

properly transferred to the mountain. The lofty summit, on the other hand, is called by the Armenians *Massis*, by the Turks *Aghri-dagh*, and by the Persians *Kuh-i-Nu*, or Noah's mountain.

Both Great and Little Ararat rise from a volcanic plateau, and are connected with each other by a lower ridge. For the rest, Ararat is an almost isolated volcanic cone, consisting of trachite, slag, and lapilli, and it attains to a height of 16,916 feet. There is no crater at the very top; near it stand two small subsidiary summits which only look like inequalities on the regular surface of the cone, and the latest eruptions of lava, which probably occurred in prehistoric times, forced their way out below the snow limit. This lies on the southern side at a height of 12,900 feet, and on the northern at 13,700 feet, whereas Little Ararat, with its height of 12,841 feet, is quite free from snow in summer. The Armenians believe that the peak is inaccessible and protected by spirits, but in fact it was climbed as long ago as 1829 by Parrot, and many explorers have ascended it since then, and subjected the mountain to a thorough investigation.

Ever since 1827 Ararat has been the meeting-point of three empires,—Russia, Turkey, and Persia,—but so that the peak itself stands in Russian territory. Here one can stand with the left foot in Russia and the right in Turkey, and plant one's staff on Persian ground.

Our teams carry us on towards the east, the troopers' horses tramp through the country, and Ararat plays bo-peep with us, its summit now appearing, now vanishing behind intervening mountains. Now it sinks behind the dark outline of a ridge as we drive downhill, soon to crop up again as a brilliant back scene between two hills, one of which again hides the mountain with its mantle of eternal snow and its just as enduring legends. When we double a projection on the left Ararat once more is seen in all its grandeur.

Over a small pass the road runs, hard and good. Down below on the level plain we meet a Persian caravan, and its Tatar guides reckon it twenty days' journey to Trebizond—if there is no *chagmor*, or mud, they say. A