```
outh; 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 grow the count i
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 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 is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other.
coral reefs--commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown 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 W
ehall, northward. What do you see?--Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon the bulwarks of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some leaning against a
an without falling in. And there they stand--miles of the meedles of the meedles of the more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carri
ou down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded you to water, try this experiment, if you to water are wedded for ever. But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, try this experiment, if you to water, try this experiment, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, try this experiment, if you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there be supplied with a metaphysical profession. Should you to water, if water there are supplied with a metaphysical profession. The water there is made a water the water the water 
  onder 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 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 th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                h 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, where the shepherd is a sigh of the prairies in June, where the shepherd is a sigh of the prairies in June, where the shepherd is a sigh of the prairies in June, where the shepherd is a sigh of the prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, where the prairies is a single prairies in June, which is a single prairies in June, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ousand 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 personal form.
strian 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 bi
ther 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 ing 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 --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. F
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           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 oneeds 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 thin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        or my part, I abominate all honourable 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, s
   ners, 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 b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   roiled, 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 th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          into the forecastle, 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, revious 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
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 ma st, plumb down
s sort of thing is unpleasant enough. It touches one's sense of honour, 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 p
ou, 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 thi
s anything the less of me, because I promptly and respectfully obey that old hunks in that particular instance? Who ain't a slave? Tell me that. Well, then, however the old sea-captains 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 pl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              order me about--how
   ical 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
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            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
 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,--
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   with it? The ur
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ctivity with which a man receives money is really marvellous, considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and that on no according to the root of all earthly ills, and the root of all earth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e 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
nt 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-castl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 his world, head w
  atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the forecastle. 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 s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ut 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 invisib
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 leaders little susp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ect it. B
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 we 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 A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         t 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 performance 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 magnific
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            FFGHĂNIŚTĂŃ." T
nt 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 circumst
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      otives 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
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           tle into the sprin
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
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               used 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
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     a portentous and mys
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           terious m
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
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           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
--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 we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           at flood-gates
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           of the wonder-wo rld swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there lloated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded pha
tom, like a snow hill in the air. CHAPTER 2. The Carpet-Bag. I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nd the Pacific. Qu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             itting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December, Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of re
hing that place would offer, till the following Monday. As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same New Bedf
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e to embark on their
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because the connected was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft.
