

The Story of Mary Youx

The Story of Mary Youx

The Story of Mary Youx
also known as
“Mary Youx”
in the good ship
Bentenmaru
a 3-masted barquentine

Isaac Karth
& Excalibur 2016

Isaac Karth 2016

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procedural-generation.tumblr.com

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In Memory of Anna Leah

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I Introduction

The Story of Mary Youx was created with my novel generator for the November 2016 NaNoGenMo.

Contains a lot of text from various Project Gutenberg books, especially from works by Herman Melville, Joseph Conrad, and Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Though there is surprisingly very little from *Moby Dick*.

You can find more information at <https://github.com/ikarth/excalibur>

2 The Story of Mary Youx

They made ready to leave Cay of Ophion and sail to Isle of Clymene.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. “Take your positions, you swabbies,” said the boatswain. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

Lai wore a red kerchief tied around his head and over it a cocked hat, edged with tarnished gilt braid. He was a splendid ruffian in a gold-laced coat of dark-blue satin with a crimson sash, a foot wide, about the waist. He had been known as a cantankerous religious worker before coming to sea, but who would recognize him now?

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,

2 The Story of Mary Youx

Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At short stay," said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the crew could feel the strain, and the crew pushed around with a will. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

Once the anchor was catted, the pirates stowed the capstan bars again.

3 Isle of Clymene

They had arrived at Isle of Clymene.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes separation. The mud tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The islanders use a local pickled fruit in their cooking.

Youx was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the crew lay to uncapping the cathole, the crew made ready the hawser. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

Mary Youx made a gallant figure being dressed in a rich crimson waistcoat and breeches and red feather in her hat, a gold chain around her neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it, an

3 Isle of Clymene

estoc in her hand, and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling flung over her shoulders according to the fashion of the pirates. She was noted for being frequently irrational. She had been known as a naughty community service manager before coming to sea, but who would recognize her now?

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the crew lay to uncapping the cathole, the sailors made ready the hawser. The fo'castle took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Isle of Clymene and sail to Austinite Delicata Islet.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the sailors took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, followed by the crew
grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove. As
the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the
crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

3 Isle of Clymene

The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” came the cry, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed the capstan bars again. The ship was alive and in motion.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind. Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

4 Austinite Delicata Islet

They had arrived at Austinite Delicata Islet.

They saw Austinite Delicata Islet directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. At length the pirates could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The sailors were eager to see the canary, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The hills of the island were dotted with bamboo buildings, small farmsteads, smokehouses, and evidences of industry.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

The sailors prepared to moor the ship. The anchor waited as the tars lay to, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. Zheng attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

“Weevil Eli” Eli’s favorite food is sriracha from The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia. And what a fine figure he was to be sure! What a deal of gold braid! What a fine, silver-hilted khopesh! What a gay velvet sling, hung with three silver-mounted pistols! A great, heavy, burly fellow was he, with a beard as black as a hat—a devil with his sword and pistol afloat, but not so black as was painted when ashore.

4 *Austinite Delicata Islet*

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The sailors made ready to let go the anchor, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Austinite Delicata Islet and sail to Key of Eurynome.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. "Take your positions, you sailors," said the flamberge-weilding boatswain. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.

4 Austinite Delicata Islet

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

And the crew pushed around with a will, the anchor cable drawing taut. As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, with another heave on the capstan. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto. Crew rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

5 Key of Eurynome

They had arrived at Key of Eurynome.

At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

A flower grows on the island, a buttercup with yellow orange petals. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of copper.

The food of that island is characterized by what they consider to be biber salçası.

Youx and the carpenter were sent below to fetch the hawser. While the steward uncovered the hawsehole, the hands made ready the hawser. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

“Gull” Sao’s favorite food is fresh dijon ketchup from The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome. She was dressed in a rusty black suit and wore seafoam green yarn stockings and shoes with brass buckles. She wore a red sash tied around her waist, and, as she

5 *Key of Eurynome*

pushed back her coat, you might glimpse the glitter of a pistol butt.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the cable was laid out on the deck. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Key of Eurynome and sail to The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. As the sailors turned the capstan, Lai took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.

Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

And the crew heaved again, the anchor cable drawing taut. The pirates pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their

5 *Key of Eurynome*

backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“Up and down,” said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the tars could feel the strain, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

And at last he called: “Anchor aweigh!”

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead.

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

6 The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

They saw The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

The tars told stories of a topinambur from the island, which they had once heard a tale about. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

The sailors prepared to moor the vessel. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the crew made ready the hawser. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the able hands made ready the hawser. Every attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

Qian “Qian Every” Every was dressed in sailor fashion, with petticoat breeches of duck, a heavy pea-jacket, and thick boots,

6 *The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura*

reaching to the knees. He wore a red kerchief tied around his head and over it a cocked hat, edged with tarnished gilt braid. Though he carried a dao, he did not flaunt it as others did.

They made ready to leave The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura and sail to Island of Tethys.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she

must come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning

6 *The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura*

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. As the sea dogs turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

"Up and down," cried he, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

And at last he called: "Anchor aweigh!"

The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

7 Island of Tethys

They had arrived at Island of Tethys.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward. Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance.

There is a flower there, a species of columbine with dusty teal petals.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish. The those who live there raise parrots, to annoy their neighbors.

Mary gave the order to moor the ship. the flamberge-weilding boatswain supervised laying out the hawser, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. the cook attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

Michel Lafitte wore no hat, though he frequently wore a heather in his hair. A great, heavy, burly fellow was he, with a beard as black as a hat—a devil with his sword and pistol afloat, but not so black as was painted when ashore. Though he carried an estoc, he did not flaunt it as others did.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with

7 Island of Tethys

the tide.

The cable was laid out on the deck, while she uncovered the hawsehole. The able hands took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Island of Tethys and sail to The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The pirates strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The mariners pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Bully encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now—one-two-three!!!*" The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now—one-two-three!!!*"

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

7 Island of Tethys

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed the capstan bars again. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water.

8 The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia

They had arrived at The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia.

They saw The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes awakening. The urbanite tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The islanders use what you might think of as a sriracha in their cooking.

The sailmaker and the carpenter were sent below to fetch the hawser. While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor waited as the sailors lay to. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, the estoc-weilding captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

8 *The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia*

They made ready to leave The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia and sail to Alert Isle.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The swabbies pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With another heave on the capstan, the anchor cable drawing taut.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she

must come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The voyage was now properly begun.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not com-

8 *The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia*

pare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

9 Alert Isle

They had arrived at Alert Isle.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef. The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

The adobe tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The inhabitants raise donkeys, as hunting beasts. The cuisine of that island is known for what some call foxy xo sauce.

Heart michel was sent below to fetch the hawser. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The sailors made ready to let go the anchor, while Weevil Eli uncovered the hawsehole. The salts took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave Alert Isle and sail to Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

9 Alert Isle

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. The boatswain took the bars from where they were stowed, and the crew fitted them to the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As the crew turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.
Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.

They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar
Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

9 Alert Isle

'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"At long stay!" The capstan turned, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay."

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! ~~now-one-two-three!!!!~~" The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

“Up and down,” said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the sailors could feel the strain, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The ship gave a lurch as the anchor came free of the bottom, accompanied by the clank of the pawl.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the hands completed the job with gusto. The pirate ship was alive and in motion.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

10 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

They had arrived at Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

The sailors were eager to see the newt, which they had remembered from past voyages. There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with grey purple petals. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes mending. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of carpet.

The people of that place use a singular mayonnaise in their cooking.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. While the crew lay to uncapping the cathole, the cable was laid out on the deck. One-Eye Aury attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

"One-Eye Aury" Louis-Michel wore a red kerchief tied around his head and over it a cocked hat, edged with tarnished gilt braid. A great, heavy, burly fellow was he, with a beard as black as a hat—a devil with his sword and pistol afloat, but not so black as was painted when ashore. He wore his khopesh openly, in a zircon-studded scabbared at his waist.

10 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the crew lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor waited as the pirates lay to. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon and sail to Kidded Island.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their
backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly,
as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of
one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come!
heave, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew strained at
the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With another heave on the capstan, the anchor cable drawing
taut. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the power-
ful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened
out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The
crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

10 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!"
The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow
timbers. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead.

II Kidded Island

They had arrived at Kidded Island.

At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor. The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation.

A flower grows on the island, a crocus with yellowish orange petals. The pirates were eager to sight the capybara, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of glass.

The vessel was made ready for the mooring. While Awilda "Lackland" Morgan uncovered the hawsehole, the hands made ready to let go the anchor. the khopesh-weilding steward attached the anchor bouy. "Let go!" and down it went.

Awilda "Lackland" Morgan was noted for being frequently angry. She wore no hat, though she frequently wore an azalea in her hair. She wore a red sash tied around her waist, and, as she pushed back her coat, you might glimpse the glitter of a pistol butt.

11 *Kidded Island*

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the sailors made ready the hawser. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Kidded Island and sail to Islet of Atlas.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Bully took the bars from where they were stowed, and the tars fitted them to the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

The swabbies strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"Up and down," said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the crew could feel the strain, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. As the crew turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.

11 *Kidded Island*

Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

With another shove, the anchor was free.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. "Take your positions, you tars," said he.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"At long stay!" The capstan turned, and the crew pushed around with a will. The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,

Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto.

