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Persia

The state of the edge of this book is caused by a mule's rolling in the saddlebags which broke the butter tin so that the melted butter got into everything

Mabel V. A. Bent
13. Great Cumberland Place
W

1889.

The 2nd Part of My Chronicle

one end of a meal & out at the other. Mrs S was no exception to the rule with her purple velvet & jewels & her little girl equally fine.

We left a little after 12 to Shoulgistoon 5 f. the same sort of road exactly. After Abadeh the cultivation which we had seen from Surmeh gives way to the salty desert again. The Balakhana of the Chup: is a most dreadful place, ab. 8 f.t Square with 2 doorways. one never had had a door & had to be fastened up with a carpet & the other had a door which could not be drawn close from inside & had to be stoned up from outside & it blew open at night. I had his bed across it having yielded mine up the best side as I was in the great affliction of a cold in the head. The fire smoked of course.

We were not sorry to leave next day for Yezdekhast &c. but sh^d never have done so had we known the journey we sh^d have. The wind continued & increased in violence & expecting rain we put on our waterproofs & suddenly down pelted hail & round went our mules unable to face it. We waited some time then had great difficulty in turning them. The wind nearly tore us off our saddles & we got very wet & I felt sure I sh^d be ill from the cold To add to this my saddlebags began to shift but thought I got it the Charvadars I could make no one hear & it was impossible to open anything in that wet so I determined to hold the heavy one so with my head on my knees I did. We were so hungry too as this was one of our first as the Persian New Year was coming in but we could not possibly dismount or get at any food. The rain & hail lasted 40 minutes then the sun came & the still equally furious wind dried us up. At last I got down & was sure I c^d not stand but I managed to get from my saddlebags the last lump of our dear old cake which I tore in half & succeeded in snatching half & the cake was ended at the age of 4 months & a half deeply regretted.

We c^d see a village lying on the plain not the least like the description of Yezdekhast.

"It seems a good sized place" said I not liking to raise vain hopes

"Yes" I said in a very uninterested way being screwed up to endure for another hour.

But soon I saw the ground break up under my mules nose & plainly in front I said "Anyhow we have run

now got into the formation of ground Yezdekhast must be in." "Yes we must be very near & there I believe it is." This time I looked round in earnest & said Indeed there is now doubt of it with great thankfulness. Now we went rapidly down a stratified cliff into a ravine ab. half a mile wide or less & not a mile long. Into the middle of this projected a sort of tongue separated however by a little deep cleft ab. 1/4 mile long & perhaps 100 ft wide & on this is the village of mud houses all overhanging the rock which is honeycombed with caves as are the sides of the ravine. A rough bridge of trees gives access to the village at one end. In the ravine are one of Shah Abbas's 999 Caravanserais & the Chappar Khana. After due inspection of the former I went to look at the latter & when he made signs I followed & shambled after him.

The Talakhana had doors in all 3 doorways & a fire that did not smoke. It was soon lit & bedmaking began. I shook & trembled more than half an hour but when the hot water came some whiskey punch, took medicinal "warmed me up & we were none the worse for the exposure to the storm.

After some tea we went a walk with one of the two brother Chapparjees. He took us into the village. The main street is in some places merely a black tunnel & the side streets like the dark staircases & passages of a house. He seemed anxious we sh. see everything & even took us into a mosque a most wonderful thing for a Shiea to do. The mosque was all open on one side & very tumble down. He also took us up various stairs & into several houses. On account of the feast the brothers were arrayed in their best clothes one in canary colour. We had a most comfortable evening & kept up a

good fire with a reserve of wood to light up about 5 am again. These rooms are quite as clean as a tool house with loose earth & twigs lying about.

Early next morn the Chapparjees appeared bearing a pish kesh or gift. A large round tray contained a large soup plate of dried cherries, another some of the bread or rather biscuit for which the place is quite famous, a 3d some dried apricots stuffed with walnuts, a 4th raisins as hard as nails, pistachio nuts & sugar plums. & a bowl of snow which only the fact that this feast is the entrance of the spring could find a meaning for, it melted half very dirtily & I had to dispose of the whole down a gutter. The rest were very good. They got 5 Kerans. The chaswadars each 2. At 10 we went out with the camera. We had tea in the Ket Khoda's house / headman / He was dressed in a robe of honour of white grounded cashmere & I took his photograph — I also went to his anderoun. The inmates all stroked & squeezed my hand which was extracted from his glove & seemed to think me a great phanoum because they thought it white & soft. They laid theirs beside it for comparison. The Ket Khoda had many friends seated on carpets round the room when we entered, blocking up all the light which entered at the door so we were afterwards surprised at having escaped a hole somewhere near ab the size of a washing basin used to put a fire of charcoal in. Over this is cast a cotton quilt & the family's legs are put under it something like the Turkish tandoor.

In the middle of the floor was a samovar & tea was served on little red coal trays in little tumblers. The robe of honour or kalaat is not all "beer & skittles" it is sent by the prince

Shah or governor who announces it beforehand. The recipient goes out a stage or 2 to meet the messenger who is sometimes the donor wishes to reward for a service or do a favour to by putting him in the way of getting a good tip.
The messenger has to be entertained a week & given a very handsome money present so that if the robe is worth 200 krans it may cost its owner 1,000 -
Next we went to a Mollahs priest. He was very anxious to be photo'd in his house but it was too dark so he & his mummed & his kalyan were transferred to the end of his lane & there done.
After tea we went to walk alone & some boys threw stones at us. They did not hit but we thought it right to send a message to the Kethkhoda for the sake of the next Europeans. When we were leaving next morning he & Ish. think all the men in the place were waiting for us at the bridge as we wound up out of the ravine & assured us they were strangers. I said he must punish them himself & it should not be mentioned & said we had been very well treated in every other respect so we parted excellent friends with promises of the photographs -
If we did make any complaint the govt. will think it a good opportunity to put a heavy fine into his pocket.
When we got up to the level again the village was more looked down with the plain.
The next stage is Armenabad 2 f. Here we 2 stopped & waited for our caravan which had been joined by an Arab pilgrim to Meshed who on starting had the right to assume the title of Meshedee. It was well we waited that I might have the help I was sorely to need very soon, for about a

mile further my mule who was not well
having we think caught cold put first
his nose to the ground + then his knees
I shouted "Get off! Mabel get off" but before
I could do so over rolled the poor mule
on his off side. Of course I fell too.
I screamed "Why don't you get away
from him?" "I had only time to answer
"I can't I'm caught in the stirrup" when
the mule began to rise + so did I - wrong
way up till I was standing on my shoul-
der blades, both legs off the ground. The
4 men all rushed to hold the mule
+ disentangle my foot never thinking
of the poor head + shoulders trailing
on the road but I cried "Oh Abdullah
lift me up, pick me up, take me off
the ground!" every variation to be under-
stood - so he did + I never was dragged
at all nor hurt or bruised in the
very least + truly thankful I was to
stand once more safe on my own two feet
I mounted that mule again as we had
still 28 miles to go + could not get on without
his help + I was the lightest load. But
after a bit he began to stagger again
but I was prepared + jumped off before
he stopped + then
he fell in the same way.
After that I thought I ought not to
risk it again so he had to have some
baggage + the poor thing often + often
fell before we reached the manzel
He had a great escape of being left to
the leopards + panthers.
Abdullah had evidently prepared
for a mighty effort for he came to me
+ said "Mem Saab you very much
light! I lift you up + you come up at
once!" I think I take up a shell!"
When we reached the Chapper
Khana of Matchsood beg no one knew
what to do with the invalid who
rolled + groaned in his packsaddle
while his owner walked outside
groaning over the number of kerans
he should lose so I went down to

dered the saddle off & that he should have a mummud steeped in hot water & applied & the part affected after that he gave him some rum & whiskey & next morning he was walk through very weak. He enjoyed his luncheon very much at Koum i Shah & I could ride him in safety after.

Makrood beg was a very long series of ruins to ride through & we had a very large bala khana with only one door & a chimney actually & such a pretty fireplace & mantlepiece with lovely little arched niches all about it. It was a pleasure to abide in such a pretty room

Koum i Shah is 4 f. the telegraph station is shut. We went to the Chapar & lunched on the roof as it was too cold out of the sun without a fire & then walked about the town which is large & picturesque with many towers We were disappointed at the bazaar being shut for No Rooz.

5 f. to Maier but first near Kwe dismounted to examine the outside of the tomb of Shah Reza, a saint. The dome is light blue with a running pattern of yellow flowers in mosaic of tiles, then there is a band of dark blue tiles with an arabic inscription in white then for several feet green with a large cufic inscription in white & yellow mosaic A great deal of this was lying on the ground.

Maier C. be seen in a mirage an immense distance off & it was not till nearly dark when we reached it. We were interested at seeing outside the door of the Chapar a rams hackle carriage such as one might see in Corsica, the wonderfully crate course of whose wheels we had traced with astonishment for

Dehbeed. Very soon we bethought ourselves "The balakhana may be occupied". It was not but who would like to occupy a habitation in frosty weather. On asking who was there + owned the carriage we heard a prince. I told Abdallah to take his compliments + beg that he would give us the room his servants occupied. I was afraid as we had to go in ourselves + make him ask before us. The Prince was a young man who was sitting on a carpet near the fire with a Mollah (priest) + his Kalyan. Their beds were rolled up in the corner. To our request he said we were welcome to sleep here. We said "we were much obliged but could not think of such a thing as disturbing him". He replied that "It would not disturb him at all". I asked him where he sh. go he said he sh. remain here too. The idea of this sleeping-party did not appeal to us so having inspected the other room, a miserable place with a fire in the middle of the floor we asked to be found a private lodging + after walking half a mile among ruins, were taken in at a private house. This was entered by a large arched porch with seats. Then a passage led to a court + off this, which generally has a garden in it are the various rooms.

We had the principal sitting room. No window + as there was only a brazier of flaming logs we had so much smoke that the door had to be open + the inhabitants had a beautiful view of bedmaking + eating at a table + they never saw any europeans before or a man eat with his wife.

We started by returning to the Chapar Khane + then towards Ispahan or rather its suburb Joulfa where we had been bidden to stay with Dr. Bruce the Ch. Missionary

& the Armenians who populate Joulfa.
Soon after we left we had the very great
pleasure of seeing the shaky little carriage
galoping by with a postilion & several
mounted servants with the baggage.
The track of the 4 wheels had long
amused us; only one was light & the
rest waved about in the most wonderful way. The vehicle had often
taken an excursion quite needlessly
off the road into the desert. They who
drive in carriages, only princes have horses
ready to ride & many men to lift the carriage
over difficult places. We had 7 to do
& having at last come to the end of the
long long valley we went over a very stiff
little pass & down into more desert
snowy with salt & could see the lonely
chaspar khane of Marg, 2 f. from
Isfahan. Here we lunched on the roof.
The first & last manzel are always
short ones. The first that the departing
ones may get their baggage into comfortable
marching order & send back for anything
forgotten & be accompanied a stage
by their friends, the last that they
may put on better clothes & be conveniently met. Large caravans usually begin
by encamping for a day or two not more
than half an hour from the town.
We were delighted with the first view
of Ispahan, lying in the desert with
the very most beautifully jagged
mountains round a very extensive
plain, with its bridges over a wide
river, its gardens & the beautiful
blue dome & minarets of the
principal mosque.
We fortunately met with a respectable
Armenian named Abraham who
guided us through the intricate lanes
of Joulfa, each with a high mud
wall broken only by large receding
porches & with a stream down the
middle with planes on each side &
a narrow path sometimes only a

Dr Bs & Miss Bruce & Mr Carless. Dr B's assistant gave us as kind a welcome as ever we got in our lives & we found the tea still on the table. They eventually pressed us to stay till Friday so we did as we liked them & were very comfortable. I did not do more on Monday than visit the various schoolrooms, but on Tuesday we rode to Isfahan with Abraham & Abdullah. The bazaars were all closed for No Rouz which we as we rode through them. We admired the Maidan Shah very much it is an immense oblong & at one end of it is a magnificent mosque in blue & other tiles in lovely patterns which would be all the better for a good hosing. We went also to the palace of Chehel Soutoun 20 Columns. The principal room or Talar is all open on one side & then there is a large deep roof supported on 8 columns. The whole talar is lined with looking glass rather dim but very beautifully arranged - the 18 columns reflected in these are very near 40! There is a room at the back of this where there are some immense & very crowded pictures. The people in them go up to the sky but they are interesting to look at. All this however has been often described. We also saw an enclosure painted black with niches & high graduated seats very steep & looking as if they were meant to hold flowerpots I believe they have the passion-play of Hossein & Hassan in this place.

After wards we went Goong down under the great bridge of Hassan Bey. This a very long wide bridge, the lower part is a sort of gray marble but the upper part is faced with yellow brick. There are high walls on each side of the road part with blue tiles let in over the numerous arches. The brick has rather a raw unfinished look with the tiles. Off the road are several pretty

pavilions over the river & numerous staircases to descend to the lower part. there is a wide platform on each side of the stream which runs under each arch & quite a large place on the end. One can walk right round each pier & there are steps down to the water which rushes through - There are rooms under neath as well as above & strange travellers may occupy them.