  that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the business of whal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 oor old Nant ucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original--the Tyre of this Carthage; --the place where the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did those aborig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      though in this matter p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        o throw at the whales, in order to discover when they were nigh enough to risk a harpoon from the bowsprit? Now having a night, a day, and still another night foll
al whalemen, the Red-Men, first sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan? And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first adventurous li
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      put forth, partly laden wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  th imported cobblestones--so goes the story--t
  ing before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhil
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels I had sounded my pocket, and only brought up a few pieces of silver,--So, wherever y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     a very dubious-looking, na
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      in your w isdom you may conclude
     Ishmael, said I to myself, as I stood in the middle of a dreary street shouldering my bag, and comparing the gloom towards the north with the dar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular. With halting steps I paced the streets, and passed the s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d ice from before the house, for everywhere else the congealed frost lay len inches thick in a hard, asphaltic pavement,--rather weary for me, when I striet, and hear the sounds of the tinkling glasses within. But go on, Ishmael, said I at last; don't you hear? get away from before the door; your patched
     The Crossed Harpoons"--but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Further on, from the bright red windows of the "Sword-Fish Inn," there came su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nt rays, tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          t it seemed to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     have melt ed the packed snow an
k my foot against the flinty projections, because from hard, remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. Too expensive and j
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ain thoug
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ht I. pausing on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e momen t to watch the broad
oots are stopping the way. So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest inn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Such dreary str
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       eets! blo cks of blackness. n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ot houses, on eithe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and, and here and there a candle, like a candle moving about in a tomb. At this hour of the night, of the last day of the week, that quarter of the towr
oved all but deserted. But presently I came to a smoky light proceeding from a low, wide building, the door of which stood invitingly open. It had a careless look, as if it
, Gomorrah? But "The Crossed Harpoons," and "The Sword-Fish?"--this, then must needs be the sign of "The Trap." However, I picked myself up and hearing a loud voi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           g I did was to stumble over an ash-box in the porch. Hal thought I, ha, as the flying particles almost choked me, are these ashes from that destroyed of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           were meant for t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       he uses of the public: so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              entering, the first thin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ne great Black Parliament sitting in Tophet. A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer; and beyond, a black Angel of Doom was beating
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ce within, pushed on
book in a pulpit. It was a negro church; and the preacher's text was about the blackness of darkness, and the weeping and wailing and teeth-gnashing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         he Trap!' Moving on, Lat last came to a dim sort of light not far from the docks, and heard a forlorn creaking in the air; and looking up, saw a swinging
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               hmael, muttered I, backin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     tainment at the sign of 'T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   r connexion, th ought 1 B
 over the door with a white painting upon it, faintly representing a tall straight jet of misty spray, and these words underneath--''The Spouter Inn:--
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ut it is a common name in Nantucket, they say, and I suppose this Peter here is an emigrant from there. As the light looked so dim, and the place, for the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Peter Coffin." Coffin?--Spouter?--Rather omin
     looked quiet enough, and the dilapidated little wooden house itself looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt di
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               strict, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-s tricken sort of cre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ak to it. I though
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ere was the very spot for cheap lodgings, and the best of pea coffee. It was a queer sort of place--a gable-ended old house, one side palsied as it were, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             in-doors, with his feet on the hop quietly toasting for bed. In judging of that tempestuous wind called Euroclydon," says an old writer--of whose works I p oth sides, and of which the wight Death is the only glazier." True enough, thought I, as this passage occurred to my mind--old black-letter, thou reasonest well
eaning over sadly. It stood on a sharp bleak corner, where that tempestuous wind Euroclydon kept up a worse howling than ever it did about poor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Paul's tossed craft, Euroclydon, nevertheless, is a mighty pleasan
sess the only copy extant--"it maketh a marvellous difference, whether thou lookest out at it from a glass window where the frost is all on the outsid
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              u observest it from that sa shless window,
es, these eyes are windows, and this body of mine is the house. What a pity they didn't stop up the chinks and the crannies though, and thrust in a little lint here an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d there. But it's too
