Four Percent of Moby Dick

Herman Melville
Four Percent of Moby Dick

Herman Melville
Call me Ishmael.

Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? What if it is, if some old books of ecclesiastic order me to get a banner and cover down the deck? Again, I always go to sea as a sailor, because that makes a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single groat that I ever heard of. On the contrary, passengers themselves must pay.

"Whales in season at our disposal."

I love to sail forbidden seas, and land on barbarous coasts.
Chapter 2

The Carpet-Bag

Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. 

Ha! Coffin? — Spouter? True enough, thought I, as this passage occurred to my mind — old black-letter, thou reasonest well.

Euroclydon! says old Dives, in his red silken wrapper — (he had a redder one afterwards). Pooh, pooh! What a fine frosty night; how Orion glitters; what northern lights!
Chapter 3

The Spouter-Inn

"I thought so."

"Supper?"

"Landlord," I whispered, "that ain't the harpooneer is it?"

No man prefers to sleep two in a bed. The more I pondered over the harpooneer, the more I abominated the thought of sleeping with him. "Landlord! I've changed my mind about that harpooneer."

"Landlord!"

"Can't sell his head?"

"Do you pretend to say, landlord, that this harpooneer is actually engaged this blessed Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, in peddling his head around this town?"

"With heads to be sure; ain't there too many heads in the world?"

"Depend upon it, landlord, that harpooneer is a dangerous man."

There's plenty of room left in that bed that's an awfully big bed that. I sat down on the side of the bed, and commenced thinking about this head-peddling harpooneer, and his door mat. After thinking some time on the bed side, I got up and took off my monkey jacket, and then moved in the middle of the room thinking. Lord save me, thinks I, that must be the harpooneer, the infernal head-peddler. A peddler of heads too — perhaps the heads of his own brothers. "Landlord, for God's sake, Peter Coffin!" shouted I, "Landlord!"

"I thought ye know'd it; — didn't I tell ye, he was a peddlin' heads around town?"

"Good night, landlord," said I, "you may go."

I turned in, and never slept better in my life.
Chapter 4
The Counterpane

Upon waking near morning about daylight, I found Queequeg’s arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. I felt dreadfully. Sixteen hours in bed!

"Queequeg! — in the name of goodness, Queequeg, wake!"

At that time in the morning any Christian would have washed his face, but Queequeg, to my amazement, contented himself with sprinkling his ablutions in his shirt, sleeves, and hands.
Chapter 5

Breakfast

I quickly followed suit, and descending into the bar-room accosted the grinning landlord very pleasantly. A curious sight; these bashful bears, these timid warrior whalemen!
Chapter 6
The Street

New Bedford is a queer place. In summer time, the town is sweet to see: all of its maples — long avenues of green and gold.
Chapter 7
The Chapel

Sacred to the Memory of this Tablet.
In memory of the Memory
Sacred.
Pacific Tablet.

Methinks we have largely mistaken the matter of Life and Death.
Chapter 8
The Pulpit

"Ah, noble ship," the angel seemed to say, "beat on, beat on, thou noble ship, and bear a hardy helm; for lo! — for the pulpit is ever the earth's foremost part; all the rest comes in its rear; the pulpit leads the world!"
Chapter 9
The Sermon

While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by,
In black distress, I called my God,
The face of my Deliverer God,
I give the glory to my God.

"See ye not then, shipmates, how Jonah sought to flee worldwide from God? Miserable was old England.
Jonah trembled. Jonah, that's another stab. So Jonah's Captain prepares to test the length of Jonah's purse,
ere he judge him openly. Jonah enters, and would lock the door, but the lock contains no key. The air is close,
and Jonah gasps. The contraband was Jonah. Aye, well mightest thou fear the Lord God then! Then Jonah
prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly. Then Jonah prayed unto learn a weighty lesson. Sin not; but if
you do, take heed to repent of it like Jonah."

"Shipmates, God has laid but one hand upon you; look life hands press upon me. Shipmates!"
Chapter 10
A Bosom Friend

Queequeg was George Washington cannibalistically developed.

I had noticed also that Queequeg never conversed at all, or but very little, with the other seamen in the
inn. I'd try a pagan friend, thought I: since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy. How then
could I ever satisfy a devil-ridden or worshiping his piece of wood? That is worship. Now, Queequeg
is my fellow man.
Chapter 11
Nightgown

Be it said, that though I had felt with a strong repugnance to his smoking in the bed the night before, yet see how elastic our stiff prejudices are when once love comes to bend them.
Chapter 12

Biographical

A Sag Harbor ship visited Father Basaj, and Queequeg sought a passage to Christian lands. In vain the
captain threatened to throw him overboard; suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists. Queequeg was the
son of a King, and Queequeg budged not.
Chapter 13

Wheelbarrow

"Now," said Queequeg, "what you tink now?"

Queequeg caught one of those young saplings sneaking him behind his back. "Capting! Capting! how bony tough a fish is; Queequeg no kill so small fish; Queequeg kill a big whale!"

All hands round Queequeg, while the captain begged his pardon. Some that hear I dare to feel like a harpooner; no, till poor Queequeg took his harpoon.
Chapter 14

Nantucket! Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even privateers and
privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen, the road.
Chapter 15

Clam Chowder

“There’s Mrs. Hussey.”

“Clam or Cod?” she repeated.

“A clam for supper? What’s that old saying about clowder-headed people? Where’s your harpoon?”

Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace of codfish vertebrae; and Hosea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark skin.
Chapter 16
The Ship

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, wast thou? — Didst not only last Captain, didst thou? Have ye clapped eyes on Captain Ahab?"

"With Captain Ahab, sir?"

"Captain Ahab is the Captain of this ship."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg — that's who ye are speaking to, young man. Clap eyes on Captain Ahab, young man, and then tell me if he has only one leg."

"Lost by a whale!" Like Captain Peleg, Captain Bildad was a well-to-do, retired whaleman. "Bildad," cried Captain Peleg, "in a sign, Bildad, art thou for ye go, Bildad?"

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg.

"Well, Captain Bildad," interrupted Peleg, "what say ye, what say ye? do ye give this young man?"

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg. "Thou dost not want to swindle this young man! The seven hundred and seventy-seventh lay, Captain Peleg."

