

FIVE WEEKS' SPORT
IN THE
INTERIOR OF THE HIMALAYAS;

TOGETHER WITH
A DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME FOUND THERE.

ALSO
A Few Hints regarding Equipment, &c.

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P R E F A C E.

MY experience of the difficulties felt by sportsmen and travellers in India as soon as the beaten roads are quitted, an experience which has been shared by many fellow-sportsmen, especially those fresh from England, has led to the publication of the following pages. I found that the sources whence information on the subject could be derived were but few, the principal being "Shakespeare's Sports of Central India," and "A Mountaineer's Six Months in the Hills."

This little book only lays claim to being a plain account, in the form of a journal, of

all that I saw, and did, during five weeks' shooting in the Himalayas in the season of 1864. I have also endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to describe the habits and haunts of the animals and birds found in the district I traversed, and to convey the *exact* information regarding equipments, supplies, and expenses, of which I should have been glad, thereby both saving my pocket and increasing my comfort.

If this attempt to supply a deficiency felt by many, be found useful, I hope it may induce other sportsmen to give the public the benefit of similar experiences, as I think that so doing would be of great advantage to the sporting and travelling communities of our Anglo-Indian empire.

H. V. MATHIAS.

Nagode, 1864.

FIVE WEEKS' SPORT
IN THE
INTERIOR OF THE HIMALAYAS.

TRAVELLING in India has been so often described that it will suffice to say that after the usual disagreeables, such as waiting in the rain for coolies, mussales (torches) going out, and leaving one in the dark in a dense jungle, being delayed by trains not keeping time, helping to push a dâk gary (travelling carriage), with a lame horse in it miles over a bad road, extortionate hotel bills, &c., my journey of seven hundred miles in April was accomplished, and I found myself at the hotel at Rajpoor, at the foot of that

part of the Himalaya Mountains where Mussouree is situated. Here I was told that, although only noon, I must wait till morning before coolies could be procured for the ascent. I have since understood this is a regular thing, as it brings grist to the mill of the hotel-keeper. However, I passed the time profitably enough in inspecting the piggeries, and eating the produce thereof, both novelties to us unfortunates in the plains. The ascent to Mussouree, about nine miles, is by a very fair bridle-path; there is a longer and a better road, by which small four-wheeled trucks, drawn by a single ox, convey heavy goods, stores, &c., up the hill. I was unfortunate in the morning, as it rained hard, and before the ascent, which I performed on foot, was half accomplished, the clouds surrounded me, and I entirely lost sight of the plains. My intention had been to have made a start for the interior in a few days—as soon, indeed, as I could collect the necessary *impedimenta*—but, what with waiting

for a friend who was to have joined me, and was prevented at the last moment, and from other causes, it was the end of April before I was able to get away. I enlisted a Shikaree (native hunter) on ten rupees a month, a man for my second gun on eight rupees, and eight coolies on five rupees a month, it being usual to give them one rupee a month more than the wages of coolies at Mussooree. The wages of Shikarees vary according to their abilities, and what they have had on previous expeditions. As it may be useful for intending travellers to know how my luggage was distributed, I will mention that my tent was carried by one man; bed, tent-poles, and iron pegs by No. 2; cooking apparatus and a few stores by Nos. 3 and 4; bedding by No. 5; portmanteau with clothes, ammunition, &c., by No. 6; three dozens of beer, with a few bottles of brandy, by Nos. 7 and 8; each coolie having between thirty or forty pounds' weight to carry. All stores and loose things are carried in long baskets

called kundies, procurable in the bazaar for about three annas each; it will be found advantageous to have, at least, one of these fitted with a cover with lock and key, as the coolies are not above helping themselves to any liquor which may be opened, although I never found them go the length of stealing an unopened bottle. In addition to my own eight coolies, I had to take a boy to carry the Shikaree's cooking pots, cloths, &c. I only encumbered myself with one servant, a Khitmudgar (table attendant), so that my entire camp consisted of twelve individuals. I found the advantage of this when I was close to the snow, as I had great difficulty in procuring food for even that limited number, and had I cumbered myself with tables, chairs, and luxuries of that nature, it would have necessitated an increase in the number of coolies—a thing to be avoided for many reasons, the expense not being the least of them.

Friday, April 29, 1864.—Made a start of it in the midst of a pouring rain, but I had

been so delayed by different things, that I was determined that nothing in the weather should stop me. I rode my pony to the end of the Landour Hill, which is about five miles from the church at Mussouree, and there, having sent the pony back, trusted for the rest of the march, and indeed of the trip, to my own legs, it being impossible to take any animal over the paths, or rather tracks, in these hills. Five and a half hours' hard walking took me to the village of Toplah, the halting-place for the day. The road to this village is a well-beaten track, as all the produce from the interior is brought to Mussouree by it, and it is daily used by numbers of coolies bringing in milk, potatoes, &c.; and for this reason it is almost useless loading one's gun, as no game of any description will be met with. The flowers by the road-side were very pretty, and I recognised amongst them many old English friends which I had not seen for upwards of a dozen years, but the only bird's voice heard is the cuckoo,

although I saw many bearing a great likeness to some of our English songsters. About half way between Mussouree and Toplah is a Bunnia's (grain-seller's) shop, with a small wooden temple close by, and some most magnificent Deodars (fir-trees), which were being cut down to supply the wants of the Mussouree builders. I feel rather tired after the unusual exercise of so much up-hill and down-hill work, but I fancy a few days of it will put me in good walking trim. No supplies are to be procured here, but a Bunnia's shop is being set up by an enterprising native from Mussouree, who tells me that in the summer he can make a good livelihood by selling food to the pilgrims going to and coming from Gangotri, the source of the Ganges. This village, consisting of only four small huts, is situated about a quarter of the way up the hill, at the foot of which runs the river Uglour, a stream falling into the Jumna. There is also a path hence leading to Jumnotri, the source of the river Jumna. I

had a bathe in the evening in a small mountain-stream, and felt considerably refreshed. Kakur and goorall are found in the hills about this village; sportsmen frequently come out from Mussouree after them, but in my opinion they are hardly worth the trouble taken in getting near them. Thar (wild sheep) are also found in the Nagteepah range, about a march from Toplah, on the Jumnotri route, but they are scarce, and, consequently, very wild.

Saturday, April 30.—To Balla, a four and a half hours' march. From Toplah the road descends to the bed of the river Uglour, and then there is a steady ascent up the valley for three hours, the last hour and a half being heavy up-hill work. About half way the road leads through a narrow gorge in the hills, just wide enough for the river, the path being over stepping-stones. The valley of the Uglour is not wide, and the sides of the hills for the most part are very barren; a few black partridges may be picked up on the road, and in one place I

saw a few goorall. The encamping-ground, where there is a small dhurumsala (hut for pilgrims), is a short distance from the village, but as there had been a steady down-pour of rain the whole way, and as the coolies had not arrived, I went into the village, and took shelter in the head man's house till my things came up. I found the people very civil, indeed; they gave me walnuts and almonds, both of which grow plentifully here, and dried my clothes for me, and when the coolies arrived, as my tent was wet through, they showed me a small empty hut, into which I went, and which was, at all events, waterproof. Milk is sent in daily from this place to Mussooree.

Sunday, May 1.—Although I had only come two marches I halted to-day, as it is always my custom to do on Sundays. The flies all day were very troublesome, not only in the village, but everywhere in the shade. Geranium and pomegranate trees are in blossom, and, for the first time since I came

to the hill, I heard a singing bird whose notes put me in mind of those of a linnet. A tree grows here, the wood of which is of a bright yellow colour ; the natives extract a very beautiful dye from it, which they use for dyeing their clothes. No sportsman has passed up this road this year, of which I am very glad. There seems to be no lack of guns in these villages, and the owners beg powder and lead in a most unscrupulous manner. I, however, make a point of never giving them any. The villagers tell me that kakur and goorall are plentiful in the hills at the back of the village, and that pheasants are also to be found in the woods. The hill-sides here, which are free from jungle and not cultivated, present at a distance a most curious appearance from the paths made by the cattle feeding, the whole side of the hill looking as if it were laid out in lozenges. There are seven water-mills near, of very simple construction, but they seem to answer the purpose they are intended for extremely well—viz. grinding corn.

Monday, May 2.—I determined, it being a most lovely morning, to make up for yesterday's halt by knocking two marches into one, so I marched to the village of Baratiah, which occupied seven hours and a half. The first hour and half is steady uphill work to the top of the Nagteepah range, through a thick oak and rhododendron forest, in which I heard pheasants calling, but they did not tempt me to go after them, as I had a long day's journey before me. Nearly at the top of the ascent is a spring of remarkably cold water; the descent to the village of Lahlalee, which is the usual halting-place, occupies two hours, and the path for a greater part of the way goes through a pine forest, where I was overtaken by a very violent storm of thunder and hail, which was not pleasant, as although the fir-trees gave some slight protection, yet it is hardly safe to take shelter under them for fear of their being struck by lightning. I saw several most magnificent trees lying on the ground which had been struck in former

storms. The village of Lahlalee consists of only a few huts, and no supplies, with the exception of milk, are procurable there. I saw a kakur and a goorall here. They were on the opposite side of the ravine, and, although I had three shots at them, I did not manage to bag one, the distance (over four hundred yards) being too much for anything but a chance shot. On the road I shot a couple of snow-pigeons; it is seldom they are seen so far from the snow as this, but this year it is much colder than is usually the case at Lahlalee. The traveller has to cross a small stream twice; the stream falls into the Ganges, or, as it is here called, the Bhageerettee, whereas the streams on the other side of the Nagteepah range fall into the Jumna. From Lahlalee there is an ascent for an hour, and then a steady descent for the rest of the march to the valley of the Ganges, which river is of very considerable breadth, very cold, and runs along at the rate of half a dozen miles an hour. The valley, which is about a mile wide, is

well cultivated; there are numerous villages in it, and the fields by the side of the river swarm with black partridges. There a few mango-trees here, which are just now in blossom, and the temperature is, I should suppose, much the same as that of the Dhoon. Just before I got into Baratiah it began, as usual, to rain, and as the coolies were some distance behind, I took shelter in a large wooden shed, built for the accommodation of the Teeree Rajah (the whole of this district belongs to him); this shed is a very good place to put up in, as it is perfectly water-tight, and has a fine view of the river. Supplies are here plentiful, and as there are none to be procured at the next halting-place, they should be taken in. By supplies, I mean that which is required for the coolies, as nothing fit for one's own consumption is procurable anywhere in the interior. Whilst on the march this morning, near the top of the Nagteepah range, I shot an immense eagle, with a single ball, as he was sailing in fancied security over my

head, but in the most provoking manner he chose to drop into the kud (deep dell), where it was impossible to get at him. The wheat harvest is being got in here, and they seem to have a very fair crop.

Tuesday, May 3.—Marched to Doondah, six hours' march; the road for the first five hours' walk is a steady ascent, the path being cut out of the side of the hill, underneath which the Ganges flows in a very narrow valley. For the rest of the way the road descends to the edge of the Ganges; the track during the whole distance is a pretty fair one. On the road, the only thing I saw was a solitary goorall. Gerrow are supposed to inhabit the pine forest in this district, but, although I had a long afternoon's work looking for them, I had not the luck to come across any, yet there is no doubt that they inhabit these hills, as their marks are very plentiful, and I fancy that a couple of days' halt would well repay one for the loss of time. The walking in this pine forest is very difficult—indeed, I may

say dangerous—as the hill-side is very steep, and so entirely covered with dead leaves as to make it almost impossible to keep one's footing. Returning to camp in the evening, I came across a small herd of goorall, and was fortunate enough to bag the male. This is the first head of game that I have bagged in the Himalayas ; I trust that it will be the precursor of good luck. Pines, geranium-trees, oaks, walnuts, almonds, and coriander, all grow here ; also raspberries and strawberries, but the fruit is not yet ripe. Mr. Wilson, the great timber-merchant, tried to grow tea at this place, but, after being at considerable expense, was obliged to give it up, the garden having been an entire failure ; for what reason I cannot say, as the soil and the climate seem both admirably adapted for the cultivation of the plant. This village was deserted about two years ago, and is now merely a collection of empty huts ; the coolies tell me that the inhabitants left the place because they were so constantly impressed by sportsmen to carry their baggage.

This is, of course, all nonsense, as there could be no reason why this sort of thing should have taken place in this particular village more than in any of the many others scattered all about this valley. I had a bathe this evening in the Bhageerettee, which here rushes along with great rapidity; the water is intensely cold, yet one of my coolies swam across, a thing that I, although a good swimmer, would not have attempted. There is a nasty little sand-fly here which has been very troublesome indeed all day, also a large sort of bluebottle-fly, whose bite brings blood instantaneously. It has been fine all day for a wonder, but the fiery red sun, setting behind a dense mass of black clouds, does not promise well for to-morrow. A mob of the Teeree Rajah's retainers, or Sepoys, as they styled themselves, passed this place this evening; they told me that they were going to collect the revenue from the villages in the interior. The villages, as far as I have as yet seen, appear to be very small, and the people extremely poor; fifty

rupees a year is about the average rent paid by the Subadhar, or head man. No police establishment of any sort is maintained by the Teeree Rajah, not even the usual Thanahs; this system has at least the one great advantage of economy. While sitting at dinner, just as it was getting dusk, a fine male kakur came quietly down the bank of the river opposite my tent and drank; it was too dark to have made anything like a certainty of hitting him, therefore he went away quite unconscious of what in all probability would have been his fate had he been thirsty half an hour sooner.