A little higher up the river & very near another bridge is the palace, in ruins of Haft Dast (7 hands) - There is a talar very like Tchel Sootoun all dropping to pieces & behind this is a room where lie some mouldering boats & there are now apearing some really nice little frescoes under a newer plastering - One of a lady drawing on her book pleased me very much.

Near but not adjoining is a large palace full of rooms large & small & one has a most lovely view of the bridge & the town - What pleased us most was the bath; Such splendid tiles as a dado & the upper part all scribbled over with animals &c which I am sure will look quite as well as the tiles if the photograph I took next day turns out decently - The tiles had such nice trees in odd places & animals & there were several rooms & passages all different - It was so sad to see them dropping out - There is a large deserted garden in the middle -

We found the Bruces sitting at breakfast as we had begged they would not wait.

In the afternoon 2 persian ladies came to tea with 2 very nice looking little boys of 10. the sons of one of them & a maid They are the wives of a very rich man who keeps a carriage in which they have never ridden through Mrs Bruce has - There was no difference in the outer dress of mistresses & maid. Over the shoes

petticoats were drawon trousers, green pink or blue pleated in round the ankles to a stocking made of the same & over that a slipper. The head has first a light handkerchief folded in half & pinned lightly under the chin. This is worn at home. Over all is put an immense sheet of dark blue. The fronts are drawn up to a convenient height by a sort of crossed brace which goes round the neck then the part over the head & finally the ribband or face band. a piece of linen nearly 2 ft feet & wide enough to be fastened at the back with clasps of real or false jewels. Over the eyes is a close lattice of lace worked in the linen. The maid drew these off without unfastening them & folded them carefully & she had tea with the rest. There was tea once or twice & many other refreshments during the 2 or 3 hours they remained. I found it a little wearisome. All the party were much rouged & had an eyebrow as thick as a finger all across the face & their eyes deeply outlined. I noticed all their ribbands & all those I see are very dirty over the forehead from this paint I suppose.

We also visited the Armenian churches. Three of them. one rarely used. All have dados of tiles. & are painted to their domes. The cathedral is in very good preservation & about 300 years old. The chancel is raised & approached by steps at the sides. all this platform is faced with tiles too. All the the churches have very curious biblical pictures & one amused us much of a man with a beam about a yard long & as thick as one's wrist kindly trying to get a bee mote only about the size of a walking stick out of his neighbour's eye while a couple of blind beggars were having an awful tumble into a pit. There was also

Our Lord asleep in a very crowded boat in such danger of falling over board that the steersman had put out one hand to hold him in. St. John was also almost suspended over the sea on his back tugging at a sheet.

Thursday we returned to Haft Dast to photo & went to the Churches again & Friday we took our leave of our kind hosts who had given us a loaf of bread, a cake, & some apricot jam.

We determined to make a detour off the beaten track via Khonsar & Komr & found ourselves going where the Persian like

the rude Corinthian door against the homeless stranger shuts his door

We skirted round Isphahan by very pretty narrow watery lanes with trees past many pretty pigeon towers. I photod one with a fire worshipers altar on the top of a hill. We lunched at a rather pretty village sitting in the street on a rug we spread with a crowd round & men near mixing mud & chopped straw to mend the bath house & the children were helping & their hearts delight by jumping also with bare legs. Soon after we got on to a beautiful road with one or two streams meandering on each side & trees all along both sides in the most fantastic shapes. The Persian untidy telegraph posts went down the middle of the road. About 2 miles from Nejifabad our destination we turned sharp to the right & into a magnificent avenue of tall plane trees with streams which led straight to the village. I suppose they depend a good deal on their roots for their trunks seemed very much undermined. We understood how when we saw a man with an axe filling a sack with chips.

There were very wide streets & plenty of streets & a very picturesque square but we

we had to wander a good deal before we could find a manzel. We were eyed with great distrust. At last we were admitted into a room opening on to a court as the only light came through the door the court & our door were crowded & I have no doubt our bedmaking & tea drinking were an interesting sight. The room was carpeted & many gay gauze & gold hangings were put up for No Rouz. 5 Farsakhs The next manzell was Wakpusht 5 fs

It was very windy. We lunched outside a house in a court in the wind & the people We started before 6 because we wanted to stay 2 hours at Tirown as our Charvadar's home is there. 4 f. We reached it at 11 & stayed till 1. It is as usual a walled & towered place Our charvadar took us to a nice room up stairs furnished with carpets & rolled up beds We lunched on the floor & had a good rest We reached Wapusht at 3. The road is a good one - flat & passing beautiful mountains How wrong the Shirazees were in saying "from this you will have a very ugly road - all that is picturesque is past." We have never yet had a day with out lovely views - Wapusht lies in a hollow under very steep & pointed snowy mountains. ~~They are called the~~ It was hard to find a manzel here & when a host was found who consented to recieve us he began to clear out his room house but Abdullah exclaimed in most reproachful tones "Baradar! Sahib hast! Khanoum hast!" Brother he is a gentleman! She is a lady! & so another room was opened just like the others with only carpets & nichis & the usual staring took place till all our light was stopped up & I had to lay about him with his whip - It is such a bore when night comes & one can shut up. As I write we are now forestalling it & have our candle & the door shut. One might as well sit in the street. After tea we went out that I might sketch followed

by crowds. We left Wakpusht ab. 6 for Khondibala 6 f. We passed many villages but you don't get much fun out of that when the village has a wall 10 or 12 feet high with towers at the corners & a door in one side generally shut & you have to go round 2 or 3 sides of it. There was a great deal of cultivation all by irrigation & I should fancy that would cause no trouble as nothing appears on the banks or unless sown.

Khondibala is entirely inhabited by Armenians. We at once asked for Reis Karapiet having been given his name by Mr. Bruce. An old man answered to the name & led us into his court. I must own I hesitated before bending my head to enter the black hole & had disappeared into with a large following. It was a good large room with a very uneven floor, sloping walls all of mud, no niches which are so convenient. Somewhere about in the floor was sunk an immense jar ab. 2 f. across at its widest with a large earthenware lid a few feet off was a hole to draw by. It is ab. 4 ft. deep. While the jar is in there is a fearful ammount of smoke which escapes by large holes in the roof. Once it is out & the lid on the smoke keeps not till next morn. The door, a very broken one was in one corner & the room a good size. There were some dirty old mummeds which were pleasanter to step on than the rough earth. Of course the staring crowd had to be put out by force & I shut the door so they could only peep through. Then went out in the court saying I'd take a photograph. Some children were placed & all the women retired to the side. I turned my camera after them every time I took my head out looking at the children & telling them to keep still & never looking at my unconscious victims. I did the same later out of doors. without focussing so it will be a

wonder if the ladies of Khondabad get home anyhow. C went a long walk to see plantations of Cez. Jez is a material of which a sweetmeat is made. It is very good & is in white cakes dipped in flour as it is sticky - though so flexible you may bend it up. it is so tough to break & yet though you may almost tear it, if you knock it with something hard on your bent hand it cracks up like jet.

All Fools Day & the greatest of April fools were we! We set out for Khonsar 7 farsakhs & it was fully 8. Then we looked forward to staying 2 nights, having a days resting, mending photographing sketching reading writing &c. We had a most horrid day of wind. The mountains & 40 daughters Chad Dokhtar & the King's Throne Takht i Shah looked splendid with their snow all the way from Ispahan the way had varied suddenly from a very good high road to the merest footpath sometimes hardly recognizable. We were so dreadfully cold we had to put on our fur lined coats. We were soon coming to some mountains; there we shall find shelter according to the direction of the wind" Thought we April fools - C & I hurried on & when we got to the supposed shelter the wind came on all sides in succession - Fortunately one of those dreadful towers of dust & gravel broke on our backs with such suddenness as startled us very much & made the mules dance - It became 11 & after this time we always began to study the way with great interest & never refuse a good luncheon place though we like one to be found at 12 best. About 12 C espied a sort of gully off the road. I agreed with him that it was an excellent place. We dismounted got off the saddle bags & then C said "I believe this is the worst place we C

have chosen. The wind comes round every mound."

"We meant well." was all I could say as I sadly sunk down in a hurricane

Much refreshed we pursued our way into a narrow pass. There was hardly room for us & the brawling brook with quite green grassy banks flows from the snow amongst which we now travelling not only below us but also over us. It was a pretty little pass

I said "Now unless the town is up here we must soon see it immediately below us" but no, when we got out into a round uneven valley No Khonsar did we see. I was deceived by some ruins & had hopes.

"Don't you see it?" I said

"No. it's nowhere!

We shall have to go round that spur!

It is fully a farsakh off!!!

We must only creep ourselves up to bear a little more!"

So down went our heads to meet the snow & on went we. When we got to the spur we really did see Khonsar looking as handsome & important as all these masses of mud ruins do in the distance. We had to travel on another mile & a half & then those rude boors kept us wandering in the streets with the snow falling for an hour, while they stared tremendously & when one "thought so & so to" take us in, so so "shut his door" against us with a bang saying "he did not want us we might go elsewhere.

"Where is the Kethkhoda?" I inquired

"There is not one"

"Who is the Chief man?"

"He is absent"

"Who has he left in charge?"

"His family & servants"

All this was rubbish but he could not be found however finally a poor

Please skip to the next page or rather leaf.

In these skipped pages I will write what I have skipped ie our visit to the Minarets Joumbour or Shaking Minarets or Jumpandy outside Isfahan the other side from Jouf near the Hamadan road. Far from wishing to keep us out of this holy place we were beset by mollahs & sejids all anxious to hold our mules, tear us off them & drag us in. The mosque is plain outside & the side inside which is open is in a small walled garden. We went up to the roof to see the minarets which look stumpy enough. They are not connected with the main building though they touch it. They do not seem to move out from the building sideways but backwards & forwards. They were being repaired & I saw some mortar which I spread over the joints of the minaret & the mosque & it did not crack when the minaret is shaken so it must be very elastic. There are many theories about how & why the minarets can be shaken & one of the oddest is that the whole building is laid on a bending stone from Burmah which may have been a present from a king of Burmah to a king of Persia. I have had a piece of this bending stone in my hand but doubt if in the foundation it would have much effect.

man took us into an abode as squalid as that of the night before so of course we could not think of having our holiday there.

We were so cold. As soon as our chairs were brought we sat in them motionless & despairing & I felt as if I would not like even to take off my gloves & I loudly wished instead of having to unpack we had packed ready to start away. E reminded me that "Had clamoured to go off the beaten track" & at last he nobly rose to his bed-making. We looked forward to our tea which E had put on a chair in my fur cloak to draw. When he had made his bed he exclaimed "We'd better have tea now" & briskly advanced to set a chair for me, whisking off the cloak — away bang the teapot to the other side of the room wrong side up!!!

Very little was said — our feelings were too deep to be expressed in words. I was silently thankful I was not the miserable being overtaken by such a misfortune.

Well! we got some tea as soon as we could & the oven in the floor made our feet nice & warm as we put the table over it to avoid treading & we had a very good night when the 3 large round holes in the ceiling were covered they however made very good & they lights in the morning in spite of this. Of course we had crowds peeping through the cracks of the door & on the roof at the window & had great trouble with them. I took some photos in the morn & E a sketch & we left Khoi-wan & the road to Hamadan at 9. for Soultpayagoon. 7 f. where the road forks to Koum & Kashan.

The road was over mountains but the way was good. The same wandering took place & we sent Abdullah to the

Kerkhoda some way off - After standing some time in the street we thought we wd walk. we c. easily be found again A man addressed us & asked us several questions as to our wants &c & finally led us to a house where a smiling tailor called Nasirallah consented to receive us. His sitting room was very nicely carpeted & there was a fireplace. The door was entirely composed of a pretty open wooden lattice - so were the windows - they were covered with oiled paper but were rather airy - We sat for an hour on the floor while the tailor & his friends smoked Kalcans round us & we waited to be found - the whole village entered the yard & there stayed. I was the great attraction, for next morn when I was tired of being felt & stuck by being pinched by the women, I came out on the doorstep. I went out alone & few heads were turned for a moment

We heard there was a shorter way to Koum than the one we proposed to go. ie by a cross route wh. wd save several farsakhs. We decided to do it & when we had started found the muleteers did not know the way, nor did they any of the way to Koum though they had said they had often gone. But by asking the way whenever we had a chance we reached Robat Murad at 3 o'c. 5f. All the way we had a little more greenery & most beautifully coloured lilac mountains Robat Murad is one of a chain of villages stretching away along the plain into wh. we descended, keeping to our right & a very uninteresting place it was. The joys of approach are greatly tempered by the word "ed" knowledge of the difficulties as to a "manzil". Our "mehmandar" had been a soldier. Our room was a very humble one, opening on a platform ab. a yard high where Abdullah lit a fire & he & Yahyah & the 3 Charvadars slept. very coldly. We c.

have no fire. The staring was awful. The whole yard filled so I whipped them away, overturned their Kalyans & locked the door but the surrounding roofs were low & the whole of the men women & children sat all over the domes till night. I went for a walk & said he could easily distinguish our house from a distance by this mass of human beings all looking at me - at last I shut the door & as we really shut ourselves in for the night hanging something over the cracked door.

