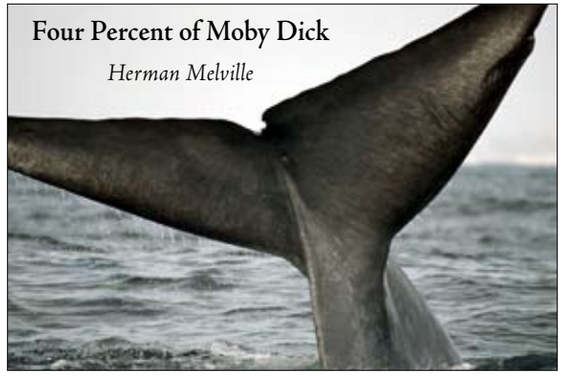
# Four Percent of Moby Dick

*Herman Melville*



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Herman Melville

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# Four Percent of Moby Dick

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## Chapter 1
*Loomings*

Call me Ishmael.

Water there is not a drop of water there! Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? What of it, if some old hunks of a sea-captain orders me to get a broom and sweep down the decks? Again, I always go to sea as a sailor, because they make a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of. On the contrary, passengers themselves must pay.

"Whaling voyage by one Ishmael."

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 this 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 for two to kick about in that bed; it's an almighty 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 stood 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 next 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 restricting his ablutions to his chest, arms, 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*

Still New Bedford is a queer place. In summer time, the town is sweet to see; full of fine maples — long avenues of green and gold.

## Chapter 7
*The Chapel*

Sacred
to the Memory
of
this Tablet

Is erected to his Memory

Sacred
Robert Long, Willis Ellery,
Nathan Coleman, Walter Canny, Seth Macy,
Pacific,
This Marble
This Tablet.

Methinks we have hugely mistaken this 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 this 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, that Jonah sought to flee worldwide from God? Miserable man! Oh! Frighted Jonah trembles. 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; both his hands press upon me. Shipmates!"

## Chapter 10
*A Bosom Friend*

Queequeg was George Washington cannibalistically developed.

I had noticed also that Queequeg never consorted at all, or but very little, with the other seamen in the inn. I'll try a pagan friend, thought I, since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy. How then could I unite with this wild idolator in worshipping his piece of wood? That is worship. Now, Queequeg is my fellow man.

## Chapter 11
*Nightgown*

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

## Chapter 12
*Biographical*

A Sag Harbor ship visited his father's bay, 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 these young saplings mimicking him behind his back. "Capting! Capting! him bevy small-e fish-e; Queequeg no kill-e so small-e fish-e; Queequeg kill-e big whale!"

All hands voted Queequeg a noble trump; the captain begged his pardon. From that hour I clove to him like a barnacle; yea, till poor Queequeg took his last long dive.

## Chapter 14
*Nantucket*

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

## Chapter 15
*Chowder*

"There's Mrs. Hussey."

"Clam or Cod?" she repeated.

"A clam for supper? What's that stultifying saying about chowder-headed people? Where's your harpoon?"

Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace of codfish vertebra; 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 rob thy last Captain, didst thou? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is 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 eye on Captain Ahab, young man, and thou wilt find that 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, "at it again, Bildad, eh? How far ye got, Bildad?"

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

"Well, Captain Bildad," interrupted Peleg, "what d'ye say, what lay shall we give this young man?"

"Why, blast your eyes, Bildad," cried 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 what dost thou want of 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 axe!"

"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 landlady, I endeavored to prevail upon Queequeg to take a chair; but in vain. "You'll starve; you'll kill yourself, 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 skylarking with me — explain thyself, thou young Hittite."

"Splice, thou mean'st splice hands," cried Peleg, drawing nearer. Quohog.

"Avast there, avast there, Bildad, avast now spoiling our harpooneer," cried Peleg. "Peleg! Thou beliest thine own heart, Peleg."

## Chapter 19
*The Prophet*

"Shipmates, have ye shipped in that ship?"

"Ye said true — ye hav'n't seen Old Thunder yet, have ye?"

"Captain Ahab."

"What! Ye hav'n't seen him 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 hurrying 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.

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

"Perry easy!"

"Ahab?"

"Holloa!"

## Chapter 22
*Merry Christmas*

"Mr. Starbuck, drive aft."

"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 unpleasing, how Peleg and Bildad were affected at this juncture, especially Captain Bildad.

"Boat ahoy! Careful, careful!"

"God bless ye, and have ye in His holy 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*

Ah, 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 imperial! By old English statutory law, the whale is declared "a royal fish."

The whale never figured in any grand imposing way? No dignity in whaling?

