

# The Monticello Democrat

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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## OUR FLAG.

BY WILLIAM B. CLAZIER.

Where has it shone! at Lexington,  
Where fell the first blood of the free,  
Where from each red drop spilt was won  
A charm that gave us victory,  
It floated over Drinker's Hill,  
Where our old sires the British met,  
His welcome was the bullet shell,  
And in his heart the shout.

Its folds were clogged with ice and snow,  
Upon the frozen Delaware,  
But Trenton's victory shed a glow  
That warmed it into glory there:  
Its long stripes glittered in the sun,  
On Saratoga's level plain,  
Where the battalions of Burgoyne,  
Saw England's glory fade and wane.

The Constitution's mast-head bore  
That banner floating full and free,  
And took it from Columbia's shore  
To gain new glory on the sea.  
It waved above the flame and smoke,  
By the wild battle whirlwind blown,  
And when the stars and stripes were  
Saw St. George's cross go down.

On Palo Alto's bloody plain,  
That dear old banner still was there,  
They guarded it from spot or stain,  
And bore it blazing through the air;  
Though pierced by balls and cursed by foes,  
It still streamed on above the fray,  
And blessed the dying eyes of those  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

God guard our flag and keep each star  
Each stripe as bright as when they were,  
Still may I lead our bands in war,  
Still float above each hero's grave;  
Death to the coward that would strike it,  
To trait through the dust of shame,  
All honest hearts its lot will share,  
And follow it to Death or Fame.

## HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supremest contempt for its next neighbor. His face was freckled as the most spotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a huge hump, while the end turned viciously at one side. His mouth had every shape, but a pretty shape. His form was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what was more still—Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How in the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen quackness of modesty?"

Ben was not at all offended at the impudence of my question, and forthwith proceeded to solve the mystery thus:

"Well, now gals what's sensible, ain't cotched by none of your party and bifurcated airs. I've seen that tried 'morn' ones. You know Kate was allers considered the purtiest gal in these parts and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to cooller her. Well, I used to go over to see Sammy's, you know, and kinder look on 'em, and I had a cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But, la! la! I sakes! I had no more thought, that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem crick could hide in the hair that wasn't on Sammy's old head—no air-see. But still I couldn't help going on, my heart would kinder flutter, and my ears would burn all over whenever I'd go to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate made fann of me, like, it almost killed me sure. I went home with something like a rock jostling about in my breast, and I hung myself with the first girl I found."

"Did you bang yourself?" I asked.

"No; daddy blazed out at me for not taking old Ball to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so bad I forgot it."

"Well, one Sunday morning—(I reckon it was about one year after the hanging scrape) I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor, and put on my coppur broches, and a new fince coat mamma had dyed with safflower bark, and other frills, and went over to see Sammy's. Now I'd got to loving Kate like all creation, but I'd never cooped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folk."

"Well, now ain't it queer," continued Ben, after a short pause, during which he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a feller will feel sometimes! Something seemed to say to me, 'I want along, Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you, and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a jay bird in the trap. And when I got that and saw Kate with her new checked hump-jump on 'er, I really thought I should take the blind straggler any day."

"Well, I found the order of the day, to go to a muscadine hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Boles was there. I'd known for a long time that Joe Sharp was right after Kate, and I hated him more than a hog hates to find his way out of a later patch, but I didn't care. I had a white briches and a blue shirt and a broadcloth coat. He walked with Kate and you ought to have seen the air he put on. It was 'Miss Kate' and 'Miss Kate', and all such nonsense. After a while we came to a slough where we had to cross on a log, and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy, good-for-nothing into the water.

