

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I have then seen him," said Philip, after he had lain down on the sofa in the cabin for some minutes to recover himself, while Amine bent over him. "I have at last seen him. Amine! Can you doubt now?"

"No, Philip; I have now no doubt," replied Amine, mournfully; "but take courage, Philip."

"For myself, I want no courage—but for you, Amine—you know that his appearance portends a mischief that will surely come."

"Let it come," replied Amine calmly; "I have long been prepared for it, and so have you."

"Yes, for myself; but not for you." "You have been wrecked often, and have been saved; then why should not I?"

"But the sufferings!" "Those suffer least who have most courage to bear up against them. I am but a woman, weak and frail in body, but I trust I have that within me which will not make you feel ashamed of Amine. No, Philip, you will have no wailing; no expression of despair from Amine's lips; if she can console you, she will; if she can assist you, she will; but come what may, if she cannot serve you, at least she will prove no burden to you."

"Your presence in misfortune would unnerve me, Amine."

"It shall not; it shall add to your resolution. Let fate do its worst."

"Depend upon it, Amine, that will be ere long."

"Be it so," replied Amine. "But, Philip, it were as well you showed yourself on deck; the men are frightened and your absence will be observed."

"You are right," said Philip; and rising and embracing her, he left the cabin.

Philip, on his return to the deck, found the crew of the vessel in great consternation. Krantz himself appeared bewildered—he had not forgotten the appearance of the Phantom ship off Desolation harbor, and the vessels following her to their destruction. This second appearance, more awful than the former, quite unmanned him; and when Philip came out of the cabin he was leaning in gloomy silence against the weather bulkhead.

"We shall never reach port again, sir," said he to Philip, as he came up to him.

"Silence! silence! The men may hear you."

"It matters not; they think the same," replied Krantz.

"But they are wrong," replied Philip, turning to the seamen. "My lads, that some disaster may happen to us after the appearance of this vessel is most probable; I have seen her before more than once, and disasters did then happen; but here I am, alive and well; therefore it does not prove that we cannot escape as I have before done. We must do our best and trust in heaven. The gale is breaking fast, and in a few hours we shall have fine weather. I have met this Phantom ship before, and care not how often I meet it again. Mr. Krantz, get up the spirits—the men have had hard work and must be fatigued."

The very prospect of obtaining liquor appeared to give courage to the men; they hastened to obey the order, and the quantity served out was sufficient to give courage to the most fearful and induce others to defy old Vanderdecken and his whole crew of imps. The next morning the weather was fine, the sea smooth and the Utrecht went gayly on her voyage.

Many days of gentle breezes and favorable winds, gradually wore off the panic occasioned by the supernatural appearance; and if not forgotten it was referred to either in jest or with indifference. They now had run through the Straits of Malacca, and entered the Polynesian archipelago. Philip's orders were to refresh and call for instructions at the small island of Boton, then in possession of the Dutch. They arrived there in safety, and after remaining two days, again sailed on their voyage, intending to make their passage between the Celebes and the island of Galago. The weather was still clear and the wind light; they proceeded cautiously, on account of the reefs and currents, and with a careful watch for the piratical vessels which have for centuries infested those seas; but they were not molested, and had gained well up among the islands to the north of Galago when it fell calm, and the vessel was borne to the eastward of it by the current. The calm lasted several days, and they could procure no anchorage; at last they found themselves among the cluster of islands near to the northern coast of New Guinea.

The anchor was dropped and the sails furled for the night; a drizzling rain came on, the weather was thick, and watches were stationed in every part of the ship, that they might not be surprised by the pirate proas, for the current ran past the ship at the rate of eight or nine miles per hour, and these vessels, if hid among the islands, might sweep down upon them unperceived.

It was 12 o'clock at night when Philip, who was in bed, was awakened by a shock; he thought it might be a proa running alongside, and he started from his bed and ran out. He found

Krantz, who had been awakened by the same cause, running up undressed. Another shock succeeded, and the ship careened to port. Philip then knew that the ship was on shore.

The thickness of the night prevented them from ascertaining where they were, but the lead was thrown over the side and they found that they were lying on shore on a sand-bank, with not more than fourteen feet of water on the deepest side, and that they were broadside on with a strong current pressing them further up on the bank; indeed, the current ran like a millrace, and each minute they were swept into shallow water.

