

and it is said that one thousand acres will be soon under cultivation. It has been found by actual experiments there, that during the first twelve months after planting the seed, the yield per acre is twelve hundred pounds; and for the second twelve months twenty-five hundred pounds, worth about two hundred dollars per acre. It is cultivated at a very small cost—from twenty-five to thirty dollars an acre. The variety preferred there is the Peruvian, as it yields the heaviest crops, the limbs fairly breaking down under the weight of the bolls. The success of cotton culture at Tahiti, where the population is only six or eight thousand, shows what a liberal government can do, in encouraging the production of a new staple, by liberal rewards.—[Honolulu Advertiser.]

MINT STATISTICS.—The San Francisco Mint, for the year 1864, has coined as follows:

Double eagles, \$15,872,200; eagles, \$25,000; half eagles, \$19,440; half dollars, \$329,000; quarter dollars, \$5,000; dimes, \$25,000; half dimes, \$8,000. Total coinage, \$16,323,187.37.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?—A Southern paper gives the following original and somewhat striking theory on the subject:

We are asked fifty times a day more or less, when we think the war will end. As we have no right to think, in the absence of date to think upon, we are sometimes at a loss for an answer. However, for the information of those who are particularly inquisitive and anxious upon the subject, we will relate a dream that a friend of ours had upon the duration of the war, which may throw some light upon the subject. He dreamed that he awoke from a sleep of fifty years, and found himself upon the South side of the Rapidan. He saw a little distance from the spot where he awoke a corporal and seventeen men with a wheel-barrow. He approached, and asked the corporal what the little gathering meant. "This," replied the corporal "is the Army of Northern Virginia." "Where are the Yankees?" inquired our friend. "They are on the other side of the river," replied the corporal; "they have the advantage of us in transportation, as they have twenty-one men and two wheel-barrow, but we expect to get the advantage of them in position, will whip them and then the war will end."

As this is the best information we have about the probable duration of the war, we give it free gratis for nothing at all.

CITY SINFULNESS.—You talk of the prosperity of our city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, who throng them? Is it a low minded, self-seeking, gold worshipping, man despising crowd which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gayly decked prostitute, or the idle, wasteful, aimless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and idleness, and bearing in his countenance the gaze of the profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealment and fraud? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper and enjoy? In the neighborhood of your comfortable and splendid dwellings are there a-bodes of squalid misery or reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, or half-bred children, of profaneness, dissoluteness, or temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying for your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralizing the influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true type is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number, but in the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest production of our manufactures are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city which should practically adopt the principle that "a man is worth more than wealth or show," would place itself at the head of the cities. A city in which men should be trained worthy of the name, would become the metropolis of the earth.—[Channing.]

THE SURVIVING REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.—On the 1st of last January, there were but 12 of those pensioners remaining. An act of April, 1864,

provided an additional \$100 to each of them, to be paid on, and after the 1st of January, 1864. Since then, 7 are known to have died, and of the 5 supposed to be living, the following account is given:

Lemuel Cook—Enlisted at Hatfield, Mass.; is now about 98 years of age, and resides in Clarendon, Orleans county, N. Y.

Samuel Downing—Enlisted in Carroll county, N. H.; is about 98 years of age, and lives in Edinburg, Saratoga county, N. Y.

William Hutchings—Enlisted at Newcastle, Maine, (then Massachusetts); is now 100 years old, and resides in Penobscot, Hancock county, Me.

Alexander Maroney—Enlisted at Lake George, N. Y., as a drummer boy; is now 94 years of age; his residence is Yates, Orleans county, N. Y.

James Barham—Substitute for a drafted man in Southampton county, Va.; lives in Missouri, and is in the 101st year of his age.

The number of original applications on behalf of widows of Revolutionary soldiers admitted during the last fiscal year was 10, with a yearly amount of pensions equal to \$932.21.

SEBASTOPOL AS IT IS.—Great ruins never die. The Tartar Arab and the official's drosky roll over the plateau where the fresh springing vines rise up amid a rude necropolis. Stately forts still frown over the deep, calm flood in which lie the bones of a navy, as if waiting for its resurrection; and crumbling quays, shattered towers, and broken shells of houses, mark the margin of waters on which once floated the armaments of a giant aggressive power. A few gray-coated soldiers clamber over the heaps of broken masonry, and creep in and out of the dilapidated barracks and shot-riven buildings. Listless, flat-capped and booted citizens saunter through the city of the past. A group of boats in the centre of the harbor is engaged in endeavors to raise to the surface the hull of some rotten ship.

