

a beautiful transparent green where it was broken. But it was a hard thing to encounter on the way. We formed a plan of carrying the loads over the *débris* of ice, and swimming the ponies across a strip of water; but on exploring ahead we found it even worse, and there was nothing for it but to go back some distance and try another way. This we did, but were yet again brought to a standstill by some crevasses, and here we halted for the day.

*September 15.*—We went back again, and at last found a way which led us straight up the centre of the glacier. We got along famously, and are now encamped at the head of the glacier, close under the pass, which we will attempt to-morrow. It looks rather like a repetition of the Mustagh, rising like a wall for about two thousand feet, and nothing but snow and ice. It may, however, turn out easier upon closer acquaintance.

*September 16.*—To-day we made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Saltoro Pass. I had given orders to be called at 2 a.m., and after having some chota hazri, and making all necessary preparations, we started at 3.30 a.m. It was snowing hard and freezing hard, while dense clouds overhead hid the moon, so that we had barely sufficient light to find our way. Yesterday afternoon Shukar Ali and I had reconnoitred ahead, and determined the general line of advance and the best point at which to attack the pass, and we now proceeded steadily up the *névé* at the head of the glacier. At first crevasses were frequent, some visible—great staring rents in the ice fifty or sixty feet deep—others invisible, being covered with snow; these last were the dangerous ones, for the snow would suddenly give way under you, and your legs would go down a deep, dark hole. But, though this frequently happened, we had no accidents, and the higher we climbed the less frequent became the crevasses, though the snow became softer, and it was heavy work trudging along and sinking knee-deep at every step.