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             finished; the copestone is on, and the chips were carted off a million years ago. Poor Lazarus there, chattering his teeth against the curbstone for his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            late to make a
illow, and shaking off his tatters with his shiverings, he might plug up both ears with rags, and put a corn-cob into his mouth, and yet that would not keep out th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   red silken wrapper--(he had a redder one afterwards) pooh, pooh! What a fine frosty night; how Orion glitters; what northern lights! Let them talk
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e tempestuous
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Euroclydon.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Euroclydon! says old Dives, in his
their oriental summer climes of everlasting conservatories; give me the privilege of making my own summer with my own coals. But what thinks Lazarus? Can down to the fiery pit itself, in order to keep out this frost? Now, that Lazarus should lie stranded there on the curbstone before the door of Dives, this is mo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ? Would not Lazarus rather be in Sumatra than here? Would be not far rather lay him down lengthwise along the line of the equator; yea, ye gods s himself, he too lives like a Czar in an ice palace made of frozen sighs, and being a president of a temperance society, he only drinks the tepid te
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      s blue hands by holding
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      them up to the grand northern lights
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      moored to one of the Moluccas. Yet Dive
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         re wonderful than tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          t an iceber g should be
of orphans. But no more of this blubbering now, we are going a-whaling, and there is plenty of that yet to come. Let us scrape the ice from our frosted feet,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   v be, CHAPTER 3. The Spouter-Inn. Entering
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hat gable-ended Spouter-Inn, you found yourself in a wide, low, straggling entry with old-fashioned wainscots, reminding one of the bulwarks of se
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       and see what sort of a plac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e this "Sp outer" ma
e condemned old craft. On one side hung a very large oilpainting so thoroughly besmoked, and every way defaced, that in the unequal crosslights by which
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          atic visits to it, and careful inquiry of the neighbors, that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unaccountable masses of shades and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       vou viewed it. it was only by d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                iligent's tudy and
hadows, that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist, in the time of the New England hags, had endeavored to delineate chaos bewitched. B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   onderings, and especially by throwing open the little window towards the back of the entry, you at last come to the conclusion that such an idea, however
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ntempl ation, an d oft repeated
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ut by dint of much and earnest co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    es floating in a nameless yeast. A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a su through.--It's the Black Sea in a midnight gale. It's the unnatural combat of the four primal elements.--It's a blasted heath.--It's a Hyp
d, might not be altogether unwarranted. But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long, limber, portentous, black mass of something hovering in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e centre of the picture over three bl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ue, di m. perpe ndicular lin
nite, half-attained, unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous pa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      t. but. alas, d eceptive i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            dea would dart vo
an winter scene.--it's the breaking-up of the icebound stream of Time. But at last all these fancies yielded to that one portentous something in the picture's mids
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ut stop; does it not bear a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          faint resemblance to a gigantic fish? even the great leviathan himself? In fact, the artist's design seemed this: a fin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               THAT once found out, and all th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e rest were plain. B
heory of my own, partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject. The picture represents a Cape-Horner in a great hurricane; the half-found
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ed masts alone visible; and an exasperated whale, purposing to spring clean over the craft, is in the enormous
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ng there with its three dismant
act of impaling himself upon the three mast-heads. The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teem re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               saws; others were tufted with knot
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             s of human hair; and one was sickle-shaped, with a vast handle sweeping round like the segment made in the ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            sembling ivorv
  grass by a long-armed mower. You shuddered as you gazed, and wondered what monstrous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a death-harvesting with suc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  h a hacking, horrifying
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ixed with these were rusty old whali
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              g lances and harpoons all broken and deformed. Some were storied weapons. With this once long lance, now wildly
  years ago did Nathan Swain kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset. And that harpoon--so like a corkscrew now--was flung in Javan seas, and run awa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ards slain off the Cape of Blanco. The o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               iginal iron entered nigh the tail, and, like a restless needle sojourning in the body of a man, travelled full forty feet, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           v with by a whale
