Farm and Household.

Weeds.

With what wonderful prolificacy the soil brings forth weeds! How provoking it is to see your newly harrowed field, or your just completed garden, bristling up with an army of young weeds. The expletives of hard-working farmers and gardeners against these cumberers of the ground are uttered with an energy which leaves no doubt of their sincerity and earnestness. When you come to facts on this subject, the prolificacy of weeds is something terrible to contemplate. Dr. Lindley estimates, as a low average, the following number of seeds from each of the four plants named:

1	plant of Groundsel	produces	2,080	seeds.
1	"	Dandelion	" 9,740	"
1	"	Sow-Thistle	" 11,040	"
1	"	Spurge	" 540	"

Here then is a good chance for the growth of 16,400 plants, or enough to cover three acres and a half at three feet apart! To hoe this land, Dr. Lindley says, will cost 6s sterling per acre; and hence a man throws away 6s 3d a time, as often as he neglects to bend his back and pull up a young weed before it gets into flower. He recommends every gardener whose vertebral column will not bend to pull weeds, to count the number of dandelions, thistles, &c., on the first square rod he can measure off. It would be well for a similar estimate to be made as to the pig-weed, mullein, fox-tail, chickweed, burdock, purslane, and last, but far from least, Canada thistle, which so abound in this country.

Not only the prolificacy, but the ready growth of weeds, forms a most formidable obstacle to good husbandry. They seem to spring up and flourish as if there were some special provision in the soil to favor their quick development. They always outgrow the useful forms of vegetation, unless you can favor them in some way, and give them a start in advance. No sooner is one generation of them destroyed than another starts into life, and it often seems as if the ground literally swarmed with the seeds of these noxious things. Many of them also are very tenacious of life. A war of extermination, root and branch, is the only thing that will do for them. Leave the least sprig or fibre of them in the soil, and they quickly re-establish themselves.

Yet, after all, these discouraging facts about weeds have another side to them. The same provision for quick growth which fosters weed-life, is necessary for the useful forms of vegetation. Our hope of smiling and abundant harvests rests on the same laws of nature under which weeds fructify so fast, and multiply so fearfully. Moreover, weeds, by their presence and growth, rouse up energy on the part of the tiller of the soil, and compel that constant shaking and loosening up of the ground which is necessary to high and successful culture.

There is only one way of dealing with these pests. They must be got rid of. It is of no use to tamper with them, or to be satisfied with half-way measures. To mow them down and to let them speedily grow up again—to leave them by the fence side and in the fence corners to mature and scatter their seed—to let them get into flower and then cut them down when they have vitality enough to perfect their seeds, leaving them to wither and die upon the ground—these are some of the slip-shod, make-believe methods of destroying weeds. An energetic thistle or mullein laughs at such half-way work, and will infallibly increase and multiply in defiance of it. We must wake up to the necessity of thoroughly eradicating weeds. People ridicule the idea of legislating on this subject, but the evil is becoming so serious that something effectual must be done; and if public sentiment cannot be created, such as shall secure the extermination, law must try its hand. In Michigan they have statutes on this subject, that even forbid throwing weeds into the highway; and if we had a law requiring utter eradication of weeds, though its enforcement would be troublesome and expensive at first, it would be in the end a most beneficial piece of legislation, under which the material interests of the country would prosper greatly.—*Canada Farmer.*

Why Heap Up Manure.

The old-fashioned practice of composting all the contents of the yard, the sties, and the stables, is attended with much labor, and is often imperfectly done or neglected altogether, from want of conviction of its utility. There are the same materials before and after the heaping, the farmer reasons; why will they not benefit the land as much in one condition as in the other? The question is fairly put, and demands an answer. There are not necessarily the same materials in a compost heap before and after fermentation. If the contents of a yard were swamp muck, peat, surface loam, various kinds of straw, sea-weed, kelp, and the manure of horses, sheep and cattle, and if to these was added fresh sty manure, or night soil, or a few bushels of lime or ashes, the whole mass would be thrown into fermentation, and new chemical combinations would take place, and the new compounds would be more immediately available for plant food. Just how much the mass would be benefited by these new combinations we may not be able to state, but no intelligent farmer has any doubt of the higher value of fermented compost, for ordinary farm purposes.

Another great advantage from this work is the increased fineness of the manure. Stable manure is often carried out and spread in great frozen or dried lumps, and in this condition is plowed into the earth. It doubtless benefits the soil in this condition, but the roots of plants are a long time in getting at their food. We think it pays to fork over a manure heap twice, and give it the full benefit of a second fermentation. The hay and straw are all broken down by this process, and all the materials of the mass are thoroughly mixed. Much of the immediate effect of manure depends upon its fineness. The time usually allowed for composting is quite too short. The greatly increased effect of well-rotted manure has led some to wish for a whole year to complete the process. This is one of the points that we should like to see accurately determined on an experimental farm. The liquefying of all the yard manures is doubtless better than any comminution that we can attain by rotting, but the necessary apparatus for doing this, and applying it economically to the fields, requires more capital than most farmers have to invest. Thorough composting is within the means of all, and would always pay.—*American Agriculturist.*

More Turnips Wanted.

