brought saddles from England, he had thought that it would be better to use a native bridle. Eventually one was procured, and, about 9 a.m., we emerged from the little crowd which had been watching our proceedings with a keen interest, and rode out of the town. Our course lay for a little while along the coast, until we reached the mouth of the valley of Khosh Qghlan, which we entered, turning to the south. The beauty of the day, which the late rains had rendered pleasantly cool, combined with the novelty of the scene and the picturesque appearance of the people whom we met on the road, raised our spirits, and completely removed certain misgivings as to the wisdom of choosing this route which, when it was too late to draw back, had taken possession of my mind. The horses which we rode were good, and, leaving the muleteers and baggage behind, we pushed on until, at 2.30 p.m., we reached the pretty little village of Jevizlik, the first halting-place out of Trebizond. Here we should have halted for the night; but, since the muleteers had not informed us of their plans, and it was still early, we determined to proceed to Khamse-Kyuy, and accordingly continued our course up the beautiful wooded valley towards the pass of Zighana-dagh, which gleamed before us white with newly-fallen snow. During the latter part of the day we fell in with a wild-looking horseman, who informed me that he, like all the inhabitants of Khamse-Kyuy, was a Christian.

It was quite dark before we reached Khamse-Kyuy, and it took us some little time to find a khadij at which to rest for the night. The muleteers and baggage were far behind, and at first it seemed probable that we should have to postpone our supper till their arrival, or else do without it altogether. However, ‘Ali presently succeeded in obtaining some bread, and also a few eggs, which he fried in oil, so that, with the whisky in our flasks, we fared better than might have been expected.

At about 9 p.m. the muleteers arrived and demanded to see me at once. They were very tired, and very angry because we had not waited for them at Jevizlik. I did not at first easily understand the cause of their indignation (for this was my first experience of this kind of travelling, and my ideas about the capacity of horses were rather vague) till it was explained to me that at the present rate of proceeding both men and animals would be wearied out long before we reached Erzeroum. “O my soul!” said the elder muleteer in conclusion, more in sorrow than in anger, “a fine novice art thou if thou thinkest that these horses can go so swiftly from morning till evening without rest or food. Henceforth let us proceed in company at a slower pace, by which means we shall all, please God, reach Erzeroum with safety and comfort in seven days, even as was agreed between us.” Not much pleased at thus being admonished, but compelled to admit the justice of the muleteer’s remarks, I betook myself to the Wolseley valise which I had, after much deliberation, selected as the form of bed most suitable for the journey. Excellent as this contrivance is, and invaluable as it proved to be, my first night in it was anything but comfortable. As I intended to stuff with straw the space left for that purpose beneath the lining, I had neglected to bring a mattress. Straw, however, was not forthcoming, and I was therefore painfully conscious of every irregularity in the ill-paved floor; while the fleas which infest most Turkish khadis did not fail on this occasion to welcome the advent of the stranger. In spite of these discomforts and the novelty of my surroundings I soon fell fast asleep.

Looking back at those first days of my journey in the light of fuller experience, I marvel at the discomforts which we readily endured, and even courted by our ignorance and lack of foresight. Bewildered by conflicting counsels as to equipment, I had finally resolved to take only what appeared absolutely essential, and to reduce our baggage to the smallest possible compass. Prepared by what I had read in books of Eastern travel to endure discomforts far exceeding any which I was actually called upon to experience, I had yet to learn how comfortably one may travel
even in countries where the railroad and the hotel are unknown. Yet I do not regret this experience, which at least taught me how few are the necessaries of life, and how needless are many of those things which we are accustomed to regard as such. Indeed, I am by no means certain that the absence of many luxuries which we commonly regard as indispensable to our happiness is not fully compensated for by the freedom from care and hurry, the continual variety of scenery and costume, and the sense of health produced by exposure to the open air, which, taken together, constitute the irresistible charm of Eastern travel.

On the following morning we were up betimes, and after a steep ascent of an hour or so reached the summit of the pass of Zighána-dágh, which was thinly covered with a dazzling garment of snow. Here we passed a little khan, which would have been our second resting-place had we halted at Jevizlik on the preceding day instead of pushing on to Khamse-Kyúy. As it was, however, we passed it without stopping, and commenced the descent to the village of Zighána-Kyúy, where we halted for an hour to rest and refresh ourselves and the horses. Excellent fruit and coffee were obtainable here; and as we had yielded to the muleteers’ request that we should not separate ourselves from the baggage, we had our own provisions as well, and altogether fared much better than on the previous day.

After the completion of our meal we proceeded on our journey, and towards evening reached the pretty little hamlet of Kyúprübisch, situated on a river called, from the town of Ardessa through which it flows, Ardessa-irmághi, in which we enjoyed the luxury of a bath. The inhabitants of this delightful spot were few in number, peaceable in appearance, and totally devoid of that inquisitiveness about strangers which is so characteristic of the Persians. Although it can hardly be the case that many Europeans pass through their village, they scarcely looked at us, and asked but few questions as to our business, nationality, or destination. This lack of curiosity, which, so far as my experience goes,
with a sinister and suggestive smile. Although I could not help being amused at his cool impudence, I was far from being reassured by the warlike propensities which this gesture revealed.

Continuing on our way, and still keeping near the river, we passed one or two old castles, situated on rocky heights, which, we were informed, had been built by the Genoese. Towards noon we entered the valley of Gyumish-Kháné, so-called from the silver mines which occur in the neighbourhood. This valley is walled in by steep and rocky cliffs, and is barren and arid, except near the river, which is surrounded by beautiful orchards. Indeed the pears and apples of Gyumish-Kháné are celebrated throughout the district. We passed several prosperous-looking villages, at one of which we halted for lunch. Here for the first time I tasted potmeg, a kind of treacle or syrup made from fruit. In Persia this is known as dáštub or šíráz; it is not unpalatable, and we used occasionally to eat it with boiled rice as a substitute for pudding. Here also we fell in with a respectable-looking Armenian going on foot to Erzeroum. Anyone worse equipped for a journey of 150 miles on foot I never saw. He wore a black frock-coat and a fez; his feet were shod with slippers down to the heels; and to protect himself from the heat of the sun he carried a large white umbrella. He looked so hot and tired and dusty that I was moved to compassion, and asked him whether he would not like to ride my horse for a while. This offer he gladly accepted, whereupon I dismounted and walked for a few miles, until he announced that he was sufficiently rested and would proceed on foot. He was so grateful for this indulgence that he bore us company as far as Erzeroum, and would readily have followed us farther had we encouraged him to do so. Every day H—— and myself allowed him to ride for some distance on our horses, and the poor man’s journey was, I trust, thereby rendered less fatiguing to him.

During the latter part of the day our course lay through a most gloomy and desolate valley, walled in with red rocks and

utterly devoid of trees or verdure. Emerging from this, and passing another fine old castle situated on a lofty and precipitous crag, we arrived about 5 p.m. at the little hamlet of Tekké, where we halted for the night. It is rather a miserable place, containing several khánïs swarming with Persian camel-drivers, but very few private houses. A shallow river which runs near it again enabled us to enjoy the luxury of a bathe.

Our fourth day’s march was very dreary, lying for the most part through gloomy ravines walled in with reddish rocks, like that which we had traversed at the end of the previous day’s journey. In addition to the depressing character of the scene, there was a report that robbers were lurking in the neighbourhood, and we were consequently joined by several pedestrians, all armed to the teeth, who sought safety in numbers. Shortly after noon we halted at a small roadside inn, where we obtained some cheese, and a not very savoury compound called kanýrmán, which consists of small square lumps of mutton imbedded in fat. At 3 p.m. we reached the solitary khán of Kádarak, which was to be our halting-place for the night. A few zabíjyé were lounging about outside, waiting for the post, which was expected to pass shortly. As it was still early, I went out into the balcony to write my diary and contemplate the somewhat cheerless view; but I was soon interrupted by our Armenian fellow-traveller, who came to tell me that the zabíjyé outside were watching my proceedings with no favourable eye, and suspected that I was drawing maps of the country. He therefore advised me either to stop writing or to retire indoors, lest my diary should be seized and destroyed. Whether the Armenian spoke the truth, or whether he was merely indulging that propensity to revile the ruling race for which the Christian subjects of the Porte are conspicuous, I had no means of deciding, so I thought it best to follow his advice and retire from the balcony till I had completed my writing.

