

Sailor Boy's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay;
His hammock swing loose at the sport of the wind;
But watchword and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind;
He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bower,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn,
While mem'ry stood sideways, half covered with
flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
The jessamine clammers in flow'r o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her hole in the
wall;

All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impaled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear;
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest;
"Oh God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame, which now bursts on his
eye?

Ah! what is that sound that now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightnings red glare, painting hell on the sky!

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the
sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the
wave!

Oh! sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost of work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,

Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss.

Oh! sailor boy! sailor boy! never again!

Shall home, love or kindred, thy perils repay;

Full many a score fathom deep in the main

Unblest, and unhonored, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,

Or redeem thy lost frame from the merciless surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet
be,

And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green seaflowers thy limbs shall be laid;

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansions below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll—

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—

Oh! Sailor boy! Sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

[Selected.]

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Romance in real Life.

From Susquehanna's utmost Springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shephard of the forest came. FRENNEAU.

On Sunday evening last, we were fortuitously witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakespeare's Othello, as too unnatural for probability. It can hardly be credited that such a fair, and accomplished woman as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a black a Moor as Othello. But if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject, it has all been dissipated by the occurrence of which we are to speak.

About two years ago, an Indian of the Chippewa nation—formerly said to have been a man of some rank in his tribe, but now a Missionary of the Methodist Church among his red brethren—was sent to England to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian Mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen,—whether it was the 'Red Lightning,' or the 'Storm King,' or 'Walk in the Water,'—we know not; but in Plain English he is known as Peter Jones. An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Poets and romancers have alike invested the primitive sons of the American forest, with noble and exalted characteristics, which are seldom discernible to the duller perceptions of plain matter of fact people; and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. But no matter; Mr. Peter Jones was not only a Missionary from the wilderness, and, as we doubt not, a pious and useful man among his own people, but he was a *bona fide* Indian—and he was of course made a *lion* in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great. Carriages, and servants in livery awaited his pleasure, and bright eyes sparkled when he was named. He was looked upon as a great chief—a prince—an Indian King; and many romantic young ladies who had never passed beyond the sound of Bow bell, dreamt of the charms of solitude amid the great wilds—"the antler vast, and deserts idle"—of the greater west; of the roaring of mighty cataracts and the bounding of buffaloes over the illimitable prairies;—of noble chieftains, leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors—dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight;—of fox and stag hunts—and bows and arrows—and the wild notes of the piercing war whoop, in those halcyon days, when unsophisticated by contact with the pale faces—

"Wild in the woods the noble Savage ran,"
and all that sort of thing, as Mathews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence. But it was so:—

"In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
All wished to gaze upon the twain man—
Happy were those who saw him stately stride—
Thrice happy those who tripp'd it at his side."

Among others who perchance may have thought of "Kings barbaric, pearls and gold," was a charming daughter of a gentleman in Lambeth, of wealth and respectability. But she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he were a great chief or half a king—not she! But Peter Jones saw or thought he saw—for the Indian cupids are not blind—that the young lady had a susceptible heart. Availing himself, therefore, of a ride with the fair creature he said something to her which she chose not to understand—but told it to her mother. Peter Jones sought other opportunities of saying similar things, which the damsel could not comprehend—*before him*—but she continued to repeat them to her mother. He sought an interview with her. It was refused. He repeated the request. It was refused but in less positive manner. Finally an interview was granted with the mother—and the

result was that before Peter Jones embarked on his return to his native woods it was agreed that they might breathe their thoughts to each other on paper across the great waters. Thus was another point gained. And in the end to make a long story short, a meeting was agreed upon to take place the present season in this city, with a view of marriage. The idea is very unpleasant with us, of such ill sorted mixtures of colors. But prejudices against red and dusky skins are not so strong in Europe as they are here.—They do not believe in England, that

These brown tribes who snuff the desert air,
Are cousins-german to the wolf and bear.

The proud Britons, moreover, were red men when conquered by Julius Caesar. What harm in their becoming so again! But we must hasten to our

story.

