

SKETCHES

Of the Revolutionary War in N. Carolina.

I was busily occupied one summer's morning in my garden, when I was saluted by an old fashioned farmer, on his way to mill. He rode a stout, well-limbed active young horse, with the manner of one early accustomed to the saddle, and managed him in his humors, with the tact and address of a man fond of a pet animal.

The old man's hat was low-crowned and dented, but looked as if it had once been looped, or cocked up—a style which some may recollect as incidental to many a revolutionary veteran.

The weather invited to rest; we both seemed willing to enjoy shade and conversation; and by observations casually made—in which probably the old man's appearance assisted—we talked of the times of the Revolution, he sitting on his horse (for, like many good talkers, he had no time to alight) and I standing on the other side of my fence, in the garden, both of us shaded by some fine oaks which refreshed the road by which he was passing.

In this way I picked up the following narrative of:

"THE SURPRISE AT M'INTIRE'S."

The inhabitants of a large plantation, on the road leading from the town of Charlotte to Beattie's Ford, on the Catawba, were alarmed one morning in early autumn, by the report of a country lad, that a detachment of British light-horse with a line of empty baggage wagons were on their march to procure forage for the English troops under the command of Lord Cornwallis, who had his headquarters in the county town of Mecklenburg, North Carolina.

As the boy passed the farm-house he gave the alarm and galloped on. The women were soon seen straggling after him—some loaded with the rifles and accoutrements of the men who were at work in the fields—while others, assisted by the negroes, led forth horses from the stables, and hastily saddled them for the service.

The men were promptly armed, the women and children, with such necessaries as could be snatched up, were mounted by twos and threes upon the horses, and accompanied by the servants, directed their course through the woods to such neighbors as were most retired from the main road.

Although the boy who gave the alarm had used every exertion, and, mounted upon a jaded gait just taken from the plough, had dashed through the most direct by-paths, the men had scarcely time to conceal themselves in a deep thicket and swamp, which bordered one extremity of the plantation, before the British videttes were in sight. They halted upon the brow of a hill, above the branch of a creek, for the approach of the main body, and then, in complete order, advanced to the plantation.

After reconnoitering the premises, and finding no one present, but all appearances of the last flight of the inhabitants the dragoons dismounted, the horses were tethered, and a guard detailed. Some sumpter horses were harnessed to the farm wagons, and parties began to load them with the various products of the fields;—while the military baggage wagons under the charge of a rear guard, gradually arrived, and were employed in gathering the new corn, and carrying stacks of oats and of the freshly pulled corn-bodder.

It was the practice with our countrymen, led to precaution by their early contests with the aborigines, to form associations with their neighbors, for mutual support in case of danger, and in their visits of friendship, or business, they always bore arms. There were twelve men now lying in close ambush on the edge of the plantation. They had all acted on scouting parties, were expert in the use of the rifle, and perfectly acquainted with all the peculiarities of the country. They were divided, at regular distances, in couples, concealed very near to each other, that they might readily communicate and have aid in their concerted action: for it had been agreed among them to await the retreat of the British, in the hope that they might recover some portion of their plundered crops, and avenge their injuries upon the invaders, with the greatest prospect of success.

It was with much restraint, however, that they saw the fruits of their industry thus suddenly withdrawn; while the soldiers, enjoying the prospect of free living, shouted joyously amidst their plunder. Separate parties, regularly detailed, shot down and butchered the hogs and calves—hunted and caught the poultry of different descriptions, which, on a large plantation, from the luxury of a farmer, and are the pride and favorites of the good wife and little ones.

In full view of this active scene stood the commander of the British forces—a portly, florid, cheerful Englishman—one hand on each side of the doorway of the farm-house, where the officers were enjoying the abundant provisions prepared for the owners of the plantation and their friends.