Our fifth day’s march led us through the interesting old
Armenian village of Varzahán. Just before reaching this we passed several horsemen, who were engaged in wild and apparently purposeless evolutions, accompanied with much firing of guns. It appeared that these had come out to welcome the Kānān-makān of Diyarbak, who had been dismissed from office, and was returning to his native town of Gymish-Khânè; and we had scarcely passed them when he appeared in sight, met, and passed us. I wished to examine the curious old churches which still bear witness that Varzahán, notwithstanding its present decayed condition, must formerly have been a place of some importance. Our Armenian fellow-traveller offered to conduct me, and I was glad to avail myself of his guidance. After I had examined the strange construction of the churches, the Armenian inscriptions cut here and there on their walls, and the tombstones which surrounded them (amongst which were several carved in the form of a sheep), my companion suggested that we should try to obtain some refreshment. Although I was anxious to overtake our caravan, I yielded to his importunity, and followed him into a large and dimly-lighted room, to which we only obtained admission after prolonged knocking. The door was at length opened by an old man, with whom my companion conversed for a while in Armenian, after he had bidden me to be seated. Presently several other men, all armed to the teeth, entered the room, and seated themselves by the door. A considerable time elapsed, and still no signs of food appeared. The annoyance which I felt at this useless delay gradually gave way to a vague feeling of alarm. This was heightened by the fact that I was unable to comprehend the drift of the conversation, which was still carried on in Armenian. I began to wonder whether I had been enticed into a trap where I could be robbed at leisure, and to speculate on the chances of escape or resistance, in case such an attempt should be made. I could not but feel that these were slender, for I had no weapon except a small pocket revolver; five or six armed men sat by the heavy wooden door, which had been closed, and, for anything that I knew, bolted; and even should I succeed in effecting an exit, I knew that our caravan must have proceeded a considerable distance. My apprehensions were, however, relieved by the appearance of a bowl of yoghurt (curds) and a quantity of the insipid wafer-like bread called lavash. Having eaten, we rose to go; and when my companion, whom I had suspected of harbouring such sinister designs against my property and perhaps my life, refused to let me pay for our refreshment, I was filled with shame at my unwarranted suspicions. On emerging once more into the road I found the faithful ‘Ali patiently awaiting me. Perhaps he too had been doubtful of the honesty of the Armenian villagers. At any rate he had refused to proceed without me.

About 2 p.m. we arrived at the town of Baiburt, and found that H—— and the muleteers had already taken up their quarters at a clean and well-built khan owned by one Khalīl Efendi. We at once proceeded to explore the town, which lies at the foot of a hill surmounted by an old fortress. Being too lazy to climb this hill, we contented ourselves with strolling through the bazaars which form so important a feature of every Eastern town, and afford such an index of the degree of prosperity which it enjoys. We were accompanied by the indefatigable Armenian, who, thinking to give me pleasure, exerted himself to collect a crowd of Persians (mostly natives of Khūy and Tabriz), whom he incited to converse with me. A throng of idlers soon gathered round us to gaze and gape at our unfamiliar aspect and dress, which some, bolder or less polite than the rest, stretched out their hands to finger and feel. Anxious to escape, I took refuge in a barber’s shop and demanded a shave, but the crowd again assembled outside the open window, and continued to watch the proceeding with sustained interest. Meanwhile ‘Ali had not been idle, and on our return to the khan we enjoyed better fare, as well as better quarters, than had fallen to our lot since we left Trebizond.
Our sixth day's march commenced soon after daybreak. The early morning was chilly, but later on the sun shone forth in a cloudless sky, and the day grew hot. The first part of our way lay near the river which flows through Baiburt, and the scenery was a great improvement on anything that we had seen since leaving Gümüş-Khana. We halted for our midday rest and refreshment by a clump of willow trees in a pleasant grassy meadow by the river. On resuming our march we entered a narrow defile leading into the mountains of Köpdagh. A gradual ascent brought us to the summit of the pass, just below which, on the farther side, we came to our halting-place, Pashá-punári. The view of the surrounding mountains standing out against the clear evening sky was very beautiful, and the little khán at which we alighted was worthy of its delightful situation. We were lodged in a sort of barn, in which was stored a quantity of hay. How fragrant and soft it seemed! I still think of that night's sleep as one of the soundest and sweetest in my experience.

Early on the morning of the seventh day we resumed our march along a circuitous road, which, after winding downwards amongst grassy hills, followed the course of a river surrounded by stunted trees. We saw numerous large birds of the falcon kind, called by the Turks daghan. One of these H— brought down with his rifle while it was hovering in the air, to the great delight of the muleteers. At a village called Ash-Kala' we purchased honey, bread, and grapes, which we consumed while halting for the midday rest by an old bridge. Continuing on our way by the river, we were presently joined by a turbaned and genial Turk, who was travelling on horseback from Gümüş-Khana to Erzeroum. I was pleased to hear him use in the course of conversation certain words which I had hitherto only met with in the writings of the old poet Fużul of Baghdad, and which I had regarded as archaic and obsolete. The road gradually became more frequented than it had been since leaving Baiburt, and we passed numerous travellers and peasants. Many of the latter drove bullock-carts, of which the ungreased axles sent forth the most excruciating sound. The sun had set before we reached our halting-place, Yen-i-Khana, and so full was it that we had some difficulty in securing a room to ourselves.

The eighth day of our march, which was to conclude the first portion of our journey, saw us in the saddle betimes. After riding for four hours through a scorched-up plain, we arrived about 10.30 a.m. at the large village of Ilia, so named from its hot springs, over which a bath has been erected. From this point the gardens and minarets of Erzeroum were plainly visible, and accordingly we pushed on without halting. Fully three hours elapsed, however, ere we had traversed the weary stretch of white dusty road which still separated us from our goal; and the sun was well past the meridian when we finally entered the gate of the city, and threaded our way through the massive fortifications by which it is surrounded.

Erzeroum has one hotel, which stands midway in the scale of development between the Hôtel d'Italie at Trebizond and an average caravansaray. Were these two towns connected by a railroad, so as to bring them within a day's journey of one another, this institution might perhaps form a happy transition between the West and the East. As things are at present, it is too much like a caravansaray to be comfortable, and too much like a casino to be quiet.

On alighting at this delectable house of entertainment, we were met by a young Armenian representing the bank on which our cheque was drawn, who informed us in very fair French that his name was Missak Vanetsian, and that his principal, Simon Dermounkian, had been apprised of our coming by letter from Trebizond, and instructed to give us such help as we might need. After a brief conversation in the balcony of a coffee-room thronged with Turkish officers and enlivened by the strains of a semi-Oriental band, he departed, inviting us to visit his chief so soon as we were at leisure.
We now requested an attendant to show us our room, and
were forthwith conducted to a large, dingy, uncarpeted apar-
ment on the first floor, lighted by several windows looking out
upon the street, and containing for its sole furniture a divan
covered with faded chintz, which ran the whole length of one
side, and a washing-stand placed in a curtained recess on the
other. It was already occupied by a Turkish muñir, bound for
the frontier fortress of Bāyázid, whom the landlord was trying
to dislodge so that we might take possession. This he very
naturally resented; but when I apologised, and offered to with-
draw, he was at once mollified, declared that there was plenty
of room for all of us, and politely retired, leaving us to perform
our ablutions in private.

Just as we were ready to go out, an officer of the Turkish
police called to inspect our passports, so, while H—— went to
visit Mr Devey, the acting British Consul, I remained to enter-
tain the visitor with coffee and cigarettes—an attention which
he seemed to appreciate, for he readily gave the required visa,
and then sat conversing with me till H—— returned from the
consulate. We next paid a visit to our banker, Simon Dermom-
ukian, called by the Turks "Simún Aghá," a fine-looking old
man, who only spoke Turkish and Armenian, and whose ap-
pearance would have led one to suppose that the former rather
than the latter was his native tongue. After the ordinary inter-
change of civilities, we drew a cheque for three or four pounds,
and returned to the hotel to settle with the muleteers. On the
way to Erzeroum these had frequently expressed a wish to go
with us as far as Teherán; but since their arrival they had been
so alarmed by fabulous accounts of the dangers of travelling in
Persia, the inhospitality of the country, and the malignant dis-
position of the people, that they made no further allusion to this
plan, and on receiving the money due to them, together with a
small gratuity, took leave of us with expressions of gratitude and
esteem.

THE PERSIAN FRONTIER

After a thoroughly Turkish dinner, I again proposed to go
out, but the muñir told me that this was impossible, as the streets
were not lighted, and no one was allowed to walk abroad after
nightfall without a lantern. He offered, however, to introduce
me to some acquaintances of his who occupied an adjoining room.
One of these was a Turk who spoke Persian with a fluency and
correctness rarely attained by his countrymen; the other was a
Christian of Cæsarea. Both were men of intelligence, and their
conversation interested me so much that it was late before I
retired to rest on the chintz-covered divan, which I would gladly
have exchanged for the fragrant hay of Páshá-púnúru.

