

The travel diaries of the botanist Carl Haussknecht

Volume 1: Ottoman Empire, 1865–1867

Christine Kämpfer, Stefan Knost, Kristin Victor,
Frank H. Hellwig, Hanne Schönig, Christoph U. Werner (eds.)



17 Bamberg Oriental Studies

Bamberg Oriental Studies

ed. by Lale Behzadi, Patrick Franke, Geoffrey Haig,
Christoph Herzog, Lorenz Korn, Susanne Talabardon and
Christoph U. Werner

Band 17

The travel diaries of the botanist Carl Haussknecht

Volume 1: Ottoman Empire, 1865–1867

Edited by Christine
Kämpfer, Stefan Knost, Kristin Victor, Frank H.
Hellwig, Hanne Schönig and Christoph U. Werner



University
of Bamberg
Press

2024

Bibliographic information of the German National Library

The German National Library lists this publication in the German National Bibliography; detailed bibliographic data are available on the Internet at <http://dnb.dnb.de>.

Funded by the German Research Foundation (DFG)
– Project number 318862275

Gefördert durch



This work is available as a free online version via the Research Information System (FIS; <https://fs.uni-bamberg.de>) of the University of Bamberg. The work – except for the cover and quotations – is under the CC license CC BY.



License Agreement: Creative Commons Attribution 4.0
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0>

Production and printing: docupoint, Magdeburg

Cover design: University of Bamberg Press

Cover image: Herbarium specimen of a tulip (*Tulipa aleppensis* Boiss. ex Regel), collected by Carl Haussknecht near Aleppo, April 5, 1865, JE00020639, © Herbarium Haussknecht, Friedrich Schiller University Jena, with kind permission.

© University of Bamberg Press, Bamberg 2024
<https://www.uni-bamberg.de/ubp>

ISSN: 2193-3723 (Print)
ISBN: 978-3-86309-934-3 (Print)

eISSN: 2750-817X (Online)
eISBN: 978-3-86309-935-0 (Online)

URN: urn:nbn:de:bvb:473-irb-949834

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.20378/irb-94983>

Foreword

The Thuringian botanist and pharmacist Carl Haussknecht (1838–1903) left behind 15 diary notebooks with a total of almost a thousand pages from his two research trips to the Ottoman Empire and Persia (1865 and 1866–1869). An interdisciplinary team of scientists from the universities of Jena (botany), Halle (Arabic/Islamic studies) and Bamberg (Iranian studies) have transcribed, edited and commented on these for the first time as part of a project funded by the DFG.

Together with the facsimile of the original pages, the booklets are now available for use in the Thuringian Editions Portal (<https://haussknecht.editionenportal.de>), accessed through extensive indexes, supplemented with text-critical notes and metadata, and searchable using free text. The digital edition, which is still being edited and updated on the portal at longer intervals, also offers a virtual link between diary entries and other collection objects as well as archive and library materials. The georeferenced maps displayed for each page visualize Haussknecht's travel routes, which - in the spirit of his Swiss client Edmond Boissier (1810-1885) - often ran off the main travel routes of the time. In addition, the portal page provides information on Haussknecht, the diaries and the project, as well as the editorial guidelines and a list of the abbreviations, acronyms and symbols used by the author. Haussknecht's special eye for detail and his interdisciplinary discourse complement his explanations of botany, geography, geology and medicine with a surprising wealth of regional, cultural and social history as well as linguistic observations. His descriptions of everyday travel also provide evidence of the challenges of a research trip at that time.

The *travel diaries* presented here offer a broad readership an abridged, revised and thus more fluently readable text in two volumes (1: Ottoman Empire, 2: Persia). They provide quick access to the rich material, and if you are interested in more in-depth information, finding specific passages in the digital edition is made easier using the access methods mentioned above and the changes made to the reading version, which are explained in the handout below.

Our thanks go to the German Research Foundation, which financed the project (2017–2022) and the printing of the *travel diaries*, to the editors of *Bamberger Orientstudien* for including the volumes in the series, and to the University of Bamberg Press for publication.

Table of contents

Foreword.....	5
Table of Contents	7
Introduction	9 Carl
Hausknecht: From pharmacist to oriental botanist	9
The journeys: From Weimar to Tehran	10
Travelling through the Ottoman Empire	13
The Diaries: From Experience to Manuscript.....	18
Bibliography	20
Archival materials.....	21
From diary to reading book: A guide.....	23
Structure.....	23
Language.....	23
Reduction	24
FIRST TRIP.....	29
I Geneva–Aleppo (1 February–9 March 1865)	29 II
Aleppo and surroundings (10 March–20 April 1865)	53 III Aleppo–
Aintab (21–28 April 1865)	63 IV Aintab–Orfa (29 April–
9 May 1865)	71 V Excursion to Harran and Garmusch
(10–16 May 1865)	89 VI Orfa–Aintab (17 May–26 June
1865)	97 VII Excursion to Charbun (27 June–8 July
1865)	113 VIII Aintab–Marash (9–24 July
1865)	119 IX Excursion to Albistan (July 25th - September
4th, 1865)	135 201
SECOND TRIP.....	217
XIV Weimar–Beyruth (8 November–19 December 1866)	217 XV Beyruth–
Aleppo (20 December 1866 – 27 January 1867)	225 XVI Excursions to
Aintab and Kinnesrin (28 January–10 March 1867)	235

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

XVII Aleppo–Orfa (11–26 March 1867)	251
XVIII Orfa–Mardin (27 March–22 April 1867)	271
XIX Mardin–Mosul (23 April–30 May 1867).....	299
XX Mosul–Sulimanie (31 May–12 June 1867).....	329
XXI Excursions to Pir Omar Gudrun and the Hauroman Mountains (13 June–9 August 1867).....	339
XXII Departure to Persia (10–12 August 1867).....	375
List of illustrations.....	381
The editors.....	383

Introduction

Carl Haussknecht: From pharmacist to oriental botanist

Heinrich Carl Haussknecht was born on November 30, 1838, the son of a manor owner in Bennungen (today the municipality of Südharz, Saxony-Anhalt).¹ Even at school, he was fascinated by plants and began collecting and identifying them. From 1855 to 1859, he completed an apprenticeship as a pharmacist, followed by a three-year period as an assistant, which took him to the Rhineland and various cantons in Switzerland. At all of his stays, he studied the flora of the area and thus came into contact with botanists. After successfully completing his training, Haussknecht decided to study



Abb. 1: Carl Haussknecht (1838–1903)

pharmacy in Breslau (today Wrocław, Poland).

After completing his studies, he left in February

In 1865 he set out on his first trip to the Ottoman Empire, which he was enthusiastic about and returned in December 1865 with a rich haul of plants as well as zoological, archaeological and other objects. Haussknecht undertook a second, much longer journey through the Ottoman Empire and Persia from the autumn of the following year to February 1869.

Once again, he had collected several

thousand plant specimens as well as other artefacts.

After his return, he settled in Weimar as a private scholar, worked intensively on the systematics and taxonomy of selected plant groups and published his results. In total, he described over a thousand new

¹ A detailed biography is provided by Meyer (1990) and Hellwig (2011). Information beyond the biography can be found in Victor (2013).

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Plant families (species, varieties, etc.). He continually expanded his herbarium, on the one hand through his own ongoing collecting activities, on the other hand through a lively exchange with specialist colleagues, through the purchase of legacies and through donations. In 1895 he decided and financed the construction of a "herbarium house" in Weimar. The ceremonial opening of the Haussknecht Herbarium took place in October 1896. In addition to the publicly accessible plant collection, the collection building also housed Haussknecht's impressive library with many botanical textbooks as well as work and guest rooms. In 1882, Haussknecht was involved with other botanists in the founding of the Botanical Association for All of Thuringia (today the Thuringian Botanical Society e. V.) and headed this association until his death on July 7, 1903.

The journeys: From Weimar to Tehran

The person who commissioned and financed both trips was the Swiss botanist Pierre Edmond Boissier (1810–1885), who was then working on the *Flora Orientalis*, a multi-volume work on plants found in the 'Orient'. Boissier had previously made several trips himself, including to the Near East, and was now looking for a young, committed botanist who could collect plants for him in some previously unvisited areas. On recommendation, he contacted Haussknecht at the end of 1862. Haussknecht had been working as a pharmacist in Aigle (Canton of Vaud, Switzerland) and had made several excursions into the surrounding area. In October 1862, he came across a half-dried, fruiting umbelliferous plant, which he identified as *Trochiscanthes nodiflorus* (All.) WDJKoch (Radblüte). This significant discovery quickly spread among experts, as the species had previously only been found in the canton of Valais. This led to contact with well-known botanists such as Jean Muret (1799–1877), Alphonse DeCandolle (1806–1893) and George François Reuter (1805–1872).

Boissier agreed with Haussknecht in a letter that the latter should not travel to the Ottoman Empire until 1865, after completing his pharmacy studies.³ The arrangement, following the example of other agreements, provided for the plants collected during the trip to be sent to Boissier in Geneva, where the

² *My friend Mr Reuter told me that he had arranged for you to undertake trips to collect plants.* (Letter 96, p. 1; German translation in Meyer (1990), p. 7). – All letters quoted here are archived in the Haussknecht Herbarium in Jena. The corresponding letters from Haussknecht are in the Conservatoire et Jardin botaniques de Genève and were not available to us. – Unless otherwise stated, translations into German: Hanne Schöning.

³ Letter 101 (German translation in Meyer (1990), p. 7).

Half was to remain.⁴ The other half was intended for Haussknecht in Weimar. In 1863, the areas of the Ottoman Empire and Persia were largely unsafe, so Boissier recommended a trip to Russian Transcaucasian provinces for the first year to get used to the situation - a suggestion that was not implemented. Later, Haussknecht could then travel to Persia, where it would be safer than Turkey, or to northern Syria and Assyria.⁵

In preparation, Boissier advised Haussknecht to set off earlier if possible in order to familiarize himself with the country, the language, etc.⁶ Other travellers to the Orient such as Theodor Kotschy (1813–1866) and Karl Koch (1809–1879), with whom Haussknecht had corresponded prior to the trips, gave important and useful advice, which he demonstrably put into practice. For example, Kotschy recommended that he contact the Orientalist Julius Petermann (1801–1876) and read the *geography* of Carl Ritter (1779–1859).⁷ Koch advised him to travel as a doctor (*hakim*) in order to gain the trust of the local population and thus reach the remote (mountain) regions.⁸ In fact, Haussknecht repeatedly described how his services were in great demand.

Shortly before the start of his journey, Haussknecht visited Boissier in Geneva, where final arrangements were made. Equipped with letters of recommendation, he set off from there on February 1, 1865, towards Marseille, to travel by ship to Alexandretta (Iskenderun).

Kristin Victor, Hanne Schöning

⁴ *I paid these gentlemen all the travel expenses and we shared the harvests, reserving for me in addition to the pickings, the seeds and living bulbs that they would have to harvest for me. (Brief 102, S. 2).*

⁵ *There are unfortunately many parts of this country at the moment where there is not enough security to engage in it. Perhaps for the first year it would be better to explore some part of the Russian Trans-Caucasian provinces where there is security and for which one could get good recommendations, you would get used to the Orient there and could later explore -rer some part of Persia which is more peaceful than Turkey. Or another fruitful exploration would be Northern Syria and Assyria. (Brief 102, S. 3–4).*

⁶ *But we will have to see if it will not be better to familiarize yourself in advance with the country, the language, etc. by starting already in 1864. (Brief 102, S. 1).*

⁷ *For literature on Kurdistan, please contact Dr. Petermann in Gotha [...]. Read and excerpt C. Ritter's Geography IX, X, XI volumes according to the content, but only those chapters that correspond to your route. (Letter 93, p. 3). – Haussknecht's library, kept in the Haussknecht Herbarium in Jena, contains volumes 8 and 9.*

⁸ *Since you are a pharmacist and can therefore act as a doctor, you must travel as a Hakim, sent by his Sultan to search for medicines that lie in the mountain plants. (Brief 73, S. 2).*

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

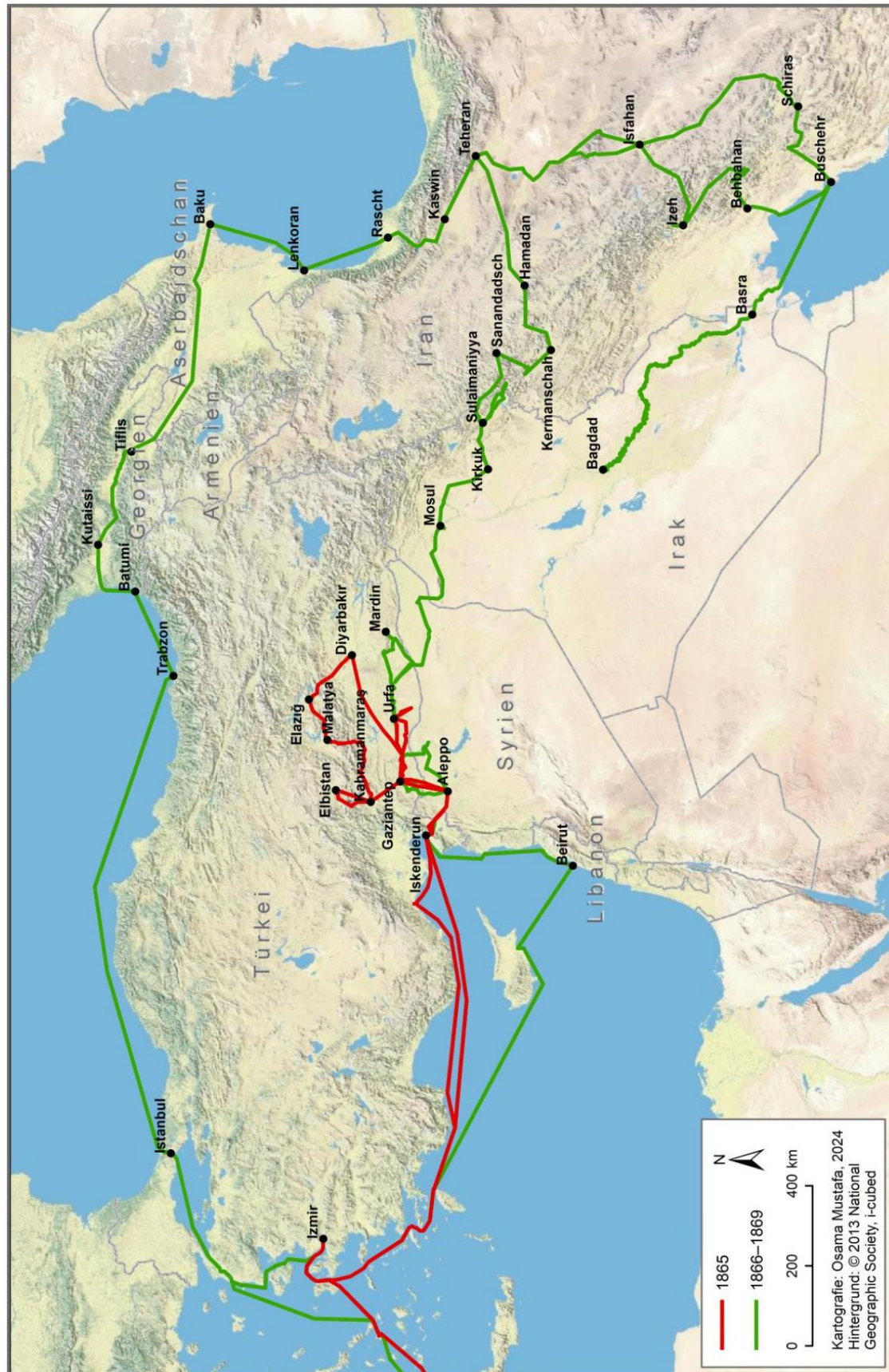


Fig. 2: The itinerary of the first (red) and second trip (green).