The high price of ruta-bagas in our city markets, the past spring, (two dollars a bushel at retail,) shows clearly that the supply is not equal to the demand. Ruta-bagas can be raised for twenty-five cents a bushel, and the round turnips, as a stolen crop, for less than ten cents. Farmers away from the large markets pay very little attention to this crop. It ought to have a place upon every farm where hogs and cattle are kept, without reference to city markets. Of course, if turnips go up to 75 cents or more a bushel, it will ordinarily pay better to sell them than to consume them upon the farm. But if prices are low, the farmer always has a good market at home. Most of the turnips raised in England are turned into beef, mutton and wool, before they are sold.

Our climate is not quite so favorable as the English for this crop, but we have never found any difficulty in growing satisfactory crops of all the varieties of turnips. They are not nearly so nourishing as the potato, but the yield is four or five times greater. They are valuable to feed to milch cows along with hay, Indian meal, and oil cake, good for fattening bullocks and swine, and exceedingly profitable for sheep, whether one is making mutton or wool, or raising lambs. We have found them valuable for home consumption, and to not like to be without them, even if we have plenty of beets and carrots.

The old method, inherited from our English ancestors, no doubt, was to yard sheep at night for several weeks upon the place of ground to be sown to this crop. Just before the 25th of July the ground was plowed and harrowed very thoroughly, and sown with wood ashes. The turnip seed was sown broadcast, and put in with a garden rake, or brush harrow. The crop had no cultivation, and yielded from four hundred to eight hundred bushels to the acre. The soil usually selected was a sod or a fresh clearing. Upon new ground, the turnip is usually of fine quality, and the yield large. The yarding of sheep is a good preparation of the soil, but the broadcast sowing is discarded by the best farmers. No crop pays better for sowing in drill, for thinning, and for frequent cultivation, until the leaves are in the way of the cultivator. The drills should be from fourteen inches to two feet apart, according to the size of the variety sown, and the object for which they are raised, with sufficient space left between the roots for hoeing. Some of the strap-leafed varieties make short leaves, and the "Cow-horn" grows quite high out of the ground with a long tap-root. These may be set in the thickest drills, and quite close together in the drill.

Though the hoe is quite necessary in the first weeding of the crop, nearly all the cultivation may be done with the harrow and cultivator, and the aim should be to use horse power as much as possible. This is essential to cheap turnips. After the leaves cover the ground, the crop may be "laid by." The ruta-baga is much more solid than the common white turnip, and requires a longer time to grow and a richer soil. It is frequently sown in June, but the first week in July is early enough, on warm, loamy soils, especialy if the crop is raised for food. The turnip is frequently grown upon ridges, and the manure placed in the centre of the ridge, and covered with the plow.

By the sea-shore it is a common practice to use rock weed, freshly gathered, for this crop, bony fish, or the refuse after the oil is pressed out. Fish guano and superphosphate of lime are among the best manures for turnips, whether applied broadcast and harrowed in, or directly to the ridges. 500 pounds to the acre of the superphosphate, or a half ton of the guano, will be good dressing. If the ruta-bagas are raised for market, they should not be allowed to grow too large. Roots from three to five inches in diameter sell much more readily than those of twice the size. They are easily kept in pits, or upon the surface of the ground, covered with straw and earth. The strap-leafed turnips are raised at very small cost, by sowing among corn at the last cultivating—say the first week in August. If the corn is cut up by roots early in September, the turnips have the ground the rest of the season, and frequently make 400 or 500 bushels to the acre on good soil. Let us have cheap turnips this year.—*American Agriculturist.*

Thorough Culture of Corn.

The frequent failures in attempting to raise heavy crops of corn are not usually so much owing to the want of properly fitting the soil, as in the lack of giving thorough cultivation while the crop is growing. Although the amount raised per acre depends very materially upon the fertility and preparation of the soil, yet inferior crops may be grown upon land that is capable of producing the best. Farmers are not apt to select a field for corn that they know cannot be put into good condition for the crop, nor are they apt to plow meagrely, but after the seed is in, too many fold their hands and consider the important part done.

It is a difficult matter to raise a heavy growth of weeds and corn at the same time upon one piece of the land; the former must be kept down if a good yield of grain is obtained. Weeds have always been one great hindrance to successful corn raising, but they are not so formidable an enemy as many suppose. Advantage should be taken of them, and the plow or cultivator kept at work from the time the corn rows first appear, until the growth of grain is nearly complete. No labor upon the crop pays so well as thorough after culture, and to verify this statement let any farmer having two acres planted at the same time in one field, give one but little attention and the other thorough cultivation, keeping account of time spent, and at harvest note the excess of grain from this over the other piece in payment for labor bestowed.

