

CHAPTER XI

THE ROAD TO JULFA AND AZERBEIJAN

DURING the day's rest I allowed myself in Nakichevan Colonel Enckel and I took several walks and drives in and around the town. He had contended with great severity and energy against licence in his district and might expect a bullet at any time; but he still went about the streets perfectly at his ease, and I noticed the reverence and respect that was shown to him by all, Armenians as well as Tatars; when we passed a group of seated men they always rose and saluted.

We visited a silk factory, where I paused to photograph two groups of young Armenian workwomen. We looked into two Tatar houses, where I had also an opportunity of immortalizing on some plates a number of youthful beauties with raven black eyes and such comely, charming features that it was hard to believe that they would some time grow up to become mothers of black-bearded men, who would roam about with their kinjals shedding Christian blood. We cast a glance at the ten-sided tower, formerly covered with ornamental tiles, which was erected in the year 122 of the Hejira by Meimune Khatun, in memory of her father. We paid a visit to the wealthy and distinguished Tatar prince, Ragim Khan, and admired the view from his elegant house. And lastly we made a pilgrimage to Nakichevan, or Nak-chevan, *par excellence*, that is, the grave of Noah, the crypt beneath which the venerable old Noah lies and ponders over all the evil and deeds of hatred that his descendants have wrought in the world during the ages since he rested in the Ark on the summit