

Sailor Boy's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay;
His hammock swung 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 bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn,
While memory 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 imperiled 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 laments his ear?
Tis the lightning-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 the vessel 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 frolic 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 redempt 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 seaweeds 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 manions 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 shepherd of the forest came.

PRENEAU.

On Sunday evening last, we were fortuitously
witnesses of an incident equally interesting and
painful. Many people have denounced Shake-
spear's Othello, as too unnatural for probability.
It can hardly be credited that such a fair, and ac-
complished 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 Chip-
pewa 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 In-
dian Mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his
native cognomen, whether it was the "Red Light-
ning" 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 invest-
ed the primitive sons of the American forest, with
noble and exalted characteristics, which are sel-
dom discernible to the duller perceptions of plain
matter of fact people; and which English eyes
could alone discover in the hero of the present sto-
ry. But no matter; Mr. Peter Jones was not on-
ly 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 of in London. He was fea-
sting by the rich and the great. Carriages, and ser-
vants in livery awaited his pleasure, and bright
eyes sparkled when he was named. He was look-
ed 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, dreamed of
the charms of solitude amid the great wilds—"the
antlers vast, and deserts idle"—of the greater west;
of the roaring of mighty cataracts and the bound-
ing 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 sen-
tence. But it was so:—

"In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
All wished to gaze upon the twany man—
Happy were those who saw his 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 charm-
ing daughter of a gentleman in Lambeth, of wealth
and respectability. But she thought not of wed-
ding 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. Pe-
ter Jones sought other opportunities of saying simi-
lar 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 in-
terview 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 sto-
ry short, a meeting was agreed upon to take place
the present season in this city, with a view of mar-
riage. 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 Cæsar. 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 attend-
ed by two clerical friends of high respectability—
who, by the way, were no friends of her romantic
enterprise. She waited with impatience for her
principally 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 presen-
ted himself at the side of his mistress! The meet-
ing was affectionate, though becoming. The day
was spent together, in the interchange of conver-
sation, thoughts and emotions, which we will leave
it 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. Stepp-
ing into the house of a friend near by, we remark-
ed an unusual gathering of clergymen, and divers
ladies and gentlemen. We asked a reverend
friend if he 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 Mission-
ary," he replied, "and a sweet girl from England!"

It was evident to our previously unsuspecting
eyes that an unwonted degree of anxious and cu-
rious interest pervaded the countenance of the as-
sembling group. In a short time chairs were plac-
ed in a suspicious position at the head of the draw-
ing room, their backs to the pier table. A move-
ment was next perceptible at the door, which in-
stantly 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 up rose a distinguished clergyman,
and the parties were addressed upon the subject
of the divine institution of marriage—its prop-
riety, convenience and necessity, to the welfare of
society and human happiness. This brief and per-
tinent address being ended the reverend gen-
tleman 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 smoth-
ered sighs. There they stood objects of deep
and universal interest—we may add—of commisera-
tion. Our emotions were tumultuous and pain-
ful. A stronger contrast was never seen. She all
in white, and adorned with the sweetest sim-
plicity.—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 so-
ciety, and sacrificing them all to the cause she had
espoused—here she stood, about to make a self-
immolation, and far away from country and kin-
dred, 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 fu-
neral pile!—She looked like a drooping flower by
the side of a rugged hemlock! We longed to in-
terpose and rescue her. But it was none of our
business. She was in that situation by choice—
and she was among her friends. The ceremonies
went on—she promised to "love, honor and obey
the Chippewa—and, all tremulous as they stood,
we heard the Indian and herself pronounced man
and wife! It was the first time we ever heard the
words "man and wife" sound hatefully. All how-
ever knelt down and united with the clergymen in
prayers for a blessing; and when the minister lift-
ed his voice in supplication for blessings on her,—
that she might be sustained in her undertaking—
and have health and strength to endure her destin-
ed hardships and privations—the room resounded
with the deep-toned and heart-felt, and fearful re-
sponse—"Amen!" The audience then arose, and af-
ter attempting with moistened eyes, to extend their
congratulations to the "happy pair," slowly and
pensively retired. The sweet creature is now on
her way to the wilds of Upper Canada—the Indian's
Bride.

