

The voice of the male is just like the guard's whistle on the train repeated several times, each call being a second or two in duration; while that of the female is a little lower in tone and coarser in the dribble—on the same general plan as the roa's, but very different voices.

The nest of the kiwi is much cosier than the roa's, and is always in a hole too small for a roa to get into, mostly under the roots of a tree, but sometimes in the shell of an old log where it is dry and warm. They generally breed in October. As in the case of the roa, the female is the bigger, and has the longer beak.

All the ground birds like to go up on the naked mountain-tops in the summer, but it seems to be the roa's favourite feeding-ground; and the extent of open ground above greatly affects their numbers in the bush, for where there is no open ground within reach of their nightly rambles very few exist.

The kakapos that go out on the grass in the autumn are only those that live near at hand, for they are not built for long marches uphill like the roas, and the kiwi only goes out in the summer; but I have often seen the tracks of the roa in the snow as if he were the best to stand the cold, but he cannot get food in the frost. They all go down into the bush at daylight and come up again at night—except the wekas, which are day birds—and this constant going backwards and forwards has beaten very distinct pathways, especially on the tops of the spurs and on the best grades for getting up and down.

Where these paths first come out of the bush and the wind takes effect they are so wide and deeply worn that one could hardly believe that they had been made by birds, but the birds just stirred the earth, and the wind has been blowing it away for centuries.

PENGUINS (*EUDYPTES*).

NESTING-TIME.

The crested penguins come to Dusky Sound in July. The first we saw this year was on the 7th, but last year it was the 16th before we heard one shouting in the water. They must come in thousands, perhaps at night, for we seldom see them in the water, though the bush is just full of them near the shore. In quiet places—little caves in the rocks above the tide—they are crowded, and as we pass by in the boat we can see them sitting about in pairs or standing in rows like soldiers.

Though they are clumsy things ashore, they must be active to climb about in such rough places. They have the advantage of being well padded with feathers and fat, so that there is no fear of them being hurt if they fall. When we go into a cave for eggs the idlers scuttle away first, then most of the hatchers—all rushing and tumbling over each other in their silly hurry, and most of them screaming and squalling like geese with colds, while some are grunting like pigs. The fools never think of going into the water, where they would be quite safe from us, but huddle up in a narrow place as tight as they can crush, and all the outsiders are hammering at the others with their fins to drive them in tighter. And they can hammer—at the rate of about three hundred strokes a minute! It is a regular clatter, and they can make this with one wing while using the other as a prop.

At first I used to pity the poor fellows that got beaten, especially after I got a rap on the fingers; but now that I understand their cushions I think it only hurts like driving sheep with a hat. If a sea-lion wanted them he could go into a place like that and eat them all one after another; so I am satisfied the enemy they fear does not come ashore, and their dislike to go in the water when alarmed indicates that they fear some swift enemy in the sea—and it must be a swift one. After a little while they would get over their fright, and some would come back to the little ones in the nests, and when I came near the mother would crouch against the wall and look up so pitiful, as if begging for mercy. The poor things must have their hands full to save the young ones from being trampled on by such a clumsy rabble.

In one place near to us a pair had their nest right in the narrow mouth of a little cave, while there were a lot of others inside, and every time these latter came backward and forward they had to face the battery of those in the nest, so that they must have had a miserable time of it, and it was only a charity to take their eggs. Of course we have nearly forgotten the taste of hen-eggs, so the penguin-eggs suit us right enough if they are not too stale. They are very easy to boil, because it does not matter whether they are on for three minutes or six, they come out all the same, and they are twice as large as hen eggs.

Out on Parrot Island last year I drove a penguin off her nest, which had a little one in it just hatched. There was a woodhen a dozen yards away on the beach, and, evidently attracted by the cries of the little penguin, it ran up in a hurry to see about it. On its way up it had to pass another penguin, and it was funny to see how it shied off, and how they eyed each other. When the mother penguin saw the woodhen she returned as fast as she could jump, and the woodhen marched away pretending innocence, but all the time it had an eye in that direction, and I think it would have made short work of the little one if it had had a few yards start of the mother; but it would not be safe to come within reach of her powerful beak. Thus it seems a necessity for one of the penguins to stay by the nest until the young are well grown, but I do not know which stays, or if they take turns, because they are both just alike in appearance.

The one that is hatching frequently cries out like a young shag calling for food, and this makes me think that its mate may feed it. But they come here with such tremendous coats of fat that I should not wonder if they can do a very long time without food, like the seals. It is puzzling why we do not see them in the water when we are so often in the boat and they are so numerous on the shore. They may go fishing at night, but I think there is not 1 per cent. of those here out fishing in the daytime.