



A Data Usability Company

ANTENNA HOUSE

Call me

Pastichemael

Recreating the
Moby-Dick first edition

Tony Graham

XML Division

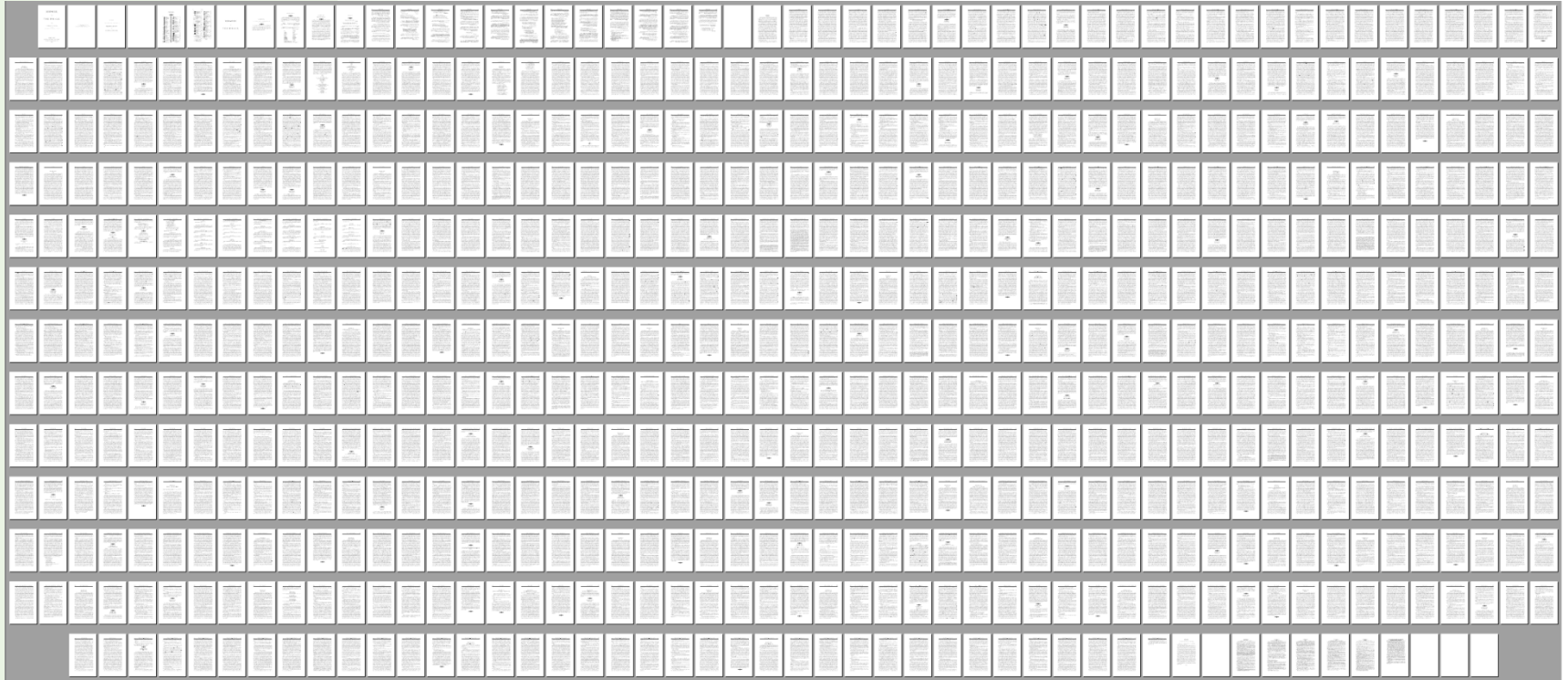
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tony@antennahouse.com

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Moby-Dick; or, The Whale



Call Me Pastichemael

- What and why
- Moby-Dick first edition
- XML source
- Formatting
- Results

What and why?

- Test-bed for Automated Analysis feature
 - Automated analysis quicker than manual checks
- First American edition of Moby-Dick:
 - Frequent EPUB and CSS example
 - Out of copyright
 - Text available as XML
 - Scans of original pages available

Human or machine?

When justification decisions are taken electronically, in the absence of human imagination and judgement, avoidable irregularities are likely to occur, to a degree at which even an imperceptive reader may be distracted. The options of the machine should therefore be more limited than those of the man.

Methods of Book Design
Hugh Williamson, 1983

AH Formatter Automated Analysis

- End blank pages
- Hyphens on Consecutive Lines
- Repeated First or Last Word
- Number of Lines Before or After Current Block
- Page Widow
- Paragraph Widow
- River
- Unbalanced Spread
- White-space

Moby-Dick used for...

- 'Requirements for Latin Text Layout and Pagination' examples
- Sample EPUBs
- Lorem Ipsum alternatives
- Coding exercises and challenges

Quest for the Whale

- Project Gutenberg
 - Source for many EPUBs
 - Not enough detail
- Melville Electronic Library
 - Color page images but TEI XML not public
- Wright American Fiction
 - TEI XML and bitonal page images

Wright American Fiction

- Conceived in 2000
- Indiana University (and associated universities)
- Over 750,000 pages scanned
- OCR
- Nearly 3,000 volumes; 1,200 fully encoded
- TEI Lite P3 SGML → TEI P4 XML → TEI P5 XML

Moby-Dick TEI

- Empty `<hi rend="i" />` for italic text
 - Except 'foreign' words like *folio*
- Capital letters for small-caps
- No `<fw>` for headers
- Word split over page repeated second half
- Inaccurate punctuation; ¥ instead of £

CHAPTER I.

