

Our object in visiting Santa Cruz Major Island was to search for the great Cocoa-nut eating Crab (*Birgus latro*); it is called "Tatos" at Zamboanga, and survives in Santa Cruz Major because there are no pigs in the island. Wild Pigs destroy not only these Crabs, but dig up Shore-crabs (*Ocyrodia*), and Land-crabs from their holes. In Ceylon, near Trincomali, the wild swine come down every night to the beach to dig up Crabs, and I have seen a large tract of sandy beach which has been ploughed up by them in the search. The "tatos" is searched for and eaten as a delicacy in Zamboanga.

We landed close to a Moro house built out into the sea, so as to be surrounded at high water. The inhabitants were lolling about in the shade, and though we offered them good pay they would not go a quarter of a mile to look for "tatos" for us. At last a boy consented to go as guide; instead of searching for the Crabs under the Cocoa-nut trees, as I had expected, we were shown as the haunts of the animals hollows at the roots of mangrove and other trees in swampy ground, amongst the holes of ordinary Land Crabs, but we could not find the tatos.

Von Suhm was anxious to investigate the development of the *Birgus* from the egg. An intelligent native at Zamboanga, who collected for us, said that the female Crab carries about large masses of eggs with it in the month of May, and retains them so attached until the young are developed, just like the parent; he said the Crabs went down to the sea occasionally to drink—that is to say, of course, to moisten their breathing apparatus.

A Mound Bird (*Megapodius*) is common in the island. The calcareous sand amongst the bushes close to the seashore, was scratched and turned over in many places by these birds in burying their eggs. Our guide dug out half a dozen eggs, closely like hens' eggs in appearance, from one of these places. The eggs were buried in the clean sand, at a depth of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 feet, and had no mound over them, nor vegetable rubbish of any kind. The eggs are thus hatched by the simple warmth of the sand received from the sun and retained during the night, just in the same manner as turtles' eggs are hatched; indeed, turtles' eggs might have been found in the same hole. It was mid-day, and the surface sand was hot, far hotter than the sand below, where the eggs lay, which felt, as well as the eggs, distinctly cool to the touch. I had always supposed that all these birds and their allies hatched their eggs by means of the heat derived from decayed vegetable matter.

We shot a small Cuckoo, with a beautiful greenish golden metallic lustre on its feathers (*Centrococcyx viridis*), in the