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no 1–

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III/2 Bahrein Is. Persian Gulf.
* Bushire Shiraz

How is Mader i Khan?" "He cured them Sa'at - He saying nothing at all. He sitting quite still & enjoying himself."
Mader i Khan slept well that night.

& a month or more after these 16 kerans were sent us to Koum. The golam had told Ittisham i Dowleh + he had made the Chavadar disgorge them.
For the honour of England we refused to relieve them saying though the bargain had been bad for us we must stick to it + the money was none of ours. Where will it stick?

See Diary Extracts from Mrs Jeffries

"T." means Theodora -

No I - Bahrein Islands. Persian Gulf.
Bushire -
I

British India S.S. Pemba. Jan 21st
Monday 1889
Passing Gujerat. India.

Now for the first time feel tempted to bring forth this book as I am so soon to get off the beaten track.
Theodore + I left London on Dec 28 (Friday) in the P+O S.S. Rosetta, v[illegible] a very comfortable + clean ship landed at Naples Sat. on the way + changed at Aden Monday with no time to land, to the P+O Assam, which though smaller, is wider + has much better passenger accomodation + was very clean. We reached Bombay on Sunday 20th after a roughish time in the Indian Ocean passing on Sat. the American racing yacht "Coronet" going round the World. There were few passengers on the "Assam".

And now I think we are among the most remarkable people in this world. Fancy going all the way to Bombay & deserting there without ever landing! We found the tender of the Brit. Ind. waiting hungrily for us & were carried off with the mails at once.

This is a very small ship & only one passenger for Kierrachee 1st class. But quantities of odd deck passengers dressed & the reverse.

We have a cabin next to the little ladies' cabin & their bath & all in communication so I have a dressing room & we are most comfortable.

We are to call at several places on our way to Bushire. The sea is very calm & it is nice & cool & we are passing a coast like Holland with Palms & rather cocoanut trees

Kurrachi

We reached Karachee on Wedy 23 abt 2 P.M. & being tempted by the thought of 2 nights ashore, landed. We were surprised at the immense fleet of huge sailing boats which surrounded the ship instead of the usual little ones, but we were a good way out. They are building a new light house further back & lower ground but lighter in itself as the present one is being shaken by the guns on Manora point. On landing on the Bunder or Quay we took a carriage for "Reynolds Hotel" After leaving the Bunder where various shipping buildings are we drove for a mile or more along the Bund or embankement across water & in abt 6 miles we reached our destination. All around is arid & sandy but they are making a fierce fight to rear up some dusty plantains palms pepper trees &c.

The hotel was a great disappointment

as the establishment is just a one storeyed Bungalow with a verandah all round + every one's door opening on to it + most with no kind of blind to prevent the animals being beheld by outsiders. We found ourselves when night came in this case + so without ceremony flitted to a suite next door with imitation coloured glass. There was a dressing room behind + a built bath cemented in a bathroom beyond. bedroom

All was very untidy + wretched + when night came we washed ourselves on board the Pemba. The cantonment road was near also many others intersecting this sandy plain all 40 feet wide + one with foot paths fully 20. This led past the bungalows of officers each in a compound which made the road very long + dull + it was very hot too. On Thursday we drove

to the City about 4 miles off + nearer the sea + discovered the native town + wandered up + down narrow streets full of people intermixed with cows + passed several baths where people were washing themselves outside the buildings. We departed at dawn on Friday + drove down to the Bunder + were off after breakfast, now the only 1st class.

Friday night we stopped 3 miles out from Gwadeer in Beloochistan so of course saw nothing + on Sunday 27th morning early found ourselves at Muscat in Arabia.

Muscat is a very pretty place situated among rocks with walls + towers. all ruined but they look very well from the sea + high mountains round. It is said to be hotter than Aden + they said the weather was exceptionally hot

Muscat

that day + it certainly was most scorching.

We went ashore in the mail boat being carried to land + guided by the Union Jack on a large house by the sea we went to call on Col - Mockler our Resident - He is the son in law of Col Ross the Resident at Bushire.

He was out when we came but as he resides over the Post we had the pleasure of seeing the inhabitants in the first excitement of getting their letters. They were like a flock of pigeons being fed + one group of abt 15 particularly amused me. It squatted on its heels all round one letter in a great hurry while the letter was read + then jumped up.

Col Mockler soon came in + as we declined breakfast though we accepted an offer of luncheon at 2, he accompanied us with 3 men to the palace of the Sultan which we wished to see. He said he could not go in but waited outside.

The door from the street is a double one very high + large, carved + covered with great spiky bosses of brass inside + out. This leads into a narrow court with on the immediate left, a lion in a cage abt 8ft high + on the more distant right a prisoner in a far smaller cage, lying for he could not possibly stand.

Another similar door leads through a vaulted passage full of guards to an inner court with a pool in it + a wide cloister round it supporting a gallery.

We were led round this, past a step ladder + into a wide balcony over the sea + round + out again. I said

Muscat

"Is there any chance of our seeing the Sultan" so Col Mockler sent to ask & I suppose an affirmative answer was given

Col M. returned to breakfast & dinner us under the guardianship of an old man with a long red robe & two others & we first went up into a fort on the N. of the town, very much ruined & full of rusty old Cannons, & one or two fine old brass Spanish ones. not Portuguese as one would expect. We had a view all over the town, & could distinguish the Arab part with houses from the Beloochi part all booths of bamboo with a black look about them.

Then we went to the bazaars & annexed a little brass coffee pot with silver mountings & a most curious & heavy old iron lock. 3 Roupee (2 roupee)

Col M., who had hitherto never

1 roupee nominally 2/- but worth 1/8

Muscat

thought of such things, when we afterwards shewed them to him, said he must have some too.

Our red guide, after taking us among the bamboo booths outside the wall, brought us back to the Palace.

This time we went up the ladder & were startled by the Sultan, a smiling young man of ab^{t} 29, rushing to the top of it, & seizing our hands & shaking them warmly & dragging us to a room facing the sea.

The part of the gallery opposite the entrance is reserved as an antichamber to this.

The presence chamber is a large one, paved with black & white & surrounded with with high square cane-bottomed armchairs - a red one at one end with our Queen & Prince of Wales, in almost unrecog-

rizable coloured lithographs, is the throne. There are also some large looking-glasses & the King of Italy & of Russia & D. of Edinborough

We sat far from the throne & the Sultan next me but round the corner. He has a nice face full of fun & was manifestly quite delighted to see us

When it became evident that we could not speak Arabic a Parsee interpreter in a sort of European uniform was fetched who sat down opposite the Sultan & said that His Highness was anxious to know if our health was good.

When we were mutually reassured on that point,

"What do you think of Muscat?"

"It is a most beautiful place!" I said.

Then whence had we come, & where were we going & then we asked "Is His Highness thinking of coming to England?"

"No. His Highness says the way is very long & he has many affairs to arrange in Muscat so he cannot leave"

All this time we had been constantly refreshed.

First a large rough brass dish was brought with a coarse bowl containing "Halweh" (sweet a sort of gummy stuff rather like low Kokum & a knife & fork. It was handed first to me, not as is usual in Turkish last.

Next ~~cups of~~ & gilt tumblers of sherbet, sweetened & flavoured water, which is never effervescing.

Then cups of coffee in silver cups

and zarfs

Finally our handkerchiefs demanded & drenched with attar of rose

When we rose saying we would intrude no longer on H.H. H H became very uneasy & shouted impatiently & when a servant came flew to him grasped 4 little gilt bottles of attar of rose & thrust 2 into each of our hands.

After great compliments about our Queen having eyes everywhere & a confident that she would look after him we parted.

The affairs that keep him so busy are usurpations of his brothers rights. Fassil is not recognized by the British On the death of his father he seized the sovereignty & his brother Mechamed could get no adherents

He is away now there up inland trying to get up an army.

Mechamed is very black, his mother

being a Soahili & he is not liked & Fassil is very good looking; his mother was an Abyssinian. He is just like an Arab.

H H Fassil was simply dressed. He wore a green cotton under robe with a red cotton sash round the waist & a brown cloth over coat with a narrow line of gold braid down the shoulder & a blue & red checky cotton turban like dusters completed his toilet.

After this visit we went to "Paradise" an inland valley where, by constant irrigation they have some gardens growing up among bamboo booths.

I thought at first on approaching this region that some festival was going on for I was sure I heard bagpipes but no! what I heard was the creaking of the watering machines.

Suspended in the air on cords between posts composed of palm trunks, hung

a skin which as it rose shed out water. & then descended into a deep well situated under some palm trees where there were some men & women washing clothes in the overflow.

Behind the well we saw a deep hole dug in a slope & saw that the skin was drawn up by a buffalo as he walked down urged by a black slave who was supported by a sort of wooden stirrup through which he thrust his arm. When they got to the bottom the slave turned the wooden collar which had been on the chest of the buffalo so that it should be against his rump & up went they & down the bucket.

In due course we returned very hot & Col. M & I had luncheon & a rest then up the other fort, used as a prison

It was a stiff climb & we were very glad of some sherbet offered at the top. It is also very famous. Tea at

Col Mockler's Residence. It is really in part genuine ruins that he has had to take off a good part of the roof & lay matting over to prevent the walls falling

There is no other house or site to be had & he showed us plans for a new one he hopes the Indian government will build.

We had come ashore in the mailboat & been carried a good way & we went on board with Col M & I was carried to the boat in a very stately way on a chair. Mrs M's purpose. She is in Eng. with her children.



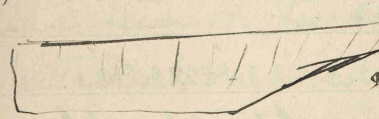
The women wear a sort of bridle of gold & coloured braids on their faces  most becoming if you happen to be a nigger. Some stared at us or followed us & they seemed very quiet people & altogether we enjoyed our visit to Muscat

Bunder Abbas

as much as we were disappointed in Karrachee - (I think I have not spelt this all the ways in use.

Jask was the next place we called at on Monday at mid day - We did not land - we were a mile off - It lies on a point, low + sandy + seems to consist chiefly of a telegraph station - It is however the place the post master of Bunder Abbas has to send his washing + get most provisions from

Bunderabbas was the first Persian place we landed at in a boat this shape - lined



with bamboos. The shore being flat we were carried a long distance.

We went to the telegraph office + begged a guide who however C° talk very few words of oh! no he C° only talk Persian - The town seems a good size + very dirty all built of mud bricks + the fruit market was held

Bunder Abbas

on the sand - Here I caused the greatest excitement crowds surrounding me to see my face - It was not very pleasant

We bought 2 shot flasks of camel skin very prettily engraved with an intricate pattern - a roupee each

We saw out beyond the town ruined Portuguese churches + monuments. The former had been faced with corals + madrepores.

I got a woman to take me into a bath A wild hullabaloo greeted me as my Terai hat caused me to be taken for a man but my conductress quieted them with loud cries of "Zaneh Franghi" + I was admitted quite peaceably through pools + puddles to the inner dome where the ladies were bathing in the garb of goddesses.

We returned to the shore + to the Post + were kindly taken upstairs to Mr Joseph Reys little room. It is a nice

little brown Persian who speaks English well & if we can later get to Ormuz he will be a good companion - He gave us luncheon. The tide was out & my bearers picked me up so badly that I had an agonizing journey to the boat slipping horribly. The Islands of Ormuz & Kishim lie in front of Bundrabbas. Ormuz is composed of rock salt & is of a beautiful outline.

Wed. 30th we reached Linga but here we also could not land. It looks pretty the mountains very serrated & palm trees or rather Cocoanut & a long ribbon of flat mud houses.

We have been going all this day

Thursday 31st in sight of land & hope tomorrow to finish 5 weeks & our voyage together at Bushire.

We have very nice cool weather. It varies however so much that we never know what to put on. Sometimes every woollen thing is discarded & sometimes the furs come out. We do not find we like draughts so much as those who have got the heat thoroughly into them.

