

was likely to be impeded by its covering masses of rock and detritus. So I decided to try a route along its western edge, where the main drainage had cut itself a way between the lateral ice wall of the glacier and the steep boulder-strewn slopes rising above it. To cross this stream of greyish ice-water where it debouched near the snout was not easy on yaks, even so early in the day, and the apprehension seemed justified that by the time of our return in the evening the melting snows might have made the passage quite impracticable. The eventual prospect of being cut off from camp and its comforts after a tiring day's work was not encouraging. But there was nothing for it but to face it.

For about a mile onwards the slope to the west was practicable for yaks, in spite of the confused masses of rock detritus which covered it. But soon we were forced to pick our way over huge blocks of rock heaped up wall-like and almost as bad as those over which our climb of the previous day lay. An hour's toil had scarcely advanced us more than a mile when there came in view, a short distance ahead, a precipitous rock-spur which would have effectively barred farther progress, at least for the accompanying Taghliks. Between the foot of this spur and the ice of the glacier, pressing in contorted masses against it, the stream was rushing down in foaming cataracts (Plate II.).

But fortunately at a point below we saw it spreading in several branches over a small delta-like basin formed by the detritus washed down from a glacier-crowned side valley. So we crossed here to the side of the glacier, the big lateral ice walls of which had faced us all along. In many places the masses of dark-coloured ice, from 120 to 200 feet in height, rose almost vertically above the side moraine and the stream closely skirting it. But just where our crossing had been effected a slope of detritus facilitated access to the top of the glacier. We found it here comparatively clear of encumbering boulders but fissured by many deep cavities. Between these we picked our way, grateful that there was no fresh snow to hide the dangerous crevasses.

For a mile and a half we had advanced, using the