

1st of July. No. 5th My dear Mamma, I thought I
had better put our hands into a sort of diary, and then
I shall be less likely to forget anything. We are all right
as far and hope to be back at Darjeeling tomorrow night.
I will begin from our starting.

Darjeeling Friday Nov. 1st packed off 14 coolies with bedding
provisions, plates, cooking utensils &c at 10 in the morning
started ourselves. Then Colonel Mercer, Mr Scott and
myself at 1 in bright sunshine, in the dandy with 8
bearers, the gentlemen on ponies. About three miles
from Darjeeling we came to the Coom perhar forest,
and from there to the pahiri our first halting place
11 miles distant, the road lay entirely through
successive forests, nothing the sides of the great
mountain spurs. One might say of these places "This
is the forest principal". Up above as far as you can see
and down below, nothing but huge oaks and rhododendrons
their trunks and branches thickly fringed with
moss which sometimes hangs down in long thick tufts.
Magnificent creepers stretch from tree to tree, their stems
almost as thick as the branches themselves. Beneath
are the most exquisite ferns, tree ferns, peat tufts
Asplenium regalis and other big kinds, with the most
little ones nestling amongst the moss like water courses.
The gentlemen from Dooars and other were detained
and I came the whole eleven miles by myself with the
eight men. I did not feel very comfortable at first in
the dense lonely forest, but however I comforted myself
by thinking that it would not serve their purpose to detain
any longer and so I got safely to the end of the journey
at five o'clock in the midst of a dense mist which had
settled down upon everything soon after we started.
When I reached the bungalow, the coolies had already ar-
rived with the provisions so I opened the baskets and set
the cloth laid before the gentlemen advised. We had turned
soup, cold fowl and raman for dinner, and cake by way of
pudding. We all went to bed at 8. as our march to Tongloo
was to begin early in the morning.
Saturday, up at 6. packed off the coolies, had breakfast
and started ourselves for the 11 miles' march to Tongloo.

The first part of the road lead down a valley with a splendid mountain slope, something like the Coom pahar forest, only silder. Watercourses seemed to come from an invisible height above us amongst the trees and dash under the little narrow path into invisible depths below. In some parts this road is only about 3 feet wide and the precipices below must be many hundred feet, but the slopes are so dotted with rhododendrons and tree ferns and bamboo that one quite loses the feeling of fear in going past them. One part of the road lay through a bamboo forest which was very common. We came to trees again and ferns and water courses. At 12 we reached Tonglo, made the dreary journey look as comfortable as we could and had tiffin. Tonglo is 1080 feet high, so we needed wood fires but we were all very jolly. The sort of it was, there were no oxen to be seen, as a must had everything but the nearer mountain. From towards evening we went up a little hill behind the house and saw a fine effect of cloud sunshine and mist on the valleys around. We intended to leave staid Sunday at Tonglo, and gone on to Smeditfoo 2000 feet higher on Monday, returning to Tonglo on Tuesday, but we found it would be impossible to take the such long marches on successive days; so, as we must be back at Tonglo on Tuesday, we determined to make the march on Sunday, and give both coolies and ponies a day of rest on Monday. We got up at five on Sunday, saw a plowman sowing over the hills from the top of the little hill, then set off the coolies, had prayers and started on our way. When and Mr Scott took a high road from which a view of Mount Everest is to be obtained Colonel Mercer and I went down the valley, meeting them about five miles on, where the roads met. I walked nearly all the way, and did not feel at all tired. It would be utterly impossible to describe the wildness and beauty of the forest scenery, though as on the day before we got no such view. Such tree ferns and reapers, and plant rhododendrons, and oaks above and below us, and through breaks in trees we got glimpses of the other side of the mountain in all the