The soldiers, assisted by dogs, in eager chase of the poultry, had struck down some bee-hives, formed of hollow gum logs, ranged near the garden fences. The irritable insects dashed after the men, and, at once, the scene became one of uproar, confusion, and lively excitement. The officer laughed heartily at the gestures and exclamations of the routed soldiers—the attention of the guard was drawn to this single point, while at a distance in the fields, the wagons were seen slowly approaching with their cumbersome loads. The owner of the plantation had cautiously approached, under cover, within gun-shot of his house; the rest of the party, his neighbors, with equal care, advanced sufficiently near for the action of their rifles. The distress and anger of these men were raised to the highest pitch by the reckless merriment of their enemies, and, in the midst of the tumult, their feelings overcame all the bounds of preconcerted prudence.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFF.



RELIGION, DO YOUR AND LIBERTY Genl. Harrison.

NEW SERIES, NUMBER 40, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

"Boys!" cried one of the sturdy farmers, "I can't stand this—I take the captain. Every one choose his man, and look to yourselves."

The words were scarcely uttered in a suppressed tone, but with an appropriate decision of action, when the sight of his rifle was thrown upon the full breast of the laughing Englishman, who suddenly fell prostrate from the door-post.

As the smoke from the rifles rose, after their sharp and quickly repeated reports, the commander, nine men and two horses lay dead or wounded on the ground.

The trumpets immediately sounded a recall. But by the time the scattered dragoons had collected, mounted, and formed, a straggling fire, from a different direction, into which the concealed scouts had extended, showed the unerring aim of each American marksman, and increased the confusion of surprise.

Perfectly acquainted with every foot of the ground, the Americans constantly changed their position, giving in their fire as they loaded, so that it appeared to the British they were surrounded by a large force.

Every preparation for defence, attack, and retreat was made with the discipline of soldiers, but the alternate hilly and swamp land, and thickets, so completely sheltering the Americans, they set on the bounds against a foe scarcely visible, except from their deadly effects.

The dogs, at first, seemed to take the track, and were followed by the soldiers. The foremost hound ran close upon the heels of one of the scouts, who had just discharged his rifle, and was in full retreat after his companions. But as the dog closed with open mouth, he was shot dead, with a pistol drawn from the rifle-man's breast.

The next hound stopped at the dead dog, smelt at the body, gave a whining howl, and the whole pack retreated from the scene.

A large number of the dragoons were shot down. The leading horses in the wagons were killed before they could ascend the hill. The road was blocked up. The soldiers in charge of the wagons cut loose some of the surviving animals and galloped after their retreating comrades.

The country people, early advised of the advance of the foraging party, mounted their horses, rifle in hand, from every direction; and, occupying well protected positions along the main road, precipitated the retreat of the British into Charlotte—the survivors swearing "there was not a bush on the road that did not contain a rebel."

In the graveyard at Charlotte, a large marble monument is inscribed as:

"SACRED"

"To the memory of Gen. GEORGE GRAHAM, who died on the 28th of March, 1826, in the sixty-eighth of his age.

"He lived more than half a century in the vicinity of this place, and was a zealous and active defender of his country's rights in the Revolutionary war, and one of the gallant twelve who dared to attack and actually drove four hundred British troops at McIntire's, seven miles north of Charlotte, on the 3d of October, 1780. "George Graham filled many high and responsible public trusts, the duties of which he discharged with fidelity. He was the people's friend, not their flatterer, and uniformly enjoyed the unlimited confidence and respect of his fellow citizens."

FOSSIL REMAINS.

It is not perhaps generally known that the largest collection of gigantic animal remains ever discovered in the U. States is now in the central glass cases at the Patent Office, in the long room, in care of the Commissioner of that office. These remains are the property of T. U. Bryan, of Missouri, who in the summer of 1813, at great expense, and with incredible perseverance and labor, had them sought for, and deposited in an alluvial deposit in Boston county, in that State, in consequence of indications of their presence, accidentally observed by a farmer in digging for a well. They must have remained, in all probability, thus inhumed centuries upon centuries, if not thousands of years; for it is not a conjecture by any means too extravagant to say that they are altogether antediluvian in their characteristics. They are now deposited in the Patent Office, awaiting the action of Congress, which Mr. Bryan has invited in a petition to purchase them for the Government, as original memorials worthy of national preservation. They consist of bones and teeth of the great American elephant, the mastodon, the galonix, and fossil horse. Some of the animals to which these bones belonged, judging by analogy, must have been from twenty to thirty feet high, and large and long in proportion. These fossil remains, all in perfect preservation, have been pronounced by scientific members of the Asylum of Natural History, New York, who have carefully examined them, not only the largest collection, but the most perfect specimens of the kind ever discovered in this country.—Nat. Int.

