

There was no inducement to go ashore, for no house of public entertainment was near, where we could have sat the temporary Lords of the mansion, with all smiling, though perhaps with sore hearts, like a sorrowful Lord in reality, when before Majesty—cantering backwards and forwards, ‘filling and fetching more.’ It is true we could have taken possession of any private house there, and got the fare which christians love, if able to pay—but then, the proprietor would have favoured us with his company, which, however, charming to a wife, would have been far beyond our comprehension; surrounded, like a heathen god, by clouds issuing from a mouth—that could eat and drink, and smoke tobacco, and speak coarse sentences, in praise of its accomplished owner. Such characters—and there are more than the Clergy are aware of, may do very well to clean horses, rub stirrup irons, polish bridle bits, ‘fetch and carry’—provided, the master always gives his orders in stern accents, and with few words; not one of which can be construed into kindness, or concern for the fellow; for if the smallest interest is displayed, nothing but impudence and dishonesty—or at least waste of the master’s effects will—must, assuredly follow.* To sit with such caricatures upon a being, who is to exist forever, is impossible. We therefore remained on board, and with the cabin windows open, snuffed the balmy air, sipped what was far superior to the nectar, that Hebe,† and afterwards Ganymede handed to Jupiter—though made from the honey of the Hybla bees—and listened with great pleasure, to the sounds issuing from myriads of choristers, none of which seem formed but to creep upon earth’s surface, like those of Europe, without motive, end or aim—being ‘neither fit to dance, nor hold the candle.’

I have had frequent opportunities of examining this little creature, which is commonly called, by way of distinction, ‘the whistling frog,’ but is in reality a toad, of small size, and reddish, brown colour, with excrescences like the common species. It has several remarkable qualities—such as, running swift like a mouse, when approached by man, until it arrives at a leaf, or other vegetable substance, and getting thereon, instantly lies, as if deprived of ‘locomotive energy,’ and becomes of the exact colour with ‘the substratum.’ There it remains, with bright eyes, looking backwards without requiring that the lids should be drawn over them, and thereby relieve the muscles, by periodical extinction of sight. On the back of the head, or just where it begins to join the neck, directly behind, and in a line with each eye, the skin is of a lighter colour, perforated with very small holes, as if done by a pin, and is shaped thus S. It is also remarkable, that this species of Camelion, though it becomes of the exact colour with the vegetable substance upon which it rests, yet, these SS never alter in

* Should any of our readers be so ignorant of human nature, as to think the above too severe—they have only to show an interest in the welfare of servants, male or female, and in less than twenty-four hours they will be convinced that the Emigrant’s remarks are just.—EDITOR.

† Hebe, as schoolboys are taught, fell, and was in consequence turned out of office. She had a cup ‘in hand’—but whether ‘in her cups’—the deponent hath not said.