

bait, cut with some care and difficulty from a fish sacrificed for the purpose. You are absorbed in the sport. A fish carries off your bait ; you look down and see two crabs just disappearing into an impracticable crevice, carrying your choice morsel between them. You catch a fish and throw it down beside you. Before long you find a swarm of crabs round it, tearing morsels off the gills, using both claws alternately to carry them to their mouths ; and a big old crab digging away at the skin of the fish, and trying to bite through it.

If a bird dies the crabs soon pick its bones, and I saw one old crab profiting by our having driven off all the old birds, and carrying off a young bird just hatched. The older crabs are richly coloured, with bright red legs. The crabs have odd ways, and curious habits of expressing anger, astonishment, suspicion, and fear, by the attitude of their claws. When two old crabs meet unsuspectingly in a crevice they dodge one another in an amusing way, and drawing their legs together strut on tiptoe.

In the tropics one becomes accustomed to watch the habits of various species of crabs, which there live so commonly an aerial life. The more I have seen of them the more I have been astonished at their sagacity. I had, I do not know why, always considered them as of low intelligence.

Admiral Fitzroy gives an account of the large numbers of fish caught off the rocks by his men, and states that they hauled the fish up from the bottom with difficulty because they were always rushed at by voracious sharks.

In the evening volunteers for fishing were called for, and I went in the jolly-boat with about six officers and four or five men. A cutter full of men also put off. We made fast to the line across the bay, and for a long time got nothing, till at last, when we were getting tired, one man caught a shark, about three feet long, and we all got good bait from him.

Then we caught more sharks, and it was at last discovered that we ought to have been fishing at the surface, and not at the bottom. As soon as we took the sinkers off our lines and allowed the baits to float we began to haul in large fish, some of them 20 lbs. in weight, as fast as possible. The fish were "Cavalli" (= seahorse?)—a species of *Caranx*, which is allied to our mackerel, and very good to eat.

The fish were very game, and pulled hard, making phosphorescent flashes as they dashed about in the water under the boat, it being now dark. Every now and then some one hooked a shark (*Carcharias sp.*), and then there was a tremendous fight, and all the lines in the boat were tangled and fouled as the big fish rushed around. At last it either broke the line, or was