A French chemist is publishing an account of the most subtle poisons. Punch thinks that the next publication of the sort will be "Five minutes advice to a young wife on the care of an old husband; or, the Young Ladies Ready Poisons, or in other words, a thimble.

SE-QUO-YA: OR GEORGE GUES.

The editor of the Cherokee Advocate gives the following interesting account of Se-Quo-Ya, the distinguished man of that nation, who invented the alphabet of the Cherokee language.

After spending much time and labor in attempts to mature his system of Arithmetic, in which he made some progress, Se-Quo-Ya eventually gave it up as impracticable, but adhered to his habits of industry, observation and reflection. In the public affairs of his nation generally, Se-Quo-Ya never performed an active part, although constantly alive to the happiness and prosperity of his people—of this fact and of his strong attachment to his country, he gave the strongest evidence, in 1830, in his efforts to re-unite into one body the Eastern and Western Cherokees, and to secure for their Government the adoption of their existing Constitution. He was president on the part of the Western Cherokees met in Convention to effect the first of these highly important measures, and was one of the framers and signers of the other.

The Council of the nation, out of respect for his character, and in consideration of his great invention, have allowed him, for many years, an annual pension. At the last session of the Council this pension was increased to three hundred dollars, to be paid yearly to him during his natural life, and afterwards to his wife in case she shall survive him.

But what has become of this remarkable man, whose native genius has struck light from darkness—conferred innumerable blessings upon his people, and achieved for his own name an enviable distinction among those few truly great names, with which are connected imperishable honor? Is he still alive? or does his venerable head repose beneath some unknown clod of the Grand Prairie? These are questions that we cannot now satisfactorily answer.

In the summer of 1842, influenced perhaps by a desire to explore the Western Prairies, and become acquainted with his Red brethren, who roam there free and untrammelled, Se-quo-ya, having loaded several pack horses with goods, visited in company with a number of Cherokees, the Comanche Indians. After remaining with them some time, he made his way with a son and two or three Cherokees, into Northern Mexico, towards Chi-hua-hua, and engaged a while in teaching the Mexicans his native language.

Since then, several reports concerning him have reached his friends in this country. That which seems to be most probable, when the hardships to which, in his wanderings, he has been necessarily exposed, are remembered, in addition to his decreed form and the weight of many years, is that this truly great man, full of years and of honors, sleeps the sleep of death, in some wild and unknown spot, far from his wife, his country and his people.

CAPTURE OF A VULTURE.

A letter from Gat, a little village on the borders of the valley d'Aure (Upper Pyrenees) contains the following interesting details: "Two mountaineers, while out sporting at the back of the P-ak of Tremassagnes, perceived flying over their heads a vulture of enormous size; taking advantage of the moment when this leviathan of the air was within shot, one of the sportsmen discharged his gun, loaded with five small bullets. The vulture, wounded in the wing, fell with considerable force to the bottom of a ravine. Thither the two men hastened to secure their captive. The one who had fired, proud of his exploit, seeing the monster of a bird extended on a rock, had the imprudence to attempt to secure it whilst living, but the bird furiously attacked him with his immense claws, and severely wounded the man in his neck with his beak, and it is supposed he must have been killed had it not been for the presence of mind and cool intrepidity of his companion, who, with the muzzle of his gun almost touching the vulture, discharged its contents in the head of this terrible bird. The creature was subsequently measured, and found to be five feet in length,—upwards of five feet English measure,—from the beak to the end of his tail; his feathers handsome and strong; his legs stout and as hard as steel. There was a remarkable circumstance attending the capture of this bird which no one has hitherto been able to explain, and that is, that he had attached to his left leg a silver bracelet, very strong and of neat workmanship, to which was appended a small tablet, on which were to be seen engraved three Grecian letters.

