

old bird saw they were off he, declining to wait our approach, flew round to join them. "Well, well, that's too bad," said Robert. "Ah Robert," said I, "you see there are other cute old cocks besides you."

The bird is identical with the Norwegian ptarmigan, differing but slightly in appearance from the Scotch grouse, but larger. In the summer the plumage is brown with a few white feathers about the body, partially white wings, and the long tailfeathers black. In September, October and November they are changing their colour, and by the time the winter snows have covered the ground, they are almost white. They are at perfection in October. Having well fed upon the berries, they are in good condition, strong upon the wings, and afford excellent sport; and when the cock has done his duty, they are not excelled in flavour by any bird that's trussed. They lie well until they pack, about the beginning of November, after which they frequent the high ridges, and are very wary and wild. The setter is better adapted for ptarmigan shooting than the pointer, as there is plenty of water for him and his shaggy coat protects him from the scrub, where the skin of the pointer suffers severely.

We arrived at our proposed camping ground about noon, I having bagged a dozen birds on our way. All hands, except Robert and myself, were soon at work, after some refreshments, erecting a windshed for the night, and fixing up the oil-cloth underneath. It was formed with a ridge-pole, supported by forked sticks, and at one side sticks resting against the pole, which were thatched over with boughs. I spent the evening in shooting eight brace of birds, and getting a thorough ducking. The rain continued all night and our shed was not impervious. We, however, kept up a roaring fire in front, and a fierce war raged between the two elements. Scarcely had the cooling drops fallen on us when they were converted into mist; and by making a jack of one's self, slowly turning, the body was kept warm with all the luxury of a vapour bath. By dint of coiling and squeezing together dogs and all, we managed to get a sort of shelter, and no one was drowned. We even indulged in sleep; and when the sun rose next morning, with a delicious south-west breeze, we soon forgot the pleasures of the past night. Everything was soon dried, and every one was fresh and joyous. There was not a seedy man among us, altho' we had spent a *wet* night.

"Cock, cock, cock, cock, cock! c-a-u-k! kim-back, kim-back, kim-back!"

"Hark!"

"All right, sir. Here's one covey right out to the nordard, and another to the soudard and westard, close alongside."

"Aye, aye! We'll come back to you shortly."

Just at the dawn of day the covey takes a short flight from the roosting ground, led by the old cock, whose cackling indicates their whereabouts to the wide-awake sportsman.

After breakfast, we had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the camp with Bob, whose turn it was for work this morning (I find it better to work only one dog at a time; doing so with three dogs in ro-