Wednesday, May 4.—Marched to Burrahaut (pronounced Barrate), a pleasant four hours' march over, except in a few places, a very fair tract. Indeed, the entire march is, with few exceptions, through cultivated fields; it is, of course, a gentle ascent the whole way. About two-thirds of the distance one passes through the village of Baratiah, which name, by-the-by, appears to be rather a common one in these parts.

At this place there is a mountain-torrent crossed by a high wooden bridge of very primitive construction. The village is considerably larger than any I have yet passed through; here, for the first time, I observed people afflicted with that horrible disease called goitre, and as the hill people are not by any means remarkable for personal beauty, this excrescence makes them absolutely hideous. The fields are exceedingly well cultivated, and I was astonished to see a regular system of manuring going on; this I have never observed in any part of India before. The manure is carried and spread on the ground by women, who generally seem to consider any article of clothing above their waist an unnecessary encumbrance. The villagers show considerable ingenuity in watering their fields by cutting channels along the face of the rock from the sources of the streams, and so conducting the water to the different terraces. I here met a gang of woodcutters going to Mr. Wilson's for service, and they told me that

they were to receive eight rupees monthly ; this, if true, is very high wages for these parts. I saw plenty of fig and peepul-trees on the road, the former swarming with monkeys eating the fruit, and the latter, as is usual all over India, looking very dilapidated from having had their branches cut off as food for cattle. From Baratiah the valley expands considerably, and there are plenty of villages on both sides of the Ganges. There is a swinging bridge, called by the natives Joolah, at this place ; it is constructed of thick ropes, which drop downwards, forming almost a half circle ; from these large ropes smaller ones, about four feet long, are suspended, having pieces of stick tied across ; these are again joined together by other sticks, forming a loose sort of open trellis work, on which the passenger walks, with the main ropes of the bridge under his arms ; altogether, it is nervous work, and requires a good head to cross in safety, as the river underneath is a roaring torrent of white foam, but the

villagers make nothing of crossing over with heavy loads on their backs. I am encamped in a small peach-grove on the banks of the river, and have been fishing all the morning, but with no success, although the people tell me large fish have been caught here. This is a large place, with several Bunniar's shops in it, and meal for the coolies should be procured here and carried on. I make a point of seeing that each coolie always keeps two seers of meal with his load; it is also necessary to take an extra man from this village for carrying meal, which is done in the entire skin of a goat, or goorall, tanned with the hair on. There is a carpenter and a blacksmith at this place, both useful men in their way, and also a shoemaker, who makes shoes such as are worn in this district, and which will be found far superior for climbing to English ones, and I would strongly recommend travellers to provide themselves with a couple of pairs, which the man will make in the course of twenty-four hours, at

a cost of six annas a pair. The sides of the shoes are formed of a network of leather and twisted goat's hair. There are several temples, and a large dhurumsala for pilgrims here, which latter was built, I am informed, by that miscreant the Nana. The whole place swarms with Brahmins, and lazy, dirty, long-haired, impudent Jogeas, some of whom look most suspiciously like old Sepoys. A good many of the houses are roofed with shingles, but the majority with slates, or rather large flat stones; the houses themselves, at a distance, have an extremely picturesque, Swiss cottage sort of look, as they are generally two stories high, with a projecting balcony round the upper one, which is shaded by the eaves of the house, but they are dreadfully dirty, and swarm with all sorts of indescribable vermin. As usual, I have been pestered with Shikarees wanting service, and failing to procure that, bothering me for powder and lead. The route which I had fixed on when leaving Mussouree lies across the Ganges to the

head of the Billung river, but I am half inclined to go towards Jumnotri, as my Shikaree seems to know but little of the Billung route, and he promises thar (wild sheep), the game I have come after, more particularly in two days, if I follow his advice. I find, however, that his route will take me close to his village, which may be the attraction. I bathed this evening in the Ganges, which was icy cold.

Tuesday May 5.—After discussing all the pros and cons with the Shikaree, and turning the matter well over in my own mind, I decided on giving up the Billung river route, and so marched this morning to Uterow, two-and-a-half hours' march over a very fair track. About half-way the path leaves the valley of the Ganges and strikes off to the left up the valley of the Dinesee, a small but very rapid river. There is no village at Uterow, only a shed for cattle to go into during the rain, it being the custom in these parts for the villagers to take all their cattle during the rains to the higher

pasture in the mountains, and to remain there for two or three months, therefore these cattle-sheds are found in various places, forming a capital shelter for servants. Whilst on the march this morning I bagged a male kakur, with a fine pair of horns. A pair of them were barking in a small thicket close by the roadside, but the ringalls (hill-canes) were so dense that it was a long time before I could get a shot at them ; however, by dint of walking round I sighted them at the same moment that they perceived me. Quick as they were in their movements, they were no match for my rifle-ball, which broke the hind-leg of the male, and, although I lost him for the time, yet by tracking him by his blood I was enabled to give him the second barrel through the shoulder, and killed him on the spot. The ringalls grow to a great height and thickness here, they make good fishing-rods and excellent walking-canes. After having had breakfast I started out to look for gerrow, as, whilst marching this morning I had met

a man tending cattle, who told me that he had seen a herd of twelve yesterday, but although I was out all day I did not see any. Their marks, however, were plentiful enough. My Shikaree tells me that in the autumn bears resort to this jungle; they come for the walnuts, of which there are many trees here. He says that last year he was out with a gentleman who had a six-barreled revolver rifle, and that they came on a walnut-tree with four bears in it, all of which the gentleman shot with the revolver. This, if true, was not a bad day's sport. I had often heard that when the fruit is ripe, they are frequently found and shot in this manner. Last year a Shikaree fell over the precipice here, and was never heard of afterwards, which is not to be wondered at, as the face of the rock is perpendicular, for I should suppose at least five hundred feet. This man was out after thar with his son; they were following a wounded thar, when the father's foot slipped; the son saw him catch hold of the branch of a small tree,

and called out to him to drop his gun and take a better hold, but before he could do so, the bough broke and he fell over, and, as I stated before, was never seen again. His death must have been instantaneous. I am told that these accidents are not of unfrequent occurrence, and ought to be a warning to sportsmen to be very careful in climbing; indeed, I wonder more lives are not lost, as the ground one has to go over is very bad, and the dead leaves make walking exceedingly dangerous. The flies and midges are very troublesome. My Khit-mudgar (the only servant I have) is quite laid up from the effects of their bites, and I am half afraid I shall have to halt in consequence. The horse-chesnut-trees here are just coming into blossom. The nights are bitterly cold, but the sun in the daytime is very powerful, as a proof of which I may mention that I found a packet of candles, which happened to be at the top of one of the coolie's loads, melted into a mass of wax, and yet the snow is within one march

of this place. My Shikaree promises thar to-morrow. I hope so, as up to this time I have not had much sport; however, I was told before I left Mussouree that if I shot three head of large game I ought to consider myself lucky; and I have often heard of sportsmen, who were fair shots in the plains, shooting nothing in a whole month in the hills. There is an immense difference between shooting in the hills and in the plains.

Friday, May 6.—Marched to Silladhour, the name of another shed for cattle. The march occupied five hours, including a delay of an hour in making a bridge over the river Dinesee, the old one having been carried away a few days ago by a sudden rise of the river, caused by the melting of the snow. Making a bridge—an operation which has often to be performed—is simple enough, as it merely consists in selecting a tree long enough to cross the torrent, and cutting it down so that it will fall into the stream; it is then, by means of ropes, easily adjusted,

and it is perfectly marvellous to see the ease with which the coolies walk over it, carrying their heavy burdens. My bridge to-day was at least an inch under the water, which was icy cold, and running with extreme rapidity, and, although I took off shoes and stockings, I found it no easy matter to walk across. After crossing the river the track is up a very steep hill, very bad walking ground. I saw plenty of pheasants, but as I was in thar and bear ground I did not fire, much as I felt inclined to do so, were it only to get a change in my food. Just as I got into camp it came on to rain, with tremendous thunder. No tent is very comfortable during rain, least of all such an one as I am writing in at present, as it is only six feet high to the ridge pole, and eight feet square at the bottom. The rain cleared off about two o'clock in the afternoon, and I started out to try and see if I could get a shot at a bear ; but, although I went through some very dense jungle, and saw plenty of fresh tracks, I was unsuccessful in seeing

any of the animals themselves, until just at dusk, when, within a quarter of a mile of my camp, I saw a very large bear diligently employed in turning over the stones, hunting for ants. I got within eighty yards of him, when the noise made by my wretched Shikaree slipping on a hidden ringall cane alarmed the animal, and he was shuffling off when I fired at him; he was hit hard, and did not know whether to make up his mind to charge or not. However, I suppose he thought discretion the better part of valour, and bolted, I giving him the second barrel as a parting salute; with what effect I know not, for, although we tracked him by the blood till it was quite dark, yet we did not see him again, and I am afraid that my first bullet was a little too far behind the shoulder to have touched a vital part. On returning to camp I found my servant laid up, as I half feared he would be, with swollen feet, the irritation from which had also brought on fever. This is a great bore, as I want to move the camp to-morrow. I had not in-

tended to have done this, but whilst I was out this afternoon I heard four shots fired somewhere on the other side of the kud (ravine), on the very ridge I had intended to have gone over in the morning, and the coolies who were in camp tell me that they saw a herd of about fifty thar (numbers rather exaggerated I fancy) rush over the top of the ridge. I did not think that any one was out in this direction; no one I know has come from Mussouree this year by the road I have travelled, so I fancy this will be some one who has come across from Jumnotri. The jungle and underwood here is very thick and difficult to get through, owing to its being bent and broken by the snow. I have as yet seen but very few flowers up here; I suppose the late spring has thrown them back; the common dock grows profusely all about, and there are plenty of wild cherry and apricot-trees, close to my tent, on which, although the fruit is quite hard and green, no end of Lungours (long-tailed, black-faced, white-haired monkeys) are making

their dinner. I have never heard of monkeys getting cholera, but I should think a dinner of green apricots a first-rate thing for giving it them. Night set in rainy and stormy. This is lonely work by one's self; it would not have mattered had I bagged that bear. The kakur is nearly eaten, and unless I shoot something or other, I shall have to fall back on biscuits and sardines, very nice things in themselves, but not adapted for a dinner after a hard day's work.

Saturday, May 7.—The Khitmudgar declared that he was able to walk, and although he did not look as if he were fit to do so, yet I determined to break up and move the camp a short distance, as it is never of much use going over ground which has been lately shot over; so I sent the tent, &c., to Karie, about two hours' march northward up the valley, and, much against my wish, was persuaded by the Shikaree to go over the same hill on which I had heard the reports of fire-arms last evening. The consequence was that, after five hours' very hard work, during

which I had actually seen nothing, I made for a higher range of hills, whose tops were covered with snow (it was the first time for more than fifteen years that I had had snow in my hand). Here I saw abundance of moonalls and other pheasants. Most beautiful they looked, darting down the kuds over the tops of the rhododendrons, but I was determined not to fire at anything until I had killed a thar. After a troublesome scramble through a thick rhododendron jungle I reached the top of the ridge, and found the other side was a perpendicular scarp (a sort of formation very common to these ridges). I sat down here to admire the view, which was most magnificent. Gangotri and Jumnotri appeared quite close, whilst to my right and left was an interminable mass of hills, rising one over the other, backed by the snowy range. After all, a view of this kind well repays one for the toil and trouble one has to go through before seeing it. On taking, with the binoculars, a careful survey of the scarp below me, I perceived at some distance

five thar, and although they were a long way down, I thought it worth while attempting to get within shot; so, after going over the most break-neck ground, I found myself at a point I had determined on from above; but, alas! the thar had taken it into their heads to ascend whilst I had been descending, and there they were almost as high above me as before they had been beneath. I took a long shot at one, for which I was afterwards sorry, as it was quite a chance shot, which in my opinion should never be tried, being, as mine was, generally misses, and the report, with the echoes, frightens animals miles away. It was now time to return. I had been out upwards of eight hours, and so I took what the Shikaree called a good road, which turned out to be a series of scrambles along the face of the precipice. I had another shot at a thar, which was standing on a ledge of rock about two hundred feet immediately below me; he was hit hard, apparently killed, for he rolled down into the valley below without

an effort to save himself; but as it would have taken some hours to get to the place where he had fallen, I was reluctantly obliged to leave him, feeling certain that if not killed by the bullet, he must have been by the fall. On reaching camp, after eleven hours hard fagging, I found that a gentleman had passed through en route to Gangotri; he had been out three weeks, and had bagged nothing, and his servant told mine that although the Sahib was a first-rate shot at a mark, yet that, somehow, he could never manage to hit an animal. I know myself that shooting in the hills is vastly different from any shooting in the plains, as one has either to shoot across a kud, where it is almost impossible to judge the distance correctly, or else straight up over one's head, or down below one's feet, both of which are very difficult, more especially as the shooter is generally completely out of breath with climbing. Just as I was sitting down to dinner a dog made its appearance. I fancied that it must belong to

the gentleman who went through my camp this morning. My Khitmudgar is a perfect cripple from the sores made by the midge bites having festered, and, in consequence, it will be totally impossible to move the camp for some days.

