

THE BACHELOR'S DECISION.

Yes—yes, I'll lead a single life,
(A married man is lost)
For the dearer that a wife may be,
The more that wife will cost!

Ye meddling matchmakers may try,
To wheedle me 'tis true;
But though I'll never match your choice,
I'll be a match for you.

Myself to you I'll never lend,
To fret, and sigh, and groan,
For though I am a single man,
I'll prove I'm not a loon.

I've sought all Oregon through and through,
'Mong dames of each degree;
I've seen a hundred pretty maids,
But not one made for me.

A Bachelor! my friends may laugh,
No Benedict they'll find me;
Free as the air I'll live and do,
And leave no heir behind me.

A POLITICAL CURTAIN LECTURE.

The following, which we find in the Danvers Courier, possesses little of the fine humor and droll satire that pervades the discourses of the genuine Mrs. Caudle, but as a political squib it is clever and telling, and it is not difficult to imagine such ideas as it presents, floating in the minds of the parties to the imaginary colloquy, however unlikely they might be to give them utterance.

The night preceding the Inauguration—John Tyler and James K. Polk a-bed together at the White House—John asks James for an office for his son Robert—James intimates that he has none to spare.

You've got no office to spare, then, have you; you hav'nt, hey? So this is the way you are going to repay me and my family for all we have done for you! So this is what I get for abandoning the Whigs, and making over my party to have you elected. No office to spare and 40,000 officers to turn out—that had no business to be in office—they ain't fit for any office, and you tell me you have no office to spare!

What did I put them in for? I didn't put them in—Robert put them in—no! they put themselves in. I—put them in because the Whigs must be put out, and somebody must be put in, you know they must, and how could I know who was fit for office? Do you suppose I knew every body? I knew they wasn't fit for office; I put them in because they wasn't. I put them in to put the Whigs out—to carry out the great democratic principle. Now James—you know you treated me shabbily, and you may as well own it. You wanted to get rid of me and steal my thunder. You wanted to ride my Texas hobby, and I helped you mount him. You know you did, Jim. Now that's a good fellow—just give Robert a good fat office, and I'll be a friend to you as long as I live. Robert wants to travel. Give him a foreign embassy; make him minister plenipo to England; that's the place for Bobby. How he would make the court of Victoria stare? I can see him now among the lords and ladies. What a sensation he would make! You must turn out that Everett and send Robert.

What do you say? Everett a respectable man? Who says he is a respectable man? Don't tell me he is a respectable man. If he is a respectable man, then he's no business to be holding office. He ought to be turned out because he is a respectable man. A respectable man can get along without holding office. Send Robert to England—he'll annex Oregon, and California and Cuba. Bobby will—I know he will. He'll challenge Aberdeen and fight Prince Albert, and put down O'Connell the abolitionist, the agitator, the incendiary, the fanatical anti-slavery man. I should like to fight him and John M. Botts, too—I'd knock the breath out of both of them. I'd—?

Peaceable? Who says I ain't peaceable. I am peaceable. If any body says I ain't peaceable, I'll challenge him—I'll fight him I'll horse-whip him—I'll beat the slanderer within an inch of his life. But that's neither here nor there, Polk, I want to know what you are going to do for Robert.

Qualifications? Bobby's qualifications? What has he done? Why, he's done every thing. Didn't he come out and make speeches for "O'Connell and repale," and didn't he tell the Irishmen that the democratic party was in favor of repale and praties, and mate and tay, and the people and the praists? And didn't he laud to the skies O'Connell as

the greatest, the purest, the worthiest champion of freedom that ever lived. And didn't the same honest Hibernians all vote for you for President? You will, I know you will.

Can't? Do you pretend to say you can't? I know you can, and I know the Senate will confirm him. They shall confirm him. Tell them you'll veto every thing, if they dare reject him. Only think, James, what I have done for you and the great democratic party. Wasn't I chosen by the Whigs, and didn't I turn my back on them that voted for me? And didn't I abuse Henry Clay and Gen. Harrison's cabinet? And didn't they call me TRAITOR, and didn't Botts try to head me? And is this what I am to get for it? It's shameful! it's ungrateful! it's rascally! it's villainous!

