

CHAPTER 39. First Night-Watch.

Fore-Top.

(Stubb solus, and mending a brace.)

Ha! ha! ha! ha! hem! clear my throat! I've been thinking over it ever since, and that ha, ha's the final consequence. Why so? Because a laugh's the wisest, easiest answer to all that's queer; and come what will, one comfort's always left—that unfailing comfort is, it's all predestinated. I heard not all his talk with Starbuck; but to my poor eye Starbuck then looked something as I the other evening felt. Be sure the old Mogul has fixed him, too. I twigged it, knew it; had had the gift, might readily have prophesied it—for when I clapped my eye upon his skull I saw it. Well, Stubb, wise Stubb—that's my title—well, Stubb, what of it, Stubb? Here's a carcase. I know not all that may be coming, but be it what it will, I'll go to it laughing. Such a waggish leering as lurks in all your horrors! I feel funny. Fa, la! lirra, skirra! What's my juicy little pear at home doing now? Crying its eyes out?? Giving a party to the last arrived harpooneers, I dare say, gay as a frigate's pennant, and so am I? fa, la! lirra, skirra! Oh?

We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,

To love, as gay and fleeting

As bubbles that swim, on the beaker's brim,

And break on the lips while meeting.

A brave stave that?who calls? Mr. Starbuck? Aye, aye, sir?(Aside)

he?s my superior, he has his too, if I?m not mistaken.?Aye, aye,

sir, just through with this job?coming.