

the coachman Ekber, for both sat amicably side by side on the box when we commenced the day's journey. And now we had a guard of honour of three soldiers, and therefore all the recruits we met rendered military salutes.

Our route runs up to a small mound whence the valley of the Senjan-chai is seen below us, and to the south of it a veiled range with clouds around its crest and mist at its base. To the north are snowclad mountains, over the river valley sweeps dusky mist, and the sky is overcast with dense clouds.

We get safely over a deep ravine with a terribly defective bridge, but a little farther the right front springs snap with a jolt, and the vehicle is patched up with rope and a pole—it was well that the accident did not happen before. Beyond the village Yengi-jai the horses tried to run away, scared at the sight of a comrade that had fallen and had been skinned; I was not surprised that they shrank from the loathsome carcase. The troopers of the escort came up in a stiff file and executed all kinds of contortions over the horse, bending down with their hands on the ground, swinging their legs over the horse's head, wrestling and brandishing their rifles in the air.

On the right, on the valley floor, begins Chara, a succession of villages and gardens situated on the banks of the Senjan-chai. Among them may be noticed Bare and Nizamabad, the latter named, it seems, after Nizam-ul-Saltaneh. A comparatively lofty group of the southern mountains is called Ashdate-dagh, and is entirely covered with snow. Now the road follows the very edge of the steep river terrace, which seems as though it might fall in at any moment. At its base the river pours in a small cascade over a sill of boulders. The valley contracts; we have been mounting up all day long, as yesterday, and it feels chilly in the sharp head wind. Before us appear the outlines of the grey mud houses of Senjan, and we pass the *guristan* of the town, where the graves are marked by horizontal slabs, not by upright stones. Two monuments over graves of Seids are adorned with green glass cupolas.

A street leads to the entrance of a bazaar arcade where the outer horses are unharnessed, that we may not take