To make it easier to follow, Haussknecht's route is shown on a current map. The place names appear in the spelling used in German today.

Travelling through the Ottoman Empire

Carl Haussknecht set foot on Ottoman soil for the first time on February 15, 1865 in Smyrna (Izmir) and noted the picturesque strangeness of the 'Orient' in his diary: *Smyrna presented a very beautiful view from the ship, the mountains covered with fresh greenery, to the right of the city the churchyard planted with slender cypresses, the slender minarets, etc. gave it a picturesque appearance.*⁹ On February 20, he then docked in Alexandretta on the steamer of the French Messageries Impériales.

From there he did not reach Aleppo until March 9th due to the adverse weather and flooded roads. The old metropolis of northern Syria was an important stop for him on his first and second journey. He stocked up on things he needed for the rest of his journey at the markets. There he was able to make initial contacts and received important documents for his onward journey into the interior of the country, an imperial firman (travel decree) and other papers (*bujuruldu* - letter of safe conduct, pass) issued to him by the local provincial governors. The firman had apparently been requested through the Prussian general consulate in Constantinople (Istanbul) and sent ahead to him in Aleppo. There it was handed over to him by the Prussian consul Picciotto.¹⁰ On his further journey through the Ottoman Empire, Haussknecht usually presented the documents to the officials, and they were then read out publicly, as in Nizip: *My Bujuruldu and Firman were then read out loud and the Sultan's signature was kissed.*

¹¹ They served him well, as he noted in Mardin, for example: *It was not until about 4 o'clock that my men, who had had a lot of trouble on the Duane, appeared, but the firman prevented the search.*¹² The firman also gave him the right to request a military escort.

In Aleppo, Haussknecht was accepted into the local *Franconian* society, like other travelers before him. Otherwise, distance and a certain unease accompanied the first months of his journey. He spent the first night in Aleppo as a guest in the house of *the Arab Atschebasch*, his traveling companion on the way from Alexandretta to Aleppo. Since he would not have been able to work there because of the constant visitors, he happily gave in to Theodor Bischoff's (1831-1881) urging and moved into his house the next day. The German doctor became his friend and important supporter in Aleppo.

⁹ Diary 1_01_007–1_01_008, entry from February 15, 1865.

¹⁰ A corresponding note was found in the Ottoman archive in Istanbul (Prusya Ahkam Defteri (1175–1296/1761–1878), A.DVN.DVE 73/2, p. 130 (Ramadan 1281/May–June 1864).

¹¹ Diary 1_01_049, entry from April 30, 1865.

¹² Diary 2_02_003, entry from 8.4.1867.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

In April 1865, Haussknecht left Aleppo and headed north for Aintab, a city with a large Armenian population and one of the centers of Protestant American missionaries. He stayed there with the missionary Benjamin Schneider (1807–1877), with whom he had already made contact before his departure. He then headed east on the old caravan routes to Birecik, where Haussknecht crossed the Euphrates, and continued towards Urfa. On the way, he made a detour to the ruins of Arslan Tash to see the lion statues¹³, which were already well known at the time. A few days later, he visited Harran, where he made several drawings of the ruins and a plan of the ruins area with the surrounding Bedouin camps. During these excursions and detours from his direct route, the collection of plants took a back seat to the description of places and ruins that he had identified as desiderata of research, mainly based on his reading of Ritter's *Geography*.¹⁴

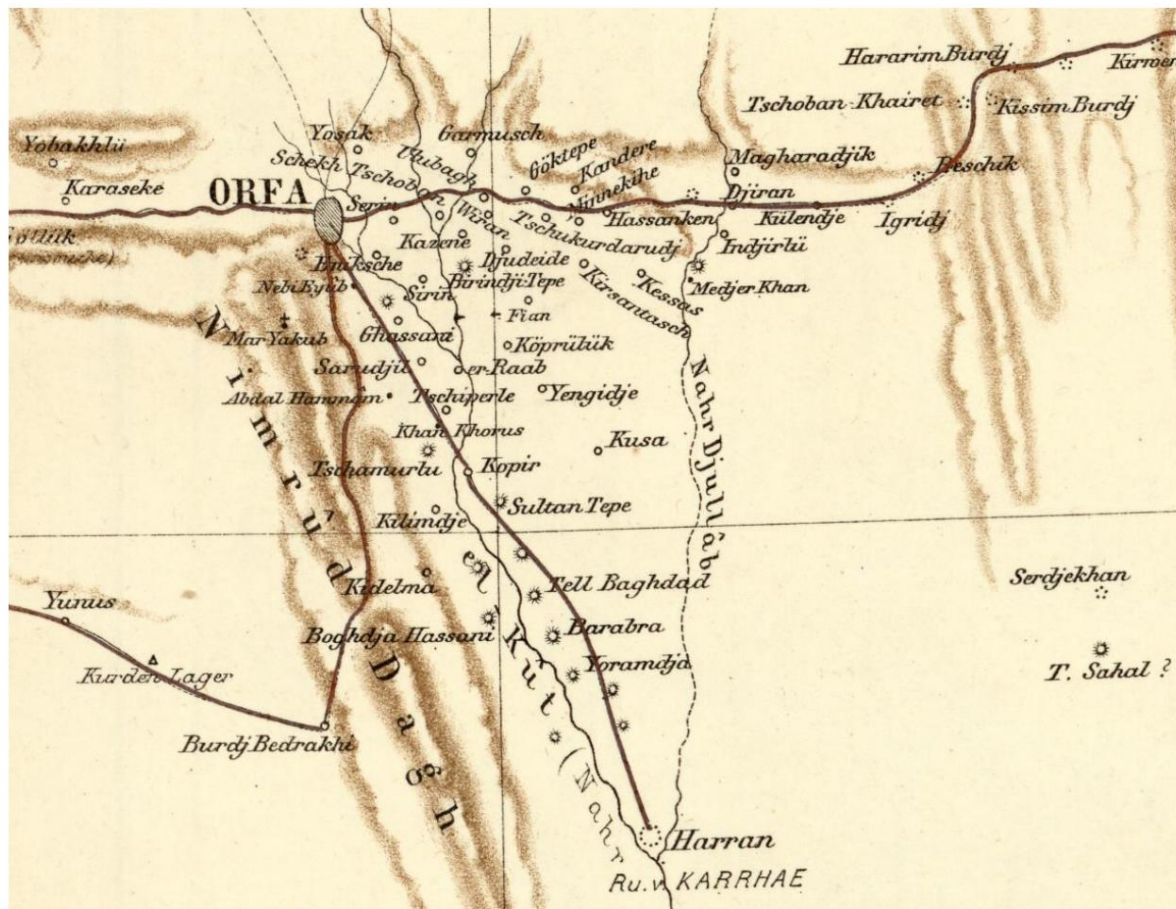


Fig. 3: Detail from Kiepert (1882), Sheet II: Surroundings of Urfa

¹³ Diary 1_01_059, entry from 5.5.1865, according to Ritter (1844), p. 280.

¹⁴ He seems to have taken the corresponding volume with him on his journey, because he noted on March 21, 1865: *Read early in Ritter* (Diary 1_01_026).

In Urfa he lived with the French Vice-Consul Armand Martin, arranged through the Poché family in Aleppo, who maintained private and business contacts with the French traders and consular agents in the vast hinterland. Haussknecht had become friends with members of this family and continued to correspond with them after his return to Germany.

Back in Aintab, he spent a lot of time in bed from late May to mid-June 1865 with *lumbago* and other pains¹⁵ and then went on excursions in the surrounding area - often accompanied by the Schneider family, his hosts. By now it was summer and the vegetation in the mountains was promising, so at the beginning of July Haussknecht travelled further north-west via Marash and the Armenian settlement of Zeytun (Süleymanlı) to Elbistan. On the way he was able to observe the primitive mining of iron ore and the extraction of pig iron that was still being practiced at the time. Returning again via Marash, he reached Malatya on September 13, 1865.¹⁶ He noted the presence of a strong Ottoman garrison stationed there because of *the untamed Kurds*, and he bought a carpet from them at the market for 360 piastres.¹⁷ His further route took him northeast to Harput (Elazığ), where he also benefited from the networks of the American missionaries and admired the still relatively new *theological institute*.

On October 20, he traveled through the region around the town of Maden, which is also dominated by mining, and reached the city of Diyarbakır four days later, the last few kilometers on a new, paved road, where he stayed with a telegraph official.¹⁸ Here he had the opportunity to visit the city's famous fortifications, its churches, the gardens on the slopes above the Tigris and other places. His description of the city is one of the most detailed of the urban area on his entire trip, supplemented by a detailed description of a Greek Orthodox baptism ceremony.¹⁹ However, as in some other places, the mosques remained closed to him. In the markets he noticed the large watermelons for which the city is still known today. On November 6, he traveled back to Aleppo and a few days later to Alexandretta, where he embarked for Europe on December 4, 1865.

The second journey took Haussknecht in November 1866 via Vienna and Trieste to Constantinople, where he spent about two weeks and then travelled by

¹⁵ Diary 1_02_006, entry from 26.5.–15.6.1865.

¹⁶ Diary 1_03_018–1_03_019, entry from September 13, 1865.

¹⁷ Diary 1_04_002, entry from September 13, 1865.

¹⁸ Diary 1_04_036, entry from October 24, 1865.

¹⁹ Diary 1_04_055–1_04_056, entry from 30.10.–5.11.1865.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Steamship towards Beirut. In this up-and-coming port city he observed, among other things, the increasing presence of German/Prussian institutions, such as the Order of St. John, who were building a new hospital at the time. After brief stops in the ports of Tripoli and Latakia, which he used for shore leave, he reached his destination port of Alexandretta again on December 23rd. After spending Christmas Eve with wistful thoughts of home in the Antiochian plain, he rode through the gates of Aleppo on December 26th, where he again stayed with his friend Theodor Bischoff. He stayed in this city for the next few months. His diary gives us valuable and almost unique insights into the composition and daily life of the city's *Frankish* society during this time, right down to very private details.

These *Franks* settled in the center of Aleppo in the caravanserais around the central bazaar and were traders, diplomats, some of whom lived there with their families and were of very different origins: French, British, Sephardic Jews, Greeks, etc. Haussknecht was pleased about the growing *Frankish* society and the various soirées that brought everyone together at the beginning of 1867. He particularly mentioned the *two pretty daughters* of the Greek Varsami.²⁰ During the day he explored the vegetation, especially in the gardens surrounding the city. In January and February there were also trips lasting several days to Aintab in the north and Qinnasrin in the south.

On March 11, 1867, Haussknecht left Aleppo in a northeasterly direction and reached Mardin after a detour via Birecik and Urfa, since crossing the swollen Euphrates at the intended location was impossible.

From Mardin he visited the Deir Zafaran monastery, which was for a long time the seat of the patriarch of the Syrian Orthodox Church, as well as the ruins of Dara. On 23 April he first headed south-west to Ras el ain, where he researched the sources of the Khabur River. The conflict-ridden settlement of Circassian refugees from the Caucasus, which Haussknecht observed in various places in the region, was one of the predominant themes during his visit. From here an excursion took him further north to the tents of the Shammar Bedouins; he had already received letters of recommendation to their two sheikhs in Aleppo. Accompanied by the Shammar, he then went down the Khabur to the swampy area of the Sharabiye Bedouins. A particular interest in the way of life of the various nomads, especially the Bedouins, runs through the entire second journey.

²⁰ Diary 2_01_019, entry from December 27, 1866.

Hausknecht then rode further south towards the Sinjar Mountains, circumnavigated them on their western side and travelled along their southern side to Mosul. In doing so, he also crossed the main settlement area of the Yazidis, whom he described as *all very friendly*.²¹ Arriving in Mosul on 19 May, he found accommodation in the house of a man from Zurich. In the streets of the city, he noticed the women's veils made of woven horsehair, which were also worn by Christian women and foreigners. He left Mosul at the end of May and reached Kirkuk on 4 June. After visiting the nearby naphta springs, he set off eastwards on 7 June towards Sulaimaniyya, which was to be his base for a while. He used the time to get to know the mountains of the border region and was often consulted as a doctor.²² During the almost month-long trip to the Hawraman Mountains in particular, Hausknecht described the previously little-known geography and flora, as well as the political situation, of this isolated mountain region between the Ottoman Empire and Persia. On August 10, after a two-and-a-half-month stay, he finally left the region on the usual caravan route to the east and reached the town of Pendschwin on August 12, 1867. The next day he continued south-easterly into Persian territory.

