













THE OLD BUNK.

My father was captain of the English coast guard service for the district, so on this account, that he might be near his men, we lived on the water's edge, near the barracks, and when I had been very good he would give me in charge of Bressin, the old pensioner, who would row me about the harbor and tell me strange stories of the sea. Then we would row over to the old black bulk of the Bellona, which was chained there in the harbor many years before I was born. The masts were gone long since; the tall sides were dotted with the marks of battle and the neglect of years, which is still more destructive than the masts. Here I found this spot, Bressin would tell me how this vessel had been with Nelson and the Victory at Trafalgar. He would hoist me up and down the deck, taking loudly and pointing out to me the beauties of the old main-mast. Here I found this spot, the captain had stood; over there was the place where the shot came through that killed him—and I would fall on my knees and begin looking to see if there were remained any of the hero's blood that the rain and time had not washed away.

Bressin would take me forward and hold me over the bows so that I might admire the figurehead—a beautiful lady, with gold hair and blue eyes. The nose had gone years ago, but I had seen a certain majesty in the look even then. What a piece of art it was! Bressin agreed with me fully that it was Bressin had been nothing like it since. But, indeed, with Bressin the good old days were long passed, and he would have placed the decadence of the English navy with great exactness at 1840—the year he left it and got his pension. Yes, it was passed, and I had seen the old ship and listen to the old sailor's stories of her—stories of the times when she sped through the waters like a swan, with a merry crew and her white sails set in the breeze, a terror to the enemies of England, and a noble and poor thing; she was so helpless now. But even now there was some mystery connected with the Bellona, as I lay, a broken and useless old hulk, chained in the harbor. Bressin hinted strange things. It was known throughout the town that my father had given strict orders that no one should go on board except Bressin and myself. Yague conjectures were indulged in by more than one village gossip. There was some mystery, no doubt, an awful one.

Each time I had visited the ship I had noticed the hoist of all of the bibles, all stamped with the government seal. What the cargo was I would have given my eyes to see, but I had no longer any could contain myself no longer and so made known my suspicions to Bressin as we sat together on the quay one sunny afternoon. "Why don't people go on board the Bellona?" I asked. "Is it haunted?" "Please tell me," said the old sailor, puffing at his pipe very lazily for a moment or two and venturing his opinion that he had no doubt that there were ghosts there, no doubt whatever, such things were natural, most natural. Had I never heard the story of the "Flying Dutchman?" and thereupon he began to relate a tale of such a horrible and bloody nature that I was chilled and near to death of the phantom ship and the ghosts who had to appear by night and as sinister forms and black and clear the deck for action and act over the fight again until some kind mortal would release them from their dreadful task.

It seemed to me an awful story, but Bressin said it was true, for he had said once with a man who had seen the "Flying Dutchman" and the phantom crew. What more proof could I ask! That evening I went home in a strange state of mind. At dinner my father noticed my silence and asked me where I had been. I told him, and he inquired if Bressin had left his pipe on shore, a question which seemed to me at the time to be most singular, and only strengthened my belief in the old sailor's tale of the ghosts. My father knew the facts, too, then, but what relation could there be between ghosts and pipes? Did he wish to turn my thoughts from so terrible a home to thoughts of a pipe? Truly, I must learn more about ghosts. To-morrow I would ask the ghost, who was an authority on the subject.

That night I went to bed early, but not to sleep, visions of cloudy spirits haunted me continually. All the terrible stories of Bressin came unbidden to my mind. I began to count a hundred in hopes of bringing on sleep; it was useless. The village clock began striking the hours as I lay there awake. Eleven—twelve! I arose timidly and approached the window. There the moonlight stood the old ship; a slight mist seemed hovering around it. My breathing on the window pane had had a moment. I looked again. No; I could make out nothing. Perhaps the clock was not right, perhaps the spirits were invisible except from the deck of the ship. Truly, it was a hard, hard task to see them—no, I must be full of great ideas for the morning.

Next morning I arose rather early and immediately sought the cave of the shy—or, in plainer words the kitchen. The cook seemed rather astonished at my question. "Did she know of ghostly Faith, why shouldn't she? She was a lowly, Christian woman, and her own sister's husband, Mike Doogan, had seen ghosts often, till Father Tom McGoigle went out and laid them. I had sought the right shrine." "How did he lay them?" I asked. "Faith, I dunno; but he took two blessed candles and some holy water and spoke in Latin, and they just were laid and nigh troubled the family from that day."

