

camel which shies at the drosky twines its tethering-rope round a telegraph-post, and is nearly throttled, when a leader at the last moment severs the rope with his kinjal. Ararat appears and disappears again behind the adjacent hills, when the country beside the road becomes more undulating. Farther on, the road is made rough by lumps of tuff and slag, which cover the land like black spots and here and there form knolls. Every hour in the day the magnificent cone shows itself in all its vast dimensions, all details standing out with the greatest sharpness, the various creases in the smooth fields of snow and the dark fissures farther down. The low snow-line of winter is clearly marked. The desolate and silent landscape, where no villages and no travellers are to be seen, is entirely dominated by Ararat, which holds my eyes entranced.

Shakir turns round on the box, points with his whip to the south-east, and says, "Iran yolli pasham" ("The road to Persia, sir"), and beyond two more stony hills we come down again to the perfectly level plain. Now not the smallest hillock stands between us and the foot of Ararat; we see the whole of the mighty cone from its base on the tableland up to its summit, and we are close to it, only a *meidan* intervening between the road and the mountain. From the southern mountains spurs and offshoots are thrust forward. We cross deep steep-sided ravines; to the left is seen, through a gap in the northern mountains, the road to Igdir, which skirts the western foot of Ararat. Still more imposing shines Ararat in the dazzling whiteness of its shroud of snow. The road is now at times smooth and even as a highroad, and before us stands the chain of Bayazid, with its partly jagged and pinnacled crest.

A slight cloud of smoke could be seen in this direction even from the small threshold crossed in the morning, indicating the position of the town, and after we had passed some more small spurs separated by gullies Bayazid and its walls came in sight among rugged fantastic heights. A marvellous site! The small town seems to have clambered up the mountain flank between rocky projections, where the houses rise in tiers one