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"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN BY THEIR PRINCIPLES."

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POETRY.

TO A PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
PAINTED BY SULLY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

LADY, some missioned angel smiled
Upon thee when thou wast a child;
For in that pensive eye of thine
Celestial colors softly shine;
And on that sweet, expressive face,
The lustre of a quiet mind
Softly reposes—like the trace
Of starlight trembling, when the wind
Breaks the smooth mirror of the sea—
Or like that strange, delusive light,
When sleep has set the fancy free
To soar beyond the dome of Night.

Can'st thou be real? art thou not
Too beauteous for this earthly spot?
Upon that brow, so clear and high,
Has sorrow rested? has a sigh
Or tear been thine, or any shade
Of grief upon thy spirit laid?
Ah, yes! if, in this dreary world,
One, so devinely fair—around
Whose form bright pinions should be furled
To keep it holy—can be found;
In hours gone by, some change to pale
Thy morning splendor must have passed,
Though all life's woes, like shadows, fail
Before thy happy smile to last.
Joy, tranquil joy and mild content
In those angelic features blent,
Tell like a fountain's sparkling flow
That all is pure and bright below.

And thou hast crossed youth's flowery verge;
And well I deem, relentless Time
Doth towards that path thy footsteps urge
When, just beyond their sunniest prime
The ripe fruits of the season fall,
And purple clusters on the vine
Droop from the greenly-mantled wall,
In rich maturity, like thine!
A perfect woman—fairest, best,
Of all this world holds fair and good—
If man without thee were unblest,
How dark would be his solitude!
When, to the ancient sculptor's gaze,
The perfect figure, that his art
Could from the formless marble raise,
Appeared like light—his bounding heart
Could not have felt a deeper bliss
Than when, with life and beauty warm,
Thy pencil, Sully, traced a form
So lovely and so true as this!

THE VACANT SEAT.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

THE gales of sunny summer breathe
Their fragrance round us now,
And twining flowers in brightness weave
Their garlands for their brow.
The pleasant sound of waterfalls
Is murmuring round the hill,
While to his mate the wood-bird calls,
In many a joyous trill;
Yet still around the household hearth,
Where kindly faces meet,
The happy heart forgets its mirth,
Beside the vacant seat.

The howling of the winter night
Was music to the ear,
For still the tell-tale snow-flakes white,
Made welcome foot-prints here.
And clouds, and tempests gathering round,
In fierce, and battling din,
Lack'd in their strength the power to wound
The bosoms glad within;
They needed not a herald bird,
To speak thy coming feet,
But the quick heart the echos heard,
That sought that vacant seat.

Now, the tall grass that gently sways
With every passing breeze,
And in Æolian music plays,
Around the leafy trees;
The balmy breath of sunny spring,
That perfumes all the vale,
The viewless harps that sweetly sing,
Waken'd by every gale.
No gentle tone in either's voice
Comes with low murmer sweet,
Binding those watchers to rejoice,
Beside that vacant seat.

No—when the winter cloud was dark,
The heart's glad summer shone,
Far from that peaceful household ark,
The fond dove had not flown;
And that long dreary winter time
Was sweeter to us then,
Than when the water's silvery chime,
Goes singing down the glen;
The gladsome summer days are bright
To those whose sad eyes meet
At morn, at noon, and dewy night,
No lonely vacant seat.

THE SUICIDE;
OR, THE DOUBLE-BEDED ROOM.

'Well, after all,' I exclaimed, 'there are few things so comfortable as snug quarters in a good inn;' and, so saying, I drew up my chair a foot or so nearer the fire, and manifested the exuberance of my satisfaction and the soundness of the poker by reducing a superincumbent mass of the best Walls-end to minute fragments. A ride of some eighty miles outside the mail, in a biting November day had thrown me into that state of delicious languor, which disposes one to regard anything in the best light, and I had abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the pleasurable so far as it was to be obtained in the best parlor of the head inn in the provincial town of Nibblington. A neat repast had feasted me 'light and choice,' and a second tumbler of brandy and water, 'warm with,' stood exhaling its fragrance at my elbow. The fire was in fine spirits, and went laughing and cracking merriiy up the chimney: it took part in the satisfaction it afforded—we were sworn friends.