In April 1868, he made another detour to the Ottoman Empire, when he embarked from Bushehr for an excursion via Basra to Baghdad. On his return journey to Europe, he spent another week in Constantinople in February 1869 before leaving the Orient by ship for Trieste.²³

On his two trips to the eastern provinces of the Ottoman Empire, Hausknecht travelled through an area that is now divided between northern Syria, southeastern Turkey and Iraq. We owe him descriptions of mountain regions that were difficult to access and little known at the time, as well as villages and nomad camps there with their tribal structures, house types, agricultural products and much more. His trips took place during the time of the Tanzimat, the administrative reforms in the Ottoman Empire, with the Ottoman state's attempts to combat local autonomy and establish direct control over these parts of the empire. He observed the implementation of these reforms in rural areas, and so his descriptions are an important historical source. He was also a witness to the conflicts that accompanied the settlement of the Circassians. He described an empire in upheaval and showed sympathy for the reformers, such as Cevdet Pasha (1822–1895), whom he met as governor of Aleppo. In individual

²¹ Diary 2_02_039, entry from 11.5.1867.

²² Diary 2_03_019, entry from June 12, 1867: [...] *I appeared here as a real doctor and was paid for the first time on this trip.*

²³ See Volume 2: Persia, 1867–1869.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

In some cases he emphasized the efficiency and good education of the representatives of the Ottoman administration, as in the case of the Pasha of Marash, who was trying to develop his province by building roads and bridges and who greeted him with *Vous parlez français, Monsieur*.²⁴ On many other occasions, however, he complained about the backwardness, superstition and, more generally, the *dirt* in the areas he visited. Even though his main purpose was to collect plants, he also spent longer periods in the cities, where he got to know the multi-ethnic and multi-confessional urban society. He collected information on the population structure in the areas he visited and noted the number of houses of the religious or ethnic communities. He also compiled lists of provincial governors and places, which only a few years later found their way almost unchanged into the new printed Ottoman provincial yearbooks (Salname). All these efforts point to a planned publication of his travel report, which, however, never happened during his lifetime.

Stefan Knost

The Diaries: From Experience to Manuscript

Haussknecht's travel diaries are also among the archives associated with the plant collection of the Jena Herbarium. The 15 notebooks, closely written in cursive and provided with sketches, document the course of his two journeys on almost a thousand pages. Also preserved are nine field books in DIN A6 format, which Haussknecht had to hand on horseback or in his tent and in which he made notes on the journey in pencil. He later copied these into the diary notebooks in a much easier-to-read script.

The notes are of particular academic interest as a primary source, as they represent a special case among comparable contemporary travel reports: they have not yet been shortened and optimized for publication in terms of topoi and motifs, and have not yet been available for research in their entirety. Haussknecht himself planned to publish his notes, but this was not to happen.

Boissier urged him to do so from the very first day, and in his letters we can follow the course of his unsuccessful attempts. On February 22, 1869, when he believed Haussknecht had arrived in Weimar, he warned him not to let the memories and impressions fade, as he had been in every respect

²⁴ Diary 1_02_031–1_02_032, entry from 13.7.1865.

hung has travelled to unknown countries and can fill gaps accordingly, now is exactly the right moment to start working.²⁵ However, boxes containing his manuscripts and map drawings were lost during the shipment. Boissier was all the more insistent on collecting the fresh memories, which were obviously still very structured and clearly present to Haussknecht. He felt he owed such a work to the public.²⁶

But even when the manuscripts were rediscovered,²⁷ Haussknecht devoted himself first to creating topographic maps, in addition to the plant material. Further travel plans also seemed to come to the fore,²⁸ but we also learn that Haussknecht gave lectures on the experiences and experiences he had gathered on his travels.²⁹ The herbarium archive still contains some manuscripts of his lectures, which he gave in Frankfurt and Weimar, for example, and which vividly reflect his travel impressions.

The four maps of his journeys to the Orient, edited by Heinrich Kiepert (1818–1899) in Berlin, were not published until 1882. The two-page “preliminary report” ends with the words: *This is in general the course of the*

²⁵ *You must not let your memories and impressions age too much and you are precisely in the best moment for you [unleserlich] of this work. Your narration will be extremely valuable because in these two years you have visited completely virgin countries and you will fill in many gaps.* (Brief 120, S. 2).

²⁶ *There is also another work that should not be neglected, and that is to collect the memories of your travels while you have a fresh memory and not let them be lost. The great misfortune of losing your manuscripts must not prevent you from giving work to the public. We see through conversation that everything you have observed is well classified in your mind and that your memories are clear and precise; there is enough to make an interesting work and you owe this in some way to the public having traveled a country that is new in every respect.* (Brief 129, S. 1–2).

²⁷ *I congratulate you again on having found one of your boxes, [...]. The important thing is that your manuscripts and maps are saved.* (Brief 136, S. 4).

²⁸ Neben Turkestan (Brief 142, S. 2) geht es vor german um Persien (Brief 140, S. 1). Boissier will die Verantwortung für eine wiederholte Persien-Reise zwar nicht übernehmen, zeigt sich wegen der zahlreichen noch unerforschten Regionen aber essiert und bietet für das kommende Jahr auch wieder eine finanzielle Unterstützung an. *It is certainly not me who will urge you to return to Persia, I do not want to take on this responsibility but in the event that you go on a trip there I will have next year [...] a thousand francs to put at your disposal to help you in your botanical explorations. [...] There are undoubtedly still many interesting regions still unexplored in Persia, not only Zerd Kou and Elvend but also the entire region to the south east of Chyraz.* (Brief 140, S. 2; his Brief 143, S. 2).

²⁹ *I see with great pleasure that you are still busy holding conferences on Persia and the Orient.* (Brief 143, S. 2).

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Travel [...] I hope to soon provide a detailed description of the more interesting areas, for which I have not yet found the time for many reasons. 30

Kristin Victor, Hanne Schöning

Bibliography

Boissier, Pierre Edmond (1867–1884): *Flora Orientalis, or an enumeration of the plants hitherto observed in the east from Greece and Egypt to the frontiers of India*. Bands 1–5. Geneva and Basel: H. Georg.

Haussknecht, Carl (1882): Preliminary report on Prof. C. Haussknecht's oriental travels (pp. 3–4) with explanations by Prof. Dr. H. Kiepert (pp. 5–7). *Journal of the Society for Geography* 17.

Hellwig, Frank (2011): Carl Haussknecht (1838–1903). Explorer and founder of the Haussknecht Herbarium. In: I. Kästner, J. Kiefer (eds.), *Botanical gardens and botanical research trips*: pp. 393–412. Aachen: Shaker.

Kiepert, Heinrich (1882): Prof. C. Haussknecht's routes in the Orient. 1865–1869, edited according to his original sketches. 4 pages: I. and II. Northern Syria, Mesopotamia and Southern Armenia. III. Kurdistan and Iraq. IV. Central and Southern Persia. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.

Meyer, Friedrich Karl (1990): Carl Haussknecht, a life for botany. *Haussknechtia* 5: S. 5–20.

Ritter, Carl (1822–1859): *Geography in relation to nature and to the history of man, or general comparative geography, as a secure basis for the study and teaching of physical and historical sciences*. Band 1–19. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.

Vol. 8 (1838) and 9 (1840): Iranian World.

Vol. 10 (1843) and 11 (1844): The step-land of the Euphrates and Tigris systems.

Victor, Kristin (ed.) (2013): *Carl Haussknecht. A life for botany*. Contributions from the collections of the University of Jena 2, Friedrich Schiller University Jena.

30 Haussknecht (1882), p. 4, col. 2. After that, the publication of the diaries was no longer mentioned in Boissier's letters; his last letter (157) is dated 28 March 1885. Boissier died on September 25, 1885.

Archival materials

Prussian Ahkam Notebook (1175–1296/1761–1878). Presidency of the Republic of Turkey, Directorate of State Archives. Ottoman Archive Complex. Istanbul.

Letters to Carl Haussknecht from:

Edmond Boissier:

Letter 96 = Letter A050000096 dated 15.11.1862, Valeyres.

Letter 101 = Letter A050000101 dated 10.12.1862, Geneva.

Letter 102 = Letter A050000102 dated 6.11.1863, Orbe – Canton de Vaud.

Letter 120 = Letter A050000120 dated February 22, 1869, Geneva.

Letter 129 = Letter A050000129 dated 31.1.1870, Geneva.

Letter 136 = Letter A050000136 of 14.8.1870, Valeyres.

Letter 140 = Letter A050000140 dated 29.6.1873, Valeyres.

Letter 142 = Letter A050000142 of 1.3.1874, [sl].

Letter 143 = Letter A050000143 dated 31.1.1875, Rivage.

Letter 157 = Letter A050000157 dated 28.3.1885, Geneva.

Karl Koch: Letter 73 = Letter A050000073 dated December 11, 1864, Berlin.

Theodor Kotschy: Letter 93 = Letter A050000093 from 9.4.1866, Vienna.

All letters are in the archive of the Herbarium Haussknecht.

The letters to Boissier quoted here are part of the digital edition (facsimile, transcription, German paraphrase).

From diary to reading book: A guide

Structure

The table of contents and thus the chapter headings were generated by the editors. They provide Haussknecht's most important travel destinations with dates. The spelling of the place names that he most frequently used was adopted.

For reasons of space or the genesis of the text (e.g. addenda), Haussknecht did not always note drawings and inscriptions in the chronologically correct place, but sometimes even in a different notebook. In contrast to the digital edition, in which the order of the pages was retained and connections were established using links where necessary, in the present version all texts, drawings and inscriptions were placed in the appropriate temporal context. Additions were integrated into the body of the text in the margin, above the line or in a different writing direction without being noted, overwriting was accepted and deletions were deleted and replaced by Haussknecht's corrections.

The page numbering constructed in the edition and reading version counts the paper pages consecutively: number of the trip (1 or 2)_number of the booklet (total of 4 or 11)_number of pages. Towards the end of the second trip, some pages from a field book (F09) were inserted to close the time gap, which Haussknecht had not transferred into the diary.

The dates of his entries, which Haussknecht gave almost without gaps and often included the corresponding day of the week, were – unless it is within a sentence – at the beginning of the line and in italics to make this temporal structure more visible. We have largely corrected or reconstructed errors or gaps.

Language

Haussknecht's fluctuations and inconsistencies in grammar, lexicon and especially orthography are due to the fact that the German language was still unstandardised in the 19th century. He wrote down geographical names and personal names as well as foreign language terms, which he liked to collect not only for plants, by ear. This also leads to different spellings of one and the same name or word. In the case of identifying these names and words, the correct one can be found in each case.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Orthography or transcription³¹ in the index of the digital edition. In the case of place names and other geographical names, all variants are listed there under the name commonly used today in Turkey, Syria, Iraq and Iran. The spelling additionally listed in the body text of the digital edition on the map sheets created by the cartographer Heinrich Kiepert in 1882 has not been included in the present version.

The editors have standardized the text in accordance with the rules that apply today, for example in punctuation and the spelling of numbers. The orthographic format has also been deliberately omitted from the reading version. The numerous abbreviations used in the original, graphic abbreviations that were common at the time (e.g. "ÿ" for "from") and symbols (e.g. "ÿ" for "freemason lodge") have largely been removed.

The Latin plant names, including abbreviations, have been left as in the original. All genera, species names or even just the terms describing taxa named by Haussknecht can be found in the index of the digital edition.

Words with question marks in square brackets [word?] are uncertain readings. Three dots in square brackets [...] indicate gaps in Haussknecht's text that he did not fill at a later date.

reduction

The texts were shortened by a third in total. In order to create meaningful transitions and connections in terms of content, appropriate text adjustments (e.g. syntax) were made without marking; only additions by the editors were placed in square brackets. The shortening was done by deleting text passages, drawings and inscriptions. The type of deleted text was noted using the following abbreviations in square brackets:

[Construction] detailed description of buildings and archaeological sites, partly with inscriptions not replaced by abbreviations

[frSchr] foreign language texts or characters that do not represent an inscription

[Hist] Lists of historical persons and dates or historical information

³¹ In the accompanying texts, we have refrained from using scientific transcriptions in view of a broader readership. Place names appear in the spelling used in German today; where appropriate, the changed name in current use is given in brackets when first mentioned.

From diary to reading book: A guide

[Insch] Inscriptions

[InschÜ] Translation of an inscription or other foreign language
Texts

[Places] Lists of places, descriptions of places, routes and landscapes, geological descriptions

[Pfl] Plants(lists)

[Spr] Lists of foreign language expressions (except plants)

[SprPfl] Lists of foreign language expressions (partly) with plants

[Txt] unclear passages or texts without reference to the context or to other identifiable passages;
repetitions; other lists; parts of the text written by another hand

[Drawing] Drawings

[Quote] Quote, Paraphrase

[Zit?] recognizably quoted text (e.g. due to French or English text passages/words), source not
yet identified

When different types of text are omitted consecutively, they are mentioned in only one bracket
in the order of omission, e.g. [Quit, Places, Spr, Places].

Blank pages, small, meaningless and sometimes unclear drawings or symbols in the line, in
the margin or across several lines as well as text passages and captions pointing to them were
deleted without comment.

Selected larger drawings and inscriptions were scanned and inserted.

Kristin Victor, Hanne Schöning

FIRST TRIP

I Geneva–Aleppo (1 February–9 March 1865)

(1_01_001) [Txt] (1_01_002) [Txt, Zit?] (1_01_003) Stay in Marseille.

