*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. *Freneau.*

On Sunday evening last, we were, fortuitously, witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakspeare'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-a-moor as Othello. But if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject, it has 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 Missinary from the wilderness,—and, as we doubt not, a pious and useful man amongst his own people,—but he was a *bona fide* Indian—and he was of course made a *lion* of in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great. Carriages, and servants in livery waited 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 desarts idle,"—of the great 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 forays 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 woods the noble savage ran,"

and all that sort of thing, as Matthews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence. But it was so:—

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

Among others who perchance may have thought of "King's barbaric, pearls and gold," was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth, of wealth and respectability. But she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he was 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

Those 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 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 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.—or, perchance of the other—'a 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 in-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 unwonted degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenances of the assembling 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 up 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 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 ebon 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 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 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 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 blessings 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 heartfelt, 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 wild 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 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 comely and accomplished Miss F****, 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 of 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 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 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 ingle in Lambeth, and Peter Jones preaching to the Chippewas, with the prettiest squaw among them for his wife!

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*STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,*
MECKLENBURG COUNTY.
*Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1833.*

John Wallace vs. John Penman. } Original Attachment.

Levied on a tract of land, the property of defendant, on the waters of 12 Mile Creek, adjoining the land of William Rape, Michael Polk and others.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State, *Ordered, therefore*, that he be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for Mecklenburg county, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in November next, and then and there plead, answer, or replevy, otherwise judgment by default will be entered against him.

Witness, Braly Oates, Clerk of said Court, at Office, the 4th Monday of August, A. D. 1833.

B. OATES, c. c. c.

Price adv. $2½.

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*STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,*
MECKLENBURG COUNTY.
*Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1833.*

Samuel T. Hutchison vs. Robert Lawing. } Original Attachment.

Levied on defendant's interest in the lands of Andrew Lawing, dec'd.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State, *Ordered, therefore*, that he be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for Mecklenburg county, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in November next, and then and there plead, answer or replevy, otherwise judgment by default will be entered against him.

Witness, Braly Oates, Clerk of said Court, at Office, the 4th Monday of August, A. D. 1833.

B. OATES, c. c. c.

Price adv. $2½.

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**WANTED**

BY the subscriber, *Two Journeymen*, one acquainted with the Coach and Gig Making Business and the other with the Waggon Making Business. None need apply, unless they come well recommended, and to such liberal wages will be given by the subscriber.

JOHN HERRALD,
*One Mile below McClennahan's Ferry,*
Sept. 16, 1833. *Lancaster Dis. S. C.*

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**WARRANTEE DEEDS**

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.


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The *Hillsborough Rail Road Convention* met, according to appointment, on Monday the 9th instant, delegates appeared from the counties of Cumberland, Rowan, Caswell, Wake, Warren, Person, Orange, Granville and Guilford. The convention having been called to order, the votes were taken for President—Judge Ruffin was elected, having received 26 votes, being a majority of ten votes over Gov. Swain. A general committee was appointed consisting of the following gentlemen: James Seawell, Thomas G. Polk, Rufus H. Kilpatrick, Willis N. Lea, Quintin Anderson, Alfred Jones, William Boylan, Henry Fitts, G. E. Spruill, Alexander Gordon, Portius Moore, James Mebane, Dr. Jas. S. Smith, Wm. M. Sneed, Spencer O'Brien, John M. Dick, John A. Mebane.

On the 2d day, several resolutions were introduced and referred, some to the general committee, and others to a select committee, composed of the following delegates: Messrs. Willie P. Mangum, Robert H. Jones, Frederick Nash, Joseph H. Bryan, Thomas D. Bennehan, George E. Spruill, and William Boylan.

On the third and last day, Mr. Jas. Mebane, Chairman of the general committee, made the following report, which was concurred in and the resolutions severally adopted:

The general committee, to which were referred the various resolutions and propositions for the laying out and erecting a Rail Road from the place at or near where the Petersburg and Portsmouth Rail Road will strike the Roanoke river to some point in the western part of the State, having deliberately considered the several subjects to them referred, beg leave to report the following resolutions, which they recommend for the consideration and adoption of this convention.

1. *Resolved*, That the necessary measures should be adopted to ensure the construction of a Rail Road, commencing at or near Weldon, and running thence by or near Oxford to the western section of the State.

2. *Resolved*, That the president of this Convention appoint a committee composed of three persons from each county here represented, to address the citizens of the State interested in the Rail Road recommended by this convention.

3. *Resolved*, That the president of this Convention appoint a committee consisting of a suitable number of persons in each county interested in the contemplated Rail Road, whose duty it shall be to call meetings of the citizens in the different parts of their counties, and present to them memorials to be presented to the legislature praying the grant of a charter, and when the signing of said memorials shall be completed, transmit the same to the committee appointed to obtain the charter.

4. *Resolved*, That the president of this convention appoint a committee of one person from each county represented in this convention to obtain at the next session of the legislature an act incorporating the Rail Road company hereby recommended, by the name and style of the "Roanoke and Yadkin Rail Road Company."

Mr. Mangum, from the select committee, made a report which was agreed to, after some debate, by a vote of 34 to 6. The following resolution made part of this report:

*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this convention, that in every project to improve any part of the State by means of a rail road, or other public improvement, where the citizens friendly to such project shall pay or secure to be paid three fifths of the cost of such improvement, an enlarged and enlightened policy requires that the State shall pay the remaining two fifths for the completion of such work.

