

## SELECTED POETRY.

### THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood;  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth!  
He heard its life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone;  
A music sought but never found,  
By kings and warriors gone;  
He listened—and his heart beat high—  
That was the song of victory!  
The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rush'd burning through his frame,—  
The depth of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame;  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile—  
Round those fountains of the Nile.  
Night came with stars;—across his soul  
There swept a sudden change,  
E'er at the pilgrim's glorious goal  
A shadow dark and strange  
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—and is that all?  
No more than this!—what seem'd it now  
First by that spring to stand?  
A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
Bathed his own mountain land!  
Whence far o'er waste and ocean track,  
Their wild sweet voices called him back.  
They called him back to many a glade,  
His childhood's haunt of play,  
Where brightly through the beechen shade  
The waters glanced away;  
They called him with the sounding waves,  
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.  
But darkly mingling with the thought  
Of each familiar scene,  
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
With all that lay between;  
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
The whirling sands, the red simoom!  
Where was the glow of power and pride?  
The spirit born to roam?  
His altered heart within him died  
With yearning for his home!  
All vainly struggling to repress  
That gush of painful tenderness.  
He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven  
Behold his bursting tears,  
E'en on that spot where fate had given  
The need of toiling years!  
—Oh, happiness! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

### THE ISLAND OF SCIO.

We all recollect with what painful emotions we perused the details of the ruin of this beautiful isle, and, two or three years ago, by the merciless Turks. The following description seems to have been written previous to that melancholy event:

The ancient Chios, or Scio, retains more of its former prosperity than any island in the Aegean sea. The fertility and beauty which they discovered, invited the Ionian states to establish a colony more than a thousand years before Christ, which soon attained to a degree of political consequence as the allies or subjects of the continental cities of Greece. A fleet constantly prepared for action, and the maritime genius of the people, gave them the command of the Aegean sea. Historians record very frequent changes in their subjection or alliances, the result sometimes of necessity, but more frequently of choice. Their most ancient friends were the Spartans, whom they deserted for the Athenians, but during the Peloponnesian war they again revolted to the Lacedemonians. After a failure in the first attack by Charles, the Athenians indulged the resentment of conquerors, and levelled the new walls of their city with the ground.

The kings of Pergamos, Eumenes, and Attalus, appear to have become possessed of Chios either by conquest or by cession; and upon the extinction of the Attalian kings, they were attached to the Roman territory, and when the empire was divided, they remained subject until the reign of Manuel Comnenus. In the partition of the Eastern Empire, in 1294, by the French and Venetians, Chios was allotted to the Byzantine throne, and afterwards granted to the Genoese, in remuneration of assistance against the Latins. In 1575 it was treacherously taken by Piali Pasha, after having been held by the Genoese nearly two centuries and a half. After a calamitous siege in 1694, the city and island were regained by the Venetians, who were betrayed by the Greeks during the inveterate quarrel with those of the Latin Church; but their possession was of short duration; for, in 1696, Mezzomorto, the African renegade, a celebrated Admiral, invested the island with success, and it was again added to the Ottoman Empire, with whom it at present remains.

The island is computed, as nearly as the extreme irregularity of the coast will admit of ascertaining, to be about 130 miles in circumference. It is intersected by mountains of volcanic shape and structure, distinguished by the ancients as the Phœnix and Pelian; the latter is in the district of Arrisia, famed for the produce

of wine, so much esteemed at Rome in its most luxurious days, for its cost and exquisite flavor. "We tasted some of it," says Dallaway, "which did not disparage its ancient fame." It has a flavor similar to that of Monte Fiascone, and is called, by way of excellence, the wine of Homer.

The honor of giving birth to that divine bard is claimed by the Chians with honorable avidity, and they are allowed to have urged a greater number of circumstances than their competitors, in support of their claim. A family of his descendants were called *Homeridae*; and, as if the art of poetry were hereditary, they produced Parthenius, of no trivial name among poets. Leo Allatius cites many authors to prove Homer a native of this island, and upon more accumulated evidence, decides on that circumstance as a fact. But his own confession may be more satisfactory in his hymn to Apollo; for his inhabiting Chios may convey a certain degree of proof that he was born there. Ion, an elegiac and tragic poet of the age of Eschylus and Sophocles, was also a native of Chios.

Venus was the divinity to whom the highest honors were paid in this island; her temple was uncommonly splendid, and the females devoted to her service not less beautiful than numerous. The education of the sex was equally hardy with that of the young men, and, in the public gymnastic exercises, they contended with each other unincumbered by dress. Notwithstanding this exhibition of rigid discipline, the natives were addicted to the most effeminate luxuries; and it is said, to their eternal reproach, that they were the first in Greece who used slaves. The Epicurean philosophy was very successfully recommended by Metrodorus, and enforced by the example of his practice. His definition of happiness is succinct and plausible: "a sound constitution, and a security of its continuance."

Whatever might have been the remains of ancient architecture, no traces are now to be discovered; all have yielded to time, or more probably, to the more effectual destruction of misguided zeal.

