

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARYAT.

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 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:

"Turshoon — 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 a man sweeping," replied Pedro, alarmed.

"Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more. Has he done sweeping?"

"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 goodwill.

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.

But many, many years have rolled away—Philip's hair is white—his once powerful frame is broken down—and he appears much older than he really is. He is now sane; but his vigor is gone. Weary of life, all he wishes for is to execute his mission—and then to welcome death.

The relic has never been taken from him; he has been discharged from the lunatic asylum, and has been provided with the means of returning to his country. Alas! he has now no country—no home—nothing in the world to induce him to remain in it. All he asks is, to do his duty and to die.

The ship was ready to sail for Europe, and Philip Vanderdecken went on board—hardly caring whither he went. To return to Terneuse was not his object; he could not bear the idea of visiting the scene of so much happiness and so much misery. Amine's form was engraved on his heart, and he looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be summoned to join her in the land of spirits.

"When, oh when is it to be accomplished?" was the constant subject of his reveries. "Blessed indeed will be the day when I leave this world of hate and seek that other in which the weary are at rest."

The vessel on board of which Philip was embarked as a passenger was the Nostra Senora da Monte, a brig of three hundred tons, bound for Lisbon. The captain was an old Portuguese, full of superstition and fond of arrack—a fondness rather unusual with people of his nation. They sailed from Goa and Philip was standing abaft and sadly contemplating the spire of the cathedral, in which he had last parted with his wife, when his elbow was touched, and he turned around.

"A fellow-passenger again," said a well-known voice—it was that of the pilot Schriften.

There was no alteration in the man's appearance; he showed no marks of declining years, his one eye glared as keenly as ever.

Philip started, not only at the sight of the man, but at the reminiscences which his unexpected appearance brought to his mind. It was but for a second, and he was again calm and pensive.

"You here again, Schriften?" observed Philip. "I trust your appearance forbodes the accomplishment of my task."

"Perhaps it does," replied the pilot; "we both are weary."

Philip made no reply; he did not even ask Schriften in what manner he had escaped from the fort; he was indifferent about it, for he thought that the man had a charmed life.

"Many are the vessels that have been wrecked, Philip Vanderdecken, and many the souls summoned to their account by meeting with your father's ship while you have been so long shut up," observed the pilot.

"May our next meeting with him be more fortunate—may it be the last!" replied Philip.

"No, no! rather may he fulfill his doom, and shall till the day of judgment!" replied the pilot, with emphasis.

"Vile cat! I have a foreboding that you will not have your detestable wish. Away—leave me! or you shall find that, although this head is blanched by misery, this arm has still some power."

The ship had now gained off the southern coast of Africa, and was about one hundred miles from the Lagullas coast; the morning was beautiful, a slight ripple only turned over the waves, the breeze was light and steady, and the vessel was standing on a wind at the rate of about four miles an hour.

"Blessed be the holy saints," said the captain, who had just gained the deck; "another little slant in our favor and we shall lay our course. Again, I say, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy patron, St. Antoine, who has taken under his particular protection the Nostra Senora da Monte." We have a prospect of fine weather; come, signors, let us down to breakfast, and after breakfast we will enjoy our cigars upon the deck."

But the scene was soon changed; a bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that to the seamen's eyes was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration.

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 foretop were above water, and there she remained, close to them, with her main yard squared and hove-to.

(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. The liveliest strains of the Philippines are pathetic and melancholy in tone. So, too, are the titles of most of their musical compositions, as, for instance, "Los Dias Ultimos del Verano" ("The Last Days of Summer"), "The Wall of a Lost Soul," "The Approach of Autumn." The harp twangs softly, the violin bow is gently drawn, while above all floats the wail of a flute, which rises and falls in melancholy cadences. This music speaks as eloquently to the foreigner as to the native. "The Approach of Autumn" is so plaintive and sad that you can almost hear the rustle of the forest leaves, or the sighing of autumn zephyrs through the pine trees. Church music, too, is of the same plaintive character, all pitched in a minor key.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Teaching Law to Boston Policemen. Under the workings of a new rule, Boston's policemen are receiving instruction in the law. Every week a number of legal questions pertaining to matters which come under their daily observation are propounded to them, and this system of examinations is believed to have greatly improved the efficiency of the force.



Perhaps the morning never dawned on a sadder scene than on July 4th, '63, when over the blood-soaked field of Gettysburg the light began to break. Could all the history of the wounded and dead have been written never before had been such a chronicle of romance and tragedy, but it was not; only now and then a leaf, as it were, has been written and preserved—this one by an army nurse.