It was remarkable also that the upper and thickest part of the beak was perforated, and it had the appearance of having been used either with a cord or small chain. The bracelet has been presented to M. T—, of Bagniere de Bigorrs, who attaches great value to it. The flesh of the bird was found to be perfect carrion and was thrown away. The wounded man is in a state of great suffering, although his life is not considered to be in danger.

A young lady astonished a party the other day by asking for the loan of a diminutive argentine truncated cone, convex on its summit and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations, or in other words, a thimble.

BONES IN THE DESERT.

The accustomed route (M. Dumas says) is marked by a white line of bleached bones extending to the horizon. This extraordinary circumstance, it may well be supposed, aroused all my attention. I called to Bachara, who, however, did not wait for my question, for he at once read my desire in my obvious astonishment. "The dromedary," said he, coming to my side, and commencing the story, without preface, "is not so troublesome and impotent an animal as a horse. He continues his course without stopping, without eating, without drinking—nothing about him betrays sickness, hunger, or exhaustion. The Arab, who can hear from such a distance the roar of a lion, the neigh of a horse, or the noise of men, hears nothing from his *haghim*, but its quickened or lengthened respiration; it never utters a complaint or a groan. But when nature is vanquished by suffering—when privations have exhausted its strength—when life is ebbing, the dromedary kneels down, stretches out its neck, and closes its eyes. Its master then knows all is over. He dismounts, and without any attempt to make it rise, for he knows the honesty of its nature, and never suspects it of deception or laziness, he removes the saddle, and places it on the back of another dromedary, and departs, abandoning the one that is no longer able to accompany him. When night approaches, the jackals and hyenas attracted by the scent, come up and attack the animal till nothing is left but the skeleton."

We are now on the highway from Cairo and Mecca; twice a year the caravans go and return by this route; and these bones are so numerous and so constantly replenished, that the tempests of the desert can never entirely disperse them;—these bones, which, without a guide, would lead you to the oasis, the wells and fountains, where the Arab finds shade and water, and would end by conducting you to the tomb of the prophet: these bones are those of dromedaries which perish in the desert. If you look attentively you will see some bones smaller in size, and of a different conformation. These, too, are the wrecks of wearied bodies that have found repose before they reached the goal.—They are the bones of believers who desired to obey the prophet's command, that all the faithful shall, once in their lives, perform the holy journey; and who, having been too long deterred from undertaking it by cares or pleasures, commence their pilgrimage so late on earth, that they are obliged to finish it in Heaven. Add to these some stupid Turk or bloated eunuch, who, sleeping when he ought to have his eyes open, has fallen and broken his neck; give the plague its share, which often decimates a caravan, and the sun, which often destroys one, and you will readily see that these funeral guide posts are planted with sufficient frequency to preserve the road in good order, and to point out to the children the route pursued by their fathers.—*Quince Jours en Sinal, by M. Dumas.*

TERRITORY OF NEBRASKA.

The Secretary of War proposes to establish a new Territory, at the Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, on the head waters of the Platte and the Arkansas, to be called the territory of the Nebraska. We believe this is the Indian name of the Platte river. This Territory would be on our own acknowledged soil, and would command the grand pass between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Near this spot rise the lofty Peaks of the Northern Andes around whose brows circle perpetual snows. On either side roll down the waters which mingle with the Gulf of Mexico on this side—with the Gulf of California on the South-west, and with the broad Pacific, as it washes the Western coast of America.

The advantages of this position, in a military or colonial point of view are immense. It would make the journey of the emigrants West, comparatively easy.—They would have both defence and rest. In case of interference from foreign powers, the troops of the nation would be ready to descend either on the South, or on the Pacific outlets of Oregon, or move on the British territories of the North. It is the great central position of the North American Continent, marked out by the God of nature as remarkable, by the magnificence of its mountains, its streams, and its extent! Whoever possesses and brings up future generations on this high central plateau, will be unconquerable in position and energy.

