



THE CANCOOTRE PEAK,
FROM A SKETCH BY W. SIMPSON.

THE
ALPINE JOURNAL.

MAY 1874.

GANGOOTRE; A JOURNEY IN THE HIMALAYAS, TO THE
'COW'S MOUTH,' OR SOURCE OF THE GANGES. By
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Club, February 3, 1874.

AN outfit for Himalayan travelling may be got at any of the hill sanitariums, such as Simla or Mussoorie. Almost no accommodation can be obtained in the villages, because from the notions of the Hindoos on the subject of caste a European would, by his mere entering one of the houses, spoil all the food within it. Hence tents are an essential part of the outfit; also kitchen utensils for cooking, as well as plates, knives, forks, &c. The tent should be what is called a *shouldaree*, which one man can carry on his back, for the roads are such that in many places two men could not act together. A piece of waterproof and some matting or carpet does very well to put your sleeping things on as a bed, and, if rain should come down, your men will always make a *pie* or gutter to lead the water away. Flour and sheep, or bread and mutton, are about the only supplies to be got in the hills, so that tea, sugar, spirits, wines, &c., have all to be carried along with you, and if you are going for a long journey, a good number of men are necessary to carry the stores. Everything is carried on the back in a basket called a *kilta*. Coolies are engaged at times to go right along with travellers, and they may also be engaged at the villages for each march. In a long journey I would recommend having a few men to go on with you, and hire whatever more are wanted at each village, for as your stores get used up, fewer carriers are required. As most travellers have an eye to shooting in the Himalayas, a little variety is by this means added to the daily bill of fare.

The camping ground is generally chosen at a village, so that the servants and coolies may be able to purchase whatever they want, but there is no direct necessity for this. You

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carry your house along with you, and you may call a halt at any place. I know of no kind of life so charming as the travelling I had for two seasons in the Himalayas. Your tent is a safe refuge from the weather; you may have almost every comfort. Indian servants cook well, even on a hill side, and you bathe in the stream, which is generally not far from your tent door. It is a healthy life, for you are up in the morning with the sun, and have the march over by breakfast time. Ten or fifteen miles a day is about the average of Indian travelling in camp. Much more could be done, but the servants have to do their day's work, cooking for themselves as well as for you; and this, for the same reason, is about the distance, even on the plains, which a military camp moves. This gives the traveller in the Himalayas about the one-half of each day to himself to shoot, botanize, geologize, sketch, or do whatever his hobby may dictate. Sketching being my object, I was often in the villages. And in these out-of-the-way places the natives believe that every European sahib must be a doctor, so they came to me with their ailments. I did a good deal of medical practice, and in some cases I even earned reputation in that line. My whole medicine chest was contained in my brandy-flask. I cannot affirm that the work could be called profitable, but at last I managed to get a little return for it. My khansaman, or head servant, complained to me that the villagers would not produce some white kind of honey which he wanted for me, nor a particular kind of wool for my hill shoes, and he suggested the use of *bamboo buchsheese* to attain our ends. This is not a good system, and I would only use these means in an extreme case of self-defence. So I said that I thought it could be accomplished in another way, and added that when anyone enquired again about medicine he was to bring them to me. I saw a smile spread over his face indicating the dawn of intelligence, and at the next village two victims were found. I was at some trouble feeling the pulse and looking at the tongue, and then I announced that my medicine chest contained the very thing for their maladies. But there was white honey and wool I required very much; if they could get me some of these articles they would be properly treated. My principal servant was a serious man, and not given to fun or jest, but I could see that he was suppressing a laugh all during the performance. He went off with the two men to get the things required, and reporting that all was right, I gave my two patients half a glass of brandy each, which in actual value in that out-of-the-way locality was worth about ten times the wool and honey. I would recommend all travellers in the

Himalayas to use tact instead of force, and, under cover of being a *hakeem*, or doctor, you may easily attain any reasonable object.

The nearest hill station to Gangootre is Mussoorie; the usual arrangement for the journey is about fifteen marches to the temple, and it is about twenty miles beyond that to the glacier, so that it requires about a month to go there and back.

It may be stated that this journey took place in April and May, 1861.