On Tuesday morning of last week, a beautiful young lady, with fairy form—"grace in her step, and heaven in her eye"—stept on shore from the elegant packetship United States. She was attended by two clerical friends of high respectability—who, by the way, were no friends of her romantic enterprise. She waited with impatience for her princely lover to the end of the week—but he came not. Still she doubted not his faith, and as the result proved she had no need to doubt. For, on Sunday morning, Peter Jones arrived and presented himself at the side of his mistress! The meeting was affectionate, though becoming. The day was spent together, in the interchange of conversation, thoughts and emotions, which we will leave to those better skilled in the Romance of Love, than ourselves to imagine.

Though a Chippewa, Peter Jones is nevertheless a man of business, and has a just notion of the value and importance of time. He may also have heard of the adage 'there's many a slip,' &c. But no matter. He took part with much propriety, in the religious exercises of the John street church where we happened to be present—which services were ended at 9 o'clock, by an impressive recitation of the Lord's Prayer in Chippewa dialect. Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we remarked an unusual gathering of clergymen, and divers ladies and gentlemen. We asked a reverend friend if there was to be another religious meeting? "No," he replied; "but a wedding!" "A wedding?" we exclaimed with surprise. "Pray who are the happy couple?" "Peter Jones, the Indian Missionary," he replied, "and a sweet girl from England!"

It was evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes that an unwanted degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenance of the assembled group. In a short time chairs were placed in a suspicious position at the head of the drawing room, their backs to the pier table. A movement was next perceptible at the door, which instantly drew all eyes to the spot, and who should enter but the same tall Indian whom we had so recently seen in the pulpit, bearing upon his arm the light fragile and delicate form of the young lady before mentioned—her eyes drooping modestly upon the carpet, and her face fair as the lily. Thereupon rose a distinguished clergyman, and the parties were addressed upon the subject of the divine institution of marriage—its propriety, convenience and necessity, to the welfare of society and human happiness. This brief and pertinent address being ended the reverend gentleman stated the purpose for which the couple had presented themselves, and demanded if any person or persons present could show cause why the proposed union should not take place? If so, they were requested to make their objection then or forever after hold their peace. A solemn pause ensued. Nothing could be heard but a few smothered sighs. There they stood objects of deep and universal interest—we may add—of commiseration. Our emotions were tumultuous and painful. A stronger contrast was never seen. She all in white, and adorned with the sweetest simplicity.—Her face as white as the gloves and dress she wore rendering her ebony tresses, placed *a la Madonna* on her fair forehead, still darker. He in rather common attire—a tall, dark, high boned, muscular Indian. She, a little delicate European lady—he a hardy iron framed son of the forest. She accustomed to every luxury and indulgence—well educated, accomplished, and well beloved at home—possessing a handsome fortune—leaving her comforts, the charms of civilized and cultivated society, and sacrificing them all to the cause she had espoused—her she stood, about to make a self-immolation, and far away from country and kindred, and all the endearments of a fond father's house, resign herself into the arms of a man of the woods, who could not appreciate the sacrifice! A sweeter bride we never saw. We almost grew wild. We thought of Othello—of Hyperion and the satyr—of the bright eyed Hindoo and the funeral pile!—She looked like a drooping flower by the side of a rugged hemlock! We longed to interpose and rescue her. But it was none of our paper!

"No daddy, the neighbors borrowed all the old papers, and Mrs. Parrot sent to get all the morning papers as soon as they were done with."

"The devil she did—then I may hang up my fiddle till sundown, for when she begins to read 'tis from alpha to omega.—Give me my hat John. Never mind breakfast; Mr. Swallow will you accompany me to the printing office! I will subscribe immediately; four dollars did you say? I will give twenty-four dollars before I would suffer such impertinence. If I lend my paper I wish I may be d—."

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"Yes, daddy."

"I am determined on going right away to subscribe for a newspaper; I will not be so prostered with the trouble of borrowing from unaccommodating neighbors."

"You are right, Mr. Eagerness, the printers only ax two dollars right down, and then you have a whole year to pay t'other two dollars in, and then you can dispute the bill, and they will send the newspaper three months after that afore it is settled—them folks what brings the paper always throw it where it was taken, never thinking that the subscriber is done over."

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