11 Kidded Island

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind. In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water. If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

12 Islet of Atlas

They had arrived at Islet of Atlas.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall. Its most productive natural resource is the guano deposits.

There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with butter yellow petals. The tars were eager to look for the otter, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing.

Mary youx and Michel Lafitte were sent below to fetch the hawser. The tars made ready to let go the anchor, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the sailors made ready to let go the anchor. One-Eye Aury attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Islet of Atlas and sail to Despair Island.

12 Islet of Atlas

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Bully encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity

of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: “At short stay.” The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,

12 *Islet of Atlas*

Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

"Anchor aweigh," came the cry.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the tars stowed the capstan bars again. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death.

In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

13 Despair Island

They had arrived at Despair Island.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The sailors were eager to sight the cheetah, which they had once heard a tale about. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The those who live there have what they call remoulade made from the tangerine of that island.

The boatswain was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor waited as the sailors lay to. The sea dogs took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, the estoc-weilding captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the cable was laid out on the deck. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. Down

13 Despair Island

went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Despair Island and sail to The Cerulean Isle of Aura.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The salts pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sea dogs strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent,

13 Despair Island

disappear on the surface of the water.

14 The Cerulean Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Cerulean Isle of Aura.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall.

There is a flower there, a species of water lily with light orange petals. The pirates told stories of a baryte from the island, which they had great expectations for. That place is known for a rare kind of ocre dog.

the captain gave the order to moor the ship. While Qian “Qian Every” Every uncovered the hawsehole, the tars made ready to let go the anchor. the khopesh-weilding first mate attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

Fuma Jeanne had once kept a pet alligator. She wore a red sash tied around her waist, and, as she pushed back her coat, you might glimpse the glitter of a pistol butt. She was dressed in a rusty black suit and wore orangey yellow yarn stockings and shoes with brass buckles.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The

14 The Cerulean Isle of Aura

ship drifted with the tide.

Lai supervised laying out the hawser, as the hawsehole was uncapped. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave The Cerulean Isle of Aura and sail to Drunk Island.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the sailors took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. Weevil eli fitted the bars, and the crew took their positions around the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the flamberge-wielding boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!"

"At long stay!" As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful

levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off

14 The Cerulean Isle of Aura

the seafloor, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

And at last he called: “Anchor aweigh!”

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the fo’castle completed the job with gusto. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the great sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine.

The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

15 Drunk Island

They had arrived at Drunk Island.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

The tars were eager to catch the skunk, which they had heard could be found there. There is a flower there, a species of baby's breath with vivid green petals. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of asbestos.

The inhabitants raise mandrills, to eat. The island-dwellers' cooking is characterized by horseradish with a fruity flavor.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. The cable was laid out on the deck, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Mary Youx attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

With one anchor in place, she judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor waited as the crew lay to. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Drunk Island and sail to Island of Rhea.

15 Drunk Island

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. "Take your positions, you crew," said Bully. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,

Oh Rio.

And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar

Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with
the clicks of the pawl.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through
the surf. The crew pressed their broad chests against the power-
ful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened

15 *Drunk Island*

out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Mariners rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

16 Island of Rhea

They had arrived at Island of Rhea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation.

There is a flower there, a species of amaryllis with dusky rose petals. The sailors were eager to find the elk, which they had great expectations for. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of paint.

The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills. The inhabitants use a variety of kimchi in their cooking.

Chui was sent below to fetch the hawser. As the hawsehole was uncapped, Gallant Lai supervised laying out the hawser. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the sailors made ready the hawser. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Island of Rhea and sail to Islet of Atlas.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned.

16 *Island of Rhea*

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The mariners pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” was the call, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed the capstan bars again.

At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight. With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

17 Islet of Atlas

They had arrived at Islet of Atlas.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall. Its most productive natural resource is the guano deposits.

There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with butter yellow petals. The tars were eager to look for the otter, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing.

the captain gave the order to moor the ship. While Every uncovered the hawsehole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. Youx attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Islet of Atlas and sail to Hambergite Turnip Atoll.

17 *Islet of Atlas*

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The quartermaster took the bars from where they were stowed, and the sailors fitted them to the capstan. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it’s oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“At short stay,” came the cry, and the crew pushed around with a will. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” cried he, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Once the anchor was catted, the crew stowed the capstan bars again.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward. If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and

17 Islet of Atlas

unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

18 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

They had arrived at Hambergite Turnip Atoll.

At length the pirates could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The sailors told stories of a fox from the island, which they had once heard a tale about.

The inhabitants have a sweet muhammara made from the blood orange of that island. The people raise hogs, as symbols of leaving.

The estoc-weilding cook and Louis-Michel were sent below to fetch the hawser. The anchor was loosed from the cathead, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. he attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficent to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While “One-Eye Aury” Louis-Michel uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. “Let go!” and down it went.

18 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

They made ready to leave Hambergite Turnip Atoll and sail to Kidded Island.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. "Take your positions, you sailors," said Lai. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with
the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly,
as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extrem-
ity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she
must come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew
pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted
their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs,

18 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“At short stay,” sang out he, accompanied by the clank of the pawl. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
’Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.

And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
’Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
’Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we’re all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"Up and down," cried he, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

18 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

With another shove, the anchor was free.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. Once the anchor was catted, the crew stowed the capstan bars again.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction. With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

19 Kidded Island

They had arrived at Kidded Island.

At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor. The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation.

A flower grows on the island, a crocus with yellowish orange petals. The pirates were eager to sight the capybara, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of glass.

Gallant lai and the carpenter were sent below to fetch the hawser. The cable was laid out on the deck, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. "Let go!" and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor was loosed from the cathead, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Michel Lafitte attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

19 *Kidded Island*

They made ready to leave Kidded Island and sail to Land of the Ugly Lamb.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. Every took the bars from where they were stowed, and the sailors fitted them to the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

And the crew heaved again, the anchor cable drawing taut. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“Up and down,” said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the tars could feel the strain, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

20 Land of the Ugly Lamb

They had arrived at Land of the Ugly Lamb.

They saw Land of the Ugly Lamb directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef.

That place is known for a rare kind of very light green wombat. The tars were eager to catch the opossum, which they had heard rumors of. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of concrete.

The islanders have a thick kimchi made from the cherry of that island.

Youx gave the order to moor the ship. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the tars made ready the hawser. Gallant Lai attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the steward uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The swabbies took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

20 *Land of the Ugly Lamb*

They made ready to leave Land of the Ugly Lamb and sail to Island of the Slothful Reptile.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. "Take your positions, you sailors," said Bully. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sea dogs pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as

he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say

20 *Land of the Ugly Lamb*

Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

"Up and down," cried he, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

Hearties rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward. Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea. At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

21 Island of the Slothful Reptile

They had arrived at Island of the Slothful Reptile.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls.

There is a flower there, a species of foxglove with dull brown petals. The sailors told stories of a mole from the island, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The island-dwellers have what you might think of as a remoulade made from the coconut of that island. The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

Qian every was sent below to fetch the hawser. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor waited as the sailors lay to. Lai attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor was loosed from the cathead, while the steward uncovered the hawsehole. the boatswain attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Island of the Slothful Reptile and sail to Hambergite Turnip Atoll.

21 *Island of the Slothful Reptile*

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sea dogs pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“At long stay,” was the call, and the crew heaved again.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

And soon we’ll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we’ll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, with another heave on the

capstan. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,

21 *Island of the Slothful Reptile*

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!"
The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round.

The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little
and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as
the hull pushed it aside.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along
the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the
face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and
unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling
of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which
nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the
light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary
monotonous sea day begins.

On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with
whom is speedy death.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at
hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas,
would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us
with his evil eye.

22 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

They had arrived at Hambergite Turnip Atoll.

At length the pirates could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The sailors told stories of a fox from the island, which they had once heard a tale about.

The inhabitants have a sweet muhammara made from the blood orange of that island. The people raise hogs, as symbols of leaving.

Awilda and One-Eye Aury were sent below to fetch the hawser. While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. the first mate attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

22 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

They made ready to leave Hambergite Turnip Atoll and sail to Despair Island.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Louis-michel took the bars from where they were stowed, and the sailors fitted them to the capstan. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The fo'castle pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

22 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

“At short stay,” sang out he, and the crew heaved again.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar

Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I’ll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

Oh Rio.

I’ll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,

Oh Rio.

And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.
Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"Up and down," said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the sailors could feel the strain, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,

22 Hambergite Turnip Atoll

Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

"Anchor aweigh," sang out he.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and

unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

23 Despair Island

They had arrived at Despair Island.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The sailors were eager to sight the cheetah, which they had once heard a tale about. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The those who live there have what they call remoulade made from the tangerine of that island.

The sailmaker and the estoc-weilding captain were sent below to fetch the hawser. The sailors made ready to let go the anchor, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the crew lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The sailors took care to stand free of

23 *Despair Island*

the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave Despair Island and sail to The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Mary youx took the bars from where they were stowed, and the crew fitted them to the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“At long stay!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,

Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"Up and down," sang out he, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto. The voyage was now properly begun.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the

23 Despair Island

light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

24 The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe

They had arrived at The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe.