Such is the history of a case of manifest and pal-
pable delusion. Peter Jones cannot say with
Othello, that "she loved him for the dangers he had
passed." The young lady was not blinded by the
trappings of military costume, or the glare of mar-
tial glory; but she is a very pious girl—whose
whole heart and soul has been devoted to the cause
of heathen missions; and she has thus thrown her-
self into the cause, and resolved to love the Indian
for the work in which he is engaged. For our own
part, we must say that we wish he had never cross-
ed the Niagara.

But the die is cast, and the late comely and ac-
complished Miss F***, of London, is now the wife
of Mr. Peter Jones, of the Chippewas. But she
is deluded, and knows nothing of the life she is to
encounter, there can be no doubt. As evidence of
this, she has brought out the furniture for an elegant

household establishment—rich china vases for an
Indian lodge, and Turkey carpets, to spread upon the
morasses of the Canadian forests! Instead of
a mansion she will find a wigwam, and the manu-
facture of brooms and baskets instead of embroi-
dery.

In justice to the spectators of the scene, however,
it is proper to state that a few of her friends in
this city—those in whose immediate society she
was cast—labored diligently to open her eyes to
the real state of the case, and the life of hardships
and trial which she is so inevitably destined to lead.
—Poor girl! We wish she was by her father, single
in Lambeth, and Peter Jones preaching to the
Chippewas, with the prettiest squaw among them
for a wife!

From the Louisiana Advertiser.

OH! THAT MY FRIEND WOULD TAKE A NEWSPAPER.
John! Oh, John!—do you hear! Run to neigh-
bor Liberal's and ask him if he will oblige me by the
loan of this day's paper a few moments, just to look
at the ship news and advertisements.

"That's what I said yesterday morning daddy,
when I went to borrow the paper, and you know you
kept it two hours, and he was obliged to send for it."
"Well then, say something else to him John, do
you hear! and give my compliments, John do you
hear!"

"Yes daddy." (Exit and returns.)

"Well John have you got the paper?"
"No, daddy, neighbor Liberal is walking about the
room, waiting for Mr. Newsmonger to finish read-
ing the Louisiana Advertiser, or Mr. Songwood to
drop the Gazette; which he has got almost asleep
over."

"But has not the Argus and Mercantile Advertiser
come?"

"Yes daddy, but Mr. Netherlands is reading one,
and Mr. Scribelerus is laughing over the funny piece
he told you he was going to have published in the
Mirror, and I believe he has read it twenty times
over."

"This is provoking; I wonder why they don't
take the paper themselves and not be troubling their
neighbors?"

"Why don't you take a paper daddy?"
"Why—why—if I did I never could get a chance
to see it. An impertinent set of spongers! go again
John. There must be one out of four liberated, and
I know it will give neighbor Liberal pleasure to
gratify me only for one moment."

"Well John, what success?"
"Can't get a paper daddy, Mr. Liberal has got the
Mercantile Advertiser away from Scribelerus, Mr.
Dolittle is looking over his shoulder while he reads
it, and he'll want it next."

"That is beyond all bearing; it is now seven
o'clock, and I suppose I shall have to wait till after
breakfast before I can get the news, and who the
d— (IN A VIOLENT PASSION) would give a sum-
marize to read a newspaper after breakfast. Do you
hear, John, go again John, and I will return it instan-
tly do you hear, John!"

"Yes daddy." (EXIT.) ENTER MR. SWALLOW.

"Good morning neighbor Egerness—any thing
new?"

"New! fire and faggots, I have sent a dozen times
to Liberal there, to request the loan of his paper,
only for a moment, and he has the impertinence to
refuse me!"

"Refuse you!"

"Not exactly refuse me, but he permits such fel-
lows as Longwind, Netherlands, Scribelerus and
Newsmonger to pore over them for hours, not only
(through mistaken courtesy) depriving himself, but
the neighbors, from getting early intelligence of
what is passing in the world."

"My goodness! be they reading 'em now!"

"Yes." (sighing.)

"Well, that's abominable! Why don't you take a
Noospaper yourself?"

"Why don't you take one? you are always inquir-
ing after Noos, as you call it."