On *February 1, 1865*, after everything was arranged, I left Geneva. The sky had been overcast, but as soon as I got into the train, the clouds parted and the sun sent its warming rays down to the earth, as if the sky wanted to agree with my joyful feelings. At 4 o'clock I arrived in Lyon, where I stayed until 8 o'clock, which I used to visit the city. The next morning at 6:30 a.m. I found myself in Marseille. At daybreak I found myself completely in a

other region, one could see immediately that one was under a southern sky; the paths were all covered with flowering rosemary, the slopes and gardens were full of blossoming peaches, the silvery olive trees everywhere and the mild climate contributed not a little to increasing my joyful feelings. After staying at the Hôtel des Empereurs, I went to Mr. Schloering to arrange my letter of credit, which I already found,

in French and Arabic at the address Messieurs MB Bayazid et neveux à Alep.

After I had bought the most necessary items for the trip, such as a tent, a folding bed, a cylinder canteen, rubber cloth, waxed canvas, 3 bales of blotting paper, string, dried vegetables, etc., I took a look around the city and then went to see Mr. Blaize, a botanist, to whom Mr. Reuter had recommended me in Geneva. At 9 o'clock in the evening I found all the botanists of Marseilles gathered there, about 10 gentlemen, namely Mr. Miciol, tobacco engineer, Mr. Roux, Mr. [Lavat?] and Mr. Bertier, officer of the artillery, the latter just preparing for a geographical trip to Africa. They discussed *Clypeola Sarrati de Larambergue*, which Mr. Planchon in Montpellier called *Cl. gracilis*; Sarrat had discovered it a year earlier than Planchon and classified it as a variety of *Cl.*

Jonthlaspi sent it to de Larambergue, who later recognized it as a species by Planchon and named it *Sarat* in honor of him.

On Sunday I went on an excursion to Montredon in the company of Messrs Miciol and Bertier, to see the flora on the hills and by the sea. [Txt] I spent the next few days partly visiting Mr Roux, who has an excellent herbarium as well as many fossils, butterflies and shells; Friday evening I was invited to dinner at Miciol's; Saturday evening at the theatre: *Hernani* and *Le mariage forcé*, performed by an Italian company. I had previously shown Kotschy's brochures and letters from Boissier to Alexandria to a Mr Reuter, who was in Alexandria.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

who owns a business there and was leaving for there on the English steamer on *February 5th* . After everything was ready for the journey and packed, I was glad when *February 8th* finally arrived.

8 February 65. In beautiful weather we embarked on the *Cydnus* in the port of Marseille, called *la Joliette*. Unfortunately there were few passengers, only 20 people, a young merchant *Lehmann* from Zurich, who was going to Smyrna, an archaeologist *Salzmann* from Alsace, who was currently in Rhodes.

was stationed there, the English Vice-Consul *Biliodi* from Rhodes, some gentlemen from Palermo, 2 young pretty ladies, also from Palermo, but who had been educated in Paris and were now returning; some Englishmen, a Greek, a Milanese actress who was going to Smyrna. The wind was blowing from the northwest, which was very favorable for us. After barely an hour on board, some of us began to get seasick, namely the young merchant from Zurich and the 3 ladies. In the port of Marseille we saw the wreck of a French ship that had run aground on the rocks a few days before; the damage was estimated at 500,000 francs; the ship had been away from Marseille for 18 months, had been in Bombay and was carrying sugar. What a misfortune to run aground in the port!

Little by little, the shores of the Bouches du Rhone and the Var departments disappeared until the approaching night (1_01_004) completely hid them from our sight. Only the 5 lighthouses announced the proximity of land. Many passengers were absent for dinner, but I had an excellent appetite, and in general I found that the sea air did me a great deal of good, and I did not feel any seasickness at all. At around 9 o'clock I went to bed, but at first I was unable to get to sleep because of the irregular rocking. At around midnight the sea rose higher and continued like this until midday the following day. At 9 o'clock we had breakfast, which tasted excellent. At around midday we came to the Strait of Bonifacio between Sardinia and Corsica. Torn bare rocks, in the background high,

Mountains covered with snow. Strange lighting at night from the almost full moon.

The sea was very high, the north-west wind was particularly strong, we made 20,000 meters per hour, which of course contributed a lot to our arriving in Palermo soon. Almost all the passengers suffered from seasickness, loss of appetite, etc., but I did not suffer in the least. Once a wave hit the ship so strongly that it was covered with 1 ½ feet of water, which was not at all pleasant for us, we thought of the fate of the *Atlas*, which had left Marseille for Algeria 8 months previously and of which not the slightest trace has been seen since. The following story was particularly touching: A family was traveling on this ship, but the father was still

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

Business in Marseille, so he sent his family away and wanted to follow on the next ship. When he got there, he didn't find them, of course, nor any news of the ship, and as a result he went mad; every day he came to the port and checked to see if his family had arrived yet.

On the morning of *February 10*, the sea was so high that the ship rocked so much so that I preferred to have breakfast at 10 o'clock instead of the usual 9, as we were planning to arrive in Palermo at that time. Finally, around 9 o'clock, we saw the capes of Sicily in the distance. The weather was terrible, castles on castles, storms and waterspouts, we saw about 6-8. Finally, around 11:30, we arrived in the port of Palermo. After we had breakfast, the gondoliers appeared on board. We got on board and had ourselves ferried to the shore; there were 4 of us, the Zurich man, an Englishman, the consul of Rhodes,

Billoti and I. Each had to pay 2 francs. With great expectations we entered Palermo, which had suffered greatly from the bombardment. It looked bad from the harbor, small, inconspicuous houses, a lot of dirt in the streets, made even worse by the rainy weather, laundry hanging out of the windows everywhere, beggars in all shapes and sizes and in rags, etc.

Monte Santa Rosalie. Our gondolier wouldn't let us off the hook, we wanted to chase him away, but it was all in vain, he stayed. As we were just being hit by another bad storm, we took refuge in a cab and told the driver to take us to a good coffeehouse. After a short while he stopped in front of a miserable shack and told us that it was a coffeehouse. A look inside the cab was enough to prove to us that we would not feel at all comfortable there, so we ordered him to drive on, even though the landlord didn't want to let us go. We stopped in the city center and asked about the botanical garden. When we got there, the inspector, Michelangelo Console, welcomed us very warmly; he showed us around everywhere, I was particularly pleased by the beautiful large *Phoenix dactylifera*, *Chamaerops* species, sago palms, bamboo species, etc., all outdoors. As a weed in the garden everywhere (1_01_005) *Urtica ambigua* Tenore.

The container for the *Nelumbium* species was walled in separately for each species; the trunks of *Cycas revoluta* with fruits in the open air were particularly beautiful. As a souvenir of the garden I took with me some of the shrubby *Papaveraceae* *Bocconia frutescens*, as well as *Salix Peloritana*, *Bugainvillea splendens*, *fastuosus* and *glabrescens*, the first two in particular were magnificently in bloom and took up almost half the greenhouse; with their red and violet flowers they offered a wonderful sight; furthermore [Pfl]. A violent storm with thunder and lightning surprised us there. He treated us to wine.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

de Marsala, very strong. He then took us to a coffee house, where he also paid for everything straight away.

At 5 o'clock we went back on board the ship for dinner, and at 7 o'clock the anchor was raised with a rattling sound. The sea was very rough, the ship rocked as never before, so that we all felt quite uneasy. The moon illuminated this scene with its pale light, and as we were sailing sideways against the wind, the ship rocked tremendously, so that we had to hold on tight to avoid falling over.

As the weather seemed to continue until we reached Messina, we finally lay down in our cabin, exhausted. The weather continued like this all night.

Tue, 11th Feb. 1865. At daybreak we drove through the notorious Charybdis, to the left the rocks of Scylla. Magnificent view, to the right the green hills with cactus opuntia, lemon trees, etc. with their [flattened?]

Houses, further away Messina, to the left the snow-capped mountains of Aspromonte. The port of Messina forms a wide basin, created by the sinking of one of the volcanic mountains. Far ahead of us, thick clouds of smoke rose from Mount Etna.

Finally we arrived in Messina at 8 o'clock. After breakfast we crossed over in a gondola and looked around the city. The city is much more pleasant to look at than Palermo, the palace-like buildings along the sea looked very good, especially the Palazzo di Citta. The second and most beautiful street is the Corso, with the beautiful theater, which also houses the stock exchange; the cathedral is also worth seeing. Public life is very reminiscent of the Orient, everyone works in open stalls, there are the shoemakers, metal workers, carpenters, etc. To take a look at the flora, I took a short walk to one end of the city. Here too, as in Palermo, you can see *Sonchus tenerrimus*, *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*, *Funaria*, etc. [Plant] on the houses everywhere, Cactus *Opuntia* covered all the hills; there were also many mosses. At 1 o'clock we continued our journey in good weather. On the left, a beautiful view of the bare, conical mountains, high up there was a very romantic village, after which lay Spartivento. At the foot of the village everything was in the brightest green; many people were working on a country road at the foot of the mountains along the sea. Almost at the end of the cape lay Bova, a small town with small houses without doors, which looked strange from a distance.

There was almost no wind, thick clouds covered the mountains on all sides, especially towards Sicily; even the three rocks above Bova, which look romantic from the sea, were gradually covered in rain. Since nothing could be seen anymore, I went to bed early that evening.

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

(1_01_006) On the ships of the Messageries imperiales people are very good.

Second class (to Alexandretta 362 francs). Each passenger has a good bed, albeit a small one. Dejeuner at 9, dinner at 5. The latter consists of soup, meat with vegetables, fish, roast poultry, beaten eggs, artichokes, radishes, nuts, figs, sweets, apples, oranges, dried raisins, etc. and red wine. After the storm, the sky was still quite clear that same evening, the full moon illuminated the sea, there was not a breath of wind, and it was a wonderfully warm evening. An Armenian sang the profundis from Miserere.

Sunday, February 12th. We saw nothing but sky and water. At about 10 o'clock two steamers came into view. At midday the sky was covered with storm clouds. The wind was light, but the sea was high. In the evening there were thunderstorms on all sides. At 12 midnight we passed Cape Matapan in a strong wind.

Monday, February 13th. At 6 a.m. the coast of Morea lay before us, all bare, barren volcanic mountains, with some long, snow-covered mountains rising in the background. We sailed very close to Cape Matia.

To the left was the island of Cerigo. At midday we passed the island of Milo (there was a lot of fever there), to the left was Antimilo and Falconera, then came Serpho and Siphno, between which we passed at about 1 o'clock. Serpho is known for its grapes.

At 5 o'clock the anchor dropped off Syra. About 30,000 inhabitants. From the sea the town offers a pretty view, on the mountain lies the old part of the town with the Catholic population, the upper part is the church; on both sides of this part stretches the harbor, which has been newly built about 20 years ago, with two Greek, i.e. Shiite churches. Completely oriental architecture, beautiful houses made of whitish marble. New duane and quarantine at the harbor. It is the second largest city in Greece, and has improved significantly through transit trade. The large market place could have been better maintained, the rainwater had washed deep channels into it; the planted date palms only grew poorly; on the market place there is a fairly comfortable café, which even has a billiards table. Here I first saw the Greeks in their national costume, white petticoats, etc., and I also drank Turkish coffee for the first time, which I found much better than European coffee. Nargileh is commonly smoked.

I bought 1½ of Greek tobacco for 1 franc; it is cheaper here than in Turkey. All business is conducted in public stalls here. A lot of stockfish was unloaded on the ship so that the Greeks would have material to appease their Lord during Lent. As a characteristic

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

the following: Greeks, among whom was a priest, attacked a small (Russian) ship and stabbed everyone except one who had hidden himself under a barrel. One of the pirates found a barrel of anchovies and immediately began to dig into them and eat them. The priest then slapped him in the face and said: Don't you know that it is Lent now and you are not allowed to eat fish? - So you can murder, but breaking the fast is a sin! [..finally?], [morally?]. - When the ship arrived, there was a tremendous commotion among (1_01_007) the gondoliers; everyone wanted to be first at the starting point; one kept pushing the other away, cursing and shouting, no one begrudged the other the profit.

I was told the following about a Turk: A Christian bought grain from a Turk; the Christian gave him 3 coins too much without his knowledge. After several years the Christian was sitting in a coffee house when a Turk came up to him and said: You probably don't know me anymore, you once bought grain from me and gave me 3 coins too much, here I am giving them back to you. The Christian, astonished, said, keep them. Well then, take them in your hands first and then give them to me when you want to give them to me. The Christian did so, gave them from his hands, and the Turk said goodbye without further thanks. Next to the island of Syra lies the island of Tinos, which produces tall, beautiful women who, when they have a child, give it to their relatives to keep and then, as long as they have milk, avoid going to Smyrna to be wet nurses.

We are already in a southern climate here, the sun shines very warmly during the day, so that one had to be very careful not to stay in it for long without the proper head covering; we had experienced this yesterday when we had camped in it on the ships; everyone had suffered from headaches. In the evening everything was wet with dew. - I was very sorry that I had no souvenir of Syra in the herbarium, the approaching night prevented me from doing so.

Tuesday, February 14th. At 1:30 a.m. the Cydnus finally continued its journey. It rained in the morning, but after 2 hours the sun was shining brightly again, although it remained cold all day. At about 11 a.m. the famous island of Chio lay before us. Along the coast, stretching out, were the towns of Masticho and [Karo?] [etc.?]; above them the ruins of a castle. There is a lot of mastic building there, which is mainly used to make a kind of brandy, raki; pouring it into water makes it white, like our absinthe. In the distance to the right lay the Asian shore, the province of Soghla, which we came very close to at about 2 p.m.

The first foothills form gently rising hills on which several villages are located, but not a single bush was to be seen. Further in the background

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

steeply rising whitish mountains, of which the highest peaks, Mons Mi-mas, were covered with snow, just as on Chios. The Chiots are capable merchants, a Jew can never compete with one. Since the invasion of the Turks in 1822, they have been found throughout the Orient.

The Promontorium Melaena or Kara Bouroun forms many small hills with valleys in its foothills, in which vegetation, olives, flowering peaches, etc. grow. Towards evening, the snow fields of the Mahmout Dagħ or Tmolus Mons shone above Smyrna in the rosy light of the setting sun. At around 6 p.m. we entered the port of Smyrna, but unfortunately we had to stay on the ship, because the sun had already set half an hour ago, along with the Turkish authorities who were employed for quarantine purposes.

