

us, and on we go at full speed to Jamadinski Post, where gendarmes, *yemshchiks*, and horses, the whole pack, are exchanged for a new equipment. Here we are half-way between Nakichevan and Julfa, and a serai with grey walls is erected for the use of caravans.

My two carriages rumble on with new strength through a valley breaking through red sandstone hills, while the rain falls fine and dense, and the light becomes more and more faint and diffused. The road is worse than in Asiatic Turkey; even between Erzerum and Bayazid it was better than here, and yet the men drive like lunatics. The rain falls still more thickly, and there is no dust from the road, but it adheres to my luggage in a thick crust, which can only be worn off by friction during long caravan journeys. The mountains on the Persian side are wrapped in a veil of mist, the rain beats on the hood, and the mud, becoming ever softer, spurts and splashes from the horses' hoofs and bespatters the wheels. Down below, some white houses are seen on both sides of the Aras, our old friend the Araxes, and we approach it at a good speed, and before I am quite shaken to pieces the team comes to a halt in Julfa.

Where a street, road, and market meet is situated the dwelling of the customs inspector, but this gentleman is not at home, having gone to a place in the neighbourhood, along the road which leads to Ordubat, where three Armenians have been murdered by Tatars an hour ago. A Georgian customs officer calmly shrugs his shoulders and says that here they do not pay much heed to such trifles, they are accustomed to them.

With the impression produced by this threefold murder I left Russia a second time, and entered a country where life at any rate was safe. Two thousand four hundred miles in carriages and on camels' backs is a stiff journey, and India seemed to me terribly far away. Winter had set in, and it would come to an end, and spring and summer would follow before I reached my distant goal. Many times would the clappers strike against the camels' bells, many evenings would my tent be raised at the edge of the desert, and many mornings would the sun blaze