

resumed our voyage on the 25th and got as far as Rocks Point when we encountered another blow and the heavy weather continued. If it was not blowing from the South-west, it was blowing from the North-west and the ship was generally hove-to under balanced reefed main sail and a storm jib.

On 11th September the weather cleared and we found that we were lying off Mount Cook. We then sailed up to the Grey and recognised it from the sketches on the Admiralty Chart. The sea appeared to be fairly calm and we took the bar at noon on the 13th.

We stripped to our flannels, ready for a swim and stood by the running rigging. We soon got into the heavy rollers and by and by what the sailors call "the Bishop" came along - a big tall fellow of a wave, with the sun shining through the top where it broke.

It came down upon us like a wall and struck off both weather and lee bulwarks between the mast, breaking the lashings of the boat which was lying, bottom up, on the main hatch. When such waves broke over us we were washed off our feet, our hold on the running rigging saving us from being swept overboard. When the water left us we were bumped on the deck.

This went on for some time - it seemed hours to us - and the vessel drifted northwards up the coast until, finally, a big wave landed her amongst the drift timber which strewed the beach.