Sunday, May 8.—Hail, thunder, lightning, snow, and sleet all night. The coolies must have been miserable, as they have next no shelter; how they stand up I don't know. I stayed in camp all day, and wrote letters, &c. Last evening I had a very narrow escape. As I was returning home, I had to creep along a narrow ledge, with a nearly perpendicular wall of rock above and a quite clear drop below, when a large stone came thundering down across the ledge in front of me, dislodged, I suppose, by some animal—a goorall, most probably. This sort of thing is very dangerous, as it cannot be avoided. I sent the Shikaree out this morning to look after pheasants, and also to see if he could find the thar which I shot yesterday. I gave him the shot gun, but

he returned, not only with no pheasant, but with no powder or shot, saying that he had missed all he fired at. I accused him of stealing the ammunition, at which he was very indignant, but it only confirmed my former suspicion. He had been, however, fortunate in his search after the wounded thar, as he brought back the skull and horns (a very fine pair, by the way), but said that the carcass had been entirely eaten, most probably by a leopard. My dog strayed away into the jungle to-day, and came back dreadfully lacerated, and with his right eye torn out. I had a regular business sewing up his wounds, and he will, I am afraid, lose the sight of his right eye entirely. I fancy he must have been seized by a half-grown leopard; all last night there was some animal, most probably a leopard, crawling round the tent.

Monday, May 9.—Had to halt to-day whether I wished or not, as the Khit-mudgar cannot put a foot to the ground. I should have been in a fix if my feet and

legs had swollen from the midge bites as his have done. It blew a terrible storm again last night. The thunder in these hills is something truly awful, as what with the echoes and the terrific claps, it seems never to cease. I started out shooting at sunrise; the cold was intense, and I was completely wet through before I had been out half an hour, as, although it did not rain, yet the dropping from the trees was nearly, if not quite, as bad. After a long fatiguing walk, or rather climb, we saw two thar high above us; we watched them until they had disappeared behind a projecting rock, and then commenced climbing up to them, an occupation which took some time, as the places we had to go over were very dangerous indeed. Were it not for the excitement of this sport, I doubt if I could have gone over the places I did. However, at length the ascent was accomplished, and I had the satisfaction, on looking round the rock, of seeing a herd of seven full-grown thar and four kids, but they were a good three hun-

dred yards off. The Shikaree, however, insisted that if I only waited until two or three of them got together, I should be certain of shooting one, so, putting up the three hundred yards' sight, I fired, but did not hit either of them. This was most provoking, as I had had a very long stalk after them. The Shikarees declared that it was owing to their not having done poojah (a religious ceremony); they therefore asked me to give them two pieces of silver, they promising that, after they had done what they wished with them, they would return them to me. Out of curiosity I produced two four-annas pieces, which I gave to the Shikarees, one of whom held the silver pieces in his right hand, and, striking the edges with his knife, turned to the four quarters of the heavens, at the same time repeating some charm in the hill language; the other man at the same time knelt down, and said what he informed me was a prayer for success, after which, much to my surprise, they returned me the money. We

then had to descend from the really very awkward position in which, on examining the ground, we found ourselves to be, and this was no easy matter; but, after a two hours' scramble, which the rhododendrons (very beautiful at Kew, but excessively unpleasant in jungle) rendered extremely difficult, we found ourselves on something like terra firma, which could hardly be said of our position before. On rounding the corner of this precipice, I saw four thar in single file on a ledge of the rock high above me. I put on the hundred yards' sight, and, taking as steady an aim as I could, I fired, and hit the leader; he tumbled over the precipice without making an effort to save himself, and fell full a hundred and fifty feet into a clump of thick ringall jungle. I scrambled up to him in a most wonderful manner, and there lay the first thar that I had shot; it was a fine young buck, and he was quite dead, the bullet having hit him in the stomach, passing out through the back, breaking the backbone, but, what seemed to

me most marvellous was, that although he had tumbled from such an enormous height, not a single bone of his body was broken. We had some difficulty in getting the carcass into the camp, as the animal was very fat, and fully as large as a full-grown English sheep. My Shikaree amused me excessively, when near camp, by insisting on waiting for the men who were carrying the game, saying it would have a better effect to go into the camp with the spoil. Now, considering that altogether we are only a party of eleven, four of whom were with me, I wished to know whom he wanted to astonish; however, he insisted upon having his own way. I had wild mutton chops for dinner, and very good they were. As for the coolies, they gorged themselves till they could hardly stand. As yet I have seen no musk-deer, although to-day we passed the remains of one smelling strongly of the musk; it had been eaten, I fancy, by a leopard, but he could not have found it a very savoury morsel. A man who

herds buffaloes in a shed about four miles from camp, and who has been supplying me for the last two days with milk, bringing it every evening, came in whilst I was at dinner, and reported that, as he was returning to his shed, he had seen a leopard crouching in the grass; however, it was much too late to think of going after him, as it was quite dusk, and I should have had to have walked a couple of miles at least. I have seen no end of leopard feet-marks about the hills, but as yet I have not been fortunate enough to come across any of the animals themselves. It has again set in, I am afraid, for a rainy night. This continued wet is very provoking, and it is very difficult to keep the guns clean and the ammunition dry.

Tuesday, May 10.—To my dismay, on waking this morning I found the ground white with snow, which was still falling, and with very little appearance of its clearing off. It has continued to snow all day, quite preventing any attempt at going out

shooting. It is, doubtless, very lonely by oneself in these mountains, but still I am by no means sure that a companion is an advantage—at least, in the shooting line. A botanist or entomologist would be a very pleasant companion to have, but unfortunately in India few men care for these pursuits.

Wednesday, May 11.—A very fine morning, and so I started early to make a long day's shooting of it. As a compensation for yesterday's enforced idleness, I went to the top of a high hill due north from camp, the crest of which was covered with snow, and almost in the snow I found cowslips growing, exactly similar to English cowslips in form but not in colour, as these were pink; and, as usual with all the flowers in the hills, they had no scent. I also saw a very large species of buttercup growing. On inspecting the precipice side of the hill, I saw a very large male thar—a regular jhowlah, as the natives call the old buck thar; he was lying down enjoying the sun-

shine, but evidently keeping a sharp look-out all round him. Looking at him through the binoculars, he seemed shaggy enough for a bear. I saw at a glance that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get within shot; however, by making a circuit which occupied three hours, and going over some break-neck ground, I got within between two or three hundred yards of him, and I found that it would be quite impossible to get nearer without being seen immediately, so I thought I had better take my chance of firing, which I did; he jumped up, and appeared as if he had fallen over the precipice. I hardly thought that he was hit, but as the Shikaree was of a different opinion, I told him to go and see, and it was perfectly wonderful to see the ease with which he almost ran over what appeared to be, and really was, very dangerous ground. The Shikaree returned before I had finished my pipe, bringing with him the top of one of the animal's horns. Had my bullet gone two inches lower, I should have added as

fine a pair of thar's horns as I have ever seen to my collection. This sort of thing frequently occurs, and is, to say the least of it, very provoking. I had now been out about seven hours, and so thought it nearly time to turn homewards, which I did by descending the precipice. A species of broom grows here, from which the natives extract an intoxicating liquor. About half way to camp it came on to rain heavily, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to keep the rifle dry; not that it was of much use my doing so, as, although I wounded a goorall, I did not bag it. Had it not been raining, I might easily have done so, but the mist soon hid the animal from me, and the rain effaced the blood-stain very quickly. I picked up a very fine pair of gerrow's horns, which had been lately shed, in a nullah close to camp. They are identical with the sambur of the plains. I got very wet, indeed, and had a bad fall before I reached my tent; however, a change of clothes and a glass of hot

grog put the former to rights, and the effects of the latter must get well as they can, as with the short leave I have I cannot afford to lay up for a single day. I found the Khitmudgar in a burning fever from the irritation caused by the midge bites. I had, in consequence, to cook my own dinner, which, therefore, was not a very comfortable one.

Thursday, May 12.—Out early again, and home late; a goorall, and that not a very fine one, as a reward for a really very hard day's labour. The thunder last night was again very tremendous; it is quite awful to be by oneself during these thunder-storms. To-day I and the Shikaree fell out about the line of hills to be gone over; it does not pay, however, to be too self-willed, as I found to-day to my cost. I cannot say what would have happened had I taken the Shikaree's advice, but any way I could not have had worse luck than I had, acting on my own opinion. The sun did not make its appearance the whole day, and, as there

was a disagreeably high wind, it was very cold indeed. The jungle, too, was still dripping from yesterday's rain, which quickly wetted me to the skin; altogether, it was about the most uncomfortable day that I have as yet had. I broke the ramrod of my smooth bore, which did not tend to mend matters. However, there is plenty of good wood for ramrods to be found in these jungles, so that I very soon manufactured a substitute for the broken one. The goorall I bagged was as chance a shot as I think I ever made in my life, for I verily believe that the animal was five hundred yards; nearly perpendicularly, below me when I fired at him. The bullet broke his backbone, and he never stirred, and a proper business the Shikarees had to bring him up from where he lay. I am afraid that my head Shikaree will have to knock off work, as he has run some sort of poisonous thorn into his lip; it has swollen very considerably, and he says it is very painful indeed. If they have at Mus-

source anything like the weather that I am having, they cannot be enjoying themselves very much, as I really believe that I have not had two days consecutively without rain since I left. It came on to rain to-day, as usual, and I don't know anything more unpleasant than fighting one's way through wet jungle, with the thermometer down to I don't know what, and with a nasty cold wind blowing. I must say that I am a good deal disappointed in the quantity of game I have seen; I expected that the beasts would have been more plentiful. These Shikarees are proper liars; there is no mistake about that. My Khitmudgar is better to-day, I am glad to say; they made him a poultice of the roots of a plant which they find growing in the snow, so I intend to-morrow, if I can possibly manage to get him along, to shift the camp a few miles farther on; and I am not at all sure, that if this weather continues, I shall not make tracks, as our Yankee cousins would say, for Mussouree, as there is no pleasure in

getting thoroughly wetted every day, without being compensated by having sport. My dog this morning, in spite of his bad eye and his numerous wounds, bit through the string, and was away in the jungle all day. He came back in the evening looking very tired, but he evidently must have got something to eat, as he would not touch his dinner ; it will be the other way some day, and a leopard will make a meal of him.

Friday, May 13.—The strange dog which made its appearance in my camp a few days ago turned up again last night. When he first came I gave him a meal, but did not tie him up, and the following morning he disappeared, and I took it for granted that he had either gone in search of his master or had been disposed of by the leopards ; what he has been living on is a wonder to me, as he is in capital condition. I shifted the camp this morning to Rhoue. This is the name of a deep dell, with a high waterfall above and the same below ; the whole place is only about fifty yards long by

twenty broad, with a very cold stream of water running through it, but it has the advantage of affording excellent shelter to the coolies under the overhanging rocks. These rocks are covered with names and dates scribbled in charcoal; some must have been written (according to the dates) several years ago, which proves that the rain never beats into these half-caves. I came across some thar on my route to this place, and wounded two, only one of which, however, I succeeded in getting, and he was not a very large one. I cannot understand what makes these animals so wild; I suppose that it is that they are continually being hunted by the village Shikarees. I have been out to-day over entirely new ground, and, although the thar was not very scarce, still I had the greatest difficulty in getting within shot; and, after having been once fired at, you may bid good-by to them, as you seldom have a chance of seeing them again. A leopard was prowling about the camp last night, but, although I went out after him

several times, the night was so dark that I could not see him. The natives tell me, that if a lantern is placed on the ground, a leopard will probably come to see what it is, and in that way a shot may frequently be got at them. Returning to camp, I came across a serow, the first that I have seen; he was too quick for me, dashing through the thick jungle at no end of a pace, so that I had not a chance of a shot, but I dare say that I shall see him again before I leave this encamping-ground, as it is just the sort of place to find serow, they being animals fond of thick jungle in out-of-the-way valleys. My Shikaree has been amusing himself all this evening by playing on a double-barrelled flageolet made of the ringall (hill-cane); this instrument he plays through his nose, and looks a most extraordinary animal whilst so doing. Just as I was sitting down to dinner a coolie came in with a dead goorall on his shoulder; he said that his master was behind, but would be in immediately, and intended camping

there that night, so I shall have some one to talk to, which (as I have not spoken a word of English since I left Mussouree) I shall not be sorry for. It has been raining hard all the afternoon, and the killer of the goorall will be uncommonly wet before he gets into camp. Just as I had finished dinner he came in; however, I was enabled to give him a good meal, and, what was a treat to him, a bottle of beer, and I was delighted to find in him a man with whom I could talk about shooting, as he was a thorough sportsman. He had been out several days longer than myself, owing to which, and to his knowing the ground well (this being his fourth year's shooting), he had made a far better bag than I had. The upper valleys about Jumnotri are, he tells me, entirely blocked up with snow; so much so, that burrell (wild-goat) shooting was quite impracticable, therefore he was making his way along the valleys at the foot of this snowy range to Gangotri. We sat up almost till the small hours over a blazing fire, which

was very necessary, discussing the merits of whisky-toddy and Cavendish tobacco, and relating sporting adventures. He told me of a singular occurrence he witnessed the other day; it happened whilst he was out thar-shooting. He was watching a small herd of thar, which were feeding towards him, thereby saving him the trouble of a stalk, when all of a sudden, just as he was thinking that the animals would soon be within shot, a large leopard, which had been concealed behind a rock also watching them, sprang upon the leading thar, and succeeded in carrying it off before his very face; he had a shot at the beast, but said that the whole thing occurred so suddenly that it was no wonder he missed. We spent a very pleasant evening together, and parted for the night mutually pleased with each other.

