

# PHANTOM SHIP

## The Flying Dutchman.

—OR—  
BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The fleet under Admiral Rymelandt's command was ordered to proceed to the East Indies by the western route, through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific ocean—it being still imagined, notwithstanding previous failures, that this route offered facilities which might shorten the passage to the Spice Islands.

The vessels comprising the fleet were the Lion, of forty-four guns, bearing the admiral's flag; the Dort, of thirty-six guns, with the commodore's pennant—to which Philip was appointed; the Zuyder Zee, of twenty; the Young Frau, of twelve, and a ketch of four guns, called the Scheveling.

The crew of the Vrouw Katerina were divided between the two larger vessels; the others, being smaller, were easier worked with fewer hands. Every arrangement having been made, the boats were hoisted up, and the ships made sail. For ten days they were buffeted by light winds, and the victims to the scurvy increased considerably on board of Philip's vessel. Many died and were thrown overboard; others were carried down to their hammocks.

The newly appointed commodore, whose name was Avenhorn, went on board of the admiral's vessel, to report the state of the vessel and to suggest, as Philip had proposed to him, that they should make the coast of South America, and endeavor by bribery or by force to obtain supplies from the Spanish inhabitants or the natives. But to this the admiral would not listen. He was an imperious, bold and obstinate man, not to be persuaded or convinced, and with little feeling for the sufferings of others. Tenacious of being advised, he immediately rejected a proposition which had originated with himself, would probably have been immediately acted upon, and the commodore returned on board his vessel, not only disappointed, but irritated by the language used toward him.

A week passed away and the fleet had made little progress. In each ship the ravages of the fatal disease became more serious, and the commodore had but twenty men able to do duty. Nor had the admiral's ship and the other vessels suffered less. The commodore again went on board to reiterate his proposition.

Admiral Rymelandt was not only a stern, but a vindictive man. He was aware of the propriety of the suggestion made by his second in command; but, having refused it, he would not acquiesce; and he felt revengeful against the commodore, whose counsel he must now either adopt, or, by refusing it, be prevented from taking the steps so necessary for the preservation of his crew and the success of his voyage. Too proud to acknowledge himself in error, again did he decidedly refuse, and the commodore went back to his own ship. The fleet was then within three days of the coast, steering to the southward for the Straits of Magellan, and that night, after Philip had returned to his cot, the commodore went on deck and ordered the course of the vessel to be altered some points more to the westward. The night was very dark, and the Lion was the only ship which carried a poop-lantern, so that the parting company of the Dort was not perceived by the admiral and the other ships of the fleet. When Philip went on deck the next morning he found that their consorts were not in sight. He looked at the compass, and, perceiving that the course was altered, inquired at what hour and by whose directions. Finding that it was by his superior officer, he, of course, said nothing. When the commodore came on deck he stated to Philip that he felt himself warranted in not complying with the admiral's orders, as it would have been sacrificing the whole ship's company. This was, indeed, true.

In two days they made the land, and, running into the shore, perceived a large town and Spaniards on the beach. They anchored at the mouth of the river, and hoisted English colors, when a boat came on board to ask them who they were and what they required. The commodore replied that the vessel was English, for he knew that the hatred of the Spanish for the Dutch was so great that, if known to belong to that nation, he would have no chance of procuring any supplies except by force. He stated that he had fallen in with a Spanish vessel, a complete wreck, the whole of the crew being afflicted with the scurvy; that he had taken the men out, who were now in their hammocks below, as he considered it cruel to leave so many of his fellow-creatures to perish, and that he had come out of his course to land them at the first Spanish port he could reach. He requested that they would immediately send on board vegetables and fresh provisions for the sick men, whom it would be death to remove until after a few days, when they would be a little restored; and added that in return for their assisting the Spaniards he trusted the governor would also send supplies for his own people.

This well-made-up story was confirmed by the officer sent on board by the Spanish governor. Being request-

ed to go down below and see the patients, the sight of so many poor fellows in the last stage of that horrid disease—their teeth having fallen out, gums ulcerated, bodies full of tumors and sores—was quite sufficient, and, hurrying up from the lower deck, the officer hastened on shore and made his report.

