... In me divine magnanimites are spontaneous and instantaneous—catch them while you can. The world goes round, and the other side comes up. ...I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as the lamb. Ineffable socialities are in me. I would sit down and dine with you and all the gods in old Rome’s Pantheon ...

... I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at Supper, and that we are the pieces.

This is a long letter, but you are not at all bound to answer it. Possibly, if you do answer it, and direct it to Herman Melville, you will missend it—for the very fingers that now guide this pen are not precisely the same that just took it up and put it on this paper. Lord, when shall we be done changing?