     mbedded in the hump. Crossing this dusky entry, and on through yon low-arched way--cut through what in old times must have been a great central chimney
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             r place is this, with such low ponderous beams above, and such old wrinkled planks beneath, that you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          st fancy you trod s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  with fireplaces
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        you enter the public room. A still duskie
ome old craft's cockpits, especially of such a howling night, when this corner-anchored old ark rocked so furiously. On one side stood a long, low, shell-like tab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ed from this wide world's remotest nooks. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   le covered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       with cracke
r--a rude attempt at a right whale's head. Be that how it may, there stands the vast arched bone of the whale's jaw, so wide, a coach might almost drive beneath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ters, bottles, flas
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ks; and in those jaws of swift destruction, like another cursed Jonah (by which name indeed they call
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ed him), bustles a litt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              it. Within are shab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        by shelves.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ound with old decan
  withered old man, who, for their money, dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death. Abominable are the tumblers into which he pours his poison. Though tr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ue cylinders without--wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       green goggling g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        asses deceitfully
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           tapered downwards to a cheating bottom. Parallel meridians rudely pecked into the glass, surround th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ese footpads' goblets
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ut a table, examining by a dim light divers specimens of SKRIMSHANDER. I sought the landlord, and tellin n', so you'd better get used to that sort of thing." I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed; that if I shoul
Fill to THIS mark, and your charge is but a penny; to THIS a penny more; and so on to the full glass—the Cape Horn measure, which you may gulp down for a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          hilling. Upon entering the p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             lace I fou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       men gathered abo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                a him I desired to be acc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     iber of young sea
       odated with a room, received for answer that his house was full--not a bed unoccupied. "But avast," he added, tapping his forehead, "you haint no object
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e ve? I s'pose vou a
end upon who the harpooneer might be, and that if he (the landlord) really had no other place for me, and the harpooneer was not decidedly objectionable, wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Id put up with the half of any decent man's blanket. "I thought so. All right; take a seat. Supper?--you w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          v rather than wander further
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    town on so bitter a
tly." I sat down on an old wooden settle, carved all over like a bench on the Battery. At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his jack-knife,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                egs. He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail, but he didn't make much headway, I thought. At las
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  orkina
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  at the space between
ré summoned to our meal in an adjoining room. It was cold as Iceland--no fire at all--the landlord said he couldn't afford it. Nothing but two dismal tallow candles,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ey jackets, and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half frozen fingers. But the fare was of the mo
 neat and potatoes, but dumplings; good heavens! dumplings for supper! One young fellow in a green box coat, addressed himself to these dumplings in a most direful manner. "My boy," said the la
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      a dead sartainty." "Landlord," I whispered, "that aint the harpooneer is it?" "Oh, no," said
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                u'll have the nightmare to
 "the harpooneer is a dark complexioned chap. He never eats dumplings, he don't—he eats nothing but steaks, and he likes em rare." "The devil he does," says I. "Where is that harpooneer? Is he here
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e here afore long," was the answer. I could not help it, but I began to feel suspicious of this "dark complexioned"
ind that if it so turned out that we should sleep together, he must undress and get into bed before I did. Supper over, the company went back to the bar-room, when, knowing not what else to do with me yself pus's crew. I seed her reported in the offing this morning; a three years' voyage, and a full ship. Hurran, boys; now we'll have the latest news from the Feegees." A tramping of sea boots was heard in the end of learning and their beards stiff with icicles, they seemed an eruption of bears from Labrador. They had just landed from their boat, and this was the first house they entered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                solved to spend the rest of the evening as a looker on. Presently a rioting noise was heard without. Starting u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  the door was flung open, and in rolled a wild set of mariners enough. Enveloped in their shaggy watch coa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                No wonder, then, that they made a straight wake for the whale's mouth--the bar--when the wrinkled little old
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          there officiating, soon poure
 I them out brimmers all round. One complained of a bad cold in his head, upon which lonah mixed him a pitch-like potion of gin and molasses, which he swore was a sovereign cure for all colds and call
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 whatsoever, never mind of how long standing, or whether caught off the coast of Labrador, or on the w
