PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"There are twenty men on deck to tell the story," replied the captain, "and the old Catholic priest, to boot, for he stood by me the whole time I was on deck. The men said that some accident would happen; and in the morning watch, on sounding the well, we found four feet of water. We took to the pumps, but it gained upon us, and we went down, as I have told you. The mate says that the vessel is well known—it is called the Flying Dutchman."

Philip made no remarks at the time, but he was much pleased at what he had heard. "If," thought he, "the Phantom Ship of my poor father appears to others as well as to me, and they are sufferers, my being on board can make no difference. I do but take my chance of falling in with her, and do not risk the lives of those who sail in the same vessel with me. Now my mind is relieved, and I can prosecute my search with a quiet conscience."

The next day Philip took an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Catholic priest, who spoke Dutch and other languages as well as he did Portuguese. He was a venerable old man, apparently about sixty years of age, with a white flowing beard, mild in his demeanor, and very pleasant in his conversation.

When Philip kept his watch that night, the old man walked with him, and it was then, after a long conversation, that Philip confided to him that he was of the Catholic persuasion.

"Indeed, my son, that is unusual in a Hollander."

"It is so," replied Philip; "nor is it known on board—not that I am ashamed of my religion, but I wish to avoid discussion."

"You are prudent, my son. Alas! if the reformed religion produces no better fruit than what I have witnessed in the East, it is little better than idolatry."

"Tell me, father," said Philip—"they talk of a mysterious vision—of a ship not manned by mortal men. Did you see it?"

"I saw what others saw," replied the priest; "and certainly, as far as my senses would enable me to judge, the appearance was most unusual—I may say supernatural; but I had heard of this Phantom Ship before, and moreover that its appearance was the precursor of disaster."

The Batavia waited a few days at St. Helena, and then continued her voyage. In six weeks Philip again found himself at anchor in the Zuyder Zee, and having the captain's permission, he immediately set off for his own home, taking with him the old Portuguese priest Mathias, with whom he had formed a great intimacy, and to whom he had offered his protection for the time he might wish to remain in the Low Countries.

Again he was united to his dear Amine.

CHAPTER XIII.

About three months later Amine and Philip were seated upon the mossy bank which we have mentioned, and which had become their favorite resort. Father Mathias had contracted a great intimacy with Father Seysen, and the two priests were almost as inseparable as were Philip and Amine. Having determined to wait a summons previous to Philip's again entering upon his strange and fearful task, and, happy in the possession of each other, the subject was seldom revived. Philip, who had, on his return, expressed his wish to the directors of the company for immediate employment, had, since that period, taken no further steps, nor had any communication with Amsterdam.

All at once Philip felt something touch his shoulder, and a sudden chill ran through his frame. In a moment his ideas reverted to the probable cause; he turned round his head, and, to his amazement, beheld the (supposed to be drowned) pilot of the Ter Schilling, the one-eyed Schriften, who stood behind him with a letter in his hand. The sudden appearance of this malignant wretch induced Philip to exclaim:

"Merciful Heavens! is it possible?"

Amine, who had turned her head round at the exclamation of Philip, covered up her face, and burst into tears. It was not fear that caused this unusual emotion on her part, but the conviction that her husband was never to be at rest but in the grave.

"Philip Vanderdecken," said Schriften, "he! he! I've a letter for you; it is from the company."

"I thought," said he, "that you were drowned when the ship was wrecked in False Bay. How did you escape?"

"How did I escape?" replied Schriften. "Allow me to ask how did you escape?"

"I was thrown up by the waves," replied Philip; "but—"

"But," interrupted Schriften, "he! he! the waves ought not to have thrown me up."

"And why not, pray? I did not say that."

"No! but I presume you wish it had been so; but, on the contrary, I escaped in the same way that you did—I was thrown up by the waves; he! he! but I can't wait here. I have done my bidding."

"Stop," replied Philip; "answer me one question. Do you sail in the same vessel with me this time?"

