

## THE BACHELOR'S ELYSIUM.

Mr. Editor,

I PASSED an evening lately in company with a number of young persons, who had met together for the laudable purpose of spending a merry Christmas; and as mirth exercises a prescriptive right of sovereignty at this good old festival, every one came prepared to pay due homage to that pleasant deity. The party was opened with all the usual ceremonies; the tea was sipped, the cakes praised, and Sir Walter Scott's last novel criticised; and such was the good humour which prevailed, that although our fair hostess threw an extra portion of bohea into her tea-pot, not a breath of scandal floated among the vapours of that delightful beverage. An aged gentleman who happened to drop in, at first claimed the privilege, as "an old *Revolutioner*," of monopolizing the conversation, and entertained us with facetious tales; told the fiftieth time, of Tarleton's trumpeter, General Washington's white horse, and governor Miffin's cocked hat, with occasional pathetic digressions relating to bear-fights and Indian massacres. The honest veteran, however who was accustomed to retire after smoking one pipe, soon grew drowsy, and a similar affection, by sympathy I suppose, began to circulate among his audience, when our spirits received a new impulse from an accidental turn of the conversation from three-cornered hats and horses, to courtship and marriage. The relative advantages of married life and celibacy were discussed with great vivacity, and there were a number of old bachelors and antiquated maidens present, who had thought deeply and feelingly on the subject; and were, therefore, able to discuss it with singular felicity, the ladies' side of the question had greatly the advantage. A gentleman, who had reluctantly left the card-table to join the ladies, gave his opinion that life was like a game of cards—a good player was often *ruined* by a *bad partner*—he thought it wise, therefore, to *play alone*. "Perhaps," said a fair miss, "a good partner might assist you." "Thank you, madam," said he, "courting a wife is nothing more than *cutting for partners*—no one knows what card he may turn." My friend Absalom Squaretoes gravely assured us that he had pondered on this subject long and deeply, and it had caused him more perplexity than the banking system, or the Missouri question; that there were several ladies whom he might have had, and whom, at one time or other, he had determined to marry, "but," continued he, arching his eyebrows with a dignity which the great Fadladeen might have envied, "the more I hesitated, the less inclination I felt to try the experiment, and I am now convinced that marriage is not the thing it is cracked up to be!" Miss Tabitha Scruple, a blooming maid of three score, confessed that for her part, she was very much of Mr. Squaretoes' opinion—it was well enough for honest pains-taking people to get married, but she could not see how persons of sentiment could submit to it—"unless, indeed," she admitted, "congenial souls could meet; and, without mercenary views, join in the tender bond—but men are so deceitful, one runs a great risk you know!"

Mr. Smoohtongue, the lawyer, who had waited to hear every other opinion before he gave his own, now rose, and informed the company