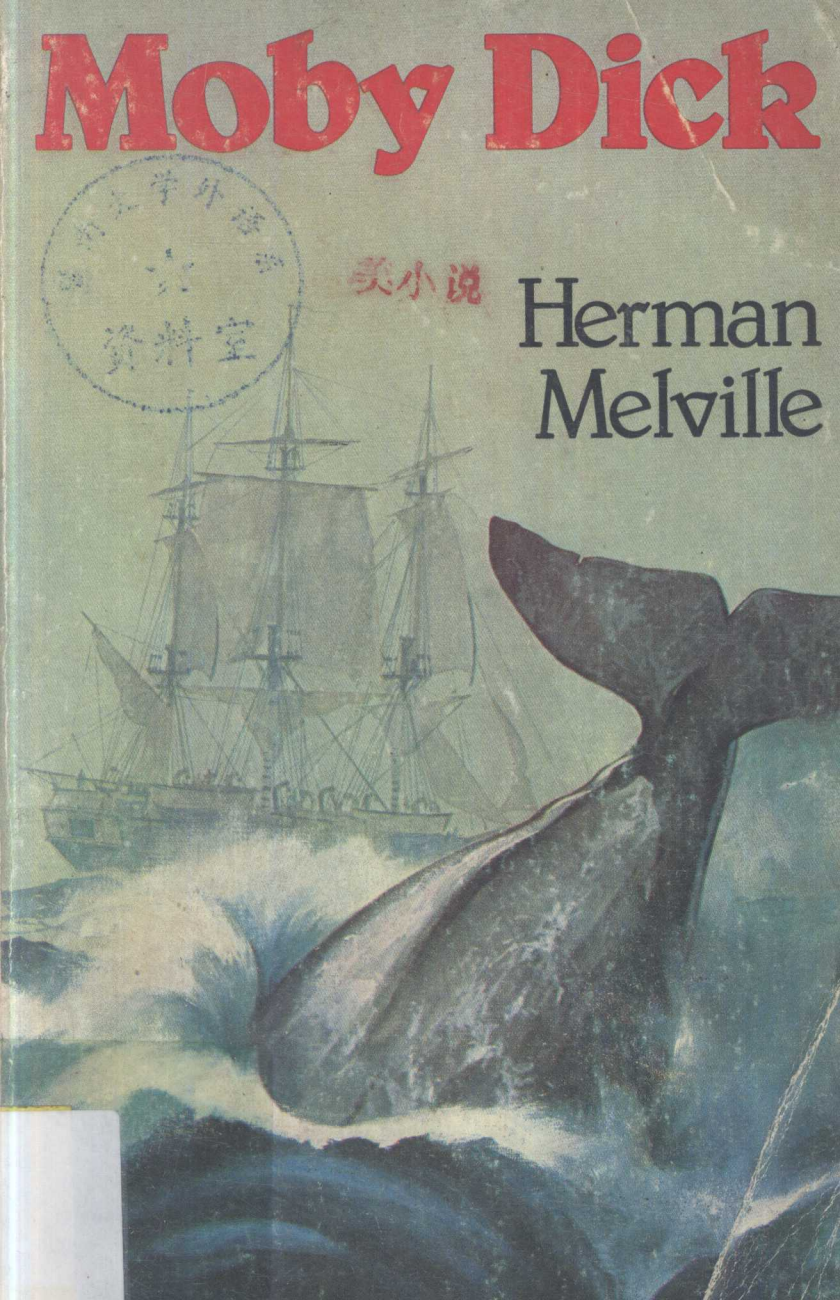
Moby Dick

美小说

Herman Melville



INTRODUCTION

In the course of his enthusiastic review of Hawthorne's short stories, *Mosses From An Old Manse*, written in two parts for *The Literary World* of August 1850, Melville gave out an instructive clue to the novel he had busily in hand. 'You must have plenty of sea-room to tell the truth in,' he declaimed. The essential dimension of *Moby Dick*, published in America in 1851 (in England, with a slightly altered text, the title was *The Whale*), lies precisely there. Capacious, epic in energy and canvas, *Moby Dick* stands firmly at the centre of American literary achievement. Of all the varieties of writing produced during 'The American Renaissance' —Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* and his emblematic stories, Emerson's essays, Thoreau's *Walden*, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Emily Dickinson's crystalline poems, Edgar Allan Poe's *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* and his dissimulating Gothic tales and poems, to pick from the best known—none speaks more dynamically down the ages or with greater splendour than *Moby Dick*.