In two hours a large boat was sent off with fresh beef and vegetables sufficient for three days' supply for the ship's company, and these were immediately distributed among the men. A letter of thanks was returned by the commodore, stating that his health was so indifferent as to prevent his coming on shore in person to thank the governor, and forwarding a pretended list of the Spaniards on board, in which he mentioned some officers and people of distinction, whom he imagined might be connected with the family of the governor, whose name and titles he had received from messenger sent on board; for the Dutch knew full well the majority of the noble Spanish families—indeed, alliances had continually taken place between them previous to their assertion of their independence. The commodore concluded his letter by expressing a hope that in a day or two he should be able to pay his respects and make arrangements for the landing of the sick, as he was anxious to proceed on his voyage of discovery.

On the third day a fresh supply of provision was sent on board, and so soon as they were received the commodore, in an English uniform, went on shore and called upon the governor, gave a long detail of the sufferings of the people he had rescued, and agreed that they should be sent on shore in two days, as they would by that time be well enough to be moved. After many compliments he went on board, the governor having stated his intention to return his visit on the following day, if the weather were not too rough. Fortunately the weather was rough for the next two days, and it was not until the third day that the governor made his appearance. This was precisely what the commodore wished.

There is no disease, perhaps, so dreadful or so rapid in its effects upon the human frame, and at the same time so instantaneously checked, as the scurvy, if the remedy can be procured. A few days were sufficient to restore those who were not able to turn in their hammocks, to their former vigor. In the course of the six days nearly all the crew of the Dort were convalescent, and able to go on deck, but still they were not cured. The commodore waited for the arrival of the governor, received him with all due honors, and then, so soon as he was in the cabin, told him very politely that he and all his officers with him were prisoners. That the vessel was a Dutch man-of-war, and that it was his own people, and not Spaniards, who had been dying of the scurvy. He consoled him, however, by pointing out that he had thought it preferable to sacrifice lives on both sides by taking them by force, and that his excellency's captivity would endure no longer than until he had received on board a sufficient number of live bullocks and fresh vegetables to insure the recovery of the ship's company; and in the meantime not the least insult would be offered to him. Whereupon the Spanish governor first looked at the commodore, and then at the file of armed men at the cabin door, and then to his distance from the town; and then called to mind the possibility of his being taken out to sea. Weighing all these points in his mind, and the very moderate ransom demanded, he resolved, as he could not help himself, to comply with the commodore's terms. He called for pen and ink, and wrote an order to send on board immediately all that was demanded. Before sunset the bullocks and vegetables were brought off, and so soon as they were alongside, the commodore, with many bows and many thanks, escorted the governor to the gangway, complimenting him with a salvo of great guns, as he had done before on his arrival. The people on shore thought that his excellency had paid a long visit, but as he did not like to acknowledge that he had been deceived, nothing was said about it, at least in his hearing, although the facts were soon well known. As soon as the boats were cleared, the commodore weighed anchor and made sail, well satisfied with having preserved his ship's company; and as the Falkland islands, in case of parting company, had been named as the rendezvous, he steered for them. In a fortnight he arrived, and found that the admiral was not yet there. His crew were now all recovered, and his fresh beef was not yet expended, when he perceived the admiral and the three other vessels in the offing.

It appeared that as soon as the Dort had parted company, the admiral had immediately acted upon the advice that the commodore had given him, and had run for the coast. Not being so fortunate in a ruse as his second in command, he had landed an armed force from the four vessels, and had

succeeded in obtaining several head of cattle, at the expense of an equal number of men killed and wounded. But at the same time they had collected a large quantity of vegetables of one sort or another, which they had carried on-board and distributed with great success to the sick, who were gradually recovering.

