

be. "This business, as now understood by those interested, consists in knowing how to support, out of a salary of \$80 or \$150, a fast woman, at an expense of a couple of hundred dollars a month—a horse and buggy—meals at Victor's and Moreau's—champaign suppers at the lake—massive gold watches and sparkling diamond breastpins. This is living like smart police officers who know their business, and is effected by collecting tribute from gamblers, showmen, prostitutes—and by what is known as the shaking down of thieves and burglars."

After this there are three distinct specifications against a recent police lieutenant, of his having been paid sums varying from \$25 to \$50 per month by coffee house keepers for immunities. The report then closes, urgently calling the attention of Governor Wells and Mayor Kennedy to stop the "outrages that are perpetrated in the Records' Courts, under the guise of justice." Corruption, in its most putrified and disgusting form, pervades every avenue, almost every member and attache of these courts. The poor, unfriended prisoner sinks into the Workhouse—while the rich, influential thief, gambler, loafer or prostitute walks fourth in freedom.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOEING.

We take the following from a recent number of the *New England Farmer*:

This is an item of farm work not yet fully appreciated by a large number of our farmers. It involves some exceedingly interesting and important principles that are little understood, and which the farmer cannot well afford to neglect, if he means to secure a profit from his crops.

In the first place, if the ground is not frequently hoed it soon becomes covered with what we call weeds, that is, plants of a more hardy nature than those which we cultivate, which take possession of the soil, both above and below—appropriating its fertilizing qualities, crowding and shading the young corn or other plants, and finally overpowering them so that they dwindle away and come to naught.

Look at the loss sustained by such a practice; it is no less than that of preparing and hauling the manure, spreading it out, plowing the ground, furrowing, planting and covering, and the waste of seed and the loss of land! When proper cultivation is neglected all these are not the only losses, for a crop of rank weeds is produced which scatters its seeds far and near, to exhaust the soil and vex the husbandman for many future years.

Is not the neglect to hoe and properly cultivate a crop after it has come up a most short-sighted and suicidal policy? The same policy pursued in mercantile affairs would ruin the most skillful merchant in the land.

The old adage, "One year's seeding makes nine year's weeding," is one that ought ever to be borne in mind. A single weed, oftentimes, if permitted to grow and mature its seeds, will be the means of ultimately abstracting from the soil as much alimentary matter as would suffice for the support of a valuable crop of wheat or corn. Being indigenous, weeds are invariably strong feeders and require a vast amount of nutriment for their support; hence their well-known and powerfully exhausting effect upon soils. The thistle, when permitted to obtain root, soon occupies the land, to the entire exclusion of more desirable vegetation; and the same is the case with several other species of plants. Like vicious habits, they flourish by indulgence, till finally they usurp complete control, and bid defiance to every effort.

But this is not all. Suppose the land is free from the seeds of foreign plants, and no weeds make their appearance among the crops, is hoeing unnecessary? By a great many farmers it is thought to be so, which shows that the prime object in hoeing is supposed to be the eradication of weeds only. Let us see if this is the case.

Land that has been plowed, harrowed and brought to a pretty smooth surface, and left in that condition, soon has a crust formed upon it in consequence of the evaporation of the moisture which it contained. This crust will vary from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness, and on some soils becomes so tenacious that a cake of it several inches in diameter may be taken up. When land is in this condition it is not in a proper state to receive the fertilizing influences which always surround it, and of which it would avail itself under more favorable circumstances.

1. If the season is a dry one, and showers are few and light, that crust

will lead off most of the water into low places, instead of receiving it into the soil, as it would if the surface were light and porous.

2. When in this condition the roots of the crop are especially deprived of three things, viz:

The moisture which the rain-water supplies; the ammonia which is carried along with it, and the heat which the rain-water contains.

The first is indispensable to plants; the second is a powerful stimulant, as it renders other matter soluble which feeds the roots, and the third supplies a bottom heat for them, which keeps the plants growing when cold and chilling winds are passing over the surface. These several advantages are in a great measure lost by neglecting frequently to stir the soil.

3. Suppose a drouth prevails. Will an unhoed field resist its influences as long as a field well-hoed? Nothing like it; because when the rain falls it is mostly led off on the impervious crust, unless it comes in the character of a storm, and continues for many hours. If well hoed, however, the surface is light, porous and in a condition to be influenced by several causes.

