apologizing for introducing business matters into the conversation during my first visit to him, I took leave of the Amban and returned to camp by a détour through the

heart of the city.

Two of the Councillors, with two Secretaries, called upon me on the following day with 280 coolie-loads of tea, sugar, dried fruits, flour, peas, and butter, and bringing also 20 yaks, 50 sheep, and Rs. 1,500 in cash. With the object of getting into the next best house in Lhasa, I made a pretence of wishing to go into the Dalai Lama's Summer Palace, which was in the plain close by, and eventually arranged that the house of the first Duke in Tibet should be at my disposal. This would contain the whole of my staff, as well as an escort of two companies, and was therefore, both for purposes of possible defence and also for receptions, much more suitable than a camp in the open plain.

I had now got into touch with both the Chinese Resident and the highest Tibetan officials, and I was also on the same day—August 5—to see the two men who were eventually to be of the greatest help to me as intermediaries—the Nepal representative who was permanently stationed at Lhasa, and the old Tongsa Penlop of Bhutan,

who had just arrived from Gyantse.

Captain Jit Bahadur had been many years in Lhasa, and was much respected. He had very courteous manners, and was much more quick and alert than the Tibetans. He had orders from his Government to give me every assistance, and no one could have been more helpful.

The Tongsa Penlop had neither the local knowledge nor the quickness of Captain Jit Bahadur; but he was a man of more importance—he is indeed now Maharaja of Bhutan—and his representations carried weight. He and Mr. White soon made a firm friendship, and together they did much to bring the pagestic time.

did much to bring the negotiations through.

There was still no sign, though, of any definite delegates being appointed to negotiate with me, and on August 8 I had to report to Government that the Tibetan Government was in utter confusion. My old friend the Ta Lama had been disgraced, as, poor man, he