

🦋 CHAPTER I: LOOMINGS

CALL ME ISHMAEL. Some years ago, never mind how long pre-
having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to
est me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the w
part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and r
lating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim abou
mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whe
ever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses
bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially when
my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong