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THE PHANTOM SHIP.

"There! there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunnel 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 cables' length distant, they beheld, slowly rising out of the water, the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose, and rose gradually; her top-masts 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 was above water, and there she remained close to them, with her main-yard squared, and hove-to. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the captain, breathless; "I have known ships to go down, but never to come up before. Now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin, to save us in this trouble—One thousand wax candles! Hear me, blessed lady; ten ounces each. 'Gentlemen,' cried the captain to the passengers, who stood aghast—"why don't you promise?"—"promise, I say; promise, at all events." "The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman," shrieked Schriften; "I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken: there is your father—He! he! Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. "It is possible," thought he, "I shall now be permitted!" and Philip put his hand into his bosom and grasped the relic. The gloom now increased, so that the strange vessel's hull could but just be discovered through the murky atmosphere. The seamen and passengers threw themselves down on their knees, and invoked their saints. The captain ran down for a candle, to light before the image of St. Antonio, which he took out of his shrine, and kissed with much apparent affection and devotion, and then replaced it. Shortly afterwards the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out, "I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward." No one answered or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain, and told him that if they offered to send letters they must not be received, or the vessel would be doomed, and all would perish. A man now made his appearance from over the gunnel, at the gangway. "You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties," said he, as he stepped on deck; "where is the captain?" "Here," replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvass petticoats; he held some letters in his hand. "What do you want?" continued Schriften, "He! he!" "What, you here, pilot?" observed the man; "well—I thought you had gone to Davy's locker, long enough ago." "He! he!" replied Schriften, turning away. "Why the fact is, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home; I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape." "I can't take them," cried the captain. "Can't take them! well, it's very odd—but every ship refuses to take our letters; it's very unkind—seaman should have a feeling for brother seaman, especially in distress. God knows, we wish to see our wives and families again; and it would be a matter of comfort to them if they could only hear from us." "I cannot take your letters—the saints preserve us," replied the captain. "We have been a long while out," said the seaman, shaking his head. "How long?" inquired the captain, not knowing what to say. "We can't tell; our almanack was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never have our latitude exact nor,

for we cannot tell the sun's declination for the right day." "Let me see your letters," said Philip, advancing, and taking them out of the seaman's hands. "They must not be touched," screamed Schriften. "Out, monster!" replied Philip, "who dares interfere with me?" "Doomed—doomed—doomed!" shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter. "Touch not the letters," said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit. Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters. "Here is one from our second mate, to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay." "Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was," replied Philip. "Impossible!" replied the man; "here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place. 'The old market-place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church on the spot.' 'Impossible!' replied the seaman; 'here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketser—with moyney to buy her a new brooch.' Philip shook his head—"I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago." "Impossible!" I left her young and blooming. Here's one for the house of Slutz and Co., to whom the ship belongs." "There's no such house now," replied Philip; "but I have heard, that many years ago there was a firm of that name." "Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son—" "Give it me," cried Philip, seizing the letter; he was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunnel. "That's a scurvy for an old shipmate," observed the seaman. Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first. The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side:—"It is very hard very unkind," observed he, as he descended; "the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation; so saying, he disappeared: in a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars, retreating from the ship. "Holy St. Antonio!" exclaimed the captain, "I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the ar rack." "It will be only necessary here to observe, in explanation of this extract, and prefatory to the one we are now about to give, that the relic around Philip's neck is a piece of the cross, which, if he can succeed in carrying on board his father's vessel, and placing in his father's hands, the spell, which otherwise would keep him seeking to double the Cape to all eternity, will be dissolved. This mission he has undertaken, dogged throughout by Schriften, whose conduct in thwarting his purpose is explained below, and by the fact that he was pilot of the vessel and killed by the elder Vanderdecken, in his rage, for thwarting his purpose of beating round the Cape at the time of his impious oath and consequent judgment. The sailors, in their terror, have forced both Vanderdecken, the son, and Schriften into a boat: the rest of the tale tells itself; and it will be seen from it that Mr. Marry at revenges himself of past writers who have "stolen his best thoughts," by breaking up the flying Dutchman's craft entirely. Not a fiver has he left hanging together; not one plank a drift to float any one, adventurous enough to follow his course; so that all future Phantom Ships are to be taken but as the shadow of a shade, for.

THE PHANTON SHIP IS NO MORE!

