

trees as a flag to commemorate our visit, then loading our rifles we fired a volley, the echoes of which went pealing away down the great precipices and gorges below like a crash of thunder.

About half way down the mountain and whilst we were negotiating the passage of a great landslide that sloped away steeply into the darksome depths of a roaring torrent bed, we caught sight of the largest flock of goats we had yet

drop him. Finally a snap shot at long range, as he was scaling a precipitous, rocky face, caught him well forward under the shoulder, and leaping in the air, he fell a matter of some three hundred feet into a clump of fern trees in the gorge below.

A laborious scramble round the edge of the cliff at last brought us to his body which lay doubled up and crushed among the rocks, the horns, however, were luckily not



View from the summit of Mt. Matthews.

seen. The leader of this flock was a magnificent old billy with a grand pair of horns. We determined to have these at any cost, so Harry tried a long shot at him. The old patriarch stumbled to his knees as the report rang out, but recovering himself, made off into the bush with the whole of our party in hot pursuit. He led us a terrible dance over the roughest conceivable country before we managed to run him down. Five more shots were fired, each of which struck, but failed to

broken by the fall, and proved well worth the trouble we had taken to obtain them. From this point it took us all our time to reach the river-bed before darkness fell upon us. The gorge we had struck was very narrow, and jammed with great stacks of broken branches and tree trunks. At one part of this gorge we shot a pure white goat, with long, silky hair like an Angora, and just before reaching the river a fine black cow with a young calf bounding behind her went crashing off in-