Good culture holds an equal position in potency for crop growing to that of barn-yard manure; a field somewhat worn will produce a heavier and better crop of corn if well tended, than if heavily manured and neglected; but on soil of this kind the two work together admirably.

Corn in time of drouth, however rich the soil may be by nature, or fertilizing aplliances, has no agency aside from rain which will keep up the vigor and growth of the crop, save the diligent use of the hoe and horse cultivator. Soil kept open and loose will absorb moisture from the air, and drink in all the dew that falls upon it. There is another important thing in the growing of this crop that we have noticed for years, and that is, giving the crop thorough dressing with double plow or cultivator just as the ears are forming or about the time the "silking out" begins; cultivation at this time appears to give new impetus to the growth of the stock, and the ears are made heavier than they would otherwise be.

Then it appears that thorough culture is important in all seasons, and, at all stages in the growth of corn; in wet seasons to keep weeds down; in dry seasons to supply moisture; while the crop is young to invigorate, and while maturing to give it new life and extra development. —*Ohio Farmer.*

When and How to Bud.

Budding, we need hardly say, is the process of removing a bud from one tree or plant and inserting it in another tree of allied species.

The object of budding is the same as of grafting, viz.: to propagate a desirable sort of tree or plant. The only difference between a bud and a scion is that the latter is a development of the former. Fruit can generally be obtained by grafting two years sooner than by budding. But when a variety is very rare, we can by budding get new limbs from single eyes, whereas, in grafting we have to use three or four eyes. Some trees, moreover, propagate more readily by budding than by grafting. The stone fruits exude so much gum when grafted, that it is hard to succeed in the work. Then, too, in all kinds of fruit, where grafting has failed, or been forgotten in spring, budding may be resorted to in summer.

The usual time for budding is from the first of July to the middle of August. But a more accurate rule is to be found in the state of the buds and the bark. The shoot from which the buds are taken must be of the current year's growth, and must be mature. This maturity will be shown by the forming of buds at the axils of the leaves, and of the terminal buds. The best buds for working will be found along the middle of the shoot. Plums usually finish their growth earlier than other trees; hence they should be budded earliest. Next come cherries, and then pears, &c. The bark must be in a condition to lift easily from the wood, and there must be sap enough between the two to feed the young bud, and to help form a union with it.

The practical operation of budding is simple. The method commonly followed in this country, called *shield-budding*, is as follows: Having cut a scion containing several good buds, choose a smooth, young limb for the operation, and, if possible, let the insertion be made on the north side of the limb. With a sharp, thin-bladed knife, cut a slit through the bark about an inch and a half long, and a cross cut at the top of it. Then from your scion slice out a good bud, leaving a little of the bark attached. Now, with the other end of your budding knife, raise the bark of the stock, and slip the bud into the slit, and press it down to the bottom of it. Finish the work by tying down the bark and bud with bass matting or woolen yarn, so as to exclude air and moisture from all except the point of the bud.

Do the work quick, otherwise the bud will dry and be less likely to grow. A minute is full long enough.

After Treatment.—In a fortnight after, examine the buds to see whether they have "taken." This may be determined by their freshness and plumpness. As soon as they have "taken," the bandages should be loosened a little, to allow for expansion of both stock and bud. On the opening of the following spring, the stock should be cut off with a sloping cut, two or three inches above the bud. The bud will now grow with great vigor.—*Rural American.*

Summer Pruning.

There is probably no horticultural subject upon which "line upon line and precept upon precept" are so freely given as that of pruning fruit trees. Every year and in each successive season some of the readers of our horticultural journals call for information on the subject of pruning, and the question most frequently asked is, what is the best time to prune? Now as pruning at different seasons of the year is done to obtain different results, it is obvious that the query cannot be correctly answered, unless the peculiar circumstances of the case and the results which it may be desirable to reach, are known. In regard to the objects and effects of summer pruning or pinching, we will quote from some eminent and standard authorities.

Thomas says: "The production of fruit buds may be accomplished by summer pruning, which is effected by pinching off the soft ends of the side shoots after they have made a few inches growth. In this the sap immediately accumulates, and the young buds upon the remainder of these shoots, which otherwise would produce leaves, are gradually changed into fruit buds. To prevent the breaking of these buds into new shoots by too great an accumulation of the sap, a partial outlet is left for its escape through the leading shoot of the branch which, at the same time, is effecting the enlargement of the tree. This constitutes essentially the art of *summer pruning* dwarf and pyramidal trees, more especially the pear and apple. It may be applied with advantage to young standards to produce early fruitfulness." Downing says: "There are advantages and disadvantages attending all seasons of pruning, but our own experience has led us to believe that, practically, a fortnight before mid-summer is by far the best season, on the whole, for pruning in the Northern and Middle States. Wounds made at that season heal over rapidly and freely." Barry advises pinching the shoots during the growing season, to regulate the form of the tree and to promote early fruitfulness.