Were we to read *Moby Dick* from assumptions about fiction congenial to those mid-Victorians on both sides of the Atlantic who, used to a novel of manners, first struggled with Melville's whaling odyssey, like them we might insist that his sixth novel amounted to untempered Gothick. Though reviewers acknowledged *Moby Dick*'s largeness of effort, the majority thought it defective as art, unsure of touch, even profane. Was Melville writing metaphysics or Pacific adventure?

Conversely, looking back at *Moby Dick*, a work written the same year as Tennyson's 'In Memoriam', from more recent perspectives of the *symbolistes*, Freud and Jung and the great shapers of twentieth-century fiction, we find ourselves better equipped to deal with Melville's 'lower layers'. A literary mariner with an awesome and ancient hunt to relate, a Victorian troubled by many of his age's assumptions and a prophet of modern consciousness, Melville has pressing claims on our attention. Certainly, Hawthorne's observation on an earlier Melville novel, *Mardi*, might with justice apply to *Moby Dick*. Its depths 'compel a man to swim for his life'.

. . . . .

Introduction

In June 1851, still excitedly in labour with *Moby Dick*, Melville wrote to Hawthorne:

> My development has been all within a few years past. I am like one of those seeds taken out of the Egyptian pyramids, which, after three thousand years a seed, being planted in the English soil, it developed itself, grew to greenness, and then fell to the mould. So I. Until I was twenty-five, I had no development at all. From my twenty-fifth year I date my life. Three weeks have scarcely passed, at any time between then and now, that I have not unfolded within myself. But I feel that I am come to the inmost leaf of the bulb, and that shortly the flower must fall to the mould.

The 'life' Melville began at twenty-five, and to whose organic growth this letter is rare testimony, was also the year of his return to the Atlantic seaboard from the South Seas in 1844. The four previous years had been lively. He had 'journeyed out' aboard the *Acushnet*, a New England whaler, and jumped ship at the Marquesan harbour of Nuku Hiva in the Pacific. As he complained of his later reputation, he then 'lived among the cannibals' and played beachcomber in the Polynesian tropics of Tahiti. Reaching Honolulu after sorties on two other whalers, and a further round of Pacific island-hopping, he worked his passage home, via various South American ports and the Horn, an enlisted sailor before the mast on the frigate *United States*. He disembarked at Boston in 1844.

To his enthralled, genteel-poor New Yorker family, Melville eagerly disgorged his exotic South Seas adventures, his heady tales of whale chases and fugitive daring. Given impetus by the free time again on his hands (it was the need to make a living which had sent Melville to sea in the first place), his progress from drawing-room anecdotalist to a writer of novels followed quickly.

The imagination which awoke with his first novel *Typee* (1846), a best-seller, yielded in fast succession four volumes in five years: *Omoo* (1847), *Mardi* (1849), *Redburn* (1849) and *White Jacket* (1850). With the exception of *Redburn*, which builds out from Melville's youthful adventures aboard the trading vessel *Saint Lawrence* (he shipped as a crew-member for a four-month crossing to Liverpool and back in 1839), the other apprentice novels derive substantially from his ship- and rover-experiences between 1841 and 1844.

What was the upbringing which led to these 'journeyings' through the worlds of fact as well as literary art and which reached a climax in *Moby Dick*, Melville's review in *The Literary World* and his effusive letters to Hawthorne of 1850–1? Born in 1819, in

New York City, he was the son of Allan Melvill (Melville added the 'e'), an 'importer of French Goods and Commission Merchant' and the heir to minor Scottish aristocracy. Mrs Melville had been Maria Gansevoort, a daughter of one of New York State's Dutch-American, Knickerbocker families. Edith Wharton was a distant later relative. Melville's New York origins, which he shares with Henry James and Brooklyn-born Walt Whitman, place him in spirit, as well as geography, at some distance from the Trancendentalist circle of Emerson and his fellow Boston Brahmins. In the fiction which follows *Moby Dick*, *Pierre* and 'Bartleby' most especially, it is important to remember Melville as a voice of the city as well as the sea.

One of eight children, four brothers and four sisters, Melville appears to have grown up the pliant, rather sombre son of warmly convivial parents whose lineage, to the patrician satisfaction of both sides, boasted grandfathers prominent in the Revolutionary War. Family life, busy and respectable, and given intermittent doses of Calvinism from one of Melville's grandmothers, in essence meant a round of provincial high manners. Melville took his schooling in the city with occasional holidays in Albany, New York's state capital, and in Massachusetts at Pittsfield and Boston. When he was seven his father described him as 'somewhat slow in comprehension'. There was scope for 'development'.