LOOMINGS.

CALL me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

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Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by

pastiche n.
an artistic work
in a style that
imitates that of
another work,
artist, or period.
v. create a
pastiche of (an
artist or work).

CHAPTER I.

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How pastichey?

- Different fonts and font sizes
- Different white-space conventions

“SHIP, ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale?”

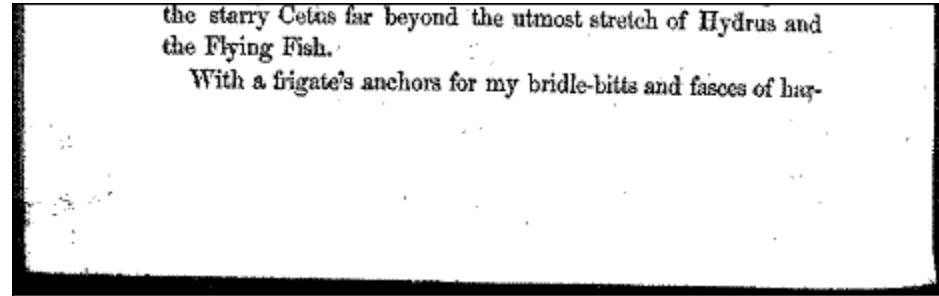
- One-line orphans

in readiness anew. For, when Stubb dressed, instead of first putting his legs into his trowsers, he put his pipe into his mouth.

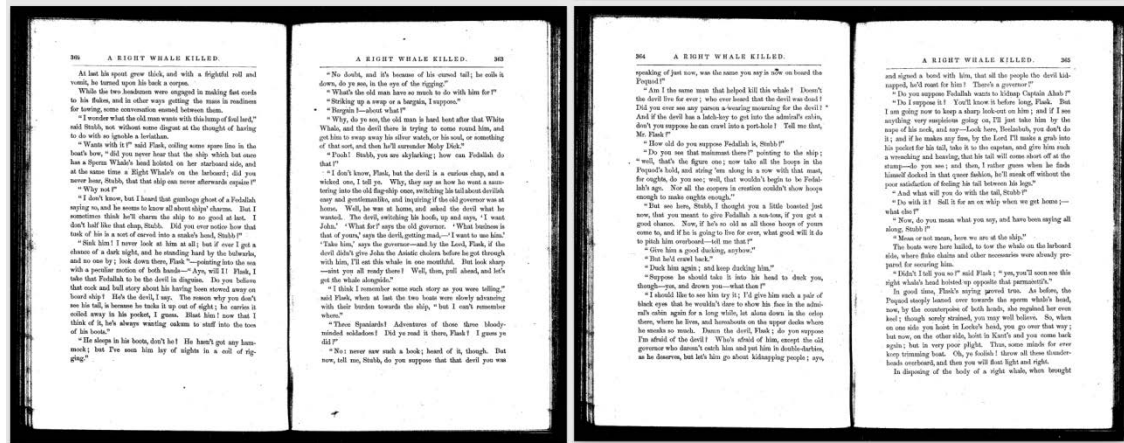
I say this continual smoking must have been one cause, at
6*

How pastichey?

- Hyphen at page end

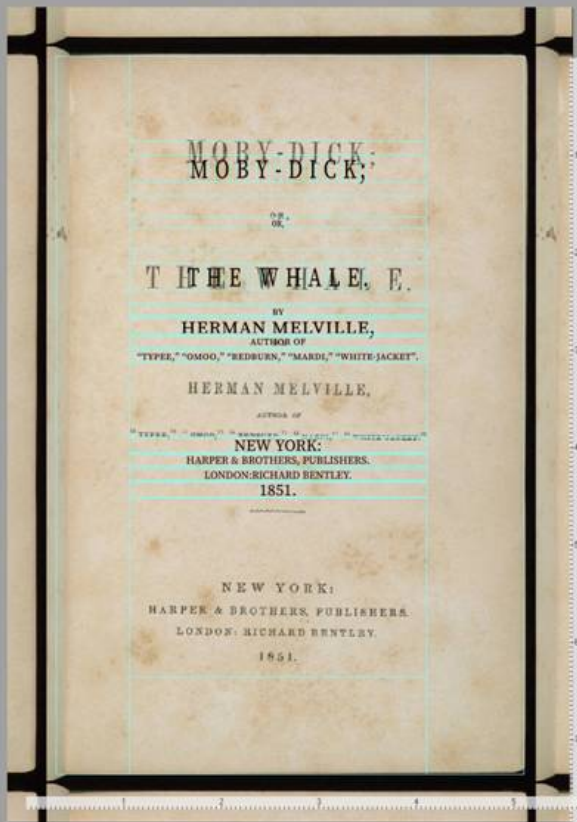


- Pages run short



Successive approximations

- First draft: rough approximation
- Make changes and review
 - Repeat until satisfactory
 - Some changes will need to be rolled back
 - Likely to be contexts not covered by the design



MOBY-DICK;
MOBY-DICK;

OF.

