

soar after a ship over the sea as cleverly as any other albatross ; indeed, the same peculiarity occurs in the case of the large albatross when nesting.

When bullied with a stick or handled on the nests, the birds snap their bills rapidly together with a defiant air, but they may be pushed or poked off with great ease. Usually a pair is to be seen at each nest, and then by standing near a short time one may see a curious courtship going on.

The male stretches his neck out, erects his wings and feathers a bit, and utters a series of high-pitched rapidly repeated sounds, not unlike a shrill laugh. As he does this he puts his head close up against that of the female.

Then the female stretches her neck straight up, and turning up her beak utters a similar sound, and rubs bills with the male again. The same manœuvre is constantly repeated.

The albatrosses make their nests sometimes right in the middle of a penguin road, but the two kinds of birds live perfectly happily together. I saw no fighting, though, small as the penguins are, I think they could easily drive out the Mollymauks if they wished it.

The ground of the rookery is bored in all directions by the holes of Prions and petrels, which thus live under the penguins. Their holes were not so numerous in the rookery at Inaccessible Island as here. The holes add immensely to the difficulties of traversing a rookery, since as one is making a rush, the ground is apt to give way, and give one a fall into the black filthy mud amongst a host of furious birds, which have then full chance at one's eyes and face.

Besides the mollymauks and petrels, one or two pairs of Skuas had nests on a few mounds of earth in the rookery. How these mounds came there I could not understand.

The Skuas' eggs are closely like those of the lesser black-backed gull, and two in number. The birds swooped about our heads as we robbed the nests, but were not nearly so fierce as those we encountered further south. All round their nests were scattered skeletons of Prions.

I, with three sailors carrying my botanical cases, attempted to scale the Peak ; we had a desperate struggle through long grass and penguins, and at last had to come back beaten, and made for the Phylica patches, where the ground was clear. Thence I fought my way through the grass up to the top of the lower ridge of the island, but, though there were no penguins on this slope, I never had harder work in my life.

I had to stop every ten yards or so for breath, the growth of the grass was so dense. My men lost me and never reached the top. On the summit I found the rest of the party which