

on October 26. Pereira had given him a pony and a Jaeger lining for his "coat-warm-British". In return he gave Pereira two fine bronze Tibetan pots, one for tea and the other for wine; also a bottle of cr me-de-menthe and two bottles of ginger.

On October 28 Pereira began his journey to India, taking with him only his Chinese boy-cook and the half-caste Chino-Tibetan interpreter from Tangar. On October 30 he crossed the Tsang Po (Brahmaputra) by ferry. It was the last great river on his journey. He still kept up walking his eight miles a day, but found it tried him, and at night he was very weary. The next day he passed the beautiful blue serpentine Yamdrok Lake, on which there were swarms of quite tame geese and duck; but he thought the scenery spoilt by the bare, treeless hills. The weather was fine, but chilly, and on November 1 it was bitterly cold. On November 3 he crossed the Karo La. The morning was one of the coldest of the entire journey. His hands were in torture, and the sun made no difference. And that night he wrote: "For the last two or three nights I have spent nearly twelve hours in bed to get warm. Each night it requires arduous rubbing to get my frozen right foot warm and to get the sting out of the old frost-bitten patches. How I long for the warmth of India, then never again I trust to travel in ice-bound countries. I long to be able to look back upon Tibet as a reminiscence. How nice it will be in the winter to sit by a blazing fire in a comfortable chair and think of the sufferings I endured there, and of the