OR.

THE WHALE. E.

BY

HERMAN MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF

"TYPEE," "OMOO," "REDUBURN," "MARDI," "WHITE-JACKET."

HERMAN MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF

"TYPEE," "OMOO," "REDUBURN," "MARDI," "WHITE-JACKET."

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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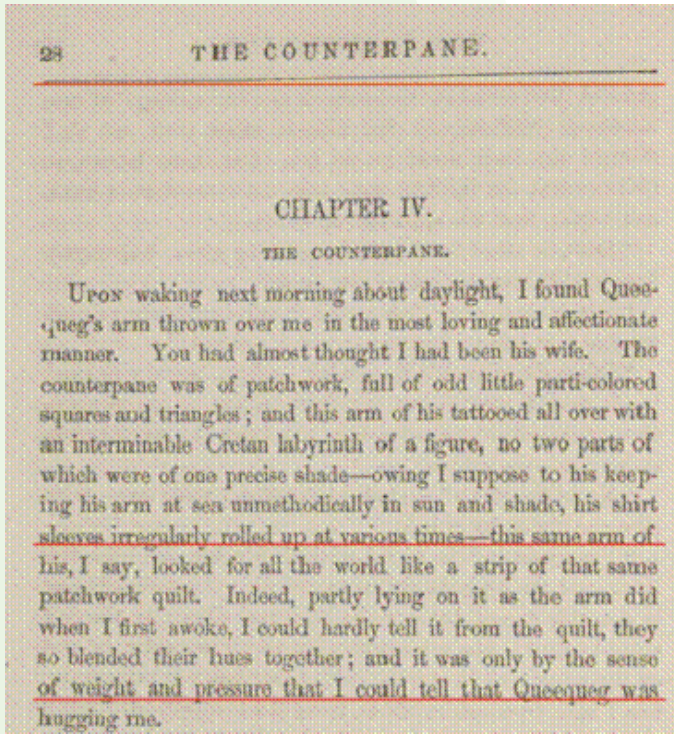
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY.

1851.

Page image as background

Straighten page image



Set as background

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  page-width="4.875in"
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Title and fly title

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```

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```

```
  <titlePart type="sub">OR, THE  
  WHALE. </titlePart>
```

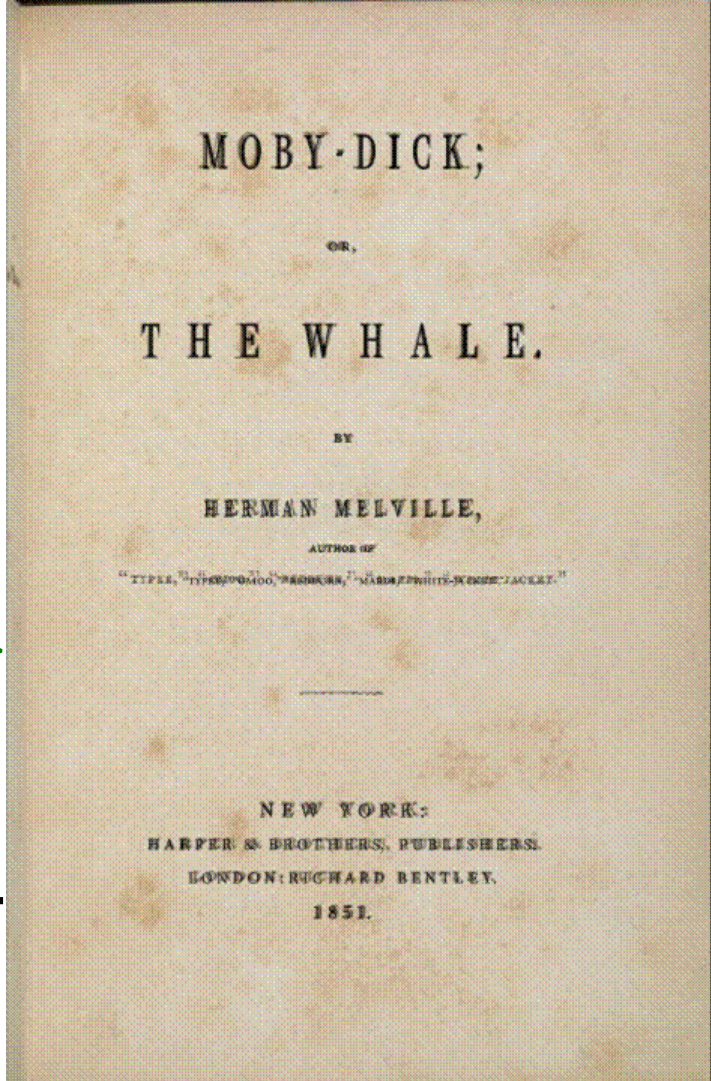
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</docTitle>
```

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```

```
  <head>MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE. </head>
```

```
</div>
```

- Ignore markup
- Use `xsl:analyze-string` and generate FOs



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OR,
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Table of Contents

CONTENTS.

xciii.—The Castaway. . .	458
xciv.—A Squeeze of the Hand. . . .	463
xcv.—The Cassock . . .	467
xcvi.—The Try-Works . . .	468
xcvii.—The Lamp	474
xcviii.—Stowing Down & Clearing Up . . .	474
xcix.—The Doubloon. . .	478
c.—The Pequod meets the Samuel Enderby of London. . .	485
ci.—The Decanter . . .	493

xcviii.—The Quarter-Deck. . . .	341	xcviii.—The Shark Massacre	333
Akah and all	344	xcviii.—Cutting In	336
xcviii.—Galleet	344	xcviii.—The Blanket	343
xcviii.—Dark	346	xcviii.—The Funeral	343
xcviii.—First Night-Watch	357	xcviii.—The Splynn	345

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    </item>
    <item>II. -The Carpet Bag. <ref target="VAC7237-0017"
      rend="right">7</ref>
    </item>
```

- Some references to **<pb>** inaccurate
- Table with generated cross-references

Quotes

“Silly Mansoul swallowed it without chewing, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale.”