Saturday, May 14.—It rained all night, and everything this morning was in consequence soaking wet. To-day was a lucky day for me. My last night's companion and

myself agreed that we would each take different sides of the hill, and meet to breakfast in camp at twelve; after which he intended to make a march to a place some miles off, where he could procure attar (meal) for his coolies, he having entirely run out of supplies. We started early, and I had hardly got to the top of the hill when I saw four thar speeding away from me; they were a good distance off, but I could see through the binoculars that one of them was a very fine buck. I watched them round a corner, and then set off after them, but, owing to the difficult nature of the ground, it took me longer than I expected, and when I again sighted the animals they were still out of shot, and on the point of disappearing round another spur of the hill. However, I put up the two hundred yards' sight and fired, and felt certain that I had hit the buck, although I did not see him fall. The others turned back frightened, and I not only gave them the contents of the left barrel, but also that of the smooth bore, which, as they were rush-

ing above in a confused manner, was without any success. My Shikaree disputed the point of the first shot having taken effect, but one of the coolies, who was a long way in the rear, and to the right, where he saw better, said that the beast had tumbled off the ledge down the kud, and there, after a great hunt, we found him. His spine was evidently broken, and he was only stopped from rolling to the very bottom of the kud, where I should never have got him, by a bush. I got to within one hundred yards of him, but as he seemed very sick, I merely kept him covered by my rifle, whilst the Shikaree went down with a knife to cut his throat. He proved to be a very fine buck indeed. I then began to retrace my steps to camp, as it had come on a misty drizzle. I had another shot at a thar on the road, which, although wounded, got away, owing to the impossibility of tracking him, as the drizzle had turned to a steady down pour of rain, quickly effacing all traces of blood. One loses a great many animals in

this way in hill shooting, which is the more provoking as it takes so much time, patience, and hard work getting near them. On my arrival at camp I found my friend just in; he had had no luck, having only had one shot, and that at a kakur (barking deer), which was too far off to be bagged. After a hearty breakfast we separated, he taking the Gangotri route, whilst I intend to-morrow going towards Jumnotri—not taking, however, the road by which my friend has just come. It cleared up about three o'clock, and I, after turning all my things out of the tent, lit a large fire inside, in order to dry it, so that it may be more portable for to-morrow's march, as I intend, weather permitting, to shift my camp in the morning, my servant being now pretty well, and this place being much too damp to suit me. One needs be a decent shot for thar shooting, as a hundred and twenty yards is about the very nearest that one can get to these animals, except by great chance, and indeed it is more often two hundred yards

at which one has to fire, and then, in nine cases out of ten, at only a single animal.

Sunday, May 15.—I halted, as is my custom, to-day, and had the guns, &c., well looked over, oiled, and cleaned—a very necessary operation, and one which has to be performed frequently in the hills, as the constant damp keeps them in a perpetual state of rust. I find the maps supplied by the Surveyor-General's office very little to be depended on, as the names of these villages and rivers are in many cases spelt in such a manner that it is impossible to make the people understand what is meant, and in some cases even the direction of the different ranges of hills and rivers is not properly laid down. I have always endeavoured in this journal to spell the names of villages, rivers, hills, &c., as they is pronounced. I wrote letters and sent a coolie to Mussouree, as I found, by a judicious re-arrangement of the loads, I could spare a man, and I have had no communication with Mussouree since I first left.

Monday, May 16.—A fine, sunshiny, and frosty morning, and as no rain had fallen during the night, I determined to shift the camp. However, before I had marched a couple of miles from the old encamping-ground, it began to rain. On passing the bit of jungle in which I had seen the serow, I determined to force my way right through it, feeling certain that I should most likely get a shot at him, as these animals do not wander about much, but generally haunt the same jungle. It was hard work forcing a way through the thick masses of ringalls, but I was rewarded by hearing a great rush in front of me, and got a glimpse of the serow as he passed an opening in the jungle. I took a snap shot at him, and felt certain that he was hit, although he rather increased than diminished the tremendous pace which he was going; the only thing I was afraid of was, that the rain would efface his tracks. However, after following him by the blood marks for about a mile, I saw him going very slowly, and evidently hard hit, about

a couple of hundred yards ahead of me, and another bullet behind the shoulder made him bite the dust. He proved to be a fine young male, with very fair horns, and as it was the first serow I had shot, I was glad to get the horns to add to my collection. About four miles from the village of Juzeelie I came across a patch of hill-side covered with large loose stones and rocks, from under one of which a young leopard, about the size of a large cat, made a bolt, and, after going about fifty yards, pulled up to see what had disturbed him; this short halt was fatal to him, as a bullet from my big-bored rifle nearly knocked him into smithereens. I wished much to have stayed and waited for the old animal, but the rain came down in such a determined way, that I saw I should not have been able to follow Cromwell's advice of keeping the powder dry, so, very reluctantly, I made the best of my way towards the village where I intended to halt. At the foot of the hill I had to cross the Dinesee river, which is effected by a fairish

enough bridge, composed of two large deodar-trees laid side by side. The village of Juzeele is about a five hours' march from Rhoue, and there is a large sort of shed (formerly a temple), which, although swarming with flies, is better to put up in than one's own tent, but it is a bad plan to get too close to these villages, as they swarm with flies and other vermin. This is the last village but one before coming to eternal snow, and, although it is the middle of May, there is plenty of snow all round the place. I was much surprised to see the white poppy, from which opium is extracted, cultivated extensively here. I saw bows and arrows hanging up in the verandahs of several of the houses; the bow-strings were made of a slip of bamboo soaked in oil, precisely similar to those used by the Santhals in Bengal. The villagers tell me that when the snow lies deep on the ground, they kill quantities of large game with their arrows. It is curious to see the simple way these people, when on the march, contrive to get a smoke, by

making two small holes in the ground about an inch apart, and then connecting them underneath, into one of which holes they put a twisted leaf full of tobacco, and into the other hole they insert a piece of hollow ringall; they then lie on the ground on their chests, and so smoke. They are fond of getting a little Cavendish tobacco and mixing it with their own, but they can't stand Cavendish alone, as it sets them coughing. I tried their method of smoking; the position is uncomfortable, but the earth being always moist, the smoke is deliciously cool. I observed that the houses here, and in the other hill villages, are framed with wood, and the interstices filled in with stone and mud, giving them an appearance such as one sees in old cottages in out-of-the-way villages in England, with the exception that these cottages have a balcony round the upper story, over which the eaves project. Both men and women in this high latitude are dressed much alike, wearing a pair of drawers tight from the knee downwards,

and gathered round the middle by a string, a loose coat reaching to their knees, round which they wear a girdle about an inch wide and several yards long; the whole dress is made of goat's hair, and woven by themselves. The women—some of them at least—wear quantities of silver ornaments, one of which has a singular appearance, as it consists of a good stout silver chain, about a foot and half long, passing from ear to ear, and falling under the chin. There are plenty of plum and peach-trees about this village, which altogether has a more thriving appearance than any I have seen. Great promises of thar for to-morrow, but I begin to disbelieve in the Shikarees' and villagers' assurances, as although I have had fairish sport, still, had I seen half the number of animals which my Shikaree declares he saw last year on the ground over which I have been shooting, I should have at least doubled my bag.

Tuesday, May 17.—A fine day, for a wonder, but clouds about when I started,

which I did as soon as I could see. Daylight is earlier, and there is a much longer twilight than in the plains, or even at Mussooree. I had a long and very fatiguing day's work, and I don't find, although I have been out nearly three weeks, that I am a bit less fatigued after a day's scrambling over these precipices than I was when I first started. The beat I took to-day was to the right of the village—that is to say, down the course of the stream. I then turned to the right, and toiled to the top of the mountain which overhangs the river, and, lying down, took a long survey of the hill-sides with the binoculars, and I saw a herd of eleven thar at a considerable distance below me (I must have passed quite close to them whilst climbing the hill); there was nothing for it, however, but to descend again, which, from where I was, looked by no means an easy job, and the sportsman will always find it much easier work ascending than descending. By dint of taking off my shoes at two or three dan-

gerous and very difficult places, I at last found myself on a ledge of rocks overlooking the small patch of grass where the thar were feeding; they were so immediately below me, and the rock was such a complete scarp, that I found the only way of getting a steady shot would be to lie down on my chest, which I did, making the Shikaree sit on my calves, and taking my time to aim. I was rewarded by hearing the welcome thud of the bullet; the smoke, however, hung about a good deal, and when it cleared away, the animals were not to be seen. Feeling sure that the animal I had hit was badly wounded, I, by making a circuit, managed to get to the place where the animals had been feeding, and there, sure enough, were fresh marks of blood, and on looking about I saw the wounded thar standing all by itself about a hundred and fifty yards off, and evidently feeling not at all comfortable. I had a steady shot at him, and put a bullet through both shoulders, bringing him down to the ground,

but, to my astonishment, he got up, and began shuffling himself along by means of his hind-legs (the fore ones, from the effects of my last shot, being quite useless). Feeling certain that he could not go far, I gave Peeroo the smooth bore, and told him to go and bring the animal in. I myself followed the direction taken by the herd, hoping to get a second shot. I heard Peeroo fire, and in about an hour he overtook me, saying that he had fired and missed, and had lost all trace of the beast. I insisted, however, on his going again to look after him, and told him that I should be very angry if he returned without the thar, and as it came on to rain I turned my steps towards the camp. On my way I had a very nasty fall, owing to the rain having made the ground very slippery, and had it not been for a friendly ringall, which I seized just in time, I should have gone clean over the precipice. As it was, I slid a considerable distance, and was close to the edge of a perpendicular fall of several

hundred feet, when I providentially got hold of the ringall. One's feelings can be more easily imagined than described in a situation of this sort, and as I am writing a plain unvarnished tale, and not a sensation novel, I will leave all that to my readers' imagination. On arriving at camp I found that Peeroo had arrived, bringing with him the wounded and now dead thar. No one not actually seeing this animal, could have believed that he could have stirred after receiving my second bullet; the first one, too, was well placed, but perhaps a little too far back, the second one had, however, smashed both shoulder-blades completely. His jaw, too, was broken by his first fall, and yet with all these wounds to put up with, the Shikaree said that he had to give him another shot, as he got over the broken ground faster than he could. Goorall and kakur are plentiful in this neighbourhood, and I saw several to-day, but I have made a resolution not to shoot anything but thar in thar ground, unless I actually want an

animal for food. Goorall especially are frequently found on the same mountain-side as thar, but generally a little lower down. A man came in this evening with preserved pheasants' skins, and very fairly they were done too. He said that he had more at his home, I therefore told him to bring all he had the next day, as these men are very apt to bring their worst specimens first. The flies and midges are, I think, more troublesome in this village than in any I have been at, and they not only devour one in the villages, but on the hill sides one can hardly sit down for a minute without being surrounded by them. The coolies even always have a small branch of walnut or fir in their hands to drive them off with.