Next day our troubles began. The news that two Englishmen
were about to start for Persia had got abroad, and crowds of
muleteers—Persians, Turks, and Armenians—came to offer their
services for the journey. The scene of turmoil which our room
presented during the whole morning baffled description, while
our ears were deafened with the clamour of voices. It was like
the noisiest bazaar imaginable, with this difference, that whereas
one can escape from the din of a bazaar when it becomes in-
supportable, this turmoil followed us wherever we went. An
Armenian called Vartán demanded the exorbitant sum of £3 T.
per horse to Tabriz. A Persian offered to convey us thither in
a mighty wagggon which he possessed, wherein, he declared, we
should perform the journey with inconceivable ease. This state-
ment, which I was from the first but little disposed to credit,
was subsequently denied in the most categorical manner by our
friend the muñir, who assured me that he had once essayed to
travel in such a vehicle, but had been so roughly jolted during
the first stage that he had sworn never again to set foot in it,
and had completed his journey on horseback. Any lingering
regrets which we might have entertained at having renounced
the prospect of "inconceivable ease" held out to us by the
owner of the wagggon were entirely dispelled some days later
by the sight of a similar vehicle hopelessly stuck, and abandoned
THE PERSIAN FRONTIER

FROM ENGLAND TO

ill he was too wise to be useful. I directed Lord Howe he should

back to0 proceed when I received notice, and that he should then

proceed to Persia, where 1 was instructed to take command at

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indicated the utmost disquietude. After demanding his name and that of his native place, the consul asked him whether it was true that he had promised to convey us to Tabriz in twelve days, and whether, if so, he had any intention of keeping this promise. To these questions the muleteer replied in a voice trembling with fear, that “perhaps, In-sha’allah, he would do so.” This statement was received by the consul with derision. “You lie, Mr Perhaps,” cried he; “you eat dirt, Mr In-sha’allah; hence, rascal, and be assured that if I hear any complaints about you, you shall give a full account of your conduct to me on your return to Erzeroum!” Whether in consequence of this “admonition,” or whether, as I believe, because the muleteer was really an honest fellow, we certainly had no cause for complaint, and, indeed, were glad to re-engage Farach at Tabriz for the journey to TeherÁn.

On Monday, 17th October, we quitted Erzeroum. In consequence of the difficulty of getting fairly under way, to which I have already alluded, it is usual to make the first stage a very short one. Indeed, it is often merely what the Persians call “Nakl-i-nakdan” (change of place), a breaking up of one’s quarters, a bidding farewell to one’s friends, and a shaking one’s self free from the innumerable delays which continue to arise so long as one is still within the walls of an Eastern town. We therefore did not expect to get farther than Hasan-Kal’a, which is about three hours’ ride from Erzeroum. Before we had finished our leave-taking and settled the hotel bill (which only reached the modest sum of 108 piasters—about £1 sterling—for the two of us and ‘Ali for three days) the rest of the caravan had disappeared, and it was only on emerging from the town that I was able to take note of those who composed it. There were, besides the muleteers, our friend the mudir and his companions and servants, who were bound for BÁyyezid; a Turkish zahhádí, who was to escort us as far as Hasan-Kal’a; and three Persians proceeding to Tabriz. Of these last, one was a decrepit old man; the other two were his sons. In spite of the somewhat ludicrous appearance given to the old man by a long white beard of which the lower half was dyed red with henna, the cause which had led him to undertake so long a journey in spite of his advanced age commanded respect and sympathy. His two sons had gone to Trebizond for purposes of trade, and had there settled; and although he had written to them repeatedly entreat them to return to Tabriz, they had declined to comply with his wishes, until eventually he had determined to go himself, and, if possible, persuade them to return home with him. In this attempt he had met with the success which he so well deserved.

As we advanced towards the low pass of Devé-boýun (the Camel’s Neck), over which our road lay, I was much impressed with the mighty redoubts which crown the heights to the north-east and east of Erzeroum, many of which have, I believe, been erected since the Russian war. Beyond these, and such instruction and amusement as I could derive from our travelling companions, there was little to break the monotony of the road till we arrived at our halting-place about 3 p.m. As the khán was full, we were obliged to be content with quarters even less luxurious; and even there the mudir, with prudent forethought, secured the best room for himself and his companions.

Hasan-Kal’a is, like Ilíja, which is about equidistant from Erzeroum on the other side, remarkable for its natural hot-springs, over which a bath has been erected. The mudir was anxious to visit these springs, and invited us to accompany him. To this I agreed, but H——, not feeling well, preferred to remain quiet. The bath consists of a circular basin, twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, surrounded with masonry and roofed in by a dome. In the summit of the dome was a large aperture through which we could see the stars shining. The water, which is almost as hot as one can bear with comfort, bubbles up from the centre of the basin, and is everywhere out of one’s depth. After a most refreshing bathe, we returned to our quarters.
FROM ENGLAND TO

Next day we started about 6 a.m., and were presently joined by a Turkish mufti proceeding to Bâyezid, with whom I conversed for some time in Persian, which he spoke very incorrectly and with great effort. He was, however, an amusing companion, and his conversation beguiled the time pleasantly enough till we halted about midday at a large squallid Armenian village called Kümisâr. Our Turkish fellow-travellers occupied the masjîd-ôda, or guest-room, and intimated to us that they wished to be left undisturbed for their midday devotions, so we were compelled to be content with a stable. As the rest of the caravan had not yet come up, we had nothing for lunch but a few biscuits and a little brandy and water, which we fortunately had with us. Several of the Armenian villagers came to see us. They were apathetic and dull, presenting a sad contrast to the Armenians of the towns. They talked much of their grievances, especially of the rapacity of the muhtezim, or tax-gatherer, of the district, who had, as they declared, mortally wounded one of the villagers a few days previously, because he had brought eight piastres short of the sum due from him. They said that the heaviest tax was on cereals, amounting to 1 in 8 of their total value, and that for the privilege of collecting this the tax-gatherer paid a certain fixed sum to the Government and made what profit he could.

Quitting this unhappy spot as soon as the rest of our caravan appeared, we again joined the mufti's party, which had been further reinforced by a divânkâh (sergeant) and two zabîyêsh, one of whom kept breaking out into snatches of song in the shrillest voice I ever heard. For some time we succeeded in keeping up with these, who were advancing at a pace impossible for the baggage animals, but presently our horses began to flag, and we were finally left behind, in some doubt as to the road which we should follow. Shortly after this, my horse, in going down a hill to a river, fell violently and threw me on my face. I picked myself up and remounted, but having proceeded some distance, discovered that my watch was gone, having probably been torn out of my pocket when I fell. We rode back and sought diligently for it, but without success; and while we were still so occupied, Farach the muleteer came up with 'Ali. These joined us in the fruitless attempt to find the lost watch, the former attributing my misfortune to the inconsiderate haste of the mufti, the latter attempting to console me with the philosophical reflection that some evil had evidently been destined to befall me, and that the loss of the watch had probably averted a more serious catastrophe. At length the near approach of the sun to the horizon warned us that we must hurry no longer; and though we made as much haste as possible, it was dark before we reached the village of Deli Bâbâ.

Here we obtained lodgings in a large stable, at one side of which was a wooden platform, raised some two feet above the ground and covered with a felt carpet. On this our host spread cushions and pillows, but the hopes of a comfortable night's rest which these preparations raised in our minds were not destined to be fulfilled, for the stable was full of fowls, and the fowls swarmed with fleas. There were also several buffaloes in the stable, and these apparently were endowed with carnivorous instincts, for during the night they ate up some cold meat which was to have served us for breakfast. At this place I tasted buffalo's milk for the first time. It is very rich, but has a peculiar flavour, which is, to my mind, very disagreeable.

On starting the next day, we found that the mufti, who had obtained quarters elsewhere in the village, had already set out; neither did we again overtake him. Soon after leaving our halting-place we entered a magnificent defile leading into the mountains and surrounded by precipitous crags. On the summit of one of these crags which lay to our left was a ruined castle, said to have been formerly a stronghold of the celebrated bandit-minstrel, Kurroghlu. The face of the rock showed numerous cave-like apertures, apparently enlarged, if not made, by the
hand of man, and possibly communicating with the interior of the castle.

About noon we reached a Kurdish village, situated amidst grassy uplands at the summit of the pass, and here we halted for a rest. Most of the male inhabitants were out on the hills looking after their flocks, but the women gathered round us staring, laughing, and chattering Kurdish. Some few of them knew a little Turkish, and asked us if we had any munjas to give them. This word, which I did not understand, appeared to denote some kind of ornament.

On quitting this village our way led us through fertile uplands covered thinly with low shrubs, on which hundreds of draught camels were feeding. The bales of merchandise, unladen from their backs, were piled up in hollow squares, in and around which the Persian camel-drivers were resting till such time as the setting of the sun (for camels rarely travel by day) should give the signal for departure.

A little farther on we passed one of the battlefields of the Russian war, and were shown an earthwork close to the road, where we were told that Fârîk Pâshâ had been killed. Soon after this, on rounding a corner, the mighty snow-crowned cone of Mount Ararat burst upon our view across a wide hill-girt plain, into which we now began to descend. During this descent we came upon a party of Kurdish mountebanks, surrounded by a crowd of peasants. In the midst of the group a little girl, in a bright red dress, was performing a dance on stilts, to the sound of wild music, produced by a drum and a flute. It was a pretty sight, and one which I would have watched for a time; but the muleteers were anxious to reach the end of our day's journey, and indeed it was already dusk when we arrived at the village of Zeytî-Kyân. The inhabitants of this place were, as we entered it, engaged in a violent altercation, the cause of which I did not ascertain; while a few Turkish zabîyât were making strenuous efforts to disperse them, in which they eventually succeeded. It was only after 'Ali had been to half the houses in the village that he succeeded in obtaining a lodging for us in the house of a poor Armenian family, who were content to share with us their only room. As usual, no sort of privacy was possible, numbers of people coming in to stare at us, question us, and watch us eat.