## Chapter 25
*Postscript*

Certainly it cannot be olive oil, nor macassar oil, nor castor oil, nor bear's oil, nor train oil, nor cod-liver oil.

## Chapter 26
*Knights and Squires*

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 fishery."

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 Daggoo, 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 Indian 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 oftenest leave their berths to visit the night-cloaked deck. Stubb, thou didst not know Ahab then.

It's very queer. It's queer; very queer; and he's queer too; aye, 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 slouched hat, Ahab lurchingly paced the planks.

## Chapter 31
*Queen Mab*

Next morning Stubb accosted Flask.

"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?"

Listen, wise Stubb.

## Chapter 32
*Cetology*

Good people all, — the Greenland whale is deposed, — the great sperm whale now reigneth!

I. The Folio Whale; II. The Octavo Whale; III. The Duodecimo Whale.

I. The Sperm Whale; II. The Right Whale; III. The Fin 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 fisherman's names for a few sorts.

(Black Fish). (Narwhale), that is, Nostril 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, is this — 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 for ever departed from my stomach. Now, Ahab and his three mates formed what may be called the first table in the Pequod's cabin. Alas! Dough-Boy!

## Chapter 35
*The Mast-Head*

It was during the more pleasant weather, that in due rotation with the other seamen my first 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 whaler are protected from the inclement weather of the frozen seas. Childe Harold not unfrequently perches himself upon the mast-head of some luckless disappointed whale-ship, and in moody phrase ejaculates: — "Roll on."

## Chapter 36
*The Quarter-Deck*

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

"Look ye!"

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

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

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

"God bless ye, men. — Aye, aye! Ah, ye admonitions and warnings! Why stay ye not when ye come? But rather are ye predictions than warnings, ye shadows! The measure!" cried Ahab.

"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!"

## Chapter 37
*Sunset*

I laugh and hoot at ye, ye cricket-players, ye pugilists, ye deaf Burkes and blinded Bendigoes! Ye cannot swerve me, else ye swerve yourselves!

## Chapter 38
*Dusk*

Horrible old man! Oh, God! Hark! Methinks it pictures life. Peace! Oh, life!

## Chapter 39
*First Night Watch*

(Stubb solus, and mending a brace.)

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Fa, la! lirra, skirra!"

## Chapter 40
*Midnight, Forecastle*

Hand, boys, over hand! d'ye hear, bell-boy? Strike the bell eight, thou Pip! Thou blackling! Hist, boys! What say ye? Pip! Legs! Ah! Now, boys!

Azore Sailor (Dancing)

Thou showest thy black brow, Seeva!

Crack, crack, old ship! Aye! aye!

White skin, white liver!

A row! A row! Jollies? God! White squalls? White whale, shirr!

## Chapter 41
*Moby Dick*

For some time past, though at intervals only, the unaccompanied, secluded 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, decline a 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 restricted to the ignoble monster primitively pursued in the North; seated on their hatches, these men will hearken with a childish fireside interest and awe, to the wild, strange tales of Southern 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; what but their smooth, flaky 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. Bethink thee 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!*

"HIST!"

"Take the bucket, will ye, Archy? have 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 conjoined in the one technical phrase — the Season-on-the-Line. Ah, God! For, at such times, crazy Ahab, the scheming, unappeasedly steadfast hunter of the white whale; this Ahab that had gone to his hammock, was not the agent that so caused him to burst from it in horror again.

## Chapter 45
*The Affidavit*

Thou Chilian whale, marked like an old tortoise with mystic hieroglyphics upon the back! That point is this: The Sperm Whale is in some cases sufficiently powerful, knowing, and judiciously malicious, as with direct aforethought to stave in, utterly destroy, and sink a large ship; and what is more, the Sperm Whale has done it.

One day she saw spouts, lowered her boats, and gave chase to a shoal of sperm whales. Ere 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 towing her great hull through the water, as a horse walks 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 — aye, 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!"

## Chapter 48
*The First Lowering*

"Captain Ahab?" said Starbuck.

"Spread yourselves," cried Ahab; "give way, all four boats. Thou, Flask, pull out more to leeward!"

"Those chaps in yonder boat? Stop snoring, ye sleepers, and pull. Pull, will ye? pull, can't 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 tore 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 boat.

## Chapter 49
*The Hyena*

"I should like to see a boat's crew backing water up to a whale face foremost. Ha, ha! The whale would give them squint for squint, mind that!"