"Why I did take one, but the printer don't leave
it at my house any more, 'case I hacked him about
the price, and would 'ent pay him."

"That's a good reason for the printer, if it is none
for you. Well John did you get the paper?"

"No daddy, just as that Mr. Netherlands was done
in came Mr. Hookit and Mr. Nabit and I came back."

"Confound my ill luck—go back, do you hear!"

"And ask Mr. Liberal if he will be kind enough—do
you hear! kind enough to lend me any northern paper
he may have, or if he has not one, ask him to lend
me yesterday's paper again, or the day before that,
or last Saturday's, or, do you hear! any of the last
week's papers, do you hear?"

"Yes, daddy."

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

"You are right, Mr. Egerness, 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."

"Here comes John—well John, have you got the
paper?"

"No daddy, the neighbors borrowed all the old pa-
pers, and Mrs. Parrot sent to get all the morning pa-
pers 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 immedi-
ately; 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—."

SCRAPS FROM A COMMON PLACE BOOK.—Whoso-
ever has black frizzly hair and beard, will put his bar-
ber to much trouble, and will be liable to scratch his
head often, unless he makes great use of a comb.

He who has a low forehead, full of wrinkles will
look like a monkey, ten to one.

He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes
under it and live all the days of his life. This is
infallible.

A great mouth from ear to ear, signifies much
foam and no bridle. This is not hard mouthed but
all mouth.

A little mouth drawn up like a purse, denotes
darkness within and hides a bad set of teeth.

He that has great hands will have large fingers;
and if he strikes hard it will fall heavy.

Sparkling eyes will be almost sure to shine.

Whenever you see a man that has but one eye,
you may certainly conclude he has lost the other.

Those who squint will put others to much trou-
ble to decide which way they look.

Left handed men are very ignorant, for it seems
they don't know their right hand from their left—
since one has the office the other the place.

Never have any thing to do with a crooked man,
for he never can be upright so long as he goes bow-
ing.

Those who have little or no noses, will chance

to look like death's heads while living. They will
scarcely ever be detected sneezing, because it will
puzzle them to take snuff.

The full moon signifies she can hold no more,
and this may be reckoned for certain.

If you are going to buy any thing, and when you
should pay for it, cannot find your purse, it's the
worst thing that happens and unlucky for your mak-
ing.

LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and PHILIP L.
SPOONER, are associated in the practice of
law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All profes-
sional business entrusted to either, in the said court,
will receive the punctual attention of both. Office
on High street, in the room formerly occupied by E.
Walker, Esq. where P. L. Spooner may be found,
except when absent on professional business.
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 10th, 1833. 35-tf

New Establishment.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citi-
zens of Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity that he
has opened a

TAILORING SHOP

on High street, in the lower story of Mr. Hunt's
stone building; where he is prepared to execute
work in his line with neatness and dispatch, and on
reasonable terms. Having the advantage of an ex-
tensive acquaintance with the business, and made
such arrangements as will enable him to procure the
latest fashions, he hopes to merit and receive a
liberal share of public patronage.
ERASTUS LATHROP.
Sept. 18, 1833. 36-tf

OFFICER'S GUIDE & FARMER'S MANUAL.

(BY JOHN CAIX, Esq.)

JUST received and for sale at this office a few
copies of the above named work, "containing a
comprehensive collection of Judicial and business
forms, adapted to the jurisprudence of Indiana,
with an explanation of law phrases and technical
terms both Latin and French; to which is prefixed
the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of
the United States, and of the State of Indiana." The
Guide & Manual contains an abstract of the
principal laws in force in the State, and correct
forms for transacting legal business.—In short, it is
a lawyer of its self, by the aid of which every in-
telligent reading person may be enabled to transact
his ordinary law business correctly, without the aid
of counsel.
July 20th, 1833.

Revised Laws of Indiana.

A FEW copies of the Revised
Laws, the Pamphlet Laws
of 1832 and '33 and the Indiana
Gazetteer (a new and valuable work
just published by Douglass and Maguire, Indianapo-
lis,) received and for sale at this office.
Sept. 14, 1833.