Wednesday, February 15th. It rained like crazy and didn't stop for most of the day. Smyrna was a very beautiful sight from the ship, the mountains covered in fresh greenery, the churchyard planted with slender cypresses to the right of the city, the slender minarets, etc. gave it a picturesque appearance. Shimmering lighthouses. The port population was pushing and shoving at the ship. There was a lot of shouting among themselves, one black man in particular was very angry and seemed to be very bitter about an Armenian; he rowed after him and both of them faced each other with large oars, ready to fight.

After both had looked at each other angrily in this position (1_01_008) long enough, they went apart in silence.

At 10 o'clock I had myself rowed across in a caique for 1 franc and asked for Brother Janson's bookshop. I was received very kindly by him; he then took me to my friend Kuhn, who was sitting in his office and was very happy. Unfortunately the weather was too bad for us to go for walks, so we had to rely on the few coffee houses like Captain Paulo's, Café de la bourse, etc. In the former we found good Viennese beer; where wouldn't there be beer when there are Germans, of which there are about 110 in Smyrna. (Knickebein is also present). At 8:30 we went to the Italian opera, Norma, which was abnormal. The singers made little effort, as the theater was very poorly attended.

The building itself is very elegant, round, surrounded by lodges, four of them one above the other, the ground floor is for the general public. I would have liked to visit the Masonic lodge, which held a reception in Armenian that evening in II and III, but the long journey prevented us from doing so. There are four of them in Smyrna, German, Turkish, Armenian and Italian, the last of which only opened recently. They work according to the English system.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Mr. Louis Meier, a merchant who has a fine coin collection, recommended that I go to Baghdad and Bassora to Dr. Asché, and Brother Janson to the Austrian consul Svobodah in Baghdad, whose brother is a photographer in Smyrna and a freemason. As a numismatic note, Louis Meyer told me the following: coins of no value in Syria are all those with Latin inscriptions; those with Greek writing, on the other hand, are good, except for those of Basileus Alexander, Philippus and Athens. In Beirut, Aleppo and Jerusalem, you don't need to buy coins, as they are almost all counterfeit. In general, you only have to pay the approximate metal value.

The Germans in Smyrna are a notable exception compared to those in other cities. They all stick together, have a support group, a very well-organized fire brigade, etc. I also met Brother Lippold and Brother Lohmann. Smyrna had also had gas lighting for a few weeks, but unfortunately the pipe storage caused a lot of problems. If they were dug into the street, you would immediately come into contact with water, so the pipes were right under the pavement. Pavement, if you can call it that. In the narrow streets, even during the day, if you're not careful, you run the risk of breaking your arm and leg. There were deep holes everywhere, into which the rainwater shot with force. The narrow streets have something very constricting about them for us Europeans; you instinctively direct your steps towards the open air outside the city. At night in particular, you cannot go out without a lantern. In the narrow dead-end streets it is even forbidden to go without a lit lantern, otherwise you will be arrested. This is also necessary because of the character of the people, otherwise murders would easily occur. The goings-on of the people in the streets are very entertaining: Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Franks, Jews, etc., all mixed together.

You can see a lot of citron lemons, figs, oranges, dates, etc. The figs are always dipped in sea water before being exported, which is why they have a salty taste. Smyrna has 210,000 inhabitants. There is a railway to Aidin, another to Magnesia to Constantinople; the latter is only a few hours away. The company is cheating. In Smyrna I bought a saddle for 105 francs, a fez for about 2 [francs?], a tobacco tin, [several?]

[Speaking books?].

(1_01_009) *Thursday, February 16, 1965.* After saying goodbye to all my dear friends in Smyrna, I rowed back to the Cydnus accompanied by my friend Kuhn. To my horror, over 300 Turkish soldiers, a number of Circassians who had emigrated, Nogair, a Tartar tribe, and Armenian families had been taken on board. On the one hand, I liked it, I could study the peoples a little, on the other hand, it was also unpleasant, because the walks on board were now over. Everywhere there were

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

these people were piled together like herrings, and you had to be very careful not to get too close to them, they were full of vermin. I found the Circassians particularly unpleasant, wrapped in thick sheepskins and hats that gave off a peculiar smell of rancid fat, as they had rubbed fat all over their bodies. They were beautiful figures, but very run down by the misery. One in particular was dying, wrapped in blankets, he lay on the deck, gasping for air and awaiting his end. They made a sad impression on me. It was no less entertaining to watch the Armenian families who were making the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Women barely 12 years old breastfed their children in plain sight, the men rocked them in their arms; sometimes they sang psalms, sometimes funny songs. All three peoples always kept separate and formed three quarters on the ship. The Turkish soldiers, who of course had to hand over all their weapons, performed their national dances in the evening to the sound of flutes and a very simple type of guitar.

Mr. Salzman used the following analogy: humanity makes a path for itself that is provided with barriers. The path is covered with rough stones, but next to it there are green meadows, the birds are singing, etc., but no one thinks of choosing the path that is not. Now and then a sensible person comes along who jumps over these barriers; but immediately the crowd comes and shouts: stone him, he is a sectarian, and stones fly at him so that he must soon be defeated. Now and then one of them says: but just look how we are running our feet bloody, but he is immediately appeased: console yourself, the path could be covered with broken glass, that would be even worse. Finally someone comes and shouts: you have all been donkeys, you are running your feet raw, when you have the good path next to you. Then humanity, now more reasonable, cheers him, tears down the barriers again and lights bonfires in his honor. The barriers are the priests who lead people on a path they have determined, but before they realize this and think about it, they prefer to run their feet sore. Later, however, they change the inscription on the cross, and instead of INRI, they read in capital letters: Reason.

At 2 o'clock all the goods were finally loaded, the anchor was pulled, and the journey continued. At about 5 o'clock we were back at Cap Kara Bouroun, whose green mountains left a friendly impression. Unfortunately, the approaching night prevented any view of Chios, whose lighthouse was flashing at us. There were only two passengers left on the ship from Marseille, Mr. Biliodi and Mr. Salzman, and we were almost the only passengers in second class; there was no one left in first class.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

In Smyrna we were joined by a Greek bishop who was travelling to Konia and Nigde for Easter to hold religious celebrations there. He was a handsome man, with a large black beard and a stocky figure; he liked me, often shook my hand and was generally very friendly. Unfortunately we were unable to talk to each other at all, as his little French was always quickly exhausted, but not his thirst for wine at the table. Another travelling companion was an Arab from Aleppo, with a very good-natured appearance, who was as happy as a child about the few scraps of French he had picked up on his travels. He couldn't get along with his bed in the cabin at all, he came out and said that someone would bring him a bed, as he didn't have one in there.

(1_01_010) *Friday, February 17, 65.* [Places] [At daybreak] Cni-dus with Capo Crio (cold cape) lay on the right. [Places] In the mountains were panthers that Mr. Salzmann's oxen had torn to pieces during the night. Before that, on the right, was Nisyros, on which there is a constantly active volcano, particularly a lot of sulphur deposits; the soil of the island is always warm. Tilo follows on the right, opposite on the left Symi, on which the monastery of Panermioti is; its fields are opposite on the right on the small island of Seskli, which was covered with evergreen round bushes, while Syme is completely bare. About 20-30 years ago, these islands were still covered with the most luxuriant forests, but the ignorance of the Turkish government has completely destroyed them. In order to obtain coal, the forests were set on fire, but they did not care whether they burned millions of dollars worth of wood in the process, as long as they could only get coal for a few thousand francs. This reminds us of the fable of the hen that laid golden eggs and was slaughtered to obtain more. Something similar happened on Rhodes. Ships were built there because of the beautiful wood, but the people had to do forced labor. In order to avoid this, however, they set fire to their forests, and of course shipbuilding had to stop because of the lack of wood.

From Rhodes you can often see burning forests in Anatolia for weeks.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock we saw Rhodes in the distance, where the table-shaped mountain at Jalisos immediately catches the eye. Nearby lies the old Camirus, which is usually shown too far south on maps. Old Phoenician city; at the time of the Knights of St. John, an arm of St. John was kept there. A stop for pilgrims during the Crusades.

We landed on Rhodes at 1 o'clock. The lighthouse stands on the site of the old colossus, of which many remains can probably still be found in the sand on the seashore. Digging is difficult, however, because the water always seeps in. The city is extremely interesting because of the many ruins of the Knights of St. John. Coats of arms with the cross, various animals, flowers and inscriptions are everywhere, as well as many holy figures.

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

The tall date palms give an interesting appearance. The vegetation was very lush. [Pfl] Short stay with Mr. Billiodi and Mr. Salzmänn, the latter very nicely furnished, pretty woman, Italian, but no children.

Herbarium of Madam Salzmänn, souvenirs. Mr. Billiodi gave me recommendations to take to Aleppo to the Chancellor of the French Consul, Mr. Merel, and to Mr Vigoureux.

At 4 o'clock we left Rhodes again. We were very sorry when the two gentlemen said goodbye; we had grown fond of each other during the journey from Marseille, especially as they were the only ones I could still talk to. There were now only three of us left, the Arab from Aleppo and the Greek bishop who was going to Koniah. Both of them could only be spoken to by signs. 150 Turkish soldiers had disembarked in Rhodes, but it was always difficult to get through the deck. During the day they looked for certain animals on each other's heads. The sick Circassian was completely buried under sheets, all you could hear was groaning; he was just skin and bones; he refused the bouillon that was offered to him (1_01_011), and he also did not want to be put in third class. These people have their own ideas; they would rather die like dogs than change their ideas. The Greek bishop was very busy with the two pretty young Armenian girls and in the evening he made it clear to me that if I wanted to have them he only had to say a word; but I thanked him. The weather was splendid all day long, the sun shone hotly, but the north-west wind was fresh, which is particularly the case at Rhodes, where it is like this all year round. In the evening the weather was splendid, oppressively warm.

Saturday, February 18th. It had rained during the night, which did not seem to have been pleasant for the Circassians etc. on deck.

In the morning we saw nothing but sky and water. The weather was calm. Only now and then could one see the Asian shores through the clouds of the Cilicia landscape, namely the snow-covered peaks of M. Androcus. In the evening it began to rain and continued all night.

Sunday, February 19th, and so we arrived in Mersina at 9 a.m. in torrential rain. Here the Greek bishop left us with his servant; he had previously asked for my visiting card; I had him write his name in my album. Canal started under Ibrahim Pasha. He had a dispute before his departure; his servant had always been in second class, had had the same food, etc., but did not want to pay extra because he had taken his ticket for third cabin. In the end, however, he had to agree to do so. I would have liked to get off in Mersina, but the rain did not stop all day. The mountains recede here.

Nearby is the river Cydnus. The color of the sea struck me, large

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Long stretches were dirty yellowish, others were a beautiful blue; it was like that throughout the entire harbor.

Monday, February 20th. At 5 o'clock the ship continued its journey, and when we awoke at 6 o'clock we were anchored off Alexandretta. Slimy jellyfish in the sea: [Txt]. When I arrived, 1 Russian steamer, 3 English frigates and the French Cydnus were anchored. The date palm was almost a solitary plant on the beach, and it doesn't produce any good fruit. [Places]

I got out and went to the Austrian consul, Mr. Colacichi; I returned to the ship with his nephews, collected the effects and took them to the customs; after donating 6 piastres, they were only searched superficially. I stayed in the hotel, which has been in existence for 6 months. In the afternoon, a short excursion to the neighboring marshes: [Pfl]. The houses in the town were almost all surrounded by marshes, mostly stables of dwellings; the foundations were built of boulders from the sea. Streets were extremely dirty.

Towards the evening it started to rain heavily again.

At noon I visited the English consul, Dr. Grabscheidt, but it was unfortunate. His mother had died an hour earlier and he was very depressed, all the more so as he was now standing here all alone, without friends or acquaintances. In the hotel there was an Englishman, Mr. Thompson, who had long ago given in to drink; he only spoke English. The innkeepers were very pleasant; the young woman was from Athens.

To the south of the town is the meeting place for the camels, mules, etc. for the caravans. A lot of bleached bones lie on the seashore, gnawed by dogs. Mountains an hour away, particularly interesting is the mountain gorge [Skisa?].

(1_01_012) *Tuesday, February 21st.* Yesterday's plants were put away early and the boxes were arranged for the onward journey. Afternoon excursion to the mountains: Iris, legumes, Cytisus spinescens, Anemone oriental. in the most varied colors in the pastures; [plants] etc. On the way home I met Dr. Grabscheidt's servant, I would like to come to him. He was very depressed about the death of his 56-year-old mother. He wants to give me letters to take to Aleppo and Diarbekir.

Wednesday, February 22nd. Rain early, but the weather clears up around 9 a.m. I get my things ready for departure. Unfortunately, the Russian ship that the caravan to Aleppo was waiting for did not arrive. So I had to stay here today. The houses with sloping thatched roofs are covered with cow dung. Iskenderun seems to be growing in importance. Malaria could be easily eradicated by canals. The sea is said to recede here by a foot a year. On walks around the houses in the village

I found Hypecoum, [Pfl], Calendula arvensis and two kinds of mallow in full bloom, unfortunately not flowering. [Pfl] Most of the houses consist only of huts, built of wood, the partition walls of corrugated wood, covered with cow dung flats on the outside. In the stone houses, the walls are filled with boulders from the sea. [Many?] small donkeys [in?].

The new hotel at the northern end of the town has been owned for 6 months by a young Montenegrin who keeps it in good condition.

I spent the evening in pleasant company at Dr. Grabscheidt's; on the way there I once got caught between the dogs, another time I got stuck in the mud. Most people go out with burning pieces of wood. On the seashore there were tent camps of Arabs who were squatting around the flickering fire. Europeans are careful not to stay outside for long in the evenings, the damp is harmful.

