

brought him down, and with him his rider Guffar, a Ladaki, the fool of the caravan, who was precipitated into deep water. After this accident the prudent course seemed to be to pull the unled ponies across with a rope, an operation which fell to my lot. The rope soon froze in my hands, which became quite numb; my footing on the ice was by no means secure; the projecting rocks, wet by the splashing of the ponies, and quickly frozen over, afforded but treacherous support, and, on the whole, I was glad when this task was finished.

Ram Singh, whom I left behind, made a gallant attempt to reach a point whence a view of the west end of Raskam might be obtained. His efforts deserved success, but failed to command it. Climbing to a point about 5,000 feet higher than Camp 126, according to the aneroid barometer whose reading I had noted before he started, he found that still higher ridges intercepted the view, and it was impossible for him to proceed further.

I had thought it not improbable that I might be able to spend Christmas at Kashgar with Macartney, but had now to face the fact that the exploration of this part of Sarikol would take much longer time than I had supposed. More money and supplies had to be obtained, and I sent Islam to Tashkurghan to borrow money from Munshi Sher Mohammed, and to ask him for assistance in procuring flour, salt, and other articles.

My next route was that which had been at first suggested by the Ming Bashi of Nosh Tung, the point which I had to reach being Pil. My distance from this place I could not find out, but all informants testified to the difficulties of transit. The Sargon Pass, 11,500 feet high, was, as Ram Singh told me, very steep, and, with the passage of it in prospect, I had hired as many good yaks as could be collected, so as to lighten the loads of my own baggage animals.