

feet above sea-level to a snowy range, culminating in a peak 28,178 feet in height.

The valley bottom was narrow, and the Teesta River, 100 yards or so broad, dashed down over great boulders and beside precipitous cliffs with immense velocity. Both the main and the side valleys were very deep, the slopes steep, and the whole packed with a dense forest of rich and graceful and variegated foliage. Tropical oaks of gigantic size, a tree with a buttressed trunk growing to a height of 200 feet, "sal," sago-palms, bamboos, bananas, bauhinias, "took," screw-pine, and on the ridges *Pinus excelsus*. An immense climber, with pendulous blossoms, and which bears a fruit like a melon, was very prevalent, and aristolochias, with their pitcher-like flowers, orchids, and ferns. Tropical profusion of vegetable growth was nowhere better exemplified. But almost more remarkable were the number and the variety of the butterflies. I counted seventeen different species in a couple of hundred yards, some of the most exquisitely beautiful colouring, flashing out every brilliant and metallic hue; others mimicking the foliage, and when at rest shutting their wings together, and exactly resembling the leaves of a tree. Less beautiful, but equally abundant, was the wealth of insect life. And here with a vengeance was the thorn which every rose possesses. Midges, mosquitoes, gnats, every conceivable horror and annoyance in this particular line, was present here; also beetles in myriads; some spiders, too, of enormous size; cockchafers and cockroaches, winged ants, and, in addition to all these insect pests, the countless leeches on every leaf and every blade of grass. It is indeed a paradise for a naturalist, but only for such a naturalist as has his flesh under due subjection to the spirit. And such a naturalist was the great Sir Joseph Hooker, the friend of Darwin, who first explored this country in 1848 and 1849, and who is even now living amongst us.

The stillness of these parts I have already referred to. There is seldom a breath of air stirring, and one feels in a gigantic hothouse. But it is not noiseless, for, apart from the roar of the main river as it dashes impetuously