The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The pirates were eager to see for themselves the mole, which they had great expectations for. There is a flower there, a species of freesia with pea soup petals. Whenever they visit this island, pirates will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes improvement. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

Fuma jeanne and Mary Youx were sent below to fetch the hawser. While the sailmaker uncovered the hawsehole, the tars made ready the hawser. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The cable was laid out on the deck, while Lafitte uncovered

24 *The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe*

the hawsehole. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe and sail to Isle of Clymene.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the sailors took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. "Take your positions, you sailors," said Gallant Lai. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.
Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

"At long stay," came the cry, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. The chorus of the shanty kept time with

24 *The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe*

the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!”

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the mariners stowed the capstan bars again.

The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue, except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour. In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not com-

pare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

25 Isle of Clymene

They had arrived at Isle of Clymene.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes separation. The mud tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The islanders use a local pickled fruit in their cooking.

Lackland and she were sent below to fetch the hawser. While Lafitte uncovered the hawsehole, the tars made ready to let go the anchor. he attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficent to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

25 *Isle of Clymene*

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the cable was laid out on the deck. the carpenter attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Isle of Clymene and sail to Island of the Impatient Badger.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. The capstan bars were now fully manned. As the sailors turned the capstan, the flamberge-weilding boatswain took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Was the call: "At long stay," the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The swabbies strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The hearties pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as

he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!"

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, and the crew heaved again. The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

25 *Isle of Clymene*

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water.

26 Island of the Impatient Badger

They had arrived at Island of the Impatient Badger.

At length the pirates could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish. The those who live there raise lizards, to eat. The food of that island is characterized by a sort of monkey gland sauce. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

The sailors prepared to moor the vessel. While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the crew made ready the hawser. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While Louis-Michel uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Island of the Impatient Badger and sail to Island of Mnemosyne.

26 *Island of the Impatient Badger*

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the sailors took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. The quartermaster took the bars from where they were stowed, and the crew fitted them to the capstan. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as

he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"Up and down," said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the crew could feel the strain, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The sea dogs strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead.

The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy

26 *Island of the Impatient Badger*

waste.”

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

27 Island of Mnemosyne

They had arrived at Island of Mnemosyne.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef. The climate is pleasant, modified by the south-east trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall. Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes removal. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of asbestos.

The cuisine of that island is known for something that resembles cloying barbecue sauce.

The salts prepared to moor the ship. The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

27 *Island of Mnemosyne*

They made ready to leave Island of Mnemosyne and sail to Land of the Ugly Lamb.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Lai fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. The swabbies strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The hearties pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the

verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto. Tars rushed to cat the anchor.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course. The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the world-ocean came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in

the sunshine. On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates,
to meet with whom is speedy death.

28 Land of the Ugly Lamb

They had arrived at Land of the Ugly Lamb.

They saw Land of the Ugly Lamb directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef.

That place is known for a rare kind of very light green wombat. The tars were eager to catch the opossum, which they had heard rumors of. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of concrete.

The islanders have a thick kimchi made from the cherry of that island.

The sailors prepared to moor the vessel. The tars made ready to let go the anchor, as the hawsehole was uncapped. the boatswain attached the anchor bouy. "Let go!" and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, he supervised laying out the hawser. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Land of the Ugly Lamb and sail to Uplifted Islet.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the hands took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. Lackland fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At long stay!" The capstan turned, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was

gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

"Up and down," cried he, and the crew knew the end of their task was near.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead.

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes. With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Then you would see the superb albicore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

29 Uplifted Islet

They had arrived at Uplifted Islet.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface. At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor. They saw Uplifted Islet directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

Whenever they visit this island, pirates will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes improvement. The glass wool tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

Qian every was sent below to fetch the hawser. Bully supervised laying out the hawser, while Fuma uncovered the hawsehole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

29 *Uplifted Islet*

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor was loosed from the cathead, as the hawsehole was uncapped. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Uplifted Islet and sail to Cay of Ophion.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. "Take your positions, you crew," said Lai. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"At long stay," came the cry, and the crew pushed around with a will. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity

of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“Up and down,” the call went out, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

And at last he called: “Anchor aweigh!”

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto. Tars rushed to cat the anchor. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction. The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the ocean sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine. The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop.

Then you would see the superb albicore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

30 Cay of Ophion

They had arrived at Cay of Ophion.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October. Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The tars were eager to catch the mynah bird, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The oriented strand board tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The flamberge-weilding boatswain and the captain were sent below to fetch the hawser. The anchor waited as the crew lay to, while the dao-weilding sailmaker uncovered the hawsehole. Heart Michel attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

30 *Cay of Ophion*

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the cable was laid out on the deck. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Cay of Ophion and sail to Islet of Atlas.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Fuma jeanne took the bars from where they were stowed, and the tars fitted them to the capstan. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The able hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

By the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed, the anchor cable drawing taut.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—*one—two—three!!!*” The fo’castle strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With another shove, the anchor was free.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. Once the anchor was catted, the tars stowed the capstan bars again.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape. Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea. The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop. Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

31 Islet of Atlas

They had arrived at Islet of Atlas.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall. Its most productive natural resource is the guano deposits.

There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with butter yellow petals. The tars were eager to look for the otter, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing.

Fuma Jeanne was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the cable was laid out on the deck. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While she uncovered the hawsehole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

31 *Islet of Atlas*

They made ready to leave Islet of Atlas and sail to Atoll of the Impressive Yak.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the sailors took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. Lackland fitted the bars, and the crew took their positions around the capstan. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar

Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

“At long stay!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was

gained.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"Up and down," said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the tars could feel the strain, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along

31 Islet of Atlas

the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

32 Atoll of the Impressive Yak

They had arrived at Atoll of the Impressive Yak.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island. They saw Atoll of the Impressive Yak directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

That place is known for a rare kind of light bright green beaver.

The inhabitants use something with the flavor of ljutenica in their cooking. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills. The inhabitants raise toads, as tribute.

The vessel was made ready for the mooring. The anchor was loosed from the cathead, while the khopesh-weilding steward uncovered the hawsehole. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

32 Atoll of the Impressive Yak

They made ready to leave Atoll of the Impressive Yak and sail to Cay of the Willing Skunk.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Lafitte took the bars from where they were stowed, and the crew fitted them to the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Bully encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, and the crew heaved again.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off

the seafloor, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the silver-sparkling sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea.

33 Cay of the Willing Skunk

They had arrived at Cay of the Willing Skunk.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The tars were eager to sight the reptile, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes success.

The people use something that is almost, but not entirely, unlike pepper jelly in their cooking.

The vessel was made ready for the mooring. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the boatswain supervised laying out the hawser. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

33 Cay of the Willing Skunk

he supervised laying out the hawser, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Cay of the Willing Skunk and sail to Nauseated Atoll.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. Heart michel fitted the bars, and the hearties took their positions around the capstan. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The able hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and

she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The hearties pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

And the crew pushed around with a will, the anchor cable drawing taut. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises

33 *Cay of the Willing Skunk*

Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!"

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!"

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

34 Nauseated Atoll

They had arrived at Nauseated Atoll.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island. At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance.

The timber tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The cuisine of that island is known for what some call earthy dip. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

The second_mate and she were sent below to fetch the hawser. The cable was laid out on the deck, while the salts lay to uncapping the cathole. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

34 Nauseated Atoll

While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the crew made ready to let go the anchor. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Nauseated Atoll and sail to The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. The carpenter took the bars from where they were stowed, and the tars fitted them to the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,

Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—~~one—two—three!!!~~" The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay!" The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"Anchor aweigh," sang out he.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto. Once the anchor was catted, the tars stowed the capstan bars again.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet

nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

35 The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome

They had arrived at The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome.

They saw The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls.

The pirates were eager to hunt the mole, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes deceit. Around the principle harbor, there were a great many papercrete buildings, forming a small town.

The cuisine of that island is known for something that resembles fresh dijon ketchup.

The tars prepared to moor the ship. The cable was laid out on the deck, as the hawsehole was uncapped. “Let go!” and down it went.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

Before an anchor can ever be raised, it must be let go; and this perfectly obvious truism brings me at once to the subject of the degradation of the sea language in the daily press of this country.

Your journalist, whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet, almost invariably “casts” his anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech. An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose. An anchor of yesterday (because nowadays there are contrivances like mushrooms and things like claws, of no particular expression or shape—just hooks)—an anchor of yesterday is in its way a most efficient instrument. To its perfection its size bears witness, for there is no other appliance so small for the great work it has to do. Look at the anchors hanging from the cat-heads of a big ship! How tiny they are in proportion to the great size of the hull! Were they made of gold they would look like trinkets, like ornamental toys, no bigger in proportion than a jewelled drop in a woman’s ear. And yet upon them will depend, more than once, the very life of the ship.

An anchor is forged and fashioned for faithfulness; give it ground that it can bite, and it will hold till the cable parts, and then, whatever may afterwards befall its ship, that anchor is “lost.” The honest, rough piece of iron, so simple in appearance, has more parts than the human body has limbs: the ring, the stock, the crown, the flukes, the palms, the shank. All this, according to the journalist, is “cast” when a ship arriving at an anchorage is brought up.

This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor ready for its work is already overboard, and is not thrown over, but simply allowed to fall. It hangs from the ship’s side at the end of a heavy, projecting timber called the cat-head, in the bight of a short, thick chain whose

end link is suddenly released by a blow from a top-maul or the pull of a lever when the order is given. And the order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

Sao attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome and sail to The Cerulean Isle of Aura.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. "Take your positions, you mariners," said Bully. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

35 *The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome*

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! heave, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

"At long stay!" The capstan turned, followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove. The able hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At short stay," the call went out, and the crew heaved again. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, and the crew pushed around with a will.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“Anchor aweigh,” sang out he.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course. Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death.