Summer pruning, or pinching, if faithfully and wisely performed, will obviate the necessity of much other cutting. In this way the cultivator may train up his tree, and direct its growth to harmonious proportions, without being compelled to use the knife or saw severely at any period of its life.

Gratitude.

The following anecdote is, of course, from Paris: A half military anecdote is in circulation. Gen. Cluseret, returning home late one evening, was attacked by an armed brigand. The great strength of the General rendered him indifferent to such incidents; he seized the ruffian by the throat and threatened to strangle him. On examining the captive more closely, Cluseret recognized him as a personage with whom he had already had dealings. "Why, you rascal, you are the same man who robbed my tent in Algiers of five hundred francs in gold!"

"Ah, General, but if you knew the circumstances. They had written to me from Europe that my poor mother was dangerously ill, and I wanted to send her some assistance. But I entreat you, General, have some pity on me; give me my liberty this time, and I swear to pass the rest of my life in repentance, and repay you the sum I stole from you."

The General granted the prayer, let the fellow go, and thought no more about the matter. A long time afterward he received a box containing 500 francs and the following letter:

"This restitution, General, proves to you that a good action is never lost. To obtain this sum, that I engaged myself to return to you, I have been obliged to beat out the brains of two men, to force three secretaries, and break in the doors of three inhabited country houses. You see, General, that a benefit is never thrown away."

Queer Phraseology.

It is often supposed that those queer freaks of phraseology called bulls are the exclusive offspring of the Irish brain. This is a mistake. A notable instance of the fact that our Hibernian brethern have no monopoly in this gift of blundering into the delicious absurd has just occured in England. The municipal council of Cannas, where Lord Brougham died, applied to the surveying brother in England for permission to have his Lordship's body buried in their town. The brother gives his "consent," and adds brilliantly, that if Lord Brougham "were living, he would prefer that his remains should be left in the country of his adoption." Most people might think that, if Lord Brougham were alive, he would object to have his body called "his remains," as well as to having it "left" in any country.

The Force of Imagination.

Late one evening a couple of Irishmen stopped at a country inn and asked for lodgings. The porter escorted them to the door of their room, but just as the travelers entered it the candle was extinguished by the wind from the door as it closed behind them. The porter had already returned to the bar-room, and after vainly groping on the mantle-piece in search of matches, the travelers resolved to go to bed in the dark. In the middle of the night one of them awoke, and after shaking his comrade to arouse him, said:

"Terrence, I'm as awake as a vaccinated kitten, for want of air. Get up and open the window. The room is as close as a patent coffin, and I'll die if you don't get me air."

Terrence arose, groped around the room for a few minutes, then said:

"I've found the window, but bad luck to me if I can budge it. I can't move it either up or down."

"Then knock a couple of panes out wid yer shoe, and we'll pay for them in the morning," said the sick man.

Terrence did as directed. After two crashes were heard by the man in bed he seemed to recover, for he remarked:

"Oh, that refreshing air is invigorating. I feel better already. Out wid a couple more panes, glass is chape, and the landlord won't be angry whin we're willin to pay for thim."

Terrence's stout brogan soon shattered the remaining panes, and the weak man recovered his exhausted strength so soon thereafter that in ten minutes more he was enjoying his slumbers, undisturbed by the snores of his companion, who had also expressed himself refreshed by the current of fresh air admitted through the broken glass.

Considerable time elapsed, and at length the travelers awoke. For thirty minutes they lay in bed conversing, wondering why they could not sleep.

"Surely it must be near mornin', for I don't feel a bit sleepy," said Terrence.

"Mornin'!" echoed the other. "By the morthial, but it appears to me that it's perpetual night in this part iv the world."

In a few minutes more they heard a knock at the door, and the travelers asked what was wanted.

"It's twelve o'clock," answered the porter, opening the door and entering the room with a candle in his hand—"Aren't you going to get up at all?"

"Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Terrence. "Why, I thought it must be at least five. What d'ye mean by rousing us in the middle of the night? Do the people in these parts get up at midnight?"

"No, but they get up at breakfast time."

"Thin why didn't ye wait until breakfast time before you disturbed us?"

"Because it's hours after breakfast time now—in fact, its just the dinner hour."

"Get out, or I'll throw me brogan at ye. What a barefaced liar ye must be to say it's dinner time before it's daylight. The candle in yer hand makes a liar of ye!"

"Ho! ha! ha!" and the porter chuckled with the exuberance of delight. "No wonder ye think it isn't daylight, for there's no window in this room to let in light."

"Thin what did I break last night?" Terrence asked, looking around the room in astonishment. His eyes at last alighted on the book-case, the glass doors of which presented a dilapidated appearance. "Be the powers, Jerry," he added, addressing his comrade, "whin I thought I was smashin' the windy, I was only breakin' the glass in the bookcase. But it did ye a power iv good, for ye sed ye felt the fresh air revivin' ye."