The first shock to this cushioned environment came with the bankruptcy, then the delirium and death of Melville's revered father in 1832. The shock of that death is registered in *Pierre* twenty years later. From then on Melville's young life amounted to a run of false starts. He became a clerk in an Albany bank. In 1835 he worked a summer on his uncle's farm at Pittsfield where, in 1850, he brought his own farm and discovered Hawthorne for his Berkshire neighbour at nearby Lenox. In 1837 he taught briefly in a country school. The same year he appeared in print for the first time, as a slightly pompous correspondent in the columns of *The Albany Microscope*. In late 1838 he studied engineering, hopeful of working on the Lake Erie Canal system and, doubtless, of securing his place in the opening of the West. He went into print a second time, in May 1839, with 'Fragments From A Writing Desk', a two-part, ornate mystery tale he contributed to *The Democratic Press and Lansingburgh Advertiser*. In June 1839 he sailed down the Hudson and took a deckhand's place to Liverpool and back, returning in the autumn. After another spell of teaching, he went west in 1840 to Illinois, then travelled the Mississippi, whose ambiguities and bustle he harboured for the writing of *The Confidence Man* in 1857. None of these ventures yielded security. And on 3 January 1841, appropriately enough at the beginning of a new year, he sailed out

of New Bedford, a whalerman of high-born American stock, bound for the South Seas.

Melville's first novels map two ocean worlds: the balmy, tropical Pacific and the harsher Atlantic. Casting free of home and family, each of his young narrators takes flight across watery space. In *Typee*, *Omoo* and *Mardi* they leave ship to explore the archipelagos of Polynesia. In *Redburn* and *White Jacket* they remain mainly abroad, hard put to survive the authoritarian ship systems they encounter. Melville's early novels are 'confessional' portraits of the young man as a seeker.

Melville's imaginative means in these first novels, however confident and spirited, are far from even. *Typee* hovers between documentary and vague allegory. *Omoo*, humanitarian in outlook, slips occasionally into randomness. *Mardi*, in philosophical scope something of a trial run for *Moby Dick*, is an ungainly enterprise. *Redburn* and *White Jacket*, though they reflect the lived vein of Melville's experience, especially *Redburn*'s Liverpool scenes and *White Jacket*'s account of naval rules aboard a nineteenth-century man-of-war, are not wholly convincing as art. Both might fit Truman Capote's category of 'non-fictional novels'. Confronted with a talent as sufficient as Melville's, however, these are small cavils.

Melville's strengths lie in his striking depictions of heroes-in-space, young 'isolatoes' (a key Melville word) seeking identity and practicable truths in an inhospitable world. We will not find in Melville's early work a deeply realized *novel*, in the sculpted Jamesian or Conradian sense, but rather linearly organized adventure, rich in insight and symbolic half-colours (the emblematic garments worn by Redburn and White Jacket, for instance). Each story is thick with incident and firmly particularized.

Melville's five narrators in these ventures, Tommo, Typee, Taji, Redburn and White Jacket, are facets of an evolving consciousness whose fullest expression is Ishmael in *Moby Dick*. They are at once the protagonists and the diarists of their own recollected experience. Each novel thus sets its crowded world freshly before the reader with guiding observations from a mature narrator. The effect is one of great liveliness, life taken first hand and then, in the writing up, glossed and teased by a later and wiser head. *Typee* began a run for Melville of nine novels in eleven years.

With *Moby Dick* behind him in 1851, and now married with a family and growing household responsibilities, Melville turned his imagination inland and wrote *Pierre: or The Ambiguities* (1852). Though choked at times by Melville's inflated prose, *Pierre* is an intriguing, if vexed, novel. It has a number of dark, Byronic emphases. The hero, 'a Fool of Virtue', seeks to redeem his father's abandonment of a bastard daughter. He takes upon

his shoulders the writing of a great Book of Revelation, like the whaling parable Melville himself had just completed.

Mardi, *Moby Dick* and *Pierre* form a trilogy of sorts. Each has realistic 'ballast', Melville's term for the cetological sections of *Moby Dick*, but operates inside the fictive domain which Hawthorne prescribed for the romance in his Custom House sketch in *The Scarlet Letter*—'a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairy-land, where the Actual and the Imaginary meet, and each imbue itself with the nature of the other'. *Pierre* brought abuse upon Melville's head. To one reviewer, usually an enthusiast for Melville's writing, it read as 'a confused phantasmagoria of distorted fancies'. The ambiguities of *Pierre*'s half-title struck many contemporaries as unintelligible.