## Chapter 50

*Ahab's Boat and Crew. Fedallah*

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

## Chapter 51
*The Spirit-Spout*

Fedallah first descried this jet. The best man in the ship must take the helm. On life and death this 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
*The Gam*

Why it is that all Merchant-seamen, and also all Pirates and Man-of-War's men, and Slave-ship sailors, cherish such a scornful 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 then, Don, refill my cup."
"I had left off, gentlemen, where the Lakeman shook the backstay."
"Turn to! turn to!"
"Sink the ship?" cried Steelkilt. "What say ye, men?" turning to his comrades.
"Turn to! Turn to!" roared the Captain.
"Shall we?" cried the ringleader to his men.
"Shut us up again, will ye!" cried Steelkilt.
"Oh! certainly," said the Captain, and the key clicked.
"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."

"Cross your arms, sir; throw back your head. Where Steelkilt now is, gentlemen, none know; but upon the island of Nantucket, the widow of Radney still turns to the sea which refuses 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, AD 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 this 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 war-wood, are frequently met with in the forecastles of American whalers.

## Chapter 58
*Brit*

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.

## Chapter 61
*Stubb Kills a Whale*

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. "Kee-hee!"

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub) 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 bowsman! and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on — "close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank.

## Chapter 62
*The Dart*

According to the invariable usage of the fishery, the whale-boat pushes off from the ship, with the headsman or whale-killer as temporary steersman, and the harpooneer or whale-fastener pulling the foremost oar, the one 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.

## Chapter 64
*Stubb's Supper*

"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, go on."

"Cook," cried Stubb, collaring him, "I won't have that swearing. Is not one shark dood right as toder to dat whale? And, by Gor, none on you 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?"

"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 vintages 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, agonizingly lifting his hand up and down; "wedder Fejee god or Nantucket god; but de god wat made shark must be one dam Ingin."

## Chapter 67
*Cutting In*

Now as the blubber 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 spiralizing it.

## Chapter 68
*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 this matter of the skin or 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 orthodoxy!

## Chapter 70
*The Sphynx*

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

"Sail ho!" cried a triumphant voice from the main-mast-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, stoven and sunk!"

## 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 the steward an apothecary, sir?"

"Ginger-jub! It is the captain's orders — grog for the harpooneer on a whale."

## Chapter 73
*Stubb and Flask Kill a Right Whale; and Then Have a Talk Over Him*

"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?"

Damn 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 folio leviathans, 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 — Contrasted View*

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

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

Can you catch the expression of the Sperm Whale's there?

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

"Swing the bucket this way!"

## 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 if it if you can.

## Chapter 80
*The Nut*

If the Sperm Whale be physiognomically a Sphinx, to the phrenologist his brain seems that geometrical 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-line near him.

"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, "there's no need of that!"

Immediately, by Starbuck's orders, lines were secured to it at different points, so that ere long every boat was a buoy; the sunken whale being suspended a few inches beneath them by the cords. The ship groaned and gasped. With a terrific snap, every fastening went adrift; the ship righted, the carcase sank.

Usually the dead Sperm Whale floats with great buoyancy, with its side or belly considerably elevated above the surface. Where one of that sort go down, 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 this historical story of Jonah and the whale.

## Chapter 84
*Pitchpoling*

"It became imperative to lance the flying whale, or be content to lose him," cried Stubb.

## 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. No roses, no violets, no Cologne-water in the sea.

You have seen him spout; then declare what the spout is; can you not tell water from air? My hypothesis is this: that the spout is nothing but mist.

## Chapter 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 flirted 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 purposing to pass through them into the Java sea, and thence, cruising northwards, over waters known to be frequented here and there by the Sperm Whale, sweep inshore 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 gallied 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 encountered; while you may, then, 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 composing none but 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 fast to 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 discourseth: "Ye tail is 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 Whale?"

"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 sprang up; Stubb feigned to cast off from the whale; hoisting his boats, 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 magnitude?

## Chapter 93
*The Castaway*

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

"Do, 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 upon him; and the whale was winged. In three minutes, a whole mile of shoreless 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 veteran blubber-room men.

## Chapter 95
*The Cassock*

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

## Chapter 96
*The Try-Works*

While employed in polishing them — 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 two iron mouths 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!

## Chapter 97
*The Lamp*

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 Chili, your doubloons of Bolivia, your doubloons of Popayan; with plenty of gold moidores and pistoles, and joes, and half joes, and quarter joes.

Here's signs and wonders truly!

Signs and wonders; and the sun, he's always among 'em. Book! Signs and wonders, eh? Adieu, Doubloon! Ship, old ship! Caw! Caw! Caw! Old Ahab! Oh, the gold! the precious, precious gold! hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, 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.

