

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—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 Schevelling.

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 it 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 race 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 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 captains 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, built, from the propinquity of their nests, which 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 planned 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."

LAMENT OF THE WORN OUT WORKERS

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Herein is the saying true, one saitheth and another respib.—Jesus.

We are the patched and the grimed, a crew of the Pit;
'Twere a fair world if we were out of it.
At first we thought that each would have his own,
But Something took our bread and gave a stone.
O masters, this was not the world for us.

We thought that labor was the final test,
And thought that after labor there was rest;
We thought a part of all the joy of living
Would be the joy of using and of giving.
O masters, this was not the world for us.

Masters, we never had the wit to shirk,
And make the hands of others do our work;
We never learned the wisdom of the wise—
We stumbled at the all-essential lies.
O masters, this was not the world for us.

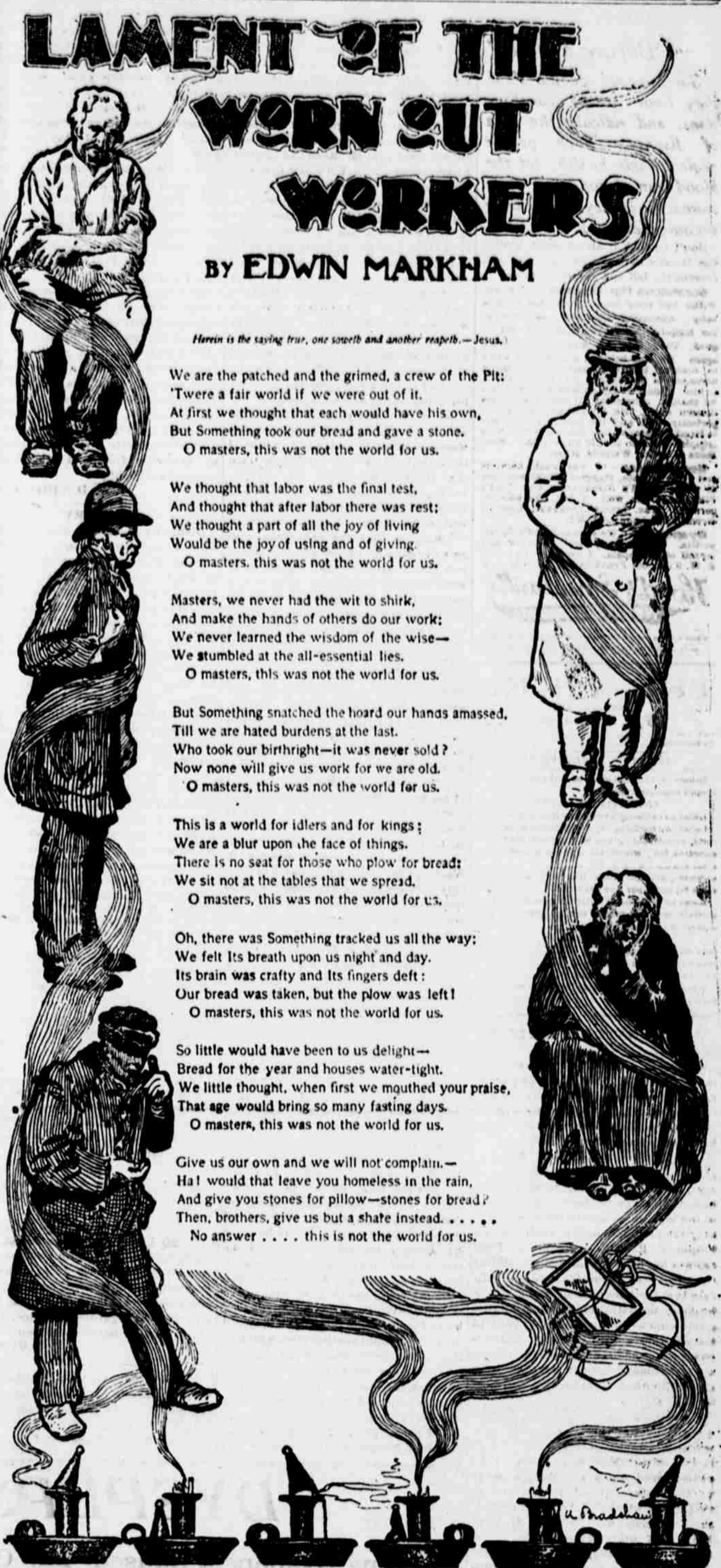
But Something snatched the hoard our hands amassed,
Till we are hated burdens at the last.
Who took our birthright—it was never sold?
Now none will give us work for we are old.
O masters, this was not the world for us.

