

## JAVA HEAD

was kept on the stern and breast fasts while the mate directed:

“Ship your capstan bars.”

The capstan turned and the *Nautilus* moved forward to the beat of song.

“Low lands, low lands, hurrah, my John,  
I thought I heard the old man say  
Low lands, low lands, hurrah, my John,  
We'll get some rum . . . . .  
. . . . . Hurrah, my John.  
Then shake her —”

“Vast heaving,” Mr. Broadrick shouted.

The intimate spectators on Phillips' Wharf moved out with the ship. Gerrit Ammidon was now visible on the quarter-deck with the pilot. He walked to the port railing aft and stood gazing somberly back at Salem. The stovepipe hat was not yet discarded, and the hand firmly holding its brim resembled a final gesture of contempt. The pilot approached him, there was a brief exchange of words, and the former sharply ordered:

“Stand by to run up your jib and fore-topmast staysail, Mr. Broadrick. Put two good men at the sheets and see that those sails don't slat to pieces.

“On the wharf there — take that stern fast out to the last ringbolt. Mr. Second Mate . . . get your fenders aboard.” The wind increased in a violence tipped with stinging rain. “Give her the jib and staysail.” She heeled slightly and gathered steerage way. Roger Brevard involuntarily waved a parting salutation. An extraordinary gale swept over him: a ship bound to the East