'What a glorious thing it is,' I muttered to myself, as I rested my heels upon the fender, and stretched myself backwards into my chair—"what a glorious thing it is this taking one's ease in one's inn! It hath a relish almost too fine for earth—it smacks of Elysium! You have cheated fate for once, given business the go-by, and left the anxieties that dog your footsteps daily, in the lurch. Here you are 'yourself alone,' none to thwart, to fret, to frown upon you.—with a few sovereigns in our pocket, you are yourself a king. How respectful is mine host?—he is your chancellor, and holds you tenderly in his keeping, as royal consciences are kept. The waiters, how obsequious!—'like angels, ever eager-eyed'—these be your ministers, watchful to do your will all the more that the prospect of the *gratuity* to be secured thereby is ever vividly present to their imagination.—The chambermaids, your maids of honor, and honored as maids—lighting you to dreams of love and bliss, like second Heros, with warming-pan and bed-room candlestick of brass.—Your bed—but, ecod! I never thought of that,' and I started up and tugged the bell in considerable trepidation.

My call was answered by the appearance of one of those smirking animals, that go about inns with towels over their left arms.

'Have you secured a bed for me?'

'Yezzir.' I resolved the dog should have an additional half-crown for his attention.—'Sorry, sir, could not let you have a room to yourself, sir.'

'Eh, what!' I exclaimed, and my contemplated generosity sunk at once below zero.

'Single bedrooms all engaged, sir.'

'The devil!'

'Yezzir,—full of lawyers, sir. Assizes this week—crowded—not a corner to crom a cat in.'

'And where am I to be stowed away, pray?'

'Excellent apartment, sir—third story behind—two capital beds, well-aired. Other gin'l'm'n very quiet, sir.'

'Who or what is he?'

'Don't know, sir. Came here a week ago, sir—breakfasts at ten minutes to eight precisely—cup of coffee, sir, and a half a roll—goes out, and comes home at eleven every night. Mute as a mouse—tried myself to draw him out—wouldn't work, sir. Strange man, sir—neither speaks nor eats—how he lives, can't tell—what he does, ditto—where he goes, a mystery as dark, as dark as *Omnibus*, sir.'

'Hum! Queer fish, seemingly.'

'Yezzir, singular man, sir—indeed I may say, a very singular man, sir. Seems in rather low spirits, sir. Any more brandy and water, sir?'

I ordered a fresh supply of this terrestrial nector, and flung myself into my chair with the air of a man who feels himself a victim to untoward destiny.

That this should have happened to me, of all men in the world!—to me, who never could tolerate beb-fellows in my life!—slept with locked door and window fast and not a soul within half a dozen rooms of me—me, whose chief motive for remaining single—my Marion was certainly a very, *very* charming creature!—I do half incline to believe, was the horror of having my habit of loneliness invaded! Possibly the wretch snores. Oh, horrible! most horrible! Well, if I do strangle him, no enlightened jury can bring in a worse verdict against me than that of "justifiable homicide." Looks melancholy, too? Oh your melancholy men have a trick of speaking in their sleep; and I shall be kept shuddering all night at his incoherent ohs, and ahs! It is positively too bad! And again I dashed the poker into the bowels of the fire, and stirred it fiercely. The exercise only threw my brain into a livelier state of activity and my fancies assumed a darker hue. To be shut up in an out-o'-the way room, in a confounded old rambling wilderness of an inn, with a fellow whom nobody knows any thing about—to have your valise and breeches pockets ransacked, their "*silver* lining turned out upon the night," while you are wooing the caresses of the drowsy god—or possibly like the Irish member, to wake in the morning and find your throat cut! A cold line seemed to be drawn across my weasand at the thought and I groaned inwardly. Seizing my brandy and water, I whipped it off at a gulph; but it had lost its flavor,—was cold, vapid, ineffectual stuff, and left no relish on the palate. I sank into a reverie, a dull and quasicollapse state of misery, on starting from which I found that the fire had sunk down to a few cinders and a ghost of a flame, which looked up for a moment, as if to reproach me for my neglect, and quietly went out. Conjuring up a smile at my fears—a very hectic sort of an affair, indeed—I called for a light, and, following the pilotage of the "chambermaid," was heralded along a succession of passages, and up a labyrinth of staircase, until I reached the room that had been selected as my dormitory.

