

# MOBY DICK

or The Whale, by Herman Melville

SELECTIONS READ BY LOUIS ZORICH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ANN CHARTERS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9775



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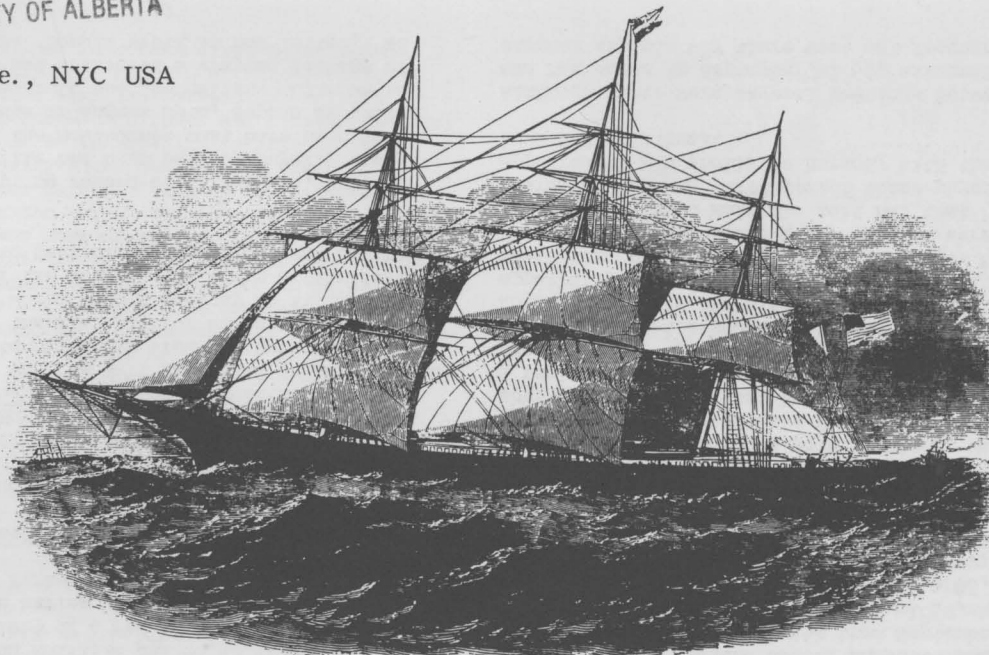
MUSIC LP

Selections read by Louis Zorich

## AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

by Ann Charters

When Moby-Dick was published in 1851, Melville was living with his wife and family on a farm among the hills of Western Massachusetts, far from the sea. While deep in the writing he imagined that his bedroom resembled a ship's cabin: "at nights when I wake up and hear the wind shrieking, I almost fancy there is too much sail on the house, and I had better go on the roof and rig in the chimney," but most of the book was written in a farmhouse facing a Berkshire view which he described in the opening chapter of Moby-Dick: "woodlands. . . reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side blue." Literary critics who have charted the growth of Melville's genius through Typee (1846), Omoo (1847), Mardi (1849), Redburn (1849) and White Jacket (1850), discussing the development of the 31 year old mariner who turned mystic in his remarkable romance about the last whaling voyage of the Pequod, have mentioned the important influence on Melville of another writer living near him in the Berkshires while work on Moby-Dick was in progress. The Hawthorne-Melville friendship is one of the most famous relationships between American authors because in the contact it would seem that Hawthorne acted on Melville as a catalyst, releasing philosophical speculation unprecedented in Melville's earlier works. Melville felt such a vital sense of appreciation that he dedicated Moby-Dick to Hawthorne "in token of my admiration for his genius." It is of course impossible to distinguish all the separate elements that contribute to the creative energies of a writer, especially a man capable of the powerful vision of Moby-Dick, but a friendship was born in the Berkshires that undoubtedly helped produce what many readers consider the greatest novel ever written in America.



## MELVILLE, HAWTHORNE, AND MOBY-DICK

A Chapter from the book in preparation,\*

Writers in a Landscape, by Ann Charters

This is a long letter, but you are not at all bound to answer it. Possibly, if you do answer it, and direct it to Herman Melville, you will mis-send it -- for the very fingers that now guide this pen are not precisely the same that just took it up and put it on this paper. Lord, when shall we be done changing? Ah! it's a long stage, and no inn in sight, and night coming, and the body cold. But with you for a passenger, I am content and can be happy. I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality.

(Melville to Hawthorne, Pittsfield, Mass., November, 1851)

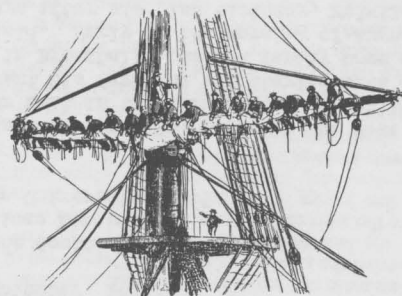
\*From the doctoral dissertation in American Literature, Columbia University, 1965

It began with a picnic, probably the most famous picnic ever held in the Berkshires. Melville had not yet bought his farm and was staying with his cousin Robert in Broadhall, the old family home outside Pittsfield. Early on the morning of August 5, 1850, four days after his 31st birthday, Melville and his

two guests from New York, Evert A. Duyckinck, a publisher's reader and magazine editor who had helped launch Melville's literary career, and Cornelius Matthews, a young novelist and pamphleteer, went to the railroad station in Pittsfield to board a train for Stockbridge. They were on their way to an outing proposed by David Dudley Field, a barrister who vacationed in Stockbridge and who was Duyckinck's old friend. Field had in mind a run up Monument Mountain, followed by an elaborate mid-day dinner at his summer mansion. At the Pittsfield station, a wooden structure representing a local architect's vague notion of an Egyptian palace, the three men were joined by Oliver Wendell Holmes, another summer vacationer in the Berkshires, who carried a shiny rubber bag stored with bottles of champagne and ice for the morning climb (actually the only refreshment brought along to the mountain "picnic").