DR. BROWER

HAS removed his residence to the house on High
street, recently occupied by Capt. Thos. Por-
ter, and opposite J. W. Hunter, Esq's. new build-
ing. His office is in the bank room, adjoining the
dwelling of Judge Dunn.
August 15, 1833. 31-3mo

CASH

WILL be paid for any quantity of good clean
TIMOTHY or CLOVER SEED, by
L. W. JOHNSON.
Aug. 7, 1833. 30-tf

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Phila-
delphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of
JEWELRY,
TABLE AND TEA SPOONS,
(SILVER AND COMMON);

Also—A Selection of Common, Patent Lever
and Repeating

WATCHES.

And various other articles, not strictly in his line,
among which are

Percussion Caps, &c. &c.

All of which he will sell at Cincinnati prices.
He has removed his shop to the room on the east
side of High street, one door south of Dr. Ferris's,
Drug Store, where he will be ready at all times to re-
pair Watches, Clocks, and attend to all kinds of busi-
ness in his line.

F. LUCAS.
12-tf

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing
under the firm of Adams & Lothrop, is this day,
by mutual agreement, dissolved, and the books and
notes of said firm are transferred to Isaac Lothrop,
jr. for adjustment.

A. B. ADAMS,
ISAAC LOTHROP, jr.
Lawrenceburgh, Sept. 24, 1833.

N. B. All persons having unsettled accounts are
requested to call and settle the same.

ISAAC LOTHROP, jr.
34-tf

An Ox-Cart,

OF GOOD QUALITY, for Sale by
TOUSEY & DUNN.
Aug. 22, 1833. 32-

FRESH FLOUR,

A few Barrels Manufactured from New Wheat,
for sale by
L. W. JOHNSON.
Aug. 7, 1833. 30-tf

Pay Your Toll!

ALL those indebted to the Tanners Creek Bridge
Company for Toll up to the 1st September, are
herby notified that payment must be made immedi-
ately, otherwise they will be proceeded against by
due course of Law.

J. PHINNEY, Treasurer.
October 10, 1833. 39-

Executors Sale.

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of
James Stewart, dec'd, late of Randolph town-
ship, will offer for sale on Monday the 26th instant,
at the late residence of said deceased,

HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP,

Farming Utensils, Household &
KITCHEN FURNITURE,

and a variety of articles too numerous to mention,
of the personal Estate of said Stewart. Sale to
commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Terms of sale
made known on said day.

SAMUEL JELLY,
MATTHIAS HAINES, } Exrs.
October 11, 1833. 39-3w

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale ONE
ACRE of Land on the Indianapolis
road, in Manchester township, about 10
miles from Lawrenceburgh. The prop-
erty is advantageously situated for any mechanical
business or for trade, and is in a thickly settled
neighborhood. On the Lot there are a

GOOD HOUSE, STABLE, OUT-HOUSES,
WELL OF WATER, CISTERN,

and other conveniences for a family. The whole
will be sold low for cash. For terms apply to the
subscriber on the premises.

SIMEON TOZIER.
Sept. 30, 1833. 38-

NOTICE.

ON Friday the first day of November
next, at one o'clock P. M. the sub-
scriber will expose to Public Sale, to the
highest bidder, the following described
property, viz: A VALUABLE FARM, containing
eighty acres, more or less, being the west half of the
south-west quarter of section thirty-five, of township
seven, in range three; about thirty acres of which is
under cultivation, together with one

Frame Dwelling House,

ONE SAW-MILL, ONE GRIST-MILL,

and other Out-Buildings; all of which will be sold
on the premises, now occupied by John R. Rounds.
Terms, one half down, and a credit of six months
for the balance.

JOSHUA GIVAN.
Manchester, Sept. 20th, 1833. 38-

Pay Your Debts!

ALL persons indebted to Wm. Brown, or the
firm of Wm. and Ellis Brown, either by Note
or Book Account, now due, will please call and make
settlement by the 1st of November, either by Note
or Cash. Those who neglect this notice, may ex-
pect to find their Notes or Accounts at the Justices
office for settlement. We have to pay our debts—so
must our debtors.

WM. & ELLIS BROWN.
Sept. 30th, 1833. 38-