

narrow. At first we have firm land on our right. There is seen the reed-built village of Peren-i-murtesa.

At about half-way we are met by a tutin, with a Persian servant of the English Consulate, bringing a very kind letter of welcome from Captain Macpherson. We therefore halt on the light-green water, while I read the letter, and hurriedly write an answer and hand it to the messenger. His boat turns round, and soon disappears at a rapid pace among the reeds. A little farther we meet a whole flotilla of rush boats, placed at our disposal by order of the Consul. They, too, turn round and follow in our wake. An amusing sight are all these small vessels, scarcely rising above the water, and forced on by their boatmen! And the voyage was cool and pleasant, and I should not have minded if it had been ten times as long. The wind was refreshing, and, as a rule, kept the stinging insects at bay, and at one o'clock the thermometer stood at  $55.6^{\circ}$ , though the sky was quite clear.

Now we glide through narrow passages, now over open sheets of water. The reeds out here are rather thin, and the yellow stalks of last year seldom stand more than two feet above the water. The fresh young shoots have scarcely reached a foot in height. Yellow predominates, and green is still very thinly sprinkled among it. Kuh-i-Khoja stands up a huge, flat, table-like landmark on the right, and the reeds are so thin that they seldom hide the hill completely. As a rule, however, we are surrounded by reeds on all sides, sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, and hence we seem to be passing along quite a narrow waterway. The dogs are deceived by this appearance, and jump in under the impression that they can swim to dry land, but they soon find out their mistake, and, tired and panting, make for the nearest tutin, where they are taken on board, dripping and ashamed. They keep quiet in future, but howl and whine piteously, and seem to think the whole voyage a disagreeable episode.

The lake opens out again, and the waves splash merrily against the larboard gunwale, and there is a cool spray, but no danger. Now and then wild geese scream. Every-