On examination they found that the ship had dragged her anchor, which, with the cable, was still taut from the starboard bow, but this did not appear to prevent the vessel from being swept further up on the bank. It was supposed that the anchor had parted at the shank, and another anchor was let go.

Nothing more could be done till day-break, and impatiently did they wait till the next morning. As the sun rose the mist cleared away, and they discovered that they were on shore on a sand-bank, a small portion of which was above water, and round which the current ran with great impetuosity. About three miles from them was a cluster of small islands with cocoa trees growing on them, but with no appearance of inhabitants.

"I fear we have little chance," observed Krantz to Philip. "If we lighten the vessel the anchor may not hold, and we shall be swept further on, and it is impossible to lay out an anchor against the force of this current."

"At all events we must try; but I grant that our situation is anything but satisfactory. Send all the hands aft."

The men came aft, gloomy and dispirited.

"My lads," said Philip, "why are you disheartened?"

"We are doomed, sir; we knew it would be so."

"I thought it probable that the ship would be lost—I told you so—but the loss of the ship does not involve that of the ship's company—nay, it does not follow that the ship is to be lost, although she may be in great difficulty, as she is at present. What fear is there for us, my men? The water is smooth—we have plenty of time before us; we can make a raft and take to our boats; it never blows among these islands, and we have land close under our lee. Let us first try what we can do with the ship; if we fail, we must then take care of ourselves."

The men caught at the idea and went to work willingly; the water casks were started, the pumps set going, and everything that could be spared was thrown over to lighten the ship; but the anchor still dragged, and the holding ground, and Philip and Krantz perceived that they were swept further on the bank.

Night came on before they quitted their toil, and then a fresh breeze sprang up and created a swell, which occasioned the vessel to beat on the hard sand; thus did they continue until the next morning. At daylight the men resumed their labors, and the pumps were again manned to clear the vessel of the water which had been started, but after a time they pumped up sand. This told them that a plank had started, and that their labors were useless; the men left their work, but Philip again encouraged them, and pointed out that they could easily save themselves, and all that they had to do was to construct a raft which would hold provisions for them, and receive that portion of the crew who could not be taken into the boats.

After some repose the men again set to work; the topsails were struck, the yards lowered down and the raft was commenced under the lee of the vessel, where the strong current was checked. Philip, recollecting his former disaster, took great pains in the construction of this raft, and aware that as the water and provisions were expended, there would be no occasion to tow so heavy a mass, he constructed it in two parts, which might easily be severed, and thus the boats would have less to tow, as soon as circumstances would enable them to part with one of them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Night again terminated their labors, and the men retired to rest, the weather continuing fine, with very little wind. By noon the next day the raft was complete; water and provisions were safely stowed on board; a secure and dry place was fitted up for Amine in the center of one portion; spare ropes, sails and everything which could prove useful, in case of their being forced on shore, were put in. Muskets and ammunition were also provided, and everything was ready, when the men came aft and pointed out to Philip that there was plenty of money on board, which it was folly to leave, and that they wished to carry as much as they could away with them. As this intimation was given in a way that made it evident they intended it should be complied with, Philip did not refuse; but resolved in his own mind that when they arrived at a place where he could exercise his authority,

the money should be reclaimed by the company to whom it belonged. The men went down below, and while Philip was making arrangements with Amine, handed the casks of dollars out of the hold, broke them open and helped themselves—quarreling with each other for the first possession of each cask was opened. At last every man had obtained as much as he could carry, and had placed his spoil on the raft with his baggage, or in the boat to which he had been appointed. All was now ready—Amine was lowered down and took her station; the boats took in tow the raft, which was cast off from the vessel, and away they went with the current, pulling with all their strength to avoid being stranded upon that part of the sandbank which appeared above the water. This was the great danger which they had to encounter, and which they very narrowly escaped.

