

to be the glacier we should have to ascend in order to reach the Salto Pass, while the Oprang River could be seen to flow down from another glacier to the south; and still another appeared in view, coming in a south-east direction, and rising apparently not very far from the Karakoram Pass. We were therefore now in an ice-bound region, with glaciers in front of us, glaciers behind us, and glaciers all round us. Heavy snow-clouds, too, were unfortunately collecting to increase our difficulties, and I felt that we should have a hard task to reach the pass.

On first looking at one of these glaciers, it would appear impossible to take the ponies up them; but the sides are always covered with moraine, and my experience in the exploration of the Mustagh Pass in 1887 showed that, by carefully reconnoitring ahead, it was generally possible to take the ponies for a considerable distance, at least, up such glaciers. We, therefore, now ascended the left side of the glacier, and halted for the night at a point from which a full view of the pass at the upper end of the glacier was obtained. The pass, indeed seemed quite close, but distances in the clear atmosphere of these high mountains are very deceptive; and though my orderly, inexperienced in mountaineering, on first seeing the pass, was delighted to think that we should reach its summit on the following day, we did not actually approach it for three days yet to come, and our adventures on the way may perhaps be best described by extracts from my journal written day by day on the spot.

*September 14.*—A very hard, trying, and unsatisfactory day. I started off this morning full of zeal, ready to go anywhere and do anything, but finished up utterly tired out and careless of what might happen. These glaciers are terribly hard going, and after working the whole day we are only as far as where I originally hoped to be last evening, and the pass is as far off as ever. I started off early this morning before