The sheer expenditure of energy upon these six novels, each, in a differing degree, an assault upon 'the very axis of reality', to borrow a memorable phrase from the *Literary World* article, had obviously taken much out of Melville. For he turned next to short stories, all but one of which were published in *Putman's Monthly Magazine* and *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* between 1853 and 1856. Five of these stories, with a new and allegorical preface, were collected in *The Piazza Tales* (1856). A year earlier Melville issued *Israel Potter*, first published in *Harper's* over nine instalments, a satire whose inner fable deals with American national types. Of the fifteen shorter pieces Melville wrote in the early 1850s, three disclose his imagination at strength. In 'Bartleby' he wrote a classic parable of alienation and self-loss. 'Benito Cereno', set upon a slaver taken over by its human cargo, explores evil from the perspectives of a Yankee captain unable to 'see' beyond appearances. And in 'The Encantadas', his description of a small coral chain in the Pacific, Melville drew a map of hell and human exhaustion.

In 1856, his nerves badly frayed, Melville took off on an extensive tour of the Holy Land, calling in on Hawthorne, American consul in Liverpool, *en route*. The journey into Mediterranean civilization, like his earlier trip to Europe in 1849 to settle the British publication of *White Jacket*, yielded an invaluable log, from which Melville worked when writing his verse epic *Clarel* (1876). He returned to New York in 1857, the year in which his last full-length novel, *The Confidence Man*, was published. Only latterly has this deceptive novel met with the kind of analysis long given to Dostoyevsky's *Notes From Underground*, Mann's *Felix Krull* and Kafka's *The Castle*, to name three novels of affinities in theme and authorial strategy. At once a Mississippi 'tall tale' and a devious metaphysical masquerade, *The Confidence Man* contains, within interlocking layers of satire, important insights into Melville's theories of fiction (see Chapters XIV, XXXIII and XLIV).

From 1857 to 1860 Melville took reluctantly to the lyceum circuit as a lecturer, unable to rely on an income from his writing. In 1860 he went on a recuperative trip to San Francisco aboard *The Meteor*, captained by his brother Thomas, and in 1861 tried, unsuccessfully, for a consular appointment. In 1866 he sold 'Arrowsmith', his Pittsfield farm, and, following the footsteps of Chaucer, Burns and Hawthorne, became a customs inspector, in New York Harbour, a post he discharged with resigned diligence through nineteen years until 1885 when a number of family bequests eased his way into retirement.

'Herman has taken to writing poetry,' Melville's wife informed her mother in 1859. 'You need not tell anyone, for you know how these things get around.' Her slightly embarrassed reaction bears testimony to the 'annihilation' which Melville told Hawthorne, on his trip to Liverpool in 1856, he had made his mind up to accept. He was thinking, in part, of how the aspirations of his fiction had been misunderstood and frequently ignored. *Battle-Pieces And Aspects Of The War*, a volume of mixed accomplishments, though, in the poetry of America's national fratricide, worthy company for Whitman's *Drum Taps* (1865), appeared in 1866. From then on Melville's life became mainly that of retreat, accentuated by the twin tragedies of his sons' deaths—Malcolm, a possible suicide, in 1867, and Stanwix of fever in 1886. *Clarel*, his long and rhyming Paradise Sought, difficult in metre and discursive, was published with the help of an uncle in 1876. The only other publications during his lifetime were two slender verse collections, *John Marr And Other Sailors* (1886) and *Timoleon* (1891), both privately printed and taken up with the world Melville encapsulated in the heading for his tenth sketch of 'The Encantadas'—'Runaways, Castaways, Solitaries, Gravestones, etc.'

Among the papers put away at his death, aged seventy-two, in September 1891, was *Billy Budd*. This last novella was not published until 1924, when Raymond Weaver and others led a Melville revival which, thankfully, has since seen little abatement. 'An Inside Narrative', in Melville's title phrase, *Billy Budd* depicts the sacrifice of Innocence at the altar of Authority. The ritual which links Billy, Claggart and Captain Vere, all 'phenomenal' men, was a supreme last effort by Melville to understand the ambiguous bonds of innocence, evil and justice.

> Here, then, was this grey-headed, ungodly old man, chasing with curses a Job's whale round the world, at the head of a crew, too, chiefly made up of mongrel renegades, and castaways, and cannibals. . . . (p. 162)

So, at least, runs Melville's own summary of *Moby Dick*, offered almost as a pause for breath amid the exciting sweep of his novel.

