

This summit, measured by Captain Montgomery, a staff-officer of the Indian army, is 28,650 feet above the sea-level.

The glaciers of the Himalaya, comprised between the Guarisankar, which overshadows Central Nepal, and the Kanchinjunga of Sikkim, which holds the third place among imperial mountains (28,550 feet), present one of the sublimest panoramas which it is permitted human eyes to contemplate.

The water of these "ice-torrents" feeds the river Cosi, which flows southward to empty itself into the Ganges, whose course runs nearly parallel to this part of the Himalayan range. The Cosi traces a silver furrow across the intensely verdant plains of Bengal. Lifting your gaze from the broad argent ribbon glittering in the sun, you perceive, at 200 or 250 miles distant, the cold white outlines of those snow-shrouded peaks, sharply defined against the azure sky. At the base of this aerial chain stretches the belt of woodland known as the Teray or Taraï, from a Persian word signifying "mist." Both at the beginning and at the end of the rainy season, the forests are hung with a dense white fog, which drives from their neighbourhood every living creature. The beasts abandon their deadly shades in mid-April, and do not return until towards October.

"Tigers and elephants," we read in a recent work, "seek the mountain; apes, antelopes, and wild boars pour down upon the cultivated plains; and those human beings—as couriers and soldiers—who are occasionally compelled to traverse the forests during this terrible season, agree in asserting that not a sound, not even the voice of a bird, breaks the horrid silence of this immense solitude, given up to the sole supremacy of malaria." *

The only pass of the Himalaya practicable for tourists is the gap or ravine through which the sacred river Sutlej flings itself headlong from mountainous Tibet into the low southern plain on its passage to the Indus.

This valley sinks down to a level not 3300 feet in height. Between its black precipitous sides flows the river, scarcely 180 feet in breadth. The natives cross it by means of a rope stretched from one steep wall to the other. To the rope is slung a wooden ring, and to the ring the traveller fastens himself with all his baggage. He is rapidly drawn across; but if the cable broke, he would be precipitated into the torrent which roars and foams below.

Re-ascending the banks of the Sutlej, we meet with the fresh and fertile scenes where our Anglo-Indians take refuge in the summer-heat, and endeavour to recruit their exhausted frames.

* De Lanoye, "L'Inde Contemporaine."