The city of Chios appears to have been at the most distant period of considerable extent and beauty. Modern Scio, as it is now called, is esteemed the handsomest town in the Archipelago, and from its Italian masters has derived much of the European accommodation. In beating to windward, we stood within half a mile of it, from which distance it presented a fine appearance, more particularly the southern part of the town, in which are several Turkish mosques, whose circular domes and slender minarets, just discernible above the deep woods with which they were surrounded, gave an air of novelty to the scene. The port is extensive, but has neither deep water nor good shelter, being formed by a low mole and a rock, on which are two lights.

The population of Greeks is computed at above 150,000, while that of the Turks does not complete a 40th part. Yet such is their want of vigor and unanimity, and their habitual terror of the Turkish name, that they patiently bear their burdens, while the Greeks of the other islands evince so strong a desire to avenge their wrongs on their oppressors. It is true that the vicinity of Scio to the Turkish territory, and the presence of a Turkish garrison, may make it prudent to conceal desires which, for want of a leader, they cannot safely accomplish. This numerous population is maintained by the produce of the soil, and by the manufacture of silk and cotton stuffs. Almost the whole of those parts of the island, in which cultivation is at all practicable, is said to be like a garden. Among the chief of their productions are those of corn, wine and fruits, gum-mastic, silk, and honey, which last is found in great quantities in the rocks on the south side of the island.

In recounting those bounties of nature, the singular beauty of the female inhabitants must not be omitted. "As we walked through the town," says Dallaway, "on a Sunday evening, the streets were filled with women, dancing, or sitting at the doors in groups, dressed in the fashion of the island, which is scrupulously confined to the natives. The girls have most brilliant complexions, with features regular and delicate; but one style of countenance prevails. When without a veil, the head is covered by a close coif, confining the hair, excepting a few locks round their face, which are curled and bathed in perfumed oil. The ringlets, which are so elegantly disposed round the sweet countenances of these fair Chioites, are such as Milton describes by "hyacinthine locks,"

crisped and curled like the blossoms of that flower; and although no dress more unbecoming than that which envelopes their shapes could have been imagined, yet their faces make ample amends, with eyes varying with infinite expression from softness to vivacity. All the arts of ancient Greece have declined in an extreme

proportion, nor should we wonder that if the superiority of beauty be unimpaired, the art of adorning the person be almost lost." As a proof of the salubrity of the climate, longevity is common. Among other instances, Dallaway mentions his being accosted at a fountain, by a venerable old man, who said that he was 120 years old. He acknowledged that there were many older men in Scio; but none like himself, who had been preferred, as he could boast to have lately been, by a girl of 20, to a rival of her own age!

From the New-York Literary Gazette.

### MISERIES OF AN EDITOR.

"The duties of an editor are multifarious and perplexing; he has to contend with a thousand reasonable, and ten thousand unreasonable people: he has to select from various publications matters where with all to please the taste of the gay and grave, the happy and the melancholy, the philanthropist, the male and the female. Again he has to torment his eyes in deciphering the cramped and almost illegible chirography of those who aspire to appear in print, and after all his pains, it is ten to one that he finds the essay fitter for the fire than for his columns; with many other grievances which prudence forbears to mention. Another bore, and one that is often a most provoking thing, he must have an editorial paragraph or two in every paper, and brains or no brains, sense or nonsense, he must write, else his "patrons" are dissatisfied. This is no easy matter, amid the grievances above enumerated, he has to attend to the financial departments of his paper—which are too often, troublesome enough. Moreover, when he has made up his mind to write, he has another thing to do: he must find a subject; and in this monopolizing world, where can he find any thing novel? Not in the water; Dr. Mitchel has explained every thing in the "multitudinous sea;" not in the earth, Capt. Symmes has discovered all. Not in the air, for the numberless authors in Ornithology and Entomology have found out all the secrets of every bird that wings along and of every insect that flirts in the sunbeam, or sports in the evening air. Not among men, for every man that has any thing worth knowing keeps it to himself that he may profit to his purse, or obtain a patent to immortalize his name, and secure the exclusive right to himself, and heirs; then among women? No: that is a fair and unfair subject, and he thrives best who has least to do with it. "Now in the name of all the gods at once," on what can an editor write a paragraph? On any thing," says a friend at my elbow. "That has an equivocal sense."—Any thing?

"Yes, write on any thing, no matter what and if you trespass on any man's patent, let him take the law, and he will soon find out that he will lose more by litigation than he gains, as many a poor devil has done before him.

"If you write any thing that an author has touched upon before, no matter; not one in twenty will know any thing about it. Write satire, or descend to scandal, and if any man, woman or child, finds any thing in it personal, swear, with the proverb, that "if the shoe fits him he may wear it."

"Write on friendship and love, is there any thing more novel than these now adays? On hypocrisy or deceit, is there any thing more abundant in market? Write on liberality, honesty, or plain dealing, where can you find any thing that sounds better in theory and is less practised."