The aforesaid Yayah is a very wretched looking little Armenian man who craved a place in our caravan to Teheran. No one likes travelling alone & I daresay he was glad to go with Christians. He seems very poor & we thought it would not ruin us to feed him by the way & he perhaps gets a little better food for his long journey than he can afford & now that we have come so far I see he will repay us for he is Abdullah's slave & he does not come "Sair. give this man something he bring me water, he fetch me eggs." He often gets a lift too & if he has any baggage it is tied on somewhere.

To Mahalat Apl 4th 5 farsakhs. Off at 6 or before - We had to be guided some way as we could not cross the river where we should so we had to go to the right & a long round. We had to cross it twice & after saying goodbye to our guide I think we soon lost our way. With the Compass & sending our principal Chaparadar Hel Hossein to villages to enquire we found our way & reached our destination ab. 3. It is a very pretty village with orchards & much water & we had to ride through a good deal of it before we found ourselves at the Manzil Hel Hossein had found. This was the poor little home of the very kind Carpenter Meshdi Ferejallah. As usual one enters a large doorway, then a dark passage sides & conduits & a court which performs the office of passages & landings & the house. We had the

same but room off the same platform & Abdullah had their black smoky living room. The little court was full of fruit trees in leaf & vines with tabs mans tied to them, bits of wood with writing now in its possession. As the streets were empty at our passing our arrival was not known. so that one begg that he wd kindly lock his door so beggars got in & they were chased away & Mishki Serjallah took great care of us & was very much pleased with his 3 krans & I was delightful to sit in peace & look at the greenery & enjoy our tea. for once.

At the last place Robat Murad the people were so utterly furious at our shutting ourselves in that they ran & stamped on the roof so things fell on our heads. & threw things down the chimney. The man said they injured the roof but we said that was not our fault.

Opinions varied widely as to the distance to Kouen but as far as we c[d] make out it was 16 f. so we said we wd go in 2 days & get to Kouen on Sat. & stop at Dowletabad 8 f. so we set out at 10 to 6 & certainly went too much to the west but really the little paths were not visible in some places. We passed a little hamlet in the hills & over the top of a mountain full of springs, all wasting in swamps where a capital reservoir could be made & down to the little village Mehrman (guest) neither of these places wd have been nice to stay at, you c[d] not stand in a house 5 ft high.

Over the mountains & into a plain & far far away dimly c[d] we see the fort in which we were to find a resting place. It was a very dull day with hardly any sun. At 4 we arrived at Dowletabad (State town). We entered a door in the square, towered wall & found the enclosure nearly empty & with many ruins. I need hardly say it was all built of mud. No difficulty was made about a house so when we reached a yard with little domed houses round it each consisting

of one room so we took possession of one of them. The further part was raised & carpeted & had the beds rolled up there. The front was very rough earth. On one side was a loom. The weaver sit on the ground with legs in a hole & on the other a hole for a fire a good many accidental holes in the walls also. Abdullah & co made a fire outside & sat among the piled baggage. It was not so cold. The people were few & civil & did not make their staring so very offensive & really y people & y beasts made a sensation in arriving to say nothing of our strange ways & furniture = When we had settled & had tea & I had put a lot of poultry to bed in a cave inside our house & shut them in with a stone we had our "tommishaw" too This is a word applied to any show or spectacle be it a dancing bear, a church or overshoes. In came the flocks & were caught & milked in the little square which is all full of holes that mud has been dug out of for building purposes. Some of the people were very handsome & the women not veiled though some of them for modesty stuck one corner of a handkerchief in their mouths. They looked very funny running about with their short full petticoats bare legs & the loose shirt which has darts from the collarbone downwards. You may be sure we had some fresh milk. We also bought a kid.

We had plenty of milk that day for before we got to Mehman we reached a narrow valley with a stream in it & seeing flocks we said we would lunch near them & try to buy a lamb or kid as we are rather tired of what Abdullah calls our "goat" daily. The family was very handsome but covered with skin & flakes of dirt; the women came to me & asked me "Are you really a woman." "Belleh! zan am" "Yes I am a woman" & then they began to look at my hands &c. We C. buy nothing. A doubtfully dead & skinned headless one was brought & a new born one. But three large bowls of milk sheep's or goats? I know not were placed on

on the ground before us, Abdullah & Yafar & the Charwadars. The latter broke up their wafer like bread into it & eat it with unwashen hands.

As may be expected I had such a bad time with various enemies that I did not sleep at all. I longed for dawn & was cheered by the cock crowing in his hole at ¼ past 3 & often after. I did not like it. At 20 to 4 up we got & I felt dreadfully tired but delightful hope was before me of the days rest at Kourn, that Holy city where lie the bones of Fatma a great saint, & to abide in a mehman khana.

Now as this word will come on the scene let me enter on an elaborate explanation. Char is 4 pa is foot or feet Charpa a quadruped. I often here the muleteers address their beasts as Charpa

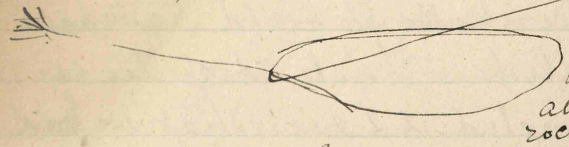
Chappar the post ie he who rides post is a corruption of this. The keeper of the posting house is called Chaparjee & charwadar (jee & dar being the same) is the same word under 2 forms of corruption. Chaparkhanas are provided by govt & have only one guest room, the high house, bala khana. On the road from this to Teheran there is more guest (mehman) accomodation & they are dignified by the name mehman khana. They have furniture. They are free to all & you only pay what "tip" you like to the mehmandar besides buying firing &c.

Well we set out on that eventful day Sat. April 5th to do our 8 farsakhs & get to Kourn but had we known beforehand that our journey would last from 20 to 6 to 20 past 8 & that we should have several showers & a horrid accident thereon in I think we should have been rather appalled. Instead of the 16 miles we expected 42 was what we had to ride & this owing to wrong information for not till we had gone & did we find we had 6 more to do.

I was the person to whom the accident befell

+ once more I am thankful to say life + limbs were spared to me -

Ab. 1. as we were among the mountains to. I ahead + Jon his left a little in front my mule shied off the road + down into a flat place with no warning + we never know what he shied at. Over I went on the off side with the stirrup round my ankle. I called out Oh! I'm falling but I don't remember touching the ground he ran away + I was whirled along on my head as if in a mill. he went round + I never felt as if I'd done falling. I screamed Oh! what is happening & me my eyes were open but of course everything flashed past me. When he had



made his ring he stopped + looked round but I did not know he stopped till & told me in the afternoon, but I suppose that gave me the sense to know I was being dragged + I loudly remarked "Stuck my leg is broken". I had dismounted + run after him + when he got near he started again + that frightened him but he caught him by the rein on the near side. I can't remember that but I know I was sitting up, moving my foot anxiously + quickly announcing "I'm not broken at all - Oh! take my head + pull it down!" The pain was terrible. I believe I sh° have come loose soon as my shoe had begun to come off. The caravan arrived immediately upon this affecting scene of my head on Es knee Inquiries of course. "I am afraid she is badly hurt. we had better stop at this village we are coming to"

"No. Koum! I am not really bad, let me mount now" I said but I know I can't mount with this foot (for I always get up alone) I'll try if I can't get a stone + if that won't do you must lift me". I did mount with that foot + 3 times with

that half hour for travellers backs are wonderfully fitted to their burdens. I said I was to be led by the halter + I was so glad I shall have something done to my person reins they close up near the horses neck, I c. not guide him with the left hand, + then there is a flat tail 2 f.t long which easily slips away. We had been passing such a splendid river rushing half under overhanging rocks. + seen a large broken bridge, one could see how carelessly the fine thing had been built inside.

Soon we came to the place where we must cross on a little narrow bridge of trunks + brushwood where 2 slabs came forward high above the river to hold it. I thought "What a horrid place for a person like me! my nerves are shattered! Shall I walk or ride? The mule has no nerves I'll ride. I shall most likely be frightened. I believe people shut their eyes - but I'd be afraid to do that! So when I got to that little bridge I rabbit

too strong + my admiration at the grandeur of a scene there w.d be constant picnic to see in day, so I stared about + enjoyed all I saw + never was frightened after all. I wanted me to have a rest or stay at the dirty hamlet we came to. We dismounted but it was so dirty we mounted + went on + found a sort of little dry dilet + there we had our luncheon + the wine saved by yesterdays milk afforded me an extra supply which did my head good. I w.d not let myself think of it. I was afraid as we had so far to go + the last accident had made me dream so + of course it required screwing up ones endurance to get to Kon

We had a good deal more weary desert + it was long + late before we saw the little heaps of stone we had looked for on every rise we came to. These are erected in Greece as well at the first spot one comes in sight of a holy place. It was dusk, we strained our eyes over the plain + beheld

in the distance shining like beautiful
dome overlaid with true gold. The
clouds cleared after sunset & a small
moon helped us to thread our way
over streams & round quagmires & at
long last we entered Koom through a
ruined arch & wall. We thought we
had now arrived & wd. soon be housed as
we soon picked up a man who would
guide us to the Mehmandar Khana. and
guide us he did for at least 2 miles
through narrow lanes with few doors &
no windows & past deep broken holes into
drains & through many bazaars which
placed us & at last over a bridge & out
of the town. On reaching the inside of
the yard I picked me off my mule & a
dreadfully lame & stiff being I was to
climb stairs more than a foot high 16
in or so & the Mehmandar took us to a lower
room & when we requested to go balakh(up)
He made 2 excuses first that there was no
furniture there to which we said a carpet
or two would soon be spread & we had our
own furniture. Then he said it was
much too dear for us a tomaun a night
of course there is no fixed charge so we said
we wd. give him 3 krans a night no more
& finally we were led up to a room fur-
nished the same as the others with 2
rude wooden bedsteads with a matress
& pillows on each & 2 huge & very high
tables put in like dominos. We turned
out 2 tables put one bed in their place
& only use my bed & our table. We have
a nice verandah & a lovely view of the
Imamzadeh & the 2 minarets & the
golden dome against snow mountains
The man did not wish us infidels to
be the Holy place so rude.
A tea-seller named Mishti Abdullah is
established in a niche near the gate so we had
a big pot of tea up & 3 little milkless tumblers
revived me enough to make me inspect my
surroundings. In the next room all the
baggage was piled & the 5 men sitting on the

finishing the big post. It was then announced that we sh. stay 3 nights & 2 days here. Never did news give greater pleasure. We jumped the weary tea drinkers with shouts of joy & thanks. The day we never have rested us. After a hasty dinner & my being well arnica'd we gladly went to bed.

There was such a storm & wind & rain in the morning we were glad not to be off again.

We are enjoying our two days rest & strict privacy immensely. Hot baths included & walks through the bazaars. We have bought a good many little trifles. They make blue pottery here & the blue glazed bricks so much used for decoration.

We are not so very badly stared at but if we get too near Fatma's tomb we are begged to retire. C has taken several sketches. It is much prettier than Mme Dieulafoy's photos give any idea of.

We have 4 days to Teheran 2 of 5 & 2 of 8 & through the salt desert where we must carry our own water one stage at least. It has been delightful to finish one meal in peace, not to find at breakfast when bag after bag had been carried off & one had just got up saying "If I put in my slippers that bag can go" to turn round & find one's cup & plate deposited prematurely & at luncheon looking round to see if one's mule is rolling on one's saddle.

We have a combination of great quiet with great liveliness for Mirkhi Abdullah's tea customers must be reckoned by the 100. He pays 10 Tomans a night to the Prince Armin es sultan & for that sum sells 200 tumblers. Many take 4 or 8. We take tea on our balcony & see as much or as little as we like & enjoy our splendid views. At night the moon on that dome is like a fire. We had a visit on Monday eve from Mr. Preece a Tel Av. gentlemen we had been anxious to meet & were sorry to see so little of him.

Tuesday Apr. 9th We arose once more to address

ourselves & the road "this morning & it has proved to be quite the 4th kind of travelling we have had in Iran.

The road was crowded & gay & we might have been said to have joined a large caravan: we had all the joys thereof in the way of Tcommaschaw & none of the pains of being commanded by the Charvadar bashi, who must be obeyed as to stopping & starting like the captain of a ship & I am sure we gave as great pleasure to all who c^d see us & our baggage as we got in contemplating them & their

There were many kajawahs open & covered & in one of the latter 2 gentlemen were prettily sleeping thrown back most comfortably on their pillows with their heels tucked under them. Once we had the pleasure of seeing another pair whose kajawah had come to grief somehow mounting again when all was safe.



Each stepped to his side of the mule & at the same moment put his foot into the girth that runs under the mule while some one hoisted him in. The mafrashes are large envelopes with square sides & flaps fastened with straps, made of carpets to hold the bedding; there are things like drums of leather at the saddle bow for Kalleans. Water pots fire pots, quivers for umbrellas little trunks which sit behind the saddle on the middle of the kourjeen or saddlebag & we were a passing or being passed by these delightful beings. Dead bodies going to be buried at Koum to rise under the protection of Fatma we only met.

