BOOK III. (Duodecimo), CHAPTER I. (Hzzza Porpoise). — This is the common porpoise found all over the globe. The name is of my own bestowal; for there are more than one sort of porpoises, and something must be done to distinguish them. I call him thus, because he always swims in hilarious shoals, which upon the broad sea keep tossing themselves to heaven like caps in a Fourth-of-July crowd. Their appearance is generally hailed with delight by the mariner. Full of fine spirits, they invariably come from the breezy billows to windward. They are the lads that always live after the wind. They are accounted a lucky omen. If you yourself can withstand three cheers at beholding these vivacious fish, then heaven help ye; the spirit of giddy gamsomeness is not in ye. A well-fed, plump Hzzza Porpoise will yield you one good gallon of good oil. But the fine and delicate fluid extracted from his jaws is exceedingly valuable. It is in request among jewellers and watchmakers. Sailors put in on their homes. Porpoise meat is good eating, you know. It may never have occurred to you that a porpoise spouts. Indeed, his spout is so small that it is not very readily discernible. But the next time you have a chance, watch him; and you will then see the great Sperm whale himself in miniature.

BOOK III. (Duodecimo), CHAPTER II. (Algerine Porpoise). — A pirate. Very savage. He is only found, I think, in the Pacific. He is somewhat larger than the Hzzza Porpoise, but much of the same general make. Provoketh him, and he will buckle to a shark. I have lowered for him many times, but never yet saw him captured.

BOOK III. (Duodecimo), CHAPTER III. (Mealy-mouthed Porpoise). — The largest kind of Porpoise; and only found in the Pacific, so far as it is known. The only English name, by which he has hitherto been designated, is that of the fisher-Right-Whale Porpoise, from the circumstance that he is chiefly found in the vicinity of that Folio. In shape, he differs in some degree from the Hzzza Porpoise, being of a less rotund and jolly girth; indeed, he is of quite a neat and gentleman-like figure. He has no fins on his back (most other porpoises have), he has a lovely tail, and sentimental Indian eyes of a hazzel hue. But his mealy-mouth spoils him. Though his entire back down to his side fins is of a deep sable, yet a boundary line, distinct as the mark in a ship's hull, called the "bright waist," that line streaks him from stem to stern, with two separate colors, black above and white below. The white comprises part of his head, and the whole of his mouth, which makes him look as if he had just escaped from a felonious visit to a meal-bag. A most mean and meatly aspect! His oil is much like that of the common porpoise.

* * *

Beyond the DUODECIMO, this system does not proceed, inasmuch as the Porpoise is the smallest of the whales. Above, you have all the Leviathans of note. But there are a rabble of uncertain, fugitive, half-fabulous whales, which, as an American whale-man, I know by reputation, but not personally. I shall enumerate them by their fore-castle appellations; for possibly such a list may be valuable to future investigators, who may complete what I have here but begun. If any of the following whales, shall hereafter be caught and marked, then he can readily be incorporated into this System, according to his Folio, Octavo, or Duodecimo magnitude: — The Bottle-Nose Whale; the Junk Whale; the Pudding-Headed Whale; the Cape Whale; the Leading Whale; the Cannon Whale; the Scragge Whale; the Coppered Whale; the Elephant Whale; the Iceberg Whale; the Quog Whale; the Blue Whale; &c. From Icelandic, Dutch, and old English authorities, there might be quoted other lists of uncertain whales, blessed with all manner of uncouth names. But I omit them as altogether obsolete; and can hardly help suspecting them for mere sounds, full of Leviathanism, but signifying nothing.
Finally: It was stated at the outset, that this system would not be here, and at once, perfected. You cannot but plainly see that I have kept my word. But I now leave my cetological System standing thus unfinished, even as the great Cathedral of Cologne was left, with the cranes still standing upon the top of the uncompleted tower. For small erections may be finished by their first architects; grand ones, true ones, ever leave the copetstone to posterity. God keep me from ever completing anything. This whole book is but a draught — nay, but the draught of a draught. Oh, Time, Strength, Cash, and Patience!
Where is the graveyard of dead gods? What lingering mourner waters their mounds? There was a day when Jupiter was the king of the gods, and any man who doubted his puissance was ipso facto a barbarian and an ignomnus. But where in all the world is there a man who worships Jupiter-to-day? And what of Huiztilopochtli? In one year — and it is no more than five hundred years ago — 50,000 youths and maidens were slain in sacrifice to him. To-day, if he is remembered at all, it is only by some vagrant savage in the depths of the Mexican forest. Huiztilopochtli, like many other gods, had no human father; his mother was a virtuous widow; he was born of an apparently innocent flirtation that she carried on with the sun. When he frowned, his father, the sun, stood still. When he roared with rage, earthquakes engulfed whole cities. When he thirsted he was watered with 10,000 gallons of human blood. But today Huiztilopochtli is as magnificently forgotten as Marco Corelli. Once the peer of Allah, Buddha, and Wotan, he is now the peer of Father Rasputin, J. B. Planché, Sadi Carnot, General Boulanger, Lottie Collins, and Little Tich.

