

marvellous way in which Providence protected me from even worse. I think a second such journey would kill me."

Gyantse was reached on November 5. Here he met the first Europeans, except Madame Nèel, since leaving Tangar in May. They were Dr. McGovern and Captain Ellam of a so-called Buddhist Mission. There were, too, Mr. Macdonald, the British Trade Agent, and about seventy Indian soldiers. These last were very smart. "It was a treat", he writes, "to see again a man who *could* present arms, and also to see the Union Jack once more flying in the afternoon breeze. Good old England!"

And he saw here Indian papers up to October 28, and containing the news of his arrival in Lhasa—also the results of the Leger, Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, "all won by rank outsiders I had never heard of".

On November 7 he resumed his journey, but now onwards there were dak bungalows with glass windows and real fire-places, doors, a bed, tables, chairs—such luxuries as he had not seen for months. There were even books, and he re-read *The Velvet Glove*. On November 13 he crossed the Himalaya by the Tang La, 15,200 feet, and reached Phari. Everybody had dwelt on the cold of this stage, so he had dreaded it badly, but found it not so cold as the Karo La. Next day he marched down the Chumbi valley, thickly wooded and with delightful smell of pine. On November 16 he crossed his last pass, the Nathu La, 14,700 feet. At last he was out of Tibet and could say he had been right across it.