The Secretary also recommends a chain of military posts on our own Territory, extending from Missouri to the Rocky mountains. Against this no nation can say a word. It is our own soil, and we must possess it.

A fellow feeling.—Every day life (says Major Freas.) often contradicts received opinions. One Charles Gross, in New York, last Friday night, knocked down in the street, a fellow whom he caught "feeling," as he said, in his coat pocket. The poet must have been mistaken, when he said "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

A very polite lady seeing a doctor opening his lancet to bleed her, begged him to desist, as she never had anything to do with DOCTRINAL POINTS.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The following, which we copy from the Massachusetts Ploughman, we commend to the special reading of every one who has charge of beasts of burthen. The example of the owner of the runaway oxen alluded to cannot be too generally followed. If kindness, instead of the brutal treatment usually meted out to dumb beasts by their drivers, were resorted to, we have no doubt that many of the faults and tricks to which they are subjected might be overcome. Amer. Farmer.

Mr. Eerton: In passing through the town of S— a few days since, I stopped at the residence of a distinguished farmer of that town; it so happened, during my short stay, his steers which he was working at the time, by some means escaped him and run away. After much running and trouble, they were overtaken and brought back, which done, the good man very deliberately and good naturedly stepped into his corn barn and brought out several clever ears of corn and gave them to eat; at the same time patting them on the sides, saying—"There Buck and Bright, take that and that, and know better than to run away from me again." The steers seemed to forget their skittishness at once, and became tame and familiar. They indicated as much as to say—"Master, we were afraid, therefore, we ran away; but now, we believe thee to be our friend, and shall no more fly from thee."

There thought I, is a lesson of moderation and kindness, instead of the harshness and management of dumb beasts. And it is here noted for the special consideration and behoof of all such as are in the constant habit of mistreating their domestic animals. What contrast this to the manner of some, who, instead of forbearance and kind dealing, upon every occasion of waywardness in their horse or ox, fly at him, cudgel in hand, and deal "death and damnation on his defenceless head like a very Turk!" How many noble animals have their courage broken down and rendered spiritless by such brutal treatment—it is worse than brutal, for no brute animal will treat his fellow so ungenerally! How many colts and steers have been thus spoiled in training to service! "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Nor are others less culpable who leave their cattle exposed to the inclemency of winter weather, without shelter, and a sufficient and proper supply of food. Man, take care of thy beast and be kind to him, else his voice may be heard in heaven testifying against thee! Respectfully, B. F. WILBUR.

FATHER SMITH AND MA'AM JONES.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and setting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was farther to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor, poor lone widder like me, does not know what to do with so many critters, and should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Father Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and then at the widow again—and so on through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her haking for Sunday—and had "ever so much" to do in the House, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Downing cow is pritty fair creature—" but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have knows better." A long stare followed this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want, do say so!"

The intention of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "outpublished," they were married.

A great lie, says the poet Crabbe, is like a fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Baltimore Patriot, in announcing the election of Reverend Johnson, Esq., to the U. States Senate, by the Legislature of Maryland, says:

"The election of our distinguished townsman to that body where the Whig party of the nation is, as by common consent, concentrating the best talents within its ranks, will be received with signal approval all over the Union—for Mr. Johnson's reputation is a national one—but no where with sincerer pride and satisfaction than in this city, where he has so long resided. His eminent talents—his perfect fearlessness in the avowal and maintenance of his political opinions, and his ardent attachment to the measures of the Whig party and its great leader, all conspire to render the choice a most fit and happy one. Public opinion will rally, without hesitation, the decision of the Legislature."

"When Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster retired from the Senate of the United States, every one will recollect that the apprehension frequently expressed that that body was destined like the House of Representatives, to deteriorate in the dignity and capacity of its material. It was true that Evans and Crittenden, and other men of similar stamp were still there, but it was not to be expected that they could give up all plans of personal advancement for the public good, and Locofocoism was, every now and then, calling home some man of superior intellect and virtue, and substituting an inferior party back in his stead.