Wednesday, May 18.—A nasty, wet, rainy day, and so I had to remain in camp the entire day. The villager who came yesterday with pheasants' skins returned again this morning, bringing a very good collection, from which he allowed me to take as

many as I pleased at one rupee a piece, whilst at Mussouree ten rupees a pair is frequently demanded and given for preserved moonall's skins. The summits of all these hills abound with moonalls and other pheasants, whilst in the kuds (ravines) the cocklass is to be found, but the snow pheasant is scarce, and is only found in forests and on hill tops, where the snow scarcely ever, or very seldom disappears. It is a much larger but hardly so handsome a bird as some of the other varieties. I have been pestered to-day with the blind, the lame, and the halt, all wanting to be cured; it is of no use my assuring them that I have no medicine and am not a doctor, for they will not leave my tent. If these people had only money, which they have not, a doctor might make a small fortune, as they seem to place implicit reliance in any sort of English medicine. After all, it was, perhaps, a good thing for me, the day being wet, as I felt a good deal shaken and knocked up from the fall which I had yesterday. I

hear that there are plenty of wild pigs to be found in the vicinity of this village, but as yet I have seen none of them, nor have I come across any places where they have been rooting up the ground, about which there never can be, when once seen, any doubt. I have never seen in any of the hill villages tame pigs kept, which is rather extraordinary, as the people are very fond of the flesh of the wild ones, which they frequently kill with their dogs, of which they have a very fine, large, strong species. Peeroo, the Shikaree, has been out all day prowling amongst the hills, and has just returned with four moonall eggs, they are fully as large as turkeys. Peeroo tells me he has found as many as eighteen in one nest. My coolies have just come to me to say that the store of attar (flour) is exhausted, and that there is not enough for another day's meal left. These people are very provoking, as they should have told me this sooner, no supplies being procurable in this or the neighbouring villages, and I

have to send a long way for it, necessitating my remaining in this neighbourhood two or three days more, which I had not intended to do. The coolies eat nothing but attar; no salt, ghee, or luxuries of that sort; merely their one seer, that is, two pounds of flour a day. All day long the detached stones and small masses of earth have been slipping down the opposite side of the valley, and just as I was sitting down to dinner the whole hill-side came in motion. It was a very grand sight, the noise was deafening, and the dust was something tremendous. Several thousand tons of earth, stones, and rocks must, I should think, have slid into the small valley, which they nearly filled up, damming up the little stream, but only for a while, as the water soon found a way for itself through the mass. I hear that these landslips are not of unfrequent occurrence, and it has happened that whole villages, built on a steep hill-side, have been carried away in one of them. The slip which I witnessed to-day

has completely stopped the communication between this and the next village, as it has carried away the path, but they tell me that they will soon make another, which I can readily believe, after seeing the narrow tracks, hardly perceptible at a distance, which they call roads in these parts.

Thursday, May 19.—I was roused this morning by the unpleasant réveille of the sound of the rain pattering on the tent. I am having a great deal more rain than I bargained for, and it is bitterly cold, snow having fallen during the night. The hills close to the tent, which yesterday were green, to-day are covered with snow; my small stock of books, too, is exhausted, so that it is not by any means a bright look out. However, about ten o'clock the rain cleared off, and, although everything was, of course, dripping wet, I started for the same thar-ground which I had shot over the day before yesterday. After leaving camp about two miles in my rear, I had a flying shot at a kakur, which somehow or

other I missed altogether. I had a long day's beat, and was just turning back in despair, when I saw a single thar some distance immediately below me, and I had a fair shot at the centre of his back, hoping to break the vertebræ; I saw the blood distinctly as he bounded off. The report of my rifle alarmed three other thar which were feeding out of my sight; I had a shot at them as they rushed away in the opposite direction to that taken by the one I had wounded. I watched him go into a small patch of jungle, so, leaving one of the Shikarees to point out what direction he took if he left the jungle, I and the other man commenced the descent, and, to our disgust, we found that a deep nullah (ravine) intervened between us and the jungle we wanted to reach. There was nothing for it but to ascend again until we could cross; this occupied upwards of two hours, and when we reached the jungle, although marks of blood were plentiful, the animal was nowhere to be seen. The man left to watch pointed out

by signs in which direction he had gone ; after searching some time, as it only wanted a short time to sunset, we had to give it up for that day. Coming home we were caught in one of the most terrific storms I was ever out in. The hailstones were very large, and as there was a high wind blowing down the side of the hill up which we had to climb, it was most disagreeable ; added to which, it became dark so rapidly that there was great fear of our losing our way, and I don't think that I ever had such an uncomfortable walk in my life as that trudge back to camp was. However, a hot cup of tea, a good dinner, and a glass of whisky-toddy to wind up with, put all to right, and I have great hopes, if the leopards don't anticipate me, of getting the wounded thar to-morrow. My tent has been incessantly wet for days, and yet I have felt no ill effect from it, whilst in the plains, sleeping in a small wet tent of this sort, would certainly have brought on fever or rheumatism, or both.

Friday, May 20.—A most lovely morn-

ing, clear, fresh, cold, and pure, after last night's storm. How one always misses the voices of birds in the woods, but more especially on a morning of this kind. I waited till past eight before I struck the tent in order that it might get a little dry; I then packed up, and marched to this place—Gyrah—which is merely a long row of cow-sheds high up the side of the mountain, with a spring of water close by. These sheds are most convenient for sportsmen, particularly at this time of year, when they are empty, they only being used by the villagers in the wet weather, and they afford excellent shelter for one's servants. I had to get a coolie from the village this morning in lieu of the man I had sent into Mussooree yesterday with the pheasants' skins, as the tent, &c., being wet, made the loads very heavy. I found, when the coolies arrived at the encamping-ground, that quite a lad had been procured, and my own coolies had made him carry the wet tent, which was the heaviest load of all. It is

perfectly wonderful with what loads these hill people will toil up their steep mountain-side. I could barely lift the load which this lad had carried on his back a considerable distance. The first part of this morning's march was through a wood of horse-chestnut-trees, the scent from whose blossoms filled the air with perfume. I saw nothing on the road but crowds of lungours—long-tailed, white-haired, black-faced monkeys—and one solitary kakur, who was too quick for me, and I did not get a shot at him. I can hardly fancy that I am in the same climate that I was in yesterday; the sun is so powerful to-day that a light shooting-jacket is barely supportable. There are plenty of marks of pigs all about here, especially by the side of the stream, and I dare say in the evening that I shall see something of them. I thought it hardly probable that a whole day would pass without a storm of some sort, and accordingly, about three o'clock, a heavy hailstorm came on. Peeroo, the Shikaree, has been absent

all day, seeing if he could hunt up yesterday's wounded thar, but I am half afraid that he will not be successful in his search, as last night's heavy rain must have effaced all traces of blood. This encamping-ground is one of the prettiest that I have been at, as, although very high up, there is a large piece of flat land, on which are scattered some fine walnut, sycamore, and other handsome trees. The hill-top at the back of my tent is covered with snow from last night's storm, and the range of perpetual snow is close by. I find that a quarter of an hour is sufficient to strike, pack the tent, and make a start, and the same time suffices to pitch the tent and put my small camp in order. I find that the higher one gets up the less one is bothered with flies and midges; no one can conceive the annoyance they are to sportsmen, and it is curious that there should be so many in the interior, whilst at Mussouree one hardly ever sees a fly. Just as I was sitting down to dinner at sunset, the man whom I had placed to

watch for the pigs came in and reported that a whole sounder of them had come out of the jungle, and were feeding on the banks of the stream. I finished dinner, and went and had a shot at them, knocking over a fairish boar. These hill pigs are not nearly as large as their brethren in the plains, but they are much darker in colour, being nearly black, and, I think, better eating. After I had been in bed about an hour, hearing a disturbance outside, I went out, and found that not only had Peeroo returned, but that he had brought the thar I wounded yesterday with him. My bullet had just missed the backbone; the animal has a very fine thick pair of horns, and, as the man must have worked well to have got him, I gave him a rupee. He says that he followed him for some miles without being able to get near enough to make sure of hitting him, and so at last he let him lie down, and then crept up and shot him. Within a quarter of an hour of Peeroo's arrival, the coolies had skinned, cut up, and roasted huge morsels

of mutton, and were making a hearty meal of half-raw flesh.

Saturday, May 21.—A damp, wet day, not exactly rain, but quite as bad, as the fog and clouds were so thick that shooting was quite out of the question. Some large animal must have passed along the side of the hill just above my tent a short time ago, as a quantity of loose stones came rattling down; but as one can't see five yards in any direction, it would be useless going out. I find it extremely difficult keeping the guns anything like dry and clean; a good sort of gun-case is much required; leather is not of much use, as it soon gets wet through, and is difficult to dry, and, when dry, shrinks a good deal. It is very wearisome work the days one cannot shoot, and one feels the want of a companion, for, after guns have been cleaned, oiled, and well looked after, there is little or nothing to be done. Towards sunset it cleared up, and there is a promise of a fine day for to-morrow; however, as I make a point of not going out on Sunday, I shall lose another day.

Sunday, May 22.—A rest one day in seven is very necessary, but if it were to rain on Sunday, and not on week days, it would be much more convenient; however, one ought not to complain when one has such a glorious day as to-day is. I took a long walk up the hill at the back of my tent; the woods smelt deliciously after yesterday's rain, but the want of singing birds is a great drawback. The atmosphere was very clear, and the snowy range formed a glorious background to the scene. On the north, east, and west was an interminable mass of hills, whilst to the south Nagteepah was distinctly visible, and I even fancied that with the binoculars the outline of the Landour Hill could be made out. I came across to-day a systematic arrangement for snaring pheasants, consisting of a slight fence along the crest of the hill about a mile long and about three feet high. At every thirty paces a small opening was left, in which was placed a noose; the pheasants when feeding, on reaching the fence, instead of

flying over, follow it until they come to an opening, where, as a matter of course, they get noosed. Quantities of them are caught in this manner, and sometimes they are sent in alive to Mussouree, where there is a ready sale for them, but generally they are killed, and their skins preserved. The flesh is tough, and the flavour nothing like that of an English pheasant. I think that the whole of my establishment has been asleep the whole day in the sun. These hill people are wonderful men for that sort of thing; they lie down, curl themselves up, and go off like a dog, in a moment. I have been amusing myself this afternoon by trying to get the tents and things a little dry, which, with the aid of a large fire inside, I have succeeded tolerably in doing. It gets bitterly cold as soon as the sun goes down, but in the daytime, out of the wind, it is quite warm.

Monday, May 24.—Not having had an entire day's moonall and pheasant shooting, I determined, the morning being fine, to

knock off thar shooting for the day, and see what sort of a bag I could make of long tails. I was lucky at the first start, as within half a mile of my tent, and before I had begun to ascend the hill, I flashed and bagged a pair of cocklass, male and female. This made me half determined not to go higher to the moonall and jewaha ground, and I kept along the hill-side; but as after three hours' walking I had only added another bird, a female bunchal, to my bag, I commenced ascending, but I found that I had got into a complete fix, as although there were oak and rhododendron-trees and bushes enough, still the hill-side being a steep sort of natural terrace, with almost perpendicular backs, I found I could not get on at all; therefore, sending Peeroo to look out for a better place to ascend, I sat down and had breakfast and a pipe. Peeroo returned in about an hour, reporting that he had found a place to ascend, but that it was over very bad ground, which, sure enough, turned out to be correct, as I don't

think that since I have been out I have been over a nastier bit of ground; it requires a steady eye and sure foot for hill shooting. About half way up I had a shot at a very fine male goorall; he made one spring in the air, and then rolled down the side, or rather fell over, for the hill was as nearly a perpendicular scarp as it could be, and we watched him until he finally fell into the torrent below, where, of course, he was quickly swept away. I found that watching the animal had set my head swimming, and I was beginning to feel quite giddy, so I turned my face towards the side of the hill and resolutely commenced climbing again, and, after another hour's severe work, found myself in a pine forest at the top of the mountain. I posted myself in an opening made by two or three large-sized deodars having fallen, and sent the Shikarees and coolies higher up, telling them to separate and beat down towards me. The first two moonalls passed out of shot, and I watched them shoot down the kud (ravine), the white spot between

their wings shining brightly in the sun. The next one was not so fortunate, as I knocked it down whilst passing almost over my head ; it was a female, and before I had time to load, over came the male with a screech. Leaving the ramrod in the right barrel on the top of the powder, I bagged him with the left. The coolies had by this time come up, and I went to the top of the ridge, which on the north side had patches of snow on it, to try if I could not get a jewaha (Argus) pheasant, and after half an hour's walking I was lucky enough to put one up and hit him ; he fell some way down the kud, but Peeroo said that he would get him ; so, being content with my day's work, I turned my steps homewards, and, as usual, before I got half way to camp it came on to rain. Disagreeable work it is blundering through the thick ringall and rhododendron jungles, with a heavy rain falling, and a wind keen enough to cut one in two. On reaching the tent I found Peeroo had arrived before me, bringing the bird with him, which I skinned at

once, handing the body over to the Kit for dinner. The other birds I gave to the Shikarees to skin (they generally understand how to do it), and, after rubbing them over with arsenical soap, stuffed them slightly with moss. I hope to get some more varieties before my return, the time for which, I am sorry to say, is drawing rather close. The hot winds will be rather an unpleasant change after this really glorious climate.

