

So I used to say that I was going by a pass to the right of such and such a pass, the latter being some well-known one. For a long time the men replied, one after another, that no such pass existed, but at last one man said that it was a very difficult one. Then I had the clue that there really *was* one, and matters after that were comparatively simple.

Two days after passing Bozai-Gumbaz, we reached the foot of the long-sought-for pass. But it was snowing hard, and had been snowing equally hard for some days. Lieutenant Stewart, who had preceded me by a few days, had crossed the Khora Bhort Pass with difficulty, according to our Wakhi guides. We were now well into October, and this heavy fall of snow had closed the pass for the year. I told the Wakhis that the weather would certainly clear on the morrow, and then we should find no difficulty, for I had crossed many passes before and knew how to tackle them. But when we rose at five the next morning it was snowing harder than ever, and the Wakhis said it was quite impracticable. I told them, however, that I wanted them to come with me to show me how impracticable it was, and then we started off, Davison and I riding yaks, and two Wakhis on foot. How thankful we in England ought to feel that the Oriental does not come raging round our country and insist upon turning us out to climb mountains in the depth of winter, and in the middle of snowstorms, while he rides comfortably along by our sides and tells us that there is no difficulty! The patient, submissive Wakhi consents to do this without a murmur—that is to say, without a murmur worth recording in these pages. And the result was that we were able to cross the pass successfully and without any serious inconvenience.

After ascending a rocky valley for three miles, we suddenly came on a glacier, up which we had to climb for about seven miles to the summit of the pass. The snowfall was so heavy, that when we were once on this glacier we could not see a trace