

*March 30th.* During the day the gorge turned more and more in a W direction. The mountain walls describe two parallel arcs in a NW direction and towards the end of the day the course of the road is almost W. At first we rode practically N past a small cemetery just above the village. In a mile the comparatively level slope, on which Yangi Mähällä is situated, is succeeded by a spur of the mountains that forms a sort of stopper in front of a cleft in the western chain of mountains. The ascent is fairly steep and the whole slope is thickly strewn with large blocks of stone that have been hurled down from the mountains at some time, so thickly, indeed, that the horses could not find a footing between the stones and had often to climb over the slippery stones that were piled up at times like a large staircase. In less than a quarter of an hour the road ascended almost 200 metres. The slope drops perpendicularly to the green river roaring far below. Philip, my horse, was equally fascinated by the view and kept going along the extreme edge, so that I began to suspect him of contemplating suicide. On the north side of this slope, close to the river and protected by the steep bank, there is a small grove. This place is called Turpak and was formerly used as a halting place for caravans. Close to the ledge of the bank stand the walls of a sarai, now abandoned. For about two miles the river keeps close to the E mountain wall. The banks near the river grow trees for a distance of about 2 1/2 miles from Turpak. The road rejoins the river at a spot, where it comes from the NW and runs for a short time below the ledge of the bank through a grove growing in the valley of the river. The western bank that had been comparatively low for a short time, began to rise again and the road led on to the ledge of the bank. The river which had returned to its almost N course, again bent to the NW round an eminence formed of masses of rock that had tumbled fan-like from a cleft. Three water channels seem to find their way down to the river through the stones. A mile higher up, the slope appeared to become comparatively smooth, but in a few minutes we were again on very rugged ground covered with stones of all sizes. The bed of the river grows wider here and forms an almost horizontal stony bed, about 50 fathoms wide, lying slightly deeper than the nearest level of the ground. The river winds along it in an arm of about three fathoms' width, sometimes in two. From the NE a broad water channel with a stony bottom seems to supply it with water from an enormous cleft in the mountains. In another mile and a third we came to a place, where trees were growing, and where the river described a curve to the south after coming from the WNW. Here the mountains adopt a more and more W direction. The eastern mountain in particular is overwhelmingly high, its summit being lost in the clouds. A mile or two higher we reached a grove of trees jammed between the steep western mountain and the bed of the river which is fully 80 fathoms wide at this spot.

At the very foot of the mountain there was a large, but rather tumbledown sarai. The stoves had fallen to pieces in some parts, the windows had no paper nor even frames and there were large holes in the walls filled with boulders, and yet we sought shelter with a feeling of pleasure behind these imperfect walls from the wind that had pursued us all day. The watchman gave up his room to us. The glass in the window was replaced by pieces of paper of various age and colour, a piece of dilapidated cloth and a bit of yellow cardboard with »Sunlight soap» in large letters. To prevent my candles going out in the