"Thou Bildad!" roared Peleg, starting up and clattering about the cabin. "Ye insult me, man; past all natural bearing, ye insult me. Never thee mind about that, Bildad," said Peleg.

"Killed more whales than I can count, Captain Peleg."

Turning back I accosted Captain Peleg, inquiring where Captain Ahab was to be found. "And who don't thou want at Captain Ahab? It's all right enough thou art shipped."

Captain Ahab did not name himself.
Chapter 17
The Ramadan

"Queequeg," said I softly through the key-hole — all silent. "I say, Queequeg! — Queequeg! — all still.
Apoplexy! "La! La! Mrs. Hussey! Run for God’s sake, and fetch something to pry open the door — the door!"

"What’s the matter with you, young man?"

Kill? Queequeg’s supplemental bolt remained unwithdrawn within.

"Queequeg," said I, going up to him. "Queequeg, what’s the matter with you?"

Closing the door upon the landlord, I endeavored to prevail upon Queequeg to take a chair, but in vain.

"You’ll starve; you’ll starve, you’ll starve, Queequeg!"

"Queequeg," said I, "get into bed now, and lie and listen to me."
Chapter 18
His Mark

"First Congregational Church," cried Bildad. "What!"

"Young man," said Bildad sternly, "thou art deplacating with me — explain thyself, thou young Hittite."


"Awaist there, awaist there, Bildad, avert now sperling me harpreners," cried Peleg. "Queag! Thou believest thine own heart, Peleg!"
Chapter 19

The Prophet

“Shipmates, have ye shipped in that ship?”

“Ye said true — ye hasn’t seen Old Thunder yet, have ye?”

“Captain Ahab.”

“What! Ye hasn’t seen Old Thunder yet, have ye?”

“Morning to ye, shipmates, morning; the ineffable heavens bless ye; I’m sorry I stopped ye.”

“Morning to ye, shipmates, morning! Oh!”

“Morning to ye, shipmates, morning!”

“Elijah.”

Elijah.
Chapter 20
All Astir

Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on board, and bolts of canvas, and coils of rigging; in short, everything betokened that the ship’s preparations were hastening to a close. At last it was given out that some time next day the ship would certainly sail.
Chapter 21
Going Aboard

It was Elijah.

"Ye be, be ye?"

"Never mind him," said I. "Queequeg, come on."

"Morning to ye."

"Morning to ye! Good-bye to ye. Queequeg, don't sit there," said I.

"Perry easy!"

"Ahab?"

"Holloa!"

"Get off, Queequeg! What's that for, Queequeg?"

"What say?"

"Ahah!"

"Heave at!"
Chapter 22
Merry Christmas

“Mr. Starbuck, down ah!”

“Why don’t ye spring, I say, all of ye — spring! Spring, I say, all of ye, and spring your eyes out!”

It was curious and not soothing, how Peleg and Bildad were affected at this juncture, especially Captain Bildad.

“Dear boys! Careful, careful!”

“Gallant ye, and brave ye as He’s help keeping, men,” murmured old Bildad, almost incoherently.
Chapter 23
The Lee Shore

Know ye now, Bulkington, who would craven crawl to land! Take heart, take heart, O Bulkington!
Chapter 24

The Advocate

Alas, the world! The whale-ship is the true mother of that now mighty colony. The whale has no famous
author, and whaling no famous chronicler, you will say.

The whale no famous author, and whaling no famous chronicler? Whaling not respectable? Whaling is
imposed by old English statutory law; the whale is declared "royal fish."

The whale never figured in any grand imposing way? No dignity in whaling?
Certainly it cannot be olive oil, nor macassar oil, nor castor oil, nor bear's oil, nor turkey oil, nor cod-liver oil.
Chapter 26
Knights and Squares

It was merely the condensation of the man.

"I will have no man in my boat," said Starbuck, "who is not afraid of a whale."

"Aye, aye," said Stubb, the second mate, "Starbuck there, is as careful a man as you'll find anywhere in this渔业."

Bear me out in it, thou great democratic God!
Chapter 27
Knights and Squires

Stubb was the second mate. He was a native of Cape Cod, and hence, according to local usage, was called a Cape-Cod man. Long usage had, for this Stubb, converted the jaws of death into an easy chair. Tashtego was Stubb the second mate’s squire.

Curious to tell, this imperial negro, Ahasuerus Dagoo, was the Squire of little Flask, who looked like a chess-man beside him. Black Little Pip — he never did — oh, no!
Chapter 28

Ahab

For several days after leaving Nantucket, nothing above hatches was seen of Captain Ahab. Reality outran apprehension. Captain Ahab stood upon his quarter-deck.

“Aye, he was dismasted off Japan,” said the old Gay-Head Indio once; “but like his dismasted craft, he shipped another mast without coming home for it.”
Chapter 29

Enter Ahab; to him, Stubb

Among sea-commanders, the old greybeards will often have their berths to visit the night-lit deck. Stubb, thou didst not know Ahab then.

It’s very queer. It’s very queer, and he’s queer too up, take him fore and aft, he’s about the queerest old man Stubb ever sailed with. A hot old man!
Chapter 30
The Pipe

Oh, my pipe! With demurred lust, Ahab leeringly paced the planks.
Chapter 31
Queen Mab

Next morning Flask accosted Stubb.

"You know the old man's ivory leg, well I dreamed he kicked me with it, and when I tried to kick back, upon my soul, my little man, I kicked my leg right off!"

"Captain Ahab kicked ye, didn't he?"

Laughter, wise Stubb.
Chapter 32

Cetology

Good people all,—the Greenland whale is depopul. — the great sperm whale next originates:

I. The Sperm Whale; II. The Right Whale; III. The Fox Back Whale; IV. The Humpbacked Whale; V. The Razor Back Whale; VI. The Sulphur Bottom Whale.