Ahab is indeed an 'ungodly old man'. His crew, drawn from every hue and background, are indeed 'mongrel renegades'. Aboard the world-ship *Pequod* their destiny is to hunt down across the earth's oceans a canny white mammal, Moby Dick. And upon the whale's ample being Ahab and the crew project every kind of myth and meaning. For within Melville's grand High Seas adventure of seeking Moby Dick lie many 'quests'—quests for 'light', for explanation of the world's non-human dimensions, for human community in the face of void, for Truth.

To accommodate these 'quests' Melville built his novel in astonishing eddies of language and metaphor and at many levels, not least as the story of a dynamic, if short-lived, nineteenth-century American industry. Densely mythic, digressive, seamed with humour and allusion, *Moby Dick* itself resembles 'a Job's whale' whose profound inner meanings Melville was careful to mask. To understand the architecture of what Melville called his 'mighty theme' requires patience and an ear attentive to the novel's different voices. Melville cautioned against an over-insistence on any one 'approach' to *Moby Dick* when he wrote: 'There are some enterprises in which a careful disorderliness is the true method' (p. 313). Because *Moby Dick* is just such a disorderly 'enterprise', it is worth considering how Melville binds together his novel's meanings.

His 'disorderliness' begins early. In the persona first of 'a consumptive usher', then a 'sub-sub librarian', he takes us through his Etymology and Extracts, sequences whose general purport is to reveal the *approximate* nature of language when revealing 'fact'. When we move on to 'Loomings', an opening chapter which explores the links of water with meditation, we meet a narrator who prefers to withhold his name in favour of the pseudonym of a classical biblical outcast. Through Ishmael, a water-gazer *par excellence*, we are enjoined to look long and deep into the mirroring sea, to ponder the world's meaning and seek Reality's true face.

Ishmael's vision of his journey to the whaling grounds tells a great deal about the dual world we are to enter. He informs us that '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' (pp. 11–12). The world that Ishmael guides us into is both visionary and literal; a 'wonder-world' and a hard empire of whaling fact. Melville's 'method' in *Moby Dick* is to make all 'facts' equally equivocal and to provoke the reader into 'seeing' beyond mere appearance. *Moby Dick* is 'disorderly' only if we fail to recognize that, for Melville, Truth is profoundly relative and that no one reading of the world—or of his book—can be exclusively true.

Melville's 'method' manifests itself again shortly after Ishmael's vision. Having made his way to New Bedford, Ishmael enters the Spouter Inn and 'sees' a 'boggy, soggy, squitchy picture'. Eventually he decides the picture is a Capehorner upon whose three dismantled masts a whale is about to impale itself. Apart from anticipating the clash of the *Pequod* with Moby Dick, Ishmael's act of assigning meanings to the picture prepares us for the multiple identities which will enclose the white whale.

This necessary ambiguity of vision Melville explores time and again in *Moby Dick*, but nowhere more authoritatively than in the Doubloon scene (Chapter XCVIII). Ahab nails to the centre mast his golden coin, made in Equadorian Quito, a city built at the world's meridian. The coin is engraved with the zodiac, one of the book's many allusions to systems which classify the universe. The doubloon shows three hills upon whose summits stand a flame, a tower and crowing cock. In turn definitions of the doubloon are put forward. Ahab, consumed by his vision, sees only himself. Starbuck, an orthodox Christian, sees the Trinity and 'this vale of Death'. Stubb perceives only a comic hotchpotch of 'signs and wonders', while Flask, the third mate, sees 'but a round thing made of gold' which will buy 960 cigars. The Manxman reads doom in the doubloon's hieroglyphics. Queequeg sees a compliment to the tattoo which covers his body. Fedallah, Ahab's secret sharer, bows to the sun on the coin whose fire he worships, as a Parsee. Last of all comes Pip, the novel's Holy Fool, maddened into 'sanity' by his near drowning. His central response to the doubloon, which he terms 'the ship's navel', is to conjugate the verb 'to look'.

