

Later in a general description of the flora and fauna of the southwest coast of the country, an area which was to become very familiar to the writer both by land and by sea he makes further mention of birdlife:

The birds are not remarkably musical—the linnets are rather so; The Bell Bird [i.e. tui] is of a purple colour, with a white spot on the breast, shaped like a bell. The Saddleback is a brown bird with a bright red spot on its back like a saddle; these last two species, are about the size of a thrush. There are green parroquets (sic), large hawks, and several kinds of wild duck besides *Emus*,\* greenbirds and woodhens, which are birds of an excellent flavour.

Sealing parties were always on the alert for possible attack by parties of wandering New Zealanders and routine precautions were taken. At Open Bay [Jackson's Bay] Boulton's crew of six found tracks of a party of about thirty which attacked them in gathering darkness. This confrontation and its outcome in which no less than eight New Zealanders were killed was to give him a certain standing in his relations with the tribes in the area. The party, reduced by the loss of the Boatsteerer and another, now cautiously made its way to Dusky Bay and were comfortably settled there with the other crews making up the expedition until after 7 months an unnamed brig joined them and collected what was to the Captain a disappointing tally of 290 skins. This period at Dusky Bay was one to which Boulton looked back with nostalgia, the same sentiment he was to experience when exhilarated by whaling in the Timor Sea. He enjoyed the beauty of Dusky Bay as well as the company of his fellows and describes the nature of their sealing activities in the area going right into caves "sufficiently spacious to admit of 8 to 10 boats," to hunt their quarry. He mentions in passing the finding of "one of Cook's Medals among a heap of rubbish on Iron Island, it was a composite piece, of the size of a penny; . . . —this I foolishly gave away for a trifle, which I am sorry for as several of my friends would have liked to have had it. . . . There is a simple sketch of both sides of the medal with the journal. Boulton also sees himself as:

an altered person and changed from the delicate youth, to about as rough a piece of goods as ever weathered the wide world. Notwithstanding I was as hardy and robust as most people, there was something about me, which caused my boatmates to suspect I was a degree or two above their level, and I was often amused at their remarks. One day, as I was sitting writing, two or three of the crew observed 'he is a regular *scholar*, and keeps a log of all that is

\* My italics. The layman cannot but wonder if Boulton was in fact referring to the small bush moa.