All semblance of power has departed. Encircling this scene of desolation and violent decay, rounded knoll and deep ravine, and undulating plain, all seamed and dented with grass-grown earthworks, spread from the sea to the great cleft in the plateau, through which rolls the stream of the Tchernaya. Within that narrow front, once white with the tents of Western powers, where the thunder of the cannon never ceased day after day, and the lightning of battle flashed from cloud to cloud, and leaped from hill to hill, for long, long months, the herdsman now peacefully tends the flocks which browse quietly in the enriched ravines, and all that strikes the ear is the plover's whistle, mingling with the lowing of the kine.—[English Paper.]

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF SURGICAL TREATMENT.—Surgery in the army is reaching an extraordinary high scale. Men wounded in the head or neck are fed for weeks through silver or rubber tubes. The following is an instance of the wonderful cures made by our surgeons:

A man with his throat cut from ear to ear was thought to be mortally wounded, by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care the man was, thought that as he was to die, he was justified in trying an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man's life. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice for forty days this man had been fed with five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his appetite required five per day, he is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks in two weeks he shall have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach-pump and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach by the same means, thus producing artificial digestion, until it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him, and such is the progress made by the medical department in those parts, that half of a man's face demolished by a ball or piece of a shell is replaced by a cork face, and it will be nothing strange to see men in after years walking the street with cork heads.—[Atlanta Correspondence Springfield Republican.]

LIFE IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE.—From the eve of the 12th of August in the North, and the 1st of September everywhere else, hundreds of country houses assemble frequent parties, many of whom are scarcely without visitors till the beginning of the London season. The custom is mainly confined to the British Isles; for, though

it is highly appreciated by the French, Belgians and others, the law relative to the division of property will always so dwarf the majority of fortunes as to prevent it from ever figuring conspicuously as part of their social system and the amount of wealth and prosperity which it indicates amongst us must be enormous, looking at the style in which things are done. No house where entertainment is the order of the autumn and winter months can be kept going with a less income than £10,000 a year.

The different degrees to which things are well or ill done depends chiefly upon whether the host or hostess (which ever happens to reign) is "understanding" and zealous, or the reverse. The scale aimed at varies but little anywhere. Smaller fortunes of say £4,000 or £5,000 a year simply entertain fewer people, and less often; but everybody gives the same number of dishes for dinner, and champagne each day; everywhere there are carriages to drive people out, keepers in readiness etc. There are, it is true, exceptional cases, but they are rare. At W—, a bachelor, on going to dress for dinner, beholds himself reflected on every side in vast sheets of looking-glass, by the light of not fewer than 18 wax candles, and at K— each married couple has a private sitting-room, which is brilliantly illuminated both at the fall of day, and again when the party breaks up; editions of the principle newspapers are provided for their special use, even postage envelopes are not forgotten; but what can astonish at a place where thirteen days' first-rate shooting can be had without going over an inch of ground twice?—[Cornhill Magazine.]

Varieties.

—At Carbondale, Ill., there are three cotton gins in operation—all have been busy since the commencement of the season. Three hundred bales have been pressed there, and sent to market, all from the vicinity. Other gins are at work in the county.

—The Commissioner of the General Land Office has received intelligence of the discovery of rich and extensive silver mines in Washington Territory, along the western slope of the Cascade Mountains. The ore is represented as exceedingly rich, yielding about \$700 to the ton. The lead, which has already been traced for more than four miles, is from seven to fourteen feet thick. It is located about fifty miles north of Olympia. Miners are flocking in large numbers to this new El Dorado.

—It is stated that an effort is to be put forth at Washington and at Annapolis to get to their homes immediately all of these exchanged prisoners that can bear railroad transportation. They are dying by scores, mostly of chronic diarrhoea.

—From a report of the Senate Committee on Finance of the Vermont Legislature, it appears that the debt of Vermont amounts to \$1,640,845, or \$5.21 for each person in the State.

—The latest "mode" in regard to dessert at fashionable tables of Paris, is to serve the fruit, still growing, in pots. Pears, cherries, peaches, grapes, plums, figs, nectarines, etc., are placed on the table growing on dwarfed espaliers, the pots standing on silver sockets or on trays. Strawberries thus growing are easily obtained. A pot containing a strawberry plant in full bearing is placed before each guest.