"In a few minutes the vessel which Philip and Schriften had left was no longer to be discerned through the thick haze; the Phantom Ship was still in sight but at a much greater distance from them than she was before. Philip pulled hard towards her, but although hove to, she

appeared to increase her distance from the boat. "You may pull and pull, Philip Vanderdecken," observed Schriften; "but you will not gain that ship—no, no, that cannot be—we may have a long cruise together, but you will be as far from your object at the end of it, as you are now at the Commencement.—Why don't you throw me overboard again? You will be all the lighter—He! he!" "I threw you overboard in a state of phrenzy," replied Philip, "when you attempted to force from me my relic." "And have I not endeavoured to make others take it from you this very day?—Have I not—He! he!" "You have," rejoined Philip; "I am now convinced, that you are as unhappy as myself, and that in what you are doing, you are only following your destiny, as I am mine. Why, and wherefore, I cannot tell, but we are both engaged in the same mystery;—if the success of my endeavours depends upon guarding the relic, the success of yours depends upon your obtaining it, and detaching my purpose by so doing. In this matter we are both agents, and you have been, as far as my mission is concerned, my most active enemy. Schriften, I have not forgotten, and never will, that you kindly did advise my poor Amine; that you prophesied to her what would be her fate if she did not listen to your counsel; that you were no enemy of hers, although you have been, and are still mine. Although my enemy, for her sake I forgive you, and will not attempt to harm you." "You do then forgive your enemy, Philip Vanderdecken?" replied Schriften mournfully. "For such I acknowledge myself to be." "I do, with all my heart, with all my soul," replied Philip. "Then you have conquered me, Philip Vanderdecken; you have now made me your friend, and your wishes are about to be accomplished. You would know who I am. Listen:—when your father, defying the Almighty's will, in his rage took my life, he was vouchsafed a chance of his doom being cancelled, through the merits of his son. I had also my appeal, which was for vengeance; it was granted that I should remain on earth, and thwart your will.—That as long as we were enemies, you should not succeed; but that when you had conformed to the highest attribute of Christianity, proved on the holy cross, that of forgiving your enemy, your task should be fulfilled. Philip Vanderdecken, you have forgiven your enemy, and both our destinies are now accomplished." As Schriften spoke, Philip's eyes were fixed upon him. He extended his hand to Philip—it was taken; and as it was pressed, the form of the pilot wasted as it were into the air, and Philip found himself alone. "Father of Mercy, I thank thee," said Philip, "that my task is done, and that I again may meet my Amine." Philip then pulled towards the Phantom Ship and, found that she no longer appeared to leave him; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars, climbed up her sides, and gained her deck. The crew of the vessel crowded round him. "Your captain," said Philip; "I must speak with you captain." "Who shall I say, sir?" demanded one who appeared to be the first mate. "Who?" replied Philip; "tell him his son would speak to him, his son Philip Vanderdecken." Shouts of laughter from the crew, followed this answer of Philip's; and the mate, as soon as they ceased, observed with a smile, "You forget, sir, perhaps you would say his father." "Tell him his son, if you please," replied Philip; "take no note of grey hairs." "Well, sir, here he is coming forward," replied the mate, stepping aside and pointing to the captain. "What is all this?" inquired the captain. "Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of this vessel?" "I am, sir," replied the other. "You appear not to know me!—But how can you? you saw me but when I was only three years old; yet may you

remember a letter which you gave to your wife." "Ha!" replied the captain; "and who then are you?" "Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery, he hurries on still faster. In me, behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to save us." Philip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father. As if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees, and wept. "My son, my son!" exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Peter's arms, "my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured." Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway. "My son, my noble son, before we resolve, as we must, into the elements, oh, let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition; my son, my noble son, receive a father's thanks," exclaimed Vanderdecken. Then with tears of joy and penitence he humbly addressed himself to that Being, whom he once so awfully defied.—The elder Vanderdecken knelt down; Philip did the same; still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed. For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it. And as he kissed it, the long tapering upper spars of the Phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air, and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, everything above the deck, crumbled into atoms, and disappeared. Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued, the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; and there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and the son. Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank and, the remnants of the hull floated upon the water; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepid—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross. Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all his splendour—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming scagull again whirled in the air, and the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play, the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea.—All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved for ever, and that "The Phantom Ship" was no more.

THE QUEEN'S MISTAKE!

The Queen can do no wrong, says the "old saw," but Lord Melbourne, in the shape of a "modern instance," very unequivocally declared that the Queen may occasionally lie under a pretty considerable mistake. "The statement," says Lord Viscount Melbourne, "was, that Sir Robert Peel had required the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, not stating the extent to which he would put it in execution, but leaving it on her Majesty's mind that he meant to carry it out, to a very great extent. He did not say that the statement itself was erroneous, but that he now believed the im-

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