Thursday, February 23rd. Stormy early, overcast sky; warm. The two steamboats arrived during the night, a Russian Theresa and a French one. Around midday the caravan from Aleppo also arrived. For my onward journey I had bought a Rafiat at the customs office for 38 piastres and 48 para for my three bales of paper; without this I would have had to pay again at the customs office in Beilan. I had to stay here today too, because the Muckar were tired from the journey from Aleppo. The Kourir did not come because of the high water level. I spoke to two sisters of charity from Vienna who were collecting money from all over the world for an orphanage in Vienna; they had been in Aleppo and had suffered a lot from the high water level on the way. But how can Vienna tolerate money being collected in Syria when the people themselves have nothing! - An English sailor had his money stolen today in a so-called coffee house here, so he came to the English consul, with whom I was at the time, so that he could take the necessary steps. The English consul had received a letter to the governor of Beilan: an Englishman had recently been robbed there. The governor was therefore instructed that if he did not find the culprit, the matter would be reported to the English ambassador in Constantinople, who would then work to have the governor removed from his position.

In the hotel here I had to pay 140 piasters for the 4 days. For the onward journey it was agreed that I had to pay 1 Turkish livre for each horse to Aleppo. - Heavy rain again in the evening. Colacichi gave me sausage and Grabscheidt biscuits for the journey. [Spr]

Friday, February 24th. South of Alexandretta lies the large castle, built in an octagonal shape from ashlar, in ruins, surrounded by swamps; during the reign of the Egyptian Mamluk sultans, it was intended to repel the landing of Turkish troops before the conquest of Syria by the Ottomans.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

was built in 1517. It was called Castell Scanderbeg, which is the same Castell Gottfr. v. Bouillon.

It rained heavily all day, making it impossible to set off on a journey.

My patience was put to the test. In the afternoon and evening there were very strong thunderstorms with thunderstorms; I cannot remember ever having experienced such strong thunderstorms in Germany; but the sound of thunder in the mountains is also very powerful. During the day we had another argument with Mukr, the horse hirer; he wanted to charge me 4 ½ horses for a small Colli, but Colacichi absolutely did not agree to this; so that he could not cheat me in Aleppo, the deal was made in a contract that I would pay 4 Turkish livres for 4 horses to Aleppo. The journey is to leave tomorrow at 8 o'clock, but I believe that we will still be here tomorrow; the waters are probably so large now that we will not be able to cross. To pass the time in the evening during the thunderstorm, a gentleman played the barrel organ, the only musical instrument, apart from the piano of the French consul Mr. Gardelli, in Alexandretta. My room was completely flooded, and the rain was pouring in through the roof. There was such a strong smell of ammonia in Mrs. Thompson's room that I asked him if he had broken any ammonia bottles; the smell came from wool that was stored in the rooms below.

Saturday, February 25th. The weather was fine in the morning, but the inevitable rain soon began again; I lost all hope of leaving; finally at 10 o'clock the sky cleared up, and at 2 o'clock we finally set off on our journey in fine weather. In the old castle of Iskenderun, which now belongs to the Khan [...?], the goods were loaded up, as were the horses. One horse alone carried my two large boxes. We had ridden through the swamps of Alexandretta with difficulty; in the ditches I noticed a (1_01_014) batrachium with long-stemmed flowers that protruded far above the water, unfortunately I [did not get to it?]. [Places]

We had barely left the swamps and passed the first foothills when magnificent specimens of Cyclamen Aleppicum adorned the bushes everywhere; in addition, Anemone orientalis. [Pfl] the bushes consisted mostly of Pistacia Lentis-cus, Arbutus Andrachne, 3 kinds of Quercus, Q. Aegilops, Pinus Halepensis, which a spinner does a lot of damage to. [Pfl] The view from there of the sea and Alexandretta, in the background the snow-capped mountains near Adana, the Amanus, was magnificent. The path was extremely bad, the horses often wanted to sink, once even my bales of paper fell right in the middle of the mud; I did not want to see how things are prepared here. The path is hewn through rocks. On the same road to Beilan we passed a camp of camels grazing on the bushes; 3-4 tents were set up next to

beat; we also had to endure rain, towards Beilan the rock changed, a blackish chlorite slate took the place of the limestone. [Pfl]

Towards evening we arrived in the [Dunkales?] ravine near Beilan, rode through the large village and went to the Khan. A young Arab asked me in Italian if I wanted to go with him to the local consul, which I of course said yes to.

It was Jacob Barsawall, whom I already knew by name. I was received very kindly, a horse was taken back to the khan, and I made myself comfortable by the fire. I was immediately given a place of honor next to the master of the house, while the woman tried to prepare a meal. Onions fried on an iron. The bread was in the shape of our pancakes, but bad; she took great care to serve me well, and the meal ended with a sweet honey dish with noodles; in between we drank mastic with water, the rain became worse and worse, in fact it rained all night long.

The location of Beilan is very beautiful between the mountains, which unfortunately are very bare because of the water; there are deep gullies and waterfalls everywhere. The village is very unevenly built, always uphill, downhill; you are often on the roof of a house without even knowing it. They are all small huts built out of earth with flat roofs, no windows, that is, just holes to look out of.

Sunday, February 26th. Early in the morning I took advantage of the momentary cessation of the rain to climb around the mountain a bit. The botanical yield was: an *Urtica pilulifera* with a thick tubular stem, large leaves and thorns, a small round shrub with mimosa leaves, etc. The rain began again with intensity and we had to stay here again. I went to the bazaar and bought (1_01_015) a tschibuk; then I looked at the large Turkish bath, called a hamam, next to it is the dschamie with its flattened roof, from which one tower [rises?] with two round domes.

At night the [undulating?] voice of the muezzin made an impression in the silence; Allah hök bör, la Allah illalah, Allah hök bör, la Allah illalah etc. A cannon shot announced the end of Ramazan. The family showed great curiosity for English; I had to teach them a lot of words. Everywhere I found the German Dr., as Kotschy was called, in good memory. The old man showed me a deer horn, which Kotschy had forgotten. Breakfast consisted of finely chopped onions kneaded together with a kind of dough and fried. After every meal the wash basin was passed around. During the day the family lay on the blankets and slept. My hands are quite sore from all the prickly plants.

The girls had all dyed their nails red, and their hair was also red; they had worthless coins hanging from their heads as jewelry. The women

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

had wrapped themselves in large red cloths that reached to the ground on the street; when I met some of them, they turned around and waited until I had passed.

Today they worked a lot on the roofs, because water was getting into the buildings everywhere. To stamp the stones down, they use a large, long, round stone, which they roll back and forth on ropes. The construction of the houses is very simple: the back is made of natural rocks wherever possible, then a few supporting beams are put up, a few cross beams are laid over them, then waves and enough earth are put over the whole thing, which is then stamped down. I have to write on my knees. In the evening we all sat around the fire in a very patriarchal manner, first I, then the master of the house, and then the family came. At dinner, the two of us crouched on carpets, with a bowl of Halwah, a sweet honey dish, in front of us. The rest of the family crouched around another bowl at a distance. In the evening, cannon shots announced the celebration of the Beiram festival. [Txt] The population of Beilan consists of 300 Turks and 200 Armenians. Rain all night, but towards morning the sky cleared.

Monday, February 27, al-itsnain, ab'sah ichrin chobath. At 7 o'clock my mukkar came to tell me that the journey should continue in 1 hour. My bill was 40 piastres. Early in the morning, cannon fire to celebrate the Beiram festival.

Next to the mosque and on the roof there was a crowd of Turks who, when they heard the voice of the priest who was in the mosque pronouncing the name of Allah, fell to their knees, laid their upper bodies on the ground, and then covered their faces with both hands.

The air was fresh, but heavy clouds still hung over the mountains. Next to our house, fig trees were rooted in the rocks, and there were also many mulberries. In the ravine, two stone water pipes. View of the sea from above. To my horror, the Katirdschi came to tell me that the caravan could not go any further today, the waters were too great, and we would have to wait until tomorrow. On one hand, I was happy about it, and took advantage of the tolerable weather to go on an excursion to the mountains to the northeast, just above Beilan, to the so-called Giaur Dagh. The Gysyl Dagh lies on the opposite side of the village; the Nahr Beilan forms both mountains and also divides the village into two parts.

Accompanied by one of my landlord's sons, we climbed up the rock walls. [Pfl] (1_01_016) Further up in the evergreen oak bushes I was delighted by a red-flowering cyclamen, which is found there in great abundance; the locals call it Manafschar. A blue-flowering anemone was also common in the bushes, and in fallow fields there was one similar to the Pulsatilla with large blue flowers, called Lalae. [Pfl] At midday we were

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

We returned home; as the plants had become very dirty, I had to wash them and spread them out to dry. At 1 o'clock I had to go to the khan to open my customs boxes, which also cost me 6 piastres, although my host told me to give 10, but as I had only given 6 in Alexandretta, I did not do so.

Then I went, accompanied by my son, to the east side of Beilan, along the road to Halep; on the wall there was a lot of *Clypeola Jonthlaspi*. [Pfl]

Valeriana in rocky places; I only saw a few *Juniperus* bushes above Beilan; *Ephedra* frequently in rocky places. Some mosses were also collected. Towards evening we returned home and after I had strengthened myself with pillau, I began to pickle, while my sons and the old man lit me with burning pine sticks. The journey was to begin very early, so I needed to sleep; but the night began again with incessant heavy rain, and the hope of departure was once again dashed for today. [Quoted]

Tuesday, February 28, al-tsalatsa, tsamaniah ichrin chobath. Rain upon awakening. I am busy with the plant transplanting and the diaries.

In the morning the son of the house took me to the Armenian church; from the outside I would not have thought it was one. In front of the building was a kind of forecourt, on which a two-foot long iron sheet was suspended between two beams, which was used to call the faithful to silence. The interior of the church was spacious, without any seats, the altar facing east, but it was covered by a blue curtain with a large cross on it. In addition to the Armenian inhabitants of Beilan, there are five Armenian villages beyond Antakia: Kessab, Joghun Oghlu, Kebse, Hadscha Kabli and Bitias, all of which have one bishop. Since yesterday the Armenians have been fasting, which means they do not eat meat. Every evening and morning the head of the house said his prayers; he knelt facing east, took off his turban, spoke quietly and often crossed himself. Praying seemed to be the responsibility of the head of the house (1_01_017), I did not notice it among the other family members. The woman was busy spinning cotton with a very simple instrument. The long end was rolled tightly on the knees and then held suspended in the air as long as it rotated, winding up the thread. [Character]

The Turkish cemetery was at the eastern end of the town, without a fence, only rough stones testify to the final resting place; it occupies a wide area of the mountain slope towards Nahr Beilan; only at the lower end did I notice a pretty tomb. [Quotation] – I probably caught a cold yesterday, I had a bad headache today, which was made worse by the constant smoke in the room. I spent the evening on the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Balcony, oppressively warm air, the stars and the moon shone so pure and bright in the cloudless sky that I spent a long time outside lost in thought. I hoped for a fine morning and therefore for an immediate departure; but I had not reckoned with the innkeeper.

Wednesday, March 1st, al-arba'a. 1st adar. During the night I was awakened from my rest by violent claps of thunder, and a heavy downpour taught me once again that it was impossible to leave today. I was fed up with the endless waiting; in 9 days I had only got 3 hours, how long will it take if it continues like this before I get to Aleppo?

By midday it was even snowing in thick flakes. Some names of plants in Arabic here in Beilan: [SprPfl].

(1_01_018) Around midday I made an excursion to the left bank of the Nahr Beilan, as the snow and rain had stopped. Here the flora is very different from that on the other bank. [Pfl] Suddenly I was surprised by a large wild boar, which were called Lasambudrub here, or wurmala in Turkish; they are common here. In the ravines where streams rushed, there were dense bushes of *Laurus nobilis*, [Pfl] *Clematis*, a shrub like a locust tree, and another with pods, [Pfl] a flowering *Prunus* species. Walnut trees were often planted along the Nahr Beilan, under their shade were *Rhagadiolus*. [Pfl]

I made my way back along the Nahr Beilan, whose beauty I only discovered then. The number of waterfalls that roar through the large, wildly jumbled rocks, the rich flora, the mountains on both sides, and from there the romantically situated Beilan, all this creates a picture that is not easily forgotten. Wild figs grow everywhere on the rocks. [Pfl] On the north side of Beilan there are large ruins of an old castle, which are now mostly flooded with water. In front of them there is an old plane tree, which is completely hollow inside, blackened by fire, and has a circumference of [...] meters. It could certainly tell us a lot about the negligence of the Turks. Beilan consists of 4 parts, 3 parts lie to the left of the river on 3 foothills.

Thursday, March 2nd. In the morning I made a short excursion to the right bank of the Nahr Beilan, but found nothing new except *Lysimachia Linum stellatum*, which I had already observed at Alexandretta. [Pfl] The weather was splendid, I would have liked to use the afternoon for the excursion, but I had no more paper to put in. Cotton was being dried on the roofs.

Tomorrow the journey will finally continue.

Friday, March 3rd. At 6 o'clock the Katirtschi came and brought my horse saddled to me. I was still in bed when he called. We ate something straight away, settled my bill, which was 90 piastres, and off we went.

we finally set off. The weather was bad, the air warm, and at about 9 o'clock it was raining heavily all the way to Umrad. The highest point of the pass was reached in 1 ½ hours. Via Beilan we passed caravan campsites, where there are 5 old plane trees and a spring. In addition to remarkably strong trees of *Arbutus Andrachne*, *Daphne sericea*, evergreen oaks, I noticed an Iris related to *I. persica* and a red and white *Ophrys*.