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"*The Rail Road.*—From the various subscription returns, it is ascertained that upwards of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars ($400,000) have been subscribed for the Rail-Road from Raleigh to Wilmington, by the way of Waynesborough. We congratulate the friends of this measure on the certain prospect of success that awaits them, and the citizens of the State on the approaching change in the destiny of North Carolina. We look up on this as but the opening of a cheerful day—as the first step towards a long course of improvements, that shall develope the rich resources of our State, and place her in the situation, to which her intelligence and wealth entitle her."—*Wilmington Press.*

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A negro who had a wonderful fondness for eggs, lately entered a grocery store, where he found to his joy, a large number of the things he loved. While the grocer was engaged in other matters, he filled the crown of his hat with the eggs, and put it on his head. The grocer, who was an Argus-eyed man, saw the capture, and determined to make the best use of it. Going behind the egg purloiner, he struck him on the head with all his strength, and the force of the blow breaking the lining of the hat, it was forced down over his eyes and nose, while the eggs being completely broken, poured down their streams of glossy comfort over his face, until he was almost suffocated with their sweets. Unable to extricate himself from his awkward and unpleasant situation, he roared for help, and after being relieved, declared that he was cured of his propensity, and would never want to encounter an egg again as long as he lived.

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From the Charleston Courier.

*Messrs Editors.*—Should you deem the following Anecdote worthy of publication it is at your service. A SUBSCRIBER.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

*Illustrative of American enterprize and daring.*—Shortly after the termination of the late war between Grert Britain and the United States, an American citizen then on his travels in Europe, took passage in a steam boat from Greenock, crossing the North Channel to Belfast. On the passage down the river Clyde, he, with other strangers, being not a little surprized on beholding a considerable work of defence thrown up on one of the banks of the river at a point so distant from the sea, and in a situation well land locked and apparently perfectly safe from the incursions of an external foe, on expressing his surprize to the Captain of the steam boat, (a true John Bull) at so unnecessary a fortification having been erected, he replied (little knowing that he was addressing an American, to whom the censures cast upon his countrymen for their noble daring, and was a high treat.) Why sir, had we been at war with any other nation on the earth, a military work in that situation would not have been at all necessary, but the d——n Yankees* are so bold and impudent that there was no telling how far they would venture to penetrate into the heart of the country; I, myself, saw two of their privateers during the war come sailing up the river, under a heavy press of canvas, within the reach of the Guns of the Battery, and thought surely they would be sunk, or at least crippled and captured, but to my astonishment and mortification, after being fired upon, they wheeled about like a coach and four and made off in safety, with their colours flying and drums beating YANKEE DOODDLE."

* The term Yankee, is applied in Great Britain to all Americans, whether they be of the North, the South, the East, or the West, for there they pay no regard to our geographical divisions into separate States, but know us as only one great nation, who collectively won their Liberty, and established their Independence.

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*Surgical Operation.*—Children have often lost their lives from *obstruction* in the *windpipe*, merely in consequence of neglect on the part of their parents to procure surgical assistance. Even after the act of respiration has altogether ceased, and the sufferer is apparently lifeless, a simple surgical operation, if not too long delayed, will in almost every instance restore life. A case occurred in this town on Saturday last, which had nearly proved fatal, and the particulars of which ought to be generally known.

A child of Dr. E. A. Ward, while eating an apple, swallowed a piece of it the wrong way, as it is familiarly termed; that is a piece of the apple lodged in the upper part of the windpipe, and so completely prevented the ingress or egress of the air, that the child almost instantly *ceased to breathe*. Physicians were called in, but when they arrived the child had every appearance of being dead—pulsation at the wrist had ceased—the extremities were cold—but the operation of *Tracheotomy*, (opening the windpipe) was recommended, and successfully performed by Dr. E. Huntingdon and Dr. J. W. Graves. So soon as an incision was made into the windpipe, it was apparent that the air slowly pressed into, and out of the lungs through the orifice, and respiration was in this way carried on, until with a curved probe passed upwards, the obstruction was removed, and in a short time the breathing became perfectly natural. This operation was not commenced until the child had remained apparently *lifeless* nearly *twenty minutes!* The child is now doing well, and will undoubtedly recover.—*Lowell Journal.*

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*The Tailor's Dream.*—A tailor of Bagdad during a severe illness dreamed that an angel appeared before him, bearing an immense flag formed of the pieces of cloth which he had abstracted at different times from his customers, and that he chastised him severely with a rod of Iron while he waved the flag before his eyes. He awoke in an agony of terror, and vowed that he would never again steal cloth from his employers. Fearing, however, the influence of future temptations, he ordered his servant to remind him of the flag, whenever he saw him too strongly tempted. For some time the servant's hints checked the tailor's avarice; but at length a nobleman sent him a piece of rich brocade to make a robe, whose beauty proved too strong for the tailor's resolution. "The flag, the flag," shouted the servant, when he saw the shears taking a suspicious direction. "Curse you and the flag," answered the tailor, "there was not a bit of stuff like this in it: besides there was a piece wanting in one of the corners which this remnant will exactly supply.

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*Curious.*—The Charleston Courier says the bottom part of a broken glass bottle, very pointed and jagged, taken from the stomach of an alligator, has been exhibited to the Editor. The points and edges of the glass were worn quite smooth, while the polish of the outer surface had entirely disappeared. Whether this result was brought about by the mechanical action of friction merely, or by that and the operation of the gastric juice conjointly, may admit of question.