

forward without me, and when I saw the dangers of the road I went on as quickly as the nature of the ground would allow, to ascertain how many animals had fallen down the precipice. The path was here a narrow goat-track, and it was obstructed by projecting rocks, but the ponies and donkeys carried little or no baggage, and the laden yak were familiar with the dangers. I have no wish to exaggerate the difficulties of the way, but even now, writing amidst the mountain scenery of Switzerland, I marvel at the skill and daring shown in this descent. At several places the rocks were so steep that the ponies and donkeys had to be helped down by the men, but for whose careful assistance they would have tumbled heels over head to instant death below. All the men worked hard, especially the Ladakis, who, though not in all circumstances ideal companions for the traveller, were always where endurance and faithful labour were required equal to the occasion. In the descent my efforts were devoted to the safety of the caravan, and I regret that I found neither time nor place convenient for the work of photographing the scene; nor could I make good this omission by a sketch, for I have no skill in the use of the pencil. The position, however, of the Tugadir Pass is shown on the accompanying map, with the help of which one may reach a tolerably accurate notion of the general configuration of the country.

It was with a sense of relief that we approached the bed of the river, but even there our troubles were not ended, for steep and rocky ground still lay before us. One such place we were fortunately able to avoid by walking on the ice which extended for some yards from the left bank. Further on, the river was completely frozen over, and the ice proved strong enough to bear the caravan. The ponies, having been with me ever