"I'd rather be excused," replied Schriften; "I am not looking for the Phantom Ship, Mynheer Vanderdecken;" and with this reply, the little man turned round and went away at a rapid pace.

"Is not this a summons, Amine?" said Philip, after a pause, still holding the letter in his hand, with the seal unbroken.

"I will not deny it, dearest Philip. It is most surely so; the hateful messenger appears to have risen from the grave that he might deliver it. Forgive me, Philip; but I was taken by surprise. I will not again annoy you with a woman's weakness."

"My poor Amine," replied Philip, mournfully. "Alas! why did I not perform my pilgrimage alone? It was selfish of me to link you with so much wretchedness, and join you with me in bearing the fardel of never-ending anxiety and suspense."

"And who should bear it with you, my dearest Philip, if it is not the wife of your bosom? You little know my heart if you think I shrink from the duty. No, Philip, it is a pleasure, even in its most acute pangs; for I consider that I am, by partaking with, relieving you of a portion of your sorrow, and I feel proud that I am the wife of one who has been selected to be so peculiarly tried. But, dearest, no more of this. You must read the letter."

Philip did not answer. He broke the seal, and found that the letter intimated to him that he was appointed as first mate to the Vrow Katerina, a vessel which sailed with the next fleet; and requesting he would join as quickly as possible, as she would soon be ready to receive her cargo. The letter, which was from the secretary, further informed him that, after this voyage, he might be certain of having the command of a vessel as captain, upon conditions which would be explained when he called upon the board.

"I thought, Philip, that you had requested the command of a vessel for this voyage," observed Amine, mournfully.

"I did," replied Philip, "but not having followed up my application, it appears not to have been attended to. It has been my own fault."

"And now it is too late."

"Yes, dearest, most assuredly so; but it matters not; I would as willingly, perhaps rather, sail this voyage as first mate."

"Philip, I may as well speak now. That I am disappointed, I must confess; I fully expected that you would have had the command of a vessel, and you may remember that I exacted a promise from you on this very bank upon which we now sit. That promise I shall still exact, and I now tell you what I had intended to ask. It was, my dear Philip, permission to sail with you. With you I care for nothing. I can be happy under every privation or danger; but to be left alone for so long, brooding over my painful thoughts, devoured by suspense, impatient, restless and incapable of applying to any one thing—that, dear Philip, is the height of misery, and that is what I feel when you are absent. Recollect, I have your promise, Philip. As captain you have the means of receiving your wife on board. I am bitterly disappointed in being left this time; do, therefore, to a certain degree console me by promising that I shall sail with you next voyage, if Heaven permit your return."

"I promise it, Amine, since you are so earnest. I can refuse you nothing; but I have a foreboding that yours and my happiness will be wrecked forever. I am not a visionary, but it does appear to me that strangely mixed up as I am, at once with this world and the next, some little portion of futurity is opened to me. I have given my promise, Amine, but from it I would fain be released."

"And if ill do come, Philip, it is our destiny. Who can avert fate?"

"Amine, we are free agents, and to a certain extent are permitted to direct our own destinies."

"Ay, so would Father Seysen fain have made me believe; but what he said in support of his assertion was to me incomprehensible. And yet he said that it was part of the Catholic faith. It may be so—I am unable to understand many other points. I wish your faith were made more simple. As yet the good man—for good he really is—has only led me into doubt."

"Passing through doubt, you will arrive at conviction, Amine."

"Perhaps so," replied Amine; "but it appears to me that I am as yet but on the outset of my journey. But come, Philip, let us return. You must go to Amsterdam, and I will go with you. After your labors of the day, at least until you sail, your Amine's smiles must still enliven you. Is it not so?"

"Yes, dearest, I would have proposed it. I wonder much how Schriften could come here. I did not see his body, it is certain; but his escape is to me miraculous. Why did he not appear when saved? where could he have been? What think you, Amine?"

"What I have long thought, Philip. He is a ghoul with an evil eye, permitted for some cause to walk the earth in human form, and is certainly, in some way, connected with your strange destiny. If it requires anything to convince me of the truth of all that has passed, it is his appearance—the wretched Afrit! Oh, that I had my mother's powers—but I forget, it displeases you, Philip, that I ever talk of such things, and I am silent."