—The Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* newspaper announces that having been deserted by the printer boys, who have "gone to the wars," it has "enlisted" about half a dozen of the best looking girls in town, and is now "training up" a corps of compositors not subject to the draft. The jubilant editor adds:—

"Come on, now, with your 'calls' and your 'conscriptions,' Father Abraham, we are ready for you; take all the soldiers you want, only leave us our pressman. And ye, peregrinating printers, of the masculine persuasion, don't come this way; we want none of you; every case is taken; we have all the force we need. Blessed be erinoline! *Multum in Hoops!*"

—In the burial register of Lymington, Hants, England, there is the following entry: "12th August, 1772. This forenoon the body of Samuel Baldwin, late inhabitant of this parish, was conveyed in a vessel off to sea, and was committed to the deep off the Needle rocks, near the Isle of Wight." "This appears to have been done," says a Hampshire paper, in "accordance with the wish of the deceased, to prevent his wife dancing over his grave, which she threatened to do."

CURED OF MATRIMONY.

Violet Power was in the sulks.

But she looked very pretty, nevertheless. Girls will look pretty that have eyes like blue morning glories at four o'clock in the morning, and rosy lips, and round face with satin-brown hair growing low on the forehead. Violet knew she was pretty—and she knew likewise that Mr. Elijah Pellet was not handsome.

The parlor curtains were elbowed aside by great scented masses of rose-geraniums, and Violet's little piano was open, close by, giving the parlor a cosy home-like look that your brown stone palaces never can rival, any more than the robin's gilded cage rivals the moss-lined nest swinging in the topmost fork of the shadowy old beech tree!

Violet was leaning over her fragrant geraniums, resolutely taciturn, in a blue cashmere wrapper, with an edge of delicate lace at the slender throat and shapely wrists; while Mr. Pellet sat square in the middle of the sofa opposite, holding his hat on his knees, and admiringly surveying Miss Power over the brim thereof. A stout, portly little man of forty or thereabouts, with a comfortable double chin, and hair carefully brushed to conceal the bald spot on the top of his head, he was hovering on the brink of the perilous line that separates old bachelorhood from matrimony, an undecided aspirant.

"I had fully made up my mind never to marry," thought Mr. Pellet. "I'm not altogether certain as to the wisdom of the thing, and yet—she is such a trim, pretty concern!"

Influenced by these meditations, Mr. Pellet put his hand slowly down into the crown of his hat, and drew forth, shrouded in wrappings of silver paper, a stiff little hot house bouquet.

"I knew Miss Violet was fond of flowers," he remarked, looking straight into the hat, as if he expected another bouquet to spring up in the place of the lost one, "and so I thought—"

He stopped, floundering vainly for an idea to finish up with, and beat, "Hail Columbia!" on the crown of his hat with his finger-ends.

Five minutes elapsed in awkward silence, and then Mr. Pellet came to the conclusion that he had better go, and rose accordingly.

"Pray come and see us again, Mr. Pellet," said Mrs. Power sweetly.

"Thank'ee," said that gentleman. "I'm going out of town for a day or two—that is—a week, and well, I will drop in when I come back from Steele's Mills."

"Steele's Mills?" ejaculated Mrs. Power. "Is that the place you are going to?"

"Yes—it's about a bad debt of the firm's."

"Dear me, what a very singular coincidence," smiled Mrs. Power. "My sister, Mrs. Amaziah Corney, lives in Steele's Mills. Do pray call and see her."

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Pellet.

"And, Violet," pursued Mrs. Power, "you can send those slippers to your uncle—it will be such an excellent opportunity."

"There is no hurry about them," said Violet, listlessly.

"My darling! I heard you say only yesterday that you wished they were despatched. Bring them down immediately—why, what can you be thinking of?"

Violet went—laughingly enough; and Mr. Pellet broke out into a perspiration of satisfaction as he wrote down Mrs. Amaziah Corney's direction.

It was nearly fifteen minutes before she returned—and then, deep within the brown paper cerements which wrapped the worked slippers she had slid a tiny note written on lilac paper and sealed with a carrier-dove, in lilac wax. And this is what it said:

MY DARLING AUNT DOLLY:—These slippers will be presented to you by the most disagreeable old bachelor alive; I wish he had gone to the bottom of the Caribbean sea before he ever came here tormenting poor little harmless me! He's going to propose—I know he is—and papa will make me say yes, just because the wretch owns bank stock and mortgages. Oh, Aunt! if I only had your ready wit and quick resolution. What shall I do! Hide in the cellar when he comes here, or invite him to tea and put strychnine in the cup? It's no laughing matter, Aunt Dolly—I want your kind shoulder to cry my eyes out on, for mamma is on the enemy's side. One thing is certain. I shall be wretched for life if he does marry me. Pray think up some remedy for your disconsolate little niece. VIOLET."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]