DEMOCRACY.

SENATOR MORTON ON THE NEW YORK PLATFORM AND NOMINATIONS.

Washington, July 10.—Senator Morton's speech in the Senate last evening is commented on by all Republicans as striking the key-note of the present campaign. It was, in full, as follows:

Mr. Morton—I do not rise so much to discuss the various propositions relative to counting the electoral vote, as to say that I am for that offered by the Senator from Vermont, believing that it is more specific and direct than the other two. But perhaps any one of them would answer the purpose. I desire, however, to say one word in regard to the importance of this measure. We have been noting the proceedings of a Convention held in the city of New York, which has but just adjourned. I have read the resolutions adopted by that Convention—the platform of principles it has laid down, and upon which its candidates have been placed, and I wish to call the attention of the Senate to the issue that is presented to the country by this platform and by the character of these candidates. General Grant, in his letter of acceptance, said: "Let us have peace;" but the Democratic party by their Convention in New York have said: "Let us have war; there shall be no peace." They have declared, in substance, I might say, perhaps, in direct terms, that the reconstruction of these States under the several reconstruction acts of Congress, shall not be permitted to stand, but shall be overturned by military force if they get the power. They have announced that there shall be no peace in this country, that there shall be no settlement of our troubles except upon the condition of the triumph of those who have been in rebellion. This platform and these nominations are a declaration of the renewal of the rebellion. Let me call your attention to a part of the eighth resolution, in regard to this very question. In speaking of the reconstruction of the States, they go on to say that the power to regulate suffrage exists with each State, making no difference between loyal States that have been at peace, and States that have been in rebellion, putting them all upon the same footing; and "that any attempt by Congress on any pretext whatever"—that is upon the pretext of the rebellion, if you please—"to deprive any State of this right, or interfere with its exercise, is a flagrant usurpation of power, can find no warrant in the Constitution, and if sanctioned by the people will subvert our form of government." They declare that the interference of Congress with suffrage in the States that have been in rebellion, though that interference may be absolutely necessary, as we have found it to be to the reconstruction of the States, is unconstitutional, and that no justification can be found for it, and that it will subvert our form of government.

This Convention has called upon the rebels of the South to regard these governments organized by authority of the acts of Congress by the people of those States as usurpation, unconstitutional, and void; and has thereby invited them again to insurrection and rebellion. That is what that resolution means. There is where the Democratic party has placed itself and its candidate—that there shall be no acquiescence in the action of Congress, and that continued resistance is and shall be their policy. They have replied to Gen. Grant by saying "There shall be no peace, but the war shall be renewed." There can be no other policy for that party unless it acquiesces. If it does not accept these reconstruction acts, there can be no policy but that of resistance and a renewal of the war. They declare these reconstruction acts to be unconstitutional and void. Being void nobody is bound to regard them. They have no authority over any one to coerce or to punish, and may be resisted by any one with impunity. That is not the language of this resolution, but it is the substance and meaning of it, and in consequence of this received the indorsement and the approbation of the hundreds of rebels who were in that Convention from the South—men who organized the rebel Government, and organized and led the rebel armies in battle. This, then, is the issue. A continuance of the war, a renewal of the rebellion, because it is either that or it is submission and acquiescence to what has been done.

But, Mr. President, we are not left to grope for the meaning of this Convention. We are not left even to seek for it by inference. We have the letter of Gen. Frank P. Blair, written, I believe, less than one week ago, and that letter has been indorsed by that Convention this afternoon by his nomination as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency. It is as much a part of their platform as if it was incorporated in it, for the ink was hardly dry before it was indorsed by his nomination. I repeat, sir, this letter is a part of the Democratic platform. Gen. Blair, whatever you may say of him, is a bold, outspoken man, and he spoke the sentiment of that Convention. He says: "Upon these sentiments I want to stand before the Convention," and upon these sentiments he was nominated. Therefore, I say that the language of the Democratic Convention at New York to the whole country is war; resistance by force of arms to Congressional legislation; the overthrow by force of arms of the governments that have been erected in the rebel States under the laws enacted by Congress; the continuance of this rebellion, continuance of this struggle in a somewhat different form, but still the same struggle, contending for the same principles. It is now announced formally, not at Montgomery, not at Richmond, but at Washington.

