FARM AND GARDEN.

Grafting the Grapevine, and Other Topics of Interest.

Grafting the Grapevine.

Numerous inquiries have been made this spring as to the method of grafting the grapevine, but too late for a reply to be given in time to be useful this season. Some of the writers propose to take wild grapevines, and use them as stocks upon which to graft desirable varieties. This would be very poor economy. An old vine of any kind is rarely worth removing, and least of all, a wild one. Such vines are poorly furnished with roots, and would make very poor stocks. If one already has an old vine of a poor variety, and wishes to graft it with a more desirable kind, he can do so by digging down and inserting the cions below the surface of the ground. The proper season for this operation is in the fall, when vegetation is at rest. If the old root is in a healthy condition, a very vigorous growth will follow. Another method of grafting is to insert the cion in a strong cane, or branch of the vine, selecting one that may be bent down, and have the union of stock and cion, with a joint or two of the cane, covered with soil The method known as whip-grafting is employed, the cion and stock being held together by a tie, instead of wax. The grafted cane is then laid in a shallow trench, in such a manner that a bud or two of the cion will be above ground. This, it will be seen, is a combination of layering and grafting. The cion is nourished at first by the old vine, but in the course of the season, the buried portion of the cane will produce abundant roots, and in the fall may be separated from the parent plant. This operation should be performed early in spring, before there is danger of copious "bleeding," which might prevent the union. It may also be done upon the new growth, after the shoots of the season have become sufficiently matured, in this case using cions of similar new growth. This method with new wood we have not tried, but it is said to be successful. Nearly all of our hardy grapes are grown so readily from cuttings, and come into bearing so soon, that this is the usual and least troublesome manner of propagating them.

Hiving Bees.

Some apiarists practice clipping one wing of each queen. Then when a swarm issues from the hive, she cannot follow, but crawls about upon the ground in front of the hive. The bee-keeper catches, cages, and lays her aside in the shade, moves the old hive to a new location, and by the time the swarm has decided to return, because it has no queen, he has a new hive similar in appearance to the old one, upon the old stand, and the bees, taking it for their old home, enter it, and while they are going in, the queen is allowed to run in with them. Thus the bees hive themselves without being allowed to even cluster. An objection to this method is, that queens are sometimes lost in the grass. When a swarm of bees returns, it may enter the wrong hive, and if it makes no mistake in this direction, it occasionally clusters all over the outside of the hive, and remains there a long time before entering. If the queen is allowed to enter the hive too soon, she may come out again, thinking, perhaps, that she has not "swarmed," and the bees follow her. There are some indications that clipped queens are regarded by the bees with dissatisfaction, and are thus superseded. A queen that is lost can often be found by looking for the little knot of bees that usually accompanies her. If a swarm attempts to enter the wrong hive, a sheet can be thrown over the hive. If a queen is not given to a swarm until the bees begin to show signs of uneasiness, she is not apt to leave the hive. When the queen is unclipped, a swarm will usually soon cluster upon the branch of some tree. As the cluster begins to form, it should be noticed whether it is in a favorable location for removal. If it is where several branches cross, some of them should be cut away with the knife or pruning shears, leaving but one branch for the bees to cluster upon. If the bees are slow in clustering, and more swarms are momentarily expected, their movements can be hastened by sprinkling them with water, using a fountain pump.

Specimen Orchards.

Of all classes of business men, fruit-growers should be the slowest to take things from hearsay. Nothing but demonstrable facts should satisfy them. Their business is dealing with "futures," too far remote to be trifled with. They plant trees to bear fruit, not next autumn, like a field of corn, but five or trenty years from now. Hence they must be very sure that the tree they plant this spring is not only of the best age and shape, but of the variety best adapted to their purpose. How are they to know this? Only in one way—by actual experiment. A grower sees a beautiful specimen of fruit, and finds it highly recommended. The fruit pleases him; as a specimen it seems perfect; but unfortunately it was grown many miles away, or in another state, and how is he to know it will succeed on his farm? The soil may be different, perhaps the climate is also. His only sure way will be, to buy five or ten trees, plant them in a specimen orchard and see. In due time he will know whether to plant that variety by the hundred, or dig up the trees he has. If every one of his neighbors also had a few trees on trial, their united testimony would be conclusive for that locality. This should apply to small fruits as well. The "Big Bob" may be the biggest of strawberries, but how can we know it is the best for us, if not by actual trial? Let each grower set apart a plot of ground for a specimen orchard, and each year add several new varieties. Give an average amount of care and cultivation, and carefully note the growth, habit and peculiarities of the trees, and finally the fruit of each. The writer has such an orchard of trees, gathered from four States. It comprises new varieties and "promising seedlings." The trees are not yet large enough to bear, but if the future profits equal the present pleasure of comparing the different trees, the venture will be a very satisfactory one, to say nothing of the information gained.

