

The descent on the south is gentle and easy, but the flatter the ground the more abominable it became, and in several places it actually threatened to swallow up the caravan. We all had to get off and walk, and feel our way with the utmost circumspection. Of the general morphology I was unable, owing to the unfavourable weather, to obtain any clear impression. We crossed over a whole series of small rivulets and brooks, all making for the south-east, where they doubtless cooperate to give rise to a larger stream, which, as usual, will disembogue in some lake. We pitched Camp XX beside one of these brooks at the northern foot of a chain of hills, on which there were no traces whatever of vegetation. Here, thanks to the disintegrated gravel, the ground did bear the weight of the caravan. When looked at from this camp, the altitude of which was 5091 m., the Arka-tagh presented the appearance of a stretch or ridge of rather low heights; but then the difference of altitude between the camp and the pass was barely 100 m.

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