36 The Cerulean Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Cerulean Isle of Aura.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall.

There is a flower there, a species of water lily with light orange petals. The pirates told stories of a baryte from the island, which they had great expectations for. That place is known for a rare kind of ocre dog.

Qian “qian every” every was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the crew lay to uncapping the cathole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. “Let go!” and down it went.

With one anchor in place, Mary judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the steward uncovered the hawsehole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. he attached the anchor bouy. “Let go!” and down it went.

They made ready to leave The Cerulean Isle of Aura and sail to Kidded Island.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity

of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar
Oh Rio.
And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

36 *The Cerulean Isle of Aura*

Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,

Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree

Oh Rio.

They're all growing green in the North Countrie.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"Up and down," was the call, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,

Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The ship gave a lurch as the anchor came free of the bottom,
and the crew pushed around with a will.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought
to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed
the capstan bars again. The voyage was now properly begun.
The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its
tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along
the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the
face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and
unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling
of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which
nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the
light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary
monotonous sea day begins.

The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the great sea came
rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves,
sparkling in the sunshine. The great ocean spreads out, a
boundless expanse.

37 Kidded Island

They had arrived at Kidded Island.

At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor. The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation.

A flower grows on the island, a crocus with yellowish orange petals. The pirates were eager to sight the capybara, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of glass.

The sailors prepared to moor the vessel. While the estocweilding captain uncovered the hawsehole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. Morgan attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

Gallant Lai supervised laying out the hawser, as the hawsehole was uncapped. "Let go!" and down it went.

37 *Kidded Island*

They made ready to leave Kidded Island and sail to Cay of the Willing Skunk.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The able hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! ~~now—one—two—three!!!~~” The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, followed by the crew

grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“Up and down,” the call went out, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.

They’re all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

37 Kidded Island

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the sailors completed the job with gusto. The ship was alive and in motion. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

38 Cay of the Willing Skunk

They had arrived at Cay of the Willing Skunk.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The tars were eager to sight the reptile, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes success.

The people use something that is almost, but not entirely, unlike pepper jelly in their cooking.

Chui was sent below to fetch the hawser. The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, while Morgan uncovered the hawsehole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

38 *Cay of the Willing Skunk*

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the crew made ready to let go the anchor. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave Cay of the Willing Skunk and sail to The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As the crew turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.

I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, the great cable hauled
by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. As the tars
turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated
the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

38 Cay of the Willing Skunk

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the crew stowed the capstan bars again. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction. On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

39 The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome

They had arrived at The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome.

They saw The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls.

The pirates were eager to hunt the mole, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes deceit. Around the principle harbor, there were a great many papercrete buildings, forming a small town.

The cuisine of that island is known for something that resembles fresh dijon ketchup.

“weevil eli” eli was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. “Let go!” and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, he supervised laying out the hawser. “Let go!” and down it went.

39 *The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome*

They made ready to leave The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome and sail to Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Michel fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Bully encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now—one–two–three!!!*”

“At long stay!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower’d him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower’d him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove, the anchor cable drawing taut. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“Up and down,” was the call, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the silver-sparkling sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy

39 The Blue Violet Isle of Eurynome

waste.”

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

40 Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle

They had arrived at Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

There is a flower there, a species of primrose with pastel red petals. The pirates told stories of a rutile from the island, which they had remembered from past voyages.

The inhabitants raise mooses, as watchguards. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

The vessel was made ready for the mooring. While Awilda “Lackland” Morgan uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor waited as the sailors lay to. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the tars lay to, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

They made ready to leave Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle and sail to Island of the Slothful Reptile.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. The estoc-

weilding captain took the bars from where they were stowed, and the crew fitted them to the capstan. The pirates pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

The hearties pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Accompanied by the clank of the pawl, the anchor cable drawing taut.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” the call went out, as the anchor pulled vertical,

still in contact with the seafloor.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

And at last he called: “Anchor aweigh!”

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The ship was alive and in motion. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

41 Island of the Slothful Reptile

They had arrived at Island of the Slothful Reptile.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls.

There is a flower there, a species of foxglove with dull brown petals. The sailors told stories of a mole from the island, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The island-dwellers have what you might think of as a remoulade made from the coconut of that island. The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. The swabbies made ready the hawser, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While Awilda "Lackland" Morgan uncovered the hawsehole, the sailors made ready the hawser. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Island of the Slothful Reptile and sail to Land of the Ugly Lamb.

41 *Island of the Slothful Reptile*

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Mary youx fitted the bars, and the tars took their positions around the capstan. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

And soon we’ll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we’ll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we’re bound for Portsmouth Town.

Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At short stay," was the call, with another heave on the capstan. The salts strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning

41 Island of the Slothful Reptile

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The ship gave a lurch as the anchor came free of the bottom,
with another heave on the capstan.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow
timbers. Crew rushed to cat the anchor. The ship was alive

and in motion.

Then you would see the superb albicore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

42 Land of the Ugly Lamb

They had arrived at Land of the Ugly Lamb.

They saw Land of the Ugly Lamb directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef.

That place is known for a rare kind of very light green wombat. The tars were eager to catch the opossum, which they had heard rumors of. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of concrete.

The islanders have a thick kimchi made from the cherry of that island.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. The crew made ready the hawser, while the tars lay to uncapping the cathole. Heart Michel attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The hands made ready the hawser, while the khopesh-wielding carpenter uncovered the hawsehole. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

42 *Land of the Ugly Lamb*

They made ready to leave Land of the Ugly Lamb and sail to Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. "Take your positions, you sailors," said Lai.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now-one-two-three!!!*" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as

he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—~~one—two—three!!!~~" The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Crew rushed to cat the anchor.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop.

But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water.

43 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

They had arrived at Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

The sailors were eager to see the newt, which they had remembered from past voyages. There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with grey purple petals. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes mending. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of carpet.

The people of that place use a singular mayonnaise in their cooking.

The crew prepared to moor the ship. The cable was laid out on the deck, while Lai uncovered the hawsehole. the sailmaker attached the anchor bouy. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the khopesh-weilding quartermaster uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor waited as the tars lay to. The salts

43 *Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon*

took care to stand free of the cable. “Let go!” and down it went.

They made ready to leave Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon and sail to Cay of the Willing Skunk.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Chui took the bars from where they were stowed, and the sea dogs fitted them to the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar
Oh Rio.
And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

43 *Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon*

Oh Rio.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

"Up and down," said he, though it hardly took a keen eye to see it: the tars could feel the strain, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say

Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.

I thought I heard the old man say

Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say

Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.

I thought I heard the old man say

Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.

Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought
to the cathead. Sailors rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt
freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along
the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the
face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and
unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling
of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which
nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the

43 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

44 Cay of the Willing Skunk

They had arrived at Cay of the Willing Skunk.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The tars were eager to sight the reptile, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes success.

The people use something that is almost, but not entirely, unlike pepper jelly in their cooking.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. The tars made ready to let go the anchor, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. Chui attached the anchor bouy. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

44 *Cay of the Willing Skunk*

The cable was laid out on the deck, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. Morgan attached the anchor bouy. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

They made ready to leave Cay of the Willing Skunk and sail to Agate Mushrooms Cay.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. "Take your positions, you crew," said Lai. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At long stay!" The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.

And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And the crew heaved again, the anchor cable drawing taut.
The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their
backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"Up and down," sang out he, and the crew knew the end of
their task was near.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as
he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of
one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come!
heave, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

"Anchor aweigh," the call went out.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought
to the cathead. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad
to get underway.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was
carried by the wind, without any definite course.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not com-

44 Cay of the Willing Skunk

pare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

45 Agate Mushrooms Cay

They had arrived at Agate Mushrooms Cay.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region. Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes process. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

Fuma was sent below to fetch the hawser. The anchor was loosed from the cathead, while the hearties lay to uncapping the cathole. the boatswain attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

45 Agate Mushrooms Cay

The cable was laid out on the deck, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Agate Mushrooms Cay and sail to Island of Theia.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. As the crew turned the capstan, the boatswain took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar
Oh Rio.
And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their
backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly,
as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity
of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must*

come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove, the anchor cable drawing taut. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” the call went out, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the crew stowed the capstan bars again. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water. There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward. Far off, the lofty jet of the

whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark,
that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along,
and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

46 Island of Theia

They had arrived at Island of Theia.

They saw Island of Theia directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes victory. That place is known for a rare kind of grey/green lynx.

The islanders use a sort of fish paste in their cooking.

Lafitte was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the steward uncovered the hawsehole, the boatswain supervised laying out the hawser. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The cable was laid out on the deck, while the first mate uncovered the hawsehole. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Island of Theia and sail to Island of Rhea.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the flamberge-wielding boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower’d him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower’d him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their

backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” cried he, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!”

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Sailors rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death. There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

47 Island of Rhea

They had arrived at Island of Rhea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation.

There is a flower there, a species of amaryllis with dusky rose petals. The sailors were eager to find the elk, which they had great expectations for. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of paint.