The Jersey Cattle Boom.

The leading aim of the best breeders now seems to be to breed for the butter record. This is so much the case, that the great majority of Jersey cows that have a record below fourteen pounds of butter a week, are comparatively cheap, while those with a record of fourteen pounds a week, upwards to twenty-five and thirty pounds a week, are comparatively high. Those at the top of the scale are sought for and bring fabulous prices, or what would be called such a few years ago. Great emphasis is put upon their butter record, and the conditions of the tests, as to rations and previous feed of cow, continually grow more precise and satisfactory. The aim is, to show the value of a given animal on a specified value of rations, as a machine for making butter, or what the cow will do on grass alone, in flush feed. These tests are made under the supervision of the American Jersey Cattle Club, or under the direction of such witnesses as secure impartially and give entire confidence in their correctness. These butter records of the Jerseys are quite remarkable, compared with the average yield of other cows. They are remarkable especially, as showing the prepotency of bulls.—*American Agriculturist.*

Minor Topics.

It is said that the Baldwin apple has seven synonyms, the Fallawater seventeen, and some others as many as thirty different names.

It is said that eggs from hens in close confinement seldom hatch well. It is also advisable in selecting fowls to breed from not to take the largest.

Half a pint of sunflower seeds given to a horse with his other food each morning and night will keep him in good health and spirits and his hair will be brighter. Horses soon become very fond of the sunflower seeds.

There is no better investment for farmers than in draft horses. They are as much a staple in the markets as wheat, pork or coffee, and can as quickly be turned into cash.

An experienced dairyman says: "Never churn your cream till the butter comes in chunks as big as your fist. Stop churning when the butter grains are twice the size of a pin head. Such butter has good grain and brings more than greasy butter."

Potatoes should be planted, as far as possible, on new soil, for natural vegetable refuse, such as grass or clover sod turned under, is better than stable manure for this crop. Plow deep, so as to encourage the growth of tuber rather than of top.

From a single kernel of wheat 1,020 pounds of grain have been produced in three years in Grass Valley, Cal. The first year there were twenty-two stalks and heads, yielding 860 kernels. These were planted and yielded one-fifth of a bushel, and last season there was raised from this seventeen bushels.

For the early fattening of lambs provide small troughs in a yard adjoining the sheep fold, with entrance a little too small for the old sheep to go through, put a few oats or a little corn-meal or cottonseed meal every day. The lambs will begin to eat when three weeks old and grow rapidly.

Sheep husbandry is well worth considering on account of its peculia adaptibility for association with all branches of agriculture. A well selected flock will, in a majority of instances, add to the value of grain and grass crops, while adding in other directions to the profit side of the balance sheet.

An Ohio farmer expresses the opinion that if a person takes proper care of his land, uses clover, occasionally plowing a good crop under; keeps sheep and feeds them clover, hay and corn fodder in the barn, and spreads the manure in his fields, he can raise good crops of grain and grass without the costly commercial fertilizers.

Objections are raised to plank floors for hog houses, on the ground that they are colder than the warm dry soil. Protection over and around the hogs will keep them quiet, while they would be constantly squealing on a plank floor. Rheumatism, catarrh and lameness, from knotty legs, are also said to be caused by plank flooring.

Pasteur's Greatest Achievement.