Pilgrim's Progress.

“Very like a whale.”

Hamlet.

```
<ci t>  
  <q>  
    <p>"Very like a whale. "</p>  
  </q>  
  <bi bl >  
    <ti tle>Hamlet</ti tle>. </bi bl >  
</ci t>
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Process < bibl > children with < p >

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    </xsl:if>  
  </fo:block>  
</xsl:template>  
<xsl:template  
  match="bibl [exists(preceding-sibling::*[1][self::q[p]])]"  
  priority="5" />
```

Body

- 135 chapters
- One graphic
- Inscriptions
- Songs
- Speeches and stage directions

CHAPTER I.

LOOMINGS.

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Chapter separator

But already the sable wing was before the old man's eyes; the long hooked bill at his head: with a scream, the black hawk darted away with his prize.

An eagle flew thrice round Tarquin's head, removing his cap to replace it, and thereupon Tansquil, his wife, declared that Tarquin would be king of Rome. But only by the replacing of the cap was that omen accounted good. Ahab's hat was never restored; the wild hawk flew on and on with it; far in advance of the prow: and at last disappeared; while from the point of that disappearance, a minute black spot was dimly discerned, falling from that vast height into the sea.



CHAPTER CXXXI.

THE PEQUOD MEETS THE DELIGHT.

The intense Pequod sailed on; the rolling waves and days went by; the life-buoy-coffin still lightly swung; and another ship, most miserably misnamed the Delight, was descried. As she drew nigh, all eyes were fixed upon her broad beams, called shears, which, in some whaling-ships, cross the quarter-deck at the height of eight or nine feet; serving to carry the spare, unrigged, or disabled boats.

Upon the stranger's shears were beheld the shattered, white ribs, and some few splintered planks, of what had once been a whale-boat; but you now saw through this wreck, as plainly as you see through the peeled, half-unhinged, and bleaching skeleton of a horse.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Look!" replied the hollow-cheeked captain from his taff-rail; and with his trumpet he pointed to the wreck.

"Hast killed him?"

"The harpoon is not yet forged that will ever do that," answered the other, sadly glancing upon a rounded hammock on the deck, whose gathered sides some noiseless sailors were busy in sewing together.

"Not forged!" and snatching Perth's levelled iron from the crotch, Ahab held it out, exclaiming—"Look ye, Nantucketer; here in this hand I hold his death! Tempered in blood, and tempered by lightning are these barbs; and I swear to temper them triply in that hot place behind the fin, where the White Whale most feels his accursed life!"

"Then God keep thee, old man—see'st thou that!"—pointing to the hammock—"I bury but one of five stout men, who were alive only yesterday; but were dead ere night. Only that one I bury, the rest were buried before they died; you sail upon their tomb." Then turning to his crew—"Are ye ready there? place the plank then on the rail, and lift the body, so, then—Oh! God"—advancing towards the hammock with uplifted hands—"may the resurrection and the life—"

"Brace forward! Up helm!" cried Ahab like lightning to his men.

But the suddenly started Pequod was not quick enough to escape the sound of the splash that the corpse soon made as it struck the sea; not so quick, indeed, but that some of the flying bubbles might have sprinkled her hull with their ghostly baptism.

As Ahab now glided from the dejected Delight, the strange life-buoy hanging at the Pequod's stern came into conspicuous relief.

"Ha! yonder! look yonder, men!" cried a foreboding voice in her wake. "In vain, oh, ye strangers, ye fly our sad burial; ye but turn us your taffrail to show us your coffin!"



CHAPTER CXXXII.

THE SYMPHONY.

It was a clear steel-blue day. The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all-pervading azure; only, the pensive air was transparently pure and soft, with a woman's look, and the robust and man-like sea heaved with long, strong, lingering swells, as Samson's chest in his sleep.

Hither, and thither, on high, glided the snow-white wings of small, unspckled birds; these were the gentle thoughts of the feminine air; but to and fro in the deeps, far down in the bottomless blue, rushed mighty Leviathans, sword-fish, and sharks; and these were the strong, troubled, murderous thoughts of the masculine sea.

But though thus contrasting within, the contrast was only in shades and shadows without; those two seemed one; it was only the sex, as it were, that distinguished them.

Aloft, like a royal czar and king, the sun seemed giving this gentle air to this bold and rolling sea; even as bride to groom. And at the girdling line of the horizon, a soft and tremulous motion—most seen here at the equator—denoted the fond, throbbing trust, the loving alarms, with which the poor bride gave her bosom away.