I shall here give the usual list of marches, and a rough guess at the distances:—

		Miles
From Mussoorie to	Phedi	11
" "	Balah	12
" "	Lalooree	12
" "	Than	10
" "	Doondah	12
" "	Barrathath	11
" "	Moneri	11
" "	Batwarri	12
" "	Yalung	12
" "	Dongully	11
" "	Maicha or Sookee	15
" "	Jhala	10
" "	Deralie	11
" "	Biram Ghatee	9
" "	Gangootre Temple	9
" "	Glacier	20

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Mussoorie stands high, and the route from it descends to the eastward. After getting down into the valleys we found it hot towards the end of April. At midday the thermometer stood at 94° and 105° in the shade, but it was always cool in the evenings.

On the fourth day's march we came upon 'Gungajee,' as the natives call the sacred river. It has four sources—the Bhagiratha, the Aluknanda, the Jahnuvie, and the Bishengunga.* All these sources are sacred, but the Bhagiratha is esteemed to be so the most of all, and it is the most frequented by pilgrims. They are all large bodies of water, and the Aluknanda is reputed the largest; but when the 'source of the Ganges' is spoken of, it is always understood to be the Bhagiratha that is meant; and it is along the course of this

* Bishen is from *Vishen* or *Vishnu*.

branch that our route now lies to the glacier from which it issues.

I shall quote from notes made at the time, as they will give the best idea of our marching.

On the fourth march, about half way, we came in sight of the Ganges, and our tents were pitched close to the bank of the river at a very pretty spot. Met a lot of men travelling; one of them wanted medicine. I felt his pulse and looked at his tongue; after this each came up to be operated upon in the same way. One of them was a very stout fellow, with a great development of calves. He presented his wrist and tongue for inspection, with a serious complacency which was very ludicrous in such a healthy subject. After some laughter I told him he was in good condition, and would live to be a very old man, whereat he went off highly pleased. They all manifested a desire, although nothing was the matter with them, to have their pulses felt. One fellow rather amused us by the description of his disease, which was a little too complicated for our *materia medica*.

The march to Doondah is a long one. It is on the right bank of the river, and is tolerably level. The scenery is not particularly grand, the snowy peaks not being visible. There are many flat patches on the banks of the river, and the water-worn boulders of all sizes indicate that its bed has often changed, not only in its course but also its height. Some thunder to-day and a few drops of rain, which made it cool.

The next march to Barrahath is very level. A great deal of flat land on the right bank of the river, all alluvial. Passed many comfortable-looking villages, at one of which I stopped and got some milk, and in return prescribed for all sorts of malady. Barrahath is a large place, villages all round. There are a good many temples, and one with a large brass trident was said by the villagers to have been built by Maha-Deo himself. I found here, as in the season before, that the villagers, when you wanted anything, always replied 'Ooper milliga,' or You will find it when you go higher; but when it is a commodity they do not wish to part with, you never reach the spot where it is to be found. We expected to get hill shoes at this place, but were disappointed. We found here a strange encampment of Llamas, Chinamen, Ladakees, or, as they are called, 'Bot log,' and many types of people from all parts of the Himalayas. Thunderstorm came, with wind in such gusts that our tents were in danger of being blown away, but it made the air cool.

The next march was to Moneri, and was pretty level the

whole way. Passed a couple of villages, at one of which we found a maker of hill shoes, who undertook to supply an unlimited order, and to execute it he came on with our camp. These shoes were made of leather and wool; they only lasted a few days, but they were very cheap, and being comfortable we rather liked them. A woman was brought to me here with a very large tumour in the neck; it was quite as large as her face, but she felt no ill effects from it, only that from its compression of the throat there was a slight difficulty in breathing. A crowd gathered, and I noticed how prevalent tumours were among these hill people. On being asked if I had any medicine for this disease, I held up my penknife, and said that was the only remedy. The meaning of this figurative reply they quickly understood.

Batwarri was our next halting place, and rather a long march. A good deal of thunder, and about two hours' rain, which made it cool. Still, in the sun at midday the thermometer stood at 85°. There was a temple in this village in rather a dilapidated condition, and remarking to some of the villagers that it would most likely tumble down some day soon, they said, 'No, Sahib, it will not fall, because it was built by Maha-Deo—this is one of the titles of Siva. On hearing this I inquired if Maha-Deo was a stone-mason? This question produced a grin on the face of some of our coolies. Seeing that the roof of the temple was of wood, I backed up my first interrogation with another—'Is Maha-Deo also a carpenter, and does he practise all trades? for if he could manufacture hill shoes we would engage his services.' Our coolies now laughed quite outright at the simple villagers. This struck me as being a very good illustration of what seems to hold true in all times and places, that no matter how absurd a man's own notions may be as to what he believes in points of faith, he will yet laugh at what cannot be more absurd on the part of others. Some of these coolies were Brahmins, and they cooked their food apart by themselves, so that it would not be defiled. The day before I had passed the place where they were, and seeing one of them preparing some soup, I stopped to enquire where he got the vegetables. He said in the woods, and at the same time lifting the dish, he emptied it on the ground and told me I had spoiled it all. I felt annoyed and angry at this, for I had, knowing their caste prejudices, kept myself about 4 or 5 yards away; but having taken advantage of a fallen pine to make his fire against it, he pointed out that as my foot was touching the tree, it was of course touching the wood of the fire that was preparing his