First, by the air. The atmosphere not only hangs over our fields, but rests upon the surface with a pressure of fifteen pounds to an inch. This air or atmosphere is always filled with moisture, as may be demonstrated at noon of any hot day by filling a pitcher with cold water. In a few moments the outside of the pitcher is covered with beautiful transparent drops. Where do they come from? Why, the pitcher sweats, exclaim several about the table! But no water passes through it, certainly, as moisture does through the pores of the skin when we sweat. Nor was any water spilled upon the outside of it, when it was filled, although the drops have now trickled down its sides and wet a place a foot square in the table cloth. Wonderful! How came it there? No human eye is keen enough to detect the alchemy of the transmutation! The pitcher being filled with cold water becomes a condenser, and when the warm air touches its vapor, or moisture, is condensed and formed into drops on the outside, and this proves that the air is full of moisture. Now, in a well cultivated field this is precisely the operation of the air upon it during a drouth. The surface of the soil is light and porous; the air, containing moisture, rests upon it, and passes through the loose particles, until it gets down where the soil is cooler than itself, and is then condensed, and the field is actually watered in the middle of the hottest day in July! This operation is continually going on through the hot, clear days. In the night, when the air becomes cooler than the earth, the moisture is condensed on the leaves of plants, and blades of grass, and is called dew. Some of this falls to the ground, and is taken up by the loose soil, other portions are absorbed by the plants, and the remainder goes back into the air by evaporation when the solar rays impart their heat to it.

Thus the field of the careful farmer, if nicely hoed, is daily watered in the hottest day by nature's own processes, while that of the careless farmer is pinched for the want of moisture, the corn leaves curl, turn yellow, and lose so much vitality that the crop is ruined.

Who will say, then, that hoeing is not among the most important items of farm work.

SOLDIER-BOY WAGGERY.—The Columbus (Ohio) *Journal* says among the sharp boys in Sherman's army on the grand march was a graduate of the common schools of Northern Ohio—the only son of a widowed mother. The fond mother had no word from her son from the time the army left Chattanooga till it reached Atlanta. She waited for tidings with much anxiety—watching daily the newspaper reports. At length, several days after the taking of Atlanta had been announced, a letter was brought her which read as follows:

"ATLANTA.
"Dear Mother:—Bully boy all right.
"BOB."

In due time Sherman marched from Atlanta to Savannah. There was a fight behind Savannah. The widowed mother read in the newspapers that the company to which her boy belonged was in that fight. With almost sleepless anxiety she waited for news from him. One day she received a note which read thus:

"SAVANNAH.
"Dear Mother:—Bully boy got a hole in his hide—not bad.
"BOB."

In the march of events Sherman's men reached Washington, were mus-

tered out, and the company which "Bob" belonged came to the capital of Ohio. Here "Bob" had his final, honorable discharge, and when he had made it "all right" with the paymaster, and was again a citizen, he sent the following telegram:

"COLUMBUS.—
"Dear Mother:—Bully boy home tomorrow.
"BOB."

When asked by a friend to whom the infrequency and brevity of his epistles home had been mentioned, why he did not write oftener and at greater length, he answered:

"Bully boy's got his haversack full; kept it all to tell by word of mouth. Won't he have a good time talking up the old lady?"

QUALIFICATIONS OF A LOCAL EDITOR.—It is easy enough to be a Local Editor—if you only think so—but some special qualifications are essential to success. For the enlightenment of young men who have an itching that way, we will enumerate some of the indispensable virtues without which success is impossible. A good Local Editor must combine the loquacity of a magpie with the impudence of the d—l. He must be a walking encyclopedia of useful knowledge. He must know how to time a horse race, gaff a cock, teach Sunday school, preach a creditable sermon, run a saw mill, keep a hotel, turn a double summersault, and brew a whiskey punch. He must be up to a thing or two in political economy, and *au fait* in the matter of cooking beans. On the trail of mysterious items, he must be a veritable sleuth-hound. His hide must be like that of a rhinoceros. He must be insensible to the cruelest snubs, and manifest no sense of anger when he is kicked down stairs. He must throw modesty to the dogs, and let his tiger howl. But above all, he must be an adept at puffing. The nearer he approaches to the condition of a blacksmith's bellows, the better he will succeed. He must be ready at all times to say something funny in regard to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Frounce's millinery establishment, with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of hams, verbose in extolling hardware, and highly imaginative in the matter of dry goods. He must look pleased when invited to walk sixteen squares through the broiling sun to write a six-line puff for a labor-saving churn, or a patent washing machine. He must feel grateful when invited to dine at the Dogsnose Hotel, and write a glowing account of the excellence of the hash and durability of beefsteak. If he feel any sense of humiliation in sitting down to a festive gathering, on the occasion of the presentation of a sword to Capt. Sankopanzky, or a set of silver service to a horse inspector, he must smother it, and revenge himself on the champagne and cigars. He must affect to believe that he is invited in a purely social way, and not for the sake of having him write a good account of the ceremonies, with three columns of speeches in full, for the next morning's paper. If he flags in his description of Hodge's premium bull, or "lets down" in writing up the oil indications of Shoveydyke's farm, he must take it kindly when he is reproved for his short comings. In the matter of shows the Local must be always brilliant. He must talk learnedly of panorama's with a liberal admixture of knowing words, such as "warmth," "tone," "foreshortening," "high-lights," "foreground," "perspective," etc.; he must be "very" heavy on concerts, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Squawk's execution of music in the "upper register;" he must be ecstatic in praise of double-headed calves, and eloquent in behalf of fat women and living skeletons.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A REMARKABLE CONFIRMATION.—Sir Henry Rawlinson has been distinguished for his success in deciphering the arrowhead inscriptions brought to light by the modern explorations of Nineveh and Babylon, though all scholars have not accepted his interpretations. Twelve years ago he read on a Nineveh monument that two Assyrian Kings, one of whom was contemporary with Jehu, the king of Israel, visited a cave at the source of the Tigris, and there inscribed their names. Mr. Taylor, the English consul at Diarbekir, recently discovered this cave from which the Tigris flows, and there found the inscriptions of the two kings preserved on the rocks to the present time. This remarkable discovery establishes beyond doubt the authenticity of the interpretations of those old writings which have thrown so much light upon scripture history.—*Exchange*.

