

that, though the whole party explored in all directions, we could find no possible way of getting the ponies along. I therefore decided upon encamping, and going on the morrow with a few men lightly loaded to the pass. I had some tiffin—rather an important point on these occasions when the time of the real tussle has arrived, and you are feeling rather down with things in general—and then started off to explore a route for the men to follow; but although I went in and out everywhere along the whole front, I found it impossible to get ahead. I then returned to camp, had a cup of good hot tea, and set out again backwards; but it was no go. We were in a regular *cul de sac*; ahead were impassable crevasses, and on each side were the main lines of the glacier pinnacles of pure ice, still more impracticable than the crevasses.

On September 16 we started back down the glacier, snow still falling heavily. The Gurkha naik, Shahzad Mir, and myself kept looking everywhere for some way of getting off the glacier on to the mountain-side, where it was evident we should find a passable road. Once or twice we got right up to the edge of the glacier, but just a few crevasses and broken crags of ice always prevented us from actually reaching *terra firma*. I was on the point of giving up, when I saw what seemed to be a practicable route. The others stayed behind, saying it was impossible; but I went on and on, and at last reached the edge of the glacier, and only a pond, heaped up with blocks of ice and frozen over, separated me from the mountain-side. The ice was very treacherous, but, by feeling about with my alpenstock, I got across safely; and then, going along the mountain-side for some distance, found a very promising route, which I followed up for some little distance.

On returning to the lake I found the naik and Shahzad Mir had followed me, the former having got across all right, but Shahzad Mir had gone through the ice up to his waist. The water was far out of his depth, and he had only saved himself