

all the next day, compelling us to remain until it had moderated, when another attempt was made; but after accomplishing about twenty miles (in eight hours), the gale still blowing furiously, it was found necessary to again seek shelter—this time under Long Island, in Queen Charlotte's Sound, where we anchored for the night. At daylight next morning we made a successful run across Cook's Straits, and, fortunately, having a strong tide in our favour, it enabled us to beat up under steam and sail. When about ten miles off the anchorage, we were visited with an unlooked-for calamity. Edward Winton, A.B., who was standing in the forechains heaving the lead, was washed overboard by the heavy sea. He was not missed for some minutes, when the engines were stopped and the vessel immediately rounded to, but no trace of him could be seen; he must have gone down at once in the turbulent sea running at the time. The gloom which the loss of one of our small party occasioned was felt by every one on board. On nearing port, we were glad to escape the long rolling seas that seemed to surge up from the Antarctic. Our observation showed that not only was the intervening ocean we had just passed over wild and stormy, but that New Zealand invariably presents a rough and rugged coast, backed by towering mountains, with frightful chasms and tremendous cliffs surrounding them on every side. Experiencing such unfavourable weather, it prevented much use of