Speaking of Huiztilopochtli recalls his brother, Tezcatlipoca. Tezcatlipoca was almost as powerful: he consumed 25,000 virgins a year. Lead me to his tomb: I would weep, and hang a couronne des perles. But who knows where it is? Or where the grave of Quetzalcoatl is? Or Tinoco? Or Chacchibuhuicie? Or Xiehtecuitli? Or Centeotl, that sweet one? Or Tlazolteotl, the goddess of love? Or Micatan? Or Eixtliotl? Or Omanacatl? Or Yacatecutli? Or Xipe? Or all the host of Tlalocinillos? Where are their bones? Where is the willow on which they hung their harps? In what forlorn and unheard-of hell do they await the resurrection morn? Who enjoys their residiary estates? Or that of Dis, whom Censor found to be the chief god of the Celts? Or that of Tarves, the bull? Or that of Moccus, the pig? Or that of Epona, the mare? Or that of Mullo, the celestial ass? There was a time when the Irish revered all these gods as violently as they now revere the Pope. But to-day even the drunkest Irishman laughs at them.

But they have company in oblivion: the hell of dead gods is as crowded as the Presbyterian hell for babies. Damona is there, and Eaus, and Drunemeton, and Silvana, and Dervones, and Adsaluta, and Deva, and Belisama, and Axona, and Vintios, and Tarnamous, and Sulis, and Coelid, and Adsmesius, and Dumani, and Calitos, and Moccus, and Olovidius, and Albioric, and Lucatius, and Vitacudus, and Ogmios, and Lucellinus, and Borvo, and Gannos, and Mogous. All mighty gods in their day, worshiped by millions, full of demands and impositions, able to bind and loose — all gods of the first class, not dilettanti. Men labored for generations to build vast temples to them — temples with stones as large as motor-batteries. The business of interpreting their whims occupied thousands of priests, wizards, archdeacons, canons, deans, bishops, archbishops. To doubt them was to die, usually at the stake. Armies took to the field to defend them against infidels: villages were burned, women and children were butchered, cattle were driven off. Yet in the end they all withered and died, and to-day there is none so poor to do them reverence. Worse, the very tombs in which they lie are lost, and so even a respectable thief is debauched from paying them the slightest and politest homage.

What has become of Sutekh, once the high god of the whole Nile Valley? What has become of:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Resheph</th>
<th>Ahijah</th>
<th>Shalem</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anath</td>
<td>Isis</td>
<td>Dagon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adathoreth</td>
<td>Pthah</td>
<td>Sharrab</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>El</td>
<td>Anubis</td>
<td>Yau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nergl</td>
<td>Baal</td>
<td>Amon-Re</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebo</td>
<td>Astarte</td>
<td>Osiris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nimb</td>
<td>Hadad</td>
<td>Sebek</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melek</td>
<td>Addu</td>
<td>Molech</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All these were once gods of the highest eminence. Many of them are mentioned with fear and trembling in the Old Testament. They ranked, five or six thousand years ago, with Jahveh himself; the worst of them stood far higher than Thor. Yet they have all gone down the chute, and with them the following:
Bilé  Kerridwen  Ni-uzu
Ler   Pwyll   Sahi
Arrianrod  Tammuz  Aa
Morrigu  Venus  Allatu
Govanon  Bau  Jupiter
Gunfled  Mulu-hursung  Cunina
Sokk-mimi  Anu  Potins
Memetona  Beltis  Statilinus
Dagda  Nuskú  Diana of Ephesus
Robigus  U-Mersí  Nin-azu
Pluto  Beltu  Lugal-Amaradá
Ops  Dumu-zi-abzu  Zer-panitu
Meditrina  Kuskí-banda  Merodach
Vesta  Sin  U-ki
Tilmun  Abil Addu  Danke
Ogyrvan  Apsu  Gasañ-abzu
Dea Dia  Dagan  Elum
Ceres  Elali  U-Tin-dir-ki
Vaticanus  Isun  Marduk
Eutuxa  Mami  Nin-fis-Is
Adeona  Nin-man  Persephone
Juno Lucina  Zaraqu  Istar
Saturn  Suqarumnu  Lugas
Furrina  Zagagu  U-urugal
Vedovis  Gwydion  Sirtumu
Consus  Manawyddan  Esá
Cronos  Nuada Argetlam
Enki  Tagd  Nirig
Engurra  Goibhniu  Nebo
Belus  Odin  Sannas
Dimmer  Llaw Gyffes  Ma-bamba-anna
Mu-ul-lil  Léu  En-Mersí
Ubargisí  Ogma  Amuru
Ubilíulu  Mider  Assur
Gasan lil  Rigantona  Aku
U-dimmer-an-kia  Marzin  Qarradú
Enuresu  Mars  Ura-gala
Enuresu  Kaawanu  Uras

You may think I spoof. That I invent the names. I do not. Ask the rector to lend you any good treatise
on comparative religion: you will find them all listed. They were gods of the highest standing and dignity —
gods of civilized peoples — worshiped and believed in by millions. All were theoretically omnipotent,
onomiscent, and immortal. And all are dead.