"Stop, never mind," said Ben, giving me a nudge. "Providence did that all up brown. Nothing would do but that Joe Sharp must lead Miss Kate across first. He jumped on the log in high glee, and took Kate's hand and off they went. Just as they got half way across, a ternation big bull frog jumped off in the water—you know how they holler. 'Sakay!' screamed the blasted fool, and jumped back and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, muddy, black water. And what do you think he done? Why he runs backwards and forards hollerin for a pol to help Kate out of the water with. Kate looked at me and I couldn't stand it no longer. 'Catchin'!' I lit off from the bank the first jump, and had Kate out of that in no time. And think, if the scamp didn't come up after we got out, and said:

"Are you hurt, Miss Kate?"

"My dander was up. I couldn't stand it. I told him to go and look for that snake! Me and Kate put out for the house. When we started off, Kate said:

"Ben, just let me hold on to your arm, my knees feel sorter weak."

"Great Jiminy! I felt so queer when she tucked at me and I couldn't stand it no longer. I held. I tried to say something else, but my drootted mouth wouldn't go off no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimeby Kate said:

"Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good-for-nothing, cowardly nobody, and if he ever puts his

## EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

In the year 1747, a man by the name of De Latude, was imprisoned in the Bastille by order of Madame de Pompadour, whose husband became a prisoner with another victim of oppression named D'Aligre, and the two agreed upon a plan of escape. Their first was, with this iron leg of their table, to pry up some of the tiles which covered the floor, and they found that there was a vacant space between the floor and the ceiling below of about four feet. Here they could conceal anything they could make that would aid them in their escape. The tiles were put back again so that their removal was not noticed by the daily inspection of the guard. They then ripped the seams and hauled a number of linen sheets and drew out threads of them one by one. These were twisted together and made into small balls—these threads were finally twisted into a cord about fifty feet long, from which was made a rope ladder, which was intended to support the conspirators aloft, while they drew out the chimney bars and the spikes of iron with which it was armed. This work cost them six months' toil, and could only be done by bending their bodies in the most painful position, and an hour's work was all that could be done, as the confinement in the chimney, the stooping position, and the dust, caused the blood to rush out of the eyes and nose and brought on a vertigo that nearly ended in death. By the aid of a knife and steel used in striking fire and the hollow of a candlestick which was used as an augur, the daily supply of wood was cut together, and a ladder was constructed which when put together was twenty feet long which was necessary to mount from the fosse upon the parapet, and from thence to the Governor's garden.

These things being complete, they set about making another ladder which was to be eighty feet long to let them down from the Bastille into the street. They began this by unraveling flannel shirts, napkins, night caps, drawers, stockings, pocket handkerchiefs, and everything that could furnish both thread and silk. The upper edge of the Bastille projected over the edge three feet and this thread necessarily occasion a rope ladder to wave about sufficiently to turn the headstead here. To obviate and prevent this effect, a second rope was made, one hundred and sixty feet long, and shorter ropes to fasten to any projection that might offer. When all these ropes were ready they amounted to one thousand four hundred feet. To accomplish all these preparations, eighteen months were consumed. Even if all the plans of escape were carried out, the prisoners had to cross the parapet, where the sentinels were always posted. To avoid detection, they decided to make a hole in the wall which separated the fosse of the Bastille from the Port St. Antoine. Upon this resolution, De Latude says:

"I considered that the numerous floods which had filled this fosse must have had the mortar and rendered it impossible to break a passage through the wall. For this purpose it would require an augur to make holes in the wall, so as to insert an iron bar taken from the chimney. Accordingly, I made an augur of the iron leg of our bedstead, and fastened a handle on it in the shape of a cross."