The cars took them to Stockbridge fifteen miles down the line, where they left the train and were met by their host, D.D. Field. At his home, perhaps after sampling the champagne, they all took a practise run up a hill while waiting for the other members of the party. Finally other mountain climbers appeared, D.D. Field's daughter Jenny, and the Boston publisher James T. Fields, with a fancily dressed new bride on his arm. With J.T. Fields was one of his authors, Nathaniel Hawthorne, at 46 the oldest member of the group, who had left his wife Sophia behind to watch the children in the cottage he was renting in the neighborhood. He had to be introduced to the gentlemen from New York. Later Duyckinck remembered the author of The Scarlet Letter as "a quiet man. . . very handsome," and Duyckinck went on in a letter to

Joann Miller to confide that "He (Hawthorne) has a sort of hesitating manner and peculiar half timid smile which reminded me of our friend Miss Coddington." The last member of the party, young Harry Sedgwick, representing local Stockbridge aristocracy, arrived on horseback after the others had started.



Hawthorne's journal for August 5, 1850, contained a note on the picnic that was also his first mention of Melville in the Berkshires. Particularly struck by the young author who had maintained an argument against the Boston Autocrat, Hawthorne also wrote his friend Horatio Bridge two days later, "Duyckinck, of the Literary World, and Herman Melville are in Berkshire, and I expect them to call here this morning... I met Melville, the other day, and like him so much that I have asked him to spend a few days with me before leaving these parts."

On the morning of August 7th the expected visitors arrived; not only Melville and his two houseguests, but also his son Malcom, eighteen months old ("Melville, Junior" as Hawthorne listed him in his journal). While the men talked they strolled down the path to admire the beautiful lake nearby, and for refreshments there was again champagne. Melville's visit had been enough of an event for Hawthorne to write Horatio Bridge the next day, "Duyckinck and Melville called as expected; but Melville's visit of a few days is yet to be paid -- my invitation having been prospective, as he spends some time in Berkshire. . . ."

The third meeting of Hawthorne and Melville in the Berkshires -- only eight have been recorded -- apparently occurred more than a week later, on August 17, 1850, the day of the publication of the first installment of Melville's now famous review of Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse, (Duyckinck probably brought the review back to New York for his magazine when he left Broadhall on August 12th). Melville wrote Duyckinck from the Berkshires on August 16th, thanking him for an advance copy of The Literary World with his essay in it, and adding at the end of the letter, "If it is a fair day, I shall drive to Hawthorne's tomorrow, and deliver his parcels."

Hawthorne kept no record of this visit, but the parcels Melville had been sent by Duyckinck as presents for the Hawthornes must have been delivered because on August 29th, Sophia Hawthorne wrote her thanks to the journalist. Unknown to Melville, he had delivered a wrapped package of his own books. Sophia wrote in her letter, "We

have been very much interested in Mr. Melville's books, and we are very much obliged to you for them. Mr. Hawthorne has read them all on the new hay in the barn, which is a delightful place for the perusal of worthy books."

Duyckinck probably read the letter with pleasure, for he was also the editor of the review in the Literary World which mystified Hawthorne's wife. She asked him in the same letter, "The Virginian is the first person who has ever in print apprehended Mr. Hawthorne. . . . Who can he be, so fearless, so rich in heart, of such fine intuition? Is his name altogether hidden?"

The essay on Hawthorne's Mosses by the so-called "Virginian spending a summer in Vermont" was certainly the most important discussion to date of Hawthorne's work. If Melville's comparison of Hawthorne to Shakespeare was extravagant, Melville was nevertheless making a sound point: Hawthorne was the most important novelist yet produced in America, worthy of being considered by critics as respectfully as they dealt with English writers. (Perhaps this idea occurred to Melville as an extension of the debate on American and English literature he had with Holmes after Monument Mountain.) Furthermore, in the Mosses review Melville wrote of the philosophical rapport he felt with Hawthorne's work. Hawthorne's "great power of blackness" derived "its force from its appeals to that Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin, from whose visitations, in some shape or other, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free."

"The Virginian" became better known to the Hawthornes when he spent five days with them September 3-7, 1850, and a week later, on September 14, 1850, he made himself their bona fide neighbor. With a \$3,000 loan from his father-in-law Judge Lemuel Shaw, Melville bought a farm in the country two miles outside of Pittsfield adjoining Broadhall on the east, with an old two-story farmhouse located only a few yards from a main carriage route between Pittsfield and Lenox. Shortly afterwards, on a moonlit night, Melville rode the six miles to visit the Hawthornes and in his enthusiasm told them that he was "really going to build a real towered house -- an actual tower" on his property. By this time he was much better known to them. They had discovered he was the author of the famous review in the Literary World, and there had apparently been "some delightful conversations" between him and Sophia about her husband. Her own fondest convictions about her husband were pleasantly confirmed when Melville told her that "Mr. Hawthorne was the first person whose physical being appeared to him wholly in harmony with the intellectual and spiritual."

Although there were several meetings between Melville and Hawthorne in September, 1850, extenuating circumstances explain why there were not frequent visits

In Stockbridge, over a three hour spread of turkey, roast beef, and ice cream "well moistened by the way," the conversation again turned to literary nationalism. Holmes had his revenge, soon vanquishing the lightweight Matthews who somewhat blindly insisted that America should produce Niagras of poetry and Mississippi of prose. Forcing the logical absurdity of the argument, Holmes scornfully predicted that "in less than twenty years it would be a common thing to grow in these United States men sixteen and seventeen feet high; and intellectual in proportion"; as Duyckinck recalled, he "drew the company out by laying down various propositions of the superiority of Englishmen." If Matthews was no match for the wily doctor, Melville was ready to give battle. Accounts of Hawthorne vary -- Duyckinck said he "looked on," while Fields remembered he "rayed out in a sparkling and unwonted manner," "stoutly" taking the part of the Americans with Melville. There was no reason for Fields to favor either Holmes or Hawthorne; he had them both under contract for new books.