Book I. (Folio), Chapter I. (Sperm Whale). (Right Whale). Among the fishermen, he is indiscriminately designated by all the following titles: The Whale; the Greenland Whale; the Black Whale; the Great Whale; the True Whale; the Right Whale. Broad-nosed whales and beaked whales; pike-headed whales; bunched whales; under-jawed whales and rostrated whales, are the fishermen’s names for a few sorts. (Black Fish). (Narwhale), that is, Nasal whale. The Narwhale I have heard called the Tusked whale; the Horned whale; and the Unicorn whale. If any of the following whales, shall hereafter be caught and marked, then he can readily be incorporated into this System, according to his Folio, Octavo, or Duodecimo magnitude: — The Bottle-Nose Whale; the Junk Whale; the Pudding-Headed Whale; the Cape Whale; the Leading Whale; the Cannon Whale; the Scragg Whale; the Coppered Whale; the Elephant Whale; the Iceberg Whale; the Quog Whale; the Blue Whale; &c.
Chapter 33
The Specksynder

Now, the grand distinction drawn between officer and man at sea — the first lives aft, the last forward. Oh, Ahab!
Chapter 34
The Cabin Table

Least of all, did Flask presume to help himself to butter. Flask was the last person down at the dinner, and Flask is the first man up. Consider! For hereby Flask's dinner was badly jammed in point of time. Peace and satisfaction, thought Flask, have forever departed from my stomach. Alas, Ahab and his three mates formed what may be called the first table in the Pequod's cabin. Ah! Dough-Bag!
Chapter 35

The Mast-head

It was during the more pleasant weather, that in due rotation with the other members that mast-head came round.

In the serene weather of the tropics it is exceedingly pleasant the mast-head: nay, to a dreamy meditative man it is delightful. Concerning all this, it is much to be deplored that the mast-heads of a southern whale ship are unprovided with those enviable little tents or pulpits, called crow’s-nests, in which the look-outs of a Greenland whale are protected from the inclemency of the frozen seas. Childe Harold not unfrequently perches himself upon the mast-head of some forlorn disappointed whale ship, and in moody phrase ejaculates: — "Roll on."
Chapter 36
The Quarter-Deck

"What ye do when ye see a whale, men?"

"Look ye!"

"Moby Dick!" shouted Ahab. "Do ye know the white whale then, Tashe?"

"Aye, it is Moby Dick ye have seen — Moby Dick — Moby Dick!"

"What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it, now?"


"Advance, ye mates! Perchance ye need it not. I do not order ye; ye will it. Starbuck! Drink, ye harpooneers! Drink and swear, ye men that man the deathful whaleboat’s bow — Death to Moby Dick!"
Ch 37

Laugh and hoot at ye, ye cricket players, ye pugilists, ye deaf Burke and blinded Bendigoes! We cannot
swerve you, else ye swerve yourselves!
Horrible old man! Oh, God! Hark! Methinks it pictures life. Peace! Oh, life!
Chapter 39
First Night Watch

(Stubb solus, and mending, haws.)

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Fa, la! lirra, skirra!"
Chapter 40
Midnight, Forecastle

Hand, boys, even hand! If ye hear, bell-boy! Strike the bell-eight, drat Pip! Them blacklegs! Hem, boys! What up yet? Pip! Legs! Aye! Aye, boys!

Azore Sailor (Dancing)

Thou showest thy black brow, Seeva!

Crack, crack, old ship! Aye! Aye!

White skins, white bones!

A sea! A sea! Jollies! When square? When whal, drat!
For some time past, though at intervals only, the unaccompanied, isolated White Whale had haunted those uncivilized seas mostly frequented by the Sperm Whale fishermen. In that way, mostly, the disastrous encounter between Ahab and the whale had hitherto been popularly regarded.

There are those this day among them, who, though intelligent and courageous enough in offering battle to the Greenland or Right whale, would perhaps — either from professional inexperience, or incompetency, or timidity. And in no contest with the Sperm Whale, at any rate, there are plenty of whalemen, especially among those whaling nations not sailing under the American flag, who have never hostilely encountered the Sperm Whale, but whose sole knowledge of the Leviathan is confined to the ignoble manner positively practiced in the North, seated on their hatchets, their ears filled henceforth with a childish desire no more and ever, in the wild, strange tales of whaling. That captain was Ahab.
Chapter 42
The Whiteness of The Whale

Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics, other but their smooth, flashing whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are! As for the white shark, the white gliding ghostliness of repose in that creature, when beheld in his ordinary moods, strangely tallies with the same quality in the Polar quadruped. Behold now, of the albatross, whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread, in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Goney! never! Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies, a magnificent milk-white charger, large-eyed, small-headed, bluff-chested, and with the dignity of a thousand monarchs in his lofty, overscorning carriage. For Lima has taken the white veil; and there is a higher horror in this whiteness of her woe.
Chapter 43

Hark!

"What, sir?"

"Take the bucket, will ye, shipmate; done, shipmate, will ye? The bucket!"
Chapter 44

The Chart

In general, the same remark, only within a less wide limit, applies to the solitaries and hermits among the matured, aged sperm whales. That particular set time and place were conjured in the one technical phrase — the Season-on-the-Line. Ah, God! For, at such times, easy while the thieving, insomnially insuffest hater of the white whale, this Ahab that had gone to his hammock, was set the spirit that no commodore could lead from it in honor again.
Chapter 45

Thou Chilian whale, marked like an old remine with mystic hieroglyphics upon the back! That point is this. The Sperm Whale is in some cases really powerful, licentious, and judiciously malicious, as with direct aforethought to move in entirely deficient, and sinks a large ship and what to move, the Sperm Whale has done it.

One day she saw spouts, lowered her boats, and gave chase to a shoal of sperm whales. Too long, several of the whales were wounded; when, suddenly, a very large whale escaping from the boats, issued from the shoal, and bore directly down upon the ship. I tell you, the sperm whale will stand no nonsense. The whale coming her great hull through the water, as a horse rolls off with a cart.
Chapter 46

Surmises

The permanent constitutional condition of the manufactured man, thought Ahab, is sordidness. I will not
strip these men, thought Ahab, of all hopes of cash — epic, cash.
Chapter 47
The Mat-Maker

This warp seemed necessity; and here, thought I, with my own hand I ply my own shuttle and weave my own destiny into these unalterable threads. "Quick, steward!" cried Ahab. "Time! time!"
“Captain Ahab?” said Starbuck.

“Spread yourselves,” cried Ahab. “Give way, all four boats. There, Flask, pull out more to leeward!”

“Those chaps in yonder boat! Stop snoring, ye sleepers, and pull. Pull, will ye? pull, can ye? pull, won’t ye? — pull, and break something! pull, and start your eyes out!”

“Mr. Starbuck! larboard boat there, ahoy! a word with ye, sir, if ye please!”

