

are responsible for the baggage, are to sleep on the chests. This was my first day's journey, a mere hop on the endlessly long road to Tibet.

At three o'clock on November 14 the driver knocked at the door and declared positively that it was time to get up. He made a light and served up breakfast, and at half-past four we set out in the track of the waggon, which had driven off at two o'clock. At Jervislik two valleys meet: the smaller called Miryamana, and the larger, which we follow along the right bank, Hamsi-köi. At the bank of the river grow thin wood and bushes, and a couple of cypresses, just visible in the darkness, indicate a graveyard. The cocks of the village proclaim with loud voice that a new day is breaking; but the warm calm night still reigns over the earth, and the moon is unable to disperse the deep murkiness. A light breeze sweeps down the valley, the sky is not quite clear, and I try in vain to obtain a notion of the character of the landscape and of distances; a small path beside the road winds with the river, a dead dog on the wayside looks like a wolf on the watch for its prey. The purling of a brook is faintly heard, and small bells tinkle in the night when we meet a horse caravan. A solitary wanderer starts out of the darkness like a ghost and flashes past. The driver yawns, but has to look after his horses, for the ascent is steep; we go slowly, not as on a *tonga* road in Kashmir. The soldier who rides beside me nods in the saddle and sways backwards and forwards, while his comrade escorts the waggon. A huge fallen rock forms with the mountain wall a portal for the road. The village Meksila slumbers quietly and silently after the vigil in Ramazan, and only in one window burns an oil lamp; outside a serai bales of goods are piled waiting for further transport to or from Trebizond.

The dawn is scarcely perceptible, in front of us appears a small snowclad ridge, the wind becomes fresher towards morning. In Keremitli every one is asleep and the country is silent now, for we are high above the river, which has grown perceptibly smaller as we have left many of its tributaries behind us. Only a few solitary trees are now to be seen. At half-past six it begins to get light, and blue