Bits and Scraps.

..... An Irishman, trying to put out a gas-light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder! the never a wick's in it!"

..... A man turned his son out of doors lately because he wouldn't pay his house rent. A striking instance of pay-rent-al affection.

..... A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him? He replied, "Wet, ma'am—very wet."

..... The man who has "a perfect horror of politics" has retired to the rural districts for the next five months, and has given strict orders that no newspaper shall be brought within three miles of him.

..... "I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A? Why I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson."

..... A little girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would blow up while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother; "your father will do that when he discovers that I bought them."

..... On being reproached by Pitt as forming a drag-chain on the wheels of Government, Sheridan bounded up with the reply, that for once he could compliment the minister on the correctness of his allusion, since the drag-chain was never imposed but when the vehicle was going down hill!

..... A lawyer the other day went into a barber's shop to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head, the boy exclaimed, "Why, how long your head is sir!"—"Yes," replied our worthy friend, "we lawyers must have long heads." The boy proceeded in his vocation, and exclaimed, "It is as thick as it is long!"

..... It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulate the most.

..... A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time—votes you a bore the second—and quarrels with you the third.

..... A Cincinnati paper gives the following instance of the effect of the heat in the Pork City:—"A steamboat was at the wharf discharging lead. A negro would start with a bar on his shoulder, but before he could get to the dray the lead would melt and run over him, making it necessary to cut him out with a cold chisel!"

..... Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling a perfume as never arose from a human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking themselves up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and to fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

..... Johnson defines an anchorite, "one who retires to the duties of religion." A lexicographer of the present day would be disposed to say, "one who retires from them."

..... The Chinese have a thoughtful proverb—"The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet you find no one in them."

..... A Yankee, who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no W in that language, "that them chaps spell wit, wig, wag, wife, wine and whisky!"

..... A Schenectady editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says:—"When the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft heeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard."

..... There is at present residing in Don Street, St. Hellors, in the island of Jersey, and opposite to each other, Abel, a baker, and Cain, a grocer. Recently Abel married Cain's daughter; and Mr. Adam, an engraver, gave the bride away.

..... An elderly, fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at an inn, called to the waiting boy—"Donald, bring me more bread; I eat a great deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much simplicity, "Ay, please your honor, and ye eat a great deal of steak to your bread."

..... In the vicinity of Cape Cod, two apple-trees and a gooseberry bush are called an orchard. Captain Boreas owns five plum-trees, and is looked upon as an aristocrat. One year they don't bear, and the next they can't—the school-boys using the fruit for bullets to kill owls with. Great country, that Cape Cod!

..... Dr. Parr was very fond of his choir, and always encouraged them to sing a long hymn or anthem before the sermon, during which he used to steal into the vestry and smoke his pipe. When they had done, the clerk informed him; and if the docter had not finished, he would say, "John, tell them to sing the last two verses over again—my people love singing and I love smoking."

..... The following good story is told by the *New Haven Register*:—"Bishop went down to New York with one of his patent fly-trap machines, which makes the fly catch himself by a revolving cylinder. A butcher was very desirous he should set it agoing in his shop, and in the course of half an hour something less than a peck of flies had been 'hived.' The butcher was pleased, but concluded, as his flies were 'all trapped,' he didn't want the machine. 'Very well,' said Bishop, 'I'm a Yankee, and I won't take any advantage of you by carrying off your flies,' and drawing the slide, he liberated the whole swarm about the butcher's ears, and beat a hasty retreat under cover of a little of the loudest buzzing ever heard in that vicinity."

..... "Be moderate in all things," as the boy said to his schoolmaster, when the latter was whipping him.

..... If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her.

..... Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

..... "An' will you be after telling what kind of a baste ye call this?" said a newly arrived Irishman, holding up a wasp between his thumb and finger. "Och, murder! Spake quick, for he's biting me!"