

into the side valleys. The instant you leave the road you are on the actual breeding ground. The nests are placed so thickly that you cannot help treading on eggs and young birds at almost every step. A parent bird sits on each nest with its sharp beak erect and open, ready to bite, yelling savagely "caa, caa, urr, urr," its red eyes gleaming and its plumes at half-cock, quivering with rage. No sooner are your legs within reach than they are furiously bitten, often by two or three birds at once: that is if you have not got on strong leather gaiters, as on the first occasion of visiting a rookery you probably have not. At first you try to avoid the nests, but soon find that impossible; then maddened almost, by the pain, stench, and noise, you have recourse to brute force. Thump, thump, goes your stick, and at each blow down goes a bird. Thud, thud, is heard from the men behind as they kick the birds right and left off the nests, and so you go on for a bit,



FIG. 101.—Penguins at home.

thump, smash, whack, and thud, "caa, caa, urr, urr," and the path behind you is strewn with the dead and dying and bleeding. But you make miserably slow progress, and worried to death, at last resort to the expedient of stampeding as far as your breath will carry you. You put down your head and make a rush through the grass, treading on old and young hap-hazard, and rushing on before they have time to bite. The air is close in the rookery and the sun hot above, and out of breath, and perspiring with running you come across a mass of rock fallen from the cliff above, and sticking up in the ground; this you hail as "a city of refuge." You hammer off it hurriedly half a dozen Penguins who are sunning themselves there, and are on the look-out, then mounting on the top take out your handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration and rest a while, to see in what direction you have been going, how far you have got, and in what direction you are to make the next plunge. Then when you are refreshed, you make another rush, and so on. If you stand quite still, so long as your foot is not actually on the top of a nest of eggs or young, the Penguins soon cease biting at you and