'Looking' and 'seeing'—as the doubloon is defined, so is the definer. And for Moby Dick, seemingly 'ubiquitous in time and place', revered as Leviathan within a diversity of mythic and religious traditions (see Chapter LXXXI, 'The Honour and Glory of Whaling'), that same process applies. Whether defined by Ahab as evil incarnate, or by Starbuck as a 'dumb brute', each definer is himself defined by the very definition he puts forward. Gabriel of the *Jeroboam* sees the whale as the God of the Shakers. Melville himself suggests Moby Dick might be 'the Great Weaver' deity or simply a phantom 'spirit spout'. He brings in definitions of the whale from folklore and superstition and offers a 'scientific' classification of whales which, at least in part, is parody. Melville's point is to ask if we can ever 'see' beyond ourselves. Are we for ever locked like Narcissus into our own image, a point Ishmael speculates upon in 'Loomings'? The whale, which is *Moby Dick*'s central and organizing point of reference, is not the symbol of any one thing—death, American capitalism, evil have been the most commonly ventured—but a reflection of the many, often competing, meanings we project upon the world.

In the words of one commentator, the whale focuses 'the opposing other', that canvas of non-self out of which man has evolved endless myths and languages. Whaling, the pursuit of oil, is a quest for 'light', as Melville emphasizes throughout *Moby Dick*. In the *Pequod*'s inexorable hunt for the whale, through Ahab's rages and his sacramental vows to kill the beast and through Ishmael's masthead musings and the thrilling dramas of the chase, Melville wrote a parable of journeying to the brink of the unknowable. The 'pasteboard mask' that Ahab vows to 'strike through' is nothing less than Reality's outward show. To what end is the world shark-infested like the sea addressed by the Cook? To what end, asks Melville, is it benign like his poetic symphony of birth, 'The Grand Armada' (Chapter LXXXVI), or absurdly impenetrable like the whale's forehead?

Moby Dick acts as a source of all 'light' and energy, indeed of all man's competing truths and languages. As such, any quest to 'see' the whale clearly and whole, let alone 'strike through' and defeat it, is bound to prove fatal, hubristic. The tale Ishmael is left alone to tell, having been rescued by the *Rachel* cruising for her 'lost sons', is that Truth's masks will not be torn away. Our best resource in a world so masked is not the course of Ahab's destructive Prometheanism. Rather, Melville suggests, we should learn the limits to human knowledge and value more our 'joint stock companies' of compassion. Against Ahab's mania which so cuts him off from human nourishment, Melville offsets poignant moments of brotherhood in *Moby Dick*. One might refer to the monkey-rope which binds Ishmael to Queequeg, or their 'bridal' night at the Spouter Inn, or the process of squeezing spermaceti aboard the *Pequod*.

Melville's narrative 'method', then, serves quests and meanings of different kinds. But on a first reading of *Moby Dick* it is a 'method' which can indeed appear 'disorderly'. At one moment Melville resorts to Shakespearean speech, as in Ahab's musings. At another he sets himself up as antiquarian and naturalist, especially when naming cetological parts or exploring the ancestry of whaling. He can turn into an essayist. His account of mythology in Chapter XLI, 'The Whiteness of the Whale', is a *tour-de-force*. Melville also writes sheer adventure, 'The First Lowering', for example, or the three-day chase. For those with an eye to plot, he tells a story-within-a-story, *The Town-Ho* episode, and in the nine gams of the *Pequod*, offers a means of measuring Ahab's impending confrontation with the whale. Each of these 'voices' plays a calculated role in *Moby Dick*.

Similarly, each of Melville's major images calls attention to itself and at the same time contributes to the novel's design. Queequeg's tomahawk, at once a hatchet and a pipe, becomes an emblem of War and Peace (Chapter XI). In the mat-weaving

scene (Chapter XLVI) Melville builds a piece of whaling shipcraft into a far-reaching metaphysical conceit of Fate, Free Will and Chance. Just as the heads of the Sperm and Right whales give balance to the *Pequod* (Chapter LXXIII) so *Moby Dick* relies upon imaginative checks and balances. Mapple's sermon (Chapter IX) which Melville explicitly terms 'two-stranded', offsets the Cook's address to the sharks (Chapter LXIII). The fiery Try-Works scene (Chapter XCV) has its counterpart in Ishmael's repeated water-gazing. Throughout *Moby Dick* Melville matches height with depth, thesis with antithesis.

Taken cumulatively, Melville's instances of 'disorderliness'—and not least his jokes and companionable asides—make for a marvellously judged whole, each part in place. *Moby Dick* succeeds in design. It also succeeds as adventure, as myth and as language. Once we see *how* Melville's 'disorderliness' in fact imposes order on the book's meanings, we have a crucial *entrée* into *Moby Dick*. Herman Melville wrote a large and diverse story, as rich in its means of telling as the 'mighty theme' he rightly believed he had put before his readers. *Moby Dick* is not free of faults—few of Melville's works are—but its claims are undeniably those of a classic.