Next day's march was both short and uninteresting. At 2 p.m. we reached the large squallid village of Kârâ Killâsî. As the day was still young, and the place far from attractive, we were anxious to proceed farther, but this the muleteers declined to do, answering, after the manner of their class, that they had agreed to take us to Tâbrîz in twelve days from Erzeroum, and that this they would do; but that for the rest we must allow them to arrange the stages as they thought fit. Farach concluded the argument by making me a propitiatory gift of a melon, which he had just received from a fellow-countryman whom he had met on the road; and, half amused, half annoyed, I was obliged to acquiesce in his arrangement.

We obtained wretched quarters in the house of a very ill-favoured and inquisitive Armenian, and, after alaying our ill-humour with tea, strolled through the village to see the yarâ-bâšî, or captain of the police, about securing a zabîyât as an escort for the morrow. From him we learned that our friend the mûdir had not forgotten us, for on his way through the village that morning he had left instructions that we were to be provided with a zabîyât, should we require one. The dustiness of the streets, combined with the inquisitiveness of the inhabitants, soon drove us back to our lodging, where a night disturbed by innumerable fleas concluded a miserable day.

In spite of our desire to quit so unattractive a spot, we did not start till 7.45 a.m. (a much later hour than usual), partly because we knew that the stage before us was a short one, and had no reason to anticipate better quarters at the end of it than those we were leaving; partly because 'Ali's whip had disappeared, and could not be found till our host was informed that no
would be paid him until it was forthcoming; whereupon it was speedily produced. We were accompanied by a fine old Armenian gazifizyl, who presented a thoroughly soldierly, as well as a very picturesque, appearance. The scenery through which we passed reminded me more of England or Scotland than anything which I had seen since leaving home. Close to the road ran a beautiful clear river, rippling down over its stony bed to join the Western Euphrates. On either side of this lay undulating grassy hills, beyond which appeared in the distance more lofty mountains. The warm, cloudy day, too, and the thin mists which lay on the hills, favoured the fancy that we were back once more in our native land.

About 1 p.m. we reached our halting-place, Tâshil-Chây, and found lodgings in a gloomy hovel, which served the double purpose of a resting-place for guests and a stable for buffaloes. The people, however, were better than the place. Our host was an old Persian with henna-dyed beard and nails, who manifested his good feeling towards us by plunging his hand, with an introductory “Bismi’llâh,” into the dish of poached eggs which was set before us for luncheon. His son, a bright handsome lad of sixteen or seventeen, made every effort to enliven us, and, on my enquiring whether there were any fish in the river, offered to conduct us thither, and show us not only where they were, but how to catch them. Having collected several other youths, he commenced operations by constructing a dam of stones and turf half across the river, at a point where it was divided into two branches by a bed of shingle. The effect of this was to direct the bulk of the water into the left-hand channel, while the depth of that which remained in the right-hand channel (at the lower end of which a boy was stationed to beat the water with a stick, and so prevent the imprisoned fish from effecting their escape) sunk to a few inches. Having completed these preparations, the operators entered the water with sticks in their hands, struck at the fish as they darted past, thereby killing or stunning them, and

then picked them up and tossed them on to the bank. One lad had a sort of gaff wherewith he hooked the fish very dexterously. In less than an hour we had nearly fifty fish, several of which must have weighed 2½ or 3 lbs. Some of these we ate for supper; others we gave to the muleteers and to our fellow-travellers. They were not unpalatable, and made a pleasing change from the fowls and eggs of which our fare had so long consisted.

Although our lodging was not much superior, in point of cleanliness and comfort, to that of the preceding night, it was with something like regret that I bade farewell to the kindly folk of Tâshil-Chây. Farach had started on in front with the baggage, leaving his brother Feyzûllâh, of whom we had hitherto seen but little, to bear us company. This Feyzûllâh was a smooth-faced, narrow-eyed, smug-looking, sturdy rascal, whose face wore a perpetual and intolerable grin, and whose head was concealed rather than crowned by the large, low, conical, long-haired parpak, which constitutes the usual head-dress of the peasants inhabiting that region which lies just beyond the Turco-Persian frontier. We were also accompanied by a Turkish gazifizyl, who proved to be unusually intelligent; for when we were come opposite to the village of Uch-Kilisâ, which lies on the farther side of the river, he told us that there was an old Armenian church there which was worth looking at, and that we should by no means neglect to pay our respects to an aged Armenian ecclesiastic, entitled by him the “ Murâkbbbar Efendi,” who, as he assured us, enjoyed such influence in the neighbourhood that, were he to give the command, a hundred men would escort us to Tabriz.

We therefore turned aside from our course (to the infinite disgust of Feyzûllâh, whose only desire was to reach the end of the stage as soon as possible), and first proceeded to the church. This was a fine old building, but it had suffered at the hands of the Kurds during the Russian war, and the beautiful designs and paintings with which it had before that time been
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adorned had for the most part been destroyed by fire. Leaving the church, we passed the house and mill of the "Murakkhas Efendi," who, on hearing of our approach, came out to meet us, and begged us to enter his house and partake of some refreshment. The opposition offered by Feyzu'llah to any further delay compelled us to decline his hospitality; yet would he scarcely take nay for an answer, saying that he was ashamed to let strangers pass by without alighting at his house. Finally, seeing that we were firm in our resolve, he bade us farewell with the words, "I pray Almighty God that He will bring you in safety to Tabriz."

It was with a sense of comfort and encouragement that we parted from the venerable and reverend old man; but this feeling was presently changed to one of indignation against Feyzu'llah, who had urged the length of the stage as a reason for hastening on, when, not much after 1.30 p.m., we arrived at the wretched town of Diyadin, where we were to sleep for the last time on Turkish territory. A more desolate spot I do not think I have ever seen; the dirty, dusty town, which scarcely contains two respectable houses, stands in a barren, treeless waste, and is half encompassed by a vast crescent-shaped chasm with precipitous sides. Heaps of refuse lie about in all directions, both before the doors of the miserable hovels which compose the town, and amongst the graves of the extensive and neglected cemetery which surrounds it. Of the two respectable houses which I have noticed, one belongs to the governor, the other is the post-office. To the latter we paid a visit, and conversed for a while with the postmaster and telegraph-clerk (for both functions were united in one individual), who was a Turk of Adrianople. He complained bitterly of the dullness of Diyadin, where he had been for two years, and to which a marriage contracted with a Kurdish girl had failed to reconcile him. On returning to our lodging we found that the aperture in the roof which did duty for window and chimney alike admitted so much wind and dust that we were compelled to cover it with sacking; while to add to our miseries we discovered that all our candles were used up. Having eaten our supper by the dim light of a little earthenware lamp, we had therefore no resource but to seek forgetfulness of our discomforts in sleep.

Next morning (23rd October), the seventh day of our departure from Erzerum, we were in the saddle by 6 a.m. My spirits were high, for I knew that before sunset we should enter the land which I had so long and so eagerly desired to behold. The ghâbîjîâh (who accompanied us (remarkable for an enormous hooked nose) took pains to impress upon us the necessity of keeping well together, as there was some danger of robbers. Presently, on rounding a corner, a glorious view burst upon us. Ararat (which had been hidden from us by lower hills since we first saw it from the heights above Zeytî-Kyân) lay far to the left, its snowy summit veiled in clouds, which, however, left concealed the lower peak of little Ararat. Before us, at the end of the valley, perched midway up the face of a steep, rocky mountain, lay the town and fortress of Bâyazîd, which keeps solitary watch over the north-east frontier of the Turkish Empire. This we did but see afar off, for, while two or three hours' march still separated us from it, we turned sharply to the right into the valley leading to Kızıl-Dizî, the last village on Turkish soil. At this point we left the telegraph wires, which had, since our departure from Trebizond, kept us company and indicated the course of our road.

Soon after mid-day we reached Kızıl-Dizî, and, leaving our baggage in the custom-house, betook ourselves for rest and refreshment to a large and commodious khân. The custom-house officials gave us no trouble; but as soon as we were again on the road Farach informed us, with many lamentations, that they had exacted from him a sum of forty-five piastres, alleging, as a pretext for this extortion, that whereas he had brought seven horses with him on his last journey into Turkey, he was returning with only five; that they suspected him of having sold the two
missing horses in Turkish territory; and that they should therefore exact from him the duty payable on animals imported into the country for purposes of commerce. It was in vain that Farach protested that the two horses in question had died on the road, for they demanded documentary proof of this assertion, which he was unable to produce. And, indeed, to me it seemed an absurd thing to expect a certificate of death for an animal which had perished in the mountains of Asia Minor.

The hook-nosed veteran who had accompanied us from Diyâdîn had yielded place to a fresh zabtîyyê, who rode silently before us for two hours, during which we continued to ascend gradually through wild but monotonous hills, till, on reaching a slight eminence over which the road passed, he reined in his horse, and, turning in his saddle, said, "Farther I cannot go with you, for this is our frontier, and yonder before you lies the Persian land."

CHAPTER III

FROM THE PERSIAN FRONTIER TO TABRÎZ

"Chê khûsh bûshad û bû'd aq intiğêl!
Bi-ummilli raîat ummiñwêrî!"

"How good it is when one with waiting tired
Obtaineth that which he hath long desired!"