Immediately that the admiral had anchored, he made the signal for the commodore to repair on board, and taxed him with disobedience of orders in having left the fleet. The commodore did not deny that he had so done, but excused himself upon the plea of necessity, offering to lay the whole matter before the court of directors so soon as they returned; but the admiral was vested with most extensive power, not only of the trial, but of the condemnation and punishment of any person guilty of mutiny and insubordination in his fleet. In reply, he told the commodore that he was a prisoner, and to prove it, he confined him in irons under the half deck.

A signal was then made for all the captains; they went on board, and of course Philip was of the number. On their arrival the admiral held a summary court martial, proving to them by his instructions that he was so warranted to do. The result of the court-martial could be but one—condemnation for a breach of discipline, to which Philip was obliged reluctantly to sign his name. The admiral then gave Philip the appointment of second in command and the commodore's pennant, much to the annoyance of the captain commanding the other vessels; but in this the admiral proved his judgment, as there was no one of them so fit for the task as Philip. Having so done, he dismissed them. Philip would have spoken to the late commodore, but the sentry opposed it, as against his orders; and with a friendly nod Philip was obliged to leave him without the desired communication.

### CHAPTER XIX.

The fleet remained three weeks at the Falkland islands, to recruit the ships' companies. Although there was no fresh beef, there was plenty of scurvy grass and penguins. These birds were in myriads on some parts of the island, which, from the propinquity of their nests, built of mud, went by the name of towns. There they sat, close together (the whole area which they covered being bare of grass), hatching their eggs and rearing their young. The men had but to select as many eggs and birds as they pleased, and so numerous were they that when they had supplied themselves, there was no apparent diminution of the numbers. This food, although in a short time not very palatable to the seamen, had the effect of restoring them to health, and before the fleet sailed there was not a man who was afflicted with the scurvy. In the meantime the commodore remained in irons and many were the conjectures concerning his ultimate fate. The power of life and death was known to be in the admiral's hands, but no one thought that such power would be exerted upon a delinquent of so high a grade. The other captains kept aloof from Philip, and he knew little of what was the general idea. Occasionally when on board of the admiral's ship he ventured to bring up the question, but was immediately silenced; and feeling that he might injure the late commodore, for whom he had a regard, he would risk nothing by importunity; and the fleet sailed for the straits of Magellan without anybody being aware of what might be the result of the court martial.

(To be continued.)

### AN OLD TRICK

That Amazed a Group of Men and May Amaze Others.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: It was an old trick, but it amazed a good-sized group in the office of one of the uptown hotels a few evenings ago. A guest from the north, who had been amusing some friends by simple feats of legerdemain, happened to notice a short cedar plank, evidently part of a packing case, lying against wall. It was about as thick as the lid of a cigar box and perhaps a foot long. Placing it on the marble counter, so that one end projected four or five inches over the edge, he laid a newspaper across the other extremity. "Now, then," he said, "suppose some of you athletic chaps try to knock the board off the counter by striking the end that is sticking out." To all appearances the top of a finger would have done the work, but several men struck the wood resounding blows with the clenched fist, but failed to budge it the fraction of an inch. It seemed pinned to the marble by invisible weights, and a buzz of astonishment arose from the group. Finally a sturdy young fellow came down on it like a miniature pile-driver, and the cedar broke squarely in two, the line of the fracture corresponding with the edge of the desk. The other portion had not perceptibly moved, and the paper was still in place. "What's the trick about it, anyhow?" asked one of the spectators. "No trick at all," replied the amateur prestidigitateur. "It is simply the operation of a common law of mechanics. You can push off the board with the greatest of ease, but you can't knock it off. A good many of the best feats of Lulu Heart, the so-called 'Georgia Magnet,' were based on the same principle, and when she afterward exposed them in a book, the public refused to credit the explanation. They still stuck to the theory of 'magnetic force,' which was more picturesque. Anybody can perform the board experiment. All that is needed is a box lid and a table."

### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

#### "REMINISCENCES," SUBJECT FOR LAST SUNDAY.

From the Text: "While I Was Musty, the Fire Burned"—Psalm 39: 3. Benefit of an Occasional Look Backward—The Father and Mother.