The country need not be at a loss to understand the character of the contest upon which we are entering. It is not one of peace and acquiescence, of consolidation whereby the ravages of war may be repaired. But it is a new declaration of war, a new announcement of the rebellion, under somewhat different circumstances, but under circumstances formidable, dangerous and solemn. Let the country look the struggle in the face. Gen. Blair has said truly that all that is said about greenbacks and bonds and questions of finance is mere nonsense. The great issue is the question of overturning the new State governments by force, the restoration of the rebels, or, as they call it, the white men's government in those States, and all the rest is letcher and prunellas. We owe a debt of gratitude to Gen. Blair for his frankness. There need be no deception practiced now, and there can be none. There can be no other issue presented substantially to us, but that of the future peace of the country. If Seymour shall be elected on that platform, he stands pledged to use the army of the United States for the purpose of overturning the governments that have been established in the South by the whole people, and by that army to place the power back again into the hands of the rebels that were with him in that Convention. They have given to him their counsel. They have indorsed Mr. Seymour and the Convention, and all have indorsed Gen. Francis P. Blair.

I know that we shall be told in the Northwest that they intend to have the same currency for the Government and the people, for the bondholder and the laborer. They will proclaim taxation of the bonds as the great issue upon which they expect to get votes, but that will be a deception. The great issue underlying the whole contest, and we have the solemn declaration of their candidate for Vice President to that effect, will be the renewal of the war to overturn the State governments that have just been established under the acts of Congress. Gen. Blair has relieved the Republican party of a great deal of labor. He has unmasked the enemy with whom we have to deal, and he has placed before the country the very issue, peace or war.

BLAIR'S LETTER.

The following is the entire letter of Gen. Frank P. Blair, alluded to in Gov. Morton's speech. The letter was written in view of Blair's name being used before the Democratic National Convention, and is as follows:

Washington, June 30, 1868.

Col. James O. Brodhead:

Dear Colonel: In reply to your inquiries, I beg leave to say that I leave to you to determine, on consultation with my friends from Missouri, whether my name shall be presented to the Democratic Convention, and to submit the following as what I consider the real and only issue in this contest:

The reconstruction policy of the Radicals will be complete before the next election; the States, so long excluded, will have been admitted; negro suffrage established, and the carpet-baggers installed in their seats in both branches of Congress. There is no possibility of changing the political character of the Senate, even if the Democrats should elect their President and a majority of the popular branch of Congress. We cannot, therefore, undo the Radical plan of reconstruction by Congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its repeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? It can only be overthrown by the authority of the Executive, who is sworn to maintain the Constitution, and who will fail to do his duty if he allows the Constitution to perish under the series of Congressional enactments which are in palpable violation of its fundamental principles.

If the President elected by the Democracy enforces or permits others to enforce these reconstruction acts, the Radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives, will control both branches of Congress, and his administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. Johnson.

There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and *that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives.* The House of Representatives will contain a majority of Democrats from the North, and they will admit the Representatives elected by the white people of the South, and, with the co-operation of the President, it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution. It will not be able to withstand the public judgment, if distinctly invoked and clearly expressed on this fundamental issue, and it is the sure way to avoid all future strife to put the issue plainly to the country.

I repeat that this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us. Shall we submit to the usurpations by which the Government has been overthrown, or shall we exert ourselves for its full and complete restoration? It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold, the public faith and the public credit. What can a Democratic President do in regard to any of these, with a Congress in both branches controlled by carpet-baggers and their allies? He will be powerless to stop the supplies by which idle negroes are organized into political clubs—by which an army is maintained to protect these vagabonds in their outrages upon the ballot. These, and things like these, eat up the revenues and resources of the Government and destroy its credit, and make the difference between gold and greenbacks. We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people *by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress, known as the reconstruction acts. I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue, but it is one which embraces everything else which is of value in its large and comprehensive results.* It is the one thing that includes all that is worth a contest, and without it, there is nothing that gives dignity, honor or value to the struggle.

Your friend, Frank P. Blair.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A century plant is in bloom at Troy, N. Y.

A popular work of art—drawing one's pay.

A silver coin, dated 1586, was found in the sands at Omaha.

Louisiana will produce this year 10,000 hogsheads of sugar.

Forty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-three arrests were made in Philadelphia last year.

Cincinnati has 266 Brown families, 240 of the Jones, 300 Williams, 380 Millers, 300 Myers, and 150 Schmidts.

Unrequited love made a young man in Newport, R. I., attempt to cut his throat the other day with a battered drinking cup.

A number of persons have been poisoned, in Arkansas, by eating mulberries in which the locusts had deposited their eggs.

Hard on Jones.—Jones, in a dilemma, said that he was at his wit's end. Smith sarcastically remarked that it would not take him long to return—he had not gone far. Sharp is Smith.

On the day of adjournment, the New Hampshire Legislature met at five o'clock in the morning. Nothing like this ever happened in any other New England State.

An old woman, who follows rag-picking for a livelihood, picked up an old coat in the streets of Cincinnati, the other day, in a pocket of which she found $50 in greenbacks.

A little girl was burned so badly in Buffalo recently, by reason of her clothes taking fire from fire-crackers thrown upon her by boys, that she died in a few hours.

If you run your umbrella through a man's hat, soothe him by saying that he needn't apologize for having it in the way. At the same time congratulate him that it wasn't his body.