Feb 1st Friday we were saddened by having our ports screwed up at 4 a.m. Which was a sign that getting ashore was doubtful But the pilot cheered us by bringing a note from Col Ross the Resident here saying he wd send his steam launch when we got in & they would take us in. In due course the launch arrived & after breakfast we left the Pemba it took us half an hour in a rough sea & got to Bushire, for we stopped nearer Reshire.

Col Ross added to his kindness a servant who he said was willing to be engaged - He speaks a little English having spent 3 weeks in Charing X Hotel when he went to take horses to

Bushire

the Queen from the Sultan of Damascus. Abdullah is his name.

A carriage of Col Ross's met us & we were soon at the Residency - a huge rambling place where were most kindly received by Col & Mrs & 3 Miss Ross. the assistant Resident Mr Melville, engaged to a Miss Ross & Capt Lindsay of the H.M.S. Kingfisher

We have a fine large room & soon every bag & box was gaoning in an awful mess.

We did not do much that day but ab. 4 sat out in verandah & watch the tennis. There are 2 courts in earth, the Residency & a Club & they have a cricket Club. With Consul Telegraph people &c there are ab. 20 Europeans.

Asked one of the young ladies if she knew any Persian ladies.

No I've never seen any. I never do like natives.

Once you get to Egypt any one who is not quite white is a Native - no one cares to discriminate of what country

Asked another "Is it far to the Bazaar. "I don't know. I've never been there. We never go into the town"

Boldly & bravely I set out with Theodore & Abdullah to face the dangers but though I would be willing enough to recount a thrilling adventure I can only say that though no doubt we were sometimes a little stared at as Europeans I was no more noticed than C. & we had a most peaceable time. We bought an old engraved water jug with which "he says when Arab man eat his grub he wash his hands.

A says he was much run after in town by boys saying "We want to see you

Johnny" & which he answered "See as much as you like -

All the world here seems much interested in our doings - This still uncertain about our hydraulic jack + chains & tent. Col Ross has lent us a tent + yest. Sat. was occupied in buying crowbars + pads &c + food.

I said to Col Ross "I am afraid we can't get pickaxes here"

He said Yes I have 7 which I have had for years + got knocking to's & Bahrein.

Sunday 3. The steamer is supposed to come tomorrow from Busra for Linga + there we must wait perhaps 5 days or more for the next up steamer to Bahrein unless Col Ross has succeeded in getting the last or rather new coming steamer to make a correspondence. Mr + Mrs R. have so

yest. to Busra in the forenoon 4 acht Lawrence or Col Ross will have letters have it - It is pouring today -

The Bazaar had nothing very striking in it but the lovely drug pots at a Chemists - which we will have a try for on our return -

We left Bushire yest. going on board with Tuesday Feb 5th the steam launch. We took altogether 5 men with us + the tools + tents as

We are on the Arabia, not so comfortable though larger than the Pemba. There are 2 French priests travelling through Mesopotamia India Egypt + home thro & America. They are in Mufti -

We expect to get to Linga tomorrow morn. + to find the up steamer waiting Col Ross having telegraphed to Kurrachee before our arrival to prevent our possibly awaiting there a fortnight -

On embarking in the launch Abdellah took out his revolver, a Constabulary one +

his cartridges saying we must always have them in "danger places".

I hear there is guinea worm at Bahrein as well as at Bushire. It is ab. 14 or more inches long, like a thread & somehow, unknown, gets into the flesh, either by drinking or by walking barefoot in swamps. It walks about till his head appears near the surface. The patient is then lanced, the head secured by tying to a wooden bobbin & gently wound a little daily. If he is carelessly broken he gets a new head & he travels ab. again. It is very painful.

The Aleppo button is also a mystery at Busra is the Busra Boil when you look as if you had been burnt. The Bagdad Boil or Dalemark looks as if bit had been bitten out. Europeans seldom get it on the face but I heard of some convicts little girl 2 years old who is having 30 on her face. & a lady with Busra marks all over the side of her face.

A third mystery is What is Manna? A very good sweetmeat is made with Manna & pistachio nuts & resembles nougat. But no one knows how it comes on a bush which is beaten to make it fall off. an insect is seen near but whether he makes it or comes to eat it no fellow can make out.

Who will go & lie under a bush with a fine muslin over it to see what goes on?

We are busy today with the dictionary & grammar trying to find out useful words & phrases for digging but do not mean to use them unadvisedly. Fancy asking them to carry away the globe instead of the soil as Eadth means both.

We were fortunate in being ashore those 3 nights as 2 were bad & Sunday night very bad indeed.

We transhipped at 6.30 on Wed. morn.

Bahareyn

to the "Assyria" at Linga or Lingya
The Assyria had availed herself of
the delay caused by us to shelter all
night at Bunder Abbas.

There were no 1st Class passengers
but a Hindoo Nawab on a pilgrim-
age to Kerbela with his wife + 10 slaves
A hospital tent was rigged up for her
on deck by way of a smoking room
as the Capt. would have no smoking
in the cabins.

The wind had gone down so with no
further adventure we reached the
principal of the Bahareen Islands.

It is very flat + low with an oval
ring of low hills Jebel Dukhkhan or
Smoke Mt. in the middle.

First we sailed ab. 20 minutes in
one of those funny Bugelows + then
were surrounded by donkeys on to which
we sat from the boat + so got to land.
I had been told much of the horrors
of this landing with no stirrups or
bridle but we are well accustom-
ed to this so we safely reached the
place in front of the post office
+ the Political Agent, an Arab
who speaks a little English con-
ducted us to our destined abode.

The better houses look like castles
with Tower + battlement. One tower
when we reached it, through a court
+ up a narrow stair with a low door,
stands on a stone platform with
walls pierced with a pretty lattice
of plaster round it. When you
enter you find 4 rooms of 4 windows
on each of the 4 walls. 2 at least
are doors. All the upper ones are
filled with this plaster grating
different patterns on each side so
you may imagine we found
it a draughty residence. Carpets were
spread on the dust floor + then

we got some luncheon.
We overlook the houses of the poor - bamboo huts with fences of palm branches & matting.
We walked through the bazaar followed by a crowd but saw no rarities.
In the afternoon I took a few photos.
Next morn[g] 6 weeks from the Friday 8th day we left home we started early & rode to Ali where the mounds are. We had the Son of the Political Agent, Abdullah Mishti Muhamad our mason & our 2 selves all on donkeys - fine large ones. Every one rode with both legs on one side. no bridles or stirrups the beasts ambled along trotting with the wrong leg - a very odd pace, one did not feel the need of rising in one's stirrup.

When we got clear of the town of Manamah we rode across an arid plain & skirted round the huge castle of the Shaich, who is at present on the next island Moharrek. Then we got among a forest of palms. Then another plain. Then more palms intersected with streams - & past a ruined village called Sogal Janies or ~~Friday~~ Thursday Market because a cattle fair is held upon the bones of their predecessors - There are the 2 tall minarets of a ruined mosque & some little arched shops very like the little chapels on the Greek mountains - all deserted but that one day.
After riding ab[t] 5 miles we reached Ali a conglomeration of ruined houses composed of mud & stones & bamboo cabins.
The mounds begin here & stretch afar

in thousands close to me and other & at. on an average 40 feet high. Some have been opened by Major Durand & by the officers of H.M.S. Sphinx but they found very little. Most of the mounds are flattened at the top which betokens that they have fallen in. We have chosen the one most perfect in shape & mean to attack it at the top with 50 men.

We shall camp close by. The ground looks though dry at the top as if it had water underneath. We have already begun spinning twice daily.

It was very hot, exceptionally so they say, & glaring. All the ground & the mounds are covered with sharp stones.

We feel very doubtful of any very wonderful things being found. Certainly no inscriptions.

We were taken to eat our luncheon in the house of Hadji Osayn the chief of the village. It was a space divided from the stable yard by some pretty arches & pillars. A carpet was spread & we preferred that to a room lighted only by the door leading off this recess.

On our way home we turned off to the right to the famous spring. A most lovely basin it is & has evidently long been prized though a little brackish. It is a basin of now ruined masonry about 60 feet across or so & round. It is as clear as crystal & full of the most lovely colours.

Then we stopped near the Thursday market to see the Shaikh's bath with a wall round it & partly roofed in with a pillar standing

in the water, irregular pretty & rather dirty -

Close by was a sort of "Loggia" where he prays, takes coffee & spends the day.

We asked to see the castle - a very large square building with sloping walls & great towers at each corner also sloping out below. over the gate in the land side we could see that there was a dwelling.

It looked quite the same colour as the bare plain on which it stands.

We approached & entered the gate rideway & dismounted, turned to our right & into the castle yard & greatly amazed were we to see 150 feet square of the same plain. The only difference being that it was inside the wall instead of outside. There was just a ledge all round where warriors c^d stand & shoot through very small loop holes. The Shaick's house is all on the side next & over the gate. We saw 2 very openwork bamboo cottages in the enclosure -

We got home at 4 & having had tea we proceeded to move to less airy quarters & also less noisy for with dogs & some other animal a perfect roar is kept up at night.

Now we have a room surrounded with niches, for shelves & dark but for the door, as before as usual. It opens from a very open room - in fact a place where what is needed. The walls go up with niches ab^t 8 ft^t then 4 ft^t & then open arches. In one part the lower wall is quite openwork.

The dust is tremendous also the draught.

Theodore went out so I had to receive the visit of a very gorgeous individual, the representative of the Shaick on

island. He had called Tuesday already to say the Shaich would receive us tomorrow. Many compliments of course passed & he said he should not fail to visit us every day at Ali.

He had on an under robe of scarlet cloth & an over cloak of new & stiff & rustling white wool with a little red woven into it & on his head a white embroidered Cashmere shawl with the usual arab camels hair ring & kept it on. & sandals on his naked feet He is very nearly black but of quite European features. His name is said ben Omar usually called "the Bazaarmaster"

Saturday Feb 9th An early start to Moharrek. The Political agent who has a very sarcastic smiling peculiar face, My vizier of yesterday, Abdullah, & Mishti Mohamad were of the party. I have not yet got accustomed to the sight of the donkeys resting into the water trough I have now had 5 rides

The Union Jack in the form of a pocket handkerchief fluttered from the yard arm. We often & often touched the ground & the last 3/4 of a mile or so through sailing seemed more like driving in a Carriage over a jolly road & the donkeys actually trotting alongside though their legs were completely under water might carry out the illusion.

We rode up to the palace & dismounted & rode, & walked across an arched court yard where guards were standing. through a gate way & into an open passage or lane. Here 3 armchairs barred the way. They were of the kind so

fashionable here & the only kind of chair in use, which are usually seen at the head & foot of a dinner table. They had wooden seats & were hoary with age & long estrangement from any furniture polish.

Before we reached them they were lifted into a small white-washed room on the right, & 2 were placed on a large rug which lay on the matting facing the door, the 3d on the matting.

There was a large & handsome cushion against the wall in the middle, & I were made to sit down & then the Shaich came in.

He shook hands with us & sat on a chair which the Pol. Agent took a chair on the matting. Then Shaich Hassan & Shaich Mahmed his sons were introduced & shook hands & were waved out of the room. I took care not to have the bad manners to clasp their hands at all.

All the family had their camel's hair wraths bound with gold, which had a very splendid effect.

Nothing worthy of note occurred in our conversation, Abdullah stood & interpret while Miss Ste, who I believe came to add to her dignity sat on the floor.



A servant brought in one of the pretty long nosed coffee pots with a lid to the spout & a handful of coffee cups & gave us each a little. Oh what an awful beverage! it tasted of turpentine. "It must go down & will soon be down I think" when to my dismay I see the cups of the quicker drinkers replenished

& then I remember with sadness that 4 cups is considered a nice number to offer. When I get my second I apply myself bravely thinking "It is at least perfectly wholesome". Poor I got 3 cups & no one else had more than 2.

We were thinking of going when Horrors! here is the coffee pot again this time it has a sort of syrup with cinnamon nutmeg sugar orange flower & some leaves floating. We had 2 cups, not of this & then departed.