Tied up and twisted; gnarled and knotted with wrinkles; haggardly firm and unyielding; his eyes glowing like coals, that still glow in the ashes of ruin; un tottering Ahab stood forth in the clearness of the morn; lifting his splintered helmet of a brow to the fair girl's forehead of heaven.

Oh, immortal infancy, and innocence of the azure! Invisible winged creatures that frolic all round us! Sweet childhood of air and sky! how oblivious were ye of old Ahab's close-coiled

Automatic chapter separator

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      fw[@type = 'head' ])]">
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</fo:block>
</xsl:template>
```


Whale-size footnotes

Iroquois, the midwinter sacrifice of the sacred White Dog was by far the holiest festival of their theology, that spotless, faithful creature being held the purest envoy they could send to the Great Spirit with the annual tidings of their own fidelity; and though directly from the Latin word for white, all Christian priests derive the name of one part of their sacred vesture, the alb or tunic, worn beneath the cassock; and though among the holy pomps of the Romish faith, white is specially employed in the celebration of the Passion of our Lord, though in the Vision of St. John, white robes are given to the redeemed, and the four-and-twenty elders stand clothed in white before the great white throne, and the Holy One that sitteth there white like wool, yet for all these accumulated associations, with whatever is sweet, and honorable, and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood.

This elusive quality it is, which causes the thought of whiteness, when divorced from more kindly associations, and coupled with any object terrible in itself, to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds. Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics; what but their smooth, flaky whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are! That ghastly whiteness it is which imparts such an abhorrent mildness, even more loathsome than terrific, to the dumb-gloating of their aspect. So that not the fierce-fanged tiger in his heraldic coat can so stagger courage as the white-shrouded bear or shark.*

* With reference to the Polar bear, it may possibly be urged by him who would fan an still deeper into this matter, that it is not the whiteness, separately regarded, which heightens the intolerable hideousness of that brute; for, analysed, that brightened hideousness, it might be said, only arises from the circumstance, that the irresponsible ferociousness of the creature stands invested in the fleece of celestial innocence and love; and hence, by bringing together two such opposite emotions in our minds, the Polar bear frightens us with so unusual a

Bethink thee of the albatross, whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread, in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Not Coleridge first threw that spell; but God's great, unflattering laureate, Nature.*

Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies; a magnificent

contrast. But even assuming all this to be true, yet, were it not for the whiteness, you would not have that intensified terror.

As for the white shark, the white gliding ghostliness of repose in that creature, when beheld in his ordinary mood, strangely tallies with the same quality in the Polar quadruped. This peculiarity is most vividly hit by the French in the name they bestow upon that fish. The Romish mass for the dead begins with "Requiem eternam" eternal rest, whence Requiem denoting the mass itself, and any other funeral tonic. Now, an allusion to the white, silent stillness of death in this shark, and the mild deadliness of his halcyon, the French call him *Rigues*.

* I remember the first albatross I ever saw. It was during a prolonged gale, in waters hard upon the Antarctic seas. From my forenoon watch below, I ascended to the overclouded deck; and there, dashed upon the main hatch, I saw a regal, feathery thing of unspotted whiteness, and with a hooded, human bill addition. At intervals, arching forth its vast archangel wings, as if to embrace some holy ark. Wondrous flutterings and throbbings shook it. Though bodily unharmed, it uttered cries, as some king's ghost in supernatural distress. Through its unexpressible, strange eyes, unalighted I peeped to secrets which took hold of God. As Abraham before the angels, I bowed myself; the white thing was so white, its wings so wide, and in those far-eriled waters, I had lost the miserable sweeping memories of traditions and of towns. Long I gazed at that prodigy of plumage. I could not, can only hint, the things that darted through me then. But at last I awoke; and turning, asked a sailor what bird was this: A goney, he replied. Goney! I never had heard that name before; is it conceivable that this gorgeous thing is utterly unknown to men ashore? Never! But some time after, I learned that goney was some seaman's name for albatross. So that by no possibility could Coleridge's wild Rhymer have had sight to do with those mystical impressions which were mine, when I saw that bird upon our deck. For neither had I then read the Rhymer, nor knew the bird to be an albatross. Yet, in saying this, I do but indirectly burnish a little brighter the noble mart of the poem and the poet.