Philip replied not; and, absorbed in their own meditations, they walked back in silence to the cottage. Although Philip had made up his own mind, he immediately sent the Portuguese priest to summon Father Seysen, that he might communicate with them and take their opinion as to the summons he had received. Having entered into a fresh detail of the supposed death of Schriften, and his reappearance as a messenger, he then left the two priests to consult together, and went upstairs to Amine. It was more than two hours before Philip was called down, and Father Seysen appeared to be in a state of great perplexity.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My son," said he, "we are much perplexed. We had hoped that our ideas upon this strange communication were correct, and that, allowing all that you have obtained from your mother and have seen yourself to have been no deception, still that it was the work of the Evil One, and, if so, our prayers and masses would have destroyed this power. We advised you to wait another summons, and you have received it. The letter itself is of course nothing, but the reappearance of the bearer of the letter is the question to be considered. Tell me, Philip, what is your opinion on this point? It is possible he might have been saved—why not as well as yourself?"

"I acknowledged the possibility, father," replied Philip; "he may have been cast on shore and have wandered in another direction. It is possible, although anything but probable; but since you ask me my opinion, I must say candidly that I consider he is no earthly messenger; nay, I am sure of it. That he is mysteriously connected with my destiny is certain. But who he is and what he is, of couse I cannot tell."

"Then, my son, we have come to the determination, in this instance, not to advise. You must act now upon your own responsibility and your own judgment. In what way soever you may decide, we shall not blame you. Our prayers shall be that Heaven may still have you in its holy keeping."

"My decision, holy father, is to obey the summons."

"Be it so, my son; something may occur which may assist to work out the mystery—a mystery which I acknowledge to be beyond my comprehension, and of too painful a nature for me to dwell upon."

Philip said no more, for he perceived that the priest was not at all inclined to converse. Father Mathias took this opportunity of thanking Philip for his hospitality and kindness, and stated his intention of returning to Lisbon by the first opportunity that might offer.

(To be continued.)

Strange Underground Chapel.

Prayer meetings are often held in the underground galleries of Great Britain's colliery districts, but there is probably only one mine where an apartment has been excavated and set aside exclusively as a place of worship. This strange sanctuary is to be found in the Myndd Newydd Colliery, about three miles out of the town of Swansea. The underground chapel dates back for more than half a century, and every morning since its inauguration the workers in the colliery have assembled together in this remarkable and novel edifice to worship God. The chapel is situated close to the bottom of the shaft so that the miners, on descending the pit, can go to worship before they proceed to their various stations. The apartment is strangely lacking in ornamentation and adornment. The pillars and the beams which support the roof are of rough wood, and a disused coal trolley turned on end, does duty as a pulpit. The only light in the sanctuary is given by a Davy safety lamp hung by a rope from the ceiling. The miners sit upon rough wooden forms placed across the chapel from side to side, and the oldest workman at the colliery performs the duties of pastor. He reads a chapter from the Bible, and then offers up a prayer, asking God to be with the men in their daily labors. The service generally concludes with some grand old Welsh hymn, sung heartily by all the worshipers, without instrumental aid. The Bible, from which the daily portion is read, is kept especially for chapel use, and is placed during the day in a covered box fixed inside the upturned trolley.

Moaning at a Wedding.

A mountain wedding took place near Batesville, Va., a few days ago, when Miss Estelle Clemmons became Mrs. Ben Lathers. About 100 guests were present. A rejected suitor of Miss Clemmons was among the guests and he wore a broad band of crape on his arm. During the ceremony the jilted man and his sympathizers expressed their sense of bereavement by low sorrowful moaning.

It sometimes happens when a pretty girl poses before the mirror that she believes she can never love another.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A STOUT GRASP" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Second Book of Samuel, Chapter xxiii, Verse 10, as Follows: "And His Hand Clave Unto the Sword"—David and the Philistines.