They numbered eighty-six souls in all; in the boats there were thirty-two; the rest were on the raft, which, being well built and full of timber, floated high out of the water, now that the sea was so smooth. It had been agreed upon by Philip and Krantz that one of them should remain on the raft and the other in one of the boats; but at the time the raft quitted the ship they were both on the raft, as they wished to consult, as soon as they discovered the direction of the current, which would be the most advisable course for them to pursue. It appeared that as soon as the current had passed the bank it took a more southerly direction toward New Guinea. It was then debated between them whether they should or should not land on that island, the natives of which were known to be pusillanimous yet treacherous. A long debate ensued, which ended, however, in their resolving not to decide as yet, but wait and see what might occur. In the meantime the boats pulled to the westward, while the current set them fast down in a southerly direction.

Night came on and the boats dropped the grapnels with which they had been provided, and Philip was glad to find that the current was not near so strong and the grapnels held both boats and raft. Covering themselves up with the spare sails with which they had provided themselves and setting a watch, the tired seamen were soon fast asleep.

"Had I not better remain in one of the boats?" observed Krantz. "Suppose, to save ourselves, the boats were to leave the raft?"

"I have thought of that," replied Philip, "and have therefore not allowed any provisions or water in the boats; they will not leave us for that reason."

"True; I had forgotten that." Krantz remained on watch, and Philip retired to the repose which he so much needed. Amine met him with open arms.

"I have no fear, Philip," said she; "I rather like this wild, adventurous career. We will go on shore and build our hut beneath the cocoa trees and I shall rejoice when the day comes which brings succor and releases us from our desert isle. What do I require but you?"

"We are in the hands of One above, dear, who will act with us as He pleases. We have to be thankful that it is no worse," replied Philip. "But now to rest, for I shall soon be obliged to watch."

(To be continued.)

KAFFIR'S ANTIDOTE.

Which Made Serpent's Venom Harmless.

A road party, comprising the usual gang of from fifty to sixty Kaffirs, was employed, says a writer in the London Spectator, on the construction of a road in the Tuela valley, Natal, about thirty or more years ago. In the course of their work they came upon a huge stone which it was necessary to remove, but beneath it was the home of a large black mamba, well known to the neighboring inhabitants as being old and, therefore, very venomous. The mamba is the most deadly of the South African snakes, and the superintendent anticipated some trouble over that rock. He offered a bribe for the snake's skin, and the gang "wow'd!" and sat down to "bema gw!" (take snuff). But a slim youth sauntered forward and, amid the jeers and protestations of the rest, declared himself equal to the task. He took from his neck what looked like a bit of shriveled stick, chewed it, swallowed some of it, spat out the rest on his hands and proceeded to rub his glistening brown body and limbs all over. Then taking up his stick and chanting a song of defiance he advanced with great confidence and swagger to the boulder. There he roused up the mamba, which, in great fury at being disturbed, bit him in the lip. The boy took no notice of the bite, but broke the snake's back with his stick and, bringing it to his master, asked for his reward, obtaining which he went back to his work, and the bite of the reptile had no effect upon him whatever. No bribe, not even that of a cow (better than any gold in the eyes of a Kaffir) would induce the native to disclose the secret of his antidote, which, he said, had been handed down in his family for generations. The snake was a very long one, and so old that it had a mane. It is a well-known fact that certain of the Zulus have antidotes for the more deadly snake poisons, which they preserve as a secret within their own families.

In Dire Distress.

Wearied Watkins—"I ain't had nothin' to eat for two days—!" Victim—"You told me that very same story just a week ago." "Oh, then, surely you would help a pore bloke 'at ain't had nothin' ter eat fer nine days."—Answers.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

JOY UNBOUNDED. LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Great Divine Discourses to a Multitude—His Theme, "New Springs of Joy," is Graphically Portrayed—"Thou Hast Given Me a South Land."

The city of Debrir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debrir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery sermons; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painter he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cried out: "Who is this, Hogarth? Take his trumpety out of my presence!" Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone."

Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I rise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that?

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghostliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden of any more, because they have only a hundred thousand left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any

practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advantage given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered to us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprang it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rounds it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps; the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When He comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with drops, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Tis religion can supply Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by my text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land"; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether spring of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled

in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if we once got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Savior divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things, away down in that world." And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh, Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night—Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you were lieved.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not make a choice between these two portions—between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here, and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as a brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say, "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent me here to comfort you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: If a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, which will last as many days, as there are stars included in the circle.