

light, the pupil on the one side was contracted almost to a speck, whilst that on the other was widely dilated. The birds are subject to great variations in the amount of light they use for vision, since they feed at sea by night as well as by day. It seems remarkable that there should be only one species of Penguin at the Tristan da Cunha group, since in most localities several species occur together. It would seem probable that a species of Jackass Penguin (*Spheniscus*) should occur on the islands, since one species (*Spheniscus magellanicus*) occurs at the Falkland Islands and Fuegia, and another (*Spheniscus demersus*) at the Cape of Good Hope, intermediate between which two points Tristan da Cunha lies. The connection between these two widely-separated *Sphenisci* is wanting; perhaps it once existed at the Tristan group, but has perished. Most of the droves of Penguins made for one landing place, where the beach surface was covered with a coating of dirt from their feet, forming a broad track, leading to a lane in the tall grass about a yard wide at the bottom, and quite bare, with a smoothly beaten black roadway; this was the entrance to the main street of this part of the "rookery," for so these Penguin establishments are called. Other smaller roads led at intervals into the rookery from the nests near its border, but the main street was used by the majority of the birds. The birds took little notice of their visitors, allowing them to stand close by, and even to form them into a group for the photographer. A very successful photograph of a group of the birds standing near one of the entrances into the forest of Tussock forming the rookery is reproduced in Pl. VII. This kind of Penguin is called by the whalers and sealers "rockhopper," from its curious mode of progression. The birds hop from rock to rock with both feet placed together, like men jumping in sacks, but they scarcely ever miss their footing. When chased, they blundered and fell amongst the stones, struggling their best to make off.

Immediately on entering the main street of the rookery the explorer is as if in a maze, and cannot see in the least where he is going. Various lateral streets lead off on each side from the main road, and are often at their mouths as big as it; moreover, the road sometimes divides for a little and joins again, hence it is the easiest thing in the world to lose the way, and this is quite certain to occur to persons inexperienced in Penguin rookeries. The Germans who acted as guides, accustomed to pass through the place constantly for two years, were perfectly at home in the rookery, and knew every street and turning. It is impossible to conceive the discomfort of traversing a big rookery, hap-hazard, or "across country" as one may say. A plunge is made into one of the lanes in the tall grass, which at once shuts out the surroundings from view. You tread on a slimy black damp soil composed of the birds' dung. The stench is overpowering, the yelling of the birds most annoying and discordant. You lose the path, or perhaps are bent from the first in making direct for some spot on the other side of the rookery. In the path only a few droves of Penguins, on their way to and from the water, are encountered, and these stampede out of your way