

the year, and the winds were sufficiently capricious to give me a tolerable notion of traverse sailing.

I was told that we should certainly meet with very foggy weather on the Banks, and have to ring the ship's bell, and rattle our tin kettles, to prevent being run down by other vessels: but to the surprise of all on board we had finer weather on the Grand Bank, than we had experienced during the passage. Not the least haze was visible, and the sea, for a day or two, was as calm and as smooth as a canal. We caught about a dozen cod, and should have taken many more, had not an easterly breeze sprung up and waisted us over the Bank. The season for fishing being over, we did not meet with a single vessel; all around us was therefore a clear expanse of sky and water, and we the centre of our heavenly arch and liquid plain. I shall not detain my readers with a long account of the mode of catching fish, and other peculiarities of this immense Bank, as they have been repeatedly mentioned by every writer of voyages, who has sailed over or near it since the days of Cabot.

The first land we made was Trepasé Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, in the afternoon of the 11th October. Our reckoning must have been remarkably correct, as we were within two hours sail of the spot laid down on the Cap-