

young downy birds. If one of these latter was driven in amongst the brooders it was at once pecked almost to death.

The young ones utter a curious whistling cry, of a high pitch and running through several notes, quite different from the simple bass note of the adults.

The rookery was only inhabited in about a quarter of its extent, but it was strewed everywhere with the bones of the penguins in heaps, and on the verge of the rookery was a small ruined hut, with the roof tumbled in, and overgrown with weeds, and containing an old iron pot, several old casks, and some hoop iron; evidently an old sealer's hut. The sealers had probably employed their spare time in making penguin oil, and taking perhaps skins, which are made up into rugs and mats at the Cape of Good Hope, often only the yellow streaked part about the neck being used. Hence the many bones and emptiness of the rookery. The egg of the King Penguin is more than ordinarily pointed at the small end. It is a greenish-white, like other penguin eggs.

Living also about the rookery was a flock of about thirty Sheath-bills (*Chionis minor*). The instant they saw us approaching they came running in a body over the floor of the rookery in the utmost excitement of curiosity, and came right up within reach of our sticks, uttering a "Cluck, cluck," which with them is a sort of half-inquisitive, half-defiant note. We knocked over several with big stones and our sticks; but the remainder did not in the least become alarmed. They just fluttered up off the ground to avoid a stone as it was sent dashing through the thick of them; but immediately pitched again, and ran up, as if to see how the stone was thrown. I only on one other occasion saw the *Chionis* thus living gregariously in flocks; at Kerguelen's Land we found them already paired, except one flock which I saw near the entrance of Royal Sound, and at Marion Island many were already paired. That they should thus form flocks, when not breeding, is what might be expected from their near alliance to the Plovers.

At the rookery these birds were living on all sorts of filth dropped by the penguins, and were the scavengers of the place, and when I drove some of the brooders off their eggs, and an egg or two got broken, the Sheath-bills, who had followed us up closely, notwithstanding the slaughter we had done amongst them, came and pecked at the eggs almost between our legs.

The Skuas of course were close at hand, and swooped down at once on the body of a penguin that we skinned. Beyond the penguin rookery was a large tract of nearly flat land, very