(Strong, strong, boys!) (Spring, my men, spring!) (Pull, my boys!) Boat and crew sat motionless on the sea.

“Roar and pull, my thunderbolts! see that white water!”

“Pull, babes — pull, sucklings — pull, all. Only pull, and keep pulling: nothing more.” Meanwhile, all the boats were on. The boats were pulled more apart. Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward.

“There’s white water again! Spring!”

Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boats.
Chapter 49

The Hyena

“She should like to see a ship’s crew backing water up to a whale face foremost. Ha, ha! The whale would give them square for square, mind that!”
Chapter 50

Ahab's Boat and Crew, Fedallah

"I don't know that, my little man. I never yet saw him kneel."

Fedallah
Chapter 51
The Spirit-Spout

Fedallah first descried this jet. The best man in the ship must take the helm. On life and death the old man walked. But though the ship so swiftly sped, and though from every eye, like arrows, the eager glances shot, yet the silvery jet was no more seen that night. Cape of Good Hope, do they call ye? Terrible old man!
Chapter 52

The Albatross

A wild sight it was to see her long-bearded look-outs at those three mast-heads. “Ship ahoy! Have ye seen the White Whale?” Round the world!
Chapter 53

Why it is that all Merchant-seamen, and also all Pirates and Men-of-War's men, and Slave-ship sailors, cherish such a resentful feeling towards Whale ships; this is a question it would be hard to answer. High times indeed, if whaling captains were wheeled about the water on castors like gouty old aldermen in patent chairs.
Chapter 54

The Town-Ho’s Story

For that secret part of the story was unknown to the captain of the Town-Ho himself.

"Lakeman! — Buffalo! I tell ye what, men, old Rad’s investment must go for it!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Steelkilt, merry as a cricket. Any man who has gone sailor in a whale-ship will understand this; and all this and doubtless much more, the Lakeman fully comprehended when the mate uttered his command.

"Canallers!" cried Don Pedro. "Well done, Don, well done.""I had left off, gentlemen, where the Lakeman shook the backing."

"Tear it in pieces!"

"Sink the ship?" cried Steelkilt. "What say ye, noes?" turning to his comrades.

"Tear it! Tear it!" cried the Captain.

"Shut up again, will ye!" cried Steelkilt.

"Damn ye," cried the Captain, pacing to and fro before them, "the vultures would not touch ye, ye villains!"

"Say ye so? then see how ye frighten me" — and the Captain drew off with the rope to strike.

"Best not," hissed the Lakeman.

The three men were then cut down, all hands were turned to, and, sullenly worked by the moody seamen, the iron pumps clanged as before.

"Jesu, what a whale! "Moby Dick!" cried Don Sebastian.

"St. Dominic! Sir sailor, but do whales have christenings?"

"Nay, Dons, Dons — nay, nay!" — "No need, gentlemen; one moment, and I proceed."

The captain presented a pistol. "What do you want of me? " cried the captain.

"I am bound to Tahiti for more men."

"To Dominico’s? Who cares but do whales have christenings?"

"Nay, Dons, Dons — no, no!" — "No, no, gentlemen, one moment, and I proceed."

The captain presented a pistol. "What do you want of me? " cried the captain.

"I am bound to Tahiti for more men."

"Cross your arms, gentlemen, cross your arms, but upon the island of Nantucket, the widow of Radney still turns to the sea which refused to give up its dead; still in dreams sees the awful white whale that destroyed him."
Chapter 55
Of the Monstrous Pictures of Whales

It is Guido’s picture of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the sea-monster or whale. In old Harris’s collection of voyages there are some plates of whales extracted from a Dutch book of voyages, an 1671, entitled “A Whaling Voyage to Spitzbergen in the ship Jonas in the Whale, Peter Peterson of Friesland, master.” In 1836, he published a Natural History of Whales, in which he gives what he calls a picture of the Sperm Whale.
Chapter 56
Of the Less Erroneous Pictures of Whales and the True Pictures of Whaling Scenes

I know of only four published outlines of the great Sperm Whale: Colnett’s, Huggins’s, Frederick Cuvier’s, and Beale’s. All Beale’s drawings of the whale are good, excepting the middle figure in the picture of three whales in various attitudes, capping his second chapter. Respectively, they represent attacks on the Sperm and Right Whale.
Chapter 57
Of Whales in Paint; in Teeth; in Wood; in Sheet-Iron; in Stone; in Mountains; in Stars

Your true whale-hunter is as much a savage as an Iroquois. Wooden whales, or whales cut in profile out of the small dark slabs of the noble South Sea wood, are frequently met with in the forecastles of American whalers.
That same ocean rolls now; that same ocean destroyed the wrecked ships of last year. Wherein differ the sea and the land, that a miracle upon one is not a miracle upon the other?
Chapter 59

Squid

It seemed not a whale; and yet is this Moby Dick? thought Daggoo. “The White Whale, the White Whale!”

In the same spot where it sank, once more it slowly rose.
Chapter 60

The Line

The whale-line is only two thirds of an inch in thickness. In length, the common sperm whale-line measures something over two hundred fathoms. In the English boats two tubs are used instead of one; the same line being continuously coiled in both tubs. All men live enveloped in whale-lines.
Ch. 61
Stubb Kills a Whale

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. "Kez-ho!"

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (harnessed by the tail) who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. "Haul in — haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowmen and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to her, while yet the boat was being drawn on — "close up!" — and the boat ranged along the Fid's back.
Chapter 62

According to the usual usage of the fishery, the whale-boat pushes off from the ship, with the harpooneer or whale-killer as temporary steersman, and the harpooneer or whale-killer pulling the foremost oar, that oar known as the harpooneer-oar.
Chapter 63
The Crotch

Furthermore, you must know that when the second iron is thrown overboard, it thenceforth becomes a
dangling, sharp-edged terror, skittishly curvetting about both boat and whale, entangling the lines, or
cutting them, and making a prodigious sensation in all directions.
“Cook, cook! Away, cook, and deliver my message. Stop dat dam smackin’ ob de lips!”

“Cook,” here interposed Stubb, accompanying the word with a sudden slap on the shoulder,—“Cook! Who dat? No, Cook; go on, cook.”