The greatest single achievement of Pasteur was his restoration of the silk-worms in France to their normal health, after he had discovered and treated successfully the disease which he found them suffering from. The wool-worm or sheep of France was suffering, too, from a fatal disease, *anthrax*, which nobody had yet explained or found a remedy against. For quiet and practical benevolence, no act of man in France for many years equals the work of Pasteur in searching out and overcoming these two pests of the industries by which millions are supported, and the beauty of his achievement is that it seems likely to hold good for all time, and to be, as it has been, the indication for other discoveries of even greater importance. It is not likely that even Pasteur himself will make many more, for he is now 62 years old, and has never fully recovered from the paralysis which attacked him in 1868, at the close of his labors in the silk-worm regions of France. It is needless to describe what he did in this enterprise, for it has often been published and is the most romantic episode in his romantic career. He restored to its former prosperity the cocoon industry which had yielded more than 130,000,000 francs a year, but which the "pepperage" (*nebrine*) had reduced in amount to less than 30,000,000 francs. The yield had been 26,000,000 kilograms of cocoons in 1853, but in 1865 only 4,000,000,—so that the pecuniary loss in 12 years amounted by that time to $25,000,000 a year. No other achievement of Pasteur's had such immediate and beneficial pecuniary results—for now the yearly income has been restored, and not only in France, but in other countries of the silk-worm.—*Springfield Republican.*

Punishment of Falsifiers.

During the fourteenth century there can be no doubt that the companies exercised a very effective superintendence over trade and manufacture. The city records abound with the accounts of the exposure and punishment of fraud at the instigation of the companies, whose representatives seem to have used their powers of scrutiny and search with considerable vigor. Some of the cases reported with all solemnity in the "Rembrancia" are very quaint and afford a curious insight into the manners of the times. Thus in 1311 we read of scrutiny of "false hats," being prosecuted "at the request of the "hatters," with the result that fifteen black and forty gray hats were seized as false, and condemned to be burned in Chepe; while "certain other hats," of the bona fides of which there was some doubt, were "postponed for future consideration." In 1316 "the good folk of the trade of potters" denounced to the mayor and aldermen diverse persons, and especially one "Aleyn le Sopere," who busied themselves by buying "in diverse places pots of bad metal, and then put them on the fire so as to resemble pots that have been used and are of old brass, and then" the record continues, "they expose them for sale in West Chepe on Sundays and other festival days to the deception of all those who buy such pots; for the moment they are put upon the fire and exposed to great heat, they come to nothing and melt. By which roguery and falsehood the people are deceived, and the trade also is badly put to slander." The magistrates of the fourteenth century were not restricted to the dull monotony of "40 shillings or a month," and they seemed in devising penalties to have given scope to their powers of invention. For example, one Quilnogge having bought a putrid pig, which had been laying a long time by the riverside, for 4 pence, cut from it two gammons for sale, and sold part thereof "in deceit of the people." He was sentenced to stand in the pillory while "the residue of the gammons was burned beneath him." In the same way a seller of bad wine was condemned to stand in the pillory, to drink a draught of his own stuff and to have the remainder poured over his head. We may well envy our ancestors the protection of this excellent law, and sigh that the solace of its discriminating application is denied to us.—*Quarterly Review.*

Properly Packing a Trunk.

"Each dress should have its own wrap or cover, to preserve it from chafing and fading. Take fine, firm cotton cloth, something over a yard wide, cut it into squares then hem and wash the squares. They should be fine, to take no room, and weigh little; firm to keep away dust; hemmed, that you may keep the same side next the silk; and washed to do away with the bleaching chemicals, which are liable to change the color of the silk. Fold the bottom of the train back and forth in eighteen or twenty three-inch folds, so as to fit the box you have for it. The bottom now being all together, you will cover it with a small cloth or towel, to keep the dusty train from rubbing against the cleaner parts of the robe; roll the whole dress loosely to the size and shape of the box, lay it upon the white cloth, and fold the corners of the same over the top of the package, and place it in the box. Now loosen the roll and adjust it to its space, so as to favor any delicate or easily crushed portion of the dress—as Medici collars, flower garniture, embroidery, etc., relieving crowded places, and distributing the thick to the thin spots. When you come to use the robe, shake it out, and you will find it in good condition. The fold of a dress or shawl will often work up between the trays or boxes, and by motion of cars, wagons, etc., get chafed into holes; to avoid this, pin the cloth cover so it cannot jut over the box. To pack laces, fold them in blue tissue-paper or soft linen, because white paper contains bleaching acids, and discolors and decays ribbon or lace. The same is true of white shoes or gloves, and especially silver ornaments. The latter though worn every evening, retain their purity and brilliancy for months if kept closely in blue tissue-paper. Shoes and slippers should never be folded together without a cloth or paper between them, as the sole of one soils the upper of the other. Put one in the cloth, turn it over, then add the other.—*Mrs. Helen Potter.*

A Canary Bird's Bacchanal Song.