The night of Wednesday, the 23th of February, 1768, was fixed on for the flight, the circumstances of which are detailed by De Latude as follows:

"I first got up the chimney. I had the rheumatism in the left arm but I thought it of the pain. I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by the chimney sweepers; I was nearly choked by the soot, and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so scoriated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. As soon as I got to the top of the chimney, I let down a piece of twine to D'Aligre; to this he attached the end of the rope, to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfurnished it and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our articles. We finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to D'Aligre in getting up while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg, which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord, and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did. This done, I came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us were on the platform of the Bastille. We now arranged our different articles. We began by making a roll of our ladder of ropes of about four feet in diameter and one foot thick. We rolled it to the tower, called La Tour de Tresson, which appeared the most favorable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder ropes to a piece of cannon, and then lowered it down the wall, we fastened the hook, and passed the rope of one hundred and sixty feet long round it. This tied around my body, and D'Aligre slackened it as I came down. Notwithstanding this precaution, I swung about in the air at every step I made. Judge what my situation was, when one shudders at the recital of it. At length I landed in the fosse without accident. Immediately D'Aligre lowered my portmanteau and other things. I found a little spot uncovered by water, on which I put them, and my companion followed my example; but he had an advantage which I had not, for I held the ladder for him with my right hand, which greatly prevented it swinging about."

It did not rain and we heard the sentinel marching short distance from us, and we were therefore obliged to give up the plan of escaping by the parapet and the Governor's garden. We crossed the fosse straight over to the wall which divides it from the Port St. Antoine, and went to work steadily. Just at this point there was a small ditch, about six feet broad and one deep, which increased the depth of the fosse. Elsewhere it was about six to our waist; here to our armpits. It had thawed only a few days, so that the water had floating ice on it; we were nine hours in it; exhausted by fatigue and benumbed by cold. We had hardly begun our work before the chief of the watch came round with his lantern, which cast a light on the place we were in. We had no alternative left but to put our heads under the water as he passed, which we every half hour. At length after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked on the stones one by one we succeeded in making a wall four feet six inches thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both

## HOW A CHURCH WAS TURED OF FREMONTISM.

The Hartford Times relates the following: A Congregational Church in a neighboring State so completely ousted in the Presidential contest for Fremont and Jessie, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying, and exhorting upon political issues—and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally, a worthy old farmer, one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm and undeviating Democrat was called upon to offer a prayer.

"O Lord," said he, "uphold the old Democratic party, which has received Thy protecting support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to lead that old party which has, under Thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this Republic. If it be Thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, O carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan, the tried and honest statesman, and guide him safely to the Presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckinridge, the young and zealous Democrat, and open to him the path of glory as well as that which leads straight to the Vice Presidency. Give them victory. O bless the opponents of Democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious political schemes, if it be Thy will so to do, as I verily believe it is.—Be on the side of the Democracy, O Lord, as thou hast been for the past fifty six years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite son, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their pursuits instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother, and O, I beseech Thee, especially here the Christian Churches from the political strife an bitterness which are sundering, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappy. Let us ever direct into the hands of the Father of our Father and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator against the good old party which Thou in Thy wisdom hast upheld so long, and so repeatedly guided to victory, and sustained in the establishment of sound measures. O, turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the Father of our Father, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the Gospel. At any rate the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule I shall claim one half of the time in behalf of the Democratic party, so that there may be a fair discussion within these walls.—Amen!"

This was a stupor. It was the first prayer ever offered publicly in that church for the success of the Democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party.—When the old man finished, there was a silence for half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned. And thus ended the political preaching in that church. From that time forward the minister attended to his gospel duties and let all political questions to be settled by the people outside of the church.—Again his society prospered, and there was a better feeling among the members—more Christian charity—more brotherly love. The old man's earliest prayer was answered in more respects than one.