I took some photos in the court. We walked through the bazaar with the Vice Shaick & then having photographed the boats & donkeys we mounted the latter & were soon on board. We went half way with 4 poles & 2 oars, the wind not being very favourable; the oarsmen sitting on the gunwale had an odd effect. The oars are long poles with any shaped board sewn on with twine through holes in the boards.

The afternoon was spent by Abdullah getting what he calls "permissions of grub" to take to Cairo.

On Sunday Feb 18th exactly 5 days after leaving home we settled ourselves at the scene of our work.

We were hours & hours loading 6 camels & 4 sumpter donkeys & our 2 selves, four Persians. The Bazaar Master & 3 night watchmen upon 13 others, besides all this a camel loaded with goat skins of water.

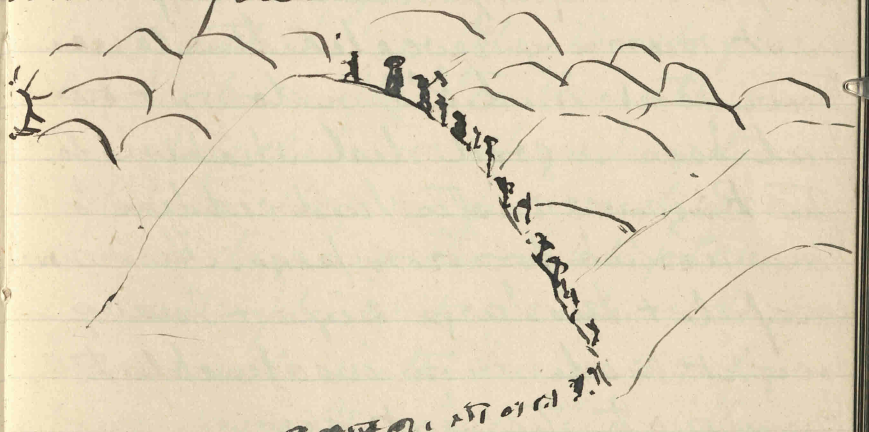
In crossing desert we might have gone as the crow flies, but we lengthen our journey by going as the bare-headed donkey goes, like a meddlesome

boat. When the donkeys liked they galloped: then if you were near Ibrahim who held in his hand a large glass lamp full of parafine you got a good whiff of that: or you might jostle against some chairs some pickaxes + some heroin in sort of lobster pot who occupied the same donkey. Instead of them you might have imagined spread over several very wide panniers full of "grub" galloping along with a large open basket of eggs borne aloft on the palm of his hand.

We arrived ab. ½ an hour before the camels. our table + chairs were set up + we had luncheon

The tents kindly lent by Col. Ross took a very long time to pitch: our abode is oval 20 ft by 16 + very high with walls ab. 7 ft high lined with yellow Cretonne. Above is another tent lined with crimson with a passage all round 4 ft wide. 2 doorways at each end with hanging doors + hanging bamboo blinds.

We were very tired when night came + glad to rest where we could contemplate the mound we had "sat down" before.



Next morning at sunrise this is something like what I saw to look very slim + followed by turbaned diggers who looked as if they had come out in their nightgowns, dressing gowns + bath sheets. I rushed

out with my camera stocking less & in my dressing gown.

We had no jackals in the night I hate them so I am glad but the night was not voiceless for I never heard such chattering. I said "Did you ever hear such lively people! do they never sleep?"

But morning revealed the cause their tent had blown down & over had been a good deal shaken & the Bazaar master had ridden to Manamah for iron pegs. He is most useful & his large size & heavy weight made him invaluable to hang on to the tent ropes.

He is no longer so finely dressed a coffee coloured cotton dressing gown over his long shirt, girt with a red band & a brown cloak & a white keffeah on his head He sleeps among the persians having brought his red mat, carpet & bolster with him.

I have forgotten to mention Abdullah's brother Ali Bash our cook, a person always being impatiently called by others; when one calls "Ali Bash"! every body near sings out most impatiently "Ali Bash!!" "Ali Bash!!!" & Ali Bash flies & his turban flies too usually in the other direction & when he gets entangled he stops & furiously arranges it, but during the tent pitching he at last flung it aside in despair.

Five camels with one or 2 riders a piece came to visit us in the afternoon. Abdullah came & said "Some rich merchants have come to visit us. I am going to stand them some coffee & if you wish me to stand them some mixed biscuits, where is the tin?"

Abdullah always says chuck for throw & it is rather hard to make out that "those peacocks no good, carboys much better" refers to pickaxes & crow-bars.

Later we were visited by Shaick Mohammad the 2nd son of Shaick Isaac. He was dressed in a large white cloak like the Bazaar masters, a scarlet gown trimmed with gold & lined with green & a scarlet head-kerchief & gold "akkal". He is about 17. He is to marry his Shaick Isaac's daughter Cousin in a month & has bidden us to the wedding. He & the Bazaar master sat in the tent a long time & eat cake, biscuits coffee & sherbet.

Somehow it is one of the police men upon whom the coffee making has fallen - a most ragged person in dirty (once) white raiment.

We are so near our work that we can easily come & go & Mustafa acts as chief task master. He gives cuffs & blows all round, never hurting sieve tools & vigorously shows how the men shd work, & it is very amusing to watch. We have to make signs as the books we have are for Egypt or Syria.

We have lots of mosquitos & great damp for though nothing grows in this desert it has a hollow sound as if it were crusted over water.

Tuesday morning, the men's tent having stayed up, & they having slept while the 5 watchmen talked all night we saw Shaick Mohammad galloping round & round on a most gaily adorned horse. all scarlet gold & tassels. He had come with a good many followers & spend the day, with a lamb who: came alive to be eaten by them during their stay

My bed did not get made till night We had hardly had our breakfast for the milk was late & the Bazaarmaster had to go to the village about it. The visits of his highness were many & long. He exchanged revolver cases & belts with T. & T has now his embroidered scarlet cloth with a red silk belt & silver buckle. We gave him a large knife with 11 different implements & other things, besides cartridges. He is now devoted to my revolver & made me shoot at something which I luckily hit & from time to time firing & photography took place & we had promised to go to Rufa where he lives on Sunday.

Wed. eve. 13th the mound has changed very much in shape but as yet no trace of building has revealed itself. Today Shaich Khalil the 15 year old grandson of Sh: Mohammad who is a prisoner in India was our visitor with his tutor. An equestrian portrait was taken. He had his head covered with a large Cashmere gold shawl handkerchief & was muffled in an orange cloth gown trimmed with gold & lined with green, the sleeves left much too long & cut open & trimmed. Over this a black cloth cloak trimmed with gold on the shoulders, both sweeping the ground. What Briton of 15 would be paid to dress so? He was not bigger than a boy of 12 & his sword seemed much too big for him.

T & I & Abdullah & the camera went to a date wood near where there was a well of the kind they have at Muscat & he asked a husband to persuade his muffled wife to have her picture taken. I produced some needles stuck in a white paper She was terrified & when I went

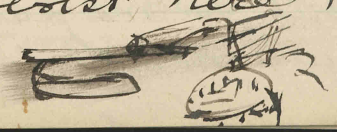
forward to arrange her & he, hiding the thought I had come for the needles so she held them out & me crying loudly at the idea of showing her face: bitterly should I have wept at the thoughts of showing a naked side as she did not seem to mind all the men about seeing!

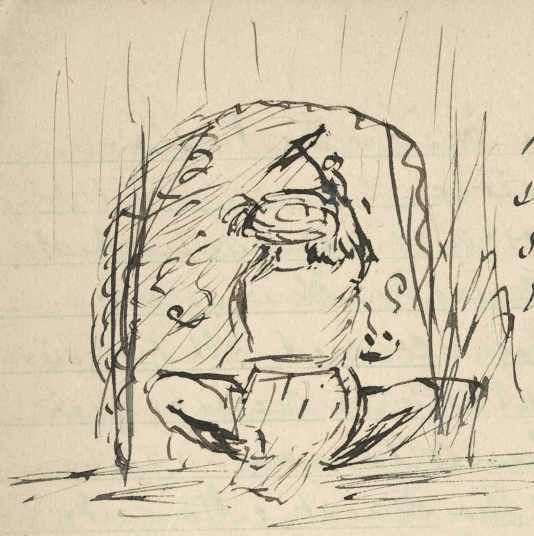
We see endless interesting sights & I wish I had a hand camera & a graphophone. The men are often gone to pray. & now I have just said they must pray in eight & Mishki must call them names over. I now possess a fine black lamb & kid sent me by young Sh: Moh-on Wed. morn. It is thought that the kid will go to Eng. Why I know not.

Thursday I made tickets last night & give the men & so very many came & claim the 4/4 that they had to be chased away by C & the Persians with sticks & stones.

I am always very much amused at one of them Murad. He is short & stout & drawny & covered all over his dark skin with thick curling fur. He wears a blue cotton gown split up at the sides to the waist & the ends wound round him into his belt & a white decided shirt of such width that he can quite comfortably tuck the outer side into his belt. He has also a large blue & red turban.

His chief joy is to make little mines in little precipices & nearly bury himself in them. On the next page is an idea of our usual only view of him. When you can see into [redacted] his cave you find him buried to the waist in earth. Spades dont exist here & they





have a very small flat scraper with which they dig & dig their fields. The dust & earth in which we live is very dry & clean.

We have had another Sh: today an elder one nephew to Esau.

Yesterday the men all tumbled down with an immense stone they were pushing into the loose earth & one seemed much injured. We were alarmed. He wailed & he helped up & his ribs were felt & his leg. He was supported by 2. I told them to take him to the camp whither I hurried & prepare bandages. When I was ready I looked out for my patient & to my relief saw him trotting along alone. A graze on his shin I tied up with rag but one higher was only fit for vaseline which Ali Bash applied & both places with a stick. When he returned to the mound 2 men took him & pumped him up & down to get his ribs into place & he soon was as busy as ever –

I went up the next mound in the evening & "took" views, bristling with life, Mishti fluttering on the top. Mishti wears a shirt longer than anything else a printed cotton dressing gown. a blue cotton one lined with a print & a gray woollen one with sleeves to his elbows & every part bound with wide black. All are split at the sides & all flutter & get. Mishti has a very small waist much admired in Persia. Ibrahim wears white very thin & long white drawers narrow at the

at the feet & immediately & rapidly widening. A gown of a zig zag print going horizontally red, yellow white blue & black & a couple of little black jackets with each a coloured print lining. He is ab. 21.

These 2 last carry sticks. The Bazaar master & one of the police does "hand's turn" whenever they come up seizing a tool violently & rushing furiously to work to give an example.

All continually cry Yallah! hurry Yallah! very good & many other things.

I really must go to bed. Then tomorrow when getting their tickets; the recorder took just like women.

Yesterday I did a party of gazelle hunting with falcons & greyhounds.

All this time the weather has been cool enough, windy but not safe in the sun without a "topee" (hat).

This morning 2/2 tickets were delivered (we have tools for no more). This was in order that when night came, workmen might not say they had been working.

After their dinner time 2 came running up late & Ibrahim rushed at them, beat them a little with his stick & they made great haste to go to work. Ab. 20 minutes late came another & Ibrahim excitedly asked if he were to go. "No" said I approvingly so "Ibrahim Ibrahim!" was impatiently yelled & down from the summit Ibrahim bounded till he came in collision with the offender, tore off his turban unrolled it & picked out his ticket & then chased him away with cuffs & blows. He took the opportunity while Ibrahim was triumphantly bearing the ticket to Mishte to come up so & took up little 3 stones & threw them.

at his legs so he hurried away but came a 3rd time so Ibrahim was again summoned & flew all round the mound bearing him to the bottom. All this sounds very dreadful but there was no real violence & the man was in no way hurt & it was only something like rather forcible gesticulations.

We are now on this 4th day able to give a few directions to the men. No signs of a building yet.

