

## POLITICAL.



AMERICA.

By William Sinclair.

Land of the fearless and the free!  
Where erst the triumph-kneel was hurled  
Of bold Columbus; unto thee  
Thou vast emporium of the world.  
Tis meet the humble strain should rise!  
Though India's golden fields appear  
All blood stained 'neath their blushing skies,  
And servile desots sink in fear;  
America! thy ringing voice  
Shall yet a patriot world rejoice.

America! whose trackless plains,  
And boundless forests yet untrod;  
Never echoed to a tyrant's chains,  
And owns no potentate but God;  
To thee—thy countless billows swell  
Between us in their strength sublime,  
Whose chainless tempests might quell;  
Even from Britannia's vernal clime,  
I strike the lyre with trembling hand,  
To thee—thou fair, though distant land!

Hail contemplation! from thy zone  
Of Glory 'mid the gold wrought skies!  
Be bright America thine own—  
Would that its many tints might rise,  
And gild my soul with fairer light  
As with the morning's shadeless ray,  
When, as veiled bride, the lovely night  
Sinks in the arms of burning day,  
That I might sing thy charms afar,  
All blooming as the eastern star!

America! thou victor field,  
And resting place of trophied slain,  
When thou didst rise to crush the shield,  
And break the bonds and burst the chain,  
The smiling heavens a halo threw  
Around the ensigns of the free;  
And tyrants in their terror flew,  
While wrung the acclain to liberty;  
And thine own solitudes in pride  
Rolled back the peal of freedom's tide!

A voiceless blessing on thee rest!  
For ever may thy skies serene  
Gleam over the children of the blest,  
And be thy laurels ever green!  
While rolls Atlantic's giant tide,  
And Caledonia's cliffs resound,  
In thee, and all the world beside,  
May freedom, joy and love be found,  
And lasting as the orient sun,  
Thy fearless course of gladness run!  
Edinburg, June 1833.

### 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.

FRENEAU.

On Sunday evening last, we were, fortunately, 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, beautiful, and accomplished woman, as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a black amoor 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 cognome,—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 discernable to the duller perceptions of plain matter of fact people; and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. 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, dreamed of the charms of solitude amid the great wilds—the antres vast and deserts idle,—of the greater west;—of the roaring of mighty cataracts, and the bounding of buffaloes over the immeasurable prairies; of noble chieftains leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors—dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight;—of torays 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 Matthews would most unpoetically have have wound off a flourishing sentence. But it was so:

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

Among others who perchance may have thought of 'Kings' barbaric, pearls and gold,' was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth, of wealth and respectability. But she thought not of weding 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 still refused, but in a less positive manner. Finally an interview was granted him 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 cousin-german to the wolf and bear.

That proud Britons, moreover, were red men, when conquered by Julius Caesar, What harm in their becoming so again! But we must hasten 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 packet ship 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 by them 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.—or, perchance of the other—*bird in the hand*, &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 the 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 then evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes, that an unvoiced degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenances 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 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 could show cause why the proposed union should not take place? If so, they were requested to make their objections 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 *à la Mademoiselle* 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 income—leaving her comforts, the charms of civilized and cultivated society, 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 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 bribe we never saw. We almost grew wild. We thought of Othello—of Hyperion and the satyr—of the bright-eyed Hindoo and the timber pine!—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 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 she 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, however, knelt down and united with the clergyman in prayers for a blessing; and when the minister lifted his voice in supplication for a blessing on her,—that she might be sustained in her undertaking—and have health and strength to endure her destined hardships and privations—the room resounded with the deep-toned, and heart-tent, and tearful response—Amen!—The audience then rose, and after 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 palpable 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 martial 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 herself 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 crossed the Niagara. But the die is cast, and the late comedy is accomplished Miss P\*\*\*\*, of London, is now the wife of Mr. Peter Jones, of the Chippewas. But that 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 chino vases for an Indian boudoir, and Turkey carpets, to spread upon the mosaics of the Canadian forests! Instead of a mansion, she will find a wig wam, and the manufacture of brooms and baskets, instead of embroidery.

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

N Y Com. Adv.