## WALKED LAKE IN IOWA.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives an account of a walked lake in Wright county, Iowa. He says:

"To me it was one of the greatest curiosities I had ever seen—developed, as its history is, within a month that will probably never be withdrawn. This lake lies in the midst of a vast plain—the rich, gently undulating prairie extending for many miles in every direction. The lake covers over an area of about 1,500 acres. The water is clear and cold, with a hard sandy bottom, from five to 25 feet deep. There is a strip of timber about half way round it, probably ten rods wide, being the only timber in the vicinity. There is a wall of heavy stone all round it. It is an accidental matter. It has been built with human hands. In some places the lake is higher than the lake, in which case the wall only amounts to something like a rip-rap protection. This, I believe, is what engineers call it. In other places the water is higher than the lake than the prairie outside of the wall. The wall in some places is ten feet high; it is thirteen feet wide at the base, sloping up both sides to five feet wide on the top. The wall is built entirely of boulders, from three tons in size down to fifty lbs. They are all what are called the rock loess. I am no geologist, and consequently can give no learned description of them. They are not however natives to the neighborhood. There has been a wall made by the washing away of the earth, and leaving the rocks. There is no native rock in this region. Besides, this is a continuous wall, two miles of which, at least, is higher than the land. The top of the wall is level, while the land is undulating—so the wall is in some places two feet, and in others ten feet high. These rocks, many of them at least, must have been brought a long distance—probably five or ten miles. In Wright County the rocks are scattered pretty freely, but as you approach this lake, they disappear, showing that they have been gathered by some agency—when or by whom history will never unfold: Some of the largest ones in the grove are growing up in the wall, pushing the rocks in, in some cases, outside in others, accommodating their shape to the rocks.—The lake abounds with excellent fish. The land in that township yet belongs to the Government."

When I was there in the spring of 1856, the wind had blown a large piece of ice against the south west part of the wall, and had knocked it down, so that the water was running out, and flooding the farms of some of the settlers, and they were about to repair the wall to protect their crops. It is a beautiful farm land nearly all round this lovely lake. The walls of this lovely lake is regular and as nice as the wall around the fountain in front of the City Hall in New York, nor need any entreat that it is a natural wall; but it has been hundreds, and probably thousands of years. The antiquary may speculate by whom this mighty work was done, but it will only be speculation.

"Notwithstanding the water in the lake is pure and cool, there is no visible feeder or outlet. This lake is about twelve miles north of the location of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of the former place. The time is coming when the lake will be a great place of public resort."

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## RECOVERED SUNKEN TREASURES.

We are informed that a schooner has been received at the office of the Boston Relief and Submarine Company, from Captain Joseph P. Colthoun, commanding the Company's Expedition to the Caribbean Sea, dated by King Monage, over the San Pedro, Dec. 12, 1857, by which it appears that after about three months preliminary operations in blasting and clearing away rubbish, etc., the divers had at length got fairly into the hold of the San Pedro, and were beginning to take up spoils—several hundred dollars having been found during the last few days. Capt. C. says: "In my judgment there is tangible and weighty evidence that there must be a round sum in the rolls, or parts of rolls, in lumps of \$15 and \$20 and \$100 each; it is not likely that there are merely a few scattered ones; they must be only herds of the main body to which they belong."

It will be remembered that the San Pedro was a flag ship of a squadron of fifteen sail, including transports, sent out by Spain in 1815 with an army of 12,000 men, to reconquer the revolted province of Venezuela, and that she blew up in the bay of Cumana, and sunk in sixty feet of water. It is proved by official documents that she had on board at the time of the catastrophe, \$3,000,000, of which \$1,600,000 were in gold. Of this large sum till now, only about \$400,000 have been recovered, which was obtained by means of a diving bell, in the mud and sand outside the ship. This is the most successful attempt ever made to penetrate the hull, where there is every reason to believe that the bulk of the specie will be found, since having been placed in the ship's room, just forward of the magazine, and on the same level, it would be necessarily driven forward by the explosion of the powder, and scattered through the hold. Everything thus far favors this supposition, as not only specie, but numerous articles which must have belonged to the officers' quarters, are found mixed up with broken pieces of wreck, &c., in a confused mass, completely filling the hold.

The brass guns that have been found are known to have been stowed in the hold before the explosion, of which there are said to have been from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars' worth, comprising a park of field artillery and the bronze guns taken from captured and dismantled forts. Of these, five beautiful pieces of ordnance in a perfect state of preservation have been taken up, besides considerable quantities of copper and other articles of value. A rudder of pure copper, weighing over 500 lbs, had the name "San Pedro de Alcantara" stamped upon it.