The road sometimes is very straight. It is simply made by digging two parallel trenches. Sometimes we kept between them. sometimes we did not. Sometimes we wound up over low hills & then got back to straightness. We were told there was a tea house at every farsakh. We came to 3 & 6 said "Shall we lunch at the

½ Kr for we shall get no other shade in this desert.

As we approached another chain of mountains we came to a large Caravan serai & Mehmankhana & behold we found we had arrived at Manjaria so as we could not get any further we had to be content & take up our abode. The 5 f were very short. As I was looking & my right I received a call & the left from my nose - a most noisome smell assailed it & there lay the remains of a camel in the road. I had been watching with interest the mirage forming, & with dread & some whirling pillars of salt advancing towards us. I saw one spin itself hundreds of feet high & go up into the sky like a tiny cloud. We escaped.

On entering the mk. we found Mr Muir of the tel. He said he was going on & Koum in the afternoon & kindly vacated the best room where he had not long been. We invited him to lunch with us on condition he br. bring his own mug, & so he came with his cup knife & fork. We really had for a wonder a splendid meal - a chicken - some lamb with Yorkshire relish - Persian flabby bread pears & our biscuit box & honey bottle figured on the table. When we were going & open a new bottle of wine he sent for his & his servant produced cups of tea afterwards. He had some letters for us from Teheran & my photos from Mr Stainton. As it turned out the servant told Abdullah he would have had no luncheon for the sufficient reason of not being able to buy anything at Manjaria as he hoped to do.

In the afternoon we went to visit the only other building the Caravanserai & saw our fellow travellers, many of them taking tea on their platforms in front of their niches the Kajavahs, baggage & dead bodies piled around. Where there were women they had hung up some sort of curtain - really it seemed

& one only a flag & shew they were there
If the Curtains did meet, almost never
they were held apart by unveiled women
others did not pretend to meet anywhere
or to be long enough but the ladies did
not mind & we saw them performing
all the most intimate intricacies of
the toilette with unnecessary publicity
considering that there are always the
dark corners near the door. But the
most elementary modesty or decency
is not in them. Their idea is that all
women's bodies are the same, the only
peculiarity they have is their face & that
sh? be kept for their husbands. & he
is the only being they care should see
them veiled because they are afraid
of him. One constantly meets them with
their husbands up & they do not put
it down till they've had a good stare
At other times only the pupil of one
eye is left out. After this let me say
that we had a very pleasant afternoon
of peace & contemplation of a round
pond with a stone coping on which
numerous travellers sat on their heels
for hours & hours like so many big
frogs just got out of the water.
These wretches from midnight commenced
& continued to start with great noise
of bell-mules & camels. The Charvadars
bawling & fearing no more about awaking
us than porters would awaking a
Stationmaster by shouting the name of
the station.
At last our turn to start came about 6 o'
& we had a cool dull day to travel 6 of
to Ahiabad - where we are now as well
as all the rest. We arrived ab? ½ past
1. We soon went over hills & down to a
plain & by advice we left the telegraph road
on the left & skirted a large salt lake. The
1st road went straight up the hill & took
a sharp turn to the right. We waggled so much
& went over such uneven ground that
I doubt if we gained anything. The way we

went was well beaten, & we met lots of people & a carriage with a gentleman in it & very splendid baggage on mules - some of it covered with scarlet velvet cloths edged with black velvet & fringe, like palls. A very gay look is given by a gun covered with scarlet flannel slung behind.

Just where the roads join we lunched in a place where there were lovely stones green pink, shaded like a dove's breast & just where there might be a trap door leading to Aladdin's cave - but not knowing where it was we journeyed our journey & in half an hour reached our destination. It nestles under the hills & is a very extensive establishment. I think 4 gardens in different stages of [illegible] & rows now fertile that desert might be made with water.

The mehmankhana is like a little castle with 2 low advancing towers & a room between them - on the platform outside this is a door into each tower. Each tower has also a door to the front & one into a little dark bedroom - no windows. We had one of these towers. In front of the towers runs a terrace & below that is a garden of wallflower with a basin at the terrace & a stream running & a very large square tank - At right angles with the little castle are rows of little kitchens with arched platforms like a caravanserai. They run as far as the tank then give place to wallflower beds. Beyond the tank is a resting place a caravanserai row running along the other side of the yard from left to right & turns at the right into a square to meet the mehmankhana kitchens - Above that is another whole large yard - It was really very pretty & bright in our part & we saw many funny scenes - The little stream is spanned by benches one 2 & one 4 ft wide. On the 1st people squatted & the 2nd was taken possession of by 2 gentlemen who were in the act of spreading a numnah

on it when we arrived. They then made their bed, undressed & got into it & slept some hours under the trees. One was up & already returned from a walk & was saying his prayers & standing in one corner of the bench while the other dressed himself. The water is excellent so the travellers could wash their salads, clothes, tea glasses, heads, pots pans or legs which they did with great freedom from reserve. Some lay on the edge of the tank & slept while others eat. Why if it is not proper to go about with a bare head should a man delight me by doing his hair before me. Heartfelt pleasure did I take in the contemplation of the business. The skull is clean shaved all but a bit round each ear which looks like a little wig stuck on. I asked how our muleteers keep theirs sticking out like drakes tails so long on the journey. I hear they sleep in their caps &



bind the Zulf up with a handkerchief. There was never failing variety & every one was dressed in several different bright colours & ever & anon as we sat in our tower a traveller came by slowly strolling & stopping to have a little tamasha at every niche. We did the same thing & our Syces were more discreet. The lamb hung at our kitchen door caused Abdulla to be mistaken for a butcher & a servant came & tried to buy our dinner for his master but was driven away with contempt & indignation. Everybody did everything but read & write so of course we were a pleasant addition to the scene as usual & they said he was sure they felt convinced that in his own country he is a tailor seeing & sewing on buttons for me.

We had a dreadfully disturbed night after retiring & telling A. to call us at 4.30. First our neighbour a Moonshi or clerk sang & amused himself with his friend & servants & prevented us sleeping, then A. came

& call us at 10 to 2 saying "the hot water is ready for the tea." Careless of the moonshee & bawled out "It is too early go away for 3 hours." So the moonshee woke & had a loud conversation to our discomfort. At last a remark addressed to him remained unanswered but by a snore. But at 4 he came again - with the kettle & in despair we got up. He had actually prepared all the breakfast first. We did not leave till 5.30 & were the last - The caravan road does not follow the telegraph road but goes east of it. We soon lost the great lake & our way went first over hills then a long high plain very flat & ever after winding about in & out of the most dreadfully bare hills greasy with salt & through a very curious narrow very winding pass. We lunched at 11.30 under some little low mud hills to the right of the road where we c. just screw our backs into the shade. At 12.30 we came to a tea house & bridge. There was also a tea house just halfway.

This is a really ugly uninteresting place. The "karamsera" is half a farsakh off & the mehmankhana is dirty & dull & looks on a field with trees. At Aliabad there is a really shady garden with rivers & arbs & a few lettuces & flowers & very nice tea parties were going on in it. We earnestly are hoping Sir Henry Wolfe has beds for us & that we may be spared the bed making & bed packing.

Friday 8 F. to Teheran long ones. very hot. From afar we c. see the gilt dome of Shah Abdul Azim a suburb ab. 4 mils off but we thought we were going to arrive. At 4 f. a mehmankhana but we stayed not at. ab. 2 from T. We lunched under the deep shady gate of a highly walled garden. Here also I holding up his dressing gown I changed my clothes to be more respectable & less dusty. The view of Demavend a high dome of snow with Shah Abdul Azim was lovely & no other views

as good as I does not come easily into Teheran views. We were amused at the omnibuses, great carts with sloping sides & 40 or 50 people crammed in like Naples things.

Tehran of course I shall not discribe there is nothing old or interesting abt it. Many gateways &c are decorated with vilely ugly tiles & hearts of dwarfish soldiers. We had to go round all across it to get to our legation a very nice place indeed, an immense garden of shady trees intersected by walks & drives to the palace of the minister & to the various villas in which the secretaries & doctor &c live. Sir H received us & gave us some tea & as Nemin ul Sultan the grand vizier's entrance was imminent we thought the most agreable for all party was to ask to retire & unpack & we did not appear till dinner. Lady W had just gone to Eng. Those who were always at the table were Mr Ralph Rouelle & Mr Baby Ironside. We liked them very much & had met the latter at Constⁿ Mr Churchill the Chief Linguist & when they came, in a day or 2 Mr & Mrs Kennedy. He is now chargé d'affaire. We also knew them before. Besides these 2 other travellers came (neither "beaten track ones") Mr Davis & Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. Besides these every night there were 3 or 4 more to dinner. We breakfasted in our rooms, had luncheon at 12 & every afternoon at 4 we met for tennis & tea. Sir H was very good in letting us have a carriage when & where we liked so we used to go off for our visits & bazaars. We lunched one day with Dr & Mrs Oddie the Tel. Dr & niece of Sir R Mr Smith & also went to a garden party in a big old garden & tea in the summerhouse & games including a donkey race in wh ladies & gentlemen took part. Another day Dr Cousin Leg. Dr took us over the house of

there were numerous immense rooms papered with the most awful taste but one was entirely looking glass ceiling & walls & of great size & it really a splendid sight. Also downstairs we liked a low vaulted room with blue Koum tele floor & a large blue basin with many fountains playing round are mattrasses for summer We had tea in the looking glass room There was no place where you could get a reflection of yourself all was in small pieces & some of the large had a little white plaster pattern.

On Easter Sunday we went to the ch. of an American Missionary Mr Ward who read their service. He gave us some valuable information for the journey we are now undertaking also letters in Persian Armenian Turkish & Persian.

Now I must explain ab. this journey. & also say how sorry I am to have to write so quickly but I am so afraid of running short of space.

The first intention was to go & dig at Hamadan S W of Teheran & I wrote to Sir A D W beforehand to obtain permission to dig. He did this before we arrived as the King was starting the very day after our arrival & all business must be transacted first. I got a good map from the Chancery, brought it up & we found we should prefer to go to a place much more north, due west of this but S E of Tabreez & more homewards Soon he went to Sir A most kindly & Amine Sultan & got leave for anywhere & the fear of the French Minister M. de Bellow who dreaded that we sh. wish to poach on the Dizful fox preserves at Susa. He was assured we sh. not think of anything so mean Let as many people dig in as many places as they can that we may all be the wiser. Our great desire now is to inform ourselves where Zebatane

was. no mu Tenows + some think Isfahan some Hamadan + we hope it maybe Takht i Suleiman.

A gentleman named Mirza (scribe Hassan Ali Khan (count) is placed at our service. He has several Tenows with him. He is Tenash Bashi to Amin o Sultan. He is a nice intelligent man + though he is a man of great dignity is not too proud to light a fire for us. We have great conversations with him + often go out with him without Abdullah.

We had great fears about horses. We wanted 4 for a carriage (4 abreast + 3 for a Tarantass + nearly every ambassador besides the Shah was on the road. However on Monday Morning Apl. 22 we started ab 8. We were in a nice little old single Brougham with no luggage + Abdullah was in a very long vehicle with a small body like half a barrel cos much luggage was tied outside as in. We changed horses every 4 f. giving a kran to the postboy who seemed quite satisfied + lunched at the Mehmankhana of Hassarak + went on till ab. 5.30 when we had to stop for lack of horses. Here we met our Khan whose caravan had started on Friday. I believe they kicked him behind for some reason but this is Persia makes no difference in our friendship. There were beds here + we slept with impunity + over 20 sheets else at Kasveen where we arrived about 11. We had such a dreadful wind + dust storm on Monday that we were glad to shut ourselves into our carriage. At Kasveen we were taken by the Khan into the Gov's palace + into the Masjid Jouma + up a minaret while the mollahs + Seyjeds were absent. They looked amazed on their return to find us just coming out. We laughed + the Khan just as much. With the help of the Armenian tel. clerk we hired what goes by the name of Yorkon (Jougon)

and to this vehicle did we commit ourselves for 3 days to Zenjan, the muleteer horses always starting first. We had 4 horses abreast painted in orange pattern with henna. The driver Mashte Meshedi) Ismaeel sat on his heels in front & Dr J & the Khan & Abdulla & an assistant driver & the 2 servants were accommodated on the baggage inside. The thing was like a great boat with a linen tilt over it & the whole thing as flexible as a hamper, every angle becoming alternately acute or otherwise.

We were all coolly dressed as we had been nearly melted on Easter Sunday in Tehran, but it soon became most dreadfully cold & windy & we were almost frozen. We tried to get our wraps but had to give up till lunch as the Khan could get his so distributed his clothes & bedding around. I got a coat & a blanket & D an abba all over cold. Her driver had pretended he knew the way but began by taking us out of the gate to Resht & after going several farsakhs we took to the open country & having got nearly back to Kasveen & gone through a great many marshes & streams & deep waterchannels we found ourselves at a little walled village Doolet-abad.