My hands and skirts were dabbled in blood; my heart was faint within me. For long hours I had fasted and worked; into my ears had been poured the most tender of last messages; the most heart-breaking tales.

"You ought to rest a little," said the rough but kindly voice of an old surgeon; "only, if you can stand up a minute longer—there is a case over here I want you to see. In silence I followed him to a small church building that had been turned into an hospital. Every pew was a bed of pain; blood dripped from between the altar rails; even the aisles were partially blocked with the wrecks of humanity. It is in a scene like this that one appreciates the 'other side' of war.

The surgeon led me straight to the singer's stand and pointed to a young man in shoulder straps, whose blonde curls were matted and whose beautiful blue eyes, beautiful even in their pain, roved restlessly over the walls and ceiling. He was lying flat on his back with only a prayer book for a pillow.

I saw at a glance that an arm was gone. The fingers of the other hand worked nervously.

"I can't make out whether he is in his right mind or not," the surgeon said in an undertone. "Maybe you can tell."

I knelt and laid my hand on his brow. He seemed not to have noticed me before. Now he turned a startled, wondering gaze on me. His lips moved, but at first I could not catch the words. By and by I made out: "I want Dollie. Please bring Dollie here." Again: "I will give all I have to the one who will bring me Dollie."

"Who is Dollie?" I asked, gently, still smoothing his forehead.

He looked up with almost a smile in his eyes, and asked naively: "Don't you know Dollie?"

"I am afraid I don't," I said, and I smiled a little, too.

"Dollie is my sweetheart," he answered a moment later. His face was



"I WANT DOLLIE." very grave now. "And, oh, how she cried when I came away! Poor Dollie!"

A few moments I busied myself in trying to make him more comfortable; then he broke out again: "If only I could see her just a few minutes it would be heaven on earth. Maybe she would come if she knew I am sick. I am sick, ain't I?"

"What ails me? I feel so queer and sore all over and—"

"There!" he suddenly interrupted himself—"if you look quick you will see Dollie's head up there when the light shines on that lamp. Look! Why, how natural her curls, and she smiles at me out of the corners of her

eyes—a trick of hers. Dear Dollie! She's gone now. I dreamed of her last night; dreamed that her arms were about my neck and that she was kissing me and calling me her soldier boy."

"Was she willing for you to go to war?" I asked. Like the doctor, I was not sure of his mental condition.

"Yes, willing in a way. She felt that it was right for me to go, and right is law with Dollie."

I went away then, but an hour later, having bribed a good woman over the way to let me have a pillow—her last one—I returned to his side. It seemed to me that he had failed during my absence and the troubled look in his eyes was intensified.

When I had put the pillow under his head and bathed his face, he said, gratefully:

"How very kind you are! Your touch 'minds me of mother's."

Then I knew he was watching me, but he did not speak for a long time, and when he did it was not to me:

"Father in heaven, let me see Dollie once more; please send her to me."

I could not stand either the words or the pathos in the voice. I must help answer that prayer if possible.

By and by I said: "Could you tell me where to send for



"YOU DOLLIE?" Dollie? Maybe she would come to you if it is not too far, and I should tell her how much you need her."

It was a hazardous thing to say. We did not often dare make such suggestions, for, of course, few comparatively, could come, and it did not do to raise false hopes. However, I felt confident that he could not live many hours, and his pleadings touched me inexpressibly, even amid the scene and sights surrounding.

At the question he flashed me such a look.

"Will you?"

That was all, but oh, the intensity of it! "Write to S. B. Sterling, Sterling's Corners, Pennsylvania."

I was not in the least doubt of his sanity at the moment, but before I could trace the words in my notebook, his gaze was once more on the ceiling, and he was babbling of mother and Dollie.

Reluctantly I brought myself to search his pockets, finding, strange to say, only a notebook with the name in gilt letters on the cover: "Donald Dee."

My letter was brief, only this: "Donald Dee is dangerously wounded and calls ceaselessly for Dollie."

It was a memorable Fourth of July, one never to be forgotten by the poor fellows suffering through the hot, interminable hours, or the busy surgeons and nurses, who never paused in their work of moistening hot lips, bathing throbbing brows, washing out gaping wounds, receiving last messages, "writing letters home"; in short, doing what they could when everything was to do.