We had to "make letters" last night as an extra steamer was to come today Abdullah & 2 others rode to Marawa & brought us a large ginger jar of marmalade made with large citrons addressed

Mesrs Bent Segrs
from Abbas
Agent to Gray; Dawes & Co
Brit. India Steamer

He has been very civil to us & speaks a little English.

Mustii & the rest do not think the late man should have anything but thought he did not come for it he & is to have 4 camels tomorrow. 1/2 day.

Abdullah says it is a great pity we were not at the Thursday market so we hope to go next Thursday

I am now going to bed, not to rise till Ali back does. He must be the sounder sleeper as he is not only the only one who enjoys the privilege of being called but there are so many each to do it.

Friday 15th. This has certainly been a rather eventful day. This the Moslem Sunday; however we had stipulated to work this day & rest for Sunday.

Only 25 men presented themselves & so I went up & set them to work

before breakfast & then returned to the mound after. I was alone in the tent when loud chanting I noticed my ear the only word of which I understood was Jehannem (Hell) I rushed to the back door facing the road, if road it may be called, & Ali & perceived a body of men brandishing spades & dancing round one with a naked sword quivering & glittering in the air. Brave Briton as I am I hastened into my boots & hat as they seemed coming towards me, then they wheeled to the left, the sword man dancing backwards in front of them. Then I thought they were coming in in front so I determined to come out & they then stopped & danced so strangely always chanting over & over the same thing that I wished to pluck them but seeing them go to the mound my next wish was to take to his revolver, an impossibility of course. When they reached it they rushed up & demanded tickets Fortunately Abdullah was up there He said we have only 15 tickets but they said "no we are 26 we will all stay or all go". so they all left Fortunately also the Bazaar master Shaich Said was below & went to him & conversed through Calibash He asked my leave most humbly to go & pray at Rugat with 4 of the watchmen which I willingly granted.

The Shaich Isaac is evidently very much afraid of anything happening to us. The Bazaar master is governor of this Island but now his son is his deputy, we superseding the Island.

We have holes + caves all over the mound but this morning near the middle 18 ft from the top a hole suddenly came - It was carefully shored up + prevent earth falling in, + after luncheon having cleared out the entrance ~~West~~ East we crept into a very hot passage 4 ft wide +, with earth at the bottom, 4 high - In this was a whole mass of what perhaps are nice bones several inches deep + in sheets, feet square they must have died in heaps. There are 4 recesses from this passage which as far as I can reckon is ab. 20 ft long - In it is a hole which with a light rung down reveals a lower story not yet entered.

On Sat. morning we were hard at work in the gallery clearing it out when we were thrown into respectful confusion by the announcement that yet another Shaick was here. This time Khallet the brother or a brother of Ioan.

We cleared out the workmen + in climbed Shaick Khallet + ten of his companions. We sat in 2 rows on our heels smiling at each other + conversing as well as we could with signs - It was very hot.

In the middle of the day we got down to the next gallery. rather higher + altogether a superior place. Plastered + with holes all round where pegs had been - There were bits of ivory, charcoal, ostrich eggshell but nothing to reveal the mystery

The next excitement was a visit from 3 officers of H.M.S. Sphinx who had tea with us. Then we set the

men & begin a much smaller mound close to our camp & told the Persians & continue at this on Monday & see whether the large mound had a 3d Storey.

We had accepted the invitation of Sh: Khallet & sleep at Roufah & visit Asker on the E Coast next day.

On Sunday we started at 10 having said we would do so at that hour & insisted being ready before because the donkeys were as we had & hold our Service first.

Sh: Said the Bazaar master a guard, Abdullah & Arook the Kitchen man came with us. It was very hot & windy.

Before we started we got a message that the great Sh: Isaac had come from Maharrak & was about to visit us. We sent a message & say how we were situated & when at last half a mile off we came to his encampment we passed it by. It took us about 3/4 of an hour & ride to Roufah Sherjeh (or S.W.) & as it was known that the Beebee was coming quite 4 of the 500 inhabitants were outside the walls to see me.

We had ridden nearly all the way over stony desert plain through mounds, smaller & coarser as we left Adali. The Island is of an oval or oblong shape. flat outside & in the middle there is a depression which causes very slight craggy cliffs all round & in the middle a low rocky hill called Jebel Dukkhan or Steam hill from the mist. Roufah & several other villages are on the edge of this depression

The village looks like a great castle. All the walls are cemented. We made our way amid screams of laughter from muffled women & shouts of "Hadek Beeba" "this is the lady" & reached the castle of Sh. Abd Khallett.

We were taken through a large alleyway & across a court & to the right & to a room ab. 35 ft long & 15 wide. The floor covered with red matting & a carpet along the wall facing the door whence came the only light. There were some huge pillows & we were soon seated on the ground leaning against them besides our host & his son Sh: Ibrahim a tall plain vain person with long hair hanging down below his chin.

The whole wall was lined with sitters, the doorstep & the Court too also crowded with men & boys.

Two slaves brought in 1 doz coffee cups & a huge coffeepot. We have learnt that when you want no more you return your cup with a waving shaking fluttering motion.

As fast as any ones cup was returned in this way one slave gathered them up & gave them to the other with the pot. High & low all got some even the most humble little boys & the same with the sweet Sherbet.

A miserable experience has taught me that the 2nd cup is always hotter than the first on account I suppose of the greater bulk of coffee together.

After many compliments we were told this room was ours & our bags were brought & likewise a quilted coverlet which is both

blanket + mattress + 2 little red bolsters + sometimes a black slave called Zamzam brought a kettle of water to pour over our hands on the doorstep.

After being left alone to rest our luncheon came. A mat of fine grass 4 yd. across on the floor. a washing basin full of boiled rice in the middle, a bowl of ghee (an awful grease) to pour over it. 2 chickens, a bowl of dates, a bowl of most delicious soft fresh butter + about the area of a good sized bath towel before each of us, folded up, of bread. all this to be eaten in the fingers.

I was glad they did not wish to Eat with us.

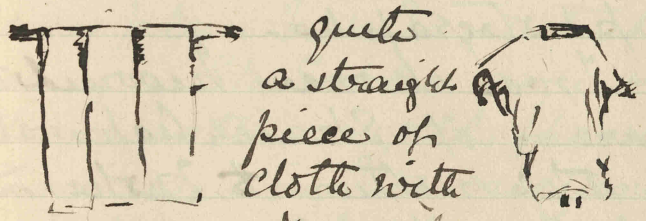
Shaich Saba an elderly cousin whose sister has married Sh: Khaleb visited us + took us to his house. He received us in a room ab: 8 ft by 30. the door rather to one end + a portion, for 8 ft. screened off. at the right of the door as you enter for washing + I suppose the other end of the room very dark there being no window. In the farthest corner to the right a handsome inlaid chest. This must describe what I saw in many harems.

Sh: Sabba had a reed matting + a carpet nearly all over it. some handsome embroidered cushions + all over the walls small looking glasses with each a string glass ball hanging over its face. rows + rows up to the ceiling. The further end was laid with bedclothes.

Sh: Sabba was dressed in a long white + stout cotton shirt + turban. His

pretty little 10 year old boy Inak mood was sitting by him on the cushion. We were fortunately on the door side so one could see better. His wife, he has only one sneaked in & sat in the inner end by me. She was dark & not handsome but pleasant looking & had large twisted rings of Indian work. & gold bangles as all the ladies Jocats had.

While Shaich Sabba made tea with all his pots on the floor I had time to observe the make of her dress. It was of course fitless but a discription of it will do for all. The back & front were composed of one piece each to the feet. The sides under the arms were composed of pieces about 10 ins wide by 3 or 4 wide of green orange red & purple sewn together with some narrow coloured braid between. The sleeves embroidered Their heads all muffled in black often very thick black crape & a cloak the same as the men



doubled forward & embroidered across the shoulder & down a part of the front, a gold braid down the seam which falls on the shoulder & a slit to let the hands out.

Having had tea we photo'd Sh: S. & Inakmood, who first insisted in putting on his best clothes. & tried to do some women who were peeping, without looking at them. After this visit we mounted

Roufah

+ rode to Roufah Jebbeli or mountainous - + might be added ruinous for it is by degrees being abandoned for the other village. I stopped at a well to take some photographs.

Here I was at once hurried to the harem of Shaich Ackmets widow. Tipmother to Mohammad who was in attendance on his uncle Sh: Isaac. This was the 3d harem. It was full of women of all colours who actually hung on to the top of the door + climbed over each other to see me. My gloves caused great interest. At each place I had coffee + sherbet. The women with the exception of 2 were really very plain things pleasant + friendly looking.

I cannot remember whose was the first harem but I know that the chief lady was so angry she threw a cup of coffee in the face of the crowd.

Sh: Ackmets widow took me to Sh: Mohammads room. The same plan but he, instead of having as Sh: Sabba many orange flower bottles + gold flowers in glass cases in his niches had a good many books. He had also at the far end a huge Indian bedstead with 8 posts, a roof a fence, a gate + legs like elephants heads. All these things come from India.

On our return we stopped at Sh: Sabbas garden, a very nice one he told us he was very fond of it + all the other Shaichs go out to hunt with hawks but he gardens himself. Situate in the depression ab. a mile from the

village.

All the aristocracy were seated on mats along the wall at the entrance of the village + we saw a great black pot capable of boiling a sheep bound ox & a donkey + covered with a huge copper dish containing the supper of Sh. Isaac.

After getting home we saw no more company. Our dinner, as aforesaid was laid on the floor + Zamzam washed us + we were at liberty to shut ourselves up + produce our sheets, air pillows + sundry comforts of that kind which we packed up in the morning that we might not look discontented with the accommodation provided for us.

Monday we rose early + breakfast was brought + we were informed that camels were ready as we had to ride too far for donkeys. This pleased us very much as we had never ridden camels before.

Shaich Ibrahim's Khallets family now sent for me + here for the first time I saw a good looking woman. The chief lady is really beautiful + has a very sweet face; she had 2 pairs of gold besides silver bracelets + her violet dress was embroidered with gold. Her room had many glasses on the very dirty walls. Of course I had coffee + then was hurried off to mount my camel.

I found this a very easy business the saddle had 2 tall pommels like little pillars a foot high covered at the top + inlaid all down with silver. I must say I rather dreaded the rising of the camel but that also I found not at all bad being thoroughly prepared. We were soon trotting away to Asker on the E. Coast

It took us nearly 2 hours to reach Asker. Sh: Said the bazaar master accompanied us, Abdullah & one or 2 slaves sat on the hips of the camels holding on to the hinder pommel. a very hard seat.

Asker is only a hamlet of bamboo huts in one of which we sat on nice carpets & had coffee. with a great deal of company. I photo'd a boat all made of bamboo. you C. sit on it but not in it. & several other views.

Next we set off for Jebbel Dukhan or Steam Hill as they say there is often a mist there. It was very hot & sunny

On dismounting we were led up this little rocky mountain & getting round a corner to our surprise a very pleasant & picturesque sight met our view. The rocky roof shelved over leaving a flat space with tall rocks standing up between it & the plain & here was sitting Sh: Abdullah (brother to Esau & Khallet) with Sh: Ibrahim & a good many others in the most delightful shade. A man had his 4 coffee pots on a fire & his cups & a beautiful wooden bowl inlaid with silver full of water & there were several of the red tassels of their donkeys & their saddles & rugs all round.

After coffee & photography & resting we were asked to go round a corner where luncheon was laid for us infidels exactly as before & very glad ~~ever~~ we were that our entertainers did not wish to eat with us as the chicken was so very tough that we were thankful when their greyhounds visited us. but the bread & soft butter was delicious. Ghee we did not touch it is a rancid sort of grease.

When we had all eaten we sat together in peace & amity & were amused at seeing they were just as full of fun as anyone else

Sh: Abdullah invited us to spend the night at his house but this we refused promising to stop in the neighbourhood of it for some coffee.

