

rookeries for moulting birds, for birds in clean plumage not breeding, and again for breeding birds. Here the breeding ground was quite separate and the young and breeding pairs were confined to this smaller sheltered area. This was the only King Penguin rookery seen in full activity during the entire voyage; at Kerguelen Island the King Penguins were only met with in scattered groups of a dozen or twenty, and they were not breeding, but moulting. On this breeding ground, at its lower portion, numbers of Penguins were reclining on their bellies, and it was thought at first they might be covering eggs, but on driving them up, they were seen to be only resting. There was a drove of about a hundred Penguins with young birds amongst them. The young were most absurd objects; they were as tall as their parents, and moved about bolt upright with their beaks in the air in the same manner. They were covered with a thick coating of a light chocolate down, looking like very fine brown fur, which was at least two inches deep on the birds' bodies, and gave them a curious inflated appearance. They had a most comical appearance, as they ran off to jostle their way in amongst the old ones; they seemed to run rather better than the adults. Absurd in appearance as were these young, those that were just dropping the down and assuming the white plumage of the adults were far more so. Some were to be seen with the brown down in large irregular patches, and the white feathers showing out between these. In others the down remained only about the neck and head, and in the last stage a sort of ruff or collar of brown remained sticking out round the bird's neck, and then, when it cocked up its head, it looked like a small boy in stick-up collars. The birds in this stage of moulting had a peculiar expression of vanity, and as they ran off on their short stumpy legs, it was impossible to resist laughing outright. At the farthest corner of the breeding space, in the most sheltered spot, was a clump of birds, a hundred or more, most of them in a slightly stooping posture, and with the lower part of their bodies bulged out in a fold in front. When these birds were approached and bullied with a stick they shifted their ground a bit, with an awkward sort of hopping motion, with the feet held close together. The idea immediately suggested itself that they were carrying eggs with them, in accordance with the peculiar habit of this species as described in works on natural history. Their gait was quite peculiar, and different from the ordinary one, and evidently laboured and difficult. One of them was struck with a stick, and after some little provocation she let her egg drop from her pouch, and then at once assumed the running motion. These birds carry their egg in a pouch between their legs, and hold it in by keeping their broad webbed feet tucked close together under it. They make absolutely no nest, or even mark from habitually sitting in one place, but simply stand on the rookery floor in the stooping position above described, and shift their ground a little from time to time, as occasion requires. The egg is probably not dropped till the young one begins to break the shell. Charles Goodridge, who was one of a searching party on the island