

wash a servant comes in with a metal basin and a brass can, from the spout of which he pours water over one's hands. The hotel has a *kavekhaneh* or restaurant, with chairs, tables, and counter, and there is also an open-air café on the flat roof with chairs and tables.

The best point of the hotel is its situation on the bank of the Chorok, here some 30 feet broad, and the view of the bridge with its changing scenes and movement and constant crowds. Immediately below the bridge the river is deep, and ducks and geese swim on its bright green water. Through the bridge street the view also commands the meidan, where the crowds of purchasers become denser as the time of supper draws near. Right opposite us, on the left bank, hang the balconies of a large *kavekhaneh*, supported by posts leaning out of the perpendicular above the river, and immediately behind them rises the new mosque, Jagoutija Jamesi, with its slender minaret and its pinnacle. Farther away from the river is seen another mosque, Jamesi Kebir. A crenelated wall in ruins, said to be a relic of Persian times, crowns a mound. From this commanding height there is a fine view over Baiburt and its singular close mosaic of cubical stone houses with small balconies and verandahs, and of the river, which runs through the middle of the town and immediately below the principal bridge enters a ravine between rocky walls and forms foaming cascades.

On the left bank, just below the mound with ruins, the Armenian quarter is situated. The Armenians, estimated at about a thousand, are traders, dealers in agricultural produce, artisans, smiths, and the like, and are in bad odour with the Turks, 5000 in number — exclusive of women and children. One or two Kurds live in the town and a number of Persian *khojas*, ecclesiastics, study in the *medressehs* or theological high schools. The governor bears the title of *kaimakam*, and Baiburt has also a small garrison of cavalry and artillery. The obliging chief of the gendarmerie, who paid me a visit, showed me the town, and tramped about with me through the disagreeable dirty streets. He informed me that severe cold in winter, which covers the Chorok with ice, lasts only a