time that it is given, is taken from us; the impression of an ardent attachment on an ivory coral press; the striking of two flints against one another; a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip; an affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love.

Funerals.—The great expense and unnecessary parade attendant on funerals, has long been a subject of remark, and many persons who have suffered in their feelings and circumstances from the fashion, have withheld from complaint in consequence of the peculiar delicacy of the cases. We observe in the last Montreal paper that a meeting is called to consult on a general reform in their particulars.

It appears by the communication of a lady in the last National Intelligencer, that at Washington City, the common hacks crowd round the door at the time and place appointed for a funeral to take up all who attend, and afterwards a bill is presented, and a strong appeal made to the generosity of the surviving relatives.—This, one would suppose, required an instant remedy. In Boston it appears, funerals are regulated by law, and no more than three hired carriages are permitted to attend.

We do not know that any legal steps could reach the desired reform—but it is evident that the communi-

ty calls for a change. All will acknowledge that these expensive parades are incompatible with heart-felt grief, which naturally seeks retirement—and doubtless all will be gratified by a change more consistent with the solitude of the grave.

Baltimore American.

Recipe for curing the Dysentery or summer complaint, in its mildest or worst stages.

Take two glasses sweet oil—two glasses West-India molasses—two glasses West-India rum—simmer them well together over a fire till it becomes the thickness of honey, so that the oil may not separate from the rest. While on the fire, keep it well stirred, and when taken off, continue the same till it is cool. Then the patient, if a grown person, should take a spoonful once an hour till he finds the disease abating—then once in two hours, or as the judgment may suggest, until cured. Children to take it in like manner in proportion to their ages. The person who hands this for publication, is moved by none other than a humane motive. He has experienced cures in his own family, and knows many others of the most desperate kind. It is a simple medicine, and not the least injurious to the most delicate constitution. Let those who are afflicted, try the experiment—it will do no harm—and will certainly save life! Let those who may read this, cut it out of the paper and carefully preserve it. If any one is desirous of conferring with the writer upon the subject, he will cheerfully comply on notice being left with the editor of the Baltimore Patriot, to whom he is personally known.

*** Editors, generally, are desired to publish the above, for the benefit of mankind.

HUMANITUS.

A Cure for Burns and Scalds.

Apply a plaister compounded of Burgundy Pitch, Bees wax and a little Oil; it will afford almost immediate relief from pain. Let it remain on some days, and the cure will be effected. I allow one fourth wax, add sweet oil, or rather oil, lard, or fresh butter to it, to reduce it to a consistency not so soft as to melt with the warmth of the flesh, nor so hard as to irritate.

AN EXPERIENCED NURSE.

Cows.—Farmers are not fully aware of the productive value of this animal. If well fed, and suitably treated, they yield an immense profit to the owner. A late English journal states the annual product, clear of expense, from a single cow, in milk and butter, at 41l. 5s. 11d; equal to \$180.

The influence of climate on the strength and courage of man.—"We may assert with great confidence that the keen air of Germany formed the large and masculine limbs of the natives, who were in general of a more lofty stature than the people of the south, gave them a kind of strength better adapted to violent exertions than to patient labor, and inspired them with constitutional bravery, which is the result of nerves and spirits. The severity of a winter campaign, that chilled the courage of the Roman troops, was scarcely felt by these hardy children of the Danube, who in their turn were unable to resist the summer heats, and dissolved away in languor and sickness under the beams of an Italian sun.—Gibbon.

Anger.—An angry person should neither be believed nor opposed; his intellect is deranged.—Mark well how his passions subside; on that determine for, or against the duration of your intimacy. But never trust the sulky wretch; malice is in his heart; revenge, hatred and more passions than there are names for. He is a spider who spins delicate filaments on all sides, to enmesh his unwary victim.