Tuesday, May 24.—The Shikarees told me that if I made up my mind for bad ground, and a hard day's work, they would take me to a place where I should be certain of seeing one or more jhowlahs, as they call the old male thar. I think what they saw of my climbing powers and head yesterday has raised me twenty per cent. in their estimation. The morning was pleasant and frosty, but bitterly cold after last evening's rain. As I had plenty of exercise before me, I did not mind that; so, packing up my breakfast, including a bottle of cold tea as usual, in a hill basket, we made a start of it

a little before sunrise. I must give these Shikarees credit for not having exaggerated about the ground, which was certainly as bad as bad could be. I had during the day an exceedingly narrow escape. I was leaning with my back against a good-sized fir-tree, when, without giving any warning, it snapped short off, and went over the precipice, giving me barely time to recover myself. On examining the stump, I found that it was more than half burnt through, and the weight of my leaning against it had caused it to break. A great many trees fall every year from their being partially burnt when the grass is set on fire; then a high wind or snow resting on them capsizes them. We went a long way without seeing any living thing; at last, with the glass, I made out a solitary thar lying down. After a while he got up and began feeding, and then it was evident that he was a regular jhowlah, the hair on his neck falling over nearly to the ground. Fortunately he was feeding in our direction, so I laid quite quietly behind

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a rock until he came within shot, when I fired. The beast was evidently hit hard, as he fell and rolled down some distance before he could at all recover his legs; he then staggered out of sight. I sent Peeroo and a coolie down to see if they could find him, and after waiting for an hour and a half, during which time I discussed my cold meal, biscuit, tea, and pipe, the coolie came back and said that the animal was dead, but was lying in a situation whence, from his size and weight, it would be impossible to get him up. I therefore told him to go down again and skin the animal, and bring me up the skin, horns, and as much of the flesh as they could manage to carry, whilst I continued my beat. I killed a snake on this hill, being the first that I have seen since I left the plains. The natives said that it was poisonous, but they say that of all kinds of snakes. Yew and cedar-trees were abundant, and the ground was covered with snow. After a long walk without seeing anything, I found myself on the top of a high conical hill, free

from trees and snow, whence I had a most magnificent view. I think some of these views alone almost compensate one for all the discomfort and hard work. I sat for more than an hour feasting my eyes on the snowy range, which seemed quite close to me. I here saw a species of cowslip which I had not seen before. Whilst sitting here a large eagle flew over my head, and I was fortunate enough to kill him with a single ball, but I was not sufficiently lucky to add his skin to my collection, as he fell over the edge of the precipice, where it was impossible to get him. A drizzling mist coming on, reminded me to be thinking of returning. I observed that it always begins to rain up here about three in the afternoon, and generally cleared up about sunset, which very often is most magnificent. I managed, somehow by accident, to hit on a pretty easy descent, and got into camp at the same time that Peeroo made his appearance with the head, skin, and hind quarters of the jhowlah. The horns are a fine pair, but not so large as they ap-

peared to be when on the animal. I shall shift the camp to-morrow, as I don't think that there is much more to be got at this place. The Shikaree tells me there is a place called Sillpoorah, where thar are generally to be found, but that it is very high up indeed, almost in the snow, and that there is no shelter for the coolies. As I intend to go there to-morrow, they must make the best shelter they can, which is not a difficult matter, as there is always plenty of wood, suitable for the purpose, to be found.

Wednesday, May 25.—A most splendid morning, but I suppose that it will, as usual, rain before evening. I marched to Sillpoorah. For the first two hours and a half the walking was a steady pull up the side of the mountain, but as there was a sort of path, it was not so bad as it appeared at first to be. The hill-side is a mass of trees of all sorts, principally oaks, fir, and rhododendrons; altogether it was a pretty shady walk. When about half way to the new encamping-ground, I saw a herd of thar, but far off,

on another part of the mountain. With the glass I counted nine large ones, and three small kids. I determined first to go to the place where the tent was to be pitched, and then, if there was time, to have a go at the thar. From the top of this mountain, which was covered with snow, the scene was grand. After descending for about a quarter of an hour, I came to the small level place where the camp was to be formed. Formerly there was a cattle-shed here, but it had been burnt about two years previously. If I had searched for miles I could hardly have found a prettier place to encamp in. A gentle grassy slope, with a small stream running through it, the background formed by massive rocks covered with snow, whilst on the three other sides magnificent forest trees abounded, through the trunks of which glimpses of a beautiful valley in a high state of cultivation, dotted with villages, which at a distance are very picturesque, was obtained; the grass was a brilliant green, and covered with a variety of many-coloured flowers. If the shooting

pleases me as well as the appearance of the encamping-ground does, I shall, in all probability, stop here for the next two or three days. As soon as I had had breakfast, I started to look up the thar that I had seen on the march, and, after a long fatiguing walk along the side of the hill, I saw one of them standing sentry in the distance. He was not looking in my direction, but evidently seemed uneasy. I lay down behind a small yew-tree, and after waiting about a quarter of an hour, another and then another made their appearance on the small rise on which the sentry was standing. The whole herd followed, until I counted twelve old ones and four kids, and after feeding for a short time, they all, with the exception of the sentry, who was now in rear of the herd, lay down. The difficulty now was to get within shot, as they were at least five hundred yards from me, and no trees, rocks, or broken ground intervened. After a consultation with the Shikaree, we agreed that the only plan would be to creep backwards

until out of sight, then ascend the ridge, make a circuit, and thus come down within shot in rear of the animals. It proved of no avail, as although we took all precautions, still, when we came to a certain patch of ringall, which I had previously calculated would bring me within shot of the herd, they were not to be seen. I am quite confident that they had not seen us, but I suppose that the sound of a stick breaking, or something of that sort, had frightened them. Still I cannot understand why they should be so wild. I was thoroughly disgusted, and turned my steps towards the camp, but before I had nearly reached it, a heavy snow-storm came on, which so darkened the air that I was afraid I should lose my way, and therefore thought it advisable to take shelter in a sort of cave, which happened to be close by, it being no joke poking about amongst these precipices unless one can see well. We lit a fire and smoked until the storm had subsided, which it did as rapidly as it had risen. Before getting into camp I

had as pretty a shot as ever I have had in my life; a male kakur made its appearance all of a sudden, about eighty yards in front of me, and about one hundred feet higher up the hill; he stood on a pinnacle of rock (as if admiring the view), with the clear sky for a background. I hit him in the heart, and he tumbled straight down, falling stone dead into a thick scrub of rhododendrons. I was glad of this supply of meat, as I am running short of all sorts of food in camp. On reaching the encamping-ground I found two native travellers from Mussouree; they were going to a distant village to collect money due to them. They tell me that there has been a great deal of rain and bad weather at Mussouree. I am sure that I have had little else up here. I understand that no one will go into the few villages in the valley I was mentioning, at the foot of this slope, on account of some sickness prevailing there, consisting of violent fever, with bleeding at the nose and mouth. Great numbers of the poor wretches have

died of this; however, some of my people must go somewhere for attar, as there is, I know, barely a day's supply left in camp. It was bitterly cold this evening. This is the highest point of the hills that I had as yet pitched my camp in, although, of course, in my shooting excursions I have been much higher; the snow is lying deep on the ground, within a quarter of an hour's walk of my tent. This is almost the only place at which I have not, somehow or other, been able to procure milk for my tea. Three days ago I burnt my right fore finger; it hardly pained me at all at the time, but to-day it has been very painful indeed, and, being the trigger finger, it is very inconvenient.

Thursday, May 26.—A very long day's work indeed, without even the satisfaction of seeing a single four-footed beast of any sort or kind. Whilst out to-day I heard two shots fired, I suppose by native Shikarees shooting moonalls; it is these men who disturb the thar, and make the herd!

so wild and difficult to approach. I got well up into the snow to-day frequently having a mile at a time of knee-deep snow to wade through ; at one point I could distinctly see both the Jumna and the Ganges, and they seemed so close that I could fancy a bullet would drop into either of them, whilst Gangotri and Jumnotri towered in front, seemingly just over one's head. I had a proof to-day of the extreme rarefaction of the air ; I saw two figures climbing up a hill in the distance, but so far off that even with the binoculars it was difficult to say that they were men. The point was soon decided, however, by hearing them speak to each other ; this I did distinctly, and the distance, I am certain, could not have been less than two miles in a straight line. I saw to-day numerous footprints of thar and musk-deer in the snow. My tent, for a wonder, is at last dry, but I don't suppose it will remain so till night, as there is a heavy storm brewing in the north, and I can hear the thunder growling amongst

the mountains. Nine hours' walking, or rather climbing, in these hills is fully equal in fatigue to twelve or fourteen hours' shooting in the plains in the cold weather, the constant strain on one's sinews and back is most fatiguing. I shall give this thar ground one more day, and then leaving these parts march towards Mussouree, trying on the road to get a serow or two. I have hardly had any fine weather since I have been out, and as almost directly I reach Mussouree I shall have to return to the plains, and there find the rainy season beginning, for this year, at all events, I shall have had plenty of moisture. A very good rifle levy of five or six hundred men might be raised from these villages, as there is hardly one in which there are not one or two decent rifles, or smooth bores, and their owners have an uncommonly good idea how to use them. No one wanting really good shooting should, in my opinion, go within a radius of fifty or eighty miles of Mr. Wilson's establishment, as for fully that dis-

tance his men are out, and most of the fire-arms in the district have been imported by him.

Friday, May 27. — Determined on one more day at the thar, and then, whether successful or not, I must make the best of my way towards Mussouree. The Shikaree awoke me before daylight, saying that by starting early we could get to a hill where he felt almost certain we should find a herd of thar. It was most bitterly cold, and I remonstrated at having to get out of bed and dress in the dark; however, there was nothing for it but to go, and just as the east was beginning to get grey we made a start. Four hours' walking—and pretty hard walking, too—brought us to the ground, and Peeroo, after reconnoitering through the binoculars, said that he saw a herd, but so far off that he could not tell of how many it consisted. I believe that he was lying, as I could not make them out at all, although from constant practice I can now distinguish distant objects quite as

well as the Shikarees themselves. As the man insisted that he was in the right, we set off on what proved, as I was certain it would, a wild goose chase, the supposed herd of thar turning out to be a few detached small brown bushes. I was thoroughly disgusted, as I had fully made up my mind for at least one pair more of horns to add to my collection, and after I leave this place I shall not have another chance, as there is no more thar ground between this and Mussouree. I feel certain that some one has been shooting over these hills—native Shikarees, I suppose, as I know that no European has been in this direction this year. Returning to camp, I stumbled on a moonall's nest, with fourteen eggs in it; having ascertained by breaking one that they were hard set, I did not further disturb them. Almost within sight of camp I had a shot at a goorall. He was leisurely picking his way along the face of the opposite hill; putting up the two hundred yards sight, and taking a steady rest against a

tree, I waited until he stopped for a moment to nibble a mouthful of grass, and then pulling the trigger, had the satisfaction of seeing him roll into the kud (ravine), without an effort to save himself. I considered this one of the prettiest shots that I have made since I have been out, and I was fortunate in being able to recover the animal. For a wonder, the day has been perfectly fine, not a speck of cloud visible. I could distinctly see the snow being blown off in a regular drift from an angle in the snowy range. The weather altogether has a much more settled appearance, for which I am not at all sorry. The coolies are rejoicing at the thoughts of the downward move tomorrow; they feel the cold very much, which is not to be wondered at, as they have next to no clothing.

Saturday, May 28.—Marched to Gewlah. This village is one of four close together, the group going by the name of the Ranee-gard. It took six and a half hours of fast walking, nearly all down-hill work, to reach

the place. I verily believe that walking down hill is as fatiguing as climbing up, it certainly shakes one a good deal more. About a third of the way to Gewlah the path passes through the village of Upereegaum (or the highest village), and then I discovered why it was that I had been disappointed in the thar shooting at Sillporah, as I saw in front of the headman's house a very fine pair of thar's horns, attached to the skin, which was still quite fresh. On inquiry I ascertained that the animal had been shot on the Sillporah mountain three days back. This fully accounts for the animals being so wild. The man showed me his gun, a very handy little light single-barrelled percussion rifle, and, as is the way with all these men, begged hard for powder and lead, which I make a point of never giving them; and were every sportsman to do the same, game would be more plentiful and not nearly so wild. At Gewlah an old Havildar of the Nusseree Rifle Battalion lives; he was very civil and obliging, and

as he gets a regular pension of seven rupees a month, he is rather a swell in his own estimation as well as in that of the villagers. The women here—at least, the old ones—are not very particular in their dress, seeming to consider any article of clothing above the waist as rather a superfluous luxury. Most of the people here keep bees, and I had some delicious honey brought to me; they keep their bees in one of their worn-out wooden jars; these jars will hold two or three gallons, and are turned out of a peculiar sort of wood. The wild raspberries and strawberries are now getting ripe, and the children of the village have brought me large quantities to-day; they are excellent, and very refreshing after one's long walk, more especially as the sun was very powerful and not a breath of air stirring. I calculate that to-day I must have walked at least twenty miles; there is no place here to pitch a tent except on the threshing-floor, in the middle of the village, and the flies are excessively annoying, putting sleep

out of the question, and getting into everything eatable and drinkable. Though tomorrow is Sunday, I must move out of this, or else I shall be devoured by them. I was amused by seeing the Shikarees, and even the wretched coolies, ornament themselves with wild flowers before entering the village. The headman showed me an arrangement, of which he is not a little proud, to give him warning of thieves attempting to enter his granary; it consists of a chain with bells suspended to it, and stretched from the door of the granary to that of the house. I pointed out to him as the bells were not above six feet from the ground, a thief would, in all probability, stuff them full of grass before attempting the door. It did not seem to have occurred to him that such a thing was probable, and accordingly he was a little put out of conceit with his alarum.

