

but there are now no more bridges over the frozen water channels. Little by little the land becomes more diversified, and we go up and down over innumerable hills, across ravines and small erosion furrows. Before us rises a ridge which seems to close the valley, and beyond the village Yüsviren we ascend to the top of hills where the view is again freer. To the north extends the district Siane, where forest grows on the Russian side, and a road runs through the Sittahan valley to the Caucasus. In a hollow to the left is seen the small town Dijakrak. Now the land becomes again more and more hillocky, and the road winds in all directions and at all levels over and between hills and slopes down towards the valley bottom. We drive to the mouth of a valley like a yawning portal; its name is Deli-baba-boghasi, and it is called after the village Deli-baba, whither an irrigation canal runs off. *Boghas* means a throat or hollow way, and the valley is narrow and compressed between steep low mountain walls. Three times we cross the brook, and halt in an expansion of the valley to let the horses rest and eat barley from the nosebags carried with us.

The halt was evidently intended to allow the horses to gather up their strength for the difficult stretch of road which awaited us up the valley, where we drive now up and down steep slopes, now through the narrow valley. The road is generally so narrow that it would be absolutely impossible at some places to get past a vehicle coming towards us, especially at the bends, or where the erosion of the stream has undermined the road; the outer wheels are almost over the edge, and to save the carriage I have to stand on the step at the other side and keep the balance. The depth above the valley bottom is, indeed, quite insignificant; but still a man would be well bruised if he took a slide down the slope. A little farther up, the road is entirely destroyed, probably washed away by the spring flood, and therefore we drive in the pebbly bed of the brook, following all its windings. The ascent is steep, and the horses have as much as they can do: sometimes an axle sticks fast against a boulder; sometimes the way is so narrow that the driver must take care not to drive into