

*catabaws* to the spread eagle monotony of the *minuet de la cœur*. The "light fantastic toe" became exhausted, and then Apollo struck the lyre, the muses sung in strains alternate---

An Old Woman clothed in grey,  
The Chapter on Noses,  
Now we are going to Botany Bay,  
And Love among the Roses.

About our 30th day at sea, our ruler, who was neither a gentleman nor a seaman, stated we had gone to the southward of the Banks of Newfoundland; I doubted such, and was corroborated in my opinion by both mates and seamen, not being a novice in the navigation of the Atlantic, or an immediate stranger to some nautical information. In eighteen hours after we were on those celebrated Banks, distinguished by a continual dense fog or mist, and in general extremely cold. On the 42d day the Headlands of Nova Scotia were seen from the mast head; the 43d day we made Sandy Hook, and received a pilot on board, and anchored that night on the Quarantine ground, nine miles from New York. The following morning, after the indispensable examination.