

city of Lhasa unless in attendance on an officer. The Tsarong Sha-pé asked me to give them a written agreement to this effect. I said I would, provided they would give me a written agreement that traders from the city would not be prevented from coming to sell things to the soldiers in camp, as the Gyantse traders had done. The Tsarong Sha-pé said that this would be impossible without the consent of the National Assembly. I told him that I could not in that case give them the written agreement, and I rose at once and closed the Durbar.

The final effort to stop us had failed, and on August 3 we set out on our last march. The eventful day, to which we had so long looked forward, had at length arrived. We marched up a well-cultivated valley two or three miles broad, bounded by steep snow-capped mountains, and with a rapid river as wide as the Thames at Windsor running through it. We passed numbers of little hamlets and groves of poplars and willows. And then we saw, rising steeply on a rocky prominence in the midst of the valley, a fort-like dominating structure, with gilded roofs, which we knew could be none other than the Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama of Lhasa.

The goal of so many travellers' ambitions was actually in sight! The goal, to attain which we had endured and risked so much, and for which the best efforts of so many had been concentrated, had now been won. Every obstacle which Nature and man combined could heap in our way had been finally overcome, and the sacred city, hidden so far and deep behind the Himalayan ramparts, and so jealously guarded from strangers, was full before our eyes.