2 lovely Autumn tints of scarlet and crimson and blue
 and russet and gold. We descended 1500 feet into this
 valley so you may imagine that a climb we had to make
 up that again, as well as the 2000 feet up to Sandakphu.
 It tired my bearers very much, though I salted part part
 of the way whenever there was level ground. However I
 kept up their spirits by giving them a little glass of port wine
 all round, and by four in the afternoon we got to the
 end of our climb. It was very curious to mark the change
 in the character of the vegetation as we ascended. The
 splendid oaks and ferns and creepers gradually dis-
 appeared. The bamboos which in the valley beneath had
 shot up 40 and 50 feet with their long drooping tassels of
 leaves, dwindled down to little bits of things as long as my
 arm, the rhododendrons held on till about 11000 feet
 high, when they too disappeared, and above our heads
 there came only ragged pine trees and beneath our feet
 a little dry shrubbed everlastings, which gave the mountain
 a very cold grey look. Arriving at the bungalow, we found
 a note to look for Mount Everest, the very highest
 mountain in the world, which is the peak of Sandakphu, but
 alas it was not to be seen, and only a bit of the top of our
 familiar Kinchinjunga, which is 50 miles nearer. We
 went to bed hoping for better luck in the morning, but I
 awoke with a bad headache the result of too much walking
 on the previous day, and it was all I could do to drag
 myself out into the verandah to see a little bit of the base of
 the great mountain monarch. By afternoon I was better
 again and we went up to the flag staff behind the house to see
 the sunset. That a glorious sight it was. Fanny being 12000 feet
 high in the interior of the Himalaya. For miles and miles round
 us was a rippling ocean of mountains bounded on the
 north and east by the two gigantic snowy ranges of Everest
 and Kinchinjunga, and on the west and south by the plains
 of Assam and Nepal. The Nepal snowy range culminates in
 the Himalaya Everest, and the Tibet range in Kinchinjunga.
 I suppose we could not have seen less than four hundred
 miles of snow. The evening sunlight upon the long ranges of

peak was very lovely. It remained, deepening with crimson
son, until after the deer sky behind had become quite a
dark blue, an effect I have never even before. Generally
the very time dies away whilst the sky is still a pale
blue. It was a sight long to be remembered. After sunset
according to the hymn, "the moon took up the soundron tale"
and from our room windows, for it was too cold to sit in
the mirandah, we watched the majestic white peaks, plain
through the pine trees as though carved in crystal. The coolies
had been collecting wood all day for a bonfire on the
top of the play staff hill and at seven the gentlemen went out
to light it, as Colonel Mearns had promised the boys to leave on
so that they might see it from Darjeeling.

N. B. I am writing this on a hill five miles from Tongloo
as I have come out here for tiffin, and whilst the gentlemen
explore the country, I sit here in my dandy in front of Mount
Everest and gaze to you with the 8 coolie bearers squatting
round me. I have made them my happy by giving them a
lot of our biscuits, as the Bhootia people have not the kind
prejudice against food that has been touched by Christians.
Yesterday, up at 5, packed up and sent off the coolies, and sent
up to the top of the hill behind Suddulfoo to see the sunrise. Here
we had our finest view of Mt Everest, or Deodunga, the Mount
of God, as the natives call it. He are about 70 miles from it
and only 35 from Simlungya, so that the magnificent range of
the latter is much more imposing. Still Mt Everest has a distinct
beauty of its own. Most of the other great mountains rise in
rippled fantastic masses, throwing out huge spurs which
run up into other mountains, but Everest rises clear
and distinctly, as if it meant to spend all its strength
in climbing straight to the skies there is something
wonderfully impressive about its calm solitary
dignity. If we could get as near to it as we are to Simlung
yungya, one would be almost overpowered. As we
are, it, 70 miles distant it is a sight to be remembered
for all one's life. - At nine on Tuesday, we started
down from Suddulfoo for Tongloo. The mountains
which had been hid in mist clear we came up on