I assert, then, that in the inexpressible bodily whiteness of the bird, chiefly lurks the secret of the spell; a truth the more attested in this, that by a selection of terms there are birds called grey albatrosses; and these I have frequently seen, but never with such emotions as when I beheld the Antarctic fowl.

But how had the mystic thing been caught? Whisper it not, and I will tell, with a treacherous hook and line, as the fowl floated on the sea. At last the Captain made a postman of it, tying a lettered, leathern tally round its neck, with the ship's time and place, and then letting it escape. But I doubt not, that leathern tally, meant for man, was taken off in Heaven, when the white fowl flew to join the wing-folding, the invoking, and adoring cherisher!

Duplicate footnotes on same page

old English statutory law, the whale is declared "a royal fish."

Oh, that's only nominal! The whale himself has never figured in any grand imposing way.

The whale never figured in any grand imposing way? In one of the mighty triumphs given to a Roman general upon his entering the world's capital, the bones of a whale, brought all the way from the Syrian coast, were the most conspicuous object in the cymballed procession.

Grant it, since you cite it; but, say what you will, there is no real dignity in whaling.

No dignity in whaling? The dignity of our calling the very heavens nitest. Cetus is a constellation in the South! No more! Drive down your hat in presence of the Star, and take it off to Quasequog! No more! I know a man that, in his lifetime, has taken three hundred and fifty whales. I account that man more honorable than that great captain of antiquity who boasted of taking so many walled towns.

And, as for me, if, by any possibility, there be any as yet undiscovered prime thing in me; if I shall ever deserve any real repute in that small but high-lushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of; if hereafter I shall do anything that, upon the whole, a man might rather have done than to have left undone; if, at my death, my executors, or more properly my creditors, find any precious MSS. in my desk, then here I prospectively ascribe all the honor and the glory to whaling; for a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard.

* See subsequent chapters for something more on this head.

The whale has no famous author, and whaling no famous chronicler, you will say.

The whale no famous author, and whaling no famous chronicler? Who wrote the first account of our Leviathan? Who but mighty Job! And who composed the first narrative of a whaling-voyage? Who, but no less a prince than Alfred the Great, who, with his own royal pen, took down the words from Otho, the Norwegian whale-hunter of those times! And who pronounced our glowing eulogy in Parliament? Who, but Edmund Burke!

True enough, but then whalemens themselves are poor devils; they have no good blood in their veins.

No good blood in their veins? They have something better than royal blood there. The grandmother of Benjamin Franklin was Mary Morrel; afterwards, by marriage, Mary Folger, one of the old settlers of Nantucket, and the ancestress to a long line of Fólgers and harpooners—all kith and kin to noble Benjamin—this day during the boistered iron from one side of the world to the other.

Good again; but then all confess that somehow whaling is not respectable.

Whaling not respectable? Whaling is imperial! In old English statutory law, the whale is declared "a royal fish."

Oh, that's only nominal! The whale himself has never figured in any grand imposing way.

The whale never figured in any grand imposing way? In one of the mighty triumphs given to a Roman general upon his entering the world's capital, the bones of a whale, brought all the way from the Syrian coast, were the most conspicuous object in the cymballed procession.

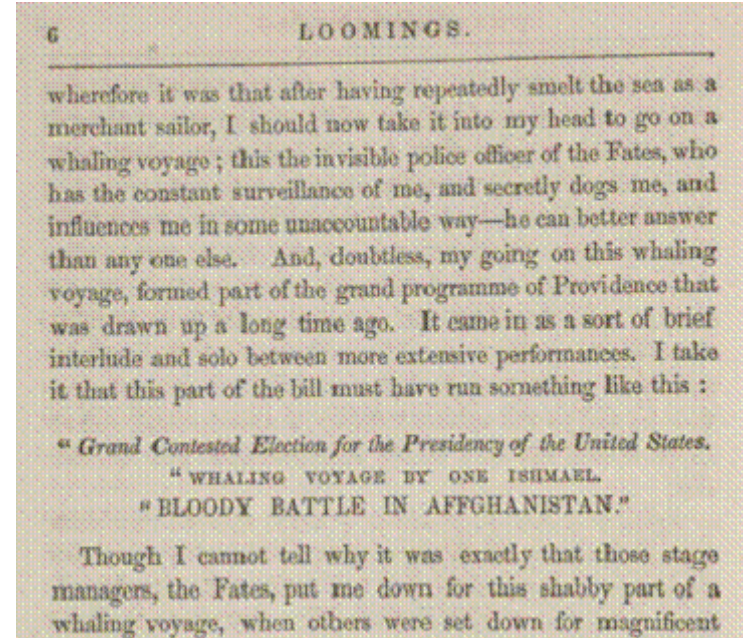
Grant it, since you cite it; but, say what you will, there is no real dignity in whaling.

* See subsequent chapters for something more on this head.

- XML repeats footnote text
- XSL 1.1 won't merge
- `axf:suppress-duplicate-footnote`

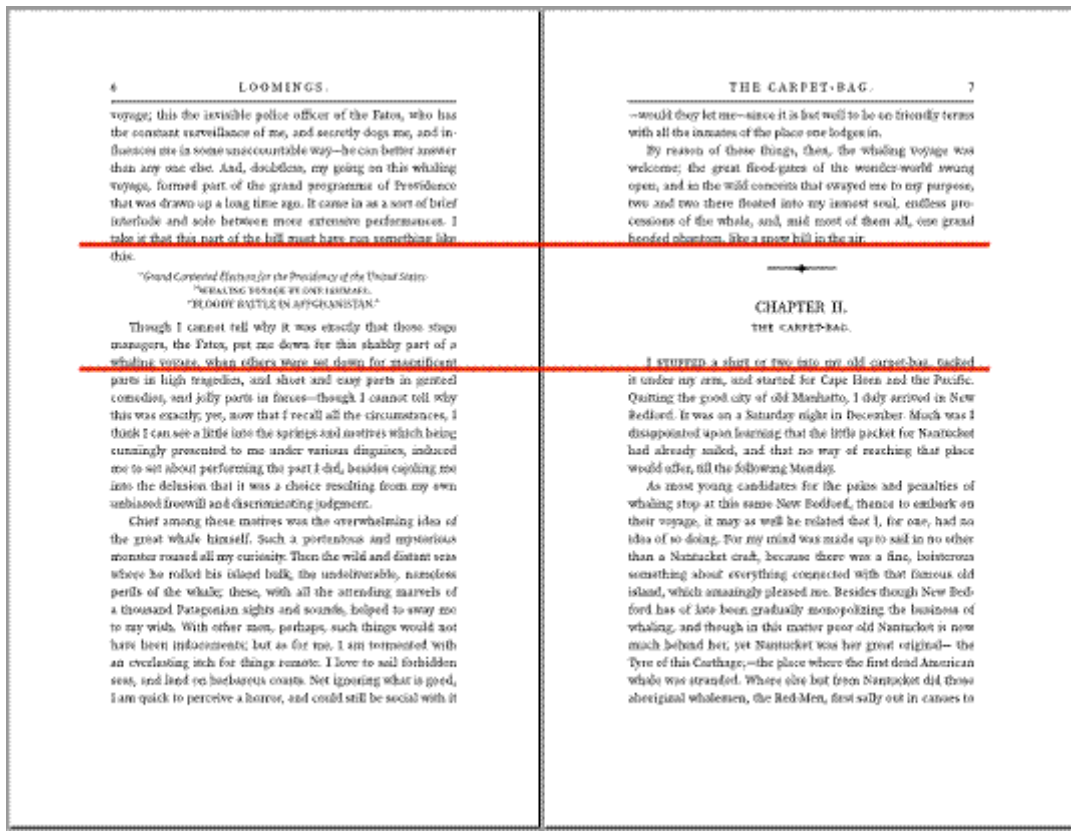
Baseline grid

- “Show-through” reduces legibility
- Align lines on front and back
- Resume after irregular lines, titles, etc.



axf:baseline-grid

- Set common grid
- Blocks can set own grid or no grid at all



Common and specific grids

fo:page-sequence

