EXTRACTS

**SUPPLIED BY A SUB-SUB-LIBRARIAN)**

IT will be seen that this mere painstaking burrower and grub -worm of a poor devil of a Sub -Sub appears to have gone through the long **Vaticans** and street-stalls of the earth, pick- ing up whatever random *allusions* to whales he could anyways find in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane. Therefore you must not, in every case at least, take the higgledy-piggledy whale statements, however authentic, in these extracts, for

veritable gospel cetology. Far from it. As touching the ancient authors generally, as well as the poets here appearing, these extracts are solely valuable or entertaining, as affording a glancing bird's-eye view of what has been promiscuously said, thought, fancied, and sung of Leviathan, by many nations and generations, including our own.

So fare thee well, poor devil of a Sub-Sub, whose commen- tator I am. Thou belongest to that hopeless, sallow tribe which no wine of this world will ever warm ; and for whom even Pale Sherry would be too rosy-strong ; but with whom one sometimes loves to sit, **and feel *poor-devilish, too ; and grow*** *convivial upon tears* ; and say to them bluntly with full eyes and empty glasses, and in not altogether unpleasant sadness Give it up, Sub-Subs ! For by how much the more

pains ye take to please the world, by so much the more shall ye forever go thankless ! Would that I could clear out Hampton Court and the Tuileries for ye ! But gulp down your tears and hie aloft to the royal-mast with your hearts ; for your friends who have gone before are clearing out the seven-storied heavens, and making refugees of long-pampered Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, against your coming. Here ye strike but splintered hearts together there, ye shall strike unsplinterable glasses!