

# 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, and, 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."

"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 pang; for I consider that I am, by partaking with you, 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 course 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 worshippers, with out 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 Luthers. 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.

## GOVERNOR OF GUAM.

### POST WHICH CAPTAIN LEARY WILL OCCUPY.

His New Duties at Guam—Captain Leary's Naval Career Dates Back Forty Years—His Experience in Samoa and Elsewhere.

Captain Richard P. Leary, United States navy, who was recently appointed by President McKinley governor of the Island of Guam, in the Ladrone group, is about to start for his Pacific island post in the auxiliary cruiser Yosemite.

Guam is the principal island of the Ladrone, which were formerly under the general government of the Philippines. There is but one town in all the Ladrone, San Ignacio de Agaña, and that is situated at Guam. The population of the Ladrone only amounts to about ten thousand souls. It consists of descendants from the Spaniards Chamorros, of Tagal settlers from the Philippines, and of a mixed race formed by the union of Spaniards and Chamorros.

In 1888 Captain Leary was placed in command of the Adams at Samoa during those troublous times, and performed a deed there that deserves to live in history.

There were two foreign warships at the time in Samoan waters—the Adler, a German vessel, and the Adams, a small and obsolete man-of-war, commanded by Capt. Leary, then bearing the rank of commander.

The two captains had several interchanges of courtesy. On one occasion the Adler steamed past the American ship, and at her foremast was a native chief, bound with stout cord to the mast. The German saluted as he passed, but no answer came back from the American ship. Soon the German came to a standstill and a boat was dispatched to ascertain why the American had not answered the salute. Upon this Capt. Leary sent back to the Teuton this characteristic reply: "The United States does not salute vessels engaged in the slave carrying trade."

Soon afterward Capt. Leary again had occasion to pay his respects to the captain of the Adler. While the war was raging between Tamasese and Mataafa the German captain made his war vessel a sort of tow boat for Tamasese's war canoes, and trained his guns upon villages occupied only by women and children. Many villages were entirely destroyed. Capt. Leary sent this just as incisive remonstrance to the Adler's captain: "Such action, especially after the Tamasese party had been represented as a strong government not needing the armed support of a foreign power, appears to be a violation of the principals of international law, as well as a violation of the generally recognized laws of humanity."

Still another vigorous protest was sent later when the crew of the Adler fired upon a canoe filled with unarmed natives. But Capt. Leary did more than protest; he performed a gallant action, which has been but little commented upon, and which has never received the recognition that it deserves.

On the morning of November 14, 1888, a messenger came to Capt. Leary from Mataafa with the information that the German warship was, in the dawn of the following day, going to bombard a stronghold which Mataafa had established on land under American protection.

That night Capt. Leary quietly got steam up without attracting the German's attention, and had his anchor chains muffled. All hands were called to quarters before dawn. At daybreak the Adler's anchors came up, and she made for the threatened fort. Silently the anchors of the Adams came up also, and to the amazement of the German the Yankee craft put after him with a full head of steam, and darted in between him and the shore. Capt. Leary cleared his ship for action and the German followed suit. A shot from either ship would now have precipitated war between the two nations. When opposite the threatened fort the German dropped his anchors, and the Yankee did likewise, taking care to get between the Adler and the shore. Capt. Leary then sent this note to the German captain:

"I have the honor to inform you that, having received information that American property in the Latogo vicinity of Lautil, Lotoanun and Solo Solo is liable to be invaded this day, I am here for the purpose of protecting the same."

The crews of the two ships stood at their guns for hours, but the German captain made no attempt to fire upon the fort. Finally he started on a cruise down the coast, but Capt. Leary followed him and would not be shaken off. The two ships came at length into harbor again, and the American had gained his point of preventing the German from firing upon the fort. Capt. Leary upheld the honor of his country's flag at a time when our government seemed to take but a half-hearted interest in Samoan affairs. He was far from cable communication, and on his own responsibility thus bravely defied and held in check a warship far superior to his own.

### Macaulay's Appalling Memories.

The late Henry Reeve, for many years leader writer of the London Times, was dining one night at a house where the other guests included Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Macaulay was at the time laying society waste with his waterspout of talk. At length, dinner being over, Sydney Smith, Reeve and a few others went away by themselves and immediately got on the overpowering subject of Macaulay. "He confounds soliloquy and colloquy," said Reeve. "He is a look in breeches!" Smith declared. "The very worst feature in Macaulay's character is his appalling memory," said Reeve. "Aye, indeed," said Sydney Smith; "why, he could repeat the whole 'History of the Virtuous Blue-Coat Boy,' in three volumes, post 8vo, without a slip." After a pause, as if of consideration, the witty divine added: "He should take two tablespoonfuls of the waters of Lethé every morning to correct his retentive powers."

### A Tax on Drinking.

A Michigan legislator proposes to make liquor drinkers pay a license of \$5 per year for the privilege of drinking.

## A WHITE WOMAN CHIEF.

### One of Two Admitted to the Indian Secret Circle.

Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse has the distinction of being the only white woman who is an Indian chief. Mrs. Converse holds the position of honorary chief of the United Tribes of the Six Nations of New York state, and with the exception of Lieut. Cushing, the Zuni explorer, is the only white person ever admitted to the secret circle of the Indians. Mrs. Converse comes of a family whose sympathies were with the oppressed. Her grandfather, Guy Maxwell, was adopted by the Indians and was adopted into the family of Red Jacket, a Seneca Iroquois, -1878, and subsequently by the nation. She visits the reservation frequently, and is always summoned to important ceremonials. In times of trouble or emergency her advice carries great weight. She has often represented her adopted people in court and before the legislature. Mrs. Converse has probably the finest private collection of Indian relics in the world. They include a full set of wampum belts, which are now in the possession of the state of New York, to form a portion of the Iroquois relics to be deposited in the contemplated state museum. She has a very rare and interesting "woman's nomination belt," which, accompanying a nomination, practically secures an election. Mrs. Converse is an author, poet and historian. According to the late General Ely S. Parker, who was military secretary to General Grant during the war and a commissioner of Indian affairs, she is the best informed woman on the rise and fall of the Iroquois Indians, their origin, the formation of their confederacy, and illustrates her lectures with pieces of prehistoric pottery, stone implements, flint weapons, bone and copper agricultural implements and other Indian relics. Her Indian name is Ga-le-wah-ouh, which means, "She watches over us."

### The Assumption of Scientists.

Canon Maccoll, a distinguished English churchman and the friend of Mr. Gladstone, is thus quoted in the London Times: "A friend of the canon's once shared the box-seat with the driver of a stage-coach in Yorkshire, and being the lover of horses, talked with the coachman about his team. One horse in particular he admired. 'Ah,' said the coachman, 'but that 'oss ain't so good as he looks. He's a scientific 'oss.'" "A scientific horse!" exclaimed the canon's friend. "What on earth do you mean by that?" "I means," replied the coachman, "a 'oss as thinks he knows a great deal more nor he does."

### Worse.

"I was sorry to do it," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but I was obliged to take notice of such gross neglect of duty. I have discharged the property man." "He was very careless," remarked Mr. Orestes Van Ham. "He forgot the prompt book twice." "It's worse than that this time. He has allowed the company to come away without its road map."—Washington Star.

## WARRANTED KIND AND GENTLE.



The Rector—"Well, Mrs. Smith, if convenient to you and to your husband, we'll say Thursday." Mrs. Smith—"It'll suit me, and so it'll suit him—he's wery tame!"