exchanged after this time. After buying Arrowhead, the Melvilles were busy transporting their household from New York City to Pittsfield. Melville wrote Evert Duyckinck on October 6, 1850, that at his farm there was "Every thing to be done, and scarcely any one to help me do it." The famous author of five adventure books about the sea, who had lived among the cannibals, was also in great demand at social functions at nearby Broadhall, which was sold about the same time Melville bought Arrowhead, to the wealthy John Morewood and his wife Sarah. The Morewoods liked nothing better than to arrange lavish picnics, fancy dress balls, fishing trips to Pontoosuc Lake, and long group walks in the mountains, which the Melvilles often attended. A local journalist, J.E.A. Smith, who knew Melville in the Berkshires, wrote, "In Pittsfield he did not exclude himself from the entertainments of the local social circle in which his family moved, nor was he ever neglectful of any of the reasonable observances required by its etiquette."

But the main reason that Melville and Hawthorne met only infrequently in the Berkshires was that both men were deeply engaged in finishing books the winter of 1850-51. Hawthorne had started writing The House of the Seven Gables shortly after the picnic to Monument Mountain, and Melville had brought with him from New York to Pittsfield an incompleting manuscript of a novel he had hoped originally to finish in late autumn, 1850. The full social calendar at Broadhall and the move with his wife, young son, mother and sisters to Arrowhead undoubtedly delayed Melville's work schedule, and the meetings with Hawthorne in August and September, 1850, may also have effected his plans for the unfinished book. As the critic Howard P. Vincent has said about the writing of Moby-Dick, there is only "scanty" evidence for following the growth of the novel through the winter of 1850-51, but it is important to keep in mind that the Hawthorne-Melville relationship was first of all a writers' friendship. A book the length and magnitude of Moby-Dick took a vast amount of hard, solitary labor, and by December 16, 1850 (inserted incorrectly as "this sixteenth day of December, A.D. 1851" in chapter LXXV of Moby-Dick), Melville was deep into it.

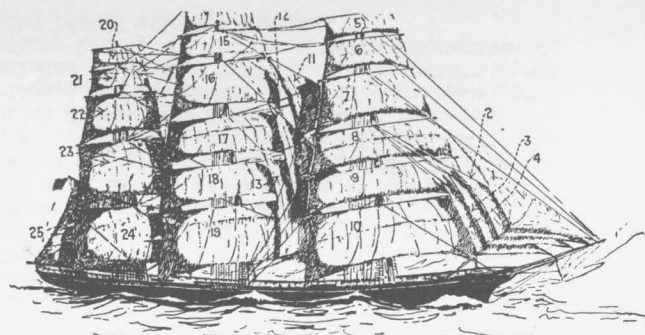
He broke off in March, 1851, to share with Hawthorne "excellent Montado sherry" and "most potent Port... mullied wine with wisdom, and buttered toast with story-telling" when Hawthorne and his seven year old daughter Una came to stay at least two days -- and perhaps a week -- at Arrowhead. With the completed manuscript of The House of the Seven Gables in the printer's hands, Hawthorne was at ease to listen sympathetically to his friend, who might have been having plot difficulty with his own half-finished book. Scholars have tried to trace the design of Moby-Dick as it grew from a romance Melville thought he could wrap off in six months to an epic which didn't reach completion until nearly a year later,

since the novel may have been first conceived as another sea story like Redburn or Whitejacket, centering about a conflict between two sailors aboard ship, perhaps an officer and a common sailor, a plot that interested Melville as late as Billy Budd. But shortly after Hawthorne's visit to Arrowhead, after days of "smoking and talking metaphysics in the barn," Melville found the courage to return to the more ambitious plan of moral allegory that had brought him critical disfavor and financial disaster the first time he had tried in Mardi. Exactly when the White Whale took central place in the unfinished manuscript is unknown, but shortly after the visit with Hawthorne, Melville's father-in-law sent him Owen Chase's Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-ship Essex, of Nantucket; Which Was Attacked and Finally Destroyed by a Large Spermaceti-Whale in The Pacific Ocean. With Chase's Narrative, the plot of a grand conflict between an extraordinary man and a near mythical whale may have taken final shape in Melville's mind; and with Hawthorne's encouraging example that the creative writer could honestly express his thoughts on great moral questions, Melville went on to transform his sixth adventure story into a great American epic romance.

Two weeks after Hawthorne's March visit, Melville had spent so much time with the Moby-Dick manuscript that he had a recurrence of his old trouble with eye strain. It was a time akin to madness for him, when all the world reflected his obsession with Ahab and the whale. When in April Hawthorne presented him with the newly published House of the Seven Gables, Melville spent a day reading it, and then wrote Hawthorne his impressions, a rambling letter that veered off sharply in a long paragraph that might have just as well been ruminations about Moby-Dick.

We think that into no recorded mind has the intense feeling of the visible truth ever entered more deeply than into this man's (Hawthorne). By visible truth, we mean the apprehension of the absolute condition of present things as they strike the eye of the man who fears them not, though they do their worst to him, -- the man who, like Russia or the British Empire, declares himself a sovereign nature (in himself) amid the powers of heaven, hell, and earth. He may perish; but so long as he exists he insists upon treating with all Powers upon an equal basis. If any of those other Powers choose to withhold certain secrets, let them; that does not impair my sovereignty in myself; that does not make me tributary.