(1_01_019) Having crossed the pass, there were numerous *Rubus* hedges and mighty *Saccharum Ravennae* by a stream. On the red clay that began here, I noticed a small red *Malcolmia* along the path. [Pfl] The path was very bad, the mules and horses often slipped, often sinking almost up to their bellies in the deep holes in the path. Finally we reached a kind of plateau, and before us lay the wide plain of Antioch with Lake Ak Denis, which had now taken up the whole plain. We rode along the slope of a bare limestone mountain, the path was not all that bad, at least compared to the one we had passed. Now and again we came to places where the fields were covered with magnificent large dark red flowers of the *Anemone orient.*, with *Hypocoum*. [Pfl] Once in the valley, the difficult task of crossing the river Kara Ssu began, which had become very swollen due to the constant rain. The current was so strong that a pack horse, caught in the current, swam away and drowned. The horses were up to their bellies. [Places]

From here the path continued on the plain, which was densely covered with anemones and aroids. The many mostly square hills are striking in the plain, which are called Telle and are said to have served as signals for the military in the past. Numerous scattered villages with earthen houses, whose herds find pastures here. The rain became heavier and heavier, it even closed, and finally no one knew how to get to Ain Baitha. The plain became a large lake due to the overflow of the Umrad. There was no way to get to Ain Baitha, and it was decided to spend the night in one of the Turkmen villages. In the village of Umrad

[Murad?] was accommodated overnight.

I was with an Arab Christian from Aleppo, who was living in one of these stables with his sick father, who suffered from dysentery. I had met him in Beilan. Through him I learned that they had wanted to kill me in Beilan, because they did not want a Giaour to get to know their mountains. The houses were just stables, with so much dirt on the outside that one often sank up to one's knees in it. A fire was immediately lit to dry our wet clothes and to warm us.

It didn't take long before our stable was full of people who all came

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

were there to see the Firengi; my clothes, especially my scarf, everything was felt and admired. When they heard that I was Hekim, everyone thought they were sick and reached out their hand to feel my pulse. Many came who were covered with sores. Some girls also came to admire me, they wore large chains of coins in their hair and around their necks. After we had strengthened ourselves with pillau and freshly baked bread, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly until morning. [Quoted]

(1_01_020) *Saturday, March 4th.* In the morning it was still raining heavily, so that there was no prospect of leaving. We now regretted not having gone via Antioch. When the rain had stopped a little, I visited the surrounding meadows, which had a lush vegetation such as I had never seen in Germany. It was mainly mallows, which sometimes almost reached man height. [Pfl] The earth was rich, black humus soil. –

During the day a man was sent to a village above the water to get boats so that we could cross Lake [Phundo?]. He asked for 1 Turkish livre for it. He received some, and so it was decided to set off early the next morning. I would have preferred to wait on the opposite side, because there were mountains here that must have yielded a good harvest at this time of year. On the water there were whole flocks of ducks, on land flocks of starlings and a number of large birds of prey that sat quietly on the surrounding stalks and ate and were not at all shy. In the evening we bought a good portion of tobacco leaves.

Sunday, March 5th. We were supposed to leave early, but no boat was in sight. Finally, at 11 o'clock, they arrived and the whole caravan set off. The goods were loaded into the long caiques, often so deep that at the slightest movement of the water I thought I could see them sink. Each of us had to pay 20 francs for the boat for the three of us.

The horses all had to swim. In half an hour we had reached the large stone bridge of Sultan Mahmud. The 12 arches were barely visible, the water level was so high. It is astonishing to find such a beautiful bridge here; it has no railings at all. At the end of it was a kind of island, on which there was a lot of arum, narcissus and an iris between the stones. [Pfl] We were waiting for our horses here, which would not arrive for about half an hour. The crossing was bad, the boatmen's calls to Allah could be heard from far away. - From the bridge a stone path led on a dam, which had been torn down by the water in some places, for a good half an hour to the foot of the opposite mountain. A few black tent camps of Kurds and a few villages lay at the entrance to this valley plain between two mountains, whose herds of cows were grazing in the rich plain. We met a camel caravan here that was heading for Alexandretta and was only expecting low water. After we

After riding along the foot of the mountain for a quarter of an hour, the path continued on the plain again. [Pfl]

It rained terribly until we reached Ain Beitha, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. This place lies on the side of a hill and, like the others, is made up of stables made of reeds and dirt. Our quarters were in one of these. The place is terribly dirty, there are lots of dogs, so that you were not allowed to go out, especially in the evening. Here, as in the whole plain, there are big, strong white dogs with short hair. The place lies on 2 hills, on the top of a third hill is the isolated old khan, a ruin, but without any inscriptions; at the foot of it is the new khan, of good construction, which is the only stone building. At the foot of the hill on which (1_01_021) the main town lies, there is a large spring of the most beautiful, clear water, which comes from limestone rocks. It is very deep. In the swamp next to it, there were a lot of turtles sitting on protruding stones; Lots of black mussels in the spring and in the ditches. Heavy thunderstorm in the evening.

Monday, March 6. Rain in the morning, as well as alternating rain throughout the day.

I roamed the vicinity: on rocks by the spring in caves *Urtica dioica*. aff.

[Pfl] The hills are all covered with sharp blistered rocks, often showing deep caves. In such caves and cracks behind the village of *Aristolochia*. [Pfl]

Towards evening the inhabitants brought a wild boar which had been shot near the village. [Plant] For burning in the evening the people use the small prickly *Poterium spinosum* and dried *Cartha*-must stems. The fields were full of young thistles and spotted *Silybum*.

Excursion in a thunderstorm. Towards evening I received a visitor, a Mr. Lenfant from Marseille had come from Aleppo, wanted to go to Alexandretta and had now heard from the inhabitants that a Frankish *hekim* had arrived. Since he could not talk to the people, he was very happy to find me. He had had himself brought here on a stretcher.

He also had to wait a long time before he could cross the water.

Tuesday, March 7th. We set out early in the morning to reach Turmanin today. The path first led into the valley, but then up hills that formed a plateau. It was full of blistered volcanic stones that made it difficult for the horses to walk. Here too, the asphodel covered all sides. [Places] - Many herds, including black sheep, were grazing on the rich pastures. The path went downhill and uphill, and we also came to an unenclosed spring at the foot of a completely bare mountain that had 12 waves, on which El Hammam lies. [Quotation] The path then led over clayey fields, but then became extremely difficult; namely *Arum* and *Dracunculus* species covered the fields.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

At 4 o'clock we arrived at the banks of the Nahr Afrin, but it was so violent and large that we could not dare to cross it. The horses were unloaded and we prepared for the night. I set up my tent and bed. In order to make the water of the river somewhat drinkable, I boiled it; $\frac{1}{4}$ of the glass was thick mud. The weather was splendid all day, especially in the evening; we sat around the flickering fire and ate ham and bread. As the area was unsafe, one after the other kept watch in the tent with the light burning, the gun and revolver loaded beside us. At the Afrin I collected *Erophila brachycarpa*, which is widespread throughout the Orient. [Pfl] (1_01_022) In particular, a small shrub of $\frac{1}{2}$ ' height was very widespread; only dry remains remained, round shape of the shrubs, with large thorns; seemed like a mimosa. The banks were covered with dense oleander bushes, no other trees or bushes.

At our camp site, the Afrin flowed from northeast to west. Half an hour upstream there was a Kurdish village, and another quarter of an hour downstream on the left bank. But we had had enough and didn't want to sleep in such stables any more and pay too much. In Murad we had had to pay 1 Turkish livre just to sleep between the cows, without food.

Wednesday, March 8th. In the morning several Turkish soldiers came from Aleppo and assured us that the way was good, [once?] crossing the river. At 4 o'clock we ventured to cross. Each horse had a guide from the neighboring villages. In the middle of the river, it was as if you could not see or hear anything because of the strong current. One horse sank and was close to drowning, but it was saved. After everyone had paid their guide 13 piastres after a long quarrel, we continued on our way. The fields were covered with lush grain on the red clay soil. [Pfl]

We found ourselves on a kind of plateau, and after 2 hours I even noticed trees on the left side of a mountain, probably mulberry trees, a phenomenon that is very striking, since everything around is bare and only shows asphodel.

The path continued on the plateau, which was thickly covered with blistered volcanic rock. In front of us lay the Jebel Sheikh Barakat, as the natives had described it to me, on whose summit a chapel shone from afar. Here began the first villages of stone houses, of which many were scattered here. Two lava flows emanated from the Jebel Sheikh Barakat. The emerald green of the fields between them in the valleys is surprising, which contrasts beautifully with the grey of the bare mountains, which look like a vast field of death. We passed the village of Hasri, with many ruins, probably caused by earthquakes.

After half an hour, after having taken our way through fields, we arrived in Turmanin, where we stayed with a Turk near

men. It is a nicely built place, with a mosque, bath etc. To the east there are large gardens with olive trees and almonds. In the evenings there are eggs, pillau and yoghurt. The three of us paid 70 piastres. The yellow texiera was common in the fields and between the volcanic rocks there was a muscari commutatum with bluish-violet flowers, a galium with white flowers adhaerens, a sedum with red stems and white flowers. Splendid weather.

Thursday, March 9th. At 7 a.m. we continued our journey in fine weather. We climbed the mountain behind the village between gardens, then stayed for a long time on the plateau, which always showed this volcanic rock.

Large gardens with fig trees, in which the red silene colored everything. On the mountains a small, white bulbous iris. Only now and then green fields of crops in the valleys. Towards midday we reached a spring, to the left of the mountain there were many ruins, columns were scattered around, and a well-preserved portal was also visible. Kurds had pitched their black tents next to it. In a damp place near a ruin there was a white iris $\frac{1}{2}$ ' high. [Pfl] We kept going up and down between the mountains, new mountains kept appearing in front of us. The path then continued in a valley gorge. [Pfl]

(1_01_023) At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we finally reached a very deep, from a cistern built over a house, from where Aleppo, the long-awaited one, suddenly lay before us. The city with its many minarets and domes made a deep impression. Four hours earlier we had already seen a minaret. We then went quickly down the mountain, and by 5 o'clock I found myself under the hospitable roof of the Arab Atschebasch, my travel companion. After we had refreshed ourselves in the Arab way with an evening meal of meat, yoghurt, etc., he received his visitors, which seemed never-ending, namely many women who wore their dresses open in the front according to Arab custom.

II Aleppo and surroundings (10 March–20 April 1865)

Friday, March 10th. In the morning the visits seemed never-ending and I realized that I couldn't have worked here. I decided to pay my visits today, first to Dr. Bischoff from Augsburg. I met him as he was about to leave. An extremely friendly reception; he would not tolerate me staying anywhere but with him, and so I had to have all my things, which I had had brought from the customs in Atschebasch a few hours earlier for 23 piastres and 5 piastres at the customs, brought back to Dr. Bischoff's house for 13 piastres. My first task was to dry the things that were still full of water from the journey. He lives with the family of his pharmacist Tommaso, an Arab. Pretty young woman who didn't smoke. The old woman, however, was smoking her chibuk comfortably. 2 girls and 1 little boy, whom she openly breastfed at the table etc. – The weather was splendid, as it always was from now on.

Saturday, March 11th. In the morning, I set up the house; paper was dried on the large, wide, flat terrace of the house. It was as if it had been made for me to collect plants. In the afternoon, I visited the Prussian consul, Mr. von Piciotto, with Dr. Bischoff, where I found my firman, for which I had to pay 27 ½ piastres. He was an old man with a big beard; his son was very nice. I had long been known and expected everywhere.

Sunday, March 12th. Excursion to Monte Isoledi or Jebel Mu-hassan accompanied by friends Bischoff, Hülse, a Zurich resident at Streiff, and Zollinger, the pharmacist Tomaso, Bocher and others. *Cerastium perfoliat* was growing in the fields outside the city. [Pfl, Zit]

(1_01_024) *Monday, March 13th.* Visit to the Pasha Sureja accompanied by the Prussian consul Raph. de Piciotto and Dr. Bischoff. The consul's cawasses went before us. He received us very warmly. When we entered he stood up from his chair, I was introduced by Piciotto, I just sat down, my pipe and coffee were served immediately. He was dressed entirely in European clothing, except for the red fez. Friendly appearance, large, full black beard. Conversation in Arabic, although he speaks French, but does not like to do so. He had already been informed of our visit; I presented him with my firman. When I expressed my wish to go to Deir, he was very pleased, especially when I praised him for making the previously impassable roads there safe, and how grateful everyone should be to him for this. He immediately returned the compliment, saying that he considered himself lucky that a man like me had been sent by the Prussian government and that he could receive him.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

He would give me an escort of Turkish soldiers for my protection, along with the necessary recommendations. Then we said goodbye, and he shook hands with everyone in a friendly manner. He lives near the old castle. [Quoted]

Tuesday, March 14th. Today I hired my interpreter for 300 piastres a month. Excursion to Bab Allah. In the damp meadows of Brahim Aga there were *Bellis*, *Ranunculus repens*, [Pfl] etc. In the fields there were *Tulipa praecox ruber* Russel. On the walls there were many large lizards. The grass gardens offered a wonderful sight with the blossoming of apricots, peaches and plum trees. [Pfl]

Wednesday, March 15th. Excursion to the hills next to Monte Isoledi, to the right of Aleppo: an *Acanthus*. [Plant] Visit to Mr. Merel, Chancellor of France. Bouton d'Haleb are bumps, usually on the face, less often on the arms and legs, which increase for a while, then fester and gradually decrease again after 7-12 months. Also in Antaki, Diarb., Mardin, Mosul, Baghdad, Ispahan, etc. The wide spread suggests that water cannot be the cause. Barker, English consul, never drank water and yet got it. Not in coastal towns, it is believed that it comes from the consumption of the earth's salt, which is consumed wherever it is found; namely in Mesopotamia and Persia in spring, when the moist earth dries out, it covers the earth like snowflakes. Dogs get it on their noses, cats never.

Thursday, March 16th. During the day, an excursion to some gardens near the city; there were aroids everywhere; in a garden called Sherif Beg, there were also tulips, unfortunately without flowers. In the evening, an invitation to Mr. Bocher for dinner; then the whole party went over the rooftops to the house of the rich Marcopoli. Two young ladies, piano playing, singing entertained the party. On arrival, sweets were passed around, then coffee. Gardens had been laid out on the roofs; often the [neglected?] roofs in the city also form gardens, with *Sinapis alba*, *Nasturtium* and *Sisymbrium* species, *Bromus rigidus*, *Hordeum murinum*, *Lepidium heterophyllum* thriving luxuriantly on them.

