

excellent stone bridge of one arch spans the stream, and at the bridge-head on the right bank is the burial-ground of the village, with two solitary cypresses. Small patches of arable land are ploughed with oxen, and sowing is already commenced.

The valley is now narrow and winding, the river rages among fallen blocks, and from the village Ganni-pellet the road makes a steep zigzag up the slope. High up on the other side grazing sheep appear like small spots, and through a gap in the direction of the valley is what seems to be the Black Sea, but it is not clearly perceptible. We mount up and the murmur of the stream grows fainter. One rivulet after another springs out beside the road, its opening covered by a small stone arch. On the left side of the valley stand steep walls of rock. A village of scattered homesteads is called Attli-killsa, and Jervislik consists of a single street, where many smiths and farriers repair the shoes of passing horses. A string of horses, laden with boards, is just going down to Trebizond. A small poor minaret rises above the village.

In Jervislik we stayed for the night. Several of the houses have quite a European appearance, white-washed, provided with solid six-paned windows and shingle roof. From my window in the inn I had a view over the valley and river, the roar of which drowned all other sounds. In the room placed at my disposal were two iron bedsteads, but Turkish mattresses are always suspicious, and I preferred my tent-bed. When one sees Turkish families come jolting up in their fully-packed waggons, and then turn with all their belongings into the rest-house (*khan*), one can imagine the influx of vermin that takes place. In summer the place must swarm with them, especially the kind that frequents walls and beds. But in the cool of winter one has peace, and I came well off, without any loss of blood worth speaking of.

The driver is also my cook, and sets before me excellent pillau, rice pudding, bread, eggs, and tea. One soldier on duty, the other is to be relieved here, a ceremony which is attended to by a good-natured officer. The cart is driven into a shed, and the two drivers, who