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1974

IN TOKEN

OF MY ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED

TO

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ETYMOLOGY

(SUPPLIED BY A LATE CONSUMPTIVE USHER TO A GRAMMAR SCHOOL.)

[The pale Usher—threadbare in coat, heart, body, and brain; I see him now. He was ever dusting his old lexicons and grammars, with a queer handkerchief, mockingly embellished with all the gay flags of all the known nations of the world. He loved to dust his old grammars; it somehow mildly reminded him of his mortality.]

"While you take in hand to school others, and to teach them by what name a whale-fish is to be called in our tongue, leaving out, through ignorance, the letter H, which almost alone maketh up the signification of the word, you deliver that which is not true." *Hackluyt.*

"WHALE. . . . Sw. and Dan. *hval.* This animal is named from roundness or rolling; for in Dan. *hvalt* is arched or vaulted." *Webster's Dictionary.*

"WHALE. . . . It is more immediately from the Dut. and Ger. *Wallen;* A.S. *Walw-ian,* to roll, to wallow." *Richardson's Dictionary.*

לִוְיָתָן	*Hebrew.*
κῆτος	*Greek.*
CETUS	*Latin.*
WHŒL	*Anglo-Saxon.*
HVALT	*Danish.*
WAL	*Dutch.*
HWAL	*Swedish.*
WHALE	*Icelandic.*
WHALE	*English.*
BALEINE	*French.*
BALLENA	*Spanish.*
PEKEE-NUEE-NUEE	*Fejee.*
PEHEE-NUEE-NUEE	*Erromangoan.*

EXTRACTS

(SUPPLIED BY A SUB-SUB-LIBRARIAN.)

[IT will be seen that this mere painstaking burrower and grubworm of a poor devil of a Sub-Sub appears to have gone through the long Vaticans and street-stalls of the earth, picking up whatever random allusions to whales he could anyways find in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane. Therefore you must not, in every case, at least, take the higgledy-piggledy whale statements, however authentic, in these extracts, for veritable gospel cetology. Far from it. As touching the ancient authors generally, as well as the poets here appearing, these extracts are solely valuable or entertaining, as affording a glancing bird's-eye view of what has been promiscuously said, thought, fancied, and sung of Leviathan, by many nations and generations, including our own.

So fare thee well, poor devil of a Sub-Sub, whose commentator I am. Thou belongest to that hopeless, sallow tribe which no wine of this world will ever warm; and for whom even Pale Sherry would be too rosy strong; but with whom one sometimes loves to sit, and feel poor-devilish, too; and grow convivial upon tears; and say to them bluntly, with full eyes and empty glasses, and in not altogether unpleasant sadness—Give it up, Sub-Subs! For by how much the more pains ye take to please the world, by so much the more shall ye for ever go thankless! Would that I could clear out Hampton Court and the Tuileries for ye! But gulp down your tears and hie aloft to the royal-mast with your hearts; for your friends who have gone before are clearing out the seven-storied heavens, and making refugees of long-pampered Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, against your coming. Here ye strike but splintered hearts together—there, ye shall strike unsplinterable glasses!]

"And God created great whales."
Genesis.

"Leviathan maketh a path to shine after him;
One would think the deep to be hoary."
Job.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah."
Jonah.

"There go the ships; there is that Leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein." *Psalms.*

"In that day, the Lord with his sore, and great, and strong sword, shall punish Leviathan the piercing serpent, even Leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea."
Isaiah.

"And what thing soever besides cometh within the chaos of this monster's mouth, be it beast, boat, or stone, down it goes all incontinently that foul great swallow of his, and perisheth in the bottomless gulf of his paunch." HOLLAND'S *Plutarch's Morals.*

"The Indian Sea breedeth the most and the biggest fishes that are: among which the Whales and Whirlpooles called Balæne, take up as much in length as four acres or arpens of land." HOLLAND'S *Pliny.*

"Scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many Whales and other monsters of the sea, appeared. Among the former, one was of a most monstrous size. . . . This came towards us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and beating the sea before him into a foam."
TOOKE'S *Lucian, "The True History."*

"He visited this country also with a view of catching horsewhales, which had bones of very great value for their teeth, of which he brought some to the king. . . . The best whales were catched in his own country, of which some were forty-eight, some fifty yards long. He said that he was one of six who had killed sixty in two days."
Other or Octher's verbal narrative taken down from his mouth by King Alfred, A.D. 890.

