

explorer or prospector, and a likely place for surprises, but it is the windiest, wettest, and coldest place we have been in. This was the second time we had been there, and we took such a dislike to it that we packed up and came away on the 22nd westward, looking for a good camping-place, which we did not find for ten miles along the south coast—no place to pull out the boat except one on loose stones, where there is no fresh water near. So we put the kakapos on Long Island and came on to Pickersgill. Here we hunted two half-days in the wet, and came away with three kiwis, three kakapos, and one roa. The latter we put on Indian Island, and brought the three kiwis to Resolution.

I enclose a sketch-map of Fanny Bay, which will give a better idea than either of the charts I have, on which there is no peninsula shown at the heads, but one of them has 50 fathoms marked where there is 50 acres of a peninsula 200 ft. high.

APPENDIX.

On the 20th June we went round from our camp in Cascade to Pickersgill Harbour, and spent the day there. We got four kakapos, and had a good look round the old place. On our previous visit we could not locate the place where Cook moored his vessel, because there are several likely nooks. But now, having read up his account of it, we were able to fix the site of this landing-stage to within a few yards, and to realise the old story of the Maori sitting on the high bank abreast of the ship listening to the bagpipes and drum, and of Captain Cook conducting the chief to the stage: "But before he set foot on it to come into the ship he took a small green branch in his hand with which he struck the ship's side several times, repeating a speech or prayer. When this was over he threw the branch into the main chains and came on board." The berth I have marked is the only one where a ship could lie so close ashore and have a stream of fresh water "above a hundred yards from her stern."

Crayfish Island is high and rounded, and all is heavily timbered to the water's edge.

Cook's Creek is the most convenient watering-place imaginable, but the mooring was rather exposed to the worst wind here, from the north-east, for Indian Island is a mile away. There is plenty of rata, the best of firewood, and evidence that the wood-cutters have often worked there a great many years ago, so that sealers and whalers may have often called there, but I do not think it a safe harbour, though convenient in being near the open sea. It is a sunny and windy place, where old tree-stumps might last a century. Some of those we saw were old-looking enough to have been cut down by Captain Cook, and were only there now in form so frail that I could thrust the bill-hook through them.

A Gossip about Fish.

When we were going south to Cascade, on the 6th June, there were shoals of fish in all directions, especially east of Indian Island. Some were mullet and others "mendos," and others again that we did not know, but they may have been the horse mackerel, and, of course, there were larger fish hunting them; also crowds of seagulls, with a few mollyhawks, gannets, and albatross. One royal albatross let us come quite close to it. The reason of all this show of fish is that their food has come to the surface of the water. It is the transparent whale-food, like a small shrimp, but it always darts forwards instead of backwards like the shrimp. They have a variety of dangerous names, such as larval crustaceans, &c., so we call them "squid." I used to think the red whale-food, in numbers, was the greatest race on earth or sea, but now I think the squid can beat them on that point, and millions of small fish have a standing dish for about six or eight months in the year. When the mullet comes up they ruffle the surface like a breeze of wind. The *Mendosoma lineata* keep wider apart, and make distinct splashes, and the mackerel splash more and travel faster than either. When a gannet takes a header into a large shoal and the fish all kick up at once the noise can be heard half a mile away, and the same when some enemy charges from below, so that they are very noticeable on a calm day.

When going into Cascade Harbour a great flock of groper followed our boat, but would not take a bait. They had been after the mullet, I suppose. On the 11th June we went into a nook near our camp where we used to see a few groper, intending to try and get one to take home, but the place was just full of them of all sizes. The water was clear and calm, and we could see a long way down, and fish everywhere. A reef point with a frayed end was trailing in the water, and every now and then one of them would rush at it and give it a good shaking. We had fun with them for a little while, and caught four in about as many minutes; then a big one broke my line, but we did not want him, for we had more than enough for all, including dogs and wekas. They were a lively lot, and a fly fisher could have had grand sport with them, but he would have needed a large basket. The groper vary greatly in colour according to where they live, and this lot were mostly blue on the back, suggesting that they may have been a tribe of deep-water hunters after the shoals of fish. Sometimes we do not see a groper for months.

The red whale-food came in here this year about the 10th May, and all the fish and birds had an extra. The blue-cod in particular were so gorged they would hardly take a bait, and must have been very hard up for room. Out of those great red armies few will ever return home, and it is a wonder they can always keep coming. They did not come in here at all last year. I suppose the water was too brown with all the rain, but it has been very clear since March last.

I think the blue-cod always live in one place, and never travel far, because we can catch them in almost any fresh place, but after a while there appears to be no more cod there; even when we have not been there for months it is the same—either a few little ones or none at all. Yet they are very plentiful, especially along the south coast, and up the passage; but the refrigerating fishing-vessels will soon clear them out, and the fishers will have to depend on the travellers, for which there is a great abundance of food nursed here in the squid.