

The last bit, one climbs in hundreds of zigzags on a little extremely steep ridge full of gravel, which now was covered by 1 or 2 feet of snow. Living rock was here rare. The dip and fall near the pass was 35° E. Everything is crystalline schist in varieties. The ascent up to the pass was impossible for loaded animals, and the loads had here to be carried by Kirgizes.

At 11 o'clock we finally reached the pass, 5,150 m. high. Here is a little stone pyramid with some poles and rags, called *Hasret Ulug-art-masar*. The saint of the pass is Lord of the weather and has the power to let travellers have a happy passage; therefore his name is mentioned every minute during the climb. The snow-fall was very lively and nothing of the no doubt magnificent landscape was to be seen. The temperature was -0.6° .

It took us one hour and a half to get the luggage up and to examine the descent to the west. For if the ascent had been difficult the descent was indeed dangerous. To begin with the slope is gradual, but suddenly one stands at the edge of a precipice in wild projecting rocks between and around which one has to slide down with the help of both feet and hands. The rocks lay in 21° N. N. E. Everything was covered with icy snow two feet deep, in which steps had to be hewn with an ax. Every pony had to be assisted by two men with ropes. The boxes had to be allowed to slide down through the snow.

The lower part of the slope from the pass consisted of gravel and blocks without living rock, all snow-covered, and had a gradient of $35\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. One of the ponies lost his equilibrium and rolled down about 200 m., broke his back and died. The rest of the little caravan came down without damage. *Ulug-art*, however, proved to be the most difficult pass I had so far traversed in the *Pamirs*.

An impenetrable snow storm concealed everything around, and only the details in our neighbourhood were visible. The most important feature of the landscape is a comparatively large glacier immediately to our left, of which we get a birdseye view. It originates in the high regions south of *Ulug-art* and its tongue turns N. W. and west, following the upper part of the pass-valley. It is completely snowed over. We descend to its right side where a small triangular lake with grey muddy water has been dammed up between two small mountain ridges and the glacier, the ice of which falls perpendicularly down into the pool. The latter seems chiefly to be fed by a little brook coming from a rudimentary glacier at the right side of the valley. The latter glacier is surrounded by wild, picturesque rocky peaks, from which gigantic and steep screes of gravel and blocks fall down to the little lake and the side of the large glacier. Probably because of the last days' rain and snow the scree along the lake had been destroyed. We had, therefore, to proceed wherever we could and at some 50 m. above the surface of the little lake. This passage was difficult and dangerous, especially as loose blocks could easily come down