What a glorious thing to preach the Gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No, No. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences, and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest; but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the Book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the Book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the Book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle, God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun-barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A Book written near nineteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this Book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a Book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This Book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel.'" and the eloquent writer says: "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say: "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said: 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out, it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy Catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go ever so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the batte of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anaesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "O my hand. O my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of Death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him.

ANCIENT CITY IN KENTUCKY

Evidence Found Near Carlisle of a Prehistoric Town.

In the course of excavations in search of water in the vicinity of Blue Lick Springs, near Carlisle, Ky., interesting discoveries have just been reported which indicate that a large town was once located on the site in some prehistoric period long before the mastodon became extinct, thousands of years ago. The finds were buried quite deep, owing to the fact that Blue Lick Springs and Big Bone Springs are situated in quite low ground, and are subject to overflow from the Ohio every spring. Each overflow has caused the alluvial soil to cover the deposits deeper and deeper. Last summer, from some unaccountable reason, Blue Lick Springs almost ceased to flow, and the owners had to take recourse to a vein emanating from the opposite side of the river. Disconcerted at their loss, they began to cudgel their wits in the hope of restoring their lost fountain. Pumps from various places were put to work, and where formerly a vast, strong stream that would defy any known pump flowed forth, these hand pumps took the water away. In the course of the excavations they began to find at the depth of about eight feet skeletons of deer, elk and buffalo, in some the bones and horns being in a splendid state of preservation. Lower down they were astonished to come upon bones of colossal proportions, those of a monster mastodon that would tower above the elephant as the elephant does above the hog. A tusk was exhumed which must have been ten feet long. It was taken out in two sections, a part of the middle crumbling so that it could not be preserved. It is eight to ten inches in diameter, and must, to judge from the angle of curvature, have been a section midway between the points of the tusks and their articulation with a socket. Fragments of various bones were examined, all of gigantic size, and as a space of a few feet only was excavated, further work will no doubt bring to view much more of interest and value from this new mastodon graveyard. These mastodon bones were at a depth of about twelve feet. Lying immediately under a stratum of solid gravel. Just under this came the greatest surprise of all. Here at a depth of about fourteen feet a symmetrical stone pavement, evidently the work of man, man antedating the mastodon and the Indian. It was systematically laid; it had been quarried; the under side of the stones were in the rough, while the top was more smooth, just as the stones forming the pavement of little villages. There was one stone about two feet long and of four or five inches thickness that had a margin of seven or eight inches as unworn as the underside. This unworn side was evidently covered with another stone or piece of timber. This walk of the ancients to the springs was followed but a few feet, so further excavations may reveal more of interest.—Philadelphia Times.

GUARDING THE POPE.

The most important person in attendance on the pope is Pio Centra, the body servant of the aged pontiff. He is more than a privileged servant; he is a constant companion, sleeping in an adjoining chamber, with so thin a partition betwixt them that he can hear the pope's breathing. At all times, too, he can keep surveillance by the aid of a little glass window which is at the head of the bed; while by means of a telephone he is in communication with Prof. Lapponi, the doctor, who lives out of the vatican.

Besides this eminent physician there are two assistant doctors who live in the palace and have the care of the health of the 500 souls comprising the population of the vatican. In the days of Pius IX, there were many more who made their abode there.

By an arrangement between the police and the vatican authorities a window next the papal apartments is kept open during the day and closed at night with a lighted lamp behind it. The shutting of the window in the day or the putting out of the light means that something unusual has happened, and that help is required. When the pope is ill this singular sign would mean that he is dead. An Italian sentinel is constantly watching this window. This, however, did not prevent the mistake of Gen. Della Rocca, under secretary of state in the Crispi cabinet, who announced in the house the death of Pius IX. five hours before it took place.

Divorced.

Mrs. D'Cree, of Chicago—Is he her husband? Mrs. A. P. Cante (also of that place)—Well, rather her has been, I should say.—Philadelphia North American.

The flesh of alligators tastes very like veal, and is regarded as a delicacy by many people in India.