uor soon mounted into their heads, as it generally does even with the arrantest topers newly landed from sea, and they began capering about most obstreperously. I observed, however, that one of them
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                somewhat aloof, and though he seemed desirous not to spoil the hilarity of his shipmates by his o
e refrained from making as much noise as the rest. This man interested me at once; and since the sea-gods had ordained that he should soon become my shipmate (though but a sleeping-partner one, so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                s this narrative is concerned), I will here venture upon a little description of him. He stood full si
ulders, and a chest like a coffer-dam. I have seldom seen such brawn in a man. His face was deeply brown and burnt, making his white teeth dazzling by the contrast; while in the deep shadows of his eyes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ated some reminiscences that did not seem to give him much joy. His voice at once announce
d from his fine stature, I thought he must be one of those tall mountaineers from the Alleghaniar Ridge in Virginia. When the revelry of his companions had mounted to its height, his man slipped away un shipmates, and being, it seems, for some reason a huge favourite with them, they raised a cry of 'Bulkington! Where's Bulkington?" and darted out of the house in pursuit of him. It was now ab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                erved, and I saw no more of him till he became my comrade on the sea. In a few minutes, ho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ut nine o'clock, and the room seeming almost supernaturally quiet after these orgies, I beg
n a little plan that had occurred to me just previous to the entrance of the seamen. No man prefers to sleep two in a bed. In fact, you would a good deal rather not sleep with your own brother. I don't know hange town, and that stranger a harpooneer, then your objections indefinitely multiply. Nor was there any earthly reason why I as a sailor should sleep two in a bed, more than anybody else; for sailors no m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                w it is, but people like to be private when they are sleeping. And when it comes to sleepin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                re sleep two in a bed at sea, than bachelor Kings do ashore. To be sure they all sleep to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            gether in one apartment, but you
d cover yourself with your own blanket, and sleep in your own skin. The more I pondered over this harpooneer, the more I abominated the thought of sleeping with him. It was fair to presume that being a halate, and my decent harpooneer ought to be home and going bedwards. Suppose now, he should tumble in upon me at midnight--how could I tell from what vile hole he had been coming? "Landlord! I've ch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 rpooneer, his linen or woollen, as the case might be, would not be of the tidiest, certain
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  inged my mind about that harpooneer.--I shan't sleep with him. I'll try the bench here.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ablecloth for a mattress, ar
d it's a plaguy rough board here"--feeling of the knots and notches. "But wait a bit, Skrims rander; I've got a carpenter's plane there in the bar--wait, I say, and I'll make ye snug enough." So sayin nd left; till at last the plane-iron came bump against an indestructible knot. The landlord was near spraining his wrist, and I told him for heaven's sake to quit--the bed was soft enough to suit me,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ed the plane; and with his old silk handkerchief first dusting the bench, vigorously set to planing away at my bed, the while grinning like an ap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  d I did not know how all the planing in the world could make eider down of a pine plank. So gathering up the shavings with another grin, and thr
stove in the middle of the room, he went about his business, and left me in a brown study. I now took the measure of the bench, and found that it was a foot too short; but that could b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e mended with a chair. But it was a foot too narrow, and the other bench in the room was about four inches higher than the planed one--so t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         came such a draught of cold air over me from under the sill of the window, that this plan would never do at all, especially as anothe
I then placed the first bench lengthwise along the only clear space against the wall, leaving a little interval between, for my back to settle down in. But I soon found that there
door met the one from the window, and both together formed a series of small whirlwinds in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I had thought to spend the night. T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     he devil fetch that harpooneer, thought I, but stop, couldn't I steal a march on him--bolt his door inside, and jump into his bed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e room, the harpooneer might be standing in the entry, all ready to knock me down! Still, looking round me again, and se
ooneer. Thinks I, I'll wait awhile; he must be dropping in before long. I'll have a good look at him then, and perhaps w
rd!" said I, "what sort of a chap is he--does he always keep such late hours?" It was now hard upon twelve o'cloc
e most violent knockings? It seemed no bad idea; but upon second thoughts I dismissed it. For who could tell but what the next morning, so soon as I popped out
of spending a sufferable night unless in some other person's bed, I began to think that after all I might be cherishing unwarrantable prejudices against this unk
     edfellows after all--there's no telling. But though the other boarders kept coming in by ones, twos, and threes, and going to bed, yet no sign of my harpo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  k. The landlord chuck
d again with his lean chuckle, and seemed to be mightily tickled at something beyond my comprehension. "No," he answered, "generally he's an early b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  irley to bed and airley to rise--yes, he's the bird what catches the worm. But to-night he went out a peddling,
     what on airth keeps him so late, unless, may be, he can't sell his head." "Can't sell his head?--What sort of a bamboozingly story is this you are t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      elling me?" getting into a towering rage. "Do you pretend to say, landlord, that this harpooneer is actually
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      it here, the market's overstocked." "With what?" shouted I. "With heads to be