*Joan of Arc, or commonly called the maid of Orleans.*

This damsel dealt in divination, in the reign of Charles VII. of France, during the siege of Orleans by Henry VI of England. Success certainly had attended the arms of several successive monarchs of Albion for a long series of years. As certain it is, that affairs took quite a different turn on the appearance of this maiden, who being introduced to Charles, declared that she had been favored with a supernatural revelation in a vision, of his own restoration by her means. "I am the virgin," said Joan, "decreed by heaven to replace the crown upon thy head, after relieving Orleans."

Although the king paid but little regard to a tale of that sort, by the persuasion of the person who introduced her, he gave her a troop of an hundred men; on which the heroine, in habiliments of the other sex, valiantly marched to the relief of the city, supplied the besieged with food, and inspired them with a spirit of courage unknown before to Frenchmen. At the same time, a spirit of dejection prevailed amidst the English, who imbibed a notion that the maid was actually sent to war against them by the Almighty.

She a second time relieved the place with plenty of fresh provisions and the enemy beheld her at the head of fifteen hundred men eager for victory. The virgin,

in person, entered the strongest fort, inciting miraculously, and encouraging men to follow her example. In three days the English lost 800 men, while the French lost only 100. These were crowned with the desired success. The English were so dispirited on the second day, that they were so dispirited on the second day, that they abandoned the siege of Orleans, and Orleans was crowned at Rheims, and all the country yielded to him.

This young woman afterwards burnt, on a charge of witchcraft,

The Military force in Europe is estimated at 2,500,000 men, including all of land and sea service. These cost Governments annually, 2,000,000 francs, while the entire territorial revenue of Europe does not amount to more than 1,800,000,000 francs. About the eighth part of the population of Europe is under arms; and each inhabitant furnishes upwards of nine shillings sterling per year, for the support of this of armed men, whilst Europe is in profound peace.

WEEVILS.—Accident has discovered a French Farmer a very simple mode of destroying weevils in corn ware-houses. Happening to lay in the corner of a granary, in which there was a large quantity of corn, some sheep skins with the fleece on, he was not a little surprised to find them, a few days after, covered with dead weevils. He repeated the experiment several times, and always with success. At last he ordered his corn to be stirred up, and not a single weevil remained in it. It appears therefore, although the cause has not yet been ascertained, that the weevils attracts and destroys them.

### READ THIS.

THE Directors of the NEWPORT LIBRARY, believing it to be expedient that their stock of books be augmented previous to the coming of Long nights of the ensuing winter—Direct, the subscriptions made to said institution previous to the 31st day of 6th month last, be paid into the hands of the Treasurer, by the 1st day of next month.

Ordered by a legal meeting of said Directors, and held in Newport, the 9th day of 9th month, 1826.

125-3 SOLOMON THOMAS, Librarian.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

WILL be offered at public auction, of the late Col. Alexander Ewing, in the town of Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Saturday, the 23d day of October next, the undivided interest of Isaac Ewing, deceased, to

TWELVE SECTIONS OF LAND.

Six sections of which land is situated on the Wabash river, below the mouth of the river Tippecanoe, the other six sections situated on said Wabash river, at the mouth of Flint river; the said divided interest being one-sixth part, or 1/6 SECTION of land, being the same granted to said Isaac, in his life time, by Treaty of St. Marys of 1818. Nine months credit will be given for receiving good security. By order of the Probate Court and Court for settlement of intestate estates in the county of Randolph, at the August Term, 1826. SAMUEL HANNA, Auctioneer.

Port Wayne, Sept. 5, 1826.

125-7

### LOST.

ON Saturday, the 9th inst, a BLACK MORNING POCKET BOOK, containing one note given by Henry Price, for 650 gallons of whisky, due in February last—and one note given by John Coleman, due August, 1820, for eight dollars, and three dollars paid on it, and several receipts, due to any person but the owner.

JOHN SNAPE.

September 12, 1826.

### FRESH GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received, and will take time to receive from the city of Philadelphia.

### A SPLENDID SELECTION OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

### Dry Goods,

Comprising FANCY as well as STAPLE articles.

ALSO,

### HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, and GROCERIES,

Which he will sell on the most moderate terms or cash or approved Produce.

SAMUEL W. SMITH.

Richmond, June 23, 1826.

### JUST PUBLISHED.

And for sale at the office of the Public Ledger.

### THE INDIANA CALENDAR.

### AND FARMERS' REGISTER,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1827.

Which will be sold by the Gross, Dozen or Single, at the Cincinnati prices.

### ALSO—

In Press, and will be published in a few days.

### THE FRIENDS' ALMANAC,

### FOR THE SAME YEAR;

Which contains, besides the astronomical and other matter, the times of holding the quarterly, monthly, and weekly meetings within the Indiana Yearly Meeting—and is arranged in a manner more appropriate than last year. It will be sold by the Gross, Dozen or Single.

Richmond, September 2, 1826.

### NEW AMERICAN SPELLING BOOK.

FOR SALE at this office, by the dozen or single, Roder's New American Spelling Book.

### BLANK DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.