"And whereas all the other things, whether beast or vessel, that enter into the dreadful gulf of this monster's (whale's) mouth, are immediately lost and swallowed up, the sea-gudgeon retires into it in great security, and there sleeps."
MONTAIGNE, *Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

"Let us fly, let us fly! Old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan described by the noble prophet Moses in the life of patient Job."
Rabelais.

"This whale's liver was two cart-loads." STOWE'S *Annals.*

"The great Leviathan that maketh the seas to seethe like a boiling pan." LORD BACON'S *Version of the Psalms.*

"Touching that monstrous bulk of the whale or ork we have received nothing certain. They grow exceeding fat, insomuch that an incredible quantity of oil will be extracted out of one whale."
Ibid., *History of Life and Death.*

"The sovereignest thing on earth is parmacetti for an inward bruise." *King Henry.*

"Very like a whale." *Hamlet.*

"Which to secure, no skill of leach's art
Mote him availle, but to returne againe
To his wound's worker, that with lowly dart,
Dinting his breast, had bred his restless paine,
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies thro' the maine."
The Faerie Queene.

"Immense as whales, the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peaceful calm trouble the ocean till it boil."
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, *Preface to Gondibert.*

"What spermacetti is, men might justly doubt, since the learned Hosmannus in his work of thirty years, saith plainly. *Nescio quid sit.*"
SIR T. BROWNE, *Of Sperma Ceti and the Sperma Ceti Whale. Vide his V.E.*

"Like Spencer's Talus with his modern flail
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail.
. . . . .
Their fixed jav'lins in his side he wears,
And on his back a grove of pikes appears."
WALLER'S *Battle of the Summer Islands.*

"By art is created that great Leviathan, called a Commonwealth or State—(in Latin, Civitas) which is but an artificial man."
Opening sentence of HOBBES'S *Leviathan.*

"Silly Mansoul swallowed it without chewing, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale." *Pilgrim's Progress.*

"That sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream."
Paradise Lost.

———"There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep
Stretched like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his breath spouts out a sea."
Ibid.

"The mighty whales which swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil swimming in them." FULLER'S *Profane and Holy State.*

"So close behind some promontory lie
The huge Leviathans to attend their prey,
And give no chance, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way."
DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabilis.*

"While the whale is floating at the stern of the ship, they cut off his head, and tow it with a boat as near the shore as it will come; but it will be aground in twelve or thirteen feet water."

THOMAS EDGE'S *Ten Voyages to Spitzbergen in Purchas.*

"In their way they saw many whales sporting in the ocean, and in wantonness fuzzing up the water through their pipes and vents, which nature has placed on their shoulders."

SIR T. HERBERT'S *Voyages to Asia and Africa.* (Harris Coll.)

"Here they saw such large troops of whales, that they were forced to proceed with a great deal of caution for fear they should run their ship upon them." SCHOUTEN'S *Sixth Circumnavigation.*

"We set sail from the Elbe, wind N.E. in the ship called *The Jonas-in-the-Whale.* . . .

Some say the whale can't open his mouth, but that is a fable. . . .

They frequently climb up the masts to see whether they can see a whale, for the first discoverer has a ducat for his pains. . . .

I was told of a whale taken near Shetland, that had above a barrel of herrings in his belly. . . .

One of our harpooneers told me that he caught once a whale in Spitzbergen that was white all over."

A Voyage to Greenland, A.D. 1671. (Harris Coll.)

"Several whales have come in upon this coast (Fife). Anno 1652, one eighty feet in length of the whale-bone kind came in, which (as I was informed) besides a vast quantity of oil, did afford 500 weight of baleen. The jaws of it stand for a gate in the garden of Pitferren."

SIBBALD'S *Fife and Kinross.*

"Myself have agreed to try whether I can master and kill this Spermaceti whale, for I could never hear of any of that sort that was killed by any man, such is his fierceness and swiftness."

RICHARD STRAFFORD'S *Letter from the Bermudas.*
Phil. Trans., A.D. 1668.

"Whales in the sea
God's voice obey."

N. E. Primer.

"We saw also abundance of large whales, there being more in those southern seas, as I may say, by a hundred to one; than we have to the northward of us."

CAPTAIN COWLEY'S *Voyage round the Globe,* A.D. 1729.

. . . "and the breath of the whale is frequently attended with such an insupportable smell, as to bring on a disorder of the brain."

ULLOA'S *South America.*

"To fifty chosen sylphs of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat.
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale."

Rape of the Lock.