food. I called him a fool and the son of a fool, a donkey and the son of a donkey, and heaped upon his head many of the idiomatic forms of abuse peculiar to that part of the world.

The march to Yalung we found the longest, or it was perhaps the hardest, we had encountered so far. No part of this march was level: all up and down. We stopped the coolies with the cooking utensils, and sent on the others to have our tents ready, and we had breakfast on the way. Although tired on getting to the camping ground, a bath in a cold stream and a change of clothing completely refreshed us. At this point the scenery begins to change and present some of the features of grandeur. We are nearing the snow, and could get peeps of it at points. The bed of the river is formed of gigantic masses of rock, among which the grey waters of Gungajee toss wildly about.

The road to Dongully was very fine, and the scenery still improving. We did not require to pitch our tents at this place, for we got housing under a large mass of projecting rock, where we had perfect shelter, although it rained all the afternoon. The khitmagurs construct the small fires for cooking with three stones at any convenient point, and at this place they had their kitchen in what turned out to be the dry bed of a stream. This from the rain became a torrent. The fitting of such a simple kitchen was an easy affair, but all the dinner had to be carried through this rushing cold water, and at one moment our currie was in imminent peril from the khitmagur stumbling as he waded through.

The next march, to Maicha and Sookee, was about the most trying on the route. We first crossed to the left bank of the Ganges, and then up a steep ascent of almost perpendicular rock, where we had to pass what was confidently believed to be a bridge. It was something of a half-breed between a shelf and a hen-roost, with a waterfall coming down on the middle of it. The truth is that no respectable hen would have risked herself upon such a fragile structure. The question naturally arose, 'Is Maha-Deo the pontifex maximus in this quarter?' If so, he is evidently no better at making bridges than in building temples. I watched a coolie or two go over with their burdens, and I came to the conclusion that Maha-Deo must perform the part of a local providence at that spot, for upon no other theory can I explain how we all got over that loose, shaky piece of wood without an accident. All the first part of this march was up and down over rocks, sometimes on all fours, with numerous shelves and ladders to pass, but none of

that nerve-trying fragility which had to be faced in the first one. We had breakfast on a level bit of ground near the bank of the river at Maicha, which is the usual march, and then went on to Sookee. At Maicha is a very fine pass, called Kapper Ghatee, with perpendicular cliffs overhanging the river. We noticed a small tributary stream here which left a snuff-coloured deposit upon everything, even upon the vegetation at the sides, and it seemed to harden upon every object like a petrification. We also passed some gold-washers. They had a rude kind of cradle, and a scoop to lift the sand, and a dish to pour water while they washed. They showed us a very small morsel of gold, which they said was the result of two days' work.

Having come on to Sookee the day before, the march to Jhala was only four miles, but we wanted to arrange about leaving some of the coolies and stores till our return. And this is the point where a route begins which we intended branching off upon to visit Jumnootree, or the source of the Jumna. Sookee and Jhala are in a very beautiful situation. There are low, well-wooded hills, and fine views of the higher snowy peaks. The apricot trees here are the finest I saw in the Himalayas. We measured one which was 12 feet in circumference. The apricot is much used by people of the hills, but they value the stones more than the fruit itself, on account of the oil which they extract from them. If you see any of the puharis eating apricots, you will notice the care with which he puts the stones in his pocket.

