

comforters, thick jerseys, and warm socks, were provided for both fighting men and followers. If the Government of India does a thing at all, it does it well, and nothing was spared—except the mules—to make the movement a success.

The local authorities were also extremely helpful. Mr. Walsh, the Deputy Commissioner of Darjiling, on account of his knowledge of the frontier, and because he spoke Tibetan, was to accompany me as an Assistant Commissioner; and Mr. Garrett, who took his place at Darjiling, put his whole energies to collecting coolies, ponies, and supplies. The local engineers got the road along the Teesta Valley—which with unfailing regularity falls into the river in the rainy season—into proper working order again. Mr. White, in Sikkim, set to work to raise a coolie corps for work on the passes. And in a month from the date of receiving the sanction of the Secretary of State, General Macdonald was able, in spite of the blow which had befallen him in the loss of the yaks, to make the start towards Tibet.

It was a sad day when I said good-bye to my wife and little girl to plunge into the unknown beyond the mighty snowy range which lay before us. To me there was nothing but the stir and thrill of an enterprise which would ever live in history; before her there lay only long and dreary months of sickening anxiety and suspense, for which my eventual success might or might not be a sufficient recompense. A little knot of visitors assembled at the Rockville Hotel on the morning of December 5 to bid us good-bye and good luck, and Mrs. Wakefield, the manageress, patriotically waved a Union Jack. Then we were off—as it turned out, to the mysterious Lhasa itself.

The first night I passed with Mr. James, a nephew of my old travelling companion in Manchuria, at a most charming little bungalow in a tea-plantation, and on the way met other tea-planters, all very anxious that my Mission would have the result of opening up Tibet for their produce. I once more rode through all that glorious tropical vegetation in the Teesta Valley. I passed the camp of the 23rd Pioneers, and first made the acquaintance