“Cook,” cried Stubb, collaring him, “I won’t have that swearing. Is not one shark about right as每一位 to dat whale? And by Gosh, none no yuss has de right to dat whale; dat whale belong to some one else. In the first place, how old are you, cook?”

“What dat do wid de ‘teak,” said the old black, testily.

“How old are you, cook?”

“Where were you born, cook?”

“Where were you born, cook?”

“I mean when you die, cook, whale eat him, ‘stead of him eat whale.”
Chapter 65
The Whale as a Dish

Porpoises, indeed, are to this day considered fine eating. We all know how they live upon whales, and have
rare old vintage of prime old train oil. In the case of a small Sperm Whale the brains are accounted a fine
dish. Cannibals!
Chapter 66
The Shark Massacre

"Queequeg no care what god made him shark," said the savage, upwinding, feiling his head up and down.
"Norfeer Fejee god or Nantucket god; but de god wat made shark must be one done Ingin."
Chapter 67
Cutting In

Now as the Wallie envelopes the whale precisely as the rind does an orange, so is it stripped off from the body precisely as an orange is sometimes stripped by peeling it.
Chapter 88
The Blanket

The question is, what and where is the skin of the whale. Like those mystic rocks, too, the mystic-marked
whale remains undecipherable. A word or two more concerning the matter of the skin in blubber of the
whale, admire and model thyself after the whale! Of creatures, how few vast as the whale!
Chapter 69
The Funeral

There's a most doleful and most mocking funeral! There's mockery!
Chapter 70

The Sphynx

Of all divers, thou hast dived the deepest, O head!

"Sail ho!" cried a triumphant voice from the mainmast head.
Chapter 71

The Jeroboam's Story

Hand in hand, ship and breeze blew on; but the breeze came faster than the ship, and soon the Pequod began to rock.

By and by, through the glass the stranger’s boats and manned mast-heads proved her a whale-ship. “I fear not thy epidemic, man,” said Ahab from the bulwarks, to Captain Mayhew, who stood in the boat’s stern; “come on board.”

“Gabriel! Hast thou seen the White Whale?” demanded Ahab, when the boat drifted back.

“Think, think of thy whale-boat, storms and sink!”
Chapter 72

The Monkey-Rope

There is good cheer in store for you, Queequeg.

"Ginger! Do I smell ginger?" suspiciously asked Stubb, coming near.

"Ginger! Ginger! Ginger! — what the devil is ginger? — sea-coal? — what the devil is ginger, I say, that you offer this cup to our poor Queequeg here."

"Is this unusual as usual, sir?"

"Ginger! It is the captain’s orders — g-g for the harpooneer on a whale.”
“Wants with it?” said Flask, coiling some spare line in the boat’s bow. “Did you never hear that the ship which but once has a Sperm Whale’s head hoisted on her starboard side, and at the same time a Right Whale’s on the larboard; did you never hear, Stubb, that that ship can never afterwards capsize?”

“Did ye read it there, Flask?”

“How old do you suppose Fedallah is, Stubb?”

“Dress the devil, Flask; do you suppose I’m afraid of the devil?”
Chapter 74

The Sperm Whale’s Head — Contrasted View

Of the grand order of baleen whales, the Sperm Whale and the Right Whale are by far the most noteworthy. They are the only whales regularly hunted by man. There is more character in the Sperm Whale’s head. In short, he is what the fishermen technically call a “grey-headed whale.”

How is it, then, with the whale?
Chapter 75

The Right Whale’s Head — Contrast View

Crossing the deck, let us now have a good long look at the Right Whale’s head.

Again, the Right Whale has two outer spout-holes, the Sperm Whale only one.

Can you catch the expression of the Sperm Whale’soline?
Chapter 76
The Battering-Ram

Wherefore, you must now have perceived that the front of the Sperm Whale’s head is a dead, blind wall, without a single organ or tender prominence of any sort whatsoever.
Chapter 77
The Great Heidelberg Tun

The upper part, known as the Case, may be regarded as the great Heidelburgh Tun of the Sperm Whale.
Chapter 78
Cistern and Buckets

Then, hand over hand, down the other part, the bucket drops through the air, till dexterously he lands on
the summit of the lead. Poor Tashtego—like the twin-reciprocating bucket in a veritable well, dropped
head foremost down into this great Tun of Heidelburgh, and with horrible oily gurgling, went down out of sight.

"Bring the bucket close up!"
Chapter 79
The Prairie

Physiognomically regarded, the Sperm Whale is an anomalous creature. A nose to the whale would have been impertinent. Genius in the Sperm Whale? Has the Sperm Whale ever written a book, spoken a speech, read a newspaper?
Chapter 80
The Nut

If the sperm whale be philosophically a sphinx, or the phrenologist has been wrong that geometric circle which it is impossible to square.

It is a German conceit, that the vertebrae are absolutely undeveloped skulls.
Chapter 81
The Pequod Meets The Virgin

“Cried Starbuck, pointing to something wavingly held by the German, ‘A lamp-feeder!’

There were eight whales, an average pod. ‘Only wait a bit, old chap, and I’ll give ye a sling for that wounded arm,’ cried cruel Flask, pointing to the whale’s fore-cast-lassoo.

‘Do ye love brandy? Don’t ye love sperm?’ cried Stubb. ‘Pull now, men, like fifty thousand line-of-battle-ship loads of red-haired devils. Hurrah! Hurrah! this whale carries the everlasting mail!’

Cried Starbuck again; ‘He’s rising.’

Cried Starbuck, ‘Ah, there’s no need of that!’

Immediately, by Starbuck’s orders, lines were secured to it at different points, so that the carbonised whale was suspended a few inches beneath the ship’s gunwales. The ship groaned and gasped. With a creaking snap every fastening went adrift; the ship righted, the carcass sank.

Usually the dead Sperm Whale floats with great buoyancy, with its side or belly considerably elevated above the surface. Where one of these is shot, twenty Right Whales do.
Chapter 82

The Honor and Glory of Whaling

George and the Dragon, which dragon I maintain to have been a whale; for in many old chronicles whales and dragons are strangely jumbled together, and often stand for each other. George; Was not this Vishnoo a whaleman, then? Perseus, St. George, Hercules, Jonah, and Vishnoo!
Chapter 83
Jonah Historically Regarded

Reference was made to the historical story of Jonah and the whale in the preceding chapter. Now some Nantucketers rather distrust the historical story of Jonah and the whale.
Chapter 84

Pitchpoling

"It became imperative to lance the flying whale, or be content to lose him," said Ishmael.
Chapter 85
The Fountain

If unmolested, upon rising to the surface, the Sperm Whale will continue there for a period of time exactly uniform with all his other unmolested risings. Sure it is, nevertheless, that the Sperm Whale has no proper olfactories. Never in, never out, are Squalors闻 in the sea.