## Chapter 101
*The Decanter*

Flip? For, as a general thing, the English merchant-ship scrimps her crew; but not so the English whaler. 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 its 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 that Arsacidean wood, the great, white, worshipped skeleton lay lounging — a gigantic idler! Life folded Death; Death trellised Life; the grim god wived with youthful Life, and begat him curly-headed glories.

In both cases, the stranded whales 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: so that when fully invested and extended in life, he must have been ninety feet long; for in the whale, the skeleton loses 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 whereon to enlarge, amplify, and generally expatiate. Who can show a pedigree like Leviathan?

"Not far from the Sea-side, 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 105

*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 — Rope Walks and Thames Tunnels of Whales! The whale of to-day is as big as his ancestors 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 lotion.

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

## 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? — oh! 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, die; and I'll beat ye your dying march."

"Queequeg dies game! — mind ye that; Queequeg dies game! — take ye good heed of that; Queequeg dies game! I say; game, game, game! but base little Pip, he died a coward; died all a'shiver; — out upon Pip! Hark ye; if ye find Pip, tell all the Antilles he's a runaway; a coward, a coward, a coward! Shame! shame!"

## Chapter 111
*The Pacific*

"To any meditative Magian rover, this serene 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 should'st go mad, blacksmith; say, why dost thou not go mad? How can'st thou endure without being mad? Can'st thou smoothe this seam?"

"Oh!"

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

"Work that over again, Perth."

## Chapter 114
*The Gilder*

In what rapt ether sails the world, of which the weariest will never weary? "I am Stubb, and Stubb has his history; but here Stubb takes oaths that he has always been jolly!"

## Chapter 115
*The Pequod Meets The Bachelor*

"Come aboard!"

"Hast lost any men?"

"How wondrous familiar is a fool!" muttered Ahab; then aloud, "Thou art a full ship and homeward bound, thou 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 sunwards 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, aye! a strange sight that, Parsee!"

"Believe it or not, thou canst not die till it be seen, old man."

To the ship.

## Chapter 118
*The Quadrant*

Thou high and mighty Pilot! This instant thou must be eyeing him. Curse 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 sun! Old man of oceans!

## Chapter 119
*The Candles*

"Avast Stubb," cried Starbuck, "let the Typhoon sing, and strike his harp here in our rigging; but if thou art a brave man thou wilt hold thy peace."

"Look 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 magnanimous! Through thee, thy flaming self, my scorched eyes do dimly see it. Oh, thou foundling fire, thou hermit immemorial, thou too hast thy incommunicable riddle, thy unparticipated grief. 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?"

## Chapter 121

*Midnight — The Forecastle Bulwarks*

Here are hydrants, Flask. Why don't ye be sensible, Flask? Thank ye. Same with cocked hats; the cocks form gable-end eave-troughs, Flask.

## Chapter 122
*Midnight Aloft. — Thunder and Lightning*

The Main-top-sail 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 reveries. "Thou poor, proud heaven-gazer and sun's pilot! Yesterday I wrecked thee, and to-day the compasses would fain have wrecked me."

## Chapter 125
*The Log and Line*

"Where wert thou born?"

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

"Ha, Pip? come to help; eh, Pip?"

"Pip? whom call ye Pip? Pip jumped from the whaleboat. Pip's missing. Captain Ahab! sir, sir! here's Pip, trying to get 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 giving cobbling jobs. Lord! what an affection all old women have for tinkers. Any way, I'll have me thirty separate, Turk's-headed life-lines, each three feet long hanging all round to the coffin."

## Chapter 127
*The Deck*

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

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

"Thank ye, man."

"Sir? The hatchway? Oh! So it does, sir, so it does."

## 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
*The Cabin*

"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 130
*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 be this Parsee what he may, all rib and keel was solid Ahab.

## 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 coffin!"

## 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! — mockery! mockery! bitter, biting mockery of grey hairs, have I lived enough joy to wear ye; and seem and feel thus intolerably old? Close! 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 d'ye see?" 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.

## Chapter 134

*The Chase — Second Day*

"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, 'tis sweet to lean sometimes, be the leaner who he will; and would old Ahab had leaned oftener than he has."

Starbuck away, and musters the boat's crews. "Muster the men."

The old man's hinted thought was true. Ahab is for ever Ahab, man. — Stand round men, men. 'Tis Ahab — his body's part; but Ahab's soul's a centipede, that moves upon a hundred legs.

"Aye, men, he'll rise once more, — but only to spout his last! D'ye feel brave men, brave?"

"As fearless fire," cried Stubb.

"And as mechanical," muttered Ahab.

## Chapter 135

*The Chase — Third Day*

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"Aye, aye, sir," and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding, 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. Good bye, mast-head — keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I'm gone.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul'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 water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

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