As soon as possible we had the young captain removed to more comfortable quarters. His wounds were doing fairly well, but the surgeon said the shock had been too much for his nervous system; he might or might not live. "Everything, I should say, depends upon the nursing," he added, looking meaningfully at me.

"I will do my best for him till Dollie comes," I made answer, but my heart misgave me; I did not think she would come, and if she did—well, the future was veiled, as futures are apt to be.

Day by day he wasted away. Although I prepared him fairly decent

messes he scarcely ate at all; and though a real bedstead had been loaned him, with a real though somewhat dilapidated straw mattress on it, he seldom slept. Without being moody, he was not talkative. He seemed to be silently consumed by some inward longing.

"He is dying to see his sweetheart—poor boy!" was what the surgeon said, and what we all thought.

It was the evening of the fourth day after I had sent my message to Sterling Corners. Sitting by his couch, fanning him—it was intensely hot—I was startled to hear him say in a hurried whisper:

"You don't think she will get here in time?"

To give myself time to frame an answer, I feigned not to understand.

"I am afraid I will not hold out till Dollie gets here. I dreamed this afternoon that her mother was here by the bed, and she said, 'You won't have to wait much longer, Donald.' Her mother is dead, you know, and I think it means that I am soon to go."

Assuming a hopefulness that I was far from feeling I answered: "I do not so interpret your dream. I take it that you will not have long to lie here and wait before Dollie comes."

He caught hopefully at the suggestion and seemed much better all night. Early the next morning I went to see a poor boy whose end was unmistakably near and who called me "mother."

I was detained some time and as my return to my headquarters necessitated my passing where Capt. Dee was quartered, I thought to serve him his breakfast and then take an hour or two of rest.

The surgeon met me, saying: "Dollie has come and is waiting out there in the kitchen. See her and then break the news to him. He is very weak this morning."

My heart beat fast; at last I would see Dollie with her arms about her lover's neck. I could imagine just the way he would look at her; he said so much with his eyes.

I passed on the threshold of the kitchen; she was not there—no one but the cook, a strange man and a little child were in the room. Dollie must have grown impatient and sought him out; the shock might kill him.

Hurriedly I turned away, but as I did so the child sprang forward and caught my hand, exclaiming vehemently:

"Dollie wants her papa!"

In my surprise I jerked my hand away and fairly staggered backwards.

"You—Dollie?"

It was all I could say.

"Of course I'm Dollie," she answered in an injured tone, adding piteously: "I want my papa, and he wants me."

The stranger, an elderly gentleman, now interposed by handing me my own letter and saying:

"I am S. B. Sterling, Donald Dee's stepfather, and this is little Dollie, his daughter."

"Certainly—yes, I see," I stammered, and I did, though as yet dimly; it was so entirely different from what I had expected.

And then I went to Capt. Dee. He seemed restless and feverish, and I gave myself time by wetting a cloth and placing it on his head.

By and by I said: "If Dollie should come today, could you bear the joy of it?"

"I'd like to try the experiment," and a ghost of a smile flitted over his wan features. "Joy is not as apt to be fatal as either hope deferred or rebel bullets, and I know something of both of these."

Then I said: "Well, she is here."

I can no more describe the unutterable look of gladness that lighted his face than I can describe the rapture of the blest.

"Thank God—and you!"

A few moments later Dollie was covering his face and hands with kisses and he was hugging her with his one arm and calling her "sweetheart" over and over again.

For the time the grandfather and I stood apart and let them enjoy themselves, the former telling me meanwhile of the unusual affection exist-

ing between them, of how the young wife had died while Dollie was a babe and of the almost constant prayer of the child for her father's safety since he entered the army.

She was a lovely child, with her father's blonde curls and fine blue eyes.

Donald Dee did not die, and a few days later he was taken home to the mother love and care awaiting him there.

I am now grandmother to Dollie's children, for you must know Donald and I celebrated our next Fourth in a far more pleasing manner than the one a year before, and Dollie has long been my sweetheart as well as his.



THEY HUGGED AND KISSED EACH OTHER.

ing between them, of how the young wife had died while Dollie was a babe and of the almost constant prayer of the child for her father's safety since he entered the army.

She was a lovely child, with her father's blonde curls and fine blue eyes.

Donald Dee did not die, and a few days later he was taken home to the mother love and care awaiting him there.

I am now grandmother to Dollie's children, for you must know Donald and I celebrated our next Fourth in a far more pleasing manner than the one a year before, and Dollie has long been my sweetheart as well as his.