This is a world for idlers and for kings;
We are a blur upon the face of things.
There is no seat for those who plow for bread;
We sit not at the tables that we spread.
O masters, this was not the world for us.

Oh, there was Something tracked us all the way;
We felt its breath upon us night and day.
Its brain was crafty and its fingers deft:
Our bread was taken, but the plow was left!
O masters, this was not the world for us.

So little would have been to us delight—
Bread for the year and houses water-tight.
We little thought, when first we mouthed your praise,
That age would bring so many fasting days.
O masters, this was not the world for us.

Give us our own and we will not complain.—
Ha! would that leave you homeless in the rain,
And give you stones for pillow—stones for bread?
Then, brothers, give us but a shate instead.
No answer . . . this is not the world for us.



CATCHING A COBRA.

How the Dangerous Feat Is Performed in India.

The cobra is passionately fond of music, and is no mean critic thereof. If there be any instrument that it loves more than another, it is the violin. It is this amiable weakness that sometimes renders it a positive danger to the musical householder in India. By a reciprocity of causation this love of music in the cobra works for its own destruction. For if a cobra takes up its abode in the neighborhood of a dwelling house, it is customary to send for a couple of professional snake charmers. One of them strikes up a tune near the place where the cobra is supposed to be. No matter what the creature may be doing at the time, it is soon attracted by the music; it emerges slowly from its hiding place and strikes up an attitude in front of the players. There it is kept engaged with the music till the other man creeps behind it with a handful of fine dust. At a convenient moment, when the cobra is standing motionless, this man suddenly throws the dust over the head and eyes of the snake. Immediately the cobra falls its full length upon the ground—for one brief second. But that is enough. Like a lightning flash—nay, with one and the same motion with which he cast the dust—he seizes the prostrate cobra by the neck just below the head. In fierce anger the snake winds and winds its body round the arm of its captor, but to no purpose; it cannot turn its head to bite. If it be desirable to extract the fangs at once, the captor presses his thumb on the

FLATTERY OF PUBLIC MEN.

Lincoln Stands Almost Alone as One Not Affected by It.

The London Spectator, in an interesting discussion of the dangers of flattery to public men, cites Abraham Lincoln as an instance of a public man whom flattery could not affect. It is a fact that there has seldom been an instance of a public man who was less tempted in this way than was Lincoln. The people admired him and were loyal to him. They saw his greatness sooner than did those in public life. As regards the latter, Lincoln was continually criticised and troubled by them. There was never one of their number to tell him that he was greater than Washington, or even anywhere approaching to the plane of Washington. He was continually found fault with by his own party associates at the capitol; not a few of them were inclined to refuse him a second term in the presidency, and some of them intrigued to prevent his having the trait. The saintlike patience with which Lincoln bore up under this was a beautiful trait in his character. Something made him very strong. Perhaps it was not opposition, but certainly adulation had no part in it.—Boston Herald.

An Empress' Privilege.

The Empress of Japan has the privilege accorded to none of her predecessors. She is allowed to eat at the same table with the Emperor; and he consults her in regard to political matters. The Empress is fond of horseback riding, and also exercises every day in her private gymnasium.

Strong Enough.

Lake Front—Here is another of those silly stories about a man breaking his leg by falling into the Chicago river. Such a thing is not only absurd, it is impossible.

The Only Times.

Tenant—But does the chimney always stroke like this?
Landlord—Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate.