

unresisting. Some were on the ground, others in the bushy mangroves, some were coming from the egg, others were learning to fly; but one and all—in a chorus of croaks, barks, and screams, which rings in my ears whenever I think of the experience—united in demanding that I leave the town. If I approached too near, their cries were doubled in violence and accompanied by vicious lunges with their bills, which were snapped together with a pistol-like report.<sup>102</sup> As I walked from tree to tree, examining the noisy young birds that were climbing about the branches, I seemed to be passing from



102. Interviewing a group of young Pelicans.

cage to cage in a zoölogical garden; and as I entered that part of the island where the nests were on the ground,<sup>101</sup> every bird that could walk left its home, and soon I was driving a great flock of