

## PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—

## The Flying Dutchman.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Amine had just returned from an afternoon's walk through the streets of Goa; she had made some purchases at different shops in the bazaar, and had brought them home under her mantilla. "Here, at last, thank heaven, I am alone and not watched," thought Amine, as she threw herself on the couch. "Philip, Philip, where are you?" exclaimed she. "I have now the means, and I soon will know." Little Pedro, the son of the widow, entered the room, ran up to Amine and kissed her. "Tell me, Pedro, where is your mother?"

"She has gone out to see her friends this evening, and we are alone. I will stay with you."

"Do so, dearest. Tell me, Pedro, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, I can—tell it me." "Nay, I have nothing to tell, but I wish you to do something; I wish to make a play, and you shall see things in your hand."

"Oh, yes—show me, do show me." "If you promise not to tell."

"No, by the Holy Virgin, I will not." "Then you shall see."

Amine lighted some charcoal in a chafing dish and put it at her feet; she then took a reed pen, some ink from a small bottle, and a pair of scissors, and wrote down several characters on a paper, singing, or rather chanting, words which were not intelligible to her young companion. Amine then threw frankincense and coriander seed into the chafing dish, which threw out a strong aromatic smoke; and desiring Pedro to sit down by her on a small stool, she took the boy's right hand and held it in her own. She then drew upon the palm of his hand a square figure with characters on each side of it, and in the center poured a small quantity of the ink, so as to form a black mirror of the size of half a crown.

"Now all is ready," said Amine; "look, Pedro, what see you in the ink?" "My own face," replied the boy.

"She threw more frankincense upon the chafing dish, until the room was full of smoke, and then chanted:

"Turshoo — turyo-shoon — come down, come down."

"Be present, ye servants of these names."

"Remove the evil, and be correct."

The characters she had drawn upon the paper she had divided with the scissors, and now taking one of the pieces, she dropped it into the chafing dish, still holding the boy's hand.

"Tell me, Pedro, what do you see?"

"I see man sweeping," replied Pedro, alarmed.

"Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more."

"Yes, he has."

And Amine muttered words which were unintelligible, and threw into the chafing dish the other half of the paper with the characters she had written down. "Say, now, Pedro, Philip Vanderdecken, appear!"

"Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" responded the boy, trembling.

"Tell me what thou seest, Pedro—tell me true?" said Amine, anxiously.

"I see a man lying down on the white sand. I don't like this play."

"Be not alarmed, Pedro; you shall have sweetmeats directly. Tell me what thou seest—how the man is dressed?"

"He has a short coat. He has white trousers; he looks about him—he takes something out of his breast and kisses it."

"Tis he! tis he! and he lives! Heaven, I thank Thee. Look again, boy."

"He gets up. I don't like this play; I am frightened; indeed I am."

"Fear not."

"Oh, yes I am; I cannot," replied Pedro, falling on his knees; "pray let me go."

Pedro had turned his hand and spilled the ink, the charm was broken and Amine could learn no more. She soothed the boy with presents, made him repeat his promise that he would not tell, and postponed further search into fate until the boy should appear to have recovered from his terror and be willing to resume the ceremonies. "My Philip lives—mother, dear mother, I thank you."

Amine did not allow Pedro to leave the room until he appeared to have quite recovered from his fright; for some days she did not say anything to him except to remind him of his promise not to tell his mother, or any one else, and she loaded him with presents.

One afternoon when his mother was gone out Pedro came in and asked Amine "whether they should not have the play over again!"

Amine, who was anxious to know more, was glad of the boy's request, and soon had everything prepared. Again was her chamber filled with the smoke of the frankincense; again was she muttering her incantations; the magic mirror was on the boy's hand, and once more had Pedro cried out, "Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" when the door burst open, and Father Mathias, the widow, and several other people made their appearance. Amine started up. Pedro screamed and ran to his mother.

"Then I was not mistaken at what I saw in the cottage at Terneuse," cried Father Mathias, with his arms folded

over his breast, and with looks of indignation; "accursed sorceress! you are detected."

About half an hour afterward two men dressed in black gowns came into Amine's room and requested that she would follow them, or that force would be used. Amine made no resistance; they crossed the square; the gate of a large building was opened; they desired her to walk in, and in a few seconds Amine found herself in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was subsequently tried and condemned to be burned at the stake as a sorceress. Subsequently she was executed according to sentence.

We must again return to Philip and Krantz. When the latter retired from the presence of the Portuguese commandant, he communicated to Philip what had taken place, and the fabulous tale which he had invented to deceive the commandant, by a story of buried treasure they had invented. "I said that you alone knew where the treasure was concealed," continued Krantz, "that you might be sent for, for in all probability he will keep me as a hostage; but never mind that, I must take my chance. Do you contrive to escape somehow and rejoin Amine."

They concocted a story of buried treasure on a distant island, and through the soldier, Pedro, readily got the consent of the commandant to accompany them. Pedro, Schriften, and other soldiers connected with the fort accompanied them in the vessels. None of these bore the commandant good-will.

The party arrived under the tree—the shovels soon removed the light sand, and in a few minutes the treasure was exposed to view. Bag after bag was handed up and the loose dollars collected into heaps. Two of the soldiers had been sent to the vessels for sacks to put the loose dollars in, and the men had desisted from their labor; they laid aside their spades, looks were exchanged, and all were ready.

The commandant turned round to call to and hasten the movements of the men who had been sent for the sacks, when three or four knives simultaneously pierced him through the back; he fell, and was expostulating, when they were again buried in his bosom, and he lay a corpse. Philip and Krantz remained silent spectators; the knives were drawn out, wiped and replaced in their sheaths. The party then set sail for home.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Years have passed away since we related Amine's sufferings and cruel death; and now once more we bring Philip Vanderdecken on the scene. And during this time, where has he been? A lunatic—at one time frantic, chained, coerced with blows; at others, mild and peaceable. Reason occasionally appeared to burst out again, as the sun on a cloudy day; and then it was again obscured. For many years there was one who watched him carefully, and lived in hopes to witness his return to a sane mind; he watched in sorrow and remorse—he died without his desires being gratified. This was Father Mathias!

The cottage at Terneuse had long fallen into ruins; for many years it waited the return of its owners, and at last the heirs at law claimed and recovered the substance of Philip Vanderdecken. Even the fate of Amine had passed from the recollection of most people.

"To be continued."

PHILIPPINE MUSIC.

## Almost All Tunes Are Pathetic and Melancholy in Tone.

Philippine music is becoming popular. Returning voyagers to the far distant islands have introduced it here. Like the Hawaiian, it is distinctive, and characteristic of the national life of the people, though without doubt an adaptation of the sweet and melancholy music of the Spaniards. Flute, violin and harp are the favorite instruments, as in the Italian, but it is not like the animated music of Italy. It is in a scene like this that one appreciates the "other side" of war.

In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. "Now, holy Virgin, protect us!—what can this be?" exclaimed the captain, in a fright. "Holy St. Antonio, protect us!—but this is awful!"

"There—there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunwale to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schriften, and the captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cable lengths' distant, they beheld slowly rising out of the water the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel.

She rose and rose gradually; her topmasts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging and, lastly, her hull showed itself above the surface. Still she rose up, till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage were above water, and there she remained, close to them, with her main yard squared and hove-to.

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