

Pereira advanced he got a glimpse of the glitter on its golden roof. The country was still treeless till getting near to Lhasa, when villas and walled enclosures full of willow and other trees were seen. At 10 miles was Drukpa or "the Ferry", with a very stony beach on either side. The river was 80 yards wide and 10 feet deep. As usual, coracles were used for the passage. A small official stationed here brought Pereira some Chinese cakes and small unripe peaches. He then crossed a stony plain stretch 4 miles to the north to barren hills, at the foot of which was the great Sera monastery, a several-storied block of whitewashed buildings. At $14\frac{1}{4}$ miles he entered Lhasa, a rather dirty city with houses of stone, two or three storied, and with the usual quaint Tibetan windows. And here, once more, were shops, pink potatoes, eggs, sugar, etc. It was a treat to him to see a shop again.

He rode straight to the newly established telegraph office and despatched a telegram to his brother, worded, "Lhasa Englishman first." He had to economise words, and what he meant was that he, an Englishman, was the first to reach Lhasa from Peking.

"I entered with my white beard, very tired but happy", he writes, "for the great trek was at last a thing to look back upon. The weary miles of tramping were over.

"Riding through the city I passed the wonderful Potala, one of the wonders of the world—a gigantic block of buildings. I have not yet counted how many stories high, mostly whitewashed, with the centre painted red and surmounted by small