The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills. The inhabitants use a variety of kimchi in their cooking.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, Mary judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Island of Rhea and sail to Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making

sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls.
As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The fo'castle strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"At long stay," was the call, with another heave on the capstan.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the flamberge-weilding boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say

Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

Once the anchor was catted, the tars stowed the capstan bars
again. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled

a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

Then you would see the superb albicore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

48 Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle

They had arrived at Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

There is a flower there, a species of primrose with pastel red petals. The pirates told stories of a rutile from the island, which they had remembered from past voyages.

The inhabitants raise mooses, as watchguards. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

The tars prepared to moor the vessel. The anchor waited as the tars lay to, while Mary Youx uncovered the hawsehole. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

The cable was laid out on the deck, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle and sail to Cay of the Willing Skunk.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As the tars turned the capstan, the flamberge-weilding boatswain took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“At short stay,” sang out he, and the crew heaved again.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it’s oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

And soon we’ll be ashore again.

Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And at last he called: "Anchor aweigh!"

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Once the anchor was catted, the pirates stowed the capstan bars again.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

49 Cay of the Willing Skunk

They had arrived at Cay of the Willing Skunk.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The tars were eager to sight the reptile, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes success.

The people use something that is almost, but not entirely, unlike pepper jelly in their cooking.

Mary Youx gave the order to moor the ship. The pirates made ready to let go the anchor, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. she attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

Before an anchor can ever be raised, it must be let go; and this perfectly obvious truism brings me at once to the subject of the degradation of the sea language in the daily press of this country.

Your journalist, whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet, almost invariably “casts” his anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech. An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose. An anchor of yesterday (because nowadays there are contrivances like mushrooms and things like claws, of no particular expression or shape—just hooks)—an anchor of yesterday is in its way a most efficient instrument. To its perfection its size bears witness, for there is no other appliance so small for the great work it has to do. Look at the anchors hanging from the cat-heads of a big ship! How tiny they are in proportion to the great size of the hull! Were they made of gold they would look like trinkets, like ornamental toys, no bigger in proportion than a jewelled drop in a woman’s ear. And yet upon them will depend, more than once, the very life of the ship.

An anchor is forged and fashioned for faithfulness; give it ground that it can bite, and it will hold till the cable parts, and then, whatever may afterwards befall its ship, that anchor is “lost.” The honest, rough piece of iron, so simple in appearance, has more parts than the human body has limbs: the ring, the stock, the crown, the flukes, the palms, the shank. All this, according to the journalist, is “cast” when a ship arriving at an anchorage is brought up.

This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act

of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor ready for its work is already overboard, and is not thrown over, but simply allowed to fall. It hangs from the ship's side at the end of a heavy, projecting timber called the cat-head, in the bight of a short, thick chain whose end link is suddenly released by a blow from a top-maul or the pull of a lever when the order is given. And the order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

The crew took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Cay of the Willing Skunk and sail to Isle of Clymene.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Fuma fitted the bars, and the able hands took their positions around the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The hearties pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

49 *Cay of the Willing Skunk*

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their
backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With another heave on the capstan, the anchor cable drawing
taut.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as
he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of
one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come!
heave, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!" As was their practice,
they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!" The

sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers. Once the anchor was catted, the crew stowed the capstan bars again.

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death. At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

50 Isle of Clymene

They had arrived at Isle of Clymene.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes separation. The mud tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The islanders use a local pickled fruit in their cooking.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. The anchor waited as the hearties lay to, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. Awilda "Lackland" Morgan attached the anchor bouy. "Let go!" and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The

ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the crew lay to, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. the cook attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Isle of Clymene and sail to Land of Theia.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“At long stay!” The capstan turned, and the crew heaved again. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, accompanied by the clank of the pawl. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Sailors rushed to cat the anchor. The voyage was now properly begun.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

51 Land of Theia

They had arrived at Land of Theia.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall.

The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of asbestos.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish. The inhabitants have a kind of cocktail sauce made from the goji berry of that island.

The mariners prepared to moor the ship. While Weevil Eli uncovered the hawsehole, the cable was laid out on the deck. Mary attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, she judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, while the tars lay to uncapping the cathole. The sailors took care to stand free of

the cable. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Land of Theia and sail to Island of Eurynome.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the flamberge-weilding boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—*one—two—three!!!*” The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As the pirates turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

I’ll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

Oh Rio.

I’ll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

And the crew heaved again, the anchor cable drawing taut. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The mariners strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"Up and down," sang out he, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With another shove, the anchor was free.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Sailors rushed to cat the anchor.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea. In the darkness of

51 Land of Theia

the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about. There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

52 Island of Eurynome

They had arrived at Island of Eurynome.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of copper.

The island-dwellers' cooking is characterized by mushroom ketchup with an earthy flavor. The people of that place raise kangaroos, to annoy their neighbors.

The tars prepared to moor the vessel. The crew made ready the hawser, while the tars lay to uncapping the cathole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the sea dogs made ready to let go the anchor. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Island of Eurynome and sail to Land of Theia.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. "Take your positions, you sailors," said Lai.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The able hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove, the anchor cable drawing taut.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

“Up and down,” came the cry, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the swabbies completed the job with gusto. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue, except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

53 Land of Theia

They had arrived at Land of Theia.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall.

The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of asbestos.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish. The inhabitants have a kind of cocktail sauce made from the goji berry of that island.

Youx was sent below to fetch the hawser. The anchor was loosed from the cathead, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

With one anchor in place, she judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, while Awilda "Lackland" Morgan uncovered the hawsehole. "Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Land of Theia and sail to The Cerulean Isle of Aura.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. Slush-redbeard fitted the bars, and the crew took their positions around the capstan. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
 Oh Rio.
 For I have got letters to send home by you
 And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
 Then away love, away,
 ’Way down Rio,
 Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
 For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: “At short stay.”

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar

Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,

Oh Rio.

And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,

Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"Up and down," the call went out, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The ship gave a lurch as the anchor came free of the bottom, with another heave on the capstan.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The sturdy pirate ship was alive and in motion.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

54 The Cerulean Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Cerulean Isle of Aura.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall.

There is a flower there, a species of water lily with light orange petals. The pirates told stories of a baryte from the island, which they had great expectations for. That place is known for a rare kind of ocre dog.

Lackland and the dao-weilding sailmaker were sent below to fetch the hawser. The hearties made ready the hawser, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

Gallant Lai supervised laying out the hawser, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave The Cerulean Isle of Aura and sail to Austinite Delicata Islet.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Weevil eli fitted the bars, and the fo'castle took their positions around the capstan. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At long stay!" The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove, the anchor cable drawing taut. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the crew stowed the capstan bars again. The voyage was now properly begun.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the

face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

55 Austinite Delicata Islet

They had arrived at Austinite Delicata Islet.

They saw Austinite Delicata Islet directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. At length the pirates could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The sailors were eager to see the canary, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The hills of the island were dotted with bamboo buildings, small farmsteads, smokehouses, and evidences of industry.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. Lai supervised laying out the hawser, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. the khopesh-weilding carpenter attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

With one anchor in place, the estoc-weilding captain judged it sufficent to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The crew made ready the hawser, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Austinite Delicata Islet and sail to
The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to
weigh anchor. "Take your positions, you swabbies," said Gal-
lant Lai. As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse
and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin’.

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now—one—two—three!!!*” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With another heave on the capstan, the anchor cable drawing taut.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now—one—two—three!!!*” The crew sang in time with their work:

55 *Austinite Delicata Islet*

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the
crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round.

With another shove, the anchor was free.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought

to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed the capstan bars again. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

56 The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

They saw The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

The tars told stories of a topinambur from the island, which they had once heard a tale about. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

Qian every was sent below to fetch the hawser. The sailors made ready the hawser, while the swabbies lay to uncapping the cathole. Morgan attached the anchor bouy. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, Mary judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the fo'castle lay to uncapping the cathole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura and sail to Cay of the Willing Skunk.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. "Take your positions, you hearties," said Bully.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!" The hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
 Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
 Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their

backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” was the call, and the crew knew the end of their task was near.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! ~~now—one—two—three!!!~~”

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead.

In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about.

57 Cay of the Willing Skunk

They had arrived at Cay of the Willing Skunk.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The tars were eager to sight the reptile, which they had great expectations for. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes success.

The people use something that is almost, but not entirely, unlike pepper jelly in their cooking.

Qian “qian every” every and Lai were sent below to fetch the hawser. The sailors made ready to let go the anchor, while the tars lay to uncapping the cathole. Louis-Michel attached the anchor bouy. “Let go!” and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

57 *Cay of the Willing Skunk*

The anchor was loosed from the cathead, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The crew took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Cay of the Willing Skunk and sail to Panicky Island.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove
the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Bully encouragingly,
as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of
one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come!
heave, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew pressed
their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their
feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and
slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty
kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"At short stay," was the call, and the crew heaved again. The
tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out
their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The
crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the
capstan round.

"Up and down," was the call, and the crew knew the end of their
task was near. The tars pressed their broad chests against
the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck,
straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was
gained.

Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed the capstan
bars again. The voyage was now properly begun.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been
no way of escape. The great ocean spreads out, a boundless
expanse.

The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue,

except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction. At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight.

58 Panicky Island

They had arrived at Panicky Island.

They saw Panicky Island directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes awakening. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of dimensional lumber.