—Boston Transcript.

## CANADIAN YANKEERISM.

Over the hills in Canada they are quite as inquisitive as their Yankee neighbors—probably the south wind carries the infection over—and they are certainly more in danger than the Jersey would be of yellow fever with the quarantine at Sandy Hook. Some years since, as we learn by a letter from a Canadian friend, the Receiver General was traveling on a steamboat with considerable funds for the government, and for the sake of safety and privacy, he engaged the whole of the ladies' cabin. The passengers were all alive to ascertain the reason of his arrangement, and especially to know what business the great man could have on hand to require so much ready money. At length one of them, more bold than the rest, ventured to introduce the subject as the Receiver walked to the deck, and approaching him asked if it was on a government contract.

"Yes," was the gruff reply.

"A very large one?"

"Yes, very large."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Oh, well, pray sir, what is it?"

"Why, you see," said the Receiver General with great seriousness, "the King of England has made a present to the King of Siam of his half of Lake Ontario, and I am engaged to buy it off." No more questions were asked.

## VALLEY DISCOVERY.

The French journals state that the Emperor and Empress lately went to Neuilly to witness some experiments conducted by M. Caron, the inventor of a process for rendering wool-tissue of all sorts, theatrical decorations, &c., incombustible. The experiments are reported to have been entirely successful. Fire was applied to ladies' dresses of the most gauze-like material, but they would not burn. An officer's tent, containing a bed, with muslin curtains, resisted the application of numerous flaming torches. A cottage, half of which was secured by Mr. Caron's preparation, and the other part filled with straw, was set on fire on the unprotected side. The flames raged with fury, and consumed half the building, but the fire died away when it reached the prepared part, and left it altogether intact. A theatre, with all its scenery, ropes and its contents was attempted to be burned in vain. Their Majesties, who remained upward of an hour, expressed great satisfaction of what they had witnessed, and the Emperor gave 800 francs to the workmen employed.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

Both branches of the Virginia Legislature have passed a bill providing for the conveyance to the State of Virginia of the birthplace of Washington, and the home and graves of his progenitors in America. The adoption of this measure may be regarded as a patriotic prelude to the consummation of the noble enterprise in which the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association is engaged. The bill appropriates \$5,000 to enclose the place with an iron fence and to erect substantial tablets to "commemorate for the rising generation these notable spots; as required by Lewis W. Washington in his offer of conveyance."

## A TOFFER HEAD.

The Galveston (Cal.) Chronicle states that two "colored gentlemen" in that place, who had quarreled about "a lady" met in mortal combat. After an exchange of shots the Sheriff arrested the parties and carried them to jail, when a pistol bullet was found flattened out and lodged in the wool of one of the combatants, who was quite unconscious of having been touched.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty in them are too big," was the answer.

God nature contributes to health.

## HIGH LIVING AND LOW MORALITY.

The following is an outline of the commercial life of Mr. John Monticello, who was recently declared a bankrupt, for 400,000. In 1835, he commenced business in Glasgow, Scotland, as a calico printer, and after four or five years unsuccessful trade, failed for about 40,000, paying a very small dividend. He then went to Manchester, where he commenced again as a calico printer, and as before, failed, paying, again, a very small dividend. He then returned to Glasgow, and got a situation in a large calico printing house, and received, besides a handsome salary, large sums by way of commission. His extravagance, however, beggared him, and he was dismissed with, on his making an abject appeal, a present of 1,500. He commenced business again in 1848, and has for the third time, become a bankrupt, with assets which, in all probability, will only pay a dividend of a few pence to the pound. This huge loss will fall almost exclusively upon the unfortunate shareholders of the Western Bank. In the course of his last examination, John Monticello stated that his domestic expenses averaged over 1,704 a year, since he commenced business this last time. If common report is to be believed, he kept up a style which few men, with less than 30,000 a year would attempt. He had 18 servants, carriages and horses, a splendid table and choice wines, an extravagant family, and elegant country mansion.