(Kûdî)

"Kûsti-i 'azût, ê kî tilismed-i 'ajî'dî dîrêk,
Fêfî-b-i-dû û ngar-i-kîmmet-i-darfânî-sûr."

"The talisman of magic might, hid in some ruin's lonely site,
Emerges from its ancient night at the mild glance of dervishes."

(Uleffê, rendered by Heman Bicknell.)

There is always a pleasant sense of excitement and expectation in entering for the first time a foreign country. Especially is this the case when to visit that country has long been the object of one's ambition. Yet that which most sharply marks such a transition, and most forcibly reminds the traveller that he is amongst another race—I mean a change of language—is not observable by one who enters Persia from the north-west; for the inhabitants of the province of Ædharbâyjân, which forms this portion of the Persian Empire, uniformly employ a dialect of Turkish, which, though differing widely from the speech of the Ottoman Turks, is not so far removed from it as to render either language unintelligible to those who speak the other. If, amongst the better classes in the towns of Ædharbâyjân, and here and there in the villages, the Persian language is understood or spoken, it is as a foreign tongue acquired by study or travel; while the narrow, affected enunciation of the vowels, so different from the bold, broad pronunciation of Persia proper, and the introduction of the Y-sound after K and G, at once serve to mark the province
to which the speaker belongs. It is not till Ḵazvīn is reached, and only four or five stages separate the traveller from Ṭehrān, that the Persian distinctly predominates over the Turkish language; while even four stages south of the capital, as far as the sacred city of Ḵūm, the latter is still generally understood.

The country immediately beyond the frontier was as desolate and devoid of cultivation as that which we had just quitted, and it was not until we reached the Persian frontier-village of Āvajīk that we had any opportunity of observing that change of costume which constitutes the other great sign of entry amongst a new race. Indeed the approach of night, which overtook us ere we reached our destination, prevented us even then from getting more than a very partial idea of the differences which distinguish a Persian from a Turkish village. So far as we could see, however, the change was distinctly for the better; the square houses, built of unbaked clay, were clean and commodious, while a goodly array of poplar trees gave to the place an appearance of verdure which contrasted pleasantly with our too vivid recollections of the hideous waste of Diyādīn.

Immediately on our arrival we sent our letter of introduction, which had been given to us by the Persian Consul at Er泽rom, to Pāšā Khān, the sar-hadd-dīr, or Warden of the Marches, intending to pay our respects to him in the morning before our departure. While we were eating our supper, however, a message came from him to say that he would, if we pleased, receive us at once, as he was in the habit of rising late. As this invitation was practically equivalent to a command, we hastened, in spite of our weariness and disinclination to move, to respond to it, and were presently ushered by our host, who was one of the great man’s retainers, into the presence of Pāšā Khān, having previously removed our boots on an intimation from the farrādīsh, who stood at the door of the presence-chamber. We were invited to seat ourselves on the floor opposite the frontier-chief, who sat in a corner of the room, on the side next the door, reclining on cushions. On one side of him was seated his vaqīr, on the other a grim-looking secretary, whose face was adorned with a pair of fierce moustaches, and whose hand still held the letter of introduction which he had been reading to Pāšā Khān. The Warden of the Marches conversed with me for a short time, in a somewhat stilted manner, in Persian, enquiring particularly about the terms on which England stood with Russia. Seeing, however, that he was disinclined to prolong the interview, and that he appeared moody and preoccupied (a fact due, as we subsequently learned, to a quarrel which had arisen between him and his brother), we were preparing to take our leave when several servants entered bearing trays of pilāw and sherbet, of which, though we had already supped, we were compelled by politeness to partake. The sherbet was excellent, as was also the pilāw (consisting of pieces of lamb’s flesh buried in rice), which we had to eat, awkwardly enough, with our hands. This accomplishment, which, in spite of assiduous efforts, I never succeeded in thoroughly acquiring, is far from being so easy as might at first sight appear. The rice is pressed by the four fingers into a wedge-shaped bolus, which is then thrust into the mouth by an upward motion of the terminal joint of the thumb, placed behind it. Any grains of rice which remain clinging to the fingers must then be collected by a semi-circular sweep of the thumb into another smaller bolus, which is eaten before a fresh handful of rice is taken up. It is wonderful what dexterity the Persians acquire in this method of eating, which is indeed far more cleanly and convenient than might be supposed. To the foreigner, however, it is hardly less difficult of acquisition than the Persian manner of sitting on the heels; and if, on this our first attempt, we did not meet with the ridicule of our entertainers, it was rather from their politeness than from any dexterity on our part. On the conclusion of the meal we took our leave, Pāšā Khān ordering our host in his capacity of farrādīsh to accompany us on our journey as far as Ḍarā Aynė. For this we were very grateful, not
so much because we hoped for any advantage from our escort, as because we had feared that it might be larger; for a large escort naturally involves considerable expense.

Next day (24th October) we started a little before 8 a.m., and we were now able to contrast the appearance of the numerous villages through which we passed with those on the Turkish side of the frontier. The comparison was certainly very much to the advantage of Persia. The houses, surrounded by gardens of poplars, were neater, cleaner, and better built than is usual in Turkey; while nearly every village contained at least one house of considerable size. The change in the costume of the people was equally striking; the fez had entirely disappeared, and its place was taken either by the thickly-lined, close-fitting skull-cap of cloth trimmed with black wool, which is called "shikārī," or by the hideous long-haired "pādak" of black or brown colour which I have already noticed as constituting the head-dress of our muleteers.

Before we had gone very far we were overtaken by two more of Pāshá Khán's mounted irregulars, who appeared desirous of attaching themselves to us as an additional escort, in spite of our unwillingness to accept their services. About 2 p.m. we reached the village of Kará Ayné, which was to be our halting-place for the night. Hearing that there was a bazaar, I was minded to visit it, but found it to be a single shop kept by a leper, whose stock-in-trade appeared to consist chiefly of small tawdry mirrors and very rank tobacco.

On the following day we were joined by two more armed horsemen, making five in all, so that our cavalcade now presented a most imposing appearance, and there seemed to be every chance that, at this rate of proceeding, we should accumulate a small army before reaching Tābrīz. In order, as I believe, to sustain our flagging faith in their utility, and to convince us of the danger of the road, an alarm of robbers was started by our escort as we were traversing a narrow defile.

Assuring us that only three days ago three men had been robbed and murdered in this very spot, they galloped wildly ahead, now cautiously ascending and peeping over the summit of a hillock, now madly descending it at break-neck speed, and scouring across the country. In the caravan all were huddled together in a compact mass; and, in spite of our scepticism, 'All insisted on the rifle being got ready for action, while he continued to brandish an old sword (which he had bought at Erzeroum) in the most truculent manner. Notwithstanding all these preparations, no robbers appeared; and, after we had been sufficiently entertained by the evolutions of our escort, we were permitted to lapse once more into tranquillity. Early in the afternoon, after fording a river (the eminently picturesque bridge being broken down), and passing a pretty hamlet situated by the side of a stream, we arrived at the village of Zoráwa, where we halted for the night. Here we obtained very fair quarters in the house of a fine-looking old man, with some knowledge of Persian. Four or five of the inhabitants came in to stare at us and smoke their kalýdus ("hubble-bubbles"), with intermittent attempts to mend a broken door. 'All struck up a great friendship with our host, and, inspired by this, and the reflection that on the morrow we should reach a town of some importance, made him a present of all that remained of our tea.

Next day (26th October) we found to our delight that our escort was reduced to two, who still continued their attempts to scare us with alarms of robbers. Whether the road was indeed dangerous I do not know, but it was certainly amazingly bad. About mid-day, on emerging from a very fine gorge, we saw at our feet a wide and cultivated plain, surrounded almost entirely by mountains, except to the right, in the direction of Urumiyé. In this plain lay the beautiful little city of Kháyw, and, somewhat nearer to us, the suburb of Pír-e—both surrounded by a mass of gardens. The latter we reached in about an hour, and here we rested for a while. Thence onwards to the very walls of
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Khûy (appropriately styled "Dârû's-safâ," "the Abode of Delight") our way lay through pleasant gardens of poplars, willows, and fruit-trees, and fields planted with cotton. At 3.30 p.m. we entered the town, and put up at a clean and well-constructed caravansaray.

While the baggage was being unloaded, I perceived that we were undergoing an attentive scrutiny on the part of a magnificent-looking dervish, who wore on his head a green turban, of which one end depended over his shoulder, and carried in his hand a shining battle-axe. Presently he began to address enquiries to 'Ali, and, on learning from him that I spoke Persian, approached me and entered into conversation. He proved to be a native of Kirmân, Mr Jalâlu'd-Dîn by name; and his extraordinary fertility of imagination, which often carried him far beyond the bounds, not only of the probable, but of the possible, rendered him a very amusing companion, if not a very reliable informant. He at once constituted himself our guide, philosopher, and friend, and hardly quitting us during the three days which we spent at Khûy, declaring that he perceived us to be excellent fellows, worthy of his society and conversation. He assured us that he had travelled much, and had thrice visited London, once in company with the Shâh; that he had instructed members of the Russian royal family in Persian; and that besides this, his native tongue, he was conversant with no less than ten languages, including Kurdish, Russian, and the dialect of Sîstân on the eastern frontier of Persia. Having given us these details about himself, he began to question us as to our destination, and, on learning that we were bound for Tabrîz, told us that we must make no account omit to visit the towns of Šalmâs, Khusravâbâd, and Dîlmaghân, more especially the last, in which, as he declared, there were no less than a thousand English residents, who, through converse with dervishes and Šûfis, had become enlightened and philosophical. While we were engaged in conversation, a man entered the room to enquire our names and whence we came, the object for which this information was sought being, as Mr Jalâlu'd-Dîn informed us with perfect gravity, that it might be inserted in the newspapers of Tabrîz! His imagination being now temporarily exhausted, our worthy friend bade us good-night; and, promising to be with us betimes in the morning, and to show us something of the town, left us to repose.