How directly Hawthorne influenced the creation of Moby-Dick is hard to say. Certainly to Melville, his neighbor was one of the great authors, like Shakespeare, who did not fear to reveal the "things, which we feel to be terrifically true, that it were

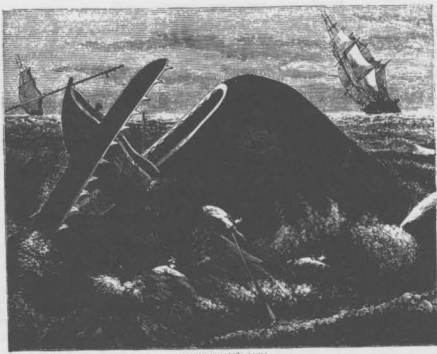


but madness for any good man, in his own proper character, to utter, even to hint of them." In Shakespeare's play, Melville wrote, "Tormented into desperation, Lear, the frantic king, tears off the mask, and speaks the same madness of vital truth." In Moby-Dick, Ahab also knew "All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event -- in the living act, the undoubted deed -- there, some unknown, but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If a man will strike, strike through the mask. . . Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me..."

Hawthorne was a man with whom Melville might share his apprehension of what lay behind the mask of visible objects, that perhaps there was after all "no secret. We incline to think that the Problem of the Universe is like the Freemason's mighty secret, so terrible to all children. It turns out, at last, to consist in a triangle, a mallet, and an apron, -- nothing more! We incline to think that God cannot explain His own secrets, and that He would like a little information upon certain points Himself." For Melville, "no secret" was a terrible secret, and he told Hawthorne that "it has bred great exhilaration and exultation" to know "that the architect of the Gables resides only six miles off, and not three thousand miles away, in England, say." The discussions between the two men, unrecorded but suggested in the Melville letters and the excitement in the long speeches and interior monologues of Moby-Dick, were Hawthorne's contributions to the book. From this friendship Melville was encouraged to write what was in the depth of his heart; he had written "a wicked book," he told his friend, but he felt "spotless as the lamb."

In the spring of 1851, with Moby-Dick "in his flurry", Melville broke away from the manuscript to labor behind a plow, hurriedly finishing as much of the planting on his farm as he could himself, so that he could get back to the novel. He had talked with Hawthorne about a possible excursion together to New York, but by the time Moby-Dick was ready for the printer in June, 1851, Melville left for the city himself, as his friend was engaged in another writing project, The Wonder Book.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dream



IN THE WHALEY JARK

Finally came an afternoon when all books were out of the way and the two writers found themselves simultaneously at leisure. On August 1, 1851, Melville's 32nd birthday, he saddled his horse and rode over to see Hawthorne. The visit occurred while Hawthorne was keeping the journal called "Twenty Days with Julian and Little Bunny," and he described with great enjoyment how he and his guest sat up together very late, after Melville had drunk one cup of tea, but only one, "because it would keep him awake." Sophia was away with Hawthorne's young daughters visiting in West Newton, and the two men had one of their best talks that night, "about time and eternity, things of this world and of the next, and books, and publishers, and all possible and impossible matters..." They were so much at their ease talking on the antique ottoman and the ancient carved chair in the drawing room of the Little Red House, with the bust of Apollo and Correggio's Madona looking on, that Hawthorne and his guest even smoked cigars together, an indulgence they knew Sophia did not permit indoors. It was probably one of their most rewarding visits, and it was good it "lasted pretty deep into the night." Only one other meeting between Hawthorne and Melville was recorded in the Berkshires, the next week, August 8, 1851, when Evert and George Duyckinck and Hawthorne and Melville had "a day of days" driving through the countryside.

There is a sense of irony in the timing of events after this meeting. *Moby-Dick* was published in mid-November, 1851, and shortly afterwards, almost as if to suggest that the Hawthorne-Melville friendship was linked with the book, the two men were no longer neighbors. It was a conspiracy of circumstances, for Hawthorne intended to live in the Berkshires at least through the winter, but on November 21st, as a result of an unfortunate misunderstanding about property rights with the landlord of the Little Red House, Hawthorne and his family moved away. The last words on *Moby-Dick* had been exchanged between the two men only a few days before his departure, when Hawthorne sent Melville a "plain, bluff letter" praising the book and

offering to review it. Melville spurned the offer: "Don't write a word about the book. That would be robbing me of my miserly delight" -- and charged, "You did not care a penny for the book. But, now and then as you read, you understood the pervading thought that impelled the book -- and that you praised. Was it not so? You were archangel enough to despise the imperfect body, and embrace the soul."

One would assume that Melville also spoke with Hawthorne in person, but the only record of Melville's activities is in a letter from Sarah Morewood describing a recent "amusement" to George Duyckinck, dated November 21, 1851, the day Hawthorne left the Berkshires.

A party of friends were spending the evening with us -- Mr. Melville and three of his sisters among the number -- we agreed by way of amusement to write names for our cows and house -- and to decide by drawing lots -- I drew for the house Broadhall -- for the three cows -- Molly Polly and Dolly. Miss Kate Melville had the naming of the house -- Herman Melville the cows --

For Melville, Hawthorne, and *Moby-Dick*, the drama was done.

#### Side One

Band 1.	Chapter 1.	"Loomings"	15'55"
Band 2.	Chapter 36.	"The Quarter Deck." Ahab and All." (Beginning)	9'25"

#### Side Two

Band 1.	Chapter 36.	"The Quarter Deck." (Conclusion)	11'20"
Band 2.	Chapter 135.	"The Chase - Third Day" (The last of the chase and Epilog)	16'15"

Recorded under the supervision of Samuel Charters, Recording by Cue Studio, New York.

#### A NOTE ON THE SELECTION

While *Moby-Dick* is such a complex and profound book that nothing but a complete reading could begin to do it justice, this long-playing record has been produced in the belief that a dramatic reading of parts of the text by a professional actor can suggest new dimensions of the novel to students, as well as provide entertainment for the general reader.

Chapters 1 and 36, and the last half of the final chapter 135 were selected to emphasize points of major significance in the novel. The opening pages of *Moby-Dick*, "Loomings," introduce Ishmael and suggest some reasons for his -- and Melville's -- decision to go to sea, expressed with the novel's characteristic power and evocative assurance. Chapter 36, "The Quarter Deck," contains the brilliant psychological portrayal of Ahab and certain important members of his crew revealed at the decisive moment when Ahab commits them to a unified participation in the chase of the White Whale. Chapter 135, "The Chase - Third Day" and "Epilogue" describe the last efforts of Ahab to conquer the Whale, the magnificent action of the Pequod's destruction, and the calm that followed.