In went Khan pushing everyone aside & found his way into an empty house & soon a fire was blazing & we were lunching on the floor. I took a photo afterwards of our 4 horses eating out of a manger tied to the splinterbar & pole. We wandered a good deal that afternoon as had to stop at a little hamlet called Kuràba Sheref abad (abode). Here in a hovel ab" 7 ft high we had a most lovely mangal also airy & fireless but this passed like many another night & we had to wait a good long time before the carriages ready for our start and were not off till 7.30. It presented the appearance of

bed in which we all buried headon all. only ale rising up when the shouts of our driver warned us something difficult had come. He used to dismount hold the 2 middle horses + the pole + so steer. The outer horses came along as best they might often on much higher ground. Once we had to have a road dug for us + sometimes at a narrow bridge the outsiders were taken off. Sometimes "to strengthen + refresh the horses" he used to stoutly pull the forelock of each horse. rub his eyes + wring his ears.

We lunched at Shemsabad in a very nice room + slept at Gaindala where the gholam or outrider had prepared a very nice room, well carpeted + with a good fire.

We walked a little way next morn + were much amused at seeing our vehicle getting across deep watercourses &c. Any one digs anywhere in the middle of any village streets to dig earth for mud building. This causes many a difficulty.

We had 10 f to go. + it was a good deal warmer + after a very pretty place called Khorenderek the way became much prettier so we sat up in our beds to enjoy it. From afar we see the blue dome of the tomb of Shah Khoda Bendeh which we very much wished to see. We lunched at the Chapparkhaneh whose upper room was most gaily painted + gilt + we heard the King had only left Sultanieh the day before.

According to all we hear he is only journeying so slowly to extract presents + tributes.

The inhabitants made not the slightest difficulty in letting us enter this sacred ruin but shewed us every civility + this no doubt was owing to the awful row the Dizulafoys were obliged to make here 2 or 3 years ago. They had a permission

to go into mosques & accordingly entered this which is a beautiful ruin & after some time they were bodily dragged out. So they went to the Ketkhoda & threatened & return to Zenjan for a body of soldiers reminding him that he would loose his his place, if they were not at once let in again. As a regiment had only just left off consuming their goods they obeyed & the ringleader was put in prison. It does not do for any Franghi to allow any want of respect to be shewn him for the sake of all others.

The inside has once been most beautifully decorated by blue tile mosaic with open work plaster. Long ago this which is very much broken away below was plastered over with 3 or 4 inches of inferior work also much peeled away. We picked up some pretty little bits & a large elderly man with an immense face asked us to come to his house where he had a whole tile. Thither we hastened & sad we felt when we saw the star of "reflet metalique" edged with blue tiles stuck into the wall over the mantle piece for we despaired of ever getting it. However he consented to part with it for a toman ab. 6/2. I also bought a bracelet of brass for 2 krans. Highly pleased we resumed our journey & not till dark did we reach Zenjan. The golam returned to us & directed us to follow the Shah's carriage wheels as being the better road. This took us past the shah's camp & nearly round the town. When we got in the 2 outriders were taken off & with an "avenue gallop" we flew into a narrow doorway only just wide enough & ab 6 ft long catching in the door, nearly tearing off our tilt, breaking a trace. We banged & bumped into the very uneven yard of a large caravanserai. As we approached I thought I saw illuminations but this

was caused by the windows being large sashes with as many small panels of wood as panes of glass & these last disposed in patterns. Sometimes I have seen the glass economised with tin panes.

We climbed an extremely steep stairs to a small room that a fire was not possible & went to bed saying we would see the Shahs procession in the morng. We had an awful night for every bell of every starting caravan reverberated & shook our room. When morning came it was very dark and dreadfully cold so I lost our table & chairs & A's room. It was filthy for his "kitchen midden" is spread all over the floor. It smoked too, a thing of no consequence to floor-sitters so we returned. Soon however we were told "The Shah will be off at 6. The Khan is gone on! your horses are ready." We had had all sorts of disasters over our breakfast & not eaten much but I said "We'd better be off!" I rushed into my best riding coat & said "I want my best gaiters" "Oh! who'll see your legs said C." "Where's my hat?" "Take this little "deerstalker". It will do perfectly well no one will look at us" & to horse & off we galloped the half mile to the camp our Shahsm in front. No flag denoted the presence of the King but his huge pink tent could be seen towering among a grove of poplars surrounded by a wall ab. 8 ft high of Resht work that composed of chainstick & little bits of cloth which we know so well as tablecovers &c from Constantinople. Some of these "tablecovers" were spread over saddles & very fine they looked. We passed a long long train of camels & mules with tent & baggage some covered with scarlet palls. At the entrance of the anderoun we saw many carriages mostly with windows all round. Glass coaches. one with a high railing like & gilt finder all round it & brass lamps

at 4 corners. This was for Anese ? Doulet the Favourite of they say 30 yrs. The whole place was in a state of bustle We were confounded by the groom of the Khan. We gave him our horses + began to strole about + look at the royal horses with their tails dyed pink + the Kings own horse "12 apillars" "Bishts Soretoren" with its beautiful + rich gold bridle. From the bearing rein 2 straps of gold lie across his chest His Kalyan in gold + purple velvet embroidered drums + the running footmen with head dresses like fools cox combs. Soon however we were invited into the tent of an A D C who has studied in Paris, speaks French + is going to Eng We sat at a° an hour with him + had tea. There seemed no hurry at the Kings departure. It was horribly cold + dark in that tent + our host said they had had snow. At length the Amin i Sultan the prime minister, to whom we had been hastily introduced at Tehran, sent for us. His tent was surrounded by a train of adorers with their hands clasped on their belts + their heads bowed down. The A D C had chairs + they were borne before us. Amin i Sultan does not look 30. He said Bonjour in Fr but the A D C stood + very respectfully interpreted from French.

We had tea again + Amin i Sultan gave me a bit of bread in his fingers + I gladly eat it. We soon said we would take up no more of his Ex^cy's time + departed + placed ourselves on one of the many little eminences of the uneven ground where at a modest distance we should see the Kings departure. He came slowly out all his attendants at a distance + stood looking round. When he looked in our direction we of course made our bows + curtsey. He turned + asked some question + then he beckoned to us, not as we do in Eng holding our hands up but as they do here like sweeping dirt towards themselves. We

approached & when we reached H.M. we made another bow & curtsey & took care not to expose his naked head. He asked us an enormous number of questions Why? Where? whence? Whither? What? Who? When? in very good French. All this time ab. ½ of an hour that miserable Monarch was obliged to shade his eyes as he stood full in the sun. I longed to do something to help him, but of course to imagine that the King of Kings' eyes were not like those of an eagle wd be most rude, & I believe no one may ask after his health as this wd be a suggestion that he c. not command himself to be well. I did not look at his boots I was too close. He had an over coat & under it a regular Persian full skirted coat of cashmere trimmed with gold & with gold cords across, not at regular intervals. This was to leave room for the pocket in which was his watch on a long chain which was round his neck & passed through an 8 sided slide with a yellowish diamond far larger than a shilling which caused the royal countenance to shine with so many lovely rainbows as made it quite different to a common mortal. I thought him better looking, pleasanter & certainly fatter than I expected. He caught sight of my poor little cap which can't now be said to be decorated with some partridge's claws. once red now faded & even a little broken. I've never thought or had time to remove them. Of course the king thought they were a charm against the evil eye & he asked "What have you got those things there for?" I was obliged to say "Un souvenir de voyage!" "Of what voyage?" "Of the one I made in Asia Minor last year." "Near Skandaroon?" & a great many distant places. But when Près de Chypre was asked I had to say yes. His wonder was so great that his majesty even laid his royal hands on the my head. This caused

wonder among the bystanders all with hands clasped on belts + heads like daffodils. Much was consequently said in Jest about my cap that afternoon. When H.H. was tired of us he just turned his back after saying he wanted to hear all about our digging + I was to write it down + tell him in London + added "you have a man in my confidence with you for it is rather dangerous where you are going." He turned round again in time for another bow + curtsey as he stepped into his carriage + drove off. Then he stopped + sent for our names correctly written. Our cards were given + we stepped to a place whence we could see the ladies get into their carriages - I stood in the shade + I presuming on my sex ventured to be a little more forward. First came many little handbags + rugs + cushions + numerous bags of bonbons + then out came the muffled black bundles + off drove all but the remaining carriage. This was for Amin the guardian of jewels + clothes + general duenna. She wore besides her black chader instead of the white ruhbanda a black mask of horsehair [illegible] this shape fastened by a tiny cluster of little diamonds above her forehead. She beckoned to me to go to the carriage - her black slave said in a tone of great authority "Dast bedeh!" (give the hand). She put it out with a hesitating air as if not sure of doing it rightly. I gave mine + having answered several questions the black slave said quite as authoritively to me "Go!" + I went. This 3 minutes interview was instantaneously magnified by our attendants into "half an hour" + they seemed greatly gratified by our experiences of the morning that they should tell them to the passers by. We at once rode back meeting our Eli Khan who had been sent for by the Shah + also

told to write everything down.
A new home had to be found for us as we would not stay in the "Karamsera" any longer so we walked in the bazaars which are very large. We met the telegraph clerk. We had been introduced to him at the camp. He was presented to the Shah as of the Eng. Tel Co. & it had to be known from him that he was German. He invited us to stay but we were going elsewhere so promised a visit in the afternoon & went & took possession of our new abode a huge house, the master of which is dead so it will soon fall in ruins. We went another walk in the bazaar with our Khan who bullied & banged at the sellers in a most satisfactory way. The 2 days we were there we had tea with the germans at the telegraph station with whom we had to speak their own language. as they knew no other we could speak.
On Monday morning we set forth for Takht i Suleiman. The Khan had brought horses & mules from Teheran so we hired 6 beasts at 2½ krans a day from Teheran. These included horses for ourselves.
We had a cool but fine morning to begin with & the feeling of exploring was delightfully exhilarating. None seemed to know the way but every passing peasant was consulted & compasses too. We were riding over high downs or wolds all this day 3 f. to Zuli i Khandi where we stopped to lunch in an orchard on grass with the biggest grape hyacynths I ever saw, for actually we had left that horrid Kevveer or Salt Desert which goes all the way from Koom to Tartary & were amongst green grass. The Khan of course never eats with us unclean ones & he went to sleep under his umbrella after eating. We then began to ascend the mountains & passed a

place where gold had been found which caused the Khan to pick up many stones + leave the tracks often

When we had gone 7 f. we turned S to a village called Dek Shir. Mud village. We had a most miserable manzel - a little uneven fireless doorless window less room at least the window was a half bricked up door + it + the doorway had to have "geleems" (carpets) nailed with wood pegs over them + what with fleas + driving out cats we were awake all night. Our room was the only source of light for our kitchen equally doorless + we had to come through several dark rooms from the entrance. Do not in such a house raise your head from the time you bow it to enter till you reach your destination for all doors are low. We had to await our baggage some time so I went to see the ladies of the house kind mild handsome creatures 3 generations. Their names surprised me Anna, Kassandra + Kegiah. Anna was pleased to hear that I am also Anna - I sat with them on a carpet in a yard while they cleaned rice + afterwards old Anna took me by the hand to visit every tree in the orchard - After that I was given a large lanch as a present from the ruler of the village which a short time after acceptation was returned with thanks.

While the beasts were getting ready I + I went for a walk in the queer little village + were set on by the dogs + the alarm of the crows We took up stones + had our whips but now we never go through a village alone as there being so many wolves the dogs are very fierce.

From this time farewels to our early

starts. With such a train it is not possible to get away before 7.30.
The Khan appeared ab. 7 + said the gov. had come back last night from seeing the Shah at Zenjan + going a stage with him + as he is a person of distinction he hoped we sh. not fail to shake hands with him + be very civil.
Now came on the scene the Yizbashi Lootfullah Khan a shamefaced, pleasant looking little man of 30 or thereabout.
Persians as far as I can see, when once they realize that a lady must be treated with respect, take most kindly to "Khanoum" worship.
The Yizbashi (Centurion or Captain) had no doubt heard of my important position in this company for to me he came + presented his respects, asked after my health + said he was coming with us as far his jurisdiction extended. "Pray do not trouble yourself" I said "We are much obliged but you have only just come home."
"It is my duty" he said "+ one I am most happy to perform + Ettisham i Sultaneh has told me to go with you for as long as you like to keep me."
"It will be a great pleasure to us to have your company but do not hurry. We are going neither far nor fast today + it is still early so you could perhaps follow us."
"As you permit me I will do so in about 2 hours." + then he went &c.
I did not see my female friends so I told Abdullah to give a 2 kran piece to my namesake. Poor old thing she was so pleased to have something for herself that she came a long way up a steep hill to thank + kiss my hand.