Our first business on awaking in the morning was to make enquiries as to the possibility of obtaining a bath in the adjacent bâmmâm, and this indulgence was without difficulty accorded to us. On our return we found our friend the dervish awaiting our arrival. He at once launched out into a disquisition on things pertaining to his order. The true 'ârif or adept, he informed us, was distinguished by four external signs: the tabûr, or axe, which serves to protect him during his wanderings in the desert from ferocious beasts; the kâshkâli, or gourd slung on chains, in which he receives alms; the țîf, or felt cap embroidered with texts, which crowns his head; and the ġîrân, or long locks, which fall over his shoulders. He then showed me some pills, compounded, as he assured me, after a prescription of the sage Lokmân, of a substance called bursh, and known by the name of ḥabb-i-misbâf, or "pills of gladness." One of these he offered me to eat, assuring me that it would not fail to produce a most delightful sense of exhilaration and ecstasy; but, although I complied with his invitation, I failed to observe any such effect.

About 11 a.m. we accompanied him for a stroll through the town. He first took us to a neighbouring caravansaray and introduced us to a Syrian Christian of Urumiyâ, named Simon Abraham, who practised the trade of a photographer, and spoke English (which he had learned from the missionaries settled at that place) very well. He, in his turn, introduced us to another Syrian Christian, called Dr Samuel, who kept a dispensary at the opposite side of the caravansaray, and who likewise possessed a good knowledge of English. Both received us very cordially, and did much to render pleasant our sojourn at Khûy.
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In the afternoon we were taken by the indefatigable Mir Jalâlu’d-Din to visit a tâkyî, or retreat for dervishes, situated near the walls of the town. The dervishes, who were a most heterogeneous crew, including, besides Persians, Kurds and negroes, received us very hospitably, and gave us tea. On our return to the caravan saray, our companion introduced us to a râmmâl, or geomancer, who occupied a room adjacent to ours. This votary of the occult sciences, Mirzá Ta’âsh, by name, was a native of Kirmáshâh. So far as I could see, he never quitted his cell, dividing his time between opium-smoking, tea-drinking, and casting the four dice-like brass cubes pivoted together whereby he essayed to unravel the mysteries of the future. After offering us a share of his tea, he proceeded to cast his dice and tell me my fortune, scribbling on a piece of paper the while, somewhat as follows:—“Three, two, one, two” (counting the numbers uppermost on the dice), “Praise be to Allah! thou wast born under a lucky star. One, one, three, four; thy journey will be a long one, and seven months at least will elapse ere thou shalt see again thy native land. Two, two, four, two; I take refuge with Allah, the Supreme, the Mighty! What is it that I see? Thou shalt without doubt incur a great danger on the road, and indeed it seems to me that one will attempt thy life before thou reachest Tabriz. Four, three, one, four; thou hast already lost, or wilt shortly lose, two things of value—” (I immediately thought of my watch, and then recollected that I had informed Mir Jalâlu’d-Din of its loss). “Four, four, two, one; our refuge is in God! A violent storm will overtake thee on thy voyage homewards, but from this thou wilt, In-sha’Allah, escape, by means of a talisman which I will prepare for thee. Three, one, one, three; on thy return home thou wilt marry and have four sons and three daughters. Four, two, three, one; thou hast, alas! several powerful enemies, and an evil influence threatens thy star; but shouldst thou escape these (as, please God, thou wilt do, by the help of a charm which I will presently write for thee), thou wilt without
doubt gain the favour of thy Queen, and attain unto great prosperity—In-sha’Allah! ‘Thy fortune,’” he continued, sweeping up the implements of his craft, “is, praise be to Allah, far from bad; a proof of which is that thou hast fallen in with one truly skilled in the occult sciences, and endowed with all kinds of knowledge, who is able not only to warn thee of the misfortunes which threaten thee, but also to provide thee with the means of averting, or at least of mitigating, the same. The talismans which thou needest now are as follows:—One to protect thee from the attempt on thy life which will be made before thou reachest Tabriz; one to ensure thy safety in the storm which will assail thee on thy homeward voyage; one—”

“Honoured sir!” I interrupted at this point, “before giving you the trouble of writing so many charms, I would fain have some further proof of the efficacy of your science. I do not, indeed, like many of my countrymen, deny its existence, but of its truth I would desire a proof which you can easily afford me. To describe the events of the past is without doubt less difficult than to predict those of the future. Tell me, then, the name of my birthplace, the number of my brothers and sisters, and the adventures which have already befallen me. Then, indeed, shall I know for certain that you are a skilful magician, and that the science which you practise is not (as some of my unbelieving countrymen assert) a vain and useless thing.”

Reasonable as this request appeared to me to be, it did not seem to meet with the approbation of the geomancer, who appeared suddenly to lose interest in the conversation, seeing which we withdrew to our own room, where we subsequently received a visit from our Syrian friends.

Next morning, before I was dressed, Mir Jalâlu’d-Din appeared with two small manuscripts, both of which, he said, belonged to a poor Suﬁ, who was willing to sell them for a small sum only because he was stricken down by a mortal disease. One of these manuscripts contained, besides the well-known
philosophical poem of Sheyk Mahmūd Shabistāri known as the Gulistan-i-Rāz, or "Rose Garden of Mystery," a treatise on the mystical science of managing the breath, from which he read me several long extracts. The other consisted of a few scattered pages from a work on medicine, which, he gravely informed me, had been written by the hand of Galen himself, and discovered by himself and a comrade amongst the ruins of one of the pyramids destroyed by the English! Not wishing to hurt the feelings of my ingenious friend by giving expression to my doubts, and thinking that some compensation was due to him for the trouble which he had been at to entertain us, I agreed to purchase these manuscripts for the moderate sum which he named.

We next visited the dispensary of Dr Samuel, whither H— had already preceded us. Here for the first time I was able to appreciate the difficulties incidental to the practice of medicine amongst a people whose curiosity prompts them to hover round the physician long after their own cases have been dealt with, and who are only too eager to throw our hints on diagnosis and treatment whenever they get the opportunity. Our visit to the dispensary was so far unfortunate that, on returning to our caravansary towards evening, after a stroll in the bazaar and a chat with the postmaster, I found a crowd of people assembled outside, who, on beholding me, cried out, "He comes! the Firangi hakim has arrived," and thronged after me into the square. This assembly consisted of several sick people, accompanied by a number of their friends and relatives, who, hearing that we had some knowledge of medicine, were anxious to consult us. On enquiry I learned that they had previously been attending Dr Samuel, from whom they had obtained medicine, of which they had only made a very brief trial. I therefore told them that they had better give his treatment a fair chance before deserting it for some new remedy, especially as I was convinced, both by conversation with the Syrian doctor, and by observation of his practice, that he was at least as competent as myself to advise them.

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It was with much regret that on the following morning (29th October) we prepared to quit Khūy. For some time I despaired of ever getting off. Inside the room, where we were vainly attempting to pack our things, were our Syrian friends, together with Mir Jalālu'd-Din, who had come to bid us farewell. Outside were crowds of sick people come for advice and treatment, irregular soldiers anxious to be engaged as escort, and idle spectators; while above all was visible the ugly grinning face of Feyzullāh, the muleteer, trying to hasten our departure with cries of "Gidakhi!" which, in the Turkish dialect of Adharbāyjān, signifies "Let us go." At length, about 11 a.m., our preparations were completed, and we were on the point of starting, when Mir Jalālu'd-Din (who had disappeared for a while previously) approached me to bid me farewell and to give me two more proofs of his good will. The first of these was a letter of introduction to a brother dervish at Tabrīz, who, he assured me, would very probably consent to accompany me on my travels, and would perhaps even return with me to my native country. Unfortunately, I was unable to put this statement to the test, and the letter was never used. The second was a small white circular object, looking like an unperforated and much-worn shirt button, which he said was a talisman, sufficient, in all probability, to protect me against the danger of being robbed or murdered which had been predicted by the opium-smoking geomancer. As a further precaution, however, he added that I should do well, in the event of robbers making their appearance, to dismount from my horse, take a handful of dust from the road, blow on it, and scatter it around me, at the same time uttering the "Bismu'llāh," when the robbers would infallibly disperse. He then asked me to give him a nadir, or offering of money, for the dervishes, who would exert their influence to protect me from harm, and, having received this, he finally bade me farewell.

