

I now made out to be fine rams with large and peculiar heads. Motioning to my shepherd lad to sit quietly upon the ground, upon which I was already stretched, I examined them carefully with my glass. Had they not been moving when first observed I should not have discovered them, so precisely did their skins match the rocky surface of the steep inclination upon which they stood. They remained still for about two minutes, affording me an excellent opportunity of examination. The horns were thick, and rose from the base like those of the ibex, turning backwards, but they twisted forward from the first bend, and the points came round towards the front in the ordinary manner of the sheep. Like all the wild sheep of India and other countries, the coat was devoid of wool, but appeared to be a perfectly smooth surface of dense texture. It was too far for a certain shot, especially as the animals were facing me, which is always an unsatisfactory position even when at a close range.

I put up the 200 yards sight, and raised the rifle to my shoulder, merely to try the view ; but when sighted I could not clearly distinguish the animal from the rocks, and I would not fire to wound. My shepherd lad at this moment drew his whistle, and, without orders, began to pipe in a wild fashion, which he subsequently informed me should have induced the moufflon to come forward towards the sound ; instead of which, they cantered off, then stopped again, as we had the wind, and at length they disappeared among the rocks and pines. It would be almost impossible to obtain a shot at these wary creatures by approaching from below, as they are generally upon high positions from which they look *down* for expected enemies, and the noise