The those who live there have what I would consider vinegar made from the blackcurrant of that island.

Youx gave the order to moor the ship. While Jeanne uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor waited as the hands lay to. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

Lai supervised laying out the hawser, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The hands took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave Panicky Island and sail to Island of Eurynome.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Heart michel took the bars from where they were stowed, and the sailors fitted them to the capstan. As the sailors turned the capstan, the boatswain took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful

levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.
They’re all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!"

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

59 Island of Eurynome

They had arrived at Island of Eurynome.

The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of copper.

The island-dwellers' cooking is characterized by mushroom ketchup with an earthy flavor. The people of that place raise kangaroos, to annoy their neighbors.

The crew prepared to moor the ship. While Michel Lafitte uncovered the hawsehole, the crew made ready to let go the anchor. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

Before an anchor can ever be raised, it must be let go; and this perfectly obvious truism brings me at once to the subject of the degradation of the sea language in the daily press of this country.

Your journalist, whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet,

almost invariably “casts” his anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech. An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose. An anchor of yesterday (because nowadays there are contrivances like mushrooms and things like claws, of no particular expression or shape—just hooks)—an anchor of yesterday is in its way a most efficient instrument. To its perfection its size bears witness, for there is no other appliance so small for the great work it has to do. Look at the anchors hanging from the cat-heads of a big ship! How tiny they are in proportion to the great size of the hull! Were they made of gold they would look like trinkets, like ornamental toys, no bigger in proportion than a jewelled drop in a woman’s ear. And yet upon them will depend, more than once, the very life of the ship.

An anchor is forged and fashioned for faithfulness; give it ground that it can bite, and it will hold till the cable parts, and then, whatever may afterwards befall its ship, that anchor is “lost.” The honest, rough piece of iron, so simple in appearance, has more parts than the human body has limbs: the ring, the stock, the crown, the flukes, the palms, the shank. All this, according to the journalist, is “cast” when a ship arriving at an anchorage is brought up.

This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor ready for its work is already overboard, and is not thrown over, but simply allowed to fall. It hangs from the ship’s side at the end of a heavy, projecting timber called the cat-head, in the bight of a short, thick chain whose end link is suddenly released by a blow from a top-maul or the

pull of a lever when the order is given. And the order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

"Let go!" and down it went.

They made ready to leave Island of Eurynome and sail to Devoted Cay.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

"At long stay!" The capstan turned, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

59 *Island of Eurynome*

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

And the crew heaved again, the anchor cable drawing taut.
The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,

Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The anchor's tilt prompted he to sing out, "Up and down!"

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Sailors rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

59 *Island of Eurynome*

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction. The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the silver-sparkling sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape. There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

60 Devoted Cay

They had arrived at Devoted Cay.

Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

There is a flower there, a species of bottlebrush with pale turquoise petals. The tars were eager to hunt the orangutan, which they had remembered from past voyages. The hills of the island were dotted with adobe buildings, small farmsteads, smokehouses, and evidences of industry.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

Mary Youx gave the order to moor the ship. The cable was laid out on the deck, while the tars lay to uncapping the cathole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, she judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the cable was laid out on the deck. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave Devoted Cay and sail to The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. As the sailors turned the capstan, Lai took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The able hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“At short stay,” cried he, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.

I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar
Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, with another heave on the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

And at last he called: "Anchor aweigh!"

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on

the surface of the water.

61 The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia

They had arrived at The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia.

They saw The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes awakening. The urbanite tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The islanders use what you might think of as a sriracha in their cooking.

Youx gave the order to moor the ship. Lai supervised laying out the hawser, while the tars lay to uncapping the cathole. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

With one anchor in place, the captain judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The sailors made ready to let go the anchor, while she uncovered the hawsehole. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

61 *The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia*

They made ready to leave The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia and sail to Island of the Slothful Reptile.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Every fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sea dogs strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the flamberge-

weilding boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!"

"At short stay," came the cry, by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

Early in the morning

Hooray and up she rises,

Hooray and up she rises,

Hooray and up she rises

Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Early in the morning

Hooray and up she rises,

61 *The Cadet Blue Isle of Eurybia*

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

And at last he called: "Anchor aweigh!"

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought
to the cathead. Once the anchor was catted, the able hands
stowed the capstan bars again.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was car-

ried by the wind, without any definite course. On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

The long, measured, dirge-like well of the wine-dark sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

62 Island of the Slothful Reptile

They had arrived at Island of the Slothful Reptile.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls.

There is a flower there, a species of foxglove with dull brown petals. The sailors told stories of a mole from the island, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The island-dwellers have what you might think of as a remoulade made from the coconut of that island. The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the tars made ready to let go the anchor. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, Bully supervised laying out the hawser. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Island of the Slothful Reptile and sail to The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As the tars turned the capstan, Gallant Lai took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—*one—two—three!!!*” The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it’s oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We’re homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We’re homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

And soon we’ll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we’ll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we’re homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful
levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened
out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"Up and down," was the call, and the crew knew the end of
their task was near. The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,

Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Put him in the long-boat until he's sober.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

And at last he called: "Anchor aweigh!"

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. Once the anchor was catted, the sea dogs stowed the capstan bars again. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

62 Island of the Slothful Reptile

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye.

63 The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

They saw The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

The tars told stories of a topinambur from the island, which they had once heard a tale about. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

“gull” sao and Lackland were sent below to fetch the hawser. While the flamberge-weilding boatswain uncovered the hawsehole, the tars made ready the hawser. The mariners took care to stand free of the cable. “Let go!” and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

63 *The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura*

They made ready to leave The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura and sail to The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. The capstan bars were now fully manned. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Bully encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!”

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: “At short stay.” The salts pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,

63 *The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura*

Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

"Anchor aweigh," came the cry.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers.

Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

64 The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe

They had arrived at The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe.

The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The pirates were eager to see for themselves the mole, which they had great expectations for. There is a flower there, a species of freesia with pea soup petals. Whenever they visit this island, pirates will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes improvement. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

Awilda “lackland” morgan and she were sent below to fetch the hawser.

Before an anchor can ever be raised, it must be let go; and this perfectly obvious truism brings me at once to the subject of the degradation of the sea language in the daily press of this country.

Your journalist, whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet, almost invariably “casts” his anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a

crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech. An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose. An anchor of yesterday (because nowadays there are contrivances like mushrooms and things like claws, of no particular expression or shape—just hooks)—an anchor of yesterday is in its way a most efficient instrument. To its perfection its size bears witness, for there is no other appliance so small for the great work it has to do. Look at the anchors hanging from the cat-heads of a big ship! How tiny they are in proportion to the great size of the hull! Were they made of gold they would look like trinkets, like ornamental toys, no bigger in proportion than a jewelled drop in a woman's ear. And yet upon them will depend, more than once, the very life of the ship.

An anchor is forged and fashioned for faithfulness; give it ground that it can bite, and it will hold till the cable parts, and then, whatever may afterwards befall its ship, that anchor is "lost." The honest, rough piece of iron, so simple in appearance, has more parts than the human body has limbs: the ring, the stock, the crown, the flukes, the palms, the shank. All this, according to the journalist, is "cast" when a ship arriving at an anchorage is brought up.

This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor ready for its work is already overboard, and is not thrown over, but simply allowed to fall. It hangs from the ship's side at the end of a heavy, projecting timber called the cat-head, in the bight of a short, thick chain whose end link is suddenly released by a blow from a top-maul or the pull of a lever when the order is given. And the order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let

go!”

Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The crew made ready the hawser, while the sea dogs lay to uncapping the cathole. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave The Pacific Blue Isle of Phoebe and sail to Alert Isle.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

I lower’d him down with a golden chain.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

I lower’d him down with a golden chain.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

The great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan, the anchor cable drawing taut. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“Up and down,” cried he, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. Tars rushed to cat the anchor. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

65 Alert Isle

They had arrived at Alert Isle.

It is a low, nearly level coral island surrounded by a narrow fringing reef. The natural resources are negligible: the inhabitants produce salt, fish, and lobsters, while the land is mostly rock with sparse scrub oak and few other trees, plus some man-made salt ponds. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

The adobe tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The inhabitants raise donkeys, as hunting beasts. The cuisine of that island is known for what some call foxy xo sauce.

Mary and "One-Eye Aury" Louis-Michel were sent below to fetch the hawser. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the cable was laid out on the deck. The swabbies took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the hands lay to, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Alert Isle and sail to Key of Eurynome.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” The crew sang in time with their work:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
 Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
 Put him in the long-boat until he’s sober.
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their

backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward. At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters

looked at one another and made mistakes.

66 Key of Eurynome

They had arrived at Key of Eurynome.

At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

A flower grows on the island, a buttercup with yellow orange petals. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of copper.

The food of that island is characterized by what they consider to be biber salçası.

the estoc-weilding captain gave the order to moor the ship. The tars made ready to let go the anchor, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, she judged it sufficent to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the sailors lay to, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

They made ready to leave Key of Eurynome and sail to Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: “At short stay.”

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, the great cable hauled by the messenger as it was driven by the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! ~~now—one—two—three!!!~~”

The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

67 Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle

They had arrived at Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

There is a flower there, a species of primrose with pastel red petals. The pirates told stories of a rutile from the island, which they had remembered from past voyages.