## FROM THE LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

I wish somebody would make me a New Year's present of a good wife! Here I am, nearly thirty-five years old, and a bachelor yet. I'm sure it is not my fault. I don't at all wish coming down at night to a lonely room, and yawning all the evening over a stupid book, without a soul to speak to. I don't fancy darning my own stockings, and sewing on my shirt-buttons. Boarding-house life isn't the greatest luxury in the world, especially when the invalid claims and broken tables of the establishment are paraded off in your room, and the Biddy uses your hair brush, and anoints herself with your nulle-neurs!

I'd like a rosy wife, and a cheerful home, as well as anybody. I'd like to think, at my daily labors down-town, of a pair of bright eyes, looking up and down the street to see if I am coming, of a kindle singing at the fire, and a pair of slippers put down to warm by hands that exactly correspond with the bright eyes.

But I don't know where all the good wives have gone! I have read them and heard about them, and I know they once existed, but the race is now extinct. I've examined all the young ladies of my acquaintance, and not one of them realizes my idea of what a wife should be. I want a gentle, loving companion, to sit at my fireside, to cheer my existence, console my sorrows, and share my joys—an economical, domestic helpmate, to make a home for me. Ah, if I could only find such a person!

I don't want a wife who goes rustling about in silks and silks—who plays dandy on the piano, and don't know how to make a shirt—who can embroider on velvet and paint in water colors, and hasn't the least idea of the ingredients necessary to form an apple pie!

## CHINA AND ITS POPULATION.

China and its population.—China is about 1,500 miles long and broad, and contains about 1,348,870 square miles. Cutting off the surrounding fringe of savage life, China is still a vast empire, but not so immense as our unmanageable one we are accustomed to conceive it to be. This country contains 360,278,898 human creatures. The amount need not startle us. If England and Wales were as large as China, England and Wales would contain within their limits the same amount of population. If Lombardy were as large as China, Lombardy would contain 360,000,000 also; and if Belgium were as large as China, Belgium would contain 400,000,000. Take the average of the whole 180 provinces, and there is nothing very remarkable in the figures as they come out. The population of China as a whole, is not excessive; but when we come to note the distribution of that population, the figures are very remarkable. There is a pressure upon the Eastern seaboard provinces, such as without parallel in the world. The Chinese coast which looks out towards Japan are choked with people, the average for the whole empire being 268 to the square mile; Anhui has 850; its next inland province, Szechuan, has 705; Shaungting, in the north on the coast, has 441; the imperial district of Chihli, 475; and Shuekiang, on the coast of the south, has 691.

## RECOVERED SUNKEN TREASURES.

We are informed that a schooner has been received at the office of the Boston Relief and Submarine Company, from Captain Joseph P. Colthoun, commanding the Company's Expedition to the Caribbean Sea, dated by King Monage, over the San Pedro, Dec. 12, 1857, by which it appears that after about three months preliminary operations in blasting and clearing away rubbish, etc., the divers had at length got fairly into the hold of the San Pedro, and were beginning to take up spoils—several hundred dollars having been found during the last few days. Capt. C. says: "In my judgment there is tangible and weighty evidence that there must be a round sum in the rolls, or parts of rolls, in lumps of \$15 and \$20 and \$100 each; it is not likely that there are merely a few scattered ones; they must be only herds of the main body to which they belong."