A tiny yellow-feathered canary bird stopped eating hemp seed, and began cocking its head on one side, then scratching its bill with one claw, the bird began to sing in flute-like tones, "We won't go Home 'till Morning." Every note was as true and prompt as a French music box. Despite the animated appearance of the songster, it was so unnatural to hear the roystering song of the bacchanals chanted by a canary, that the bystander looked suspiciously around to find the music box which was playing the tune. The bird belongs to L. D. Stebbins, the watchmaker, on Wisconsin street, and he explained the *modus operandi* by which the little songster acquired its surprising faculty.

He said that the bird had been bred by himself, being a common canary. The parent birds were chosen with reference to volume of voice and quality. "As soon as the bird was born," he said, "the education was begun. A mouth organ was the educator employed. Beginning thus early it was eight months before the education was completed. The bird can sing 'We Won't go Home 'till Morning,' faultlessly, but there its acquirements end. It has never heard any other song. That tune was played at the bird three times a day on an organ. It is a common canary, and is valuable on account of its superior education, insomuch that I was offered $45 for it a few days ago. Ignorant common canaries sell for $4, which proves conclusively that there is nothing lost by educating them.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Ex-Congressman Converse, of Ohio, is a capital conversationalist.

MARCH 28.

An Eventful Day in the History of the French Republic.

Most people, writes a Paris correspondent to *The New York Times*, supposed that the Ferry cabinet fell in consequence of a hostile vote in the chambers, but the *Univers* is not of that opinion; on the contrary, it asserts and proves to the entire satisfaction of the editorial staff that "it was the hand of the Almighty which pushed Jules and his colleagues into the abyss." There can be no possible doubt on this point, declares M. Veuillot; look at the date, he says, and then, if you do not believe, you must be more incredulous than Didymus. Did not the news of that disaster at Langson reach the ministry on the 28th of March, and does not the world's history show that the 28th of March is fatidical? It was on that date that the "abominable" decrees against the religious orders of France were promulgated; it was two days after the 28th of March that the Kroumir rebellion began in Tunisia; it was on—but I will quote as a curiosity and for the benefit of amateurs of datal coincidences a list of incidents connected with the 28th of March which is calculated "to make to creep the flesh of a raven," and leave conclusions therefrom to your readers:

A. D. 3.—Death of Herod the Great, who M. Renan affirms did not order the massacre of the innocents.

A. D. 35.—(See Pliny, Book IV.,) Burial, with great pomp, at Rome, of a crow which could distinctly articulate "Ave Imperator."

A. D. 58.—Beginning of the Swiss immigration into Gaul.

A. D. 198.—Death of the Emperor Pertinax.

A. D. 440.—Death of Pope Sixtus III.

A. D. 752.—Coronation at Soissons, by Zacharias, of Pepin le Bref.

A. D. 1285.—Death of Pope Martin IV.

A. D. 1477.—Decapitation, for high treason, of Murgonnet, chancellor of the duchy of Burgundy, and his accomplice, the Sire d'Imbercourt.

A. D. 1482.—Death of Mary, of Burgundy, who had vainly endeavored to procure their pardon.

A. D. 1563.—Death of the mathematician and poet, Henry Glaireau.

A. D. 1578.—Death of the Cardinal de Guise.

A. D. 1662.—Death of Pierre de Boiset, one of the original forty immortals of the Academia Francaise.

A. D. 1719.—Coronation of Ulric, at Upsal.

A. D. 1757.—Drawing and quartering of Damiens, who tried to kill Louis XV. with a pen-knife.

A. D. 1790.—Passage by the French national assembly of a law abolishing the use of that gallows which M. Paul de Cassagnac suggested on the last Monday as the most suitable form of punishment for M. Ferry's shortcomings.

A. D. 1793.—Edict of the convention against the emigres and proclamation of Gen. Dumouriez outlawing the convention.

A. D. 1795.—Capture of the Vendean chief Charette.

A. D. 1803.—Letter from the Comte de Provence to Gen. Bonaparte reserving all his rights to the throne of France.

A. D. 1809.—Death of the actor Dazincourt.

A. D. 1846.—Triumph of routine and red tape in the great speech of the legitimist barrister Berryer denouncing the electric telegraph.

Grant as a Soldier.