Keep cool, you say? How can I keep cool? I can't keep cool! I won't keep cool. You have made a fool of me. You've cheated me. You've cheated me out of my second term. You've cheated my son Robert and the whole democratic party. Faugh! the democratic party is all a sham! a democratic humbug! you know it is, Polk!

Keep cool, you say again? I tell you I am cool. I never was cooler in my life—I am as cool as Tophet. If it had not been for me, you never would have been President. You stole my Texas—you bribed my convention—you got away my voters—you stole Bobby's Irishmen—you—you—Bobby Texas—Botts—Veto—Bobby—Bob—Bob—Bob—Bo—Bo—B—

Here, says the Polk manuscript, John was overpowered by sleep, and I soon followed him, and we both slept soundly until we were awakened in the morning by the thunder of the inauguration guns.

DUELLING ANECDOTES.

In most cases of duels growing out of differences in society, it is the man most in the wrong who seeks redress. He feels himself in the wrong, and therefore in a manner disgraced; he wants something to take off the sense of the public censure, and he remembers that by the code of honor a duel absolves parties of all that went before it. We remember an instance which occurred in a packet ship, where a man, either drunk or in a violent excitement, made an assault upon the table at which several persons—some of them ladies—were sitting. The nearest man repelled him by force, and was afterward called upon at Havre, to fight him for his satisfaction. He replied "Sir, you brought disgrace upon yourself, and I shall lend you no aid to wipe it off." The answer was most logical, and in accordance with sense, and our customs and opinions; but by the code of honor he must have fought. And he should have fought forthwith, without waiting to learn what, in this case, he would afterward have learned, that his adversary was a felon and fugitive from justice, and was not a person of sufficient rank to be considered in such circumstances, even technically, a gentleman.

Lord Brydenell, son of the Earl of Cardigan, ran away with a married lady, who was afterward divorced, and he married her. But his Lordship, after the first escapade, was somewhat surprised that he did not receive a challenge from the injured husband, and was so anxious to make reparation that at last he wrote to offer it. His note was worded as follows:—"Sir—Having done you the greatest injury that one man can do another, I think it incumbent on me to offer you the satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." The reply was this:—"My Lord—In taking off my hands a woman who has proved herself a wretch, you have done me the greatest favor one man can do another; I think it incumbent upon me to offer the acknowledgments which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." This man took a cool-blooded view of the case, but he was right; revenge, in such a case, was no reparation; and the unworthiness of the cause must entirely neutralize its relish.

The real cause of the most violent quarrels is very often beyond the reach of evidence or explanation, and this it is which accounts for permanent and mortal differences breaking out on a trivial pretext, which seems like nothing; but is backed by old hatreds, indefinable slights, rivalries, and boded animosities. The once notorious Baron Von Hoffman challenged a man for not inviting him to dinner, a cause not likely to be avowed, but certainly it was the real one. The Baron had lost his trunk in

the river, with all his letters of introduction, and consequently, till more came, his standing was not well ascertained. Some persons received him, others denounced him; but this latter class, the Baron, if he could get at them, was always ready to fight. He knew very well, that the ratio ultima regum, the logic of kings, was also the best logic for impostors; and if any thought his credentials were short weight, he was ready to throw his pistol in the scale.

In the case in question, Mr. J— R— whom the Baron met in a certain set where he had access, was famous for his good dinners, from which the Baron was always left out. Weary of this, he called one day on Mr. R. and spread his credentials, such as they were, before him, by way of removing suspicions, which he said he had heard R— had expressed, and against which he made a labored argument. He left his papers and desired they might be returned with a note expressive of the impression they produced, but R— returned then in a blank envelope. The Baron thereupon sent a challenge, which was left at the door, as if it had been an invitation to dinner. Mrs. R— opened it, and immediately replied to it as follows:—"Sir: Your note is received. My husband will have nothing to do with you under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aide-camp to Prince Blucher, as you say, I will fight a duel with you myself."

