

We scrambled ashore and on the beach we found a number of Maoris and Mr. Townshend and two of his men waiting to assist us. Mr. Townshend was in charge of the Government relief store at the Grey.

We got all the cargo out of the boat and took it to the camp I established in the bush on the southern bank of the Grey. We examined the boat but found it all stove-in. My bargain with the owner was that he was to land me, so when she went ashore, that ended the whole business as far as any obligations on my part were concerned.

The crew made their way back to the Buller where there was a considerable township at Westport, and where much gold-digging was going on.

When my camp had been fully established my men were set to work. The first job was to start a survey of the Grey. I had good bush hands with me and they cut bush lines. I got a half-caste - Fred. Reid, who knew enough English to make himself understood in very simple things, and a Maori, who rejoiced in the name of John Wesley, and his wife, and we went down the beach to see what the country was like and to ascertain the best method of starting the work in that region.

When I got back to the Grey, the first thing I heard was that Townshend and one of his men had been drowned while attempting to bring a whale boat, in which they had come from Hokitika, over the Grey Bar. Two of my men were old whalers and