You have seen how spouts declare what the spout is: can you not tell water from air? My hypothesis is this: that the spout is nothing but mist.
Ch. 86

The Tail

First: Being horizontal in its position, the Leviathan’s tail acts in a different manner from the tails of all other sea creatures. It never wriggles. To the whale his tail is the sole means of propulsion. Second: It is a little significant, that while one sperm whale only fights another sperm whale with his head and jaw, nevertheless, in his conflicts with man, he chiefly and contemptuously uses his tail. The broad palms of his tail are flung high into the air!
Chapter 87
The Grand Armada

This rampart is pierced by several sally-ports for the convenience of ships and whales; conspicuous among
which are the straits of Sunda and Malacca. With a fair, fresh wind, the Pequod was now drawing nigh
to these straits. Ahab preparing to pass through them into the Java sea, and thence, cruising northwards,
was anxious how to be disappointed here; and these by the Spouter Whales, sweep northwards by the Philippine
Islands, and gain the far coast of Japan, in time for the great whaling season there. All whale-boats carry
certain curious contrivances, originally invented by the Nantucket Indians, called druggs. It is chiefly
among galleed whales that this drugg is used. For then, more whales are close round you than you can
possibly chase at one time. But sperm whales are not every day met with; while you may chase, you must
kill all you can. Here the storms in the roaring glens between the outermost whales, were heard but not felt.

"Line! line! — Who line him! — Two whale; one big, one little!" cried Starbuck.

When overflowing with mutual esteem, the whales salute more hominum.

Of all the drugged whales only one was captured.
Chapter 88
Schools and Schoolmasters

Now, as the harem of whales is called by the fishermen a school, so is the lord and master of that school technically known as the schoolmaster. The schools consisting merely of young and vigorous males, previously mentioned, offer a strong contrast to the harem schools. The forty-barrel bull schools are larger than the harem schools.
Chapter 89
Fast-Fish and Loose-Fish

A Fast-Fish belongs to the party last in it.

First: What is a Fast-Fish? All Loose-Fish.

What all men's minds and opinions but Loose-Fish? What is the great globe itself but a Loose-Fish? And what are you, reader, but a Loose-Fish and a Fast-Fish, too?
Chapter 90
Heads or Tails

This fish, my masters, is a Fast-Fish. “The Duke.”

In his treatise on “Queen-Gold,” or Queen-pin-money, an old King’s Bench author, one William Prynne, thus discourses: “It’s a tail ye Queen’s, that ye Queen’s wardrobe may be supplied with ye whalebone.”
Chapter 91
The Pequod Meets The Rose-Bud

Issuing from the cabin, Stubb now called his boat’s crew, and pulled off for the stranger. “Well, then, my Bouton-de-Rose-bud, have you seen the White Whaler?”

“What whale?”

“The White Whale — a Sperm Whale — Moby Dick, have ye seen him?”

“Never heard of such a whale. White Whale — no.”

“What’s the matter with your nose, there?” said Stubb.

“What now?” said the Guernsey-man to Stubb.

Presently a breeze sprung up; Stubb signaled to cast off from the whale, leaving his crew, the Frenchman soon increased his distance, while the Pequod slid in between him and Stubb’s whale.
Chapter 92

Ambergris

For amber, though at times found on the sea-coast, is also dug up in some far inland soils, whereas
ambergris is never found except upon the sea. What then shall I liken the Sperm Whale to for fragrance,
considering his magnificence?
Chapter 93

The Castaway

Poor Pip! Meantime Pip's blue, choked face plainly looked.

"Oh, for God's sake! We can't afford to lose whales by the likes of you; a whale would sell for thirty times what you would, Pip, in Alabama."

Stubb's inexorable back was turned open face, and the whale was winged. In three minutes, a whole mile of endless ocean was between Pip and Stubb.
Chapter 94
A Squeeze of the Hand

Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! Come, let us squeeze hands all round; nay, let us all squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness. Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm for ever!

Nippers.

Toes are scarce among twelve-inchers among men.
Chapter 95
The Cassock

Extending it upon the forecastle deck, he next proceeds cylindrically to remove its dark pelt, as an African hunter the pelt of slain (Bible leaves! Bible leaves!)

Page dimensions: 864.0x648.0
Chapter 86
The Try Works

While employed in polishing these — one man in each pot, side by side — many confidential communications are carried on, over the iron lips. Removing the fire-board from the front of the try works, the bare masonry of that side is exposed, penetrated by the iron constrictors of the furnaces, directly underneath the pots.

"You cook, fire the works."

By midnight the works were in full operation. Look not too long in the face of the fire, O man!
In merchantmen, oil for the sailor is more scarce than the milk of queens.
Chapter 98
Stowing Down and Clearing Up

The unmanufactured sperm oil possesses a singularly cleansing virtue.
Chapter 99

The Doubloon

"The old man seems to read Belshazzar’s awful writing. I have seen doubloons before now in my voyagings; your doubloons of old Spain, your doubloons of Peru, your doubloons of Chile, your doubloons of Bolivia, your doubloons of Bogoyave, rich plenty of gold moidores and pataches, and sous, and half sous, and quarter sous."

Here’s signs and wonders truly!

Signs and wonders, and the sun, but always among you. Book! Signs and wonders, oh! Adieu, Doubloon! Ship, old ship! Can’t? Can’t? Oh! Ahab! Oh! she gull, the precious, precious gull! boy, boy, boy, boy, Jenny, Jenny!"
Chapter 100

Leg and Arm: The Pequod of Nantucket Meets the Samuel Enderby of London

"Ship, ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

With his ivory arm frankly thrust forth in welcome, the other captain advanced, and Ahab, putting out his ivory leg, and crossing the ivory arm (like two sword-fish blades) cried out in his walrus way, "Aye, aye, hearty! — an arm and a leg! Where didst thou see the White Whale?"