Sunday, May 29.—I moved the camp about two miles to the banks of a small torrent, where there is shade and not so

many flies. A leopard was prowling round the village last night, and the noise made by the dogs was horrible. I got up, and with my rifle made the round of the village; but although it was bright moonlight, yet with the shadows from the trees and mountains, objects were so indistinct, that though I twice fancied that I saw the animal, I did not like to fire. To-day and yesterday have been very fine, and I find it sensibly warmer than I have hitherto felt it, but I am afraid there will be no more shooting unless I have the luck to get a gerrow at Doondah to-morrow; they are to be found there, but I know that two or three parties have passed that way already, and so I am afraid that the pine forest there will have been much disturbed.

Monday, May 30.—I made a short march to Doondah, on the banks of the Ganges, or rather, as it is called here, the Bhargee-rettee. The road is the pilgrim track to Gangotri. I had a long shot, just as I was starting, at a huge beast of a boar on the

opposite side of the stream, and the men of the village of Gewlah asked me if they might have it if they could get it; I told them that they might, so they sent to the village, which was close by, for their dogs, and set off in chase. I did not wait to see the result, as I was anxious to push on to Doondah, in order to try the jungle there for gerrow. On reaching Doondah, I found the encamping-ground occupied by three gentlemen en route to Gangotri. I was glad to hear English spoken again, as, since I have been out, I have met only one other Englishman. Before breakfast I sent one of the Shikarees up to the gerrow ground; he returned about twelve, and reported that, though he had seen no game, still their marks were plentiful; so off I started, and, after a wearisome six hours' work, returned without having seen a single hoof. Walking in this pine forest is very difficult, as although the sides of the hill are not very steep, yet, being covered with the dead fir-leaves and cones, one slips continually, and

once down, it is difficult to stop oneself. I had one or two awkward falls, and, altogether, was considerably disgusted with the day's work, as now between this and Mussooree I have not a chance of getting anything, excepting, perhaps, a stray goorall or kakur. A bathe in the icy-cold Ganges, which is here a rapid torrent, refreshed me very considerably, and we all had a pleasant evening together. My companions are only just out from England, and, in consequence, are being considerably imposed upon. I put them up to a wrinkle or two, and we parted at bed-time well pleased at having met each other. The sand-flies, midges, and flies of all sorts, have to-day been unusually troublesome. The natives assure me that there are fish in this and all the neighbouring streams, but, although I have had lines and hooks baited with everything I could think of, still I have not succeeded in catching anything. A kakur came and drank on the opposite side of the river whilst we were at dinner, but before the guns could be

brought he was alarmed, and disappeared into the jungle.

Tuesday, May 31.—There being no shooting now worth loitering for, I started at sunrise, and, doubling two marches into one, reached Lahlalee at sunset—a long day's travel. The sun, too, was very powerful, and the wind was a very fair imitation of that blowing in the plains; altogether, I was not at all sorry to find myself at my journey's end, and have a bathe in the little river here. At Dinesee, the half-way village, I had a long talk with a native Christian who lives here. He is a native of this district, but served as a trooper in the Bombay Cavalry for a short time; he tells me that he preaches to the pilgrims going to Gangotri, but without any success, which is hardly to be wondered at, as a man must have a very firm belief in his religion before he would undertake a pilgrimage of this sort. Hundreds of them die in the snow. He begged for some salt, of which he said he had none left; I gave him all I had,

and also, as he was a Christian, some powder and lead. My tent, coolies, &c., did not arrive till long after dark, much too late to do any cooking, so I made a hearty meal of sardines and biscuits, and, as the beer still holds out, I did pretty well. I met to-day great numbers of pilgrims, principally women, and chiefly dressed in red. This had a very good effect when seen at a distance, as they wound in single file round the base of some precipice, no path in this part being wide enough for two to walk abreast. Black partridges are plentiful between Dinesee and this place. I shot a couple of brace, scarcely leaving the track to do so; had I had time and inclination, I might have made a very good bag. Goorall and kakur are to be found here; I have heard the latter barking all the evening, and I feel more than half inclined to halt to-morrow, and make a day after them. This is a very nice encamping-ground, and I should recommend travellers to encamp here, and not at the village of Lahlalee it-

self, as there there is a difficulty in getting water, whilst here it flows at one's tent door, and it is so close to the village that milk, the only thing procurable, can be easily sent for. A small dhurumsalah for pilgrims used to exist here, but it is now in ruins.

Wednesday, June 1.—The weather for the last few days has been remarkably fine, which is a great comfort, and, as I was anxious to get into Mussouree, I gave up the idea of going after the kakur, and again doubling up two marches into one, reached Toplah after a long day's walk, not a yard, I should say, under twenty-five miles. It took me exactly three hours' hard walking, or rather climbing, to the top of the Nag-tupah range, on the northern slope of which the little village of Lahlalee stands. From the top of this hill the Ganges and Jumna are again both visible. I here met Shikarees and coolies returning to their homes from Mussouree; they told me that the gentleman with whom they had been out had shot nothing, and that they had been

driven in by the wet. I dare say that I shall find my bag of game will turn out as good as any made this year. I only wish I had another month of it, as, although the game shot hardly repays one for the toil and trouble of getting it, still the scenery and the climate are most glorious. The flies and midges have, if possible, been more troublesome than usual to-day, and I was almost glad when a heavy thunder-storm came on; although I got a good wetting, still it drove my tormentors away. I got into the Bunniar's hut here, and, as I was very hungry, I made him and his wife make me a lot of chupatties (thin cakes of unleavened bread), on which I made a hearty meal, as I knew the coolies would not be up for some time. They did not make their appearance till quite dark, when I was only too glad to put my bed together, and turn in at once.

Thursday, June 2.—I made an early start of it this morning, and reached Mussouree after a pleasant walk of four hours. The

last hill close to Landour is a regular teaser, and I was very glad to find my pony (which I had sent for last night) waiting for me at the top of it, as I was thus saved a good five hours' walk. I have been just five weeks absent from Mussouree, and, although not sorry again to enjoy some of the luxuries of civilised life, still I feel that the exercise and trip in general have done me a great deal of good, and I would strongly recommend a trip of this sort to any one wanting a complete change.

A few hints on equipment, and the various resorts of the different animals, birds, &c., to be found in a short trip such as I have been endeavouring to describe, will, doubtless, prove agreeable to the tyro in hill-shooting. It is essential, and of the first importance, to secure the services of the best Shikaree available; this, unless one has a man recommended by a friend, is a very difficult matter, as, although dozens of

them roam about the various hill stations seeking for employment, yet neither their description of themselves nor their certificates are to be depended on, the former being in general lies, and the latter forgeries. The intending sportsman must do the best he can, and make the best selection in his power. A Shikaree's wages vary from eight to twenty rupees a month; ten or twelve are, however, the usual pay, and a second man should be taken on seven or eight rupees a month; this man will be found useful in carrying a spare gun, and also to accompany the sportsman when the head Shikaree may be employed in tracking a wounded animal. It is usual to hire a boy on three or four rupees a month to carry these two men's cooking-pots, &c. The number of coolies required will depend, of course, on the wants and requirements of the sportsman; as I before mentioned, I found eight ample, and, for obvious reasons, the fewer one takes the better, as then one can go to out-of-the-way places in

the mountains remote from villages, where game is more plentiful. The coolies' pay is one rupee a month more than they would get at Mussouree. It is advisable to allow the Shikarees to hire the coolies, and it will be found necessary to give them an advance of half a month's pay, without which they won't start. Two dozen of beer, or its equivalent in weight, is a good load for a coolie. The tent should be made of good stout sutringee, covered outside with doosotee; this sort of tent will be found capable of resisting the heaviest rain—a thing of the greatest importance to the health and comfort of the sportsman. The tent should be eight feet square at the bottom, and six feet high to the ridge pole; in this sized tent there is plenty of room for a bed, a box, and a chair, and, at the same time, it is not too heavy a load for one man to carry. The poles and ridge poles should be of stout bamboo, and the spikes and all other metal about them should be of brass, as being less likely to attract lightning; ten

pegs will be found ample; metal ones are better than wooden, and they should each have a ring to them.

A camp bed, consisting of two long pieces of wood, attached to each other by a piece of stout canvas, and supported by three pairs of scissor-legs, is, I think, the best style of bed, and, together with the poles and pins of the tents, forms a load for a coolie. It is a great mistake trying to rough it by sleeping on the ground, which is in general wet and damp. For bedding one can hardly take too many or too warm blankets, &c., as the cold in the higher region is very excessive. Afghan posteens and chogas will be found most useful; railway rugs are admirably adapted for this work, and the traveller should not forget a sheet of wax-cloth tarpaulin, or India-rubber sheeting, in which the bedding should be invariably wrapped up on the march, so that, whatever else is wet, he may be sure of a dry bed. For clothes, the sportsman should have two suits of dark kakee linen, cut according to his

fancy (a tight buttoned-up jacket, with trousers and leather gaiters (plenty of pockets of course), is as good a costume as any other). One jacket should be made a size larger, and, on starting in the morning, be worn over the other, in order that, as the day gets hot, the outer jacket may be taken off; at the same time, a pea-jacket and warm clothing of all sorts should be taken. Flannel, of course, is the only material adapted for shirts; cotton and woollen socks will both be found useful, as will, in fact, any sort of clothing, light or heavy, as the heat at the bottom of the valleys and in the thick jungle is very great, whilst on the hill-tops and in the snow the cold is, of course, severe.

My idea of rifle for hill shooting is the short, heavy barrel, throwing a ten to the pound spherical ball, but as every one has his own opinion on this subject, I will not discuss the matter here. Plenty of lead, previously cast into balls, powder and caps, should be taken; also a bag with all sorts

of gun apparatus (gun-cases are in the way), a few spare nipples, screws, spare ramrods for each gun, gun oil, and plenty of old rags for cleaning. The gun-covers should be made of coarse strong cloth, covered over with a double piece of wax cloth, and a leather sling securely sewn round it. This style of case will be found superior to the English leather cover, which shrinks from being constantly wet. A very necessary part of one's equipment is a stout five foot Malacca cane, with an iron socket spike at one end, and a circular knob, with a leather sling a foot long, at the other. A stick of this sort will be found most useful in climbing, and can be procured, ready made, in the bazaar. I may mention that cotton-wadded cloth and bedding is not at all adapted for the damp climate of the hills, as they hold the wet, get very heavy, and are difficult to dry; clothes and bedding should be of linen or woollen material. A couple of small axes and a small fourah, or hoe, for digging a trench round the tent, are useful.

For stores, I should recommend plenty of potatoes—say, half a pound a day—rice, tea, sugar, pepper, salt, and biscuits; these are the essentials. A few salt tongues, a couple of hams, and a few tins of sardines may also be called necessaries. Those who are fond of hermetically-sealed luxuries can, of course, please themselves, and take any quantity. Attar (flour) for one's own use should also be taken; coarse attar for the coolies can be generally procured by sending to the large villages, where kids are also to be purchased. A good precaution before starting is to see that the coolies have provided themselves with tobacco, and a couple of rupees is well laid out on starting, in tobacco to give them occasionally after a extra long day's work. A small tin box, with lock and key, for money (which should all be in small silver coins), pen, ink, and paper, scissors, needle, thread, buttons, tape, &c., are useful. A small quantity of the commoner medicines, such as quinine, ginger, laudanum, and jalap, for one's own use, and a box full of strong, harmless pills for the

villagers, should not be forgotten, as they think that every European must be a doctor, and as long as they get medicine, strong and nasty, they are quite satisfied. Soap for washing one's clothes, which the coolies will do in a rough sort of way, is essential. A good Khitmudgar is the only servant, in my opinion, necessary. The Shikarees will try to persuade the sportsman to get Sepoys and Chuprassees from the Teeree Rajah; these are not only quite unnecessary, but, in so much as they tyrannise over the villagers, highly objectionable, and they are at the same time perfectly useless. A leather port-manteau will be found more convenient for clothes and ammunition, than anything else, and is easily carried by one coolie. Bullets should be cast and sewn up in wax cloth, ready for use before starting, and then put into bags, fifty in each bag, and distributed amongst the different loads. Block-tin saucepans are the best things to take for cooking in, as the copper ones usually employed soon lose their coating of tin, and then are very unwholesome. Tin saucepans can be pro-

cured, the handles made to take off; they then pack one inside the other, and are more easily carried than the ordinary ones. A few books and magazines should not be forgotten, as without something to read, a wet day in a small tent hangs heavy on one's hands. A small book, called "Goulter's Art of Travel," contains many useful hints on all sorts of subjects, and no sportsman or traveller should be without a copy.