As the valley of the Ganges is wide here, the roads were not limited to a single mountain path, and as I struck the wrong route from Jhala, I found myself, when I got to Derali, with the river between me and that place. The Ganges is wide and shallow at this point, so it is easy to ford it. Some villagers offered to carry me over, but I refused their offer and waded, and at no place did the water reach above the middle. This formed part of my morning bath, which I finished on the other side, where my tent and baggage had arrived, and found a change of clothes. It was at Derali that I met a man whose life indicates in the most marked manner an intense love of mountains. This was James Wilson, celebrated as 'the shikaree of the Himalayas.' A very slight sketch of his life will illustrate what I say. He first came to India as a private soldier in a cavalry regiment, and during an illness had been sent up to the hospital at Landour, which is a part of Mussoorie. Here he fell in love with mountains, for there is a glorious view of them as you look eastward. He was afterwards sent home to England and discharged. He managed to

buy a gun, and worked his passage out to Calcutta again before the mast. From Calcutta to Mussoorie is over 1,000 miles, and this he tramped to return to what had become the devotion of his heart. He reached the mountains, and with his gun began a new phase of life. As he had calculated, he managed from the first to earn a living. When he shot a bear, he potted the grease and sent it to Mussoorie for sale. He stuffed all the birds of the hills, and managed to find customers for them. The bag of the musk deer brought about 30s. Thus he lived a life among the mountains in which his heart delighted. He made money and became respectable. We found that the name of 'Wilson Sahib' was a password of use over all that part of the Himalayas with the natives. His reputation stood so high that the Rajah of Gurwhal, which is the name of the territory, took him into his confidence and made him his friend. He consulted him in many matters of politics, particularly in those affairs in which he had to deal with the Indian government. As a mark of his esteem he had made Wilson a present of a village, of which he was lord and master. This was the village at which I had arrived on the other side of the Ganges in the morning, and their offer to carry me over the river was due to the influence of its head. On entering I could not at first make out how it was that the people were so different in their behaviour from those in other villages. In these out-of-the-way places women, girls, and children always ran away on the approach of a European, so I was astonished on this occasion to find a pretty puharie girl of about fifteen coming up and making a salaam to me; and, instead of running away, the children gathered round, and explained to me the mistake I had made. Wilson had married a hill woman, another illustration of his love of mountains, who came out to see me with one of her sons, and I was treated with every attention. The little boy got his attendant to carry him over the river with me, and he remained my companion all day. Wilson himself at last appeared, and spent the most of the day with us. What a fund of stories and information he had! After dinner we sat at a fire in front of our tents till long past midnight, listening to his many experiences all over the mountains. We had Ladak and Cashmere in our plan of summer travel, and he made out rough charts of our route the whole way, with the names of the marches, and I did not find him wrong in a single point. He marked the places where we might find the wild horse, the wild yak, and the *Ovis Ammon*, or wild sheep. At the time we found Wilson he was connected with a Company whose object was to cut the pines in the hills and send them floating down the Ganges to

the plains, where they were made into sleepers for the railways. Wilson, from his knowledge and influence among the people of the hills, could command the labour necessary. This was important and valuable, and we understood that he was becoming a rich man. He dined with us again as we returned, and I shall never forget the two days I spent with him, for a more charming character I have rarely met.

The next march, to Biram Ghatee, is very fine, through woods of splendid deodar and pine trees. The scenery here is not only grand, but from this mixture of forest and mountain it is also very beautiful. The Neelung river joins the Ganges at Biram Ghatee. Its water is much clearer than that of the sacred river, and its name is, I suspect, derived from *nil*, which means blue.

The march to the temple at Gangootre is also very fine. Derali is about the last village on the way, and there is none at the temple. A few hill Brahmins attend here in the summer months to guide the pilgrims in the ceremonies to be performed. These consist principally of bathing in the river, and praying, and making offerings to a female figure in marble of Gungajee in the temple. As far as I can remember, we represent rivers by male figures, such as old Father Thames, but the Ganges is always represented as a woman. The temple is 20 miles from the source, but as the peak of Gangootre can be seen at this point, and prayed to, this is the end of the Hindoo's pilgrimage.