```
<xsl:template match="body">
```

```
  <fo:page-sequence
    master-reference="PageMaster"
    initial-page-number="1"
    axf:baseline-grid="root">
    <xsl:call-template
      name="static-content" />
    <fo:flow
      flow-name="xsl-region-body"
      hyphenate="true"
      text-align="justify">
      <xsl:apply-templates />
    </fo:flow>
  </fo:page-sequence>
</xsl:template>
```

fo:block

```
<xsl:template match="body//q">
```

```
  <fo:block
    text-align="center"
    text-indent="0"
    space-before="0.251h"
    font-size="7pt"
    line-height="9pt"
    axf:baseline-block-snap="before margin-box"
    axf:baseline-grid="new">
    <xsl:apply-templates />
  </fo:block>
</xsl:template>
```

Handling quotes

`<p>`"Do you is all sharks, and by natur wery woracious, yet I zay to you, fellow-critters, dat dat woraciousness—'top dat dam slappin' ob de tail! How you tink to hear, 'spose you keep up such a dam slappin' and bitin' dare?"`</p>`

"Do you is all sharks, and by natur wery woracious, yet I zay to you, fellow-critters, dat dat woraciousness—'top dat dam slappin' ob de tail! How you tink to hear, 'spose you keep up such a dam slappin' and bitin' dare?"

"Do you is all sharks, and by natur wery woracious, yet I zay to you, fellow-critters, dat dat woraciousness—'top dat dam slappin' ob de tail! How you tink to hear, 'spose you keep up such a dam slappin' and bitin' dare?"

- Use regular expression to match on irregular words

Consecutive em-dashes

- Multiple em-dashes
- Font includes space
- Replace with single characters

———— “There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep

—— “There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep

— “There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep

```
<xsl:variable  
  name="text"  
  select="replace($text, ' &mdash; &mdash; &mdash; ', ' &#x2E3B; ')"  
  as="xs:string" />
```

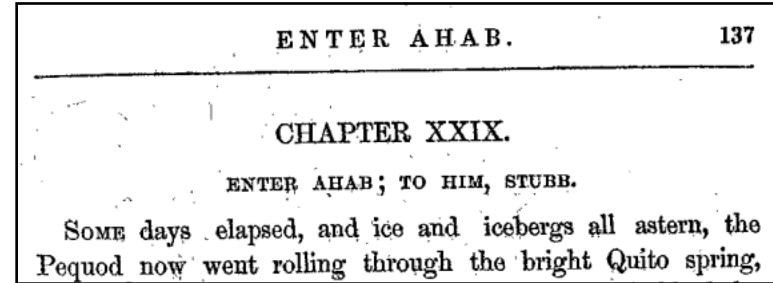
```
<xsl:variable  
  name="text"  
  select="replace($text, ' &mdash; &mdash; ', ' &#x2E3A; ')"  
  as="xs:string" />
```


Headers

```
<div type="chapter">  
  <head>CHAPTER XXI X. </head>  
  <head type="sub">ENTER AHAB; TO HIM, STUBB. </head>  
  <fw type="head" place="top-centre">ENTER AHAB. </fw>
```

- Choose content of `<fw>`, if present