The text has not been altered for this reading except in the instance of the phrase "Buoyed up by that coffin" in the Epilogue; for clarity it has been changed to "Buoyed up by Queequeg's coffin," referring to the coffin that Queequeg built for himself when he became ill on the Pequod and feared death (chapter 110); later it was made into a spare life-buoy (chapter 127) when the first man to mount the mast to look for *Moby-Dick* fell from his perch and drowned.

When Ahab shouts, "The ship! The hearse! -- the second hearse! Its wood could only be American," he is referring to the second part of the prophecy made by the Parsee Fedallah, who ever since his first appearance as one of Ahab's secret crew aboard ship (chapter 48), has been a diabolical presence.

The first part of the prophecy, that he should be killed before Ahab, came true in the previous chapter (134), leaving Ahab to ponder how "he should go before me, my pilot, and yet be seen again." Just before the last selection begins, the dead Parsee has been seen lashed to the whale's back, and now Ahab awaits the fulfillment "of the last letter of thy word," the still veiled reference to the second hearse.

#### ABOUT THE READER

Louis Zorich, who was born in Chicago and studied acting at Goodman's, has done a wide variety of roles on Broadway and the Off-Broadway stage, as well as television appearances on programs like *Defenders*, *Naked City*, *Route 66*, and the *Hallmark Hall of Fame*. He was a member of the American Theatre Group at the McCarter Theatre at Princeton University in the 1964 season. He has toured the United States with Arthur Miller's "View From The Bridge," and his recent Broadway appearances have included "Beckett," with Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn, and the Orson Wells adaptation of "Moby Dick," with Rod Steiger.

## Loomings

CALL me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme down-town is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say, you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreami-

est, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd's head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd's eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him. Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger-lilies—what is the one charm wanting?—

Water—there is not a drop of water there! Were Niagara but a cataract of sand, would you travel your thousand miles to see it? Why did the poor poet of Tennessee, upon suddenly receiving two handfuls of silver, deliberate whether to buy him a coat, which he sadly needed, or invest his money in a pedestrian trip to Rockaway Beach? Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.

Now, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over conscious of my lungs, I do not mean to have it inferred that I ever go to sea as a passenger. For to go as a passenger you must needs have a purse, and a purse is but a rag unless you have something in it. Besides, passengers get sea-sick—grow quarrelsome—don't sleep of nights—do not enjoy themselves much, as a general thing;—no, I never go as a passenger; nor, though I am something of a salt, do I ever go to sea as a Commodore, or a Captain, or a Cook. I abandon the glory and distinction of such offices to those who like them. For my part, I abominate all honorable respectable toils, trials, and tribulations of every kind whatsoever. It is quite as much as I can do to take care of myself, without taking care of ships, barques, brigs, schooners, and what not. And as for going as cook,—though I confess there is considerable glory in that, a cook being a sort of officer on ship-board—yet, somehow, I never fancied broiling fowls;—though once broiled, judiciously buttered, and judgmatically salted and peppered, there is no one who will speak more respectfully, not to say reverentially, of a broiled fowl than I will. It is out of the idolatrous dotings of the old Egyptians upon broiled ibis and roasted river horse, that you see the mummies of those creatures in their huge bake-houses the pyramids.

No, when I go to sea, I go as a simple sailor, right before the mast, plumb down into the fore-castle, aloft there to the royal mast-head. True, they rather order me about some, and make me jump from spar to spar, like a grasshopper in a May meadow. And at first, this sort of thing is unpleasant enough. It touches one's sense of honor, particularly if you come of an old established family in the land, the

Van Rensselaers, or Randolphs, or Hardicanutes. And more than all, if just previous to putting your hand into the tar-pot, you have been lording it as a country schoolmaster, making the tallest boys stand in awe of you. The transition is a keen one, I assure you, from a schoolmaster to a sailor, and requires a strong decoction of Seneca and the Stoics to enable you to grin and bear it. But even this wears off in time.

What of it, if some old hunks of a sea-captain orders me to get a broom and sweep down the decks? What does that indignity amount to, weighed, I mean, in the scales of the New Testament? Do you think the archangel Gabriel thinks anything the less of me, because I promptly and respectfully obey that old hunks in that particular instance? Who aint a slave? Tell me that. Well, then, however the old sea-captains may order me about—however they may thump and punch me about, I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is all right; that everybody else is one way or other served in much the same way—either in a physical or metaphysical point of view, that is; and so the universal thump is passed round, and all hands should rub each other's shoulder-blades, and be content.

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. And there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid. The act of paying is perhaps the most uncomfortable infliction that the two orchard thieves entailed upon us. But *being paid*,—what will compare with it? The urbane activity with which a man receives money is really marvelous, considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills, and that on no account can a monied man enter heaven. Ah! how cheerfully we consign ourselves to perdition!

Finally, I always go to sea as a sailor, because of the wholesome exercise and pure air of the fore-castle deck. For as in this world, head winds are far more prevalent than winds from astern (that is, if you never violate the Pythagorean maxim), so for the most part the Commodore on the quarter-deck gets his atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the fore-castle. He thinks he breathes it first; but not so. In much the same way do the commonalty lead their leaders in many other things, at the same time that the leaders little suspect it. But wherefore it was that after having repeatedly smelt the sea as a merchant sailor, I should now take it into my head to go on a whaling voyage; this the invisible police officer of the Fates, who has the constant surveillance of me, and secretly dogs me, and influences me in some unaccountable way—he can better answer than any one else. And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage, formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances. I take it that this part of the bill must have run something like this:

*“Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States*

“WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISHMAEL

“BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN”

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were set down for magnifi-

cent parts in high tragedies, and short and easy parts in genteel comedies, and jolly parts in farces—though I cannot tell why this was exactly; yet, now that I recall all the circumstances, I think I can see a little into the springs and motives which being cunningly presented to me under various disguises, induced me to set about performing the part I did, besides cajoling me into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my own unbiased freewill and discriminating judgment.