At one p.m. we passed the village of Tchacerli on the slope of the mountain which we ascended + very steep it was but nothing to the descent on the other side We seemed as if we must be going over a precipice. We had to get down + lead our horses. It was frightfully steep + for the sides of the gorge stuck up rocks like Tyssington Spire in Dovedale - from wh the valley gets the name of Alis Jiga Therefore it is a holy place + he who gets through safely piles up stones or throws them on to high rocks or stuffs them along ledges + this our Company the Khan did not fail to do. It was very pretty + green when we reached the bottom where was the village of Dougzandi. 2 ft. Rock salt c. between all around. Before the arrival at this village the Centurion + his cook + another golam all with guns overtook us + the Khan our Khan I mean said we would wait while the Yüz bashi went on to insure us a civil reception. So we went to a large well carpetted empty house where we Christians + Mussulmans sat on separate floors + lunched. We sh have been ready in an hour but had to wait a whole one for them.

Almost immediately after our departure we had to pull up + turn our backs on a most awful shower of hail as big as large peas with thunder + lightening When half an hour was over we had to make our way over slippery ground every crack filled + every stream choked with hail stones + torrents rushing along. This was the first of May in the gorgeous East + we had been going over snow in the morning.

Another 7 brought us to a large river Kizil Uzan with a village at a little distance on either side. First Bag tash then Savanlee. At the brink of the river we all dismounted. I don't now know why, or how we could cross but on

our horses. It was already much swollen by the hail & foaming torrents 8 or 9 feet wide were rushing after us with thick hard froth on them at our heels.

A villager undressed & waded to find a ford for us only the tops of his shoulders showed. Half an hour later we could not have passed as the torrents were hurling themselves in on all sides. They were only reaching the river with us. We did not get across dryshod & 'tis were the only saddlebags not wet. All this time the thunder & lightening & wind continued.

We lodged in a very large house half building half falling. Materials for construction having been dug from numerous holes in the yard we had some difficulty in guiding our sleds across it. It was very filthy inside & dismount into & unload. The Persian servants had prepared a much better room for their masters than for us but by a little fuss we obtained the corresponding one. I told Abdullah I would not have a mess made in his new room so we actually left it pretty clean. This house belongs to Kerim Khan head of a big wandering tribe.

I was requested to go & attend his wife who was ill so he had the pleasure of visiting an andaroun. He found a very fat woman lying in a very untidy place. He gave her a mustard leaf & a pill & heard she was better next morn. He also went out alone & crouching in a corner of the crowd witnessed the "Passion Play" of Hossein & Hassan.

We were weary indeed of waiting next morn for our friends to be ready to start but at last off we set & were constantly entertained by the Zinbashi careering off to shoot something, once it was a wolf. There are so many here that the cemeteries are empty. We passed many villages

of no importance but it a pleasure to see so many habitations & so much cultivation after the Deserts of Fars & Irak Ajemi.

We lunched at Dande a poor village round a fortress or Kalah in which we had lunched. Afterwards we impatient Brits went out to stroll about & be much wondered at. We in our turn wondered at them. The men certainly were sufficiently dressed though poorly but the women & little boys & girls could not have the same said of them. Some of the little boys were not naked to be sure but I could not decipher why they had ever been dressed for their clothing consisted only of a couple of armeholes connected by a rag across their shoulderblades. The women had no fixed ideas on the subject of decency. If one covered one part of her body that part would be left uncovered by her neighbour. As they seemed miserably poor it was perhaps as well. The Persian dress of the short shirt & short petticoat & the men's dress too seems quite universal also the mud buildings though stones may be handy. I tried to take some photos but my objects mostly scuttled away.

We went to Qenjabad by 1 p.m. that day not without rain & thunder & in the evening reached a very nice new house where we picked out a couple of rooms & prepared in earnest for the proposed digging at Takht i Suleiman by having the handles put to the tools & also according to the Khan & Yüzbashi's advice engaging 20 workmen at 1 keran a day.

I was also invited to visit the anderoon of Moussa Khan, the Chief of the tribe who is absent. Theodore had attempted to go into the Kalah not knowing it was private, but had been driven away. Very soon a messenger came begging me to come. "I must" & I might come too.

Within one of the open rooms which surround the yards & which though lacking one wall have a fireplace was a large window frame, bristling with ladies who eagerly called me in & said Hosh geldim! "welcome" in Turkish & those who were not instructed in this politeness were ordered by the others to do so. I sat down on the ground outside the window with his back towards the ladies but often ventured to keep round & as more & more of them stepped past him & over the window frame into the room showing their bare legs well above the knees he has a good idea what a Persian lady's dress is like. They were most anxious to pick up my petticoats & examine me but as some of their menservants were looking on I tucked my clothes well under me, sat on them tight & made a most free inspection of them. They had all got strings round their necks with rings tied at intervals with talismans engraved on them. They became anxious that I should write a talisman so he complied & on a bit of paper wrote. Theodore Bent English traveller wrote this talisman

Moussa Khan was away from home — When we had been home a little time a messenger came to know what was written in the talisman. I said part was his own name but he would not tell the rest & on being asked what it would cure I said "it was not at all bad for the toothache" —

We had our usual wait before we set out for the village of Baba Nazer & our way lay further & higher into the mountains, still among green fertility but snowy. We went 4 f. — It poured & we had to lunch on the roadside sitting on wet grass with our waterproofs It was extremely cold & in half an hour we were ready to move on. Not so the Khan

They had a lot of rice to heat + kabobs to make. Our own Ali Khan wished to rest the horses + wait for the mule

We thought this absurd so we set off to walk. jumped the first stream on right + then another but felt glad they could not see our dismay at being quite stopped by a little river. We were looking, one up, one down stream when some men with 2 donkeys who were on the other side offered their donkeys, laden with wild fennel (not our garden fennel was growing just as plentifully. We accepted with joy so they hunted the donkeys into the water. We had great difficulty in making them come + put on our side enticing them with grass. As soon as they landed we jumped on + then the difficulty was to make them turn

I pulled mine's left ear + banged on the right side of his head with my parasol, then after all they prefer to stay in the river + bring to grief them I sometimes feared being cast off the fennel into the water - Our friends have no notion how we got across. When at length we were overtaken they tried to persuade us to light a fire + sit down. We said "In fine weather to get to "manzil" was best.

So weary of argument I jumped the next stream which I said was the best answer. To c^t give them so they brought over the horses + ab^t 4 o'c we reached the squalid hamlet of Baba Nazer.

The tribe no longer wanders but has settled here + we had the very best house, that of the chief Sarmast Beg, known by the great spear 12 ft. long which sh^d have been stuck in front of his tent being leant up against the wall.

The car over topped the house ~~wall~~ of which was 8 ft high. We descended into frightful mire + careful not to slip or knock our heads stepped through a low door way with an over-

open door into the passage which led to a stable & through a hole to the right, with no door to a room about 10 x by 8. In front of this opening was a door to a room about 16 ft long where we abode. The outer room was our kitchen & as it turned out the sick room of Abdullah. We had 3 windows from a foot to rather less square. covered with oiled paper, not all there & which diminished with the daily storms.

The Khan had a windowless room & his men pitched a tent. One of them, his steward is his father's brother & he & every one else address him as Uncle Arroglie

Abdullah had caught a bad cold & as of course had a fever. He made a gallant effort with the dinner which charity forced us to consent to eat at 6 & carry in ourselves

Then I had to superintend the laying of his bed. on the hearth & the making of a mummud over the door with wooden pegs & then taking off his shoes he went to bed fully dressed with a red cotton cap, a felt one, a woollen turban & a yellow keffiya

There he stayed 3 days & it took 14 pills & a good deal of quinine to cure him.

I had to light the fire & cook breakfast which I washed up the dinner things into a breakfast service also swept & laid the table. We gave A. a cup of tea & then I went to call on the Khan & to ask that his Hosseyn might assist us about the dinner & about 8 if we rode off to Takht-i-Suleiman leaving the invalid arrowroot & plenty of soup as we had saved him over from dinner.

Sarmast Beg is a fine old man of ab. 80 with his hair & beard died a deep chestnut with henna & indigo. He has 7 sons & 4 daughters most of the sons & several other Kourds accompanied us the mile & a half over hilly & grassy & rather swampy ground galloping backwards & forwards across our route in a highly Kourdish fashion It was a most beautiful, bright morning & very lovely did C.S. look as it burst on

our vision. It is a large round castle on a low eminence & many higher ones the wall on our side being pretty perfect with its towers or rather buttresses, & all our very irregular cavalry prancing about. Near it was another much higher conical hill with apparently a castle on it called Zendan i Suleiman / Prison of Solomon - of which more anon. Lovely Takht i Suleiman looked best the near we approached the more we dreed our horses together & "What do you think of it?" said one. "Not very much I am afraid." said the other. "Perhaps it is better inside" said No 1. trying to bear up bravely. Well we had to go in with great difficulty through an arched gate way with a stream rushing through it & up sheets of rock & it was a very pretty sight that met our view. Numerous tall ruins stood up within the walls surrounding a lake let of the clearest water with a stony basin. The water was running out in many streams & petrifying the ground so it all looked very clean. But "oh" I said "I dont much like that pattern do you." No said C it looks horribly mussed man & very soon our fears were confirmed & we saw there was nothing to suit us there We however dug a little near some red pillars which had a better appearance but came to a mortar foundation. It was first very sunny & hot then thunder, hail & violent cold so after digging some time in front of a mosque where we found some fragments of old tiles we retired to an old bath, a large dank vaulted place where the hail came in in the middle of the roof we thought it better to ride home. One of the 7 sons guided us another way on account of the morasses & it was dreadfully slippery, cold & with the ice made by the hail-paste to go through. Something happened to Cs saddlebags & as the Khan shouted to me to come on I went on with him & the Kourdish chief galloping in the traces of the

persian Khan as I thought it would help my horse & see the footsteps of his own friend. I twisted the reins round my wrists for fear I might be too cold to hold them & consoled myself by thinking it was not for long. 2 miles only.

On our return the invalid was no better. Hosseyn made his first essay at laying a table & he helped with the breakfast & again we went through the very same sort of a day.

The following morning I made Abdullah take his bed out of his dank room into the sun & believe he comes into a photo of Sarmas Beg, the spear, the 7 sons & our abode.

Tales did the ladies in private.

The evening after our arrival came 6 loaves of sugar. 3 lb packets of tea & a lamb as a present from the next governor whose dominion we should enter. We instantly divided this with the Khan & the Centurion & further sent Mr Sarmass beg our tea & one sugar loaf. & the 2nd day came Mahd Hassan 3d son of Haidar Khan Govr, Sarliff Chief of the Afshar tribe & of the Sainkala with his tents & 6 horsemen & welcome us. He was quite a gentleman. I don't mean one of nature's but refined & neatly dressed & well mannered & particularly so to the Khanoum! Once riding he offered me some very pale sugar candy. I only just did not refuse it for a mouthful of dirty ice a most possible gift & I had feared it was a stalactite, another embarrassing present. We liked it very much when we had taken it.

The last afternoon we went to see Sendan i Suleiman.

Everyone who could came with us including old Sarmas Beg. Consequently the long lance was carried by one of the 6 sons. The 7th stuff with direction to make Brand's beef tea for Hadji Abdullah. We never doubted that there were ravines till we were already mounting the steep hill on foot. Then we agreed that the

neighbours were wrong in thinking the hill was crowned with masonry as it seemed but to be a kind of rock. Some were in front of me & some behind & I thought those in front were waiting for me as they stopped. When I reached them what a tremendous surprise awaited me! This whole hill was hollow like a tumbler. It was green at the bottom, abt 100ft by 60 at the top & abt 150ft deep & very smooth the walls were. It had been evidently made by a petrifying stream like that at Takht i Suliemans. I am very glad this hill comes into one of my photos.

Returning home we had another interesting spectacle opened to us. The old chief I must tell you had not climbed the mountain but he lay back against a rock holding the bridle of his graying horse, the spear having been duly planted in the ground at his side.

Suddenly when we reached a high rock-girt plain off set Sarmans Beg, galloping across backwards & forwards poising his stick like a spear. Off set the race with the spear which he held horizontally & shook till it quivered in all its length like a snake. They went on so long that it quite dazzled one & made one fear for the effects on the dear old gentleman. Then they threw down a cloak & one of the lowards picked it up as he galloped by & afterwards a hat was put down & Madhadad Khan galloped & fired at it. His groom galloping in front to guide the other horse after several very good attempts he shot it to pieces.

Abdullah was in a despairing heap in his bed so I woke him up, gave him soup & told him we were going to leave next day. That cheered him up, but of course packing was harder for us. We only had a short journey to Chumley Gool Lake &

Sarmans Beg, sons & lance rode abt a farsakh to see us off. One might think this custom arose from a desire to enjoy the last pleasures of conversation with the departing ones. But generally the remaining ones ride in a group & suddenly one rides forward to the

chief of the travellers & literally takes his leave, asking to be excused going any further. Then all halt & the "compliments of the season" are paid & the companies separate.

We were now in the charge of Mahmud Hassan Khan, his Terashbashi & 6 armed men.

Passing Terbulak at 1 we stopped for luncheon at Abdullah where we were shewn into a large room carpeted with mummuds inch thick, with a kourssi in the middle this is a fire hole with a sort of low table over it & a thick quilted cover People sit round this in winter & roast their legs. This called Tandoor in Turkey.

