

Maxwell*

Dynamic Magnetic Displace quaternion velocity

299,792,458 metres per second

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$$v = V \left[1 - \sum_{a=2}^{\infty} \frac{\pi J_1^2(b\beta_s)}{[J_1^2(b\beta_s) - J_1^2(a\beta_s)]} \left\{ J_0(a\beta_s) Y_0(a\beta_s) - Y_0(b\beta_s) J_0(a\beta_s) \right\} \exp(-\kappa\beta_s^2 n) \right]$$

$$y_1 = g - \frac{1}{2}x^2 \cdot \left\{ 1 + a\frac{b^a}{2} + (a^2 + \beta) + (a^2 + \gamma) + \dots \right\}$$

$$\beta = \frac{1}{2} \int_a^b Y dx - \frac{1}{2} |a| \cosh^{-1} \frac{x}{2\sqrt{|a|}}$$

I almost thought he would sink the ship before the anchor could be got up; involuntarily I paused on my handspike, and told Queequeg to do the same, thinking of the perils we both ran, in starting on the voyage with such a devil for a pilot. I was comforting myself, however, with the thought that in pious Bildad might be found some salvation, spite of his seven hundred and seventy-seventh lay; when I felt a sudden sharp poke in my rear, and turning round, was horrified at the apparition of Captain Peleg in the act of withdrawing his leg from my immediate vicinity. That was my first kick. Is that the way they heave in the marchant service. he roared. Spring, thou sheep-head; spring, and break thy backbone. why don't ye spring, i say, all of ye — spring. Quohog. spring, thou chap with the red whiskers; spring there, Scotchcap; spring, thou green pants. Spring, I say, all of ye, and spring your eyes out. And so saying, he moved along the windlass, here and there using his leg very freely, while imperturbable Bildad kept leading off with his psalmody. Thinks I, Captain Peleg must have been drinking something to-day. At last the anchor was up, the sails were set, and off we glided. It was a short, cold Christmas; and as the short northern day merged into night, we found ourselves almost broad upon the wintry ocean, whose freezing spray cased us in ice, as in polished armor. The long rows of teeth on the bulwarks glistened in the moonlight; and like the white ivory tusks of some huge elephant, vast curving icicles depended from the bows. Lank Bildad, as pilot, headed the first watch, and ever and anon, as the old craft deep dived into the green seas, and sent the shivering frost all over her, and the winds howled, and the cordage rang, his steady notes were heard, — Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green. So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. Never did those sweet words sound more sweetly to me than then. They were full of hope and fruition. Spite of this frigidwinter night in the boisterous Atlantic, spite of my wet feet and wetter jacket, there was yet, it then seemed to me, many a pleasant haven in store; and meads and glades so eternally vernal, that the grass shot up by the spring, untrodden, unwilted, remains at midsummer. At last we gained such an offing, that the two pilots were needed no longer. The stout sail-boat that had accompanied us began ranging alongside. It was curious and not displeasing, how Peleg and Bildad were affected at this juncture, especially Captain Bildad. For loath to depart, yet; very loath to leave, for