Its dimensions were something of the smallest. Two beds, placed directly opposite each other, engrossed three-fourths of the apartment. They were divided by an alley of some four feet in breadth, at the end of which, in the window recess, stood a table with the usual appurtenances of mirror and caraffes, and the window itself looked out upon Cimmerian darkness, and the devil knows what. The other furnishings consisted of certain cane chairs, whose appearance was anything but calculated to inspire confidence in their trustworthiness. "The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire,' stood shivering in the yawning fireplace, above which a cloudy mezzotint, conveying the faintest possible intimation of the blasted heath, with a gibbet in perspective, decorating a wall, which time and damp had reduced from its primitive shade of green to the most miscellaneous diversity of tints. Here was an appearance of things, not certainly the most favorable for dissipating the unpleasant feelings that had for some time been fretting my lesser intestines to the tenuity of fiddlestrings, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and after a leisurely survey of the apartment deposited myself in bed. Sleep, however, was not to be thought of till the arrival of the person who was to share the apartment with me, and I lay forming all sorts of speculations as to the probable appearance. At length, towards midnight, a heavy step sounded on the staircase, and I heard some one advancing with a stately tread, to the room in which I lay.—Now, then, for a solution of my uncertainty? I half raised myself on my elbow to examine the person that should enter. The door opened leisurely, and a figure advanced into the room, that increased rather than abated my perplexity. It was that of a tall, powerfully built man, dressed all in black, with a cloak of the same color about his shoulders, and as he held the candle before him as though he held it not, its light fell upon features of a character singularly impressive, but pale and blasted, as it were, with untold woe. His long raven hair fell away in masses from his forehead, like blackening pines upon a lightning scathed mountain summit, and his eyes burned with a dull, moveless glare. He appeared to be utterly unconscious of my presence, notwithstanding my endeavors to excite his attention by sundry admonitory coughs and hems. Finding these of no avail, I resolved to attack him more directly, and, in as indifferent a tone as I could muster, exclaimed,

'Good night, sir?'—no answer—'Good night, sir!' with a stronger emphasis—still not a word; and it was not till I had repeated the salutation several times that he turned his eyes upon me. And oh! what an inward hell did that look reveal!—in words that dropped like minute guns from his lips, he said,

'I wish you *may* have a good night sir.'

This was enough; I was thoroughly relieved of any desire for farther converse with a gentleman of this kidney; so he relapsed into his abstraction, and I into my pillow and speculations.

I was fatigued, and would have slept, but this I soon found to be impossible. In vain I turned from left side to right, from right to left, and then in despair threw myself on my face, and dug my head into the pillow. I tried to think of discourses on polictical economy, of sermons on temperance, of all the most sovereign narcotics I could recall. I repeated the alphabet letter by letter and then grouped my way through the multiplication table; but it was of no use. Sleep was not to be cajoled. The gentleman in black had betaken himself to bed. The room was as dark as midnight could make it, and I heard a sigh and the curtains draw closely round in front where he lay. Strange precaution, I thought. What can he mean? Has he the same doubts of me that are haunting me with regard to him, and so wishes to place the slight barrier of a piece of dimity between us? Or perhaps the gentleman is conscious of sleeping in rather an ungainly style,—tosses his bed-clothes off him perhaps, or lies with his mouth agape, like a fish in the death pang—and may not wish the morning light to disclose his weakness? But this comfortable view of the matter soon faded away as the remembrance of his appearance pressed upon my vision. Those features so pale and rigid; that massive figure, trained in no ordinary toils; those eyes dead to all outward objects, and lighted up with fires, that seemed inwardly consuming him, stared vividly before me. I saw him as he entered the room, and went through all the operations of undressing, with a motion merely mechanical. What could have so palsied the senses and the will! Was it remorse for some unutterable guilt that preyed upon his heart, or was he even then meditating some act of inexpiable crime? I was lying there alone, in darkness, with a felon, perhaps a murderer! And then his answer to my friendly salutation, "I wish you may have a good night sir!" came back upon my ear. *May* have a good night!—There was, then, a doubt, which even he he confessed. I stirred in my bed with as much noise as possible, coughing at the same time, to see if I could elicit any corresponding sound from my opposite neighbor. But all was hushed. I could not even catch his breathing. Oh, I thought, he must be gone to sleep. He, at least takes the matter easy. But still his words—"I wish you *may* have a good night sir!"—haunted me. What was there to prevent my having a good night, but something of which he himself was alone conscious? The night was a quiet one, and our room too much out of the way to be visited by any one of the usual sleep dispelling noises of an inn. Would to Heaven it had been less so! Again I thought of the curtains drawn so carefully in front of his bed.—Might he not behind them be preparing the knife, with which he was to spring upon my secure slumbers? I coughed louder than before, to assure him that I was still wakeful. This horrible fancy now took entire possession of my mind. His sepulchral 'I wish you may have a good night!' pealed a perpetual alarum in my ears. It was an an intimation to settle accounts with the world.