"Samuel Enderby is the name of my ship," interrupted the one-armed captain, addressing Ahab; "go on, boy."

"Oh!" cried the one-armed captain, "Oh, yes!"

"Avast!" roared Ahab, dashing him against the bulwarks — "Man the boat! — Is your Captain crazy?" whispering Fedallah.

In vain the English Captain hailed him.
Hep! For, as a general thing, the English merchant scrimps her crew; but not so the English whale. In short, this ancient and learned Low Dutch book treated of the commerce of Holland, and, among other subjects, contained a very interesting account of the whale fishery. 844,000 lbs of beef, 60,000 lbs Friesland pork, 150,000 lbs of stock fish, 72,000 lbs of soft bread, 10,800 barrels of beer.
Chapter 102

A Bower in the Arsacides

Oh, busy weaver! unseen weaver! — one word! Speak, weaver! Ah, mortal! Now, amid the green, life-restless loom of the Arsacidean wood, the great, white, worshipped skeletons lay hanging — a gigantic afterlife! Life folded Death. Death confided Life; the great god took youth for possible fate, and begat him curly-headed glories.

In both cases, the stranded skeletons to which these two skeletons belonged, were originally claimed by their proprietors upon similar grounds.
Chapter 103
Measurement of The Whale's Skeleton

In length, the Sperm Whale's skeleton at Tranque measured seventy-two feet in that when fully invested and extended in life, he must have been nearly one hundred feet in length. The skeleton lost about one fifth in length compared with the living body. The middle ribs were the most arched.
Chapter 104
The Fossil Whale

From his mighty bulk the whale affords a most congenial theme wherein to enlarge, amplify, and generally expatiate. Who can show a pedigree like Leviathan?

"Not far from the Seaside, they have a Temple, the Rafters and Beams of which are made of Whale-Bones; for Whales of a monstrous size are oftentimes cast up dead upon that shore."
Chapter 109
Does the Whale’s Magnitude Diminish? — Will He Perish?

Whereas, we have already seen, that the tape-measure gives seventy-two feet for the skeleton of a large-sized modern whale. For Pliny tells us of Whales that embraced acres of living bulk, and Aldrovandus of others which measured eight hundred feet in length — Roger Williams and Thomas Turethof of Whales! The whale of to-day is an big whale ancestor in Pliny’s time.
Chapter 106

Ahab’s Leg.

Yea, more than equally thought Ahab since both the ancestry and posterity of Grief go further than the ancestry and posterity of Joy.
Chapter 107
The Carpenter

An oarsman sprains his wrist: the carpenter concocts a soothing balm.

A sailor takes a fancy to wear shark-bone ear-rings: the carpenter drills his ears.
C

Chapter 108
Ahab and the Carpenter: The Deck — First Night Watch

"Just in time, sir, let me measure, sir."

"Measured for a leg, Sir?"

"I thought, sir, that you spoke to carpenter."

"Carpenter, Sir? Clay, Sir? What art thou sneezing about?"

"Bone is rather dusty, Sir."

"Sir! — ah! Canst thou not drive that old Adam away?"

"How long before this leg is done?"

Carpenter (resuming his work), "What a leg this is!"
Chapter 109
Ahab and Starbuck in the Cabin

"On deck! Begone!"

"Captain Ahab mistakes; it is I. Leaks in leaks!"

Starbuck!

"What will the owners say, sir?"

"What cares Ahab? Owners, owners?"

"What's that he said — Ahab beware of Ahab — there's something there!"
Chapter 110

Queequeg in His Coffin

Poor Queequeg! poor fellow! Leaning over in his hammock, Queequeg long regarded the coffin with an attentive eye. “Poor rover! Rig-a-dig, dig, dig! Now, Queequeg, dies and I’ll beat ye your dying march.”

“Queequeg dies game! — mind ye that, Queequeg dies game! — take ye good care of that, Queequeg dies game! — say, game, game, game! but base little Pip, he died a coward; died all shivery — out upon Pip! Hark ye, if ye find Pip, tell all the Antilles he’s a runaway; a coward, a coward, a coward! Shame!”
Chapter 111

The Pacific

"To any meditative Magician, even this western Pacific, once beheld, must ever after be the sea of his adoption.

"The White Whale spouts thick blood!"
Chapter 112
The Blacksmith

Silent, slow, and solemn; bowing over still further his chronically broken back, he toiled away, as if toil were
life itself, and the heavy beating of his hammer the heavy beating of his heart. Oh, woe on woe! Oh, Death,
why canst thou not sometimes be timely? Come hither! Come hither!
Chapter 113
The Forge

"Thou shouldst go mad, blacksmith, say why dost thou not go mad? How canst thou endure without being mad? Canst thou smooth this rough?"

"Oh!"

"Horse-shoe stubbs, sir? Why, Captain Ahab, thou hast here, then, the best and stubbornest stuff we blacksmiths ever saw."

"Work that over again, Perth."

"Thou dost not like it, sir? Why, Captain Ahab, thou hast less, then, the best and stubbornest stuff we blacksmiths ever saw."

"Work that over again, Perth."
Chapter 114

In what caprice volatile world, of which the seacoast still sends us a message? "I am Stubb, and Stubb has his history; but here Stubb takes oath that he has always been jolly!"
Chapter 115
The Pequod Meets The Bachelor

"Come aboard!"

"What last saw you?"

"How wonderful familiar is a friend," muttered Ahab; then added, "Thou art a full ship and homeward bound, then sayest; well, then, call me an empty ship, and outward bound."
Chapter 116
The Dying Whale

For that strange spectacle observable in all sperm whales dying — the turning upwards of the head; and so expiring — that strange spectacle, beheld of such a placid evening, somehow to Ahab conveyed a wondrousness unknown before.
Chapter 117
The Whale Watch

“Aye, sir! a strange sight that, Parsee!”

“Believe it or not, there cannot but tell in her eyes, old man.”

To the ship.
Chapter 118

The Quadrant

Thou high and mighty Pilot! This instant thou must be eyeing him. Curses thee, thou vain toy, and cursed be all the things that cast man's eyes aloft to that heaven, whose live vividness but scorches him, as these old eyes are even now scorched with thy light. O vast, Old man of oceans!
Chapter 119
The Candles

"Avast, Stubb," cried Starbuck, "let the Typhoon sing, and strike her harp here in our rigging, but if there be a brave man there with hold thy peace."

