

AMONG THE CELESTIALS.



CHAPTER I.

THE EVER-WHITE MOUNTAIN.

WHAT it was that first started me off on wanderings, which for ten years led me over so large a portion of Asia, it is difficult to say exactly. But I think the first seeds of divine discontent at staying still were sown in the summer of 1884, when I had obtained a few months' leave from my regiment, the King's Dragoon Guards, then stationed at Rawal Pindi, in the Punjab, and made use of it to tour through some of the lower ranges of the Himalayas.

My instinct first led me to Dharmsala, for many years the home of my uncle, Robert Shaw, who, with Hayward, was the first Englishman to push his way through the