Quitting the town by a gate opposite to that by which we had entered it, we passed through a long avenue of poplars,
and shortly afterwards reached a point where the road bifurcated, one branch running southwards in the direction of Urumiyé, and the other, which we pursued, eastwards towards the hills which we must cross to reach Tabríz. Near the summit of one of these hills was a small imamzadeh, or shrine, which, as Farach informed us, was reputed most efficacious in curing persons afflicted with hydrophobia, or bitten by a serpent. After a short stage of four hours we reached a little village called Seyyid Tāju’d-Dīn, where we halted for the night.

Next day we continued to ascend for about two hours, until we reached the top of the pass. From this we had a magnificent view of the great salt lake of Urumiyé, glittering in the sun, and studded with numerous rocky islands, which, as an effect of the mirage, appeared deeply indented at the base. Descending by the dry bed of a river which did duty for a road, we soon entered the plain which skirts the lake on this its northern side. Here we fell in with a wandering snake-charmer, who, after exhibiting to us the immunity with which he handled his snakes, pressed us to buy pieces of dirty bread, which he assured us would prove an infallible remedy for snake-bites. This, however, I declined to do, for I thought myself sufficiently provided with talismans for the present.

Before 2 p.m. we reached our halting-place, Tāsūch, a large but uninteresting village distant about a mile from the shore of the lake. Nothing worthy of note befell us here, except the loss of a purse of money, which event our friend the geomancer, had he known of it, might perhaps have claimed as the fulfilment of a part of his prediction.

The following day’s march took us to Dīzé-Khalil, a good-sized village with a fair bazaar, situated amidst gardens of poplars near the north-east corner of the lake. Here we obtained good quarters, where our host brought us, together with a present of flowers, an old copy of the Pilgrim’s Progress left behind by some previous traveller.

Next day, Tuesday, 1st November, after a tedious march of nearly ten hours, broken by a short halt about 2 p.m. at a disconsolate village called Miyán, we reached Tabríz, the capital of the province of Adharbajján, the residence of the Vâl-‘abd, or Crown Prince, and one of the largest, if not the largest, of the cities of Persia. Although we were provided with letters of introduction to Mr Abbott, the British Consul, it was too late to think of presenting them that evening, and accordingly, after threading our way for nearly an hour through the vast suburbs which surround the city, we were glad to alight at the first respectable caravansaray which we came to.

On the following morning we repaired to the British Consulate, and were very kindly received by Mr Abbott and his wife, who invited us to be their guests during our sojourn in Tabríz. We gladly accepted this invitation, for we had not seen a European since leaving Erzeroum, and had not slept in a proper bed since we quitted the Hôtel d’Italie at Trebizond.

We remained at Tabríz four days. During this time we became acquainted with Mr Whipple, one of the American missionaries, who kindly undertook to pilot us through the inextricable labyrinth of bazaars (perhaps the most extensive in Persia), and the Turkish Consul, Behjét Bey, who, in addition to an excellent knowledge of Persian, possessed the best temper, the keenest sense of humour, the cheeriest laugh, and the most voracious appetite that I have ever seen in one of his nation.

Although Tabríz is so important a town, it offers few attractions to the sight-seer beyond the bazaars, the “Blue Mosque” (Masjid-i-Kabîd), and the citadel (Arg), of which the two last are said to date from the time of Hârûn’r-Rashid.

Both of these monuments of antiquity we visited on the second day after our arrival. The Blue Mosque is now little more than a ruin, but the handsome tiles and inscriptions which still adorn its walls bear witness to its ancient splendour. The citadel (also said to have been originally a mosque) consists of
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[from page 64, text continues...]

...a staircase in the left, lateral rectangular, accessible by means of a stairwell, with a single entrance, opposite to which is a large kiosk formed by a large arcade. The opposite side of the quadrangle is occupied by the grandeur of the large arcade, and the facade of the quadrangle is composed of a series of arches and cornices, and crowned by a large rectangular tower, accessible by means of a staircase in the left, lateral rectangular, accessible by means of a stairwell, with a single entrance...
doctrines of their former fellow-student, and began to preach them openly wherever they went, so that in a short time the fame of Mírzá 'Ali Muhammad was noise abroad throughout the whole of Persia, and everywhere men began to say that the Imám Mahdī had come at last for the deliverance of the nations and the establishment of universal justice and peace.

At first but little attention was paid to the new sect by the government or clergy, but towards the end of the summer of 1845 they began to be alarmed at its rapid spread, and took measures to check its progress. The Báb, who had just returned from Mecca to Bushire, was brought to Shiráz and placed in confinement. His followers were prohibited from discussing his doctrines in public, and some of the more active were beaten, mutilated, and expelled from the town. In the early summer of 1846, however, a plague broke out in Shiráz, and, during the general consternation caused by this, the Báb effected his escape, and made his way to Isfahán, where he was well received by Minúchíhr Khán, governor of that city, who afforded him protection and hospitality for nearly a year.

Early in 1847 Minúchíhr Khán died, and his successor, anxious to curry favour with the Government, sent the Báb, under the care of an escort of armed horsemen, to the capital. So serious were the apprehensions already entertained by the Government of a popular demonstration in the prisoner’s favour, that his guards had received instructions to avoid entering the towns by which they must needs pass. At Káshán, however, a respectable merchant named Mírzá Jánī, who subsequently suffered martyrdom for his faith, prevailed on them by means of a bribe to allow their prisoner to tarry with him two days. At the village of Khánlík, also near Ṭeherán, a number of believers came out to meet the Báb. Amongst these was Mírzá Huseyn ‘All of Nūr in Mázandarán, who, at a later date, under the title of Báb ‘a’l-Láh ("the Splendour of God"), was recognised by the great majority of the Bábís as their spiritual chief, and who, till his death on 16th May 1892, resided at Acre in Syria, surrounded by a band of faithful followers, and visited yearly by numbers of pilgrims.

The king, Muhammad Sháh, and his chief minister, Házír Mírzá Aghá-Háí, dreading the effect likely to be produced in the capital by the presence of the Báb, determined to send him to the fortress of Mákú on the north-west frontier of Persia, without allowing him to enter Ṭeherán. Thither he was accordingly conveyed; but at Zanján and Mílán he received a popular ovation, and even at Mákú it was found impossible to prevent him from receiving occasional letters and visits from his adherents. Nor did the plan of transferring him to the stermer custody of Yahyá Khán, governor of the castle of Chihrák, near Urmiyye, meet with much better success in this respect.

Meantime, while the Báb was occupying the weary days of his imprisonment in compiling and arranging the books destined to serve as a guide to his followers after the fate which he had but too much cause to apprehend should have removed him from their midst, his emissaries were actively engaged in propagating his doctrines. Fiery enthusiasm on the part of these was met by fierce opposition from the orthodox party, headed by the clergy, and it needed only the confusion and disorder introduced into all departments of the empire by the death of Muhammad Sháh (5th October 1848) to bring the two factions into armed collision. The strife, once kindled, rapidly assumed the most alarming proportions, and the reign of the new king, Násiru’d-Dín Sháh, was inaugurated by formidable insurrections of the Bábís at Yezd, Níriz, Zanján, and in Mázandarán. Of the two latter
risings I shall have to say something when I come to speak of
the places at which they occurred. For the present it is sufficient
to state that, after the rising in Mázandarán had been suppressed
with great difficulty and the sacrifice of many lives, a revolt,
which threatened to defy the united efforts of the whole Persian
army, broke out at Zanján. Thereupon, by the advice of Mírzá
Takí Khán (at that time prime minister to the young king),
an attempt was made to strike terror into the hearts of the
insurgents, and to fill their minds with despair, by the public
execution of the Báb, who, though innocent of any direct share
in the plans or councils of the rebels, was regarded as the source
from which they drew the enthusiasm which inspired them with
a resolution so obstinate and a courage so invincible.

Accordingly, orders were despatched to Tabríz to bring the
Báb thither from his prison-house, and, after the form of a trial,
to put him to death. After enduring all manner of insults at the
hands of the Government authorities, the clergy, and the rabble
of the city, through the streets of which he was dragged for many
hours, he was finally brought to the place of execution, near the
citadel, a little before sundown. An immense crowd, drawn
thither some by sympathy, others by a vindictive desire to witness
the death of one whom they regarded as an arch-heretic, but
actuated for the most part, probably, by mere curiosity, was here
assembled. Many of those who composed it were at least half-
convinced of the divine mission of the Báb; others, who had
come with feelings of animosity or indifference, were moved to
compassion by the sight of the youthful victim, who continued
to manifest the same dignity and fortitude which had characterised
him during the whole period of his imprisonment.

The Báb was not to suffer alone. The sentence which had been
pronounced against him included also two of his disciples. One
of these, Aḵá Seyyid Ḥuseyn of Yezd, who had been his com-
panion and amanuensis during the whole period of his captivity,
either actuated by a momentary but uncontrollable fear of death,
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inconstant and impressionable multitude. These apprehensions, however, were of short duration. One of the soldiers espied the Báb hiding in a guardroom which opened on to the stone platform over which he had been suspended. He was seized, dragged forth, and again suspended; a new firing-party was ordered to advance (for the men who had composed the first refused to act again); and before the spectators had recovered from their first astonishment, or the Bábís had had time to attempt a rescue, the body of the young prophet of Shíráz was riddled with bullets.