```
<fo:marker marker-class-name="Chapter-Title">  
  <xsl:apply-templates  
    select="(fw[@type = 'head'], head)[1]/node()" mode="marker" />  
</fo:marker>
```



Forme work

- `<fw>` for “forme work”
- forme: a body of type secured in a chase for printing



Headers

- Headers are centered
- Except when they're not
- Push long headers away from number with

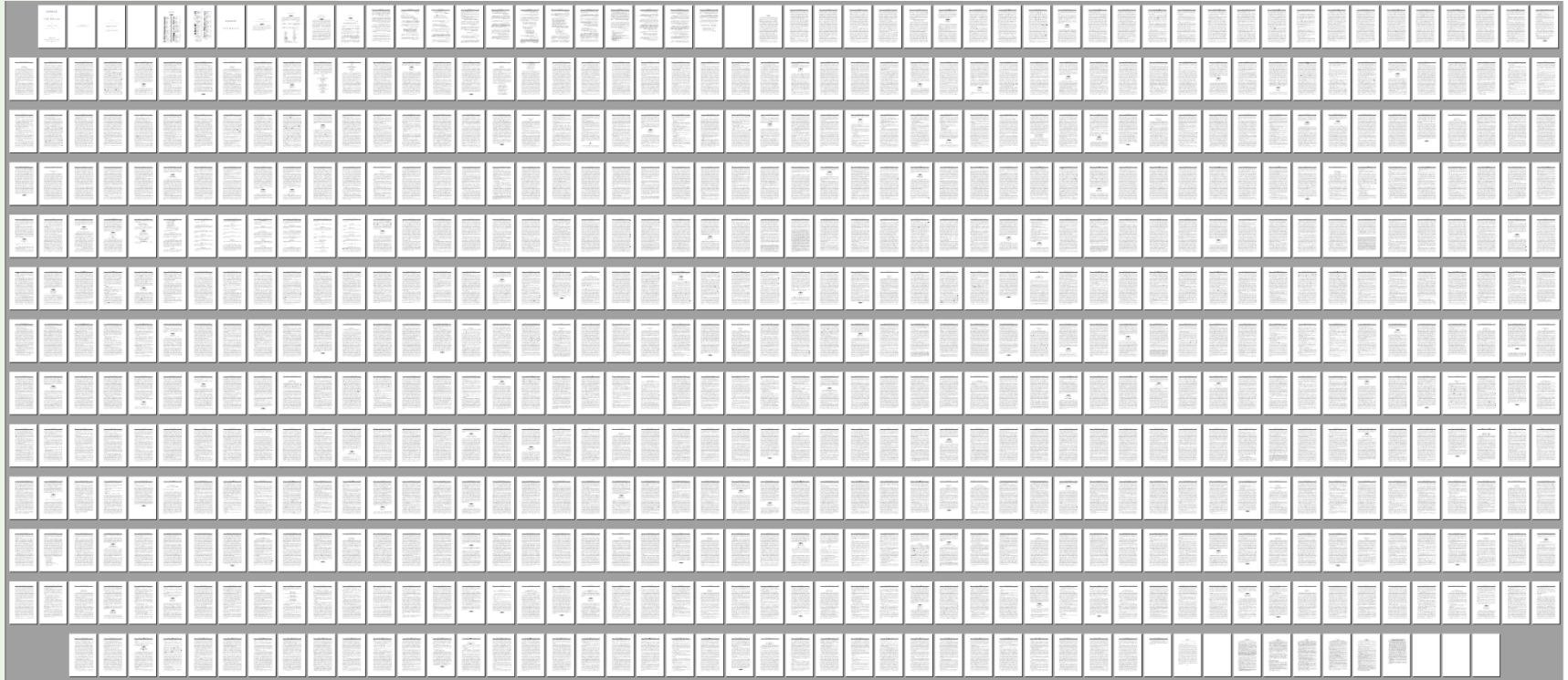
axf:overflow-align="end"

ENTER AHAB.	137
CHAPTER XXIX.	
ENTER AHAB; TO HIM, STUBB.	
Some days elapsed, and ice and icebergs all astern, the Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring,	

THE HONOR AND GLORY OF WHALING. 405
up by a whale; still, whether that strictly makes a whaleman

THE HONOR AND GLORY OF WHALING. 405
brawny doer of rejoicing good deeds, was swallowed down

Moby-Dick; or, The Whale



Summary

- Still a work in progress
- Moby-Dick stylesheet
<https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick>
- Moby-Dick TEI XML
<https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick-tei>
- Automated analysis is cool, too
<https://www.antenna.co.jp/AHF/help/en/ahf-analyzer.html>



A Data Usability Company

ANTENNA HOUSE

Questions?

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Resources

- Moby-Dick stylesheet
<https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick>
- Moby-Dick TEI XML
<https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick-tei>
- AH Formatter
<https://www.antennahouse.com/formatter-v7>
- AH Formatter Automated Analysis
<https://www.antenna.co.jp/AHF/help/en/ahf-analyzer.html>

Resources

- IU Digital Library Program. Moby-Dick, or, The Whale. Melville, Herman, (1819–1891).
<http://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/TEIgeneral/view?docId=wright/VAC7237&brand=wright>
- IU Digital Library Program. Moby Dick, or, The Whale.
<http://dogwood.dlib.indiana.edu:8080/xubmit/rest/repository/wright/VAC7237.xml>
- IU Digital Library Program. Wright American Fiction. Indiana University.
<http://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/TEIgeneral/welcome.do?brand=wright>

Resources

- “Compositor”, Stephen Hampshire
<https://flickr.com/photos/stephenhampshire/3337704597>
- CC BY 2.0
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/>