

Call me Ishmael.

(Loomings 16)

Got it, Pip! Bang it, bell, boy! Rig it, dig it, stig it, quig it, bell-boy! Make fire-flies; break the jinglers!

(Midnight, Forecastle 140)

“This, shipmates, this is that other lesson; and woe to that pilot of the living God who slights it.”

(The Sermon 49)

*Whaling not respectable?* Whaling is imperial! By old English statutory law, the whale is declared “a royal fish.”

(The Advocate 92)

In behalf of the dignity of whaling, I would fain advance naught but substantiated facts.

(Postscript 95)

Enter Ahab; to Him, Stubb

(Chapter 29, pg. 104)

For we are all killers, on land and on sea; Bonapartes and Sharks included.

(Cetology 117)

“Advance, ye mates! Cross your lances full before me. Well done! Let me touch the axis.”

(134)

My soul is more than matched; she’s overmanned; and by a madman! Insufferable sting, that sanity should ground arms on such a field! (Dusk 136)