Some incredulous writer in Richmond thinks the story that Chang and Eng are about to dissolve partnership only a preliminary to a series of "final farewell" entertainments by them.

A sister of Miss Schaffer, the young lady of Alexandria, Va., who was lately burned to death, and whose affianced lover committed suicide from grief, has since died in consequence of her sorrow at the double affliction.

Mr. William Kipp, a wealthy farmer of Farmington, New York, committed suicide because he imagined he had a cancer in his stomach, an apprehension which a *post mortem* examination proved to be entirely groundless.

An English paper perpetrates the following:

"Let's welcome the Poet
With cheers deep and mellow,
For the day will be *long*
Ere we welcome his *fellow*."

In Cleveland, recently, a woman jumped into the river to drown herself. Her dress caught a projecting root, and she was discovered and rescued. Her husband refused to assist in getting her out of the water, saying she ought to be drowned.

Preparations are making to raise the wrecks of the ships of war sunk in Charleston harbor during the war. They consist of the Wechawken, Housatonic and Guyascutis, the last named being the submarine boat which sunk the Housatonic.

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 while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother, "your father will do that when he discovers I have bought them."

Some sharp individual in Cincinnati has been selling old potatoes for new. The old stock of potatoes left over was manipulated by a chemical process, and the tough jackets of the neshannock and peachblow were made to resemble the tender skin of the early potato.

A factory girl in Fall River recently returned a roll of bills amounting to nearly $300, which had been inadvertantly done up in a package of goods she had purchased in a store in that city. She refused to accept any reward in money, but was prevailed upon to take a good dress pattern.

New York scoundrels hire letter boxes in the post office, and giving names nearly like those of permanent firms, rely upon the carelessness of clerks to put letters designed for others into their boxes. In this manner they get hold of many letters containing money or valuable information.

Artemus Ward went to his hotel late one night, and, calling a waiter, said to him: "James, has Mr. —— [naming the proprietor of the hotel] gone to bed?" "Yes, sir." "Then, James, I wish you to go to him and wake him up, and tell him, with my sincere regards, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

The total valuation of the real and personal property of New York City, liable to taxation, foots up this year to $908,436,327, against $831,669,813, last year, being an increase of $76,766,514. This increase is due mainly to the rise of real estate in upper wards. This year the rate of taxation will be about $2.50 per $1,000; last year it was $2.80.

A Cutting Impromptu.—A clergyman, while sitting in the gallery of the Connecticut Legislature, when that body was putting through divorce cases, wrote the following impromptu:

"For *cut*-ting all *connect*-ions famed
Connect-i-cut is fairly named;
I twain *connect* in one, but you
Cut those whom I *connect* in two,
Each legislator seems to say,
'What you *connect-I-cut* away.'"

Stopping at a village tavern in New Jersey, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a sparse country should have reached such a perfection in these meteorological manufactures, said to a by-stander: "Why, you have very heavy thunder here." "Well, yes," replied the man, "we *do*, considering the number of inhabitants."

Some inhuman creature—an Italian—has been placarding the streets of Philadelphia, announcing the exhibition of a living "headless rooster." The admittance charged was fifteen cents. Some one, cruel to a degree, had cut from a living fowl all of the head except the brain, had healed the wound by means of plasters, and had sustained life in the body of the mutilated fowl by introducing Indian meal into its craw by artificial means.

John A. Enos, about 22 years of age, walked a few days since, from the monument in Peabody, Mass., to the Eastern Railroad depot, in Boston, and return, declared to be a distance of twenty-eight miles, in five hours and thirty-eight minutes, an average of a mile in eleven and three-fourths minutes. The time made by Weston in his walk on June 4, for twenty-eight miles, was six hours, nine minutes and twenty-five and a half seconds.

A young Chinaman, in San Francisco, made up his mind to forsake the customs of his country and imitate Americans. He began by cutting off his pigtail. That or something else, caused his countrymen to take vengeance. The youth was taken into a cellar, his hands tied behind him, and he was flogged with awful barbarity. He was found by the police, three Chinamen arrested for the offense, and California will teach the Celestials that their modes of punishments are not tolerated in this country.

A woman went to the police station in Porland, Me., lately, and said that she desired to be taken in custody, as she had deliberately put her husband's eyes out by throwing vitriol into his face. An investigation showed that the parties had quarreled frequently, and at the dinner table high words passed between them, when the wife, who had prepared her weapon, threw a quantity of vitriol in his face. The man's face was badly burned, and his eyes closed.

The king of sharpshooters, crowned at the close of the great German shooting festival in New York, was Mr. John Becker, of Guttenberg, New Jersey, a Swiss by birth, who hit the bull's eye during the festival no less than 136 times. He was crowned with a wreath of flowers, received $60 cash as a prize, a Kaldenberg pipe of the value of $100, a Panama hat worth $80, and an order for carpets for $50. He was also decorated with five gold medals, and received other numerous donations, which bring the money value of his prizes to far beyond one thousand dollars.