"Looke aloft!" cried Starbuck.

"Aye, aye, men!" cried Ahab. "Light though thou be, thou leapest out of darkness; but I am darkness leaping out of light, leaping out of thee! There burn the flames! Oh, thou enigma! Through them, thy flaming self up scorch'd eyes dost see it. Oh, short-minded fire, charmed with immemorial, thou incest of thy immemorials didst, thy superintended past! Leap! the boat!"

Cried Starbuck, "Look at thy boat, old man!"
Chapter 120
The Deck Toward the End of the First Night Watch

"Strike nothing; lash it."

"Sir! — sir?"
Here are hydrants, Flask. Why don't ye be sensible, Flask? Thank ye. Same with cocked hats; the cocker from gable and eave troughs, Flask.
Chapter 122
Midnight Aloft. — Thunder and Lightning

The Main-top and yard — Tashtego passing new lashings around it.

"Um, um, um. Stop that thunder! Plenty too much thunder up here. What's the use of thunder? Um, um, um. We don't want thunder; we want rum. Give us a glass of rum. Um, um, um!"
Chapter 123
The Musket

"Aye, aye; and powder in the pan, — that's not good. — I come to report a fair wind to him. It's a fair wind that's only fair for that accursed fish. I can't withstand thee, then, old man. — Aye, aye, 'tis so. Thou know'st what to say?"
Chapter 124
The Needle

"East-sou-east, sir," said the frightened steersman.

"Starbuck, last night’s thunder turned our compasses — that’s all."

For a space the old man walked the deck in rolling reverie. "These poor, proud heaven-gazers and sun’s pilots! Yesterday I wrecked thee, and to-day the compasses would have wrecked me."
Chapter 125
The Leg and Line

"Where was thee buried?"

"In the little rocky Isle of Man, sir."

"Ha! Pip! come to help, oh, Pip!"

"Pip! a bone call ye Pip? Pip jumped from the Whaleboat. Pip's missing, Captain Ahab's, not here! Pip, trying to go on board again."
Chapter 126
The Life-Buoy

“A life-buoy of a coffin!” cried Starbuck, starting.

“Aye.”

“It’s the old woman’s tricks to be going cobblering jobs. Lord! what an affection all old women have for tinker.
Any way, I’ll have an honesty separate. Turk’s headed life-lines, each three feet long hanging all round in the coffin.”
Chapter 127
The Deck

"Middle aisle of a church? What's here?"

"Life-boat, sir. Oh, look, sir! Beware the hatchway!"

"Thank ye, man."

"Not the hatchway! Oh! But it does, sir, or it doesn."
Chapter 128
The Pequod Meets The Rachel

“Hast ye seen the White Whale?”

“Aye, yesterday. Have ye seen a whale-boat adrift?”

Throttling his joy, Ahab negatively answered this unexpected question, and would then have fain boarded the stranger, when the stranger captain himself, having stopped his vessel’s way, was seen descending her side. “Where was he? — not killed! — not killed!” cried Ahab, closely advancing.
Chapter 129

"Lad, lad, I tell thee thou must not follow Ahab now. Sir, I must go with ye."

(Ahab goes; Pip steps one step forward.)
Chapter 150

The Hat

At times, for longest hours, without a single hail, they stood far parted in the starlight; Ahab in his scuttle, the Parsee by the main-mast; but still fixedly gazing upon each other; as if in the Parsee Ahab saw his forethrown shadow, in Ahab the Parsee his abandoned substance.

For he this Parsee who he was, all ah and here wise Abah.
Chapter 131
The Pequod Meets The Delight

"In vain, oh, ye strangers, ye fly our sad burial; ye but turn us your taffrail to show us your coffins!"
Chapter 132
The Symphony

Ahab turned.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir."

"Oh, Starbuck! it is a mild, mild wind, and a mild looking sky. God! God! God! — crack my heart! —
stave my brain! — muchery! muchery! howe, bring muchery of grey hairs, howe! I lived enough up to
wear ye; and now, and feel that unavailably old! Closer stand close to me, Starbuck. let me look into a
human eye; it is better than to gaze into sea or sky; better than to gaze upon God."
Chapter 133
The Chase — First Day

What app saw?” cried Ahab, flattening his face to the sky.

“I saw him almost that same instant, sir, that Captain Ahab did, and I cried out,” said Tashtego.

None of ye could have raised the White Whale first.

“An hour,” said Ahab; standing rooted in his boat’s stern; and he gazed beyond the whale’s place, towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward. The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab’s head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the White Whale now shook the slight cedar as a mildly cruel cat her mouse. (This motion is peculiar to the sperm whale.)

Starbuck.
“D’ye see him?” cried Ahab after allowing a little space for the light to spread.

“See nothing, sir.”

“Aye, breach your last to the sun, Moby Dick!” cried Ahab, “thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand! —

Down! down all of ye, but one man at the fore.”

“Aye, aye, Starbuck, he is now to lean sometimes, be the leaner who he will, and would old Ahab had leaned often as he has.

Starbuck away, and musters the boat’s crews.

The old man’s hinted thought was true. Ahab is for ever Ahab, man. — Stand round men, men. “To Ahab —

his body’s part, but Ahab’s soul’s a centipede, that moves upon a hundred legs.

“As fearless fire,” cried Stubb.

“Aye, men, be fearless men, — but only to spout his last! Dye fearless men, brave!”

“An fearless fire,” said Starbuck.

“And as mechanical,” muttered Ahab.
“D’ye see him? ” cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

“Aye, aye, sir,” and straightway Starbuck set Ahab’s bulding, and once more Ahab swung on high.

Starbuck. Aye, aye, like many more thou told’st direful truth as touching thyself, O Parsee; but, Ahab, there thy shot fell short. Goodbye, starboard — keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I’m gone.

“Starbuck!”

“Sir!”

“For the third time up main’s ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck.”

“Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so.” Ahab staggered, his hand smote his forehead. “Is’t night? ”

“The whale! The ship!” cried the cringing oarsmen.

The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman’s fainting fit. “The ship! The hearse! — the second hearse!” cried Ahab from the boat; “its wood could only be American!”

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under same swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other boat, but within a few yards of Ahab’s boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.