From an anecdotal and reminiscent article by General Adam Badeau, on the characteristics of Grant as a soldier, in the May *Century Magazine* we quote the following: "At the close of the war, the man who led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier—directness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgement, self-reliance and immutable determination.

"Grant's genius, too, was always ready; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was then prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning. . . . Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country; and he was ready, if need came, to sacrifice his countrymen, for he knew that they too made the offering.

"It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœuvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals: skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. . . . In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the ememy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left; and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own."

Andrew Johnson's Industry.

Andrew Johnson has had few equals in industry in the white house. He rose at 6, and until breakfast, which was served at 7:30, looked over the newspapers. Immediately after breakfast he went to the executive apartments, and commenced the labor of the day. First, there were bundles of letters to be read and the replies dictated to the secretaries. Applications for appointments, promotions, discharges from the army and navy, political advice, petitions for executive clemency, and innumerable other subjects were disposed of; but, before half completed, the visitors commenced to flock into the ante-rooms and thrust their cards upon him. Pardon-seekers swarmed on every hand. Former owners of confiscated property paced up and down before the door of the president's room, and females with indescribable effrontery, insisted upon immediate admittance.

After the most important business of the morning had been disposed of, the visitors were admitted one by one, and the president submittted himself to the artesian process. This lasted till about half-past 1 or 2, sometimes 3 o'clock, when the doors of his apartment were opened and the whole crowd admitted. At such times Col. Johnson, son of the president, or Col. Browning, private secretary, stood near the president and took memoranda as dictated by him on the cases of the visitors who succeeded each other with subjects for executive action, like the dense throng at a post-office window. The president's manner at such times was always pleasant, and gave confidence to the most timid. His decisions were quick, and each individual who laid his case before the president learned in half a dozen courteous words the final decision. When all had been listened to, and the halls were once more empty, the president turned again to papers on his table until 4 o'clock, the hour for dinner. After dinner he returned to his office, and there generally remained until a late hour, seldom retiring before 11 o'clock. His favorite journalists were J. B. McCullagh, better known as "Mack," of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, and Simon P. Hanscom, the editor of *The Washington Republican*, both of whom enjoyed his entire confidence, which Mr. Hanscom derived considerable profit from by aiding applicants for office.—*Ben: Perley Poore in The Boston Budget.*

Taken Without Bloodshed.

The barttered old fort (Sumter) was in possession of the Confederates, says General Rosecrans, and one night a Union soldier of the force that was holding Morris Island said he believed he would pull over to Sumter and get a brick for a relic. He had been hitting the commissary bottle pretty frequently, and was in a condition to do anything. Taking an old water-logged skiff he pulled out, and was lost in the darkness. It was a long way, and he was beginning to think himself gone up, when he suddenly entered under the shadows of the walls, and heard click, "Who goes there?" Standing up as well as he could in the boat, he threw up both hands and cried, "Yank."

"What do you want, Yank?"

"Want one o' them bricks."

"You got one in your hat now."

"You bet I have, but I want another."

"All right; come ashore and get one."

"He landed, walked up a short distance, and, sobered up by this time, took the first brick he found, and started back in quick order for the boat.

"Say, Yank, are all you uns drunk over there?"

"Pretty much; how is it with you?"

"Some of us air, and some us ain't. Good night, Yank."

"Good night, Johnnie."

"That man," continued the General, with a quick twinkle in his eyes, "that man, if he is alive to-day and has the brisk imagination of some men I know, is telling his children how he arrived at Fort Sumter one stormy night, and in a terrified single-handed combat with forty rebels, killed thirty-nine and brought the fortieth away badly wounded."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, doesn't weigh as much as a barrel of sugar, but the girls say he is nevertheless a big spooner.

Phantom Ships.

We are not surprised that the ancient mariners peopled the sea, in their quaint mythology, with imaginary creatures, or invested the most common things and occurrences with prognostic influences. Following them with their sea-faring delusions, came the monks of the Middle Ages, pretending to chronicle, with scrupulous accuracy, saintly interpositions at sea, etc., etc. The sailors were excusable, on account of their ignorance and credulity, but the same apology cannot be offered in behalf of the monks. It is not our purpose, in this article, to enumerate the superstitions, and still less to speak of the curious legends, only in so far as they may be directly connected with the title of our article.

