

grass. At the top (12,900 feet) the temperature was at 0° F., but Ram Singh, protected from the snowfall by a large numnah held over him and the plane-table by two men, pursued his labours indefatigably. Before it was quite dark we reached a small group of houses, mostly uninhabited. The occupants of the largest of the dwellings gave me the use of their abode for the night, going themselves to some neighbours down the valley, but leaving their live stock under my care. The poultry would not be evicted, but raised so much dust that the effort to dislodge them had to be discontinued. The domestic donkey, sheep, and goats were easily turned out, but re-entered whenever the door was open. As the door could be barred only on the inside, I resigned myself to the company of these animals, which passed the night on fairly amicable terms with my new dog, "Yul Bash." Ram Singh, Abdul Karim, and Dass were sheltered under a dilapidated outhouse, while the caravan men slept with only the baggage round them. We obtained here a little chopped straw and barley, but no water, only some muddy ice for our own use.

Early next morning I started off to pace the distances, and Ram Singh devoted himself to sketching the narrow valley which enters the Chorlang valley at Bagh. In the Chorlang valley, which was so narrow and winding that surveying operations were tedious, there were several villages with trees about them.

When about six miles from Kosarab I was surprised to see a smartly dressed native of India, wearing a bright scarlet lungi, approaching me in company with Islam. He proved to be Mohammed Ramzan, native doctor to the 16th Bengal Cavalry, but now attached to the British agency at Kashgar. He had been sent by Macartney to attend to Sonam, who, however, was now in perfect health. His excellent clothes of the newest Kashgar cut,