There is no path or track above this; it is all jungle, and although rough in places, there is no great difficulty in getting over the ground. We crossed the river at one place on a snow bridge. We arranged to march about two-thirds of the distance, and camp, leaving enough only to go to the glacier and return again the next day. The pines ceased a few miles after we left the temple, and only small groups of birch were to be found, and the last of these were not far from the glacier. We had a few coolies with us carrying cooking things, and had a warm breakfast at the spot. It was very cold when starting in the morning, but by breakfast time the sun had come on the scene and made it very pleasant. The facility with which Indian servants can produce a good comfortable meal, even in one of the most out-of-the-way places, is one of the great charms of all Indian travelling. While the cooking was going on, my companion went off with his gun to try and get a shot at a burrel, a very large deer which is to be found in this locality. I filled up the time sketching, and had my morning bath in the largest pool I could find, a

little below the glacier. The water here is very muddy, of a dirty grey tint, and well iced, for I found lumps floating in my bath. I took care to drink some of the water, so as to be able to say that I had complied with all the necessary conditions of the pujah, for bathing and drinking the sacred Gunga at the Cow's Mouth is a ceremony of the very highest efficacy for the purification of all sin. It is the Brahminical idea that all stains are wiped away from the soul by these acts, so I thought it was an opportunity not to be lost, and took advantage of it to get what I suppose might be called a 'whitewash.' On my return to the plains I used, when I met holy men about the temples, to tell them that I had been to the Guy Ke Mukh, and that I had bathed in the Gunga pani there, and had also drunk the water. They used always to look very seriously, and say, 'Ah, Sahib, these are great words.' It may be remarked that the use of water for washing, or lustrations, combined with drinking it, is not confined to the Hindoo religion. The pilgrims do both at Mecca, and Baptism in the Christian Church is the lustration; and we have the other in the use of water in the wine, which, if I mistake not, is considered to be 'High Church,' but it is only a continuation of the ancient idea.

The glacier is generally put at about 13,000 feet above the sea, and the peaks around rise to nearly 23,000 feet. These peaks are very varied and beautiful in their forms; they are on each side of the valley; in fact, they seem all round, and look like white-robed deities gazing down on the birth of the sacred river.

To attach sacredness to sources of water was not in past times peculiar only to the Oriental mind, but at the present day we have it as a culte almost exclusively confined to the East; and in our time I think it may be said that there is no river source which has so many pilgrims, and so much worship devoted to it, as the Cow's Mouth. Even in the past it must have been the same. I know of only one other place which could equal it, but from its remoteness, although more sacred, it never could have been visited by so many devotees. That is the Mansarowar Lake, which, with the Rawan Rhad, stands on an elevated point near the sources of the Brahmapootra, the Indus, and the Sutlej. Even the source of the Ganges is at no great distance from these lakes, giving us four mighty streams flowing in different directions. Mansarowar is celebrated in connection with many of the Buddhist legends, as Anotatta-Wila, and was a most holy spot. It is still a place of pilgrimage, and there is a lamaserie there, but our know-

ledge of the place is at this moment very slight, for the difficulties of getting to it are great. It presents new ground for any enterprising member of the Alpine Club to reach, and give us correct information about it.

Having followed the Ganges to its very source, I propose telling you the mythic accounts of it given in the sacred books of the Hindoos, for there is not only a long history of its celestial origin, but there are numerous representations of it in old sculptures and pictures.

One of the common forms of these representations is to put Siva or Maha-Deo sitting on Kailasa, his heaven, which is a mountain. It is described as 'a throne of gems,' and is somewhere among the snowy inaccessible peaks of the Himalayas. This great god has, I think, considerable claims if any one would propose him as a member of the Alpine Club, for not only is his residence among Alpine peaks, but his wife is called 'Parbutty,' which means a mountain.* On the side of Kailasa is figured the head of the Bull Nandi, from whose mouth the water of the Ganges is seen as flowing. Hence the source is called by the Hindoos 'Guy Ke Mukh,' or the Cow's Mouth. This representation has a wonderful resemblance to what is described in the Apocalypse of the New Jerusalem, also a mountain, where the river of the water of life flows out from under the throne.

Another mode of representation is to make the water come from the head of the god; or rather, it should fall from above on his head, and then come down on the earth. The story upon which this is founded is told in the Ramayana, and the following contains the main features of it.

The King Sagara was about to perform the Aswamedha, or horse sacrifice, which was one of the most solemn ceremonies described in the ancient books of India. It requires a whole year's preparation, and when everything was ready for it on this occasion, the horse could not be found. Sagara commanded his 60,000 sons to go and seek the animal. After many doings this army of heroes found the horse with Vishnu, who, by merely breathing upon them, reduced the whole 60,000 sons of Sagara to cinders. No lustrous waters could be found to purify these remains, and without this they could not reach

* *Puhar* is the ordinary Hindostanee word for hill, but Parbut is to be found in connection with many mountains; there is the *Sumeri Parbut*, at Jumnootree; the *Nango Parbut*, or 'Naked Mountain,' 26,600 ft. high, north of Cashmere; and there is the *Hari Parbut*, which is the fort in Srinugger, Cashmere. *Giri* is the Sanscrit for mountain, and from it we have Dhwalagiri, and the Neilgherries.]