There was a blazing fire in the fireplace & we made Abdullah come in & get thoroughly warm. We were sorry for his sake we had such a wretched luncheon - only sardines & bread & some rather coarse pastry we were heating up, when one of Sarmass Beg's 3 wives sent over one) We were just going to eat these last when the door opened & in walked a man with a large parcel wrapped in a wrapper - the size of a quilt - This contained enough folded up bread to make for a dozen people. Then came another with a large round tray containing about a dozen dishes & bowls with a few skewers of kebabs lying about among them. Pillaw with curry & currants, a stew with plums & meat - Lamb & Cheese, Mashk Kaimak (sweet boiled cream) leaks, butter Sherbet, sour milk, &c We were greatly embarrassed by the state of our appetites & the rudeness of leaving so much but at Ali's suggestion we pocketed some as our canteens were in the room & so provided an easy dinner for the invalid to prepare.

We were there 3 hours. The dear little Zaptieh bashi was no longer of our party. He had prayed leave to depart as his district had ended & had begged me to speak well of him to Asmin i Sultan when I reach London & obtained a written character from Ali Rishani i Sultaneh.

Not far from our Manzil 4/4 f. off from Baba Nazer we went to visit the floating islands of the lake Chamley Gul. This is at 1/4 f. thick. We visited it again twice next morn & saw it in 4 different positions

I stayed on my horse & watched a man carrying C & the 2 Khans across at 15 ft of water to a place where they could step on the island. C was dropped to the amusement of everyone & as we were near home, as his clothes did not be spoilt & his pockets were dry he did not care.

We were well off for a room but everyone else was in tents. The old paper windows are bores as you cant see out & the sun cant see in. I wish I could write on my hand as I am now doing as well the Persians do. Abdullah's only complaint in the morning was that he had never rocked but slept till daylight.

We had another luncheon provided at a village on the way at the father in law's of M H Khan. not so much an extravagant style as our apetites being quite equal to the occasion. we were not obliged to pocket any. I photographed Mahd Hassan Khan & after riding a few miles we reached a bridge & here we parted 10 of us crossing the river & 10 remaining behind. The Ferash baski (head carpet spreader) his head man & 3 others came with us.

We stopt at Gouaragatch a Kourdish village - quite different to the Persians There was a good deal of ornamentation of a wild kind round doors & niches The men were still in Persian dress but the women had their faces uncovered & their heads tied up in many red hand with silver chains & blue koum open work beads & bits of corneleon set in silver & a great many cowries were employed in decoration. Of course we were in a poor cottage but we enjoyed our stay in this village because it was so picturesque The women were very friendly & asked us into their house. Last wandering

places only lighted by holes in the roof + one could walk almost all over the village on the housetops. We however walked outside the village + arrived in the midst of time to see the flocks come in + be pieced upon by all the women + children who were awaiting them. The men took no part in this: The women wear long full trousers to the ground + an equally long shirt which they often loop up. A pinafore [illegible] of this shape is worn + fastened across the back by bands with cowries sewn on. Their outermost garment is a square cloth tied in a knot in front sometimes the knot is under one arm. Many had one corner brought up over the headkerchiefs + the 2 ends knotted behind the neck so that the garments drooped over the chest + had one point down behind. They were very handsome with their tattooed faces + pierced noses.

Thursday. May 9th As we had only 4 f to do we arrived early at our next manzil Singh. We went over a high mountain pass - all green with fennel + mar- lovely was the scenery. We passed a hairy dervish on the way side + alms of a most minute kind were bestowed. From afar a most queer looking tree attracted our attention. When we approached we found its queer look was caused by its being a mass of rag-tied on. A fever + stricken person once awoke well having slept under it + so it is considered a holy, miracle working tree. We passed some wandering Belochi resting their donkeys + sheltering in a ditch. It rained very much + we arrived wet + long before our baggage.

One of our guards having gone on our hearts were gladdened by finding in our lowly abode a fire which literally lasted 24 hours with no addition. One log was as big as a man's body + there were a good many fine ones beside. All the oiled paper was gone off our tins. This was the last fire we had.

little windows, inaccessible to stares so many were the interesting sights we saw. Down we sat on the numnuds + lunched, thankful to be in shelter from the still falling rain -

After it cleared up we went + being invited paid several visits - These people were also Kourds + most eager that we should remain sitting on their floors. They were a delightful study to us + let us examine them well, so were we to them + my hands, their size, colour + the unpacking of them out of gloves is a great delight. Also the amount of clothes round my waist astonishes them + they, that is the Persians pull up their shirts to shew me how little they have on

We saw them making bread, a most interesting process but as Theodora has fully noted this down I need not.

We walked over the roofs of Sinjib with a man called Afrasyab as our guide taking care not to fall down any of the holes which did double duty as sky lights + chimneys -

Thursday May 9th Sainkalah was our much desired destination as we had decided to spend 2 nights there for a rest. We reached there by 12 as we had only 4 f. Ali Khan does not like long stages nor early starts + really this part of the country is so interesting it is a pity to go too quickly - It is so much more populous than any other part we have seen + so fertile. Though not all cultivated. We quite left these Kourdish villages behind and the villages we passed seemed Persian Kizil Tap (red mound) + Koi Jick where a large body of soldiers on their way to Tabreez were resting -

Sainkalah is a commercial centre for the wandering tribes + a very large village indeed nestling round a high Castle - but nothing more. There is a

bazaar too, not covered in. We were taken to a most wretched place first but a message was sent to the authorities while we lunched + the answer returned was that in 2 hours the gov's empty house would be ready. He is absent. We said we would take a walk + so we did through the bazaar where I saw one shopman with his bed spread in the middle of his shop slumbering among his wares. What was our joy to see a troop of men passing us with our baggage on their heads + in half an hour we were at home. The floor of course was so thick with dust that if you raise a carpet you see its impression. Never mind the dust is laid by laying carpets on it.

We had a fine large room with Abdullah near us. The Khan + his Ferash bashi in another part all within "a garden wild" with trees + lots of singing birds. I got some grass + cleaned some nickies + soon we were quite settled + enjoyed the rest very much. That one whole day seemed quite a long time to us.

Next day the Ferash bashi + his 3 men were to leave us. C sent Abdullah to ask the Khan what we should give him. "No money" was the answer to himself but a present + some money to his men."

Theodore ordered A. to call the men + to give them 18 Krans between them. + then the men came + thanked C + he came to me telling me they seemed very much pleased. As we were only told of this change of guards after everything was on the mules C's knife was clean up but it was a very good one so it did quite well enough.

Our surprise was very great when our Khan told C on the journey that the men had received nothing + that A had pocketed it + given Hossein some money not to tell. I stopped my

horse for Le & said. "Where was Hosseyn when you gave that money?". "I don't know. I not see him Mem Saab". "Did you tell him about it?". "Yes I told him & said he was not to tell the Terash bashi". "Why not?" I asked "Because those men said If you let the Terash bashi know he will take the money for himself, so they asked me not to tell". Hossein however told the Terash bashi & he said to the men "Why do you get money & not tell me?". so I suppose they denied it & kept it. We asked why the men who come & "salaam" & were told & had said "Go & salaam & you will get something". In that case why did they go away pleased if empty handed? & could not Abdullah have managed without having to give Hossein a present. The Terash bashi himself raised the question before parting in the afternoon & loud & angry was the bawling & brawling between all parties concerned except ourselves. I was not ~~being~~ going to be badgered or shamed into paying twice & they being government officials & the Terash bashi the judge & deputy of the district surely the matter was well left in his hands so they rode off with or without their money, we doubt not the former & the whole affair left no unpleasant traces in the intercourse of Abdullah Hossein & the Khan.

In a farsakh we pulled up at the large mud castle of Sarteff (general) No Roug Khan who had invited us to luncheon. He is a large old man & the god. now in charge of us. The name of the village is Mahomet Jouk It was crowded with Storks nests. These birds are as much respected as in Europe & more as they are holy birds & go to Mecca every year. & are called Hadji Lakdak here. We entered the castle by a wide, windy

slippery ascent & at the top of a steep flight of steps the Gen.l who is lame & on sick leave met us & great & polite were the greetings. We had been met by a large body of horsemen with a representative of the general, who afterwards saw us off some miles.

The reception room was a very large high finely proportioned one of wood one side being composed of double windows, as open & over looking trees tops & the wide river Chokatoo with mountains beyond. There was a good carpet in the middle of the floor & all round some very vile Cretonne "made for the eastern market" for a clock with Turkish figures on its large face figured with a table full of fruit a kalyan a very small fountain a quiver, a sofa a staircase & many other objects. There were some Austrian chairs, on one of which our poor Khan had to sit beside the Gen.l While we sat at the head of the room on one of 2 rude sofas of "Empire style. Before us a table loaded with sweets with a large woven white antimacassar with red chainstitch flowers, awful to behold & a stone to prop up one foot. Far from us, near the door knelt a servant making tea. We had several cups & watched with great entertainment the grimaces of the Gen.l & our Khan They closed their eyes, put their heads on one side with the most conscious modesty at the fulsome compliments they were being paid. When the Serash bashi, nearer the door was alluded to he put on the same expression. Abdullah knelt in the middle of the floor.

We said we should like to take a walk & the Gen.l sent us out in his garden. Alleys of poplars, wilderness & water as usual. We strayed out of this & came upon some underground rooms such as I had long wished to visit, where people & cattle live together.

Down a little tunnel we went & into a dark place ab. 100 feet across & smelly very vaulty & as if a light would go out. I was glad to reach the open air again & very soon found by the presence of Hossein with my cameras, & seeing the gen. Ms Rouz coming up the hill with numerous followers, & a chair borne in front that a photo had been promised in my name. We sat the gen. down with his castle & storks in the back ground & it is not my fault if the legs of the followers are out of focus sight or they out of focus constantly more walked into the picture & those placed moved.

I was most miserably circumstanced when I did this photo. a most awful misfortune had befallen me. I caught 7 fleas on my thorax during the time & found myself beset on all sides, having been evidently mistaken for a mule by the denizens of that "zer Zamin". I was cold with feverish agony & I begged for a room for me to undress. so we were taken to a very large one only carpeted, & very light, the best place possible. Before I went in I caught hundreds off my back & shirt. He said they were like ants or bees, in swarms. A labour of Hercules had to be performed; I had pared pocket handkerchief gloves & almost my eyeglass, all were full.

After a long & active time we were summoned to luncheon. Our table groaned with broils & 2 chairs were also full while we occupied the same sofa as before. Everything was excellent & we had good appetites but alas! could not eat nearly as much as Persians. A plate each was brought us off which we eat & used also knives forks & spoons. Wine of course in our own unholy cups.

Abdullah attended on us. The Ferash bashi was not admitted to this feast but as we came from our room we had passed over 2 floors full of eaters. Only Sartiff Ms Rouz & Ali Khan squatted on the floor. A thick lined printed cotton like a quilt for a bed was spread

on the floor + sheets + sheets of bread laid over
lapping round + then the numerous bowls
three full of sherbet having the deep
wooden spoons floating.

I used to think that eating with the
fingers was not such a very dirty plan
for yourself + others if one reflected that
they were washed before the meal. But
now however I see no soap is used + then
I cannot think it nice to make a spade
of your entire hand + then lick it all
over before doing the same again. The
Gen. licking a huge fist after dolling a
whole handful was a charming sight. I
saw the servant crumble + break a lot
of bread into a bowl + press it down into
the liquid with his hands + give it to his
master + also bring him some shred
cheese + take off a plate in a pinch of his
fingers. The servant serves kebabs
by grasping the lumps of meat to force
them off the skewer. If he burns his hand
at first he gives it a comforting lick +
continues. After this meal another search
took place + we rode off with a good many
sowars (riders) of this god. I said now he
would give no more to these people, if they
choose to come they may. They do us no good
only get mixed with us in narrow ways, jostle
us in swamps, talk noisily, or sing.

Before leaving the gen. asked me if I'd
visit the andaroun. Of course I said
"Yes" + a man accompanied + led me to
quite a distinct court yard with a garden
with rooms round. I noticed that panes of
glass were more rare than tin ones in the
large sashes. Down some very steep steps came
a lady large + stout + handsome, ab 45
or more displaying fine bare legs above
her knees. Her short green satin skirt
stuck out far from her + swayed + rustled
+ her chader or circular veil to her ankles
was of pale yellow silk spotted with
2 large red pears + really it was pretty. A
chair had preceded me. They asked me if I
wished to see the house + with great pride showed

me their various rooms. All the rooms were white plastered + painted with very wild pictures. Huge headed dwarfish ladies carriages with one wheel + impossible animals were over every niche + door. The rooms were all well carpeted + every niche crammed with rosewater bottles, lamps, boxes &c. One long room had at least a dozen beds rolled up. Here they sleep + one was full of gay tinsel covered trunks + looking glasses leaning against the wall on the floor. The fireplaces were very pretty, all painted flowers + gilding, but I doubt a fire having ever been lit in one as all Persian fireplaces smoke. I saw the daughter a very pretty girl + the girl's mother + many maids peeping about.