3. Sunday, was shown out in all their glory. How perfectly beautiful that ride was. The sun was shining upon the forests in all their wondrous array. Sometimes a turn in the road showed us a great wide gorge, beyond it a bubbling mass of purple blue mountains, and beyond them upon the clear blue sky were the clear white crystal peaks of Kinshimunga and his four younger brothers, not one of which is less than 25,000 feet high. Again another turn in the forest path broke out a view to the west, and there, stretching out beyond the rugged mountain spires were the Nepalese plains 11,000 feet below us, with the great rivers winding along and the dark patches of forest and lighter streaks where the land was cultivated. Here also there was no opening out, either to the sun or the plains, there was the dense forest covered us with its live ferns and bamboos, and mossy green trees and tosy creepers. We ascended Tongloo at 3. Had hot soup and then went, up the hill behind the house to see the summit. Next morning up at five and to the hill for sunrise, a wonderfully grand sight, the first golden light tipping the higher snow peaks, and then creeping down until they were all one mass of another fold. After breakfast we went out about five miles to a mountain spur from which here is a view of Everest again and there I wrote the first part of this letter before with the grand monarch in front of me. The top of sun was hidden by clouds however, but he was a grand sight, even with his turban on. At night we all went to the top of the hill for sunset and to light a big bonfire which the coolies had been building up all day. It was a famous blaze and I have no doubt the boys at Darjeeling were looking out for it would have fine fun. It was very picturesque to see the men in their different costumes in the red firelight, Colonel Mercer's Bungalow bearer, our Blotia coolies, the kindoo bearer, and the gentlemen in their big Kashmiri coats. So come and to bed. Thursday morning, up at daylight to peak of the coolies, and then here to the bungalow at Pokhori.

I am writing this to you whilst waiting for the postmen
to start. The morning both with a drizzling rain, which
made us dread that our journey was ending instead
of beginning. We have had lovely weather until now, and
so we have no right to complain. The rain cleared off
as we were coming through the forest here, so that we
were able to enjoy the grand trees and ferns again.

Darjeeling. Friday. My letter gets on by express.
I hope you will be able to meet out the
pencil part. This morning we have been
doing up all our heavy luggage and
sending it in advance to Siliguri, where
we take the train. We can only carry very
little with us in the mail cart by which
we travel down on Monday. We got back
quite safely on Thursday about four
very delighted with all we had seen, but
very thankful to be in a comfortable
home again, after the dirty, dull bungalows.
The scenery of the Himalayas is
splendid, but not so the accommodation
for travellers. However we only remember
the beauty. Our little trip was very pleasant.
Everything went on pleasantly. You
would be surprised at the number of coolies
we had to take with us for 6 days. Eight for my
dandy, 14 for the baggage, besides a sirdar,
or what in Europe would be called a courier,
to make arrangements and look the men
in order. Then ~~there~~ ^{four} ~~eyes~~ eyes, one for each pony
a bearer, a jemadar, and two table
servants, making in all 31 attendants,
and they were not one too many.
When left the coolies in great good temper

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by giving them Bedonkoko cheroots of which
he brought a great store and at Suindulfoo,
where the cold was severe, we gave them a
draf of rum every night. They all kept well
during the march and we came home
leaving nothing to regret, except that we
could not stay longer amongst the beau-
tiful scenery. I shall leave this with Mr
Carter to post, as we may forget it in
Calcutta amidst all the bustle. I found
your letter when I came back, and there
was a very nice one from Lillian. We
hear much more frequently from
the children now. I hope Mrs Larpool
will soon set up her strength again. I
look forward very much to seeing her
next year. You must ask Mr Dare
to be on the lookout for a suitable house.
I hope one will be found at the Inn.
I wonder if Philip has seen the series
of Literature, Science, and History
Primers, published by Macmillan. They
are only 1/- each, sixteen of them. I mean
to get them all when I come home. She
would find them very useful in
her reading with Norfolk.
John sends his love to you both and
with mine I am your affectionate daughter Eliza

Saturday. We are having clear moonlight nights
now, and the effect is most beautiful. We spend
all our evening in the veranda, watching

the mists. Last night we went over to the school
play ground from which you look over the
valley. The clouds lay packed in it with the moon
light upon them making them look like foamy
waves. Here and there a mountain rose among
them like a great black rock and in the distance
a great range of hills stretched round like some
line of cliffs round a bay. I could have fancied
I was standing on a headland and looking
over the sea.

Saturday. Nov. 16. Safe home at Allahabad.

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