

lites over the globe! They came,—they saw,—they cooked! Curse on the memory of the first turtle that lent its unctuous integuments to their broths! Had it been lean as the Earl of ———, tough as a Dowager Countess, still might I, an amphibious heir of the creation, air myself along the shelly shores of the Atlantic, careless of cook or kaiser; propagating my crustaceous species, without the fear of the white night-cap before my eyes! But lo! no sooner did the oleaginous fume of the first turtle steam from the cauldron, than flesh became fishified to the desires of men. Thenceforward their fat beeves and their flocks were slaughtered in vain; and TURTLE!—TURTLE!—TURTLE! was the cry of the eating world.

Ah! little did I imagine when, three months ago,—three little months,—I opened my eyes one sweet May morning to behold for the last time the pellucid ocean sending its white foam beside my lair, and warning me and my innocent family of the advancing tide; little did I dread as I beheld my four comely brethren—my venerable sire—my six goodly sons—disperse from beside the jutting rock under which we had been sheltering, that captivity had come upon us like a thief in the night, or rather that the strong arm of authority had sentenced us, like thieves, to transportation—death—anatomization! Instead of the cry of the sea-bird wailing over our heads, to warn us that the sun was bright in the heavens, “Avast there Jack!”—“Bear a hand, Bill, or these ’ere toddlers ’ll be off arter their t’other helement!”—sounded in our slumbering ears like the creaking of the brazen gates of Pandemonium. A monster, having from his head three long, straight, pending black tails did straightway lay violent hands upon me and mine. Vain were my puny efforts!—I gasped,—I floundered,—I opened my horny beak,—I rolled my threatening eyes; but lo! in the twinkling of one of them, I found myself ignominiously laid upon my back in some strange concavity floating on the water’s surge—(that rolled by, hissing as if in derision of my moan,) and tossed hither and thither on the gurgling waves! I grew sick of them and life together. Filthy nausea! vile result of the progress of civilization! Oh! that a free agent should eschew dry land, and incite his own vitals to rebellion against him.

But what was heart-sickness—what was even sea-sickness compared with the agony in store for my innocent frame? Suddenly a heavier swell seemed to rise upon the ocean. We approached a dark and mighty object; and amid a roar as of a thousand hurricanes, emitted at three several intervals, I and my captive tribe were swung into buckets lowered from the wall; hoisted aloft and dashed despitously upon the ground.