ssed Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, in peddling his head around this town?" "That's precisely it," said the landlord, "and I told him he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    sure : ain't th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   and whittling a toothpick, "but I rayther guess you'll be done BR
re too many heads in the world?" "I tell you what it is, landlord," said I quite calmly, "you'd better stop spinning that yarn to me--I'm not green."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           "May be not," taking o
eer hears you a slanderin' his head." "I'll break it for him," said I, now flying into a passion again at this unaccountable farrago of the landlo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          d I--"BROKE, do yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         u mean?" "Sartain, and that's the very reason h e can'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        t sell it, I guess." "Landlord
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               rd's. "It's broke a'ready," said he. "Br
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        , going u
p to him as cool as Mt. Hecla in a snow-storm--"landlord, stop whittling. You and I must understand one another, and that too without de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nt a bed; you tell me you can only
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              give me half a one; that the other half belong s to a certain harpooneer. And about t
                                                                                                                     ifying and exasperating stories tending to beget in me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    y bedfellow--a sort of connexion, landl ord, which is an intimate and confidentia
whom I have not yet seen, you persist in telling me the most myst
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  an uncom
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         towards the man whom you design for m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                iahest
degree. I now demand of you to speak out and tell me w ho and what this harpooneer is, and whether I shall be in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             he first place, you will be s o good as to unsay that st ory ab out selling
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ngly, would thereby render yourself lia
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ble to a criminal pr
                                                                                                                                      g with a madman; and you, sir, YOU I mean, I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   andlord, YOU, sir, by trying to in
e good evidence that this harpooneer is stark mad, and I've no idea of sleepin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e to do
                                                                                                                   nd then. Bu t be easy, be easy, this here harp oonee use to-m orrow's Sunday, and it would not do r I have been tellin' you or to be sellin'
breath, "that's a purty long sarmon for a chap t hat rips a little now and then. Bu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ught up a lot of '
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    w Zea land heads (great curios, y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   the s outn sea s, .....the st reets wh en folks is g
n 'em but one, and that one he's trying to s ell to-night, ca
he door with four heads strung on a stri ng, for all the airth like a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  anted to, last Sunday, but I stopped him j
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ust as he was goi n' out of t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      human heads
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   oin' to churc hes.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  about
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    er all, had had no idea of fooling me--b ut at the strous ma n." "He pays re g'lar, "was the re join give it u p, Sal used to p ut our Sa m and littl a glim in a jiffy; "and s o saying he lighted a c ere--co me a long then; DO come; WON'T ye come?"

t. "Ther e," s aid the landl ord, placing the can
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      , after all, had had no
                                                                                                                                tring o f inions." This account cle ared u p the o ther
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           wise unacco untabl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e mys tery, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ut at the same time what c ould I think of a
harpooneer who stayed out of a Satu rday night cl ean into the holy Sabb ath, e ngaged in such a cannibal bu siness as selling the heads of dead idola tors? dful late, you had better be turning flukes--it's a nice bed; S al and me sl dreaming and sprawling about one ni ght, an d someho w, Sam got p itched on the floor, and cam e near breaki ng his ar m. Arter that, Sa ering to lead the way. But I stood ir resolu te; when lookin gat a clock in the corner, he e xclai med "I vum it's S unday--y ou won't see t ment, and then up stairs we went, and I was ush ered into a s mall ro om, cold as a cl am, and d fur nished, sure enough, with a prodigio us bed, a lmost that did double duty as a wash -stand and ce ntre table; "there e, mak e you self component to be steed to state of the room; and be eside to remain a production of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of a saturation of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and the room; and be eside to remain a product of the room; and the room are room are room; and the roo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 "Dep end upon it, landlor d, that harpooneer is a dang erous ma n." "He pays re out in that bed ; it's an al mighty big bed that. Why, afore we give it u p, Sal used I said it would n't do. Co me along here , I'll give ye a glim in a hat ha rpooneer to-night; he's come to anchor somewh ere--co me a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               erous ma n." "He pays re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              joinder. "B ut come, i t's getting drea
e Johnny in the fo ot o f it. But I got a
dearning and sprawling about one ail ghl, and dearned or a spring and sprawling about one ail ghl, and dearned on the label of the bed and the spring and th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         andle a nd held it t owards me, off
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         I cons idered the matter a mo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   the can dle o n a cra zy old sea c hest
```