

larger than bushes. A train of thirty ox-carts fills the valley with its combined creaking, and we drive past a huge caravan of 221 camels and dromedaries, conveying cloth and groceries in chests and bales to Persia. The caravan consists of thirty detachments, each with its Persian leader; the largest contains fifteen, the smallest four animals, fastened together by a rope to the muzzle, not with a peg in the nasal cartilage, as in Central Asia. The Persians reckon it fourteen days' journey from Trebizond to Tabriz.

Our day's journey was broken by two hours' rest in the rest-house of Kop-khaneh, below the pass, where the horses recruited their strength for the effort of drawing our carriages over the watershed. Here we could warm ourselves at a crackling fire, very welcome at a temperature of 35.4°, with a sky entirely overcast; the sun had scarcely risen above the horizon when it again disappeared behind heavy clouds. While we were resting the post came in from "Istambul," driving at full gallop into the yard escorted by two horse soldiers. The dark skin bags were packed on nine horses, which were to carry them over the pass, beyond which they would be again transported in *arabas*; by evening they would be in Erzerum.

And so we go on up the valley to the pass, where an old Turk comes trotting along in a Caucasian *burkha*, which flaps about him like bats' wings. One can see by his horse how deep the mud is up on the Kop-dagh. Now the ascent begins up to the pass in steep zigzags; the ground is soft and moist, and the transport waggons cut deep ruts in it. Another *khan* is passed, a quadrangular wall of stone and a roof covered with earth. We mount higher and higher, the horses puff and flounder, the valley bottom sinks deeper and deeper below us, and the bird's-eye view becomes ever more pronounced. Up near the summit the gradient becomes easier; on either side extend thin sheets of snow melting in the sun. The Kop-dagh pass is double—two gently arched saddles, with a military post in the hollow between them, where my trooper is exchanged for another; that is the sixth change in the day.