Chief among these motives was the overwhelming idea of the great whale himself. Such a portentous and mysterious monster roused all my curiosity. Then the wild and distant seas where he rolled his island bulk; the undeliverable, nameless perils of the whale; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped to sway me to my wish. With other men, perhaps, such things would not have been inducements; but as for me, I am tormented with an everlasting itch for things remote. I love to sail forbidden seas and land on barbarous coasts. Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it—would they let me—since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

Side One, Band 2.

CHAPTER 36

### The Quarter-Deck

[Enter Ahab: Then, all]

It was not a great while after the affair of the pipe, that one morning shortly after breakfast, Ahab, as was his wont, ascended the cabin-gangway to the deck. There most sea-captains usually walk at that hour, as country gentlemen, after the same meal, take a few turns in the garden.

Soon his steady, ivory stride was heard, as to and fro he paced his old rounds, upon planks so familiar to his tread, that they were all over dented, like geological stones, with the peculiar mark of his walk. Did you fixedly gaze, too, upon that ribbed and dented brow; there also, you would see still stranger foot-prints—the foot-prints of his one unsleeping, ever-pacing thought.

But on the occasion in question, those dents looked deeper, even as his nervous step that morning left a deeper mark. And, so full of his thought was Ahab, that at every uniform turn that he made, now at the mainmast and now at the binnacle, you could almost see that thought turn in him as he turned, and pace in him as he paced; so completely possessing him, indeed, that it all but seemed the inward mould of every outer movement.

"D'ye mark him, Flask?" whispered Stubb; "the chick that's in him pecks the shell. 'Twill soon be out."

The hours wore on;—Ahab now shut up within his cabin; anon, pacing the deck, with the same intense bigotry of purpose in his aspect.

It drew near the close of day. Suddenly he came to a halt by the bulwarks, and inserting his bone leg into the auger-hole there, and with one hand grasping a shroud, he ordered Starbuck to send everybody aft.

"Sir!" said the mate, astonished at an order seldom or never given on ship-board except in some extraordinary case.

"Send everybody aft," repeated Ahab. "Mast-heads, there! come down!"

When the entire ship's company were assembled, and with curious and not wholly unapprehensive faces, were eyeing him, for he looked not unlike the weather horizon when a storm is coming up, Ahab, after rapidly glancing over the bulwarks, and then darting his eyes among the crew, started from his stand-point; and as though not a soul were nigh him resumed his heavy turns upon the deck. With bent head and half-slouched hat he continued to pace, unmindful of the wondering whispering among the men; till Stubb cautiously whispered to Flask, that Ahab must have summoned them there for the purpose of witnessing a pedestrian feat. But this did not last long. Vehemently pausing, he cried:—

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

"Sing out for him!" was the impulsive rejoinder from a score of clubbed voices.

"Good!" cried Ahab, with a wild approval in his tones; observing the hearty animation into which his unexpected question had so magnetically thrown them.

"And what do ye next, men?"

"Lower away, and after him!"

"And what tune is it ye pull to, men?"

"A dead whale or a stove boat!"

More and more strangely and fiercely glad and approving, grew the countenance of the old man at every shout; while the mariners began to gaze curiously at each other, as if marvelling how it was that they themselves became so excited at such seemingly purposeless questions.

But, they were all eagerness again, as Ahab, now half-revolving in his pivot-hole, with one hand reaching high up a shroud, and tightly, almost convulsively grasping it, addressed them thus:—

"All ye mast-headers have before now heard me give orders about a white whale. Look ye! d'ye see this Spanish ounce of gold?"—holding up a broad bright coin to the sun—"it is a sixteen dollar piece, men. D'ye see it? Mr. Starbuck, hand me yon top-maul."

While the mate was getting the hammer, Ahab, without speaking, was slowly rubbing the gold piece against the skirts of his jacket, as if to heighten its lustre, and without using any words was meanwhile lowly humming to himself, producing a sound so strangely muffled and inarticulate that it seemed the mechanical humming of the wheels of his vitality in him.

Receiving the top-maul from Starbuck, he advanced towards the main-mast with the hammer uplifted in one hand, exhibiting the gold with the other, and with a high raised voice exclaiming: "Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw; whosoever of ye raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look you, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys!"

"Huzza! huzza!" cried the seamen, as with swinging tarpaulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast.

"It's a white whale, I say," resumed Ahab, as he threw down the top-maul; "a white whale. Skin your eyes for him, men; look sharp for white water; if ye see but a bubble, sing out."

All this while Tashtego, Daggoo, and Queequeg had looked on with even more intense interest and surprise than the rest, and at the mention of the wrinkled brow and crooked jaw they had started as if each was separately touched by some specific recollection.

"Captain Ahab," said Tashtego, "that white whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick."

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

"Does he fan-tail a little curious, sir, before he goes down?" said the Gay-Header deliberately.

"And has he a curious spout, too," said Daggoo, "very bushy, even for a parmacetty, and mighty quick, Captain Ahab?"

"And he have one, two, tree—oh! good many iron in him hide, too, Captain," cried Queequeg disjointedly, "all twisketee be-twisk, like him—him—" faltering hard for a word, and screwing his hand round and round as though uncorking a bottle—"like him—him—"

"Corkscrew!" cried Ahab, "aye, Queequeg, the harpoons lie all twisted and wrenched in him; aye, Daggoo, his spout is a big one, like a whole shock of wheat, and white as a pile of our Nantucket wool after the great annual sheep-shearing; aye, Tashtego, and he fan-tails like a split jib in a squall. Death and devils! men, it is Moby Dick ye have seen—Moby Dick—Moby Dick!"

"Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, who, with Stubb and Flask, had thus far been eyeing his superior with increasing surprise, but at last seemed struck with a thought which somewhat explained all the wonder. "Captain Ahab, I have heard of Moby Dick—but it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg?"

"Who told thee that?" cried Ahab; then pausing, "Aye, Starbuck; aye, my hearties all round; it was Moby Dick that dimasted me; Moby Dick that brought me to this dead stump I stand on now. Aye, aye," he shouted with a terrific, loud, animal sob, like that of a heart-stricken moose; "Aye, aye! it was that accursed white whale that razed me; made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day!" Then tossing both arms, with measureless imprecations he shouted out: "Aye, aye! and I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames before I give him up. And this is what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it, now? I think ye do look brave."

"Aye, aye!" shouted the harpooners and seamen, running closer to the excited old man: "A sharp eye for the White Whale; a sharp lance for Moby Dick!"

"God bless ye," he seemed to half sob and half shout. "God bless ye, men. Steward! go draw the great measure of grog. But what's this long face about, Mr. Starbuck; wilt thou not chase the white whale? art not game for Moby Dick?"

Side Two, Band 1.

"I am game for his crooked jaw, and for the jaws of Death too, Captain Ahab, if it fairly comes in the way of the business we follow; but I came here to hunt whales, not my commander's vengeance. How many barrels will thy vengeance yield thee even if thou gettest it, Captain Ahab? It will not fetch thee much in our Nantucket market."

"Nantucket market! Hoot! But come closer, Starbuck; thou requirest a little lower layer. If money's to be the measure, man, and the accountants have computed their great counting-house the globe, by girdling it with guineas, one to every three parts of an inch; then, let me tell thee, that my vengeance will fetch a great premium here!"

"He smites his chest," whispered Stubb, "what's that for? Methinks it rings most vast, but hollow."

"Vengeance on a dumb brute!" cried Starbuck, "that



simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing, Captain Ahab, seems blasphemous."

"Hark ye yet again,—the little lower layer. All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing put forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me. For could the sun do that, then could I do the other; since there is ever a sort of fair play herein, jealousy presiding over all creations. But not my master, man, is even that fair play. Who's over me? Truth has no confines. Take off thine eye! more intolerable than fiends' glarings is a doltish stare! So, so; thou reddened and palest; my heat has melted thee to anger-glow. But look ye, Starbuck, what is said in heat, that thing unsays itself. There are men from whom warm words are small indignity. I meant not to incense thee. Let it go. Look! see yonder Turkish cheeks of spotted tawn—living, breathing pictures painted by the sun. The Pagan leopards—the unrecking and unworshipping things, that live; and seek, and give no reasons for the torrid life they feel! the crew, man, the crew! Are they not one and all with Ahab, in this matter of the whale? See Stubb! he laughs! See yonder Chilian! he snorts to think of it. Stand up amid the general hurricane, thy one tost sapling cannot, Starbuck! And what is it? Reckon it. 'Tis but to help strike a fin; no wondrous feat for Starbuck. What is it more? From this one poor hunt, then, the best lance out of all Nantucket, surely he will not hang back, when every foremast-hand has clutched a whetstone? Ah! constrainings seize thee; I see! the billow lifts thee! Speak, but speak!—Aye, aye! thy silence, then, *that* voices thee. (*Aside*) Something shot from my dilated nostrils, he has inhaled it in his lungs. Starbuck now is mine; cannot oppose me now, without rebellion."

"God keep me!—keep us all!" murmured Starbuck, lowly.

But in his joy at the enchanted, tacit acquiescence of the mate, Ahab did not hear his foreboding invocation; nor yet the low laugh from the hold; nor yet the presaging vibrations of the winds in the cordage; nor yet the hollow flap of the sails against the masts, as for a moment their hearts sank in. For again Starbuck's downcast eyes lightened up with the stubbornness of life; the subterranean laugh died away; the winds blew on; the sails filled out; the ship heaved and rolled as before. Ah, ye admonitions and warnings! why stay ye not when ye come? But rather are ye predictions than warnings, ye shadows! Yet not so much predictions from without, as verifications of the foregoing things within. For with little external to constrain us, the innermost necessities in our being, these still drive us on.

"The measure! the measure!" cried Ahab.

Receiving the brimming pewter, and turning to the harpooners, he ordered them to produce their weapons. Then ranging them before him near the capstan, with their harpoons in their hands, while his three mates stood at his side with their lances, and the rest of the ship's company formed a circle round the group; he stood for an instant searchingly eyeing every man of his crew. But those wild eyes met his, as the bloodshot eyes of the prairie wolves meet the eye of

their leader, ere he rushes on at their head in the trail of the bison; but, alas! only to fall into the hidden snare of the Indian.

"Drink and pass!" he cried, handing the heavy charged flagon to the nearest seaman. "The crew alone now drink. Round with it, round! Short draughts—long swallows, men; 'tis hot as Satan's hoof. So, so; it goes round excellently. It spirallizes in ye; forks out at the serpent-snapping eye. Well done; almost drained. That way it went, this way it comes. Hand it to me—here's a hollow! Men, ye seem the years; so brimming life is gulped and gone. Steward, refill!"

"Attend now, my braves, I have mustered ye all round this capstan; and ye mates, flank me with your lances; and ye harpooners, stand there with your irons; and ye, stout mariners, ring me in, that I may in some sort revive a noble custom of my fisherman fathers before me. O men, you will yet see that—Ha! boy, come back? bad pennies come not sooner. Hand it me. Why, now, this pewter had run brimming again, wer't not thou St. Vitus' imp—away, thou ague!"

"Advance, ye mates! Cross your lances full before me. Well done! let me touch the axis." So saying, with extended arm, he grasped the three level, radiating lances at their crossed centre; while so doing, suddenly and nervously twitched them; meanwhile, glancing intently from Starbuck to Stubb; from Stubb to Flask. It seemed as though, by some nameless, interior volition, he would fain have shocked into them the same fiery emotion accumulated within the Leyden jar of his own magnetic life. The three mates quailed before his strong, sustained, and mystic aspect. Stubb and Flask looked sideways from him; the honest eye of Starbuck fell downright.