The inhabitants raise mooses, as watchguards. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

The tars prepared to moor the vessel. While “One-Eye Aury” Louis-Michel uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor waited as the sailors lay to. Slush-Redbeard attached the anchor bouy. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

With one anchor in place, Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor waited as the tars lay to. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

They made ready to leave Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle and sail to The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Qian took the bars from where they were stowed, and the crew fitted them to the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As the hearties turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin’.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin’.
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin’.
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly,

as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

The ship gave a lurch as the anchor came free of the bottom, with another heave on the capstan.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The voyage was now properly begun. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But,

although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue, except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour. But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

68 The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura

They had arrived at The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura.

They saw The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region. The climate is tropical marine: hot, humid, and moderated by trade winds.

The tars told stories of a topinambur from the island, which they had once heard a tale about. There did not appear to be any fixed inhabitants; but proofs of the island having been visited some months before, were numerous; and upon the larger island there was a smoke.

The sailors prepared to moor the ship. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. The salts took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

With one anchor in place, Mary judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor was loosed from the cathead, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The pirates took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave The Vivid Violet Isle of Aura and sail to Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the fo'castle took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Gallant Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“At short stay,” sang out he, and the crew pushed around with a will.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” The sailors strained at

the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, and the crew pushed around with a will. The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

The long, measured, dirge-like well of the the silver-sparkling sea came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves, sparkling in the sunshine.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

69 Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle

They had arrived at Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

There is a flower there, a species of primrose with pastel red petals. The pirates told stories of a rutile from the island, which they had remembered from past voyages.

The inhabitants raise mooses, as watchguards. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

Mary gave the order to moor the ship. The cable was laid out on the deck, while the carpenter uncovered the hawsehole. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While Gallant Lai uncovered the hawsehole, he supervised laying out the hawser. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

They made ready to leave Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle and sail to Panicky Island.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. Lackland fitted the bars, and the tars took their positions around the capstan.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Bully encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“At long stay,” came the cry, and the crew pushed around with a will. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: “At short stay.” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now–one–two–three!!!”

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, and the crew heaved again. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

And at last he called: "Anchor aweigh!"

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But,

although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

70 Panicky Island

They had arrived at Panicky Island.

They saw Panicky Island directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

Whenever they visit this island, sailors will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes awakening. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of dimensional lumber.

The those who live there have what I would consider vinegar made from the blackcurrant of that island.

The sea dogs prepared to moor the ship. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the sailors made ready the hawser. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor waited as the sailors lay to. Qian attached the anchor bouy. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a spash.

They made ready to leave Panicky Island and sail to Cay of Ophion.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the able hands took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. The sailmaker fitted the bars, and the tars took their positions around the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed the boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Storm along boys,

Storm along.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.

Ah-ha, come along, get along,

Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy’s dead and gone.

Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The crew pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of

one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

Then you would see the superb albicore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

71 Cay of Ophion

They had arrived at Cay of Ophion.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October. Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The tars were eager to catch the mynah bird, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The oriented strand board tower on the island's highest point is used as both a lighthouse and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

The vessel was made ready for the mooring. The crew made ready to let go the anchor, as the hawsehole was uncapped. The hearties took care to stand free of the cable. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

Before an anchor can ever be raised, it must be let go; and this

perfectly obvious truism brings me at once to the subject of the degradation of the sea language in the daily press of this country.

Your journalist, whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet, almost invariably “casts” his anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech. An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose. An anchor of yesterday (because nowadays there are contrivances like mushrooms and things like claws, of no particular expression or shape—just hooks)—an anchor of yesterday is in its way a most efficient instrument. To its perfection its size bears witness, for there is no other appliance so small for the great work it has to do. Look at the anchors hanging from the cat-heads of a big ship! How tiny they are in proportion to the great size of the hull! Were they made of gold they would look like trinkets, like ornamental toys, no bigger in proportion than a jewelled drop in a woman’s ear. And yet upon them will depend, more than once, the very life of the ship.

An anchor is forged and fashioned for faithfulness; give it ground that it can bite, and it will hold till the cable parts, and then, whatever may afterwards befall its ship, that anchor is “lost.” The honest, rough piece of iron, so simple in appearance, has more parts than the human body has limbs: the ring, the stock, the crown, the flukes, the palms, the shank. All this, according to the journalist, is “cast” when a ship arriving at an anchorage is brought up.

This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard,

whereas the anchor ready for its work is already overboard, and is not thrown over, but simply allowed to fall. It hangs from the ship's side at the end of a heavy, projecting timber called the cat-head, in the bight of a short, thick chain whose end link is suddenly released by a blow from a top-maul or the pull of a lever when the order is given. And the order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

The crew took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Cay of Ophion and sail to Austinite Delicata Islet.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the vessel. Louis-michel fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew sang in time with their work:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,

71 *Cay of Ophion*

Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"At short stay," cried he, and the crew pushed around with a will. The fo'castle pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, and the crew pushed around with a will. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

72 Austinite Delicata Islet

They had arrived at Austinite Delicata Islet.

They saw Austinite Delicata Islet directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. At length the pirates could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

The climate is tropical, with a rainy season from June to October.

The sailors were eager to see the canary, which they had heard tales they swore were true. The hills of the island were dotted with bamboo buildings, small farmsteads, smokehouses, and evidences of industry.

The inhabitants live off of coconuts and fish.

The ship was made ready for the mooring. The tars made ready to let go the anchor, while the crew lay to uncapping the cathole. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. "Let go!" and down it went.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While Lai uncovered the hawsehole, the fo'castle made ready the hawser. the khopesh-weilding first mate attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Austinite Delicata Islet and sail to Despair Island.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. The capstan bars were now fully manned. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!” The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

Was the call: “At long stay,” by the sweat and strain of the crew as they pushed. The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." As
the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew
repeated the chorus:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off
the seafloor, followed by the crew grunting as they gave the
capstan another mighty shove. The crew strained at the bars,
the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought
to the cathead. The anchor was soon secured to the cathead.

The sturdy pirate ship was alive and in motion.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

73 Despair Island

They had arrived at Despair Island.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The sailors were eager to sight the cheetah, which they had once heard a tale about. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The those who live there have what they call remoulade made from the tangerine of that island.

the estoc-weilding captain gave the order to moor the ship. As the hawsehole was uncapped, the tars made ready to let go the anchor. the khopesh-weilding quartermaster attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

Before an anchor can ever be raised, it must be let go; and this perfectly obvious truism brings me at once to the subject of

the degradation of the sea language in the daily press of this country.

Your journalist, whether he takes charge of a ship or a fleet, almost invariably “casts” his anchor. Now, an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech. An anchor is a forged piece of iron, admirably adapted to its end, and technical language is an instrument wrought into perfection by ages of experience, a flawless thing for its purpose. An anchor of yesterday (because nowadays there are contrivances like mushrooms and things like claws, of no particular expression or shape—just hooks)—an anchor of yesterday is in its way a most efficient instrument. To its perfection its size bears witness, for there is no other appliance so small for the great work it has to do. Look at the anchors hanging from the cat-heads of a big ship! How tiny they are in proportion to the great size of the hull! Were they made of gold they would look like trinkets, like ornamental toys, no bigger in proportion than a jewelled drop in a woman’s ear. And yet upon them will depend, more than once, the very life of the ship.

An anchor is forged and fashioned for faithfulness; give it ground that it can bite, and it will hold till the cable parts, and then, whatever may afterwards befall its ship, that anchor is “lost.” The honest, rough piece of iron, so simple in appearance, has more parts than the human body has limbs: the ring, the stock, the crown, the flukes, the palms, the shank. All this, according to the journalist, is “cast” when a ship arriving at an anchorage is brought up.

This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor ready for its work is already overboard,

and is not thrown over, but simply allowed to fall. It hangs from the ship's side at the end of a heavy, projecting timber called the cat-head, in the bight of a short, thick chain whose end link is suddenly released by a blow from a top-maul or the pull of a lever when the order is given. And the order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Despair Island and sail to Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the tars took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. The cook took the bars from where they were stowed, and the sailors fitted them to the capstan. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" As the sailors turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar

Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

73 *Despair Island*

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.
Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.
The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers,
planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their
backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As was their
practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
I carried him away to Mobile Bay.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

“At short stay,” was the call, and the crew heaved again. As the tars turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!”

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

With one last strain on the capstan, the anchor was brought to the cathead.

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments

73 *Despair Island*

of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind.

Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water.

74 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

They had arrived at Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

The sailors were eager to see the newt, which they had remembered from past voyages. There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with grey purple petals. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes mending. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of carpet.

The people of that place use a singular mayonnaise in their cooking.

The sailors prepared to moor the ship. The anchor waited as the swabbies lay to, while the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

While "Weevil Eli" Eli uncovered the hawsehole, the tars made ready to let go the anchor. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

74 *Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon*

They made ready to leave Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon and sail to Despair Island.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. "Take your positions, you crew," said Lai. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The able hands pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"At long stay!" The capstan turned, with another heave on the capstan. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar

Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
Oh Rio.
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

“At short stay,” sang out he, with another heave on the capstan. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor’s tilt prompted he to sing out, “Up and down!” As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

’Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

And at last he called: “Anchor aweigh!”

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the crew completed the job with gusto. The voyage was now properly begun.

But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind. There is no knowing

east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward.

