

can scent them a long way off, and seldom passes one, even when up a tree. Got several out of trees this trip. Of course, we went up and down the coast in the boat to all places convenient to leave the boat, but the greater part of that country is too steep to walk on.

Beach Harbour is formed by two islands, one of which lies close in shore, leaving only a strip of water like a river. The other island stretches out in the sound, so that there is no sign of swell at the anchorage; and, though we could see smoking squalls out in Acheron, there was hardly any wind at our camp. There were a few pairs of paradise ducks about, a pair of teal, and a pair of grey ducks. There were also black oyster-catchers or red-bills hatching their eggs, and plenty of wekas about them, but the eggs are exactly like the stones around, and may thus escape notice. We saw plenty of moki, tarakihi, and sharks, but cod appeared to be scarce.

One fine morning there was a grand parade of about a hundred grampus going up the channel. We saw them coming, and got up on a rock in the narrowest place and reviewed all their antics in the clear water. Some stood on their heads for a second, with their noses in the mud, as if after shellfish or flounders, while others evidently hunted swift fish with wonderful activity, coming up for a breath and going over backwards like a flash; and in one place there were about a dozen close together, flashing among each other in such a way that no fish could escape them. Many of them were over a dozen feet long and three feet through, and it took them a long time to pass by, so that we had a treat. Some often passed by during the fine days, and were nearly always to be seen spouting in the sound, and to be heard at night, as if they never went to sleep. At intervals one of them gives a short loud bellow like a cow, not for a signal, because they have a much better way than that. When we frighten one they all know it instantly, without coming to the surface for information, and then they will stay under water for a long time.

On the north of Resolution there are no high mountains, many of the ridges and knobs being under 500 ft., and quite possible to climb, but all in ups and downs. There were small kakapo gardens, where we let them go, but in general that face next the sea is not nearly as good as where we brought them from. However, they can live anywhere this time of year, and over the ridges in the hundreds of valleys they are sure to find the conditions they require. And, on the whole, I think it is a safe place for them, because no one is ever likely to land there with dogs or cats, for there is nothing like a decent harbour for twenty-five miles of that coast—that is, east, north, and west of Resolution—though, of course, there are plenty of landings.

RICHARD HENRY.

(Enclosure.)

*Fanny Bay.*

The last takahi which was caught on Lynwood was near a large patch of bog-pine known as "The wilderness"; and recently I learned that the one caught on Resolution was in Duck Cove, where there are also patches of bog-pine—a sort of country that I never hunt, because there are no kiwis or kakapos on it. With this idea I thought I would have a hunt for a takahi, and went to Fanny Bay, where there is plenty of that sort of bush, and, as we were going on a wild-goose chase, I kept in mind that Fanny Bay was near Mr. Carrick's auriferous belt No. 4, so that we might have a chance of two birds with one stone. I think it is a gold country, but greatly tossed about, and we did not raise a colour. Sailed in there on 16th October, and camped in the second backwater, on the east side near the head, which is the only good camping-place in the bay; and it would have saved us a lot of trouble if we had known where it was at first.

On the 17th went up the river, which is a rushing torrent for about a mile to where it comes out of a little lake. This lake is over a mile long, and half a mile wide at its upper end, where it is deep; but at the lower end it is scrubby and full of old stumps of trees, like others of its class on the coast. Perhaps the one earthquake caused all those landslips a couple of hundred years ago. We blazed a track nearly to the far end, and saw that some one had been there previously—probably Mr. Docherty, because he told us he found a route to Preservation, but did not say where. Above the lake the river comes for a mile along the foot of a great precipice, and then tumbles down several hundred feet in a series of falls into the south corner of the lake. South-east of that precipice I suspect there is a big lake, but it would have been a long day's journey for us, and it was so awfully wet we dare not face it any day that we remained. Spent three half-days hunting in the wet, but the dogs were almost useless, and we only got one kakapo. There were a good many black teal on the lake, all in pairs for breeding, one pair of paradise, but no wekas at all, though it appeared to be a good place for them, and we heard none around Fanny Bay. At night there were kiwis and kakapos calling on the west side of the river, which is very steep, but none on the east coast, which is better travelling.

*Swans.*—When we came into the backwater there were a pair of swans with four little young ones, but next day there were only two. The old ones are such wild fools they go away out in the bay and keep the little ones swimming and hungry, until they fall behind for enemies, or die. When they saw me on the point, out they went again, but one of the little ones, through some one's thoughtfulness, got on its mother's back and went sailing away, while the other was left far behind. Yet they had lost them all next day. Perhaps a fish took them, or they may have got weak for want of food, and then the old ones left them. However, they are of no use in this country, and I have an idea that they injure flounders, either by eating their food or spawn.

*Fish.*—There were plenty of groper in the bay. We got a flounder in one, and another had a cod-fish, which is the flounder's greatest enemy; and a blue-cod had a lump of white blubber 2 in. in diameter. There were plenty of small fish like young barracouta splashing on the surface, but we could not catch one, or see them plainly enough to know them.

Fanny Bay is the beginning of a great gap in the mountains on the south side of Dusky. We climbed Rocky Spur about 2,000 ft., and could see south-south-east turning east far enough to join the head-waters of Chalky and Preservation. It appeared to be a fine country for a waterproof