The two corpses were dragged through the streets and bazaars, and cast out beyond the city gates to be devoured by dogs and jackals. From this last indignity, however, they were saved by the devotion of Suleyán Khán and a few other believers, who, whether by force, bribes, or the influence of powerful friends, succeeded in obtaining possession of them. They were wrapped in white silk, placed in one coffin, and sent to Țeherán, where, by order of Mírzá Yahyá Šuhb-i-Ezél (“the Morning of Eternity,” who, though but twenty years of age, had been chosen to succeed the Báb), they were deposited in a little shrine called Imam-qaíd-i-Moũsáín, which stands by the Hamadán road not far from Ribát-Karim. Here they remained undisturbed for seventeen or eighteen years, till the schism originated by Behá deprived his half-brother Ezél of the supremacy in the Bábí Church which he had hitherto enjoyed, when they were removed by the Behá’ís, to whom alone is now known the last resting-place of the glorious martyrs of Tabrîz.

CHAPTER IV

FROM TABRIZ TO ȚEHERÁN

“We have a horror for uncouth monsters; but, upon experience, all these bugs grow familiar and easy to us.”—(L’Estrange.)

On Monday, 7th November, bidding farewell to our kind host, we quitted Tabrîz as we had entered it, with Farach’s animals, which we had decided to re-engage at sixty-five krâts a head (nearly £2 sterling) for our journey to the capital. Contrary to the general rule, we managed to begin our journey with a good long stage of eight farsakhs. We passed nothing of interest except a large sheet of water, lying to the north of the road, on which were multitudes of water-fowl; and, as we had made a late start, it was more than an hour after sundown when we reached Hájí-Ăká, where we halted for the night.

Next day we were joined on the road by a horseman of respectable appearance, who accompanied us on our journey as far as Miáná. His name, as I discovered, was Mírzá Háshím, and his conversation did much to beguile the tediousness of the way. Approaching the subject with some diffidence, I asked him to tell me what he knew about the Bábí insurrection at Zanján. He answered that he could not tell me much about it, except that the insurgents, whose numbers hardly exceeded 300 fighting;

1 The farsakb, farsang, or parasang is a somewhat variable measure of length averaging about 3½ miles. As Dr. Wills has remarked (Land of the Lion and the Sun), it varies with the nature of the ground, being longer when the road is good, and shorter when it is bad. This leads me to believe that it is intended to indicate the distance which can be traversed in an hour by a good horse going at walking pace. It is, however, considerably longer than the Turkish "hour" (id’âr), which is only 3 miles. A caravan rarely covers a farsakb in an hour.
men, held at bay an army of nearly 10,000 men for nine months. He added that he had himself known one of them who had succeeded in effecting his escape after the sack of the town, and who used to boast that he had with his own hand slain 1000 of the royal troops!

In the course of the morning we passed a fine-looking though somewhat ruined building, situated on the left side of the road opposite to the village of Tikmé-Tásh, which our companion informed us was a palace built for the Sháh nearly forty years before, on the occasion of his visiting this part of his dominions. Since then it has remained unused, and has been allowed to fall into disrepair. Another neglected palace of this sort exists farther east, at Sulțáníyé.

Farther on we passed two fine old caravansarays, constructed with the care and solidity which characterise all the work done in the glorious days of the Šáfáví kings. These, however, we passed without halting, and pushed on to Kará Chimán, a picturesquely situated village, lying somewhat to the south of the main road in a little valley through which runs a river bordered with groves of poplar trees. Here we obtained very good quarters in a clean, well-constructed hulákhané (upper room), commanding a fine view of the valley, river, and village.

Next morning (9th November) we passed, soon after starting, two large villages, situated at some distance from the road, the one to the north, the other to the south. The former is called Báshisz, the latter Bulghawár. Beyond these there was little worthy of note in the parched-up undulating country through which our road lay, until, about 3 p.m., we reached our halting-place, Súmá, where we obtained good quarters at the house of one Mashhádi Háshán. In the evening we received a visit from our travelling companion, Mírzá Háshím; and as our next stage would bring us to Miyáné, which enjoys so evil a reputation by reason of the poisonous bugs which infest it, we asked him whether it was true, as is currently reported, that the bite of these animals proves fatal to a stranger. After assuring us that this was sometimes the case, he informed us that the so-called "Miyáné bug," or "mala," was not altogether confined to that town, but that it also occurred in Súmá, the village wherein we then were. The villagers, he added, have the following curious story about its origin:—

Once upon a time a native of Súmá went to the neighbouring village of Hashtárudí, where he became involved in a quarrel with the inhabitants, which culminated in his being murdered by them. From the body of the murdered man emerged a number of these malas, which established themselves in the village of Súmá. Whenever a native of Hashtárudí arrives there, they remember the blood-feud which exists, and avenge the death of their "ancestor" by inflicting a fatal bite upon the descendant of his murderers. To all others, however, their bite, though painful, is comparatively harmless.

Mírzá Háshím then told us of the severity of the winters at Ardabil, and showed us a woollen cap with coverings for the ears, admirably adapted for a protection against severe cold. Having informed me that he had refused to sell it for fifteen kó貞s (rather less than ten shillings), he offered to make me a present of it. Of course I politely declined his offer, telling him that I could not consent to deprive him of so valuable a possession; for I had no need of the cap, and did not think it worth the sum he had mentioned.

Europeans travelling in Persia have sometimes complained of what they regard as the meanness of the Persians in offering presents in return for which they expect money. It appears to me that this complaint arises from a failure to understand the fact that such an offer from a man of distinctly lower rank than oneself is merely tantamount to a declaration that he is willing to sell or exchange the article in question. When he offers to give it as a present, he merely uses the same figure of speech as did Ephron the Hittite in negotiating the sale of the cave of
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Machpelah with Abraham. All peoples make use, to a greater or less extent, of similar euphemisms, and we have no more right to blame a poor Persian for offering us a "present," in return for which he expects to receive equivalent value, than to censure as sordid the desire expressed by a cabman to be "remembered" by us.

As I have touched on this subject, I may as well say something about presents in general. There are not fewer than eight words more or less commonly used in Persian in this sense. Of these, three, viz. armaghak, rab-arav, and saughit, signify any object which one brings back from a journey to give to one's friends at home. Yaddigar is a keepsake, to remind the owner of the absent friend by whom it was given. Hadiyé is a general term for any sort of present. There remain the terms ta'durf, pish-kesh, and in'amu, each of which requires a somewhat fuller explanation.

The first of these signifies a present given to some one of about the same social rank as the donor. In such cases no return is usually expected, at any rate in money. Sometimes, however, the term is used by one who, while desirous of receiving the monetary equivalent of that which he offers, does not wish to admit his social inferiority to the person to whom the "present" is offered by using the term pish-kesh.

When, however, a peasant, servant, muleteer, gardener, or the like, offers a present of flowers, fruits, or fowls to the traveller, he calls it a pish-kesh (offering), and for such he generally expects at least the proper value in money of the article so offered. When the "present" is something to which a definite monetary value can be assigned (e.g. an article of food), this is only right and proper. To expect a poor villager to supply travellers gratis with the necessaries of life, which he can often ill spare, and to blame him for desiring to receive the value of the same, is surely the height of absurdity. With presents of flowers the case is somewhat different. It often happens that the traveller, on visiting a garden, for instance, is confronted on his exit by a row of gar-

deners, each of whom offers him a bunch of flowers. He is then placed in rather a dilemma, for, on the one hand, he feels some delicacy in refusing what may, after all, be a gift prompted solely by courtesy and kindness; while, on the other hand, he may not care to pay several kyus for that which is of no use to him. Even in this case I think that Europeans are partly to blame for a custom which has, in some of the more frequented parts of Persia, become an intolerable nuisance. My reason for believing that what sometimes amounts to little less than a system of extortion (theoretically capable of unlimited expansion so long as there is a handful of flowers in the village and a peasant to bring and offer the same) originally grew out of a graceful and courteous custom of welcoming a stranger by presenting him with a nosegay, is that in parts of Persia less frequently visited by Europeans, such as the neighbourhood of Yezid and Kirmâ, I have often been given a handful of roses or other flowers by a passing peasant, who continued on his way after the accomplishment of this little act of courtesy without once pausing or looking back in expectation of receiving a reward.

As regards the last kind of present, the in'am, or gratuity, it is, as its name implies, one bestowed by a superior on an inferior, and is almost always given in the form of money. The term is applied not only to the presents of money spoken of above, but to the gratuities given to villagers in whose houses one puts up for the night, keepers of caravansarays and post-houses at which one alights, shajird-chapars who accompany one on each stage in posting to show the way and bring back the horses, servants in houses at which one stays, and, in short, anyone of humble rank who renders one a service. To determine the amount which ought to be given in any particular case is sometimes rather a difficult matter for the traveller.

A reliable native servant is of great use in this matter; and should the traveller possess such, he will do well to follow his advice until he is able to judge for himself. The most costly