75 Despair Island

They had arrived at Despair Island.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The sailors were eager to sight the cheetah, which they had once heard a tale about. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The those who live there have what they call remoulade made from the tangerine of that island.

the estoc-weilding captain gave the order to moor the ship. While Fuma uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor waited as the tars lay to. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

With one anchor in place, Mary judged it sufficent to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the carpenter uncovered the hawsehole, the anchor was loosed from the cathead. Lai attached the anchor bouy. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

75 *Despair Island*

They made ready to leave Despair Island and sail to Islet of Atlas.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. The quartermaster fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Oh Rio.
And we're all of us coming to see you again.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree
Oh Rio.

They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh Rio.
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed the flamberge-weilding boatswain encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

As the capstan turned, the cable could be seen cutting through the surf. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The fo'castle pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say

Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.

Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.

Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.

Good-bye, fare ye well,

Good-bye, fare ye well.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.

Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!"

"Up and down," was the call, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With another shove, the anchor was free.

Sailors rushed to cat the anchor. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue,

except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or colour.

If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

76 Islet of Atlas

They had arrived at Islet of Atlas.

It is a very flat place, made up of several low-lying coral atolls. The environment is treeless, with sparse and scattered vegetation consisting of grasses, prostrate vines, and low growing shrubs. It lacks fresh water and is primarily a nesting, roosting, and foraging habitat for seabirds, shorebirds, and marine wildlife. The climate is pleasant, modified by the southeast trade winds for about nine months of the year with moderate rainfall. Its most productive natural resource is the guano deposits.

There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with butter yellow petals. The tars were eager to look for the otter, which they had believed would be a sight worth seeing.

Mary gave the order to moor the ship. The sailors made ready the hawser, while the sailmaker uncovered the hawsehole. The able hands took care to stand free of the cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

The anchor waited as the mariners lay to, while Bully uncovered the hawsehole. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Islet of Atlas and sail to Uplifted Islet.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the sailors took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. Lafitte fitted the bars, and the sailors took their positions around the capstan. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The able hands strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“That’s your sort, my hearties,” exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, “heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one–two–three!!!”

“At long stay!” The capstan turned, accompanied by the clank of the pawl. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
’Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
Oh Rio.

Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
And we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,
’Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we’re bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree

Oh Rio.
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.
For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away love, away,
'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

And the crew heaved again, the anchor cable drawing taut. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. As the crew turned the capstan, he took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
But now we're bound for Portsmouth Town.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old man say
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
I thought I heard the old man say
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

And soon we'll be ashore again.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And soon we'll be ashore again.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We sailed away to Mobile Bay.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

I kissed my Kitty upon the pier
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
And it's oh to see you again my dear.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Good-bye, fare ye well,
Good-bye, fare ye well.
We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound.
Hooray my boys we're homeward bound.

"Up and down," cried he, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one-two-three!!!"

Tars rushed to cat the anchor.

Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

There is something in the first gray streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

77 Uplifted Islet

They had arrived at Uplifted Islet.

They were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that one might mistake it for a cloud resting over the island, and look for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and one could mark the inequalities upon its surface. At length the sailors could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the vessel, and they directed their course to the only harbor. They saw Uplifted Islet directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

Whenever they visit this island, pirates will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes improvement. The glass wool tower on the island's highest point is used as both a light-house and a kind of clock, its flags and lights marking time by day and by night.

Lai was sent below to fetch the hawser. While the hearties lay to uncapping the cathole, the tars made ready to let go the anchor. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

The first anchor secure, the crew made ready to release the

77 *Uplifted Islet*

second, once the winds and tides had done their work. The ship drifted with the tide.

As the hawsehole was uncapped, the anchor waited as the crew lay to. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped with a splash.

They made ready to leave Uplifted Islet and sail to Despair Island.

The order was given, and soon the messenger was run out and the capstan manned. The capstan bars were now fully manned. As the crew turned the capstan, Lai took up the verse and the crew repeated the chorus:

Oh Cap-tain, oh Cap-tain, heave yer ship to,
Oh Rio.

For I have got letters to send home by you
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

Oh Rio.

And we're all of us coming to see you again.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,

Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.

For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,

Oh Rio.

And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar
Oh Rio.

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

Oh Rio.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Then away love, away,

'Way down Rio,
Sing fare you well my pretty young gal.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed he encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now—one—two—three!!!" The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

"At long stay!" The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

With each heave on the capstan, the ship was pulled closer to the anchor. The hearties strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The sailors pressed

their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

“Up and down,” cried he, and the crew knew the end of their task was near. The sailors strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

And at last he called: “Anchor aweigh!”

It took only a little more effort to bring the anchor up from the water, and the tars completed the job with gusto. The ship felt freer and lighter, as if it was glad to get underway. The vessel heeled a little and the lapping water changed its tune to a swash-swash as the hull pushed it aside.

If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course. The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse.

Much has been said of the sunrise at sea; but it will not compare with the sunrise on shore. It lacks the accompaniments of the songs of birds, the awakening hum of humanity, and the glancing of the first beams upon trees, hills, spires, and house-tops, to give it life and spirit. There is no scenery. But, although the actual rise of the sun at sea is not so beautiful, yet nothing will compare for melancholy and dreariness with the early breaking of day upon “Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and, at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction.

At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the

surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the sight.

78 Despair Island

They had arrived at Despair Island.

At length the tars could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before the ship, and they directed their course to the only harbor.

Not much vegetable earth was contained amongst the stones on the surface, yet the island was thickly covered with trees and brush wood, whose foliage was not devoid of luxuriance. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

The sailors were eager to sight the cheetah, which they had once heard a tale about. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of timber.

The those who live there have what they call remoulade made from the tangerine of that island.

the estoc-weilding captain gave the order to moor the ship. While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the anchor waited as the tars lay to. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. The anchor was dropped, the cable playing out behind it.

With one anchor in place, she judged it sufficent to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the tars lay to uncapping the cathole, the crew made ready the hawser. The crew took care to stand free of the

cable. Down went the anchor, up spashed the spray.

They made ready to leave Despair Island and sail to Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The capstan was made ready. The bars unstowed, the crew took up the preparation of unmooring the ship. There came soon the familiar racket of making sail and trimming yards and the clank of the capstan pawls. The fo'castle pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The sea dogs strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises,
 Hooray and up she rises
 Early in the morning.

The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! *now-one-two-three!!!*" The tars pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The anchor cable was hauled aboard, and the crew pushed around with a will. The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The tars strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round.

“Up and down,” the call went out, as the anchor pulled vertical, still in contact with the seafloor. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Once the anchor was catted, the sailors stowed the capstan bars again.

79 Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle

They had arrived at Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle.

The island is actually two coral atolls thickly covered with coconut palms and other vegetation. The terrain is relatively flat and rises gently to central highland region.

There is a flower there, a species of primrose with pastel red petals. The pirates told stories of a rutile from the island, which they had remembered from past voyages.

The inhabitants raise mooses, as watchguards. The inhabitants are known for their fishing skills.

“weevil eli” eli and Heart Michel were sent below to fetch the hawser. While he uncovered the hawsehole, Gallant Lai supervised laying out the hawser. The sailors took care to stand free of the cable. “Let go!” and down it went.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

Lai supervised laying out the hawser, as the hawsehole was uncapped. Then they let fall the anchor, and it entered the water with a splash.

They made ready to leave Pharmacosiderite Fennel Isle and sail to Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

The crew dutifully cleared the capstan and made ready to weigh anchor. Chui took the bars from where they were stowed,

and the crew fitted them to the capstan. The sailors pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. The crew sang in time with their work:

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

"That's your sort, my hearties," exclaimed Lai encouragingly, as he applied his tremendous strength to the outer extremity of one of the bars, "heave with a will! heave, and she *must* come! *heave*, all of us!! now-one-two-three!!!" The crew strained at the bars, the pawl clicking as they drove the capstan round. The swabbies pressed their broad chests against the powerful levers, planted their feet firmly upon the deck, straightened out their backs, and slowly pawl after pawl was gained.

The cable drew taut, prompting the call: "At short stay." The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl. As was their practice, they sang to maintain the rhythm.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.
Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.

I dug his grave with a silver spade.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.

I lower'd him down with a golden chain.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Storm along boys,
Storm along.

Oh poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
Ah-ha, come along, get along,
Stormy along John.

Below the waves, the anchor began to shift, the top lifting off the seafloor, followed by the crew grunting as they gave the capstan another mighty shove. The chorus of the shanty kept time with the clicks of the pawl.

Then the anchor flukes scraped and banged against the bow timbers.

80 Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon

They had arrived at Atoll of the Paternalistic Raccoon.

Pines grow there, but they were more abundant, and seemingly larger, upon some other of the islands, particularly on the one to the westward.

The sailors were eager to see the newt, which they had remembered from past voyages. There is a flower there, a species of lotus flower with grey purple petals. Whenever they visit this island, tars will conduct a kind of ritual, which they claim symbolizes mending. The largest building on the island is the governor's palace, constructed out of carpet.

The people of that place use a singular mayonnaise in their cooking.

The tars prepared to moor the ship. While the sailors lay to uncapping the cathole, the crew made ready the hawser. The tars took care to stand free of the cable. The stopper rope released, the anchor dropped.

With one anchor in place, Mary Youx judged it sufficient to wait for the ship to drift into position. The ship drifted with the tide.

While the khopesh-wielding carpenter uncovered the hawse-hole, Lai supervised laying out the hawser. The anchor was dropped with a splash.