

promises to him. He notes in passing "sometimes they would ask me to shew them how to write, which I did, on the sand."

Now a New Zealander's character springs to life when Boulton meets at Ruapuke, "Tarbuka", [Whakataupuka, (Taboca)], principal chief of the "Straits natives" who became his friend and protector. He describes the meeting

He saluted us by touching noses, and told us to stay with him,—he took particular notice of me, and called me Onée (Sand) from my having sandy whiskers. I was struck with admiration when I first saw Tarbuka, he was the most complete model of strength, activity, and elegance I had seen combined in any man. He was in height 5 feet 10 inches; his muscular well formed arms and handsome falling broad shoulders, well turned limbs, and erect stature, together with his active, lively gait, were such as could not be witnessed by any one without exciting their notice. His countenance was not exactly *handsome*, but very prepossessing, and bespoke a quick intelligent mind and all the Physiognomists in England in spite of their pretended knowledge, could not find out a feature (in his calm state) expressive of ferocity, or that blood-thirsty disposition which he has given evident proofs of possessing. . . . I have seen him with the white people playing and joking with him in as careless a manner as if they were amongst their countrymen, but only once, saw him show any sort of anger. . . .

Boulton made a simple sketch of Taboca, aged 34 [ca 1826] which survives with the Journal.

Taboca showed Boulton the measure of his friendship by saluting him and even placing his little daughter in his care as hostage as evidence of his protection when an ugly situation arose when the sealers reported the death of the chief's only son, Golok; it was he too who persuaded Boulton to place himself under the protection of the Otago chiefs "Tiaroa" and "Curratio". "Tarbuka told me, if I would leave my own way of clothing and dressed in a "*cokatoo*" [kākahu, cloak] I should be well liked, and as long as I staid amongst New Zealanders I should not want. He said the white people were too selfish." However Boulton gives more than one example of Taboca's great barbarity. Referring to his utter grief at the death of his son and the ceremonies related to the event he observes that "these rude sons of nature know no medium: in their anger; joy; friendship or sorrow, they are either one extreme or the other". This is followed a few pages later by an account of the chief's horrifying murder of a poor woman, the exposure and removal of her limbs etc from the body and its final burial by white men who could endure the situation no longer. The writer continues "I saw her head,