We went on ahead & at a well we found him & his friends & the coffee pots. We sat in a circle in the shadeless desert & presently Sh: Ibrahim joined us & all arose even his uncle & he stood & said "Salaam alekkoum" & they said "Alekkoum Salaam" Peace be with you. "With you be peace"

For the 5th time we mounted our camels & had a long hot tiring ride to Roupaa. Though going towards Mecca, I was glad not to be going all the way. Hardly had I dismounted when Shaich Ibrahim's family who had often asked for me took possession of me. The lady was handsome & knowing sitting high was my custom I was made to sit very high indeed namely on a flight of steps meant to climb into the great bed which they used as a lumber room. I felt very absurd.

After a little rest the donkeys were ready & we rode to Ale stopping to visit Shaich Isaac who evidently expected us as 2 high thrones of sheepskins had been prepared for us. All the tent was filled with a respectful circle among whom, Abdallah kneeling before the Shaich who more solemn than Shaich Mohammad. When the circle became too large for the tent it extended into a loop & all the shoes were outside.

We walked to our own camp after coffee. very tired.

The Persians had been working during our absence with a few Arabs & convinced

us that there was no third lower chamber. The small mound had got on well & turned out to be the same plan on a smaller scale. We decided that we had done enough & that instead of waiting another fort. night we w.d take the next steamer to Bushire so we only worked till about 3 on Wed.y Tuesday.

That morning Sh: Isaac visited us in great state. I & 3 sat on the chairs I & 2 on his bed & a good many on the ground. I gave Sh: I among other things a picture of the Prince & Princess of Wales in Court dress & he wanted to know "if she were not very cold"

Mohammad was there & the 15 year old Khalifa as solemn as if they were in church. They had to go out with their uncle & Abdulla who was following was fallen on by Khalifa who was the last & he eagerly begged him to wait then Mohammad rushed back as lively as possible & they both caught hold of Abdullah's sleeves & talked most earnestly & then Mohammad came into the tent smiling & laughing & shaking our hands & saying "he was so busy with his uncle. we must excuse him - and - he wanted my revolver so much & he w.d give us coffee pots & an inlaid bowl so the exchange was effected & off he went with great dignity.

Wed.y morning Mohammad we went into Ati & lunched at Sh: Said's. It had a table but it was a case of fingers as usual. He gave us a coffee pot a most beautiful inlaid bowl from El Hasa & a Camels skin buckler & a spear at 8 ft long. We gave him several things & have promised him an opera glass &c

for he has really been most kind to us. He made to write him a character.

We were delighted that we had not long to wait for the SS. Persulia & went on board as soon as we could. We heard that Mr Cunningham, agent for the British India Co. was come to visit us so we sent him a message to stop him. As the steamer did not start till 12 next day we ordered our donkeys to be ready & went ashore ab. 6.30 & rode to the ruined village on the way to Ali where a weekly fair is held. Mr C came too & I took my camera. I was of course a queen bee; all business was interrupted but of as they have no value for time this did not matter. The crowd always followed us & one man fell on his nose, upsetting all & all because he was staring after me. We rode to the old Portuguese Fort W. of Manamah & home by the sea. We saw lots of scraps of beautiful blue nankin & celadon china lying about & also madrepores & corals, which show that they adopted the same style of decoration as at Bunder Abbas.

We had a horribly stormy night & had to wait 8 hours for the pilot & were then in doubt if he could take us into Bushire & being really utterly tired of all these maritime worries & having passed 40 days & 40 nights of our precious time on the sea we then & there made up our minds to return over land & do the best we could about our return tickets - alas! paid for. Not received from P & O. Co. most generous.

We felt rather wretched in our minds as we very wearily struggled with the wind in the direction of the Residency. It seemed so dreadful to arrive in so unexpected a way under the Rose's hos-

pitable roof. Though we did comes suddenly they concealed their feelings & did not let us find out we were the dreadful bores we felt ourselves to be.

They were all amazed indeed when they heard of our resolution to ride those 1300 miles or more "with a lady" for not more than 3 ladies have done this before. & 2 Mme Dieulafoy & Mrs Phelps, a very fat American, in mans attire. & as the days goon they are still more amazed at seeing me sitting serenely wondering what saddle I shall have.

We arrived on Friday & have done little else but make a most awful mess in our room with our baggage. which happily, this being Monday 26th & we proposing to start at daylight tomorrow is nearly cleared up.

Mr. Cartwright Resident Cleak at the T.O. had just arrived from Teheran where he has been sec.y & lent us a dictionary & gave us some notes of the stages for the way. There are a good many Eng. telegraph stations where one gets hospitality.

Two European saddles came for inspection one was an awful affair with much wood & iron at it & very wide The other with a red embroidered saddle cloth & has. I could use it at a pinch - He did not take it, no stuffing

We have to ride mules first over the Kotals - Our first day is to be a pretty easy one. We are to go to Shiaf or Sheaf by steam launch 5 miles wh: will save much by road. The baggage goes on to Borasund & we shall have 24 30/ miles to ride.

We had a fearful fuss with Abdulla He made a try for a whole troop of personal attendants, one for my Cameras

& on being told we wd have but one man & cook & interpret he went & made out a most exhorbitant Contract. Now he has reduced himself & more moderate limits & pray for forgiveness, putting it all down & responsability about me!

A muleteer (Tchaoudar) was brought & after agreeing with him he said he c'd not start today, his mules wd be too tired being only just off the road. after saying we must get a man with other mules he returned & took the luggage. ab. 11 & start at once & It is now 3 & it has only got as far as just outside the door

A kind telegram has come from one of our friends & as yet unknown friend as the news of our coming has been telegraphed by Col Ross. Wd Fahie. All the bags & boxes are stowed in huge goats hair sacks & sewn up. & look like very ungetatable for every night.

Yest'd evening Mr Ross & a daughter & we 2 went a drive the 2 driving & 2 grooms in a dog cart besides mounted soldiers. Most of the way was over a sandy plain. but partly over a road rather jolty.

Sat. Mar 2nd Caravanserai of Miyan-Kotal. We are now at the end of our 5th days ride. We began on Tuesday by starting before sunrise in Col Ross's steam launch, wh saved us 25 miles, & Shiraz where we found our caravan which having only started before sunset had only arrived ½ an hour. I had to mount to the summit of an immense saddle on a horse or rather pony called a "Yaboo". There were 5 miles. We had 30 miles to ride to Borasjund. There are Telegraph Stations at every other stage and most of these are kept by Armenians, they are cheaper than Eng-

We saw the mirage the country before + also behind + the landscape was improved thereby - We c[d] see the way we had come inwards by morning by water

Mr Malkom having had a telegram was expecting us just at dark - Our way was all plain, first desert for many miles. The last 5 had grass We lunched under a big tree at half way. Just at Boraqund it got very pretty. We had reached the mountains + there were lots of palms. Mr Malkom who speaks Eng. very well welcomed us most kindly + soon gave us some much appreciated tea. His wife + his brother wear Armenian dress. She is handsome + short + very very fat. She had on a print gown of the well known Persian pine-pattern very large. a gold embroidered shirt showing in front + over the hands from under 2 great frills of the print + a loose velvet jacket trimmed with gold. Her hair was done in numerous small plaits + covered by a thin brown handkerchief tied under

2

her chin. Then a diadem of gold with a large diamond ornament in front. I photographed her next morning but alas her best dress was not so pretty + this belated us dreadfully as we had to wait till the sun was up, but it was they who asked me having heard that I was a photographer. One is glad in some way to requite their hospitality + I am glad of the little gift we are furnished with. Our room, by no means air tight was covered with a reed matting + we got some bedding so we c[d] sleep on the floor + were saved unpacking our own beds + the preparation of food. wasps + swallow + their nests.

Dalaki was the next station 14 miles just at the foot of the M[ts] or Kotals Here the telegraph people have a Rest house of which they keep keys at the 2 neighbouring telegraph stations They lend the key to any European + he

sleeps there locks up + carries the key on. We only benighted there in a shed where an Armenian merchant had laid his bed he could speak English + lent me his blanket to lie down for just 5 minutes all there was to spare after eating, then off to Konartakhteh (Takhteh means a throne or seat)

At the foot of Kotal Daleki we past such naptha sulphurous swamps of blue mud as would make the fortune of a bath company - has been tried, no good

I must not forget to say that there is at Borasjund the finest caravanserai in Persia built by a charitable man These people just present a building to travellers, then as there is no endowment it falls down. One should not look a gift horse in the mouth but be very thankful for these places. This one at Borasjund had many courts + terraces, with no railings + was just like a great castle walls + loop holes + towers outside. A guardian sits at the door. He gets paid for chopped straw, water, coverage but all the accommodation is free + often as people serve themselves he gets nothing. There are niches all round the court where the mules are kept + there the owners make a fire on the ground which is raised a yard. + there is within each niche a room with no window + only a doorway. So they hang rugs before these openings + make their beds.

To return to our road we had a very steep climb + then got down to a wide river where the same kind man had built a magnificent bridge. Without 2 others had done the same before him for their gifts were in ruins close by. Repairing is never done. More mountains + here in the worst part the aforesaid had built a

very intricate structure abt ½ a mile long containing about a mile of winding road: but all the time, money, & thought was bestowed in vain for the caravans much prefer the natural mountain track as being less slippery

To Konartakte was 15 miles. We did not descend much & soon got to a plain & peering after the telegraph posts by star light reached our night quarters abt 8.

Mr Edwards is not quite white & his wife is an Armenian. The family was encamped in a tent of carpets in the garden having had such bad earthquakes. We felt one pretty bad shock at Bushire on Monday morn when we were in bed but being on mules did not feel the others & the Rest House at Daleki was rendered unsafe. It was so cold & damp that I would insist on sleeping indoors our room being on the ground floor with a door out. There was a shock at 2 a.m. I did not feel it in my hammock & all we knew of it was that Ts bed fell, being badly set up by Abdullah & there he was, lately very comfortable & still very sleepy with his heels up & his head on the floor. I gave him some advice, hoping that by acting on it he might get up safely & I might remain in peace but he was too utterly helpless so up I had to get to the rescue. Our first care was to roll up the bedding very carefully to prevent the miseries of bed making & after some bother got to bed again. I awoke with a most wretched headache so a bed was left for me to lie on to the last moment. We could not stay on of course encroaching on strangers more especially as Mrs Edwards's mother in law

were preparing to start for Shiraz the following day, so taking the key of the Rest house at Koumareh 11 miles off we departed with many thanks.

We stopped near a large river under the shadow of a rock near a little hamlet but had we gone ab. ½ an hour further we should have come to a much nicer place.

After luncheon I lay down for half an hour with my head in the shade of a little rock + then we were to start. I felt so very sick + altogether bad that I offered to spend the night where we were but how could I consent? 5 miles in such a journey was too little for one day. What accommodation c^d we find among 10 palmleaf huts + 3 ruins? and last + much the greatest. the mother in law wd. want the rest house. Well we went over Kotel Malu + close under it at the corner of a plain did Koumareh. It is a very pretty + picturesque place with towers + palms. We entered a large sort of farmyard with cabins + huts round + up a very steep flight of steps to a roof + off this was the Bala Khaneh or high house one room with windows on 3 sides doors on 2, niches all round for shelves + totally unfurnished.

We soon had beds, chairs + table set up + tea + then I being much attracted by the thoughts of 12 hours in bed was not foolish enough to stay up because dinner had to be served + then I was in time to have some very good chicken broth + go to sleep. I refused to receive the

visit of some friends he had made at the Caravanserai close by + who had given him tea + with whom he had tried hard to converse. I believe we may use all our Arabic words + shall be considered poetic, elegant, + even pedantic.

I was quite well next morning but we did not start till half past 7 for Kazeroon, being assured by telegram that Mr Marker (Armenian) wd be glad to see us. It was 19 miles to Kazeroon first wazzling round the plain + then over Kotal i Dokhtar (daughter pass) which is covered with wild almond trees in flower, which must have a very Japanese look. After a bad steep pass we had 11 miles of plain. Kazeroon nestles under the mts + is a large place. We did not turn off on first getting to the plain to the left round of 4 miles to Shapoor because no one told us. We passed the ruins of a large town now a little hamlet. There were many people in tents + sometimes in a quiet corner we wd find a caravan at rest, which not travel at night; all the bales of cotton neatly stacked, the men lying in the shade of them + the mules picketted in a square.