We rode 3 f to Reshabrour. Karachah Here we had a very tremendous pleasant again Every garment was changed + every niche had a piece of clothes covered + filled with Keating's "Persian Insect Powder + great havoc did it make among those Persian Insects + I was really cured all but 7 on the road next day

I felt as if I were an invalid only carried out of bed for a couple of hours as I drank my tea after all the misery I had gone through. Poor Theodore had his hands full for he had to apply powder down Abdulla's neck + chest with the little bellows for another kind of Persian insect.

Did not start till 7 again next morn. These late starts + short journeys are a great annoyance to us. The Khan is afraid of our killing the horses + mules. I suppose he wants to get more 15 krans a day

We passed an encampment of Eliautes + went off the road through a cornfield which no one seemed to mind trampling down. I took a photograph of them. Their houses were roofed with goats hair cloth + walled with red mats. We went along the great

river Chekatoo with deep eaten-away bank on one side & a flat one on the other. On the far low side there were buffaloes and camels browsing among bushes & pretty hills & mountains at different distances. Liked seeing the buffaloes bathing, some swimming & some sitting in the water with little besides their foreheads out. Our horses do not like these ugly beasts.

We lunched at Kary a dek in the cottage of Abdurrahaman Beg the Kelkhoda of the village. He had a spear hung up on the wall. He had reed mats under his carpets & also along the wall to lean against. This river country enables people to have matting as in the South. It was very hot. Our manzil was to be Miandu ab /between two waters/ This a good large place with any amount of water. We had to cross the Chekatoo very exciting. A man went before & guided us & the muleteer & 2 beggars on foot undertook to. as I said "of fair amount". The water was up to the horses girths. I curled up my longest leg on my pommel & held on with my hands so got over dry - The baggage was all wet but luckily we have little that is not waterproof. We arrived ab. 2 o/c & went to the government house. We were shown into a room which we thought was ours but being told by the Khan not to set up our chairs as we could not be sure we should be permitted to use it as it belonged to government we promptly sent a letter Mr. Ward of Teheran had sent given us to an Armenian Mirza Hantoun Bogayan, by a. & to ask him for a manzil, provisionally, to shew we were able to take care of ourselves.

Great was the rage of the Khan who said it put him in a most awkward position. I said he did not wish to stay where we were not welcome & we would

take a walk till the matter was settled.
The bazaar is a pretty good one; Kaulba but ruined by the invasion of Sheik Abdullah a/court, some years ago. We bought nothing but went & call on the Armenian. He was not there in so we lay on the carpet conversed with them & had & ask for tea. He came & was very civil & gave us some useful information though he C. not speak much Persian. We then sent C. to ask our fate & & very soon were fetched back. We had a very good room looking on a garden. It was lighted by 1 hole abt 2 by 4 - in one place, one a little larger in another. 3 small holes in a group & an opening the size of half a door with no shutter or window. The Khan's tents were pitched & Abdullah was cooking out amongst the baggage.
We soon found ourselves on the carpets in the Khan's tent with the goo[d] 's representative first drinking tea then eating unbroken salads. Of course we could not take 6 letters at a time & eat them as the did but we did our best. We saw so many vineyards that we hoped to get some wine but all we saw was some muddy pale sour stuff which we wd. not remove from Maindoab. The vineyards are very funny - ridges of earth 3 or 4 f[t] high with old dirty vines lying against them & a latticework style system of watercharnels between. The way we entered the town was very pretty over a sort of pond with overhanging trees, women washing & children dabbling.
We wanted to see a cuneiform inscription at Tash Tepeh so we went 3 f. to Amirabad skirting along the Chekator. We stopped at a village that I might photo a queer Cart & had our luncheon in a grove or garden belonging to some gentleman. It seemed quite public but will soon have its mud wall. Rank grass, trees & streams made it a pleasant refuge from the sun. Khan of course lay down to sleep so when we had lunched we said we wd. go to Tash

Tepeh + return without giving himself the trouble of accompanying us. "Cherah" (Why) he said "he sh^d of course come everywhere with us. So we took Arnoght with the paper, bread &c + a bottle of water, as the inhabitants said there was none near, for a squeeze of my camera. We were told it was a farsakh off but it was only a mile, mostly through deep flood upto the foot of the mound. Each Tepeh is a red Stone Mound with many flat surfaces + sharp angles, on one of these dwells is the inscription. It slopes in so we found our work hard + as the weather at that time was dreadfully sultry though sunless we 2 victims of Archaeology crewed about on a very narrow ledge were very hot while the paper would not dry.

Did you ever hear of anything more horrid' said E.

'Yes, often" I answered. I've known rain fall in such weather on wet paper also Turks + wind come + blow it to bits!" Thus I tried to console my husband. At last after spreading the paper over me as being warmer than the stone, it dried + then out came the sun + out came the camera + then we rode back to tea in our garden.

After that we had to cross the big Chahatoo a great business performed in a barge the shape of a snow plough. The horses + mules were unladen + we scrambled on to the baggage + 2 journeys got us across. It was very exciting the horses get in + out + some little donkeys had their fore legs lifted over the boat gunwale to make them jump.

We had only one f. after this to our manzil The host was 1st Cousin of the Shah. Many were the compliments paid by our khan The Shereef health of the gentleman was asked after + they walked boosing up the yard or garden with its ruined mud wall. We had a large room with one paper window + 2 glass doors. A mat + 2 rugs completed its furniture. We entrenched ourselves in the window seat

leaving one glass door undefended by the sheets of cotton so necessary & useful to fasten over cracked doors & windows to defy peeping. They take little room & are light enough for a couple of pins.

Next morning through a crack in our blinds I saw an "Eastern Scene" – a Persian nobleman in bed. His bed was spread towards the verandah, his head was towards me. It lay on a red cotton bolster & was covered with a cashmere Ba. Cap. An arm I viewed that he slept in his dayshirt. His servant hovered near. The moment he woke one gave him his pink striped under coat, the other a tea tray. After that a brown & gold abba was laid on his shoulders & he rose. Again after sitting luggageless for some time we set out for Binat & the 2 gentlemen kissed ere parting.

At Chehar bourj (4 Castles) we changed horses. Down sat the Khan in the dust & made a receipt for 6 to sign. He is always signing receipts for himself & me & now we had 2 more one of them galloped about with his gun shooting on all sides & at fallen enemies to our great delight. He had a red coat blue trousers & brown overcoat & looked delightful flashing about, as did another in the afternoon who did these manœuvres with a stick. We were getting near Lake Oormia, Oroomia, or Roumi. That little sea with its salt plains, tamarisks sand & seagulls all complete.

At Chibouklí 3rd we got no sawars. Poor Chibouklí! What a fine you will have to pay. We lunched upstairs in a ruined Kalah. Khaledabad.

Binat is a lovely place. First we went through a lane between vineyards for about half a mile in the slushiest most evil smelling mud. The vines were sticking through the wall in many places & were so pretty. These mud walls are so light & the flowering trees look like

noseges with a bit of brown paper round their stalks. The streets seem all to have streams down the middle of them - the principal one had a foot or more way each side, shops & a river 15 ft. wide spanned by many bridges some of one & some of 2 tree-trunks & very pretty it looked with the washing & the playing children. We should like to have stayed longer but dared not delay on this long journey with the short stages the Khan will make.

The following day we had to wait till 8 to start & went across a plain by Lake Urroumia for 2 f. first through much water & crossing a river, then we went up towards the mountains & at 2½ f we found ourselves turning off the road & the left to the trees that betokened a village. We did not mind it would be a nice time to lunch. Several times the Khan made us or tried to make us wait for the baggage - He was quite unnecessarily afraid it would be stolen. At last at ¼ past 11 we reached the village & Abdullah came into the room & said it was here we were to stay the night "Here!" we both exclaimed so we would "What an old woman!" I exclaimed to go crawling along at this pace. I rushed to the outer room & addressed the Khan as Pirizan Old Woman do you call yourself a man who can go no quicker than this "Your an old man pirizard yourself" said he in a furious rage & alas! for that Persian gentleman he added & Khanoum is a pir i Khanoum "I'm a young old lady I said who have more strength than you & your horses & your men" & then said the Khanoum can go on, you can't! I shall tell the Shah & Amin i Sultan that you were given us to advance our journey and you only hinder it!" He then began to bawl so I

went & laid his finger on the Khan's lips & told him to retire. Keep quiet.

We retired into our room, each took a map & found a place called Khanaga 3f off. So I jumped up off the floor & rushed out nearly over the Khan who was sitting on the mud floor & I said "Abdullah tez" to get us mules we will now travel independently & go on today". Had we known at Biredjik it could have been managed but at the village it was impossible However the Khan could not leave us there so we said we should have 6 mules & not bother about the horses & he said he would send one of the men with us. Both soon came afraid of losing their tips to profess friendship but they were let know that we had no quarrel with them as Ameglı was told we would start at ½ past 5 (for 6). You may be sure we had everything ready & to our surprise bright & early was heard the Khan's voice very cross

Presently he came very pleasantly to our door saying "Good morning" to C C took him by the shoulders, spun him round saying "Hadji Piresgan berak" (go-

I said "Now we will go out & show ourselves & let them see we are ready" On our way out we saw the Khans goods & chattels being packed & when we got out into the lane we perceived our saddles on the same horses & that we were going to start together as usual The Khan was leaning against the opposite wall exclaiming "Y'allah! Oh God" with resignation he began to greet me. I whisked into another little lane or passage. My horse was led across this entry. The Khan took the bridle when he saw me advance & mount & then held the saddle on the far side. I mounted without looking at him. He put out his hand & said piteously "Khanoum say good morning"

I turned more sharply away & said No! I'm not a baby I am an old lady because I had said I wished he wd treat us like old people & not like babies who did not know where they wanted to go. After this no words were personally exchanged. The Khan rode in front in Coventry. We next then the 2 servants, Hadji Abdulla in the rear translated unheard speeches over their heads to their amusement. Khandjan which is off the road we then done very well as a manzil but the Khan first said "he did not know of it" & to which we said "We did" then that there was no food there & such a variety of reasons that we said we could remember no more & he said it was only to spin out the hire of mules. We were so angry at having been removed from that pretty Binab which for 3/ we need not have done till after luncheon. We were both in the high spirits of the victorious & so glad again to be out in those fresh & lovely morning hours once more. We passed by but not through Khanaga & by 12 had done 6 f. The Khan said before we reached it that if we liked he wd go 2 f after luncheon at Sowgak (sow place) So we went up in a chapparkhana to have luncheon. It was a lovely place & much we wished to stay. The Khan came up & said shall we stay here & go 8 f tomorrow to Tabreez. "Whatever you like" was the answer & this being repeated on both side with variations several times I said "What ever is best for the horses we are willing to do" so having thus given in to staying at Sowgak we greatly rejoiced as it is a large bustling place with shops & water streets & looked forward to some photography. Presently however our joy was cut short by a coming to tell us the Khan thought best to go on

2 f + leave 7 for next day. Of course we had to consent.

When we had finished luncheon the door opened + in walked the Khan bearing a cup of tea to me looking ashamed + beseeching + hopeful + everything else! What could I do but take it with a suppressed smile + say thankyou. He left the room + I put down my cup + I laughed till I became afraid another cup might be coming for C. In walked the Khan again + + C got up + took the cup saying Iltefat i Ehuma ziadet which all mean such a grand thankyou that it is too good for servants so they get none, nor palaces either in this country. The Khan went off again but when we had packed our saddle bags C went out + spoke to him + as he has learnt some words from Abdullah + say in Eng. Good morn Good Afternoon, evening + night + like to shake hands at those + seasons. I on my descent to the yard threaded my way among men + beasts (as) straight (as I could) to the Khan with outstretched hands - "Good Afternoon!" He gave a little gasp of joy made a low bow + was evidently delighted He had a wretched time so afraid was he of the consequences - so we rode off in peace + amity + he bought some lettuce in the market for us - + tried to shoot a little bird "Oh! my little peace offering! may you escape!" I cried for I knew it would be offered to me + my prayer was answered + that little bird is still flying near lake Bourdour which I shall never see again.

At 2 f we came to a ruined Caravanserai quite too bad to stay in so had to go on + 3 more to Ilkatchi. We went to a sort of private yard where we two had a little hut at 8 by 10 + Ghiz putting from the stable, the Khan spread his carpet + lived in the yard also the servants + with the mules

picketted in front of our door & the horses behind so had a noisy night.

Arnogli was to go to Tabreez at 4 so we sent a note to Mr. Abbott our Consul General to ask us to take us rooms in a mehmankhana or Kharamsera but on arrival at 2 we received a note asking us to the Consulate. There we stayed from Friday till Tuesday & found the Abbotts charming & most kind in every way.

The only thing to see is the Blue mosque a most fascinating ruin which might easily be restored. It is all lined with mosaics of bits of tiles of various shapes but being a Soonni building the Persian Shees do not care for it. The door is kept locked so one gets a ladder & so climb over the back wall.

There are quantities of American Missionaries at Tabreez & some of them we visited with Mrs Abbott.

A new era now commenced in our lives so I will begin my 3rd book.