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work; but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath day-break, when the bird-chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were ahum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time in looking forward. And the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clucked its fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the wheat-carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new-mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk, and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek 'mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the fields, and sit down on the door sill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley; but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or through your office, or shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I'm not ready for it. O God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the rill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal!" And though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected today; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you! This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start today as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I top them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the

Lord, ye blood-bought Immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking in the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time-beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear air you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter, until, after a while, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slipped feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer. You went to your room, and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said: "I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, the adder tongue, hissing, flashing, rushed over the brim, and you were about to put that cup to your lips. God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer and stouter of mind ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

People look down and they see it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and palm branch, and rays of light, and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some months ago I was sailing down the St. John river, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," said he, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the waters leave a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that ever was reaped." And I instantly thought: "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—"Tete d'armee"—"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life

of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" And they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity!

### IMPOSING ENTRANCE.

Built by German Dry Goods Company at Canal and Main.

The German Dry Goods company, at Main and Canal streets, has just completed a decided improvement in the construction and arrangement of its stores. This is quite in line with the management of that progressive establishment, and also adds to the improvements in that neighborhood. The company has put in a whole new front at considerable expense, which adds greatly to the beauty of the stores. Instead of having several entrances to the place, as in the past, there will now be one general entrance, 25 feet wide, which will be much more convenient to the hundreds of purchasers who throng the store daily. This entrance has a tiled vestibule and presents an imposing entrance. On each side there are four immense show windows, each 25 feet long, and two small show windows. To make a display in these windows will alone take a much larger supply of material than most stores usually have in stock. The window dressers will be at work today, and it is their intention to make one of the prettiest displays ever seen in the city. By the arrangement and the addition of the show windows considerable more sunlight is admitted to the store, at the same time giving more room to the ever-enlarging departments. All of the windows and the vestibule are to be illuminated by electricity.

### CANNOT COUNT THREE.

Primitive People of the Murray Islands

An expedition recently sent out from England to the Murray Islands has brought some interesting information about the islanders. These primitive people, it appears, cannot count higher than two. "Netat" is their word for one, and "nets" for two. When they want to say three they say "net-two" (metal-nests) and when they want to say four "two-two" (nets-nests). Higher figuring than these they express by means of their bodies. Thus they began to count from the little finger on the left hand, and proceeding thence to the other fingers, they successfully reach the wrist, the arm, the right wrist, and finally the fingers on the right hand. In this way they can count as high as thirty-one. When they want to express a higher number than this they can only use the word "gair" which signifies many. This ancient method of counting, however, is fast disappearing, thanks to the strenuous efforts which the English are making to teach the islanders the ordinary rules of arithmetic. Ethnologists, therefore, are especially glad that information about this ancient method of counting has come to them just as it was on the point of disappearing forever.

### Few Die in Tasmania.

If the statement of Harry Benjfield, a health officer in Tasmania, is exact, that country must be conducive to long life, and its cities healthy to live in. He says that the population of Hobart and its suburbs is 40,000, and that in 1898 the total number of deaths was 561, or about 14 in every 1,000. He says, further, that of the 561 persons who died, 385 were more than 65 years old, representing 9 1/2 per cent of the deaths and leaving only 4 1/2 per cent for deaths of children and all others under 65 years old. He believes he is justified in challenging any other city in the world to produce equally favorable figures, particularly the small figures for deaths under 65 years of age. Tasmania has been under British control for about one century, and a large proportion of its population is native-born of British parentage.

### Blasted Hopes.

"Mr. Schripps," said the head of the firm, "the firm is very much pleased with the work you have been doing." "Thank you, sir," he replied, and the vision of a raise grew more distinct. "Yes," continued the head of the firm, "we are very much pleased with your work, and—well, we thought you would be glad to know that you are giving satisfaction."—Philadelphia North American.

### Weyler's Forecast.

"I don't think," growled General Weyler, "that my ability as a prophet is recognized as it should be." "What's the matter, general?" "Well, didn't I predict that Cuba would eventually be pacified?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.