About a mile or less from Kazeroon Mr Marker, who also talks excellent Eng. rode to meet us with a servant. He seemed much struck with the peculiarly sorry look of our jades, Abdullah who turns out very useless leaving off the choice of them to the Tchaoush.

He took us to his house where the white wash is relieved by some tasteful hangings of cretonne + some nice carpets so it was nicer than any house we had seen. Of course the Edwards's wd have looked better if they had not sacon all their carpets in a tent. Mr M. did not appear till dinner. We were lodged in the Council room which

is a balakhanaka & stands alone on the roof of the sort of Cloister we existed by. It is a very pretty room with arches all round & vaulted ceiling supported on 2 big groins each hollowed out. There was a matting & a table.

As we arrived ab. 8, when we had tea we asked to go out. Mr. Marker such a man with us, so conscientious that I am sure we were dragged up every lane & taken to look down every well. We went through the bazaar, rather a pretty one. Some people knew I was a woman but most thought me a boy & some women were furious at me wanting to see a bath. Of course the fact that my "lower limbs" are draped in a long braided coat & that I had my head somewhat muffled in white to save me from the sun is not enough to prevent them thinking me a boy. I believe they think Eng. men's clothes rather indecent from not being sufficiently flowing, though what, I ask you is the use of flowing garments if you don't keep them closed or on?

Our companion threw stones from time to time in an authoritative way & we reached home in safety. We cleansed ourselves gladly in softer water than we have had for a long time. all we have had lately makes our sponges white.

We had a very good dinner & went early to bed & left at 7 for Mian Kotal (Middle of the K.) 20 miles 8 miles of plain then up very steep 400 ft very zig zag & bad Kotal i.e. Khyber & we lunched under the shadow of a rocky cliff near the top. a very nice place. Then down 1/2 mile & over a wooded plain for 5 miles then up for 2 miles over stones to the Caravanserai a very large castle it looks. We went into the court through the deep arched doorway & ch

Mian Kotal

the left hand corner was a door with chain hinges entering a little round lobby with 2 passages leading into another private court with 2 sets of rooms in it, called the Khalwat a place for wives to be kept in privacy.

It was most filthily dirty but the old guardian cleaned up somewhat When asked why he let people come in & did not shut that door he said "they beat me & I say "you know Father this is not your place but belongs to all so you cannot keep us out."

Mrs Jefferies however when I told her said they wd scold the man who is a telegraph official

I was surprised that there were so many more people outside than in with their bales neatly stacked & their mules picketed in a square but I fancy those outside use their own fodder whereas those within buy it from the man a little dearer If they did not do this & pay for his fetching water & firing he wd have no reason for staying there.

Abdullah cast himself contentedly down in one uncleaned room, made a fire in a scooped place in the middle of the cemented floor & had soon his kitchen things round him.

There are fire places in all the rooms but I see they are never used. No charitable gentleman having ever sent a chimney sweep round.

Theodore hung up india rubber rugs in 2 of the 3 arched doorways the 3rd he left entirely open. I asked him why, but he only said he did not suppose it mattered as it was not cold. We had 2 great pillars & 3 doors. no window & for darkness might as well have been in a

arbour. but luckily it was neither windy nor damp + our candle never even flickered - Our beds, table + chairs greatly improved the aspect of affairs + we slept only disturbed by cats. I had once thought that nails wd be nice things to drive in to hang clothes on but one might as well hang things up the chimney so blackened were the walls -

24th being Sunday we determined to take things very quietly. We had been invited by telegram to stay with Mr + Mrs Jefferies at Dasht i Argin. As the 2 next stages are only 12 miles each we might have reached Khan i Zenian; however we accepted. We did not start till 9 + having ascended the Mt + so got over Kotal i Pirezan we had our luncheon under one of the last trees before the plain + remained a full hour as we did not wish to thrust ourselves for too long on our hosts

Certainly a Karamserai as they pronounce it is a place that however glad you may be to be "here today" you are equally glad to be "gone tomorrow."

We had an ascent of 1350 ft 3 miles one on a level through stony forest. 600 feet descent + then 6 miles of plain skirting round an unhealthy marshy lake which has no outlet; or rather it can be seen meandering into the rocks + what happens to it no one knows.

We have been over one or two curious bridges one between Daleki + Konar Takhte through a ravine waggling from side to side in a zigzag + another over a swamp between Kazeroon + Imian Kotal. a good deal of it is completely foundered but as it is not deep the mules

Shiraz. Enamels.
next page

over the heaps of stones. Near this bridge is an old mosque & a large rock sculpture, abt 50 years old called Naqsh-e-Rustam (picture) Persian.

Well! We arrived at Dasht i Arjan a wood of wild almond, crossing a stream flowing out of the rock with a little mosque or tomb & a cemetery & trees & caravans of camels resting such a very pretty scene & the snow mountains, we had been among the snow, made a beautiful background.

The village is a mere collection of hovels & the Telegraf Khaneh is the only decent one. We found Mr & Mrs Jefferies most charming & not only delightfully kind to our bodies but also to our minds they told us & showed us all sorts of delightful things & we felt we were improving immensely. They had fires, & one in our bedroom & a hot bath were delightful. Mr J has been in Persia nearly all her life & speaks like a native & associates with high & low & goes to visit the wandering tribes & had no end of information to give us. They seem to think we have undertaken an almost impossible journey & gave us a great deal of advice concerning it. Also she lent me her saddle which I think I may be able to buy as she has two & she gave me 3 lovely little Shiraz enamels with little Persian ladies on them.

We really enjoyed our stay there immensely. They told us Mr Edwards at Konartakhte had an Eng. mother whose name he took but is really Armenian.

We had a very substantial breakfast at 9 & started abt 10. & my mule was much the happier for the new saddle

The poor creature who had an enormous swelling on its neck with about as much as the palm of my hand raw & who had had to be beaten to make it keep up, now trotted off it own accord. The great saddle must cut its head off.

The Kotal-i-Pirezan is called after an Old Woman who had some of the stones removed from the way, the K.i doctar from her daughter who paved the road.

Monday 10th Now here we are in the Caravanserai of Khan-i-zenian There are 2 here - one in ruins & frequented by the outsiders & mean in the newer one. We have a niche this time as the Khalwat was too open for this time of year 6100 ft up.

It is really such a getting up stairs. I have to use hands & knees to reach my platform from a stone 15 in high.

Having swept with damp chopped straw & had tea on the platform as our inner room smoked, we went out, the very nice guardian accompanying us. He chatted all the way showed us everything he could trying hard to make us understand. We did somewhat. He took us to 2 clusters of cabins partly dug out & partly built of mud & stones with dark inner caves for cattle. No kind of regularity was there in the construction. He took us into them all. In one place there were 2 stories of these huts. We went up a sloping tree on to a tottering & shaking roof & sat in one of these abodes & watched them making bread. Quite as thin as the thinnest linen. We also went round the ruined Caravanserai & then came home to bedmaking. It is getting dusk

+ the various strings of mules have just been led to water following the bell mule or horse decorated with many coloured tassels hanging on projecting sticks + such bells! some one will in another like dinner or church bells. One we met on the road was quite as big round as a hat, abt 10 in straight up + then a domed top + it had an immense long clapper. This will go on all night. The mules here are not painted in patterns with Henna as in Bahrein.

Tomorrow we hope to reach Shiraz 30 miles to stay with Mr. Fabie to whom we have a letter + who has telegraphed an invitation.

We arrived abt 1/2 past at Bagi Shaich (Shaiehs Garden) where Mr. Fabie lives Tuesday March 5. 8 Farsakhs we had to ride first over mountains not high + then at last we saw Shiraz lying in its beautiful plain.

Shiraz must delight every eye for its real loveliness + also as the goal of so long a journey + so arduous + we after 8 days were no exception to the rule.

This day the road was much gayer than usual, as we met more caravans of travellers. Perhaps it had been a lucky day to start for Persians always consult their astrologers on this subject. We met lots of pilgrims for Kerbela with women in Kajawahs + a good many dead bodies going to be buried in that holy earth, tied up like mummies or in coffins 4 by 2 on mules. One caravan had an old old man sprawling with out stretched arms + legs on the top of a

bedding - laden mule. He looked very uncomfortable + as if he wd soon scramble up but it was because he was too old + weak to sit. + with 8 days to Bushire then steamer to Busson + afterwards a week up to Bagdad + some days to Kerbela I doubt if he will get there alive. The Turks now very wisely make some difficulty about this importation of dead bodies so I believe they will at Busson or at least before they arrive be doubled up into Kourgins or large carpet saddlebags -

We arrived sooner than we were expected otherwise a party were coming out to give us a reception they said as a lady traveller is such a rarity.

I was extremely glad they did not we were so dusty + they seemed so clean + fresh.

Mr. Fabie had bespoken the services of Mrs Staunton the wife of one of the Tel. clerks who is always very kind to us bachelors + helps us in any awkward difficulty to receive me. I was treated as a patient just getting through a severe illness + after tea conducted to the brink of a warm bath.

Dr Scully + Mrs. Staunton were also at tea.

After as I thought cleansing myself from every stain of travel I looked in the glass + found myself so black that I thought my face dirty so I hurried back + scrubbed + scrubbed but as it was not I was less lucky than the nigger baby + so travel stained I remain.

We stayed till Sat with Mr Fabie - enjoyed ourselves all the time. All seemed to think that too much could not be done to make our stay pleasant

and profitable. The first evening was chiefly taken up with advice for our further progress. We found it wd. be foolish indeed to "ride chapar" or by post.

This entails leaving all luggage behind & riding with a little food, one change of clothes & a canvass sack to be filled with chopped straw wherever you want to sleep, in your saddlebags. At your journeys end you devide your miles by your hours & you should find the miles go 6 or 7 times into the hours & that you have slept any where for an hour or two & not every night & eaten in the saddle. On you go night & day & of course are too tired to see much of the country.

So we determined to go caravan. I bought Mr. Jefferies's saddle for 7 Tomans (£2.5.0) & I got one for 3 Tomans & native bridles.

I sent his letter to the Governor a prince known as "Illisham i Dowleh" "The Army of the State" a title given by the Shah; at the same time asking permission to make excavations at Istakhar "Takht i Taous" or at Persepolis Takht i Jemshid. which was granted

Mr. Tahir took C to the bazaar & other places on Wed. morn. before breakfast at 11. at which we had the company of a Nawab of Indian extraction whose family has been for some generations Eng. agent. He speaks Eng. very well & asked me & go to tea with his sisters on the morrow, Mrs. Stanton being bidden as interpreter. Mrs S. who has been here 7½ years had never dared & go to the bazaar. But when I said

I should certainly go she came too
We had some soldiers + we did not
wrap our faces up much. + surely
it was only natural we sh^d be stared
at. There has been a miracle at
Kerbela so the bazaar was to be
illuminated + they were busy with
their decorations. Not a bit of the
wall was left bare + I was amused
at the clever way they made their
favourite cypress tree with a
pocket handkerchief hung
up by one corner.

Mrs Stainton dined with us
her husband being on night duty
with the telegraph. The business time
begins at 8 o'c. 4 o'c in London.

Mr S is an enthusiastic photographer
under the greatest difficulties. If
he sends for anything he has to cal-
culate on waiting 5 months till it
comes. He rescued me from the
depth of misery by mending 8
little smashes about my camera
caused by the case having been tied
carelessly to a mule with a piece of
wood + fallen. Now we don't have
these things to Abdullah.

He also has kindly taken some of
my glass negatives to develope + will
send them to Ispahan, thus saving
them from the danger of being opened
in Russia.

Thursday I went to the bazaar
but they were all too busy listening
to dervishes ranting, + decorating to
sell him anything.

