

where we experienced a calm for twenty-four hours. I took this opportunity to go on board a fishing-vessel, which was within cannon-shot of us. A Flemish sailor, whom I met with, related to me the manner of turning this fishery to the greatest advantage.

"Those," said he, "who wish to render this fishery lucrative, arrive on the banks during the first fortnight of June, having on board a numerous crew, and a number of boats proportioned to the size of their vessels. Each boat carries four or five men, among whom the business of the fishery is divided. One baits the hook and casts the line into the sea, another draws it up, a third detaches the cod, while the others clean them, cut off their heads, and take out their tongues. When the boat is full, which, in plentiful years, happens frequently during one day, they bring it to the vessel, where others receive the fish, salt it, and store it in the hold, in which situation it becomes flattened and partly dried." I myself was a witness of these operations, which are executed by the fishermen with admirable dexterity.

This fishery, before the war, was the school which furnished our best sailors: The laborious life which they lead, the bad nourishment, the intemperance of the weather, and the violence of the winds, almost continual in these latitudes, so accustom them to hardships and fatigue, that the government have granted particular protection and encouragement to this commerce.

After the captain had made his observations, we quitted the banks of Newfoundland on the 17th of September. A favourable wind was carrying us towards our destination, and we had already passed the dangers of Nantucket, when the formidable north-west blasted all our hopes. The stream in which we found ourselves bore us to the east, and after having tacked six whole days, we were sixty miles farther from land than when the wind had changed. At last, in a few days, it changed again, and carried us within sight of the coast. We were in hourly expectation of the pilots, when a thick fog suddenly arising, obscured the land, which we had contemplated with so much pleasure. A most violent north wind now left the captain in doubt what course to take; whether to enter without a pilot, or steer back into the main. The fear of the equinoctial winds induced him to adopt the former resolution, although not without great danger. With the plummet in his hand, and by the assistance of an old sailor, who had piloted before in these latitudes, he executed his design with as much success as prudence.

At the moment we were entering Sandy Hook, the fog suddenly disappeared. Directed by an elevated tower, on the top

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