

was a suspicion of snow; had it been melted each would perhaps have filled a tumbler. At one narrow place the bottom of the glen was choked by a block of clay, probably 2 cub. m. in dimensions; this had to be cleft asunder before we were able to proceed.

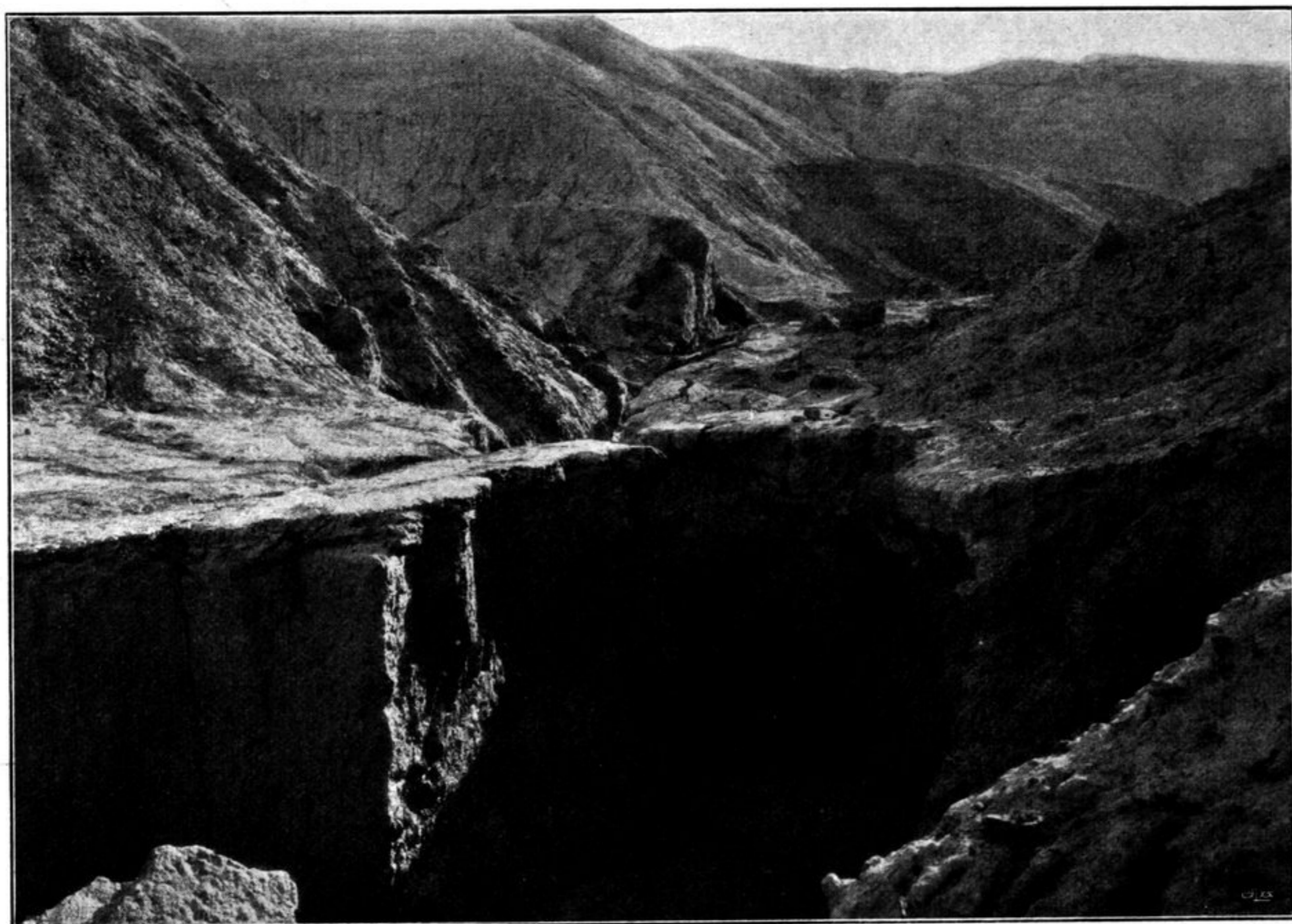


Fig. 223. WHERE THE DIFFICULT PASSAGE BEGINS.

Meanwhile the glen was growing more and more extraordinary. The immense mountain-masses on both sides seemed to be drawn into more and more intimate contact, until we felt quite lost in the deep, narrow, gloomy defile. At length we reached a spot where a long time ago avalanches of clay have fallen and completely stopped up the glen. Since that happened the torrent has succeeded in forcing its way through the impediment, leaving a tunnel behind it, which yawned upon us as we came down the glen like the hollow front of a glacier. We could indeed have carried the caravan over the top of the tunnel as upon a bridge, only on the other side of the avalanche the glen was absolutely impassable. Its appearance is shown in the accompanying illustration (fig. 222). It was then but $\frac{1}{2}$ m. broad, but 15 m. deep, and was cut straight down through the soft material without any enlargement of width (fig. 217). Nevertheless the two storeys were distinctly perceptible, the lower being the watercourse or bed of the torrent. After the caravan had advanced as far as ever it was possibly able to get, I continued a little way farther on foot. In some places it was dangerous even for a man on foot, and so narrow that I literally had