MARY R—

One story suggests another, and to stories about duels there is no end. We will make an end of telling them, however, with one from Boston, where, we are told, there is a correspondence going on still, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr. A. a bachelor, challenged Mr. B. a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other; and he declined. A year afterward he received another challenge from Mr. A. who stated that he too had now a wife and a child, and he supposed therefore, the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he had now two children, consequently, the inequality still subsisted. The next year, Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having two children also, but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

DISSOLUTION OF THE BALTIMORE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—This association has no longer an existence, having been formally dissolved last evening at a numerous meeting. The president of the association had received an authentic copy of the speech of Daniel O'Connell, recently delivered in Dublin before the Irish National Association, in which he administered much abuse of this country, offered the British Government, for a consideration, the aid of the Irish people in a war against this country, should it occur on account of Oregon or Texas, so that the American eagle should be brought down from his proud height, &c.—all which has been made familiar to the public by the newspapers.

This he laid before the select committee of the association, and they, after mature deliberation, prepared a preamble and resolutions, vindicatory of the association, its friends, and the Irish adopted citizens, as connected with the idea of the respect due to American feeling, and a regard for their own character as American citizens. Daniel O'Connell was freely censured, and he and his speech both most emphatically repudiated, and the last of the series of resolutions dissolved the association, and transferred the funds on hand to the Hibernian Society. The resolutions were adopted and the association dissolved.

THE WAY TO WIN A KISS.—The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister. As the crach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heaven I will," replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

We have seen this morning a long letter from the venerable J. Q. Adams to the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabethtown, in reply to the invitation to deliver the address at the inauguration of the monument to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell, the martyr-pastor of the Revolution, in November next. Mr. Adams enters with characteristic feeling into the subject, expresses his hearty concurrence in the contemplated "commemoration of heroic virtue," and adds that an "infirm state of health, and the decays of body and mind incident to advanced age, have made it impossible for me to foresee whether at any given day in advance, it may be in my power to address a meeting of my fellow citizens."

"But if the committee can make arrangements for the whole ceremony without dependence upon my participation in it, and yet reserving a short space of time, in which, if present, I may express my feelings," &c. he will endeavor to be present. "To contribute one sprig of myrtle," says the venerable old patriot, "to clothe in enfolding verdure the grave of that blessed martyr in the cause of my country's freedom, would be, could I command my own destiny, the last act with which I would close my own earthly career."

This beautiful letter, which bears evidence of the tremulous hand of old age, will be published hereafter. We were much struck with the sentiment—"ALTERNATE SACRILEGE."—*Newark Daily.*

A GOOD ONE.—A very good anecdote is told in connection with the President's late tour of inspection through one of the Departments at Washington, entering one of the rooms, the excellent head of that particular branch of the public service was assiduously attending to the President, and particularly anxious to impress upon him the necessity of power, and better and safer accommodations for the papers, &c. of the office, than the building now contains. "See now, Mr. President," said he, approaching a large table, which contained a number of drawers—"it is in these unsafe and insecure places that we have to keep the most valuable public documents"—when suiting the action to the word, he pulled open one of the drawers—and lo and behold it was found to contain—a bottle of porter, and a respectable luncheon of crackers and cheese! The *contre temps* brought up the worthy officer with a "round turn," and the President, laughing heartily at the joke, consoled him with the consolation that five proof buildings were hardly necessary for such valuable "public documents" as these.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

ROMANCE OF THE CARTER FAMILY.—The history of Lieutenant Carter, the world, unhappily, is not much acquainted with, but that of

"Lieutenant Carter's only son,
A comely youth, just twenty-one,"

has for years attracted the sympathies of all. It appears from a ballad which we met with the other day, that one of the female Carters is, henceforth, to share the tears of the sensitive—Miss Sally Carter, who was courted by a young man, and who went out and got drowned—"all but"—and who was found by her flame in this situation. Thus sighed the ballad:

"But when from the stream he took her,
All signs of life had quite forsook her.
He roll'd and roll'd her all about,
And quickly brought the water out.
But when he found her soul had fled,
He wrung his hands and cri-ed."

Mrs. Carter, the bereaved mother, is now made a sharer in the agony; she dies, as an anxious parent might be supposed to do, and to finish the tragedy, the lover makes away with himself, as the ballad has it:

"And told the ghost to follow after
His own dear Sally and Mrs. Carter."

We are not informed as to the probability of his overtaking the departed ladies, but in our sympathetic imaginations, we are inclined to think that he would do so—at the rate he was going on.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

Somebody who has a dutch sweetheart, thus discourseth of her charms:
My love wears a beautiful huckle,
Not made up of cotton or bran,
But out of the genuine muscle,
According to nature's own plan.