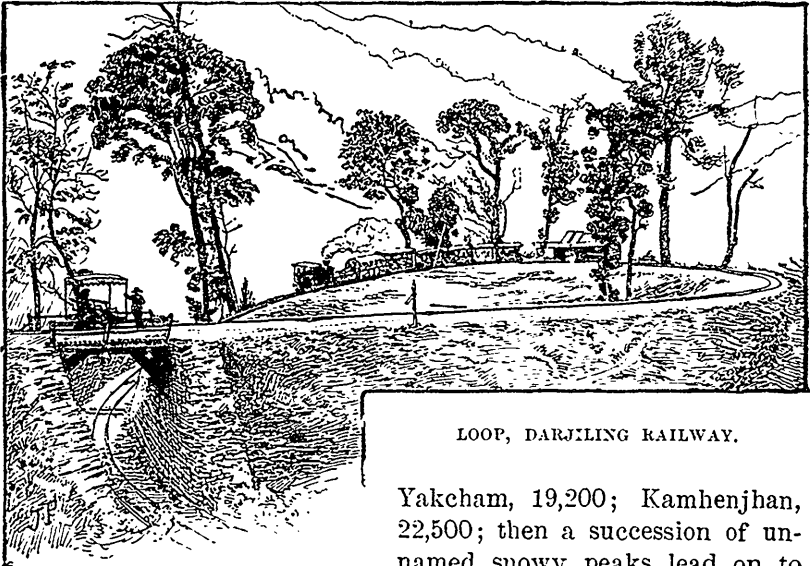


Darjiling lives under the shadow of Kinchinjanga, in the heart of the Himalayan Range. The station is 7,200 feet above Calcutta, yet when I was there in January, 1889, roses, nasturtiums, and lupins were blooming in the garden; wild raspberries were also plentiful in the evergreen forest which surrounds the town.

No pen can give any adequate description of the stupendous magnificence of the situation and surroundings of Darjiling. Standing on Observatory Hill, the very end of the spur, looking west, the eye travels round the amphitheatre, dwelling in turn on the icy summits of Janu, 25,300 feet above the sea; Kabur, 24,000; Pandim, 22,000; Narsing, 18,200; Chomiamo, 23,300;



LOOP, DARJILING RAILWAY.

Yakcham, 19,200; Kamhenjhan, 22,500; then a succession of unnamed snowy peaks lead on to Donkhia, 23,200, and other mountains of Bhutan. These fine sonorous words are fitting names for these Himalayan giants. Between these mountains, which stretch in a chain of over 200 miles in extent, are continuous successions of snow-fields and glaciers, and in the centre of the whole range rises their glorious monarch, Kinchinjanga, whose crown of ice rears itself five clear miles above the plain of Bengal. Its flanks are great granite cliffs, rising sheer for 8,000 or 10,000 feet; above them are the vast snow-fields and glaciers, from which the granite again breaks in black stern peaks standing out against the dense blue sky. The Himalayan air is so rare and clear that every little detail of the mountain appears visible, and the whole stands out distinct. Darjiling is 7,200 feet high, and although the summit of Kinchinjanga is forty-five miles distant as the crow flies, one must positively look up into the sky to see it.