Conquered.

Not the easiest question in the world to ask. Yet Phil Graham asked it, bravely; and stood waiting his answer, his handsome face flushed slightly, his dark eyes eloquent with emotion.

Mr. Bulbous evidently was not excited; in fact, he rather enjoyed Phil's confusion. To tell the truth, he had heard the same amount of pleading, dozens of times before, from enamored young men, who had done him the honor to ask for the hand of his daughter heiress, pretty Emily Bulbous.

Yet, somehow, he could not go through the usual polite formula of rejection this morning.

Certainly there was something in Phil's favor, that no other suitor had yet attained to; for Emily herself loved him, and, between Phil's manly pleading and Emily's open perferment, the same old banker was slightly puzzled.

Only once he thought of a death-bed, where he had made a solemn promise to Philip's father, the friend to whom he owed most of his own prosperity, to watch over his only son with a tenderness and love that should repay him for the guiding hand that death had taken from him.

But that was years ago, and a great commercial crisis had swept away Phil's fortune. Was it not his duty to provide for his daughter a husband rich enough to match the Bulbous brown-stone front, and bank stock, and liveried equipage?

And yet he could not help feeling that Phil's true worth and manliness would do more for his daughter's happiness than all the wealth and jewels, and what he knew was the false glitter and show of fashionable life, that he could bestow upon her.

But then Phil was only an author, a rising one certainly; but, if the nineteenth century liberality of publishers has done away with the romance of poetic alliesand dyspeptic misery of fifth-rate boarding-houses, it has not made authors millionaires.

Possibly, it will do so in the future. It is to be hoped so!

"I am afraid your income is not large enough to support a wife," the banker said, at last, seeing the necessity for saying something.

"My income is over a thousand a year, sir."

Mr. Bulbous smiled grimly. "About half as much as Emily spends in a year for pin money," he said, brusquely.

"But I am rising in my profession, sir, and Emily has promised to wait—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Bulbous; "your income will never be any larger. Everybody writes stories now-a-days. Why, bless you, Phil, I could do it myself easily."

I find it very much the custom for people, who know nothing about authorship, to imagine that it is a flower-strewn path, with unlimited greenbacks and undying laurels at convenient distances.

But one that travels it knows better.

Certainly, there are laurels and roses, and genius plucks them.

Ah! but the thorns! the thorns!

Phil smiled a little at the banker's assertion. He was thinking of his own experience as an amateur.

"You are certain of this?" he asked, quietly.

"Certain of it? of course, I am." This a little indignantly.

Phil's eyes sparkled mischievously, as he thought of the figure the portly old banker would cut in an editorial sanctum.

"I hope you don't doubt my ability?"

"Of course not, only I should—"

"I'll write a story this very day," said Bulbous, desperately, now thoroughly aroused by Philip's incredulty. "If it isn't accepted before night, I'll give you—"

"Give me your daughter."

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"If I win, you must withdraw your claim to her forever," said the banker, thinking he had disposed of another suitor.

Phil's face paled a little, and pretty Emily clasped her white hands imploringly, but he answered firmly, "I accept the offer."

"I think I will write a little sketch after the manner of Dickens," the banker said to himself, as the lovers sauntered out slowly into the long walks of the conservatory; "something that will be above the blood and thunder style of ordinary romance."

But half an hour's attempt, with frequent extracts from Oliver Twist, convinced him that the task was hopeless. In five minutes he could have written something that would have startled half the brokers, from Trinity Church to Wall street ferry, out of their senses. But to write Dickens, that was impossible. Then he ordered some porter, and, four hours later, emerged from the library, with half a dozen sheets of manuscript that was to make him famous.

So he imagined.

"I think I will take it to Harpers," he said, as he ordered the carriage.

A long ride and a short walk took him over the busy streets, through the great counting-room, and up the winding stairs to the editorial sanctum. "Mr. Bulbous," he said, pompously, as he entered and presented his manuscript, with an air of condescension.

The editor did not seem very much awed by his august presence. So he repeated the name.

"Ah! yes; from Minnesota, ain't you?"

The banker looked horrified. "I never expected to find such ignorance, especially in an editor," he thought, indignantly.

"I really don't think we can use your article," the editor said, returning it. The great banker went out, mentally resolving to start an opposition magazine, and crush out Harpers' past all redemption.

"After all, one can't expect to get into the magazines at first," he said, after he had consoled himself with lobster salad and a sherry cobler. "I'll try some of the weekly papers."

"Oh! a manuscript. You can call in the course of a week or two, and we will give you an answer."

"Couldn't you examine it now?" asked the banker, who began to think he had fallen among the Philistines.

"Impossible, sir. Must take your chance with a hundred others."

"But Phil—Philip Graham, he—"

"Is one