He would not kill my unprepared spirit.—Not he! He was a sentimental murderer, an amateur assassin, and Fate had kindly quoited me into his grasp. I lay riveted to my couch expecting every moment to hear the curtains torn apart, and to feel his fingers at my throat. Every nerve and faculty were strained to the utmost pitch, till even the suspense grew more fearful than the reality itself could have been. A death like stillness filled the chamber. The stirring of a mouse would have been worth worlds to me.

Worn out with excitement, I fell into a perturbed and gasping slumber, and, on starting from it, my ear seemed to catch the expiring echo of a groan. It might, however, have only been the wind striking a favorite note in the cranies of the chimney. Day had by this time began to break, and the gladsome light gave me courage to look out between my curtains. Those of the opposite bed were still down, and its inmate seemed locked in profound repose. I turned my eyes towards the window to strengthen myself by the sight of some cheering object against the anxieties that still hung about my mind, and found that it looked out upon a desolate court, commanding a prospect at the same time of which the leading features were some crazy old chimney-stacks. The sky was wet and weltering, and no sound of life was audible, except the occasional rattle of a cart blended with the driver's whoop, rousing the echos of the slumbering streets. The whole feeling of the time and place was as cheerless as possible; and, to complete my discomfort, a superanuated raven, a creature worn with the throes of luckless prophecy, settled upon a chimney right before my eyes, and began croaking its monotonous chant of woe. Oh, how that eternal "caw! caw!" did chafe me, "mingling strangely with my fears," and presaging the coming on of some unknown horror! It threw my thoughts back into their old channel. Alarm, however, had now given place to curiosity, and I determined at all hazards to know more of the mysterious man who had occasioned me such a night of torture. I lay intent to catch the minutest sound, but in vain. Fine-ear himself, that hears the grass grow in the fairy-tale, could not have detected the shadow of a breath.—This, I thought, is the most unaccountable man I ever met with. He comes nobody knows whence, goes nobody knows where, eats nothing, drinks nothing, and says nothing,—and sleeps like no other mortal beneath the sun. I must, and will sound the heart of this mystery.

Here was I, with fevered pulse and throbbing brow, after a night of agony, while the cause of my uneasiness was taking deep draughts of that "tired Nature's sweet restorer,' of which his singular appearance and ominous words had effectually robbed me.—It was not more strange than provoking. I could bear this state of things no longer, and discarged a volley of tearing coughs, as if all the pulmonary complaints of town had taken refuge in my individual chest. Still there was not a movement to indicate the slightest disturbance on the part of my tormentor. I sprang out of bed, and paced up and down the room, making as much noise as possible by pushing the chairs about, and hitching the dressing table along the floor. Still my enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire-place, and rattled the shovel and poker against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought; and I listened in the expectation of hearing him start. Still the same death-like silence continued. I caught up the fire-irons, and hurled them together against the grate—They fell with a crash that might have startled the Seven Sleepers,—and I waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to indicate the presence of any living thing. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body already greatly fatigued, had left me in a fevor of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread, curiosity, and suspense. One way or another this torture must be ended. I rushed towards the bed; upsetting the dressing-table in my agitation. I tore open the curtains, and there, oh God! lay the cause of all my agony—a suicide—weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot slip in something moist and slimy. Oh! Heaven, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forwards on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavoring to rouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim. How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow men. For months I was the tenant of a dungeon.—"It passed, it passed, a weary time;" but at length my trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth, with an unstained name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through life, and I evermore execrate the wretch who first projected the idea of A DOUBLE BEDDED CHAMBER.

POLITICAL COURTSHIP.—The N. York Sunday Mercury tells the following Yankee anecdote. Jonathan walks in, takes a seat, and looks at Sukey. Sukey "rakes up the fire," blows out the candle and *dont* look at Jonathan. Jonothan hitches and wriggles about in his chair, and Suky sits perfectly still. At length Jonathan masters courage and speaketh—"Sewke?" "Well, Jonathan." "I love you like pizen and sweetmeats." "Dow tell!" "It's a fact and no mistake—wi—will—now—will you have me; Sewke?" "Johnathan Higgins, what am your politics?" "I'm for Van Buren strait." "Wal sir! then you can march straight hum, cors I wont have nobody that aint for Harrison—that's flat." "Three cheers for old Tip!" sung out Jonathan. "That's your sort!" says Sukey, "when shall we be married, Jonathan?" "Soon's old Tip is elected." "Ahem! A-a-hem!" "What's the matter, Sewke?" "'Sposin' he aint elected?"

