

The Master let go his anchors to hold her but the angry God cut the anchors (not the cables) at the bottom of the sea and threw the vessel up until he dashed her to pieces - The *Cosack* would have met with no accident if the sailors had not provoked the God of the winds and waves by striking the sacred Rocks. This is universally believed by the New Zealanders. when I visited that River and came near those Rocks they begged I would not touch them lest I died - Such is the present superstition of these people - I had seen some of the sailors who were on board the *Cosack* when she was lost who gave me the following account of her wreck - The wind had been blowing hard from the South west which had caused a very great surf upon the Bar - They left the Harbour with a light breeze - The master thought the wind was sufficient to carry the vessel thro' the surf, but when they got out upon the Bar the wind failed them, and the surf overpowered the vessel and she became a perfect wreck - No property was saved and no lives were lost - The natives were very kind to them when they got on shore -

Friday ^{Aug} 29 - This morning we were off the harbour of *Dootakabaha* - The boat was hoisted out and Capt. Moore went to examine the entrance - He returned in about 3 hours and reported that there were plenty of spars, but not sufficient water for a large ship in the harbour, and that the