*A swearing Justice and a sworn marriage.*

The Lynn Record relates a laughable anecdote of a Justice of the peace, residing, a few years since, in the western part of Massachusetts, which is too good to be lost. The magistrate aforesaid was called the Swearing Justice, and the sequel shows that he had a fair claim to the title. At a certain March meeting, having been, as usual, laboriously engaged through the day until late in the evening, chiefly in administering the oaths of office, he returned home overcome with fatigue and the effects of transient stimulants, and throwing himself into his arm chair, dropped to sleep—the form of the oaths administered by him through the day, continued to buzz in his ears, like the sound of the life and death in the head of a soldier the night after a muster, when a wedding couple had presented themselves at the house for marriage. His good wife, a little discomposed by this sudden and unexpected visit, ran to her husband, and calling him by name, shook him violently by the shoulder, and repeated, "Mr. C., Mr. C., do pray wake up! here's a couple come to be married!" Mr. C. partly waking and rubbing his eyes, looked upon the couple who were standing before him. "Are you the couple?" said he, addressing himself to the humphrey candidates. They nodded assent. "Well, hold up your hands!" The bashful couple obeyed. The Justice proceeded. "You severely swear that you will perform the duties of your respective offices, faithfully and impartially according to your best skill and judgment, so help you, &c. The confused couple, and their witnesses and friends, waited as if for something further.—That's all," says the Justice, except my fees for administering the oath. The fees were paid, and the astonished couple, with their associates, retired, alternately agitated with anxiety, bough and doubt at the strange occurrence, while the Justice never dreamed of any thing out of the way till informed by his faithful spouse, when it was too late to rectify the mistake.

*Caution to the Ladies—A ludicrous scene came near being exhibited in the old church in this town Sunday before last. We give it as a special admonition to the ladies who wear capacious great sleeves, to beware what they harbor and conceal in them. The individual to whom we awoke attended church, and during the service, she thought she felt a commotion inside of one of the frames which keep up the expanded dimensions of her shoulder. It annoyed her some and excited her nerves not a little, but she contrived to quiet her feelings until the exercises were over. When she got home, she unloosened her gown and behold! a rat jumped out from beneath her sleeve stiffener! His intention probably was to remain there during winter, but for the present he suffers from hope deferred." We hope it won't make the little fellow's stomach sick.—[Northampton Courier.]*

A SINGULAR WAGER.

A young woman laid a wager she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl entered a skull, cried in a hollow voice, "Leave me my head?" "There it is," said the girl throwing it down and catching up another. "Leave my head!" said the same voice. "Nay, say, you cannot have two heads," said the heroic lass, and so brought the skull, and won the wager.

It is said that the large balloon sleeves of ladies' dresses are about to go out of fashion. This will have an essential influence upon the dry good market, and will effect stage fare, pew rent, &c.

*CONUNDRUM (For Printers).—What is harder than earning money? Dye give it up? Collecting it.*

A French traveller sets us down for the cleanest people upon the face of the earth; for, said he, their very capital is called Washington.

## BALTIMORE Saturday Visiter, A Family Newspaper.

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THE preceding volumes of the CASKET, sufficiently prove the practicability of the publisher in fulfilling his contracts with his patrons, as regards its contents and embellishments, and are sufficient, with those at all acquainted with the work, to show its true character. The constantly increasing patronage bestowed upon the CASKET, has enabled the publisher to add considerably to its value. Its topographical appearance is equal to any American periodical, and the volume commenced with January, 1833, as regards its appearance, quantity and quality of its embellishments, literary contents, &c., will render it the cheapest periodical of its kind in the country.

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The publisher believes that no other work contains such a profusion and variety of embellishments. The subjects of the engravings will consist, as heretofore, of Portraits of distinguished individuals; plates of the New Fashions, both of Europe and America; striking and interesting views of American Scenery; Natural History; Foreign and Domestic Architecture; and other subjects that may be calculated to interest and amuse.

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Orders, *free of postage*, will be promptly attended to. The mail will be found a safe conveyance for ordering the work and enclosing remittances.

S. C. ATKINSON,  
No. 12, Hudson's Alley, Philadelphia.

Oct. 5th, 1833—17

THE SPY  
AND SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE unprecedented success of the SPY—there having been nearly seventeen hundred subscribers since its commencement in July last—is the best evidence of the estimation it has secured in the public mind.—While the present proprietors will pursue the course which has conferred such eminent popularity on their predecessors, they will also use every endeavor to give the SPY, if possible, a spirit of great vigour, variety, and originality, than has been heretofore achieved. This publication is intended as a satirical observer and corrector of the morals and manners of the day.

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All orders must be addressed (post paid) to W. C. ARMSTRONG & CO.

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NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has taken out letters of administration on the estate of Reynolds Olin, late of Warrick county, deceased. All persons having demands against said estate, are requested to exhibit the same legally proven within one year from the first day of August, 1833; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. Said estate is supposed to be solvent.

CHESTER ELLIOT, Adm'r.  
Warrick Co. Sept. 3d, 1833.

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