

and open ready to bite, yelling savagely "caa, caa, urr, urr," its red eye gleaming and its plumes at half-cock, and 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 brutality. Thump, thump, goes your stick, and at each blow down goes a bird. Thud, thud, you hear from the men behind as they kick the birds right and left off the nests, and so you go on for a bit, thump and smash, whack, 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 haphazard, 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 running with perspiration, you come across a mass of rock fallen from the cliff above, and sticking up in the rookery; 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, and mounting on the top take out your handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration and rest a while, and see in which direction you have been going, how far you have got, and in which 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 yelling. I always adopted the stampede method in rookeries, but the men usually preferred to have their revenge and fought their way every foot.

Of course it is horribly cruel thus to kill whole families of innocent birds, but it is absolutely necessary. One must cross the rookeries in order to explore the island at all, and collect the plants, or survey the coast from the heights.

These penguins make a nest which is simply a shallow depression in the black dirt scantily lined with a few bits of grass, or not lined at all. They lay two greenish white eggs about as big as duck eggs, and both male and female incubate.

After passing through the rookery, we entered one of the small coppices I have already described. Hopping and fluttering about amongst the trees and herbage were abundance of a