

to the possibility of his having remained in Ceylon for the rest of his days hopefully enjoying the settled life he sought.

Time and research will uncover Boulton's later activities but in the meantime the reader may wonder what was the source of his later information from New Zealand especially as regards the wrongly reported death of Tuhawaiki, "Bloody Jack", in a confrontation with Te Rauparaha in 1836. There are a number of clues which strongly suggest that this copy of his journal was written shortly after his arrival in Ceylon and later revised in his and perhaps two other hands. This may well be supported in his use of unusually rough and porous paper perhaps made from jute and quite devoid of any watermark with the exception of one gathering signed C. Wilmott and dated 1833; inky thumb marks throughout the manuscript could indicate that the writing was done in humid surroundings. Incidentally a hand-stitched sailcloth cover has survived the ravages of time.

This deeply perceptive record of a man's thoughts and experiences in an occupation where his upbringing and education placed him apart from his fellows must be unique at least in the field of sealing where, apart from handicaps of illiteracy, men were too occupied simply surviving. There is much of interest to all students of the many facets of New Zealand's early history but recognition must equally be given to Boulton's comment on the peoples of the islands of the Malay Archipelago and the Far East. The reader comes to know a man with great interest in people many of whom befriended him in his times of need. He always seemed to come out of his expeditions penniless even to the extent of once having to stowaway on a vessel (the *Samuel*) carrying sealskins which he had laboured without any reward to obtain. His downfall lay in his pride perhaps, and certainly in a quick temper which, with a vivid imagination, carried him from situation to situation. John Boulton, his friends, associates and mere passers-by, and their many ways of life, step right out of the narrative to add substance to the bones of history.

June Starke