We went to the Nawabi house at
2 accompanied by Mr + Mrs Stainton
Mr Fakie + Dr Scully. We ladies
+ the latter were shewn into a
very pretty room decorated with a
pattern in tiny bits of looking glass
set in white smooth plaster. Illustrated

Views pictures + those from the tops of shirt boxes were set into the wall under glass + really they looked very well -

The ladies came in wrapped in Chadars or huge circular cloaks of cotton + muslin which they wear over all. These ladies legs were not bare but they had all fitting white leggings, then a short + very full skirt ab. down to their knees + a sort of jacket above + a handkerchief put on square + pinned tightly hair + topped the face over the face

The Chadar is worn forgoing about their own premises but out of doors they are covered much more + one have a little hole in their long white veil to look through. I have often seen them lift this to look at me so that any man c. see their faces + they can have very little real modesty about it for any doctor is quite free to see them. + I saw one as he was sketching on the roof with her bare legs - her chadar flying about -

They had a table + chairs, this being a show room + quite an English tea. Mrs Smith another Tel. lady joined the party. They wished to be photographed so I promised to come the following day + also to photo. the room, a very daring undertaking with all the looking glass.

We went up on the roof + into the garden + wiled away the time till it was dark enough to go to see the bazaar illuminated.

Off the Vakeel Bazaar is a very fine Caravanserai decorated beautifully with modern tiles. I wish all other Caravanserais were as comfortable.

Shiraz

The Nawab + the Smiths came to
Mrs S had also never seen the
bazaar.
"It requires a good deal of courage"
said these ladies
A little curiosity only." I responded
There were a great many different
figures sitting in chairs suspended
from the roof + some sitting in the
stalls. + one or 2 regularly "hung"
+ the white demon looking very
awful. We were told we might
wait 50 years before seeing this
sight again.
I forgot to say that on Wed before
we returned home we went to see
the tomb of the Poet Hafiz in such
a lovely spot. It is described in all
books on Persia. Little tents attract
my attention, these are pitched
over any grave where a mollah
has to say prayers. to shield him from
the sun. We passed a plain outside
the town where caravans were
resting + saw a man sitting among
6 or 8 camels + feeding them with
great lumps of some sort of dry cake
dough as big as 2 fists + packing it
into their mouths till they looked
as if they wd choke. He gave each
6 or 7 lumps while we waited.
There is such a beautiful view
from the Hafizeh of Shiraz, it
reminded me a little of Florence
with its domes / green tiles + Cypress
We also went to Bagi no / new
Garden a summer palace now
all in ruins with a pretty deserted
Garden
Bagi Sheikh is an enclosure
within a wall with towers at
the corners belonging to the Telegraph
Co. Mr Fabia the Ass. Supt lives in
what has been a summer dwelling

with a large garden round it + in another garden are 2 dwellings for clerks + Dr. The whole is guarded by soldiers at the gate. Friday was given to photography + sketching - I did a copy several others one which I hope will be niece of Robab Khanum the niece of the Nawab

Lady Robbab is only 16 + has been married 2 years to the chief of the reliant wandering tribes. He visits her occasionally but has another very pretty wife always with him. She did not look a bit pretty in her Chadar + has a dalemark on her nose but with her head bare + her many plaits she looked very bewitching + I think it a horrid shame that such a pretty creature shd not have a husband to herself.

Mr Scully dined on this last evening + after breakfast we set out with written directions for the road, borrowed books, still with Abdullah not being able to get a better man. Theodore on the Friday was summoned to the prince + of course his toilette was a matter of consideration. Great was Mr Fabie's consternation at finding all T possessed was his black cutaway Sunday coat! Propriety forbade his approaching the prince in such a garment so in the absence of a frock coat he was draped with decency in an over coat of Mr Fabie's. The Prince talked French + said he wd send a ghulam with us to see we are not interfered with + next morning sent a little fat Cucumber the first of the season + a great compliment Mr Fabie says.

We rode away through the Cary called Akbar or "God is Great" Defile so called from the exclamations of delight on first seeing Shiraz - & under an archway containing a very large Koran, a most lucky beginning to a journey.

We had 5 farsakhs to Jergoon abt 20 miles. We had 3 delays on the way 1st to get out our waterproofs 2d. I impressed on me I had better change my mule which had been down 3 times & he said I might come off next time. Down came & down came the rain drenching my saddle & it continued heavily till we had started again. Then cleared up.

3d. My mule became most dreadfully lame about 3 miles from our Manzil or Shelter & I told the muleteer to see if he had a stone in his approach he kicked tremendously & W. not let his foot be touched & wanted to bolt. Abdullah came to help & I had to add my puny strength to theirs. It was some time before I could dismount & remove myself quickly from his neighbourhood & as I thought we had not far to go I said I'd walk sooner than delay over the unloading & reloading. However after abt ½ a mile & perceived me on foot so waited for of course turning those beasts or making them go back is not easy then he gave me his mule & the change of saddle was a rest. Jergoon lies so tight under & along the mountain it hardly shows & it was dark when we arrived.

After we got off the hills we had been in a winding plain surrounded by very fine beautiful mountains, the

rainy atmosphere improving their appearance

The Gholam had gone on to light us a fire at the Chapparkhana or posting house + we had to trust to our mules to thread our way over streams + along narrow raised paths between subsidences of the soil. We passed all through the village as our mangell the Chapparkhana is the last building.

It consists of a mud fortress with its towers at the corners. Stables all round mangers in the windows which can be used from in or outside. Over the door, approached from the roof one room the Bala Khana. Here we found a party of persians smoking their Kalians (water pipes) on the ground which was covered with matting + a rug of the Chapparjee's. The Gholam made them understand we were more exalted than they so they retired without any demur.

We were thankful to sink into their places for the smoke was so tremendous that all that evening we had frequently to seek air near the floor. + we had the greatest trouble in moving about at all. Next morn.g I could see why. Just behind the chimney piece was a hole 2 in across + this was the only vent for the smoke. + the wind was coming that way. Of course this is a trifling inconvenience if you sit on the floor.

Just as we had finished dinner Wm Glover the son of the Tel. Clerk at Abadeh on his way to Bushire visited to see us. Of course he was asked in. He is ab.t 20 + must be partly Armenian from his accent

We had arrived at 6 a m + was to start at midnight, travelling by night to avoid sunburn.

We did not start till 7 as the mules were late.

The next stage is Pouza, where there is a Chapparkhana. First we continued crossing the plain of Merdusht till we reached a salt lake a swampy branch of which we crossed on 6 bridges + causeway an awful job as there is never any earth on these places + the stones are polished so whenever we C^d safely descend without getting into water we did. We met a caravan of 50 in the middle of it then 45 + then 30 which made it a slow business. It is 4 farsaehs to Pouza

Turning a corner of mountain to the left + into another reach of this plain we soon came to Bend ameer's Stream" a wide deep + turbid river which has had many names since that of the lesser Araxes. We crossed it upon a large old bridge with 3 very clifferent arches. It is very steep indeed at the 2 ends + the middle is like a valley.

We soon were in view of Persepolis + its columns but passed it to our right as we should go there another day. so we pushed on to Pouza & went on first + inspected the Bala Khana but said it was too bad to live in. We arrived in an awful sand storm so rushed into the Chapparkhana for refuge but found none. All was a whirl wind of chopped straw so we went into the Chapparjees room spread a carpet, shut the door + eat trying to shield our food but I am sure we got on well with our "Peck of Dirt"

The Gholam recommended us to Hadji Abbas abt a mile off on the otherside of the village & nearer to Zacht i Taous which had been recommended as a good digging place. As we forded the river the horses tails swept in the water & arrived at a mud village. The Gholam ordered everyone to stand & we were taken to a bala khana with 2 doors & no windows & many holes in the wall. They said they wd hang up purdahs & accordingly tried to nail carpets over the door-ways with sharpened sticks but when these blew down the Gholam suddenly hurried off saying he wd find some good lodging. I thought it best to remain with our goods but C soon fetched me saying the greatest piece of tyranny had been practised & Hossein Khan the head man of the village had been compelled by threats to receive us. He raved & the women screamed, but it was useless, we arrived. He looked sad & gloomy as we approached but he was eventually cheered by hearing we should pay him & that we spread a rug over his sitting one & that we wore clean slippers. He told Abdullah he would have cut his throat than let C in without his being married & having Mrs with me.

Our abode is a room abt 7 ft wide with niches all round, at one end the door at the other carved & white washed wooden shutters can be raised from the floor, & the floor is covered with numnuds & there are bolsters to lean against near the windows. Our beds leave a very narrow passage in the middle between our baggage near

the door & table & chairs near the window.

Numnuds are drab carpets made by hammering camels hair with soap into a thick felt & then a pattern in colocers is laid down in threads something like filagree & hammered in. There are also saddle cloths & coats with very long sleeves & no opening for the hand nor even thumb. They are seamless.

Most coats & garments even of cotton have part of the seam under the arm, or a 3 cornered piece where we should put a gusset left open for air - a wise plan I think. Many people carry hung to their belts leather shades such as we use for sore eyes & stick them on round their brimless caps on the sunny side.

After a most peaceful night we & the gholam & a guide on foot set off to see the neighbourhood First across the river or rather through it to Takht i Taousa or Peacocks throne or platform. We saw one column with the double demi bull still standing as at Persepolis but much plainer & some doorways of monoliths hollowed out but no figures inside them & some other remains of buildings & even chose a place to begin digging on the morrow. Then rode abt 3½ miles to the afore said Chapar khana for the rain had come on & we got as wet as our mack intoshes would let us. Had a splendid horse of the gholams & enjoyed my gallop very much & we flew into the Chapar khana & up to the Balakhana as quickly as we could we sat on a carpet

drying ourselves while the ghulam kept up the fire + we had a libration in the saddlebags besides a chicken some whiskey + some plum cake made at home in the beginning of November so we felt very indifferent to delay.

At 11.30 it cleared + we were dry so we went on to Takht i Jemshed Persepolis.

I shall not attempt to describe these splendid ruins. They quite exceeded our expectation + we were enchanted with all we saw, the grace + beauty + perfection of the workmanship. The marble still retaining its polish + though we thought before we went we knew all about it from books of course the reality far surpassed our ideas. It really is a sight to see people + make one sad to think should so utterly pass away + that of all that great city only a name + so few ruins remain. A great deal is known in the solid rock so cannot be removed + all the excavations have been most carefully + scientifically done. Some stones have fallen down on their faces on excavated earth but no doubt they have been copied.

We lunched in a doorway of which we have often seen pictures a man plunging a sword into a bird like griffin. All his feathers looked quite new + sharp + it was delightful to be able to sit + stare at every detail.

We climbed up into the tomb that is nearest + had a good general view + after seeing everything thought it best not to dig at Takht i Tavos as we thought who digs at

at Persepolis would surely have dug there too if they had thought it a good place. so we determined to get on to Hamadan.

After Takht i Jemshed we rode to Nakshi Rejib a recess (Pictures) in the rocks quite close to the Chaparkhana behind some little Pehlavee huts with colossal bas reliefs. We then went to the ford but once more had to go to that Chaparkhana from the rain - books only. no fire. In half an hour off again to Nakshi Rustem at the other side of the valley. We went through the river & over fields where some badly sown corn was growing among stubble from a foot to 18 inches high. A horrid meandry brook from 2 to 4 feet wide gave me much — we had to seek a ford for the banks were steep but the horses don't jump at all.

Now I shall not say anything about the bas reliefs of Shapoor I & Valerian as they are very well known but only say that Mme Dieulafoys pictures give one a bad idea of much more ruined stone. also the one with 2 figures sitting on horseback where a 3rd is said to be on foot has 3 horses when the horses tail even can be clearly traced.

We reached home abt 4 after ride abt 20 miles & having had as I said "a day of learning."

At Nakshi Rustem also the lower part had been dug out so we thought it better not to stay.

However we found the day too rainy to move & roads slippery & here we are still at Hadji Abbas.

Tuesday March 12th We found plenty to occupy ourselves after we had sadly realized that we might as well make our beds.