It will be remembered that the San Pedro was a flag ship of a squadron of fifteen sail, including transports, sent out by Spain in 1815 with an army of 12,000 men, to reconquer the revolted province of Venezuela, and that she blew up in the bay of Cumana, and sunk in sixty feet of water. It is proved by official documents that she had on board at the time of the catastrophe, \$3,000,000, of which \$1,600,000 were in gold. Of this large sum till now, only about \$400,000 have been recovered, which was obtained by means of a diving bell, in the mud and sand outside the ship. This is the most successful attempt ever made to penetrate the hull, where there is every reason to believe that the bulk of the specie will be found, since having been placed in the ship's room, just forward of the magazine, and on the same level, it would be necessarily driven forward by the explosion of the powder, and scattered through the hold. Everything thus far favors this supposition, as not only specie, but numerous articles which must have belonged to the officers' quarters, are found mixed up with broken pieces of wreck, &c., in a confused mass, completely filling the hold.

The brass guns that have been found are known to have been stowed in the hold before the explosion, of which there are said to have been from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars' worth, comprising a park of field artillery and the bronze guns taken from captured and dismantled forts. Of these, five beautiful pieces of ordnance in a perfect state of preservation have been taken up, besides considerable quantities of copper and other articles of value. A rudder of pure copper, weighing over 500 lbs, had the name "San Pedro de Alcantara" stamped upon it.

—Boston Transcript.

## CANADIAN YANKEERISM.

Over the hills in Canada they are quite as inquisitive as their Yankee neighbors—probably the south wind carries the infection over—and they are certainly more in danger than the Jersey would be of yellow fever with the quarantine at Sandy Hook. Some years since, as we learn by a letter from a Canadian friend, the Receiver General was traveling on a steamboat with considerable funds for the government, and for the sake of safety and privacy, he engaged the whole of the ladies' cabin. The passengers were all alive to ascertain the reason of his arrangement, and especially to know what business the great man could have on hand to require so much ready money. At length one of them, more bold than the rest, ventured to introduce the subject as the Receiver walked to the deck, and approaching him asked if it was on a government contract.

"Yes," was the gruff reply.

"A very large one?"

"Yes, very large."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Oh, well, pray sir, what is it?"

"Why, you see," said the Receiver General with great seriousness, "the King of England has made a present to the King of Siam of his half of Lake Ontario, and I am engaged to buy it off." No more questions were asked.

## VALLEY DISCOVERY.

The French journals state that the Emperor and Empress lately went to Neuilly to witness some experiments conducted by M. Caron, the inventor of a process for rendering wool-tissue of all sorts, theatrical decorations, &c., incombustible. The experiments are reported to have been entirely successful. Fire was applied to ladies' dresses of the most gauze-like material, but they would not burn. An officer's tent, containing a bed, with muslin curtains, resisted the application of numerous flaming torches. A cottage, half of which was secured by Mr. Caron's preparation, and the other part filled with straw, was set on fire on the unprotected side. The flames raged with fury, and consumed half the building, but the fire died away when it reached the prepared part, and left it altogether intact. A theatre, with all its scenery, ropes and its contents was attempted to be burned in vain. Their Majesties, who remained upward of an hour, expressed great satisfaction of what they had witnessed, and the Emperor gave 800 francs to the workmen employed.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

Both branches of the Virginia Legislature have passed a bill providing for the conveyance to the State of Virginia of the birthplace of Washington, and the home and graves of his progenitors in America. The adoption of this measure may be regarded as a patriotic prelude to the consummation of the noble enterprise in which the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association is engaged. The bill appropriates \$5,000 to enclose the place with an iron fence and to erect substantial tablets to "commemorate for the rising generation these notable spots; as required by Lewis W. Washington in his offer of conveyance."

## A TOFFER HEAD.

The Galveston (Cal.) Chronicle states that two "colored gentlemen" in that place, who had quarreled about "a lady" met in mortal combat. After an exchange of shots the Sheriff arrested the parties and carried them to jail, when a pistol bullet was found flattened out and lodged in the wool of one of the combatants, who was quite unconscious of having been touched.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty in them are too big," was the answer.

God nature contributes to health.