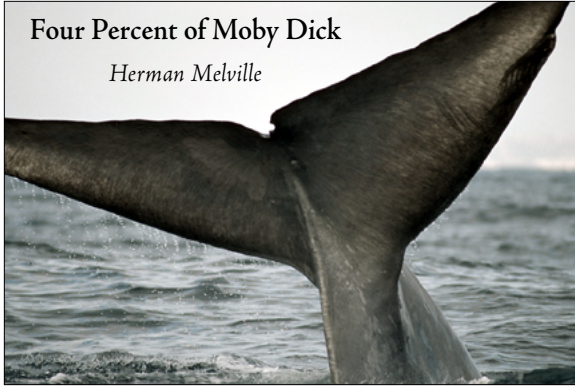


Four Percent of Moby Dick

Herman Melville



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FOUR PERCENT OF MOBY DICK
HERMAN MELVILLE

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Chapter 1

Loomings

Call me Ishmael.

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

"WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISHMAEL."

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



Chapter 2

The Carpet-Bag

Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. Ha! Coffin? — Spouter?
True enough, thought I, as this passage occurred to my mind — old black-letter, thou reasonest well.
Euroclydon! says old Dives, in his red silken wrapper — (he had a redder one afterwards). Pooh, pooh!
What a fine frosty night; how Orion glitters; what northern lights!



Chapter 3

The Spouter-Inn

"I thought so."

"Supper?"

"Landlord," I whispered, "that aint the harpooneer is it?"

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

"Can't sell his head?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

I turned in, and never slept better in my life.



Chapter 4

The Counterpane

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

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

At that time in the morning any Christian would have washed his face; but Queequeg, to my amazement, contented himself with restricting his ablutions to his chest, arms, and hands.



Chapter 5

Breakfast

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



Chapter 6

The Street

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



Chapter 7

The Chapel

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
THIS TABLET

Is erected to his Memory

SACRED
ROBERT LONG, WILLIS ELLERY,
NATHAN COLEMAN, WALTER CANNY, SETH MACY,
PACIFIC,
THIS MARBLE
THIS TABLET.

Methinks we have hugely mistaken this matter of Life and Death.



Chapter 8

The Pulpit

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



Chapter 9

The Sermon

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

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

"Shipmates, God has laid but one hand upon you; both his hands press upon me. Shipmates!"



Chapter 10

A Bosom Friend

Queequeg was George Washington cannibalistically developed.

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