Paradise. After many efforts to procure water, at last Bhagiratha, the son of Dilipa, abandoned his throne, and became an ascetic on the sides of Himalaya. There, clad in skins and subsisting on roots, tortured by cold and every kind of suffering, he earned the highest renown of saintly merit. At the end of 1,000 years Brahma came and, addressing him as a 'Bull among saintly anchorites,' wished to know his desire, and it was that Ganga might be sent down with her purifying waters. To this wish Brahma refused to accede, for he said that the fall of Ganga from heaven would destroy the world. After another 100 years Maha-Deo came to this man of holiness, and offered to sustain this river of lustrous purification. Ganga came down from its celestial abode, and falling on the head of Siva, reached the earth without producing the much-dreaded destruction. All the gods, the Rishis and Brahmans, the Asuras, and even the Nagas, or Snakes, and all the hosts of heaven, came to look on at this great and marvellous event. The Ganges is supposed to flow through the three worlds, and when it reached Yama's region, or Tartarus, the ashes of the 60,000 sons of Sagara were purified and received into the celestial abode; and from Bhagirathi, this 'Bull of Holiness,' the branch of the Ganges I have described has got its name.

It will be noticed that there is a strange resemblance between this heavenly Ganga and the *Jourdain celeste* of the Gnostic and mystical writers of a long past date.

There is still another source of the Ganges to mention. The worshippers of Vishnu, for the purpose no doubt of making their god greater than Siva, represent the Ganges as flowing from the god's foot; the water then passes through heaven, and down on the head of Maha-Deo.

On the day of our visit to the glacier, I was astonished at the appearance of a figure, away perhaps about a quarter of a mile to the left. He was on the side of the hill, standing on the snow, some distance above the glacier. I was not the only one who saw him, and I was most particular in my enquiries if it was any one belonging to our party, but all the servants and coolies replied in the negative. Now there is no road in this direction; it does not lead to any of the passes crossing to Tibet, and the pilgrims never attempt to pass over to Kedarnath by the snow. As I have stated, they never go beyond the temple, which is 20 miles below, and the nearest village will be some 20 or 30 miles below that again. This phantom figure, living beyond all vegetation, puzzled me very much. I was afterwards told that some of the Hindoo devotees—what the writer of the Ramayana would describe as

'Bulls of Devotion'—will wander up among the snow at the source of the Ganges, to die there. They believe that there is a special merit in seeking death at such a sacred spot. I feel almost certain that the figure we saw was, according to his ideas, making an effort to reach heaven through that grand snowy portal, and thought such devotion to mountains worthy of recounting to you.

I confess to a feeling of great pride and satisfaction at having visited this spot. I consider it to be one of the most sacred shrines in the world. It is the source of one of the great rivers of this earth, and although not the greatest, it is at least one of the most renowned. According to Josephus, it is the Pison of Scripture, showing that its fame had extended to the shores of the Mediterranean even before the Christian era.

From my boyhood I have been a lover of mountains. My first love in art was a Highland hill, and I trust that that love will never fade. I have seen mountains since in all the four quarters of the globe, and loved them also. My feeling towards mountains is such that I should treat them as I would a lady, and say that 'I loved them for themselves alone,' and that ought, I think, to be an accepted motto of the Alpine Club. The grandeur and beauty of mountains are best known to those who climb them. Still, however beautiful they may be, we must not forget their value as the sources of streams, and that the snow on the higher ranges is a reservoir of perpetual supply to the plains below. Forget for a moment the loveliness of the snowy peaks, and think only of the Gunga as it comes forth, and the long journey it has, flowing through the hot plains of India. For about a thousand miles its way is the means of well-being and good for those on its banks. It may be said to be a temple the whole of this distance, for the Hindoo not only bathes in it, but he prays standing in its waters. Along the whole of that long space it is offered at every temple, and is the most sacred of all the offerings which are made to the gods of the Brahminical faith. It is used for the irrigation of fields, and the most important preventative from famines in India would be the extension of the means of using the waters of Gungajee for this purpose. Bringing moisture for what grows on its course, and producing food for millions, this sacred river must always seem a divine thing, a gift of the gods, given for the good of living creatures.