In a very rare book entitled "Otia Imperialia," written by Gervase of Tilbury, in 1211, is a very odd story, related with all the soberness of fact. In substance it is as follows:

As the people were coming out of a church in England, on a dark, cloudy day, they saw a cable dangling from the clouds, and, upon examination, found attached to it a ship's anchor which had caught in a heap of stones. Suddenly the cable became taut, as if an unseen crew were trying to haul it up, while clamorous orders issued from the clouds overhead. To their surprise a sailor came sliding down the cable, and was suffocated by the thick atmosphere in the presence of the gaping crowd. His shipmates cut the cable and sailed away. The anchor which they left behind them was made into fastenings and ornaments for the door of the nearest church. Whether they still exist, in commemoration of the wonderful event, we are not prepared to say.

The phantom ship was an object of firm belief to the Norman fishermen, and would be driven into port whenever the prayers for the souls of their lost kinsmen had failed to be efficacious. In "Credulities Past and Present," is an account of what would follow such a mysterious visitation. The widows and children and friends of the seamen who were supposed to have been drowned, would rush to the quay. Cries of recognition would arise, but no returning cry from the crew. The bells would sound the hour of midnight, and the fog would steal over the sea, amid which the vessel would disappear. Amidst the sobs and cries of the spectators of the phantom ship the warning voice of the priest would be heard: "Pay your debts! Pray for the lost souls in Purgatory!"

There is a legend of a Herr Von Falkenbeg who was condemned to beat about the ocean until the Day of Judgment, on board a ship without a helm or steersman, playing at dice for his soul with the devil. It was common for seamen who traversed the German Ocean to declare that they had met the phantom ship. Some legend of the kind suggested to Coleridge his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." There is a spectre ship in it, and dice are thrown for the souls of the crew.

> Her lips were red, her looks were free,
> Her locks were yellow as gold;
> Her skin was white as leprosy,
> The night-mare Life-in-death was she,
> Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The Flying Dutchman was a name given to one of these phantom ships. It scudded before the wind under a heavy press of sail, when other ships were afraid to show an inch of canvas. She was generally declared to have been seen in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, and was always regarded as the worst of all possible omens. Her crew committed some atrocious crime; the plague broke out among them; no harbor would consent to shelter them; the apparition of the ship still haunts the seas in which the crimes were perpetrated, etc. The superstition originated with the Dutch, though the English sailors put the most faith in the legend. Sir Walter Scott alluded to the ship as a harbinger of wo:

> Or, of that phantom ship whose form
> Shoots like a meteor through the storm.
> * * * * *
> Full spread and crowded every sail
> The demon-frigate braves the gale,
> And well the doomed spectators know
> The harbinger of wreck and wo!

It was probably no uncommon occurrence in early times for seafarers to fall in with ships abandoned to the winds and waves, with corpses on board. Such instances may have suggested the legends. On the other hand they may have had their origin in the looming up, or apparent suspension in the air, of some ship out of sight—a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sea, and caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

We close our article with a Cornish tradition of a phantom ship as related by Mr. Hunt:

One night a gig's crew was called to go to the westward of St. Ive's Head. No sooner was one boat launched, than several others put off from the shore, and a stiff chase was maintained, each one being eager to get to the ship, and she had the appearance of a foreign trader. The hull was clearly visible; she was a schooner-rigged vessel with a light over her bows. Away they pulled, and the boat which had been first launched still kept ahead by dint of mechanical power and skill. All the men had thrown off their jackets to row with more freedom. At length the helmsman cried out, "Stand ready to board her!" The sailor rowing the bow-oar, slipped it out of the row-lock and stood on the forethwart, taking his jacket on his arm, ready to spring aboard. The vessel came so close to the boat that they could see the men, and the bow-oar man made a grasp at the bulwarks. His hand found nothing solid, and he fell, being caught by one of his mates, back into the boat, instead of into the water. Then ship and lights disappeared. The next morning the *Neptune* of London, Captain Richard Grant, was wrecked at Gwithian, and all on board perished.—*Frank H. Stauffer, in Chicago Current.*

Overheard on the telephone between St. Petersburg and London: "Look here, Czar, you are Russian things too much, you just tell your men to Komoroff from Penjdeh." "Don't you worry, Gladstone, this 's Ameer joke. Don't you get too Bombaystic about it. We've made up our minds Tirpul along still further."—*Attleboro Advocate.*