The animals chiefly found on this side of the snowy range are the gerrow, the serow, goorall, thar, musk-deer, kakur, pig, black bear, leopard, and occasionally a tiger. The burrell and snow bear are also found up in the snow. I think these are about all the animals to be met with on the southern slope of the Himalayas. For birds, there are the moonall, snow pheasant, cocklass, jewaha, buncheel, and other varieties of the pheasant kind; snow pigeons are also frequently seen flying in large flocks. On the northern, or the Thibet side of the snowy range, the yak, ibex, markore, and other animals will be found; whilst in Cashmere

the lordly stag, the true burra singha (twelve-tyned), a magnificent animal, abounds.

A slight description of these different animals and their haunts may be useful. The gerrow is identical with the sambur of the plains, but the horns are longer and larger. This animal's haunts are chiefly the large pine forests of the middle and upper ranges. I have also seen their footprints in the snow, but the herd had evidently been only crossing from one forest to another. They roam in herds of ten or twelve, or even more, and are wary and difficult to approach. Taking one's stand at the top of a gorge, and putting a few coolies in at the bottom to beat up, will often procure the sportsman a shot at these really noble animals.

The serow is a large, thick-bodied, short-legged animal, more like a big pig than a deer. It is of a dark, sandy, or rather deep brown colour; the hair is coarse and thick, and forms a sort of mane all down the back. Both male and female have short horns, which slightly curve backwards, and are

seldom more than nine inches long. They are found in pairs generally, but sometimes alone, and then the male is very savage, and I have heard, when wounded, will charge fiercely. It is a shy animal, and has to be hunted for in the deep jungle ravines of the lower and middle ranges. They are more plentiful in the Jumnotri district.

The goorall is to the Himalayas what the chamois is to the Alps. It bears a certain resemblance to the chikara, or ravine deer of the plains. Both male and female have short horns, curving slightly backwards. They are found in herds of from six to twenty on the bare hill-sides; seldom or never in jungle. I have, however, come across them whilst shooting gerrow in the pine forests of the middle ranges. The goorall and kakur are common enough even close to Mussouree.

The thar, or wild sheep, is about the size of a large English wether; the body is covered with long brown hair, which on the neck forms a shaggy mane, often, in the old males, during the cold weather, long enough to reach the ground. Both males

and females have thick triangular horns, about eight or ten inches long, but thick enough at the base to put one's hand in; the horns curve strongly backwards. These animals frequent the rocky sides of the upper ranges, just below the snow, but at times will be found in the snow itself; they go in small herds, sixteen being the greatest number I have ever seen together, five or six being more common. The old males, called by the natives jhowlah, are only to be found in the most inaccessible hill-tops; they are very wary, and are extremely difficult to get a shot at. In the winter, the villagers kill large numbers of thar by driving them with dogs into the deep snow, and then shooting them with guns, arrows, and even knocking them on the head with hatchets and clubs. Occasionally these animals collect in large herds, and migrate from one hill-side to another. Should two of these herds happen to meet, the males fight fiercely. The young have frequently been caught, but although they will take to and suck a goat, yet the milder climate of even the lower ranges kills

them. Thar shooting is extremely dangerous sport, owing to the inaccessibility of their haunts. I have, however, seen them in the rhododendron forests.

The burrell, or hill goat, is a larger animal than the thar, and is found closer to the snow than that animal. Its horns are much longer, and twist outward at right angles to the skull; they are of a brown colour, whereas the thar's are deep black. They congregate in large herds, and if the sportsman hides behind a rock, he may frequently get three or four shots at the same herd, as they do not seem to be frightened at the report. This may also frequently be done with the thar. The burrell is a very timid animal, and, owing to the difficult and dangerous nature of the ground where they are found, is well worthy of the sportman's pursuit.

The musk-deer (called by the natives moosknafar) inhabits thick, dense, scrubby jungle; neither male nor female has horns. Their presence in a jungle may always be known by the musky odour of their droppings. The tusks of the upper jaw grow

downwards to the length of a couple of inches; it has long coarse hair. The musk-pod of a full-grown male will fetch twenty rupees in the bazaar.

The kakur (barking deer) is found in thick jungles in ravines, and in the valleys at the foot of the upper, lower, and middle ranges. Its bark is like that of a very hoarse watch-dog. The male only has horns, which are about eight inches long, standing straight up from the forehead, having one short tyne at the base, and terminating in hooks at the tops, which, as it were, look at each other. The lower portion of these horns is covered with short hair, which, together with that of the body, is of a reddish colour.

The leopard (*luckea buggea*) is numerous enough, as their frequent footprints will show. As they chiefly prowl about at night, they are difficult to get hold of. One way of shooting them is to tie up a dog or goat, and then hang up a lantern close by. The leopard, so far from being frightened by the light, is rather attracted by it, whilst

it enables the sportsman (who should be on a tree) to get a fair shot. Native sportsmen shoot numbers in this way, finding a ready sale for their skins at Mussouree at prices varying from twelve to twenty rupees. The hill leopard will sometimes charge furiously when wounded; they live in caves and amongst loose rocks.

The black bear is found in the lower, middle, and not unfrequently in the upper ranges. Unlike its sable brother of the plains it will eat flesh, having been known, when enraged, to kill and eat a man, but its principal food consists of nuts, berries, and ants; its presence always being known in a jungle by the stones being turned over in its search for ants. At the fall of the year two or more bears may frequently be seen and shot in the same walnut or almond-tree, but in the spring they are difficult to find, and the natives assert that then they will lie in caves for weeks together without food. They will charge furiously when wounded, and invariably strike at the face.

I have frequently seen natives who have been frightfully mutilated by these beasts, but they are eagerly sought after by the Shikarees, as, independently of the value of their skin, the grease fetches a high price in the Mussouree bazaar. If two bears are feeding together, and one gets wounded, he will invariably attack his companion, and so frequently enable the sportsman to bag them both.

The snow bear is a large animal, covered with long, light-brown hair, found chiefly in or very near the snow. It is very ferocious, and when wounded will charge fiercely.

The tiger is occasionally met with all over the different ranges. I have seen their footprints even in the snow, but they are scarce. Mr. Wilson, I believe, has shot several at different times.

The wild pig is much scarcer than, from the nature of the country, would be supposed to be the case. The hill pig is a smaller and blacker animal than that of the plains. Their whereabouts may always be known

by the ground in the vicinity of the rivulets being turned up in their search for roots, &c. They are very destructive to the crops.

I have, I think, given a slight description of most of the wild animals found on the southern slope of the Himalayas. A book called "Six Months in the Snow," by a Mountaineer, will be found to furnish a good deal of information regarding the haunts and habits of the yak, ibex, &c.

Pheasants.—The moonall, and also some of the other varieties of pheasants, are found generally in ground which is the resort of the thar, and this will frequently cause great annoyance to the sportsman, as in stalking a herd of thar a frightened moonall will frequently give the alarm. The cock bird has most magnificent plumage, and is a much larger bird than the English pheasant. Its crest is composed of a tuft of dark green feathers two or three inches high, the prevailing colour of the plumage is a dark greenish bronze, the tail is composed of short red feathers, and it has a large patch of white on the back between the wings. The female

is not nearly so large nor so handsome a bird, its plumage being of a dirty brownish colour; the eggs are about the size of a turkey's, and very similar in shape and colour. The moonall is very plentiful in the pine and rhododendron forests of the upper ranges, but what with being shot and snared by the natives, will soon be scarce. Their skins find a ready sale in the different hill stations.

The snow pheasant is a large, heavy bird—larger even than the moonall—it is only found on those hills whose tops are perpetually covered with snow. Male and female are much alike in their plumage, the prevailing colour of which is brown; the male, however, is much the larger bird.

The jewaha, or argus pheasant, is an exceedingly handsome bird, the plumage of the male being really superb; it is a deep chocolate colour, speckled all over with scarlet spots. On the back of the head are two fleshy sort of horns of a light blue colour—these horns the bird can erect at pleasure—under the bill is a deep fall of

skin strongly marked with blue. This bird is undoubtedly the handsomest of all the Himalayan pheasant tribe, and is only found on the tops of the highest ranges, where there is vegetation, and even there they are not plentiful. The plumage of the female is somewhat similar to that of the male, but not so handsome, nor are the colours so bright.

The cocklass approaches more in appearance to the English pheasant, having also long feathers in its tail (which none of those previously described have); its plumage, however, is not nearly so handsome as that of an English cock pheasant; it is chiefly found in deep ravines, and I have met with it in all parts of the different ranges.

The bunchal is in appearance very like the cocklass, and has the same long tail feathers. The plumage of the male and female are alike, and they will be found in the same localities as the cocklass. All these pheasants are good eating, but not, in my opinion, equal to an English pheasant.

The snow pigeon is a larger bird than the ordinary blue pigeon, of a lightish brown colour. They are sometimes met with in large flocks sitting on the edge of a precipice, when several may be bagged at one shot. They are chiefly found in or near the snow. I have, however, found and shot them in single pairs in the lower ranges.

A few words about the different routes may not be misplaced. The route to Gangothri, or the source of the Ganges, is, as far as the village of Burrahaut, the same as described in the beginning of my journal. At Burrahaut the Ganges is crossed, and the halting-place is at the small village of Manasie, the next halting-place is the village of Batanie; then to Jalug. The village here is a short distance from the encamping ground. The next halting-place is Danegullie, where the village is also a short distance from the track; the next day's march is to the village of Sukei; on the following day Mr. Wilson's bungalow will be passed, and the halting-place is at Deralie;

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INTERIOR OF THE HIMALAYAS.

that comes the village of Nyargaun, Utrarow, where there is no village; comes the village of Manasie; thence gets into the regular Gangotri route. marches, on an average, will be for take six or eight hours' smart walk Jumnotri and thence across to Ga there will be found thar in the high lities, and gerrow, goorall, &c., in th The Jumnotri district is far prefer sporting to the Gangotri one. A route for a six weeks' or a two mo is from Mussouree to the head of th river, but the difficulty is to mee Shikaree who knows the road, far as Barrahaut is the Gangotr track, then across the Ganges by ing bridge; the march is then t Jhallung, Pugrana, Penson; in t of this village moonalls and othe are plentiful, also thar, bears, a The next march is Ugrah, w serow, musk-deer, and pheasa then to Mogaung, where goora are to be found; the next mar

the next halting-place is called Byroaghattee. There is no village here, and the next day Gangotri is reached. Owing to the immense number of pilgrims who yearly travel this route, and also to the presence of Mr. Wilson's workmen in all the forests, there is little or no shooting to be had on this route. The route to Jumnotri is the same as has been described in the early part of my journal, as far as the village of Dara-sea, there the track leaves the valley of the Ganges, and the first march is to the village of Gewlah. The next march is to Bheruck, no village here; next comes the village of Rhostea; next is Kutnova, then Ovgerie, then Kanas; after that Kensallie, and thence reaches Jumnotri. These places are all the names of small villages, but they must not be depended on for supplies, as only small quantities of the coarser sorts of flour can be procured at any of them. To cross from Jumnotri to Gangotri the halting-places are as follows: First, the village of Kursalie, then the village of Nismee, then Ouncha, where there is no village; after

that comes the village of Nyargaun, then Utrarow, where there is no village; then comes the village of Manasie; thence one gets into the regular Gangotri route. These marches, on an average, will be found to take six or eight hours' smart walking to Jumnotri and thence across to Gangotri; there will be found thar in the higher localities, and gerrow, goorall, &c., in the lower. The Jumnotri district is far preferable for sporting to the Gangotri one. A pleasant route for a six weeks' or a two months' trip is from Mussouree to the head of the Billung river, but the difficulty is to meet with a Shikaree who knows the road, which, as far as Barrahaut is the Gangotri pilgrim track, then across the Ganges by the swinging bridge; the march is then to Keenah, Jhallung, Pugrana, Penson; in the vicinity of this village moonalls and other pheasants are plentiful, also thar, bears, and goorall. The next march is Ugrah, where bears, serow, musk-deer, and pheasants abound; then to Mogaung, where goorall and bears are to be found; the next march is Grang-

wally, then to Kuddarie; almost in the snow, bears, thar, goorall, pheasants, woodcock, and solitary snipe, may be shot; the next march is to Gungee, at the head of the Billung river. Plenty of provisions should be carried on this route; each coolie should always have at least two days' food in his load.

In conclusion, I will merely express a hope that these few pages, hurriedly written in the evening after a hard day's work, may be of use to sportsmen who have never visited the Himalayas. A good book of this sort is certainly much wanted, and would, if written by an abler pen than mine, be invaluable to the sportsman or traveller who for the first time is visiting the Himalayas.

THE END.

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