"But we rejoice to perceive that the defeat of the Whig party in the Presidential contest, is every where strengthening their determination to make the Senate more worthy of the conservative position which the Constitution designed it to occupy. Mr. Evans who had purposed to withdraw, has resolved to serve out his whole term. Mr. Choate, always anxious to indulge that taste which attracts him to literature rather than to politics, retires to give place to Mr. Webster. John M. Clayton, comes back from Delaware, with as much vigor as he possessed when, in 1832, he was one of the giants of that assembly of giants, and with a more matured and instructed wisdom; and Maryland, mindful of what she has been, in the late contest, and emulous of honors yet to be won, puts forward Reverdy Johnson, worthy to take his stand amongst the strongest and truest of them all. With the Whig talent that is now in the Senate, and that which after the 4th of March next, is to be added to it, it will not suffer in comparison with any of its predecessors, and will be the point to which every true Whig in the Union will look for the support and elucidation of that cause and those principles which are yet destined to rise in triumph."

WELL SAID.

The "Lincolnton Courier," of this State, a Democratic Journal, takes the following common sense view of the conduct of his political brethren in EXETER'S case:

"The Democratic Senators prepared a Protest against the resolutions that expelled the member from Onslow, Wm. Ennett. It will be remembered, that though duly elected, he arrived in Raleigh without his certificate; while there, some one came to his room and left a certificate on which he was qualified and which afterwards was proved a forgery, by the arrival of the genuine article. The friends of Ennett contended that he was ignorant of the fraud (which is still unexplained); that he was a simpleton, any how; that he did not know any better, and if let off this time, he'd never do so any more; but he was expelled, an election ordered, and the Senator elected again, and qualified with 10 opposing votes. We cannot agree with the party in this matter, for if a forged note is found in the hands of a poor devil, he is brought up to the scratch for it, and punished by the criminal law of the land; this protest might at least have been left alone, unless the laws are to be printed on India rubber paper, as the Yankee proposed, so that they may be stretched a bit when a rich culprit is hauled over the coals. If Senator Stove's predecessor had been returned last election, we should not have been surprised to find his name attached to this protest, for plausible reasons. There are black sheep in every flock, however, and we can only regret that the sable mahlle has fallen on a democrat; but it is said the devil is not as black as he is painted."

COTTON AND TOBACCO.

We see that the Georgia papers are recommending to the people of that State to divide their labors between Cotton and Tobacco—as a mixed crop of Cotton and Tobacco would be more profitable than an exclusively Cotton one, as at present. Cotton is now at the lowest point of depression—bringing a large number of planters in debt every year.

"They say that their soil and climate will enable them to raise Tobacco of the very finest kind. That they will be enabled to raise some of it as fine as even Cuba Tobacco, for the purpose of making cigars."

In this section of country, our planters are looking to some other product than Tobacco, that their labor may be divided profitably—that product bringing about one half of them in debt at the end of the year, and the other half barely making both ends meet. If Georgia and the other Southern States should commence the production of Tobacco, Virginia planters will have, almost entirely, to abandon the cultivation of that weed, as they will excel in it that very quality which we now have the monopoly—Tobacco of the finest quality.

Under these circumstances, Virginia will be necessarily compelled to become a manufacturing and a grain growing State. It is, perhaps, better adapted to that business than any other State in the whole Union, having within her borders, iron, ore, lead and coal, and water power to an incalculable amount.—Lynch, Vir.

Causes of the decrease of Marriages.—Why do not young ladies go off so frequently as formerly? They are too nice and too proud, &c.

We know of a young lady—not very young now, indeed who to our certain knowledge, has refused nine offers.

One, because the gentleman could not keep a carriage.

Another, because he could not speak the French language.

A third, because he knew nothing of the Italian opera.

A fourth, because he stooped in the shoulders.

A fifth, because he was a tradesman.

A sixth, because he was not a printer.

A seventh, because he was a tobacco chewer.

The eighth, he was too bashful in company.

The ninth, because he wore spectacles.