"In vain!" cried Ahab; "but, maybe, 'tis well. For did ye three but once take the full-forced shock, then mine own electric thing, *that* had perhaps expired from out me. Perchance, too, it would have dropped ye dead. Perchance ye need it not. Down lances! And now, ye mates, I do appoint ye three cup bearers to my three pagan kinsmen there—yon three most honorable gentlemen and noblemen, my valiant harpooners. Disdain the task? What, when the great Pope washes the feet of beggars, using his tiara for ewer? Oh, my sweet cardinals! your own condescension, *that* shall bend ye to it. I do not order ye; ye will it. Cut your seizings and draw the poles, ye harpooners!"

Silently obeying the order, the three harpooners now stood with the detached iron part of their harpoons, some three feet long, held, barbs up, before him.

"Stab me not with that keen steel! Cant them; cant them over! know ye not the goblet end? Turn up the socket! So, so; now, ye cup-bearers, advance. The irons! take them; hold them while I fill!" Forthwith, slowly going from one officer to the other, he brimmed the harpoon sockets with the fiery waters from the pewter.

"Now, three to three, ye stand. Commend the murderous chalices! Bestow them, ye who are now made parties to this indissoluble league. Ha! Starbuck! but the deed is done! Yon ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it. Drink, ye harpooners! drink and swear, ye men that man the deathful whaleboat's bow—Death to Moby Dick! God hunt us all, if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!" The long, barbed steel goblets were lifted; and to cries and maledictions against the white whale, the spirits were simultaneously quaffed down with a hiss. Starbuck paled, and turned, and shivered. Once more, and finally, the replenished pewter went the rounds among the frantic crew; when, waving his free hand to them, they all dispersed; and Ahab retired within his cabin.

Side Two, Band 2.

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing upwards, he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mast-heads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had but just been hoisted to the side, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the portholes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this; as he heard the hammers in the broken boats; far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main-mast-head, he shouted to Tashtego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag, and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him: whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the un pitying sharks accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat; and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, Sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on!—But who can tell!"—he muttered—"whether these sharks swim to feast on the whale or on Ahab?—But pull on! Aye, all alive, now—we near him. The helm! take the helm; let me pass,"—and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—as the whale sometimes will—and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great, Monadnock hump; he was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby Dick sideways writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraded, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the

steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks!—'tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his plank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it—it may be—a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden, he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. "I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is't night?"

"The whale! The ship!" cried the cringing oarsmen.

"Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea, that ere it be for ever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! Will ye not save my ship?"

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew, trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's mast-head hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own forward-flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"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. Up helm, I say—ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my life-long fidelities? Oh, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!"

"Stand not by me, but stand under me, whoever you are that will now help Stubb; for Stubb, too, sticks here. I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Who ever helped Stubb, or kept Stubb awake, but Stubb's own unwinking eye? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft; would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look ye, sun, moon, and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever spouted up his ghost. For all that, I would yet ring glasses with ye, would ye but hand the cup! Oh, oh! oh, oh! thou grinning whale, but there'll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not, O Ahab! For me, off shoes and jacket to it; let Stubb die in his drawers! A most mouldy and over salted death, though;—cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh, Flask, for one red cherry ere we die!"

"Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow. Oh, Stubb, I hope my poor mother's drawn my part-pay ere this; if not, few coppers will now come to her, for the voyage is up."

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of over-

spreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooners aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"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.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer. Oh! ye three unsundered spires of mine; thou uncracked keel; and only god-bullied hull; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow,—death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale! Thus, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove;—ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eye-splice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned, "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana; only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooners still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the Pequod out of sight.

But as the last whelmings interminglingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the main-mast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched;—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with archangelic shrieks, and his imperial beak

thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

## EPILOGUE

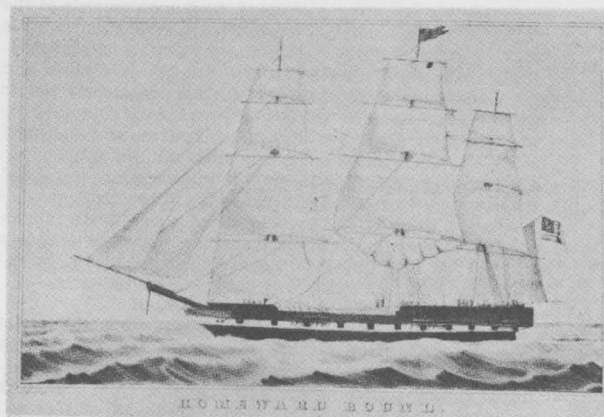
"AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE."

JOB.

THE DRAMA'S DONE. Why then here does any one step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck.

It so chanced, that after the Parsee's disappearance, I was he whom the Fates ordained to take the place of Ahab's bowsman, when that bowsman assumed the vacant post; the same, who, when on the last day the three men were tossed from out the rocking boat, was dropped astern. So, floating on the margin of the ensuing scene, and in full sight of it, when the half-spent suction of the sunk ship reached me, I was then, but slowly, drawn towards the closing vortex. When I reached it, it had subsided to a creamy pool. Round and round, then, and ever contracting towards the button-like black bubble at the axis of that slowly wheeling circle, like another Ixion I did revolve. Till, gaining that vital centre, the black bubble upward burst; and now, liberated by reason of its cunning spring, and, owing to its great buoyancy, rising with great force, the coffin life-buoy shot lengthwise from the sea, fell over, and floated by my side. Buoyed up by that coffin, for almost one whole day and night, I floated on a soft and dirge-like main. The unharmed sharks, they glided by as if with padlocks on their mouths; the savage sea-hawks sailed with sheathed beaks. On the second day, a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

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