Jonathan didn't go away till the next morning, but whether he answered the last question, this deponent knoweth not.

Worth Trying.—A friend tells us that a yolk of an egg, and a little sweet oil, mixed in a glass of port wine, taken three times a day, will afford speedy relief to persons suffering from the dysentery.

A STEEPLE CHASE.—A steeple chase came off in the vicinity of Montreal on Thursday the 14th. The ground run over was about three miles in length across the country, in the course of which there were fifteen leaps. Three of these were brooks with light fences before them, making the leap from fifteen to eighteen feet wide; the others were stone or rail fences from four and a half to five feet high. Nine horses started, six of whom were distanced, and the chase was won by Col. Whyte, of the 7th Hussars. The Governor General, attended by his suite and a large number of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, were on the ground.

Cramp.—A disease that affects a few men in the body—a few in the mind—but most men in the pocket.

A BLOW UP.—We understand that the Millington Bank, situated in Kent county, has closed doors. We further learn that a few individuals in some of the adjoining counties are nicely bit from the too prodigal use of the notes of this institution.—*Whig.*

Shocking Death.—It is said that a man in Ohio, who was a violent Whig, while reading a newspaper, suddenly fell and expired. A coroner's jury was called, and after a minute examination into the circumstances, returned the following verdict: *Died of Gen. Harrison's speech at Fort Meigs!"*

THE OREGON TERRITORY.

Public attention has not until within a few years, as it were, been drawn to this vast and important section of our globe; but, having been once aroused, the old Anglo Saxon spirit of adventure has become impatient to burst the barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and pour its masses of civilization and enterprize upon the broad plains of the Pacific. Heretofore, however, an accurate and detailed description of this region—its geographical limits and the general character of its climate and productions—as well as a history of its political position, has been entirely wanting. The document before us is, in every respect, satisfactory. It is written in a free and elegant style, betraying in its accomplished author a polished and refined mind and a thorough and intimate knowledge of his subject.

Oregon, in its broadest extent, includes all the territory between the 40th and 58th parallels of latitude, and is bounded south by California, west by the Pacific, north by the Strait of Fuca, and the Highlands seperating the waters of the Columbia and Frazer's rivers, in lat. 54, and east by the Rocky Mountains. Russia claims, by the convention of 1824, as far south as the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes. By the Florida treaty of 1819, between Spain and the United States, and which was subsequently ratified by the Republic of Mexico, the Southern boundary of the United States, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, was fixed at the 42d parallel.

Between these two lines—embracing 12 parallels of latitude—lies the *Valley of the Columbia River*, by far the most valuable tract of country west of the Mountains, on the continent; and it is this region that more immediately interests us. No part of it has as yet been assigned to any nation, by convention or treaty; yet both Great Britain and the United States prefer claims, the extent of which is not exactly ascertained, but which are sufficient in the estimation of either government to secure possession of the whole territory. By mutual agreement between these two powers, it is made equally free and open for purposes of trade and navigation, to both—either Government being authorized to abrogate the arrangement by giving twelve months' notice.

The *coast of Oregon* is one hundred and twenty miles eastward, on the Strait of Fuca. The only harbor on the Strait is Port Discovery, in the southeast angle between Vancouvre's Island and the main land. It is said to be large and safe. A few miles farther east is Admiralty Inlet, penetrating into the land more than a hundred miles, and terminated by Pugent's Sound. These harbors, it will be seen, from their inland and yet accessible position, must be perfectly secure. Several other inlets branch off in various directions from the Strait. "The country surrounding Admiralty Inlet," says Mr. Greenhow, "is described by Vancouvre as beautiful, fertile, and in every respect agreeable; and the bay, with its numerous arms stretching into the interior, must offer great advantages for commercial intercourse hereafter."

"On the Pacific, (we still quote from the work,) the coast of Oregon extends five hundred miles, nearly in a straight line from north to south presenting in its whole course but two places of refuge for vessels." The northermost of these is Bullfinch's or Gray's Bay, in lat. 46 deg. 58 min., and can only be entered by vessels of a small class; and, when entered, offers no facilities for approaching the shore. The only other harbor is the

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