When it cleared up I went out to an encampment of Kalmuks & I had a visit as on the first day from the Khan's wife, mother, sister & little boy a very great pet of mine. but dirty & I did not relish the kiss he gave me but he is such a treasure he is used to kissing every body.

The Khan's wife was gaily dressed in a yellow skirt very full & which does not go round her waist but is hitched somehow over her hips She wears one or 2 short jackets over a scarlet muslin shirt open at the sides. When she is quite still with her arms down this completely covers her but if she moves a good deal of side shows & when she raised it before all this party & in the very face of her little boy, to have a good scratch she appalled me with the revelation she made. Hosein Khan over all this village. His mother has neuralgia; we have given her quinine & a good dose of whiskey so "Mader i Khan" will I hope forget her pains. * end of book

The next station is Seevand 3½ Farsakhs from here. Tel. Clerk Mr. W Littleback.

Farsakhs are supposed to be 4 miles but surely they must be very variable as all stages are composed of round farsakhs. If there is any distance over it is thrown in & long or short is rarely spoken of. but as Abdullah says they have only been measured by talk.

Our caravan next morning consisted of one horse 4 grown up donkeys one young one & a cow. I rode the "gabo". One was brought for C. but this day as the day before it kicked so much he would not ride it so he set off into a slough whilst we all had to follow bossing the ears of a donkey whilst someone else gave it smacks behind. The Khan our host was highly disgusted with 3 Tomans for his house & had thought we sh. give 100. but the gholam or rather Tofankdar was very much pleased with his present.

Early in the morn. the golam sent to tell us we should have nothing to pay for the donkeys today as he had money in hand of ours. He had been given 35 kerans to pay the muleteer in Shiraz. C having already paid a like sum but the golam thought it so excessive that he only gave the man 17. We were much puzzled how to get this money safely to Shiraz as of course the agreement must be kept to when a messenger arrived from Sewand Mr. Fabie said the muleteer claimed 35 kerans, & C remit it by bearer to Sewand. We sent an explanatory message. The golam gave the 16 kerans & having Abdullah for a witness is going to make that man eat sticks when he gets back ie be bastinadoed. & end of book

We went along the ~~left~~ right bank of the Bendemier till the end of the valley past several villages & encampments of Illiautes & then we turned to the left into a narrower valley very wild & marshy till we came to a little brushwood bridge. Here my gabo

forded the river. I rocked over the bridge, all the baggage was carried over + the donkeys + cows forded + loading + unloading took half an hour.

As soon as we reached a little shade we sat under some rocks that we might lunch before we arrived + while sat observed a man on horseback with a gun staring at us. When we rose he accompanied us half a mile + then applied to be paid saying he was the Tufankjee (gunner) who had been protecting our way from thieves. Of course he got nothing: this is a frequent incident. I believe the villagers keep guard because they will be fined if people are robbed.

Sevand lies under the mountain to the right hand of the road + a wide stream flows to the left. The telegraph house stands within a square of offices on the side of the hill + veritable beggars did we feel as we arrived thus unexpectedly to sue for hospitality. Once more we found very kind host + hostess. The ladies certainly take a great delight in a little of that very rare commodity in Persia, female society + dressmaking hints are very acceptable to them.

We had a very pleasant time with the Whitingbacks + left at 8 o'l for Dehno (new village) with 6 good mules + 2 donkeys belonging to the 2 Chaparadar.

We had a beautiful journey. It is 6 Farsakhs to Dehno. We went through a beautiful wooded valley with the Polvar, which joins the Bendamir flowing through it. We lunched in a very pretty place where the valley gets narrower + went through a fine pass till we came to a very wonderful thing. The road entered the rock by a

cutting which wound along four feet wide for about half a mile. It is now a tunnel but goes straight up some times more than 50 feet on the highest side. It was full of water. It is unknown who cut this. I suppose Alexander passed through it.

Very soon after we got out of this cutting we saw down into the plain where stands the building called "Masjid Nader i Souleiman" tomb of the mother of Cyrus Solomon. but wh. is supposed by most to be the tomb of Cyrus. M. + Mme Dieulafoy in their book say that the Engl. are quite wrong in saying so + that the structure in no way accords with the description given of it by Aristobulus. One of their objections is that the chamber is not large enough for the things said to have been deposited in it + that there is no chamber for the magi with an internal staircase. They did not know that there is a chamber underneath now used for washing dead bodies + entered by a hole in the side to the right of the tomb entrance

It has all so often been described that I will only say we had no difficulty in entering it as regards the objection to men going into a woman's tomb nor did we in anyway perceive that it was guarded by women. We rode up to the wall of the little cemetery that surrounds it + fearing a fuss as I am thought to be a boy I climbed the nearest place + he followed.

"I shall never get up that!" I cried when I saw those shiny white marble steps with ledges a foot or 18 in + quite a yard high but I thought if I could climb the great Pyramid I ought + not to be daunted + scrambled up to the top. Mme D. calls it "pierre

calcaire" but though there is lime on marble I think that hardly expresses it. Every bush growing out of the stones is covered with little votive rags as in Ireland & many places

After visiting the other ruins in the neighbourhood, supposed to be Persepolis we left the miserable hamlet of Nadershi S. & went over a stony hill to the equally wretched Detons. No house had a wall more than 4 or 5 ft. high, all made of mud & as we shd. have had to seek a private dwelling & fight over the rent we determined to push on to Mourgaub 17 Farsakh & so shorten our next day's march. We might have had some difficulty in finding a lodging as Mr. Fabia who passed 3 months ago with Abt. was considered such an infidel that he had to go on to Kawamabad which we passed early in the day where there is a Caravanserai & a Chapparkhana. Then we got over another stony hill we saw Mourgaub far across the plain to the left we, leaving the regular road & going off to the right making the road as it had all been ploughed up. The mules knowledge of the road was a great help. Tho' I had good mules & hastened on to race the sun but he got to his rest first & we saw the village. The Chapparas & Caravan all followed up in succession till the mts were looking supremely lovely in the sunset glow & our weariness was alleviated by this beauty. As we got up we saw the dogs chasing something odd & thought it a wild beast & afterwards Ab. was just outside the door & a beast came to him & the men within shouted "You had better look out that is a panther" so he came in quickly

Besides our mules our Chapparadar has 2 donkeys & one is lame so the Caravan came in later & we had some time been settling, with the dust which the

the chapparjee had disturbed with a broom, or a carpet. We had thrown down. There was actually a window with one glass in it & 2 most ill fitting doors. We stuffed them with our clothes towels & my coat & after a awful smoke got warmly to bed but had a bitterly cold uprising before the sun. There were 6 degrees of frost. We went along this valley & then over a steep hill & came to a place whence we could see into a most dreadful wilderness. like an upheaved sea, all cracked about & presenting the wildest appearance. We went through rather a pretty pass first where we were much mystified by numerous great cairns on the hill side. We have cross questioned everyone & think they have been made by hunters to shoot deer. Then we reached this horrid plain if so it may be called we turned to the left & saw a distant white mountain looking like a castle oh! so far away it seemed as if we sh^d never reach it! After this way we came on the Caravanserai of Khan i Kerm near a bridge. It was both warmer & more economical to lunch near the bridge & saved quite 7^s. Wh: we sh^d have given to the Calandar or doorkeeper. As soon as we were ready to start every mule tried to go home which caused much running & shouting.

On we went to the castle & over a pass & then in the far distance saw Dehbeed & an extremely odd place it is. There were dotted telegraph poles go on & on straight & only when quite past Dehbeed turn into the station, a miserable arrangement for travellers who have learnt to watch these posts veering towards a hospitable shelter. Well, first there is a thing which looks like a rock the shape of a double tooth; this is the remains of a fort of King Bahrams made not of rock but mud. 2^dly the Caravanserai 3 the Chap

& the Tel. station a square wall with a low house + tall trees & the village like one building with a door to every room. There 5 stand each apart on a grassy sward full of springs within 2 or 3 inches of each other sometimes.

Mr + Mrs Blake were delightfully kind + were expecting us with pleasure for a telegram saying "you will have a most enjoyable evening" had preceded us. It was bitterly cold + we were glad of some tea after which we walked about a little. Next morning when also our beds were packed Mrs Blake came + invited us to stay till next day, pointing out how we could pick up our time + we felt victims to this temptation + enjoyed our quiet day very much + our hosts seemed so thankful for a little company. Really I wonder these poor telegraph people don't take leave of their senses they must be so dull for travellers are rare + of course the wives are delighted to have a female visitor + I find any little hints on dress making + fashions highly appreciated. I cannot understand how travellers, no matter how high their degree can be so insensible & the serious benefit conferred on them by a kind welcome + a clean lodging + good meals when they might have to go to a Caravanserai or Chapp. or have to go farther + fare very much worse, as to be rude to their hosts though they may only be sergeants. They do their very best for us when there is no need for them to do so. But I have heard very nasty stories of people who will not even shake hands with their host after his kindness.

The morning ~~they~~ we were starting there was a great row of dogs whirling against our door. Then a shot which put an end to a mad dog which had crept into the garden + had Mrs Blake's 3 days after it.

We left at 8.30 for Khan i Khora with an order to admit us to the room cleaned by the Tel.

From Dehbeed 7500 ft we continued over the plain a long way then a pass & from thence we C^d see our destination several farasangs off - but we soon lost sight of it again in a very provoking manner. It was behind a very low mound & did not appear till the last minute. We had entered on a plain which lasted for days & was like a long street with mountains on either side beautifully cultivated & on the south side covered with snow. The road is a wide chain of footpaths with flat deserts on either side. There is a very pretty little mountain jutting out on the right & dressed in its sunset dress at this time We had come 5 f. In this desert there is nothing but the Chap: & Karav: Sh: is 8 sided & has a tower at each corner

With this shape we C^d see our neighbours very well. Within our niche was a dark room which did not smoke much. On one side Abi & the Charvadars, on the other a cat merchant going to Bombay. I think he is the very one described in Mr^s Greenlaw's book. The numerous cats were tethered at about a yard from each other & were being fed & perhaps their master had learnt humanity in India for the cats seemed to like them. After their supper they were put in very light boxes with devices & at midnight we heard them starting. Our mules were picketted so as to forage a yard in front of our 2 niches & the baggage & saddles piled up & when I saw them remove the saddles & curry comb the poor mules I shamelessly beckoned & descended with the valerone & applied it to all their sores. On went the saddles again some of which weigh 80 lbs & which come down well on their backs & in which they live & die. As soon as a little foal can carry a couple of more days or his master's big coat he has to begin work & no kind of illness or lameness is

taken any notice of. on they go till they drop & the wild beasts eat them on the road side. A most dreadful sight it is to meet with a vast stain filled & surrounded with red bones or a carcase that the leopards have not finished at night being tugged at by the dogs.
The next stage was Sourmeh 7 f. past the pretty little mountain which became very plain indeed when we got near. It was very hot & we found no shade for luncheon so having decided that we had no hopes of a better bit of desert to eat in & the rest being behind we took the bits out that our mules might eat dry thorns & seated ourselves in waiting.
We could see Sourmeh a very long way off. A great deal of cultivation & irrigation had been attempted & this continued all the way to Abadeh 4 f. or. S. is a very pretty village surrounded with towers. We arrived ab. 3 at the Chap. & after tea we sallied forth with the camera with a very nice man who chattered away took us to another of Bahrams mud forts but this we could creep & climb in as we c[d] see many rooms & a long dark passage. We got up in the dark & started 2 to 6 with a most beautiful but bad sunset lighting up all the mountains & betokening all the wind we were to have & indeed when sunset came grim & gray I thought these two had changed places. We were to breakfast with Mr. Glover at Abadeh & we went very well & did not forsake an hour arriving at 2 to 10. A. is something like Sourmeh with its walls & towers & it lies where some hills to the left seem to shut in the plain. When I reach an Eng. tel. lady she hastens to surround me with the greatest care & attention but the Germ. like Mrs G. leave me & their husbands & sink in arrayed in their very best at

