

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 to the nests near its border, but the main street was used by the majority of birds. The birds took little notice of us, allowing us to stand close by, and even to form ourselves into a group for the photographer, in which they were included.

This kind of penguin is called by the whalers and sealers "rock-hopper," from its curious mode of progression. The birds hop from rock to rock with both feet placed together, scarcely ever missing their footing. When chased, they blunder and fall amongst the stones, struggling their best to make off.

With one of the Germans as guide, I entered the main street. As soon as we were in it, the grass being above our heads, one was as if in a maze, and could not see in the least where one was going to. 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 one's way, and one is quite certain to do so when inexperienced in penguin rookeries. The German, however, who was our guide on our first visit, accustomed to pass through the place constantly for two years, was perfectly well at home in the rookery and knew every street and turning.

It is impossible to conceive the discomfort of making one's way through a big rookery, haphazard, or "across country" as one may say. I crossed the large one here twice afterwards with the seamen carrying my basket and vasculum, and afterward went through a larger rookery still, at Nightingales Island.

You plunge into one of the lanes in the tall grass which at once shuts out the surroundings from your view. You tread on a slimy black damp soil composed of the birds' dung. The stench is overpowering, the yelling of the birds perfectly terrifying; I can call it nothing else. 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 into the side alleys. Now you are, the instant you leave the road, on the actual breeding ground. The nests are placed so thickly that you cannot help treading on eggs and young birds at almost every step.

A parent bird sits on each nest, with its sharp beak erect