"What did he say in Latin?" "Begorra! I'm no scholar. Shure, isn't Latin Latin, and isn't Latin Latin, understand! And if he can't understand some Latin, how will he know another!" The logic was irrefutable. Any Latin, then, would do. I would get my "Caesar," which I proposed to take up soon, and read that. The great question was at last solved. Now I had some idea, I don't know from what source it rose, that Sunday, being a day of holiness, would be better fitted for my undertaking, so made my preparations accordingly, but with great secrecy and care. Two wax candles, a stole from my father's vest, the rosary, Latin "Caesar" never left my pocket, and one afternoon, just at dusk, I peeped cautiously into the old Catholic church upon the hill and, finding no one there, filled a small bottle with holy water from the font near the door. Now I was perfectly equipped.

For the next two or three days I alternated between feelings of doubt and fear, but at last the Sunday came. O! how triumphant I felt as I looked around in church and thought of what a hero I was soon to become! How people would want to notice me then and not be blaming me for everything that took place, as they did now. Failure in the great attempt never entered my mind. As supper I was very quiet. I obeyed implicitly and refused the third piece of cake which was kindly offered to me by my mother, a circumstance never known to have happened before. My mother was considerably astonished, and more so when I announced my intention of going up to bed and kissed her a fond good night. As I lingered on the steps I could hear her make some kind remark, to which my father very coolly answered, "Heck! and went on with his reading."

Ten o'clock struck on the church clock. I could hear them about to go to bed; now they were coming up the stairs; now they had gone into their room. Here was my opportunity, so I stole softly down stairs with my boots in my hand, looking more like a thief than a hero, a fact which I acknowledged to myself as I came face to face with the mirror in the hall. To unlock the side door was short work; to run down in the summer house in the garden and get my candles, water and matches was the next task. Then I would row to where my father's small boat lay under the garden on the rocks. The rope was easy to undo and the tide pretty high, so I was soon rowing out towards the black mass in front. The spirits at last would have their rest. That I was frightened I will not deny, but the night was so clear and the moon seemed so friendly that I took courage and besides it was only half-past ten and nothing would appear until I had nearly two good hours yet. The old man's face seemed very lonely when I approached it. The figure head seemed to regard me with a less friendly glance than in day time, but I did not care. I got up to the deck slowly and with great quiet. I could hear my heart beat as I looked around and realized for the first time my utter loneliness. Could I bear to meet the ghosts if they should appear? Clearly I could not. And it was getting later, too; what if anything white should come before midnight? Why, it would be terrible! My courage was fast falling; I wouldn't have stayed there until 12, not even to be L.R.D. Nelson himself.

But stay; something might be done, even in my absence! A brilliant idea came into my head. I went to the corner of the ship, trembling in every limb. I lit my two candles and set them down, and then, in a voice broken with fear, I began slowly to read the opening chapter in "Caesar." "Gallia est omnis in partes tres divisae," I kept up until I finished the first page, and laid the book down open at the place. Then I poured the holy water around in great profusion. "Now," thought I, "what more can I do? I have everything ready, all the materials at hand, and if the ghosts come and want to get released let them go through the ceremony themselves. The candles are lit, my 'Caesar' is at their disposal—I shall say I lost it; and now I'm going home." And thereupon I ran quickly to my boat and rowed as if a thousand devils were following me, no longer a hero, but a much frightened boy.

As good luck would have it I got in safely. I gained my room, undressed, and then, with a feeling of great relief, I took my position at the window. Twelve o'clock struck. Nothing could be seen on board the Bellona, but I had no doubt that strange things were taking place there. I watched carefully, I was getting sleepy—no sleep—and finally, without my knowing it, I dropped on the floor asleep. "Great heaven!" what was that! The whole house seemed to rock and away and a mighty noise as of thunder sounded in my ears. I rushed to the window. There where the man-of-war had been a mighty sheet of flame burst forth. It was a frightful sight. The villagers were crowding on the quay in great terror. My father rushed down and called out in anger: "Bressin, some mischief has been brewed, the powder stored on that old hulk. See that no one leaves here to-night!" I saw all now; my father had been the mysterious ghost, after all. That was why my father had asked about my pipe; my candles had been the pipes. The old ship was gone; the ghosts had been laid! And I hid my head under the sheets and made no movement that night, and in the morning, when every one was talking about the explosion, there was one young gentleman who had no theory and who had slept through it all—and that young gentleman was myself.—"J. E. S." in Philadelphia Times.

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