(1_01_025) *Friday, March 17th.* Inspection of horses and mules for the journey, but all too weak. During the day I worked with the plants and dried paper. I felt unwell after eating Halwa, a dish made of sesame oil, sugar and bread. In the evening I had company at Dr. Bischoff's; acquaintance of Molinari.

Saturday, March 18th. Morning small excursion, afternoon pickling of the plants. Horseback ride towards M. Isoledi. In the evening I could not eat, I felt I was not enjoying the excellent truffles that are very common here on

the bazaar and are brought from the desert, unwell as a result of indigestion.

Sunday, March 19th. I stayed at home all day and slept mostly when I didn't have to go to [zz.?], as a result of the purgative lemonade I had taken. We were invited to Mr. Bocher's in the evening, but I had to turn it down because of that. Towards the evening I received a visit from the Austrian consul, Mr. Moses de Piciotto, to whom I had given a recommendation from Kotschy.

Monday, March 20th. In the morning I went to see 4 horses. I was not feeling well at all, weak and had a fever. I wrote letters to Boissier and Schneider in Aintab.

In the afternoon we rode out to Bab el Nasrin to see the large caves in the white chalk cliffs where rope makers had set up their workshops. There were several old mosques nearby; then through olive groves, where our donkey went through; at the foot of M. Isoledi, where there are two mosques, we rode past the eastern end of the city, where there are two limestone hills called Hamra. [frSchr, InschÜ, frSchr]

(1_01_026) *Tuesday, March 21st.* Read in Ritter in the morning, wrote letters to Weimar in the afternoon.

Wednesday, March 22. Excursion to Bab el Nasrin and the chalk cliffs: in the fields Erucago, Muscari neglectum. [Pfl]

Thursday, March 23rd. In the morning, suitcases packed. In the afternoon, a short excursion to the chalk hill of Hamra? in the north of the city, which is notorious for the gang of thieves who hang out in the numerous caves there. There were often irises there, small, blue, [plants] and in a field I also found a very solitary red tulip.

Friday, March 24th. Plants dried, replanted. Around midday I received a visit from Dr. Schneider from Aintab.

Saturday, March 25th. Headache, tiredness in all limbs, loss of appetite; it was a continuous fever; I tried to transplant plants on Saturday, but I spent the afternoon sleeping.

Sunday, March 26th. On Sunday afternoon I tried to go out to M. Isoledi again, where I found the Streiff and Zollinger family, along with Mr. Hülse and [Lang?] in their tent. I was treated to Swiss cheese and English beer. A wonderful view of the gardens outside the city; the red of the blossoming apricots, the white of the plums, the flesh-red of the apple blossoms blended so pleasantly with the green of the almond and mulberry trees, in between the budding brown-red leaves of the pomegranates, then again the green grass of the gardens with elder bushes.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

that I felt really good. Next to us are the colorful fields, where a red sticky *Silene* is a real ornament; [Pfl] the wide-smelling fields with *Vicia Faba*; in the lentil fields 5-6 *Vicia* and 2 *Lathyrus*. [Pfl]

Monday, March 27th. Early in the morning we transplanted plants and rode to Bab Allah with a horse. Then an Armenian came with a horse for sale; he offered to work for me as a servant for 300 piastres a month. In the afternoon I tried the same thing, a passing horse. I rode to M. Isoledi, but couldn't cross because of the water, so we had to stay in the fields and gardens on the right-hand side. In places where the water had been standing until now, *Viola odorata* was only now in bloom. [Plant]

(1_01_027) In the afternoon I went with Mr. Bocher to the tulip garden, where I found, in addition to the other one with red flowers, a small white one with red stripes and narrow leaves. It was in the grass around the olive trees; unfortunately they are always picked straight away by the flower sellers, so you only find a few. It can also be found in the garden [...]. The small tulip has the 3 outer petals faintly carmine red on the outside, white on the inside with cherry red spots at the base, as are the 3 inner ones. In the *T. praecox*, all 6 are colorless on the outside, *Adonis* red on the inside, then a yellow stripe around a dark brown spot. *Scorzonera muricata* was also in there. At the bazaar I saw a yellow *Narcissus Jonquilla*, but the man would not tell me where it was. – The fig trees were now starting to

to sprout their leaves; the mulberries and walnut trees were in blossom; *Fraxinus lentiscif.* also sprouted leaves.

Tuesday, March 28th. Excursion to the gardens. In Ali Beg's garden there was *Bromus tector.* aff. [Pfl] In the fields to the north, the lentil fields in particular were richly planted with flowering plants. [Pfl]

Wednesday, March 29th. Excursion to the mountain range on the road to Jebel Seemân, [Pfl] on the grassy mountain slopes there was a rich flora, but all very small plants, in some places the plants had even already withered from the sun. Mainly *Portulacca* aff. [Pfl] (1_01_028)

[Pfl] From the plateau there was a beautiful view of the Giaur Dagh Alps, where many of the peaks had already been cleared of snow, and which had shone dazzlingly white when I arrived. Nearby was the Djebel Sheik Barakat, which towers over the entire plateau.

Thursday, March 30. [Quote]

Friday, March 31. Visit to the Pasha regarding the departure to Deir.

Bad prospects, uncertainty because of the foreign Arab tribes who have now immigrated and are roaming here even from Baghdad and Damascus. Pi-ciotto will arrange everything.

Saturday, April 1st. Preparations and purchases for departure. I sent my German servant away at midday, but he did not return, despite having expressly told him to return immediately. In the evening I found him staggering around drunk in an alley. I had given him 2 English lira in the morning so that he could buy clothes (1_01_029), but he had drunk the money. His hat, coat, shoes and shirt were taken away from him, as he had not yet earned anything, and then I sent him away that evening, where he had camped on the street. But that is how Germans are abroad, if they feel anything, they must be drunk. –

In the evening I visited Picciotto, to whom I brought the Pasha's card.

Sunday, April 2nd. Heavy rain early in the morning, our planned excursion to Cheilan seemed to have been cancelled. It cleared up quite a bit, however, so that by 8 o'clock we were already outside the town with our horses. My servant brought a pack animal with food and drink and cooking utensils. The pharmacist Tomaso Corneille, his assistant, Dr. Bischoff, myself and three other servants formed the procession. Before we reached the town we were thoroughly washed again by the rain, so that Bischoff wanted to turn back, but I insisted on riding on. We left the half-destroyed castle of Ibrahim Pasha to the right; below the barracks, in small pools, a *Ranunculus paucistam.*? and *Zanichellia* were in bloom. We rode at some distance from the left bank of the Kuweik, at first between the gardens that stretched along the river as far as Cheilan, in which the quinces were in bloom, and the dark red of the apricots was also magnificent among the lively green of *Fraxinus lentiscifolia*, etc. Ain el Beitha, a walled spring, and Ain el Tell, a mill or dyeworks, so called because of the tell standing next to it.

At 9 o'clock we came to the water pipe, a walled ditch usually 2 feet wide, but perhaps 9' deep. [Pfl] The flora on the volcanic basalt-like gray rocks of Jebel el Rasa in the shady cracks was particularly interesting. The yellow *Saxifraga hederifolia* with *S. tritactylides*; *Scrophularia caesia* everywhere; *Parietaria diffusa*, *Veronica Cymbalaria*, [Freiera? = Freirea?] also love the moist cracks in the rocks. A beautiful blue *Salvia* was there in groups; I found only one example of a 1-year-old *Scrophularia*, very beautiful. [Pfl] Wild figs were growing out between the rocks, and their leaves were just sprouting. [Pfl] Below the water pipe on the swampy meadows at Kuweik a white *Bellevalia densiflora*. [Plant] Here a stone bridge leads over the Kuweik, in whose shady gardens a *Ranuncul. lanuginos.* was often found.

Rocks on the right and gardens on the left, we rode on until we reached a small plain at midday, where there were two small ponds, one of which was *Nyphar lut.* 10 minutes further on is the village of Cheilan, which consists of about 30 houses.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

with beehive-like roofs. It lies at the foot of a tell, like several

(1_01_030) were visible there. We stopped on the tell, tied up the horses and waited for the servant with the food. In the meantime I explored the surrounding area: on the tell itself there was often *Erodium moschat.* among others, *Malva parvifl.* and *vulgar.*, many *Medicago* species. [Pfl] We were surprised here by a strong thunderstorm, which soaked us thoroughly. [Pfl] A lot of crabs were in the water pipe; it is the same as the one from the sea,

and they can only have come here by a long journey. There were also turtles; the servants gutted them and served them to us roasted.

Here the yellow colour of the flowers predominated from the many crucifers and *ranunculus*, *myriophylus* and *compos.* such as *pterotheca*. *Hheilana* means the living, probably because the gardens begin there. Southwest of Cheilan lies another place built in the same way, called *Moselmia*. On the other side of the *Ku-weik* is the road to *Aintab* and *Diarbekir*, which was quite busy. Here and there, black tents were pitched by shepherds.

When the servant came with the food, the lawn was covered and we ate with great appetite; the whole village watched us; an old Turk brought us delicious butter. After we had strengthened ourselves and refreshed ourselves with beer and wine, the bishop gave the sick people advice and wrote recipes. We shot a lot, and my gun attracted their attention. As recently as last year, one could not go to Cheilan without danger, as an old Turk told us. Here, near the village of Cheilan, the gardens end. At 3 o'clock we set out and rode back; we stopped at another rock, where we found *Pisum fulvum* in the cracks in the rock. [Plant] With rain we arrived back in Aleppo in the dark.

(1_01_031) *Monday, April 3rd.* Planted and moved plants early in the morning. Windy, cold weather. Walked to *Bab el Nasrin* in the evening. [Plant] Visited Mr. Bocher in the evening. To my horror, I learned that there is a war between the Arabs between here and *Deir* and that I cannot go there, namely the small but warlike tribe of the [Spah's?] who are causing a lot of unrest. It starts just 6 hours from Aleppo.

Tuesday, April 4th. Excursion from early to midday. At *Bab el [Nera?]* out into the olive groves, apart from *Papilionac.*, especially *Medicago* species, there were a lot of red *Crucifera*, often also *Matthiola*, several *Anthemis* white and yellow, *Hypocoum procumb.* and *grandifl.*, *Muscari comosum aff.*, the pistachio trees were in bloom. From here we rode further south along fields where the grain was in ears. Further on we came to a vaulted cistern on the road. A good half hour further in the same direction a completely different vegetation began to emerge on the stony fields: the beautiful blue *Amaryllis* was in abundance, the roots of which were unfortunately very deep, the

I later found almost everywhere around Aleppo; Glaucium with large red flowers unfolded just like that; Papaver Rhoëas adorned all the fields; [Pfl] etc.

Wednesday, April 5th. Early at 8 a.m. excursion to Tell Ain el Beitha. In pools of water next to the town of Batrachium and Zanichellia on the Pasha's meadows near Bab Allah - also Phleum pratense and Ranunculus repens and another large one. The spring comes from white chalk rocks and is arched over with an arch, next to it also 2, under which [we?] [stepped in?],

to the right is the cooking hearth of the Turk living there, to the left is an arm of the spring, above which there is an Arabic inscription in the arch. [Draw] The hole where the spring emerges from the rock is about 6' wide; the water flows calmly, depth about 5'. Above the spring a small fig tree grows out of the rock, which already had full leaves. [Plant] On both sides of the spring there is a kind of terrace for sitting down, connected by a stone bridge. The left arch has an exit, next to which there is a fourth arch, under which visitors etc. gather, especially on Sundays and holidays this place is very popular. At the entrance to the right arch there is a ½' thick fig tree and a (1_01_032) Fraxinus lentiscifolia.

In the gardens at Kuweik, Allium neapolitan adorned all the edges. Further along, people wash [silk?] in this stream. Another spring of the most beautiful water is located 5 minutes further away below the Tell. [Plant]

The blossoming cherry trees looked particularly beautiful among the lively young green. [Plant] In the meadows on the Kuweik near the big bridge we dug up a white Adamsia in the marshy areas; in the fields next to it there was a large number of dark red flowering Adonis with black spots on the base, very [branched?]; and another with hairy leaves and brick-red flowers of the same color. The tulip is more vividly red than the first, also on the outside, always with black stripes, without a yellow edge. There was a large number of red flowering Tulipa, and also an Allium with red, fragrant flowers; the blue Amaryllis was also often visible in the fields along the Kuweik up to here. I also dug up a Gladiolus here that was not yet in bloom. In the sunny fields to the right there were large numbers of the beautiful, fragrant red Convolvulus, white and red Salvia. [Pfl]

We then rode over the Kuweik, over the big bridge, through the gardens, on the other side of which stood a mill; the owner of the mill was sitting on the lawn with several others and smoking his nargile. He asked me if I wanted to dismount and smoke a nargile with him. I thanked him.

The gardens are also surrounded by an arm of the Kuweik River on this side.

On the mountain, which consists of plutonic rock, there was mainly a small Ornithogal. stachyoides, which was not yet flowering. [Pfl]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Thursday, April 6th. Planted plants in the morning, and again in the afternoon. Towards evening rode with Bishop and Hülse towards M. Isoledi, everywhere in the fields *Gladiolus violac.*, *Amaryllis blue*. [Pfl]

(1_01_033) *Friday, April 7, 1965.* During the day, arranged plants. Towards evening, rode with Bischoff to M. Isoledi to the 2nd Chapel: at the rock *Hordeum dist. aff.* [Pfl] In the evening, as usual, Friday company.

Saturday, April 8, 1965. I rode to M. Isoledi early because I had lost my riding whip. During the day I was cutting down plants. Bad weather, cold and rainy. Coughing and headache in the evening.

Sunday, April 9, 1965. Rainy in the morning. Plants were cut down. Coughing and fever. In the afternoon rode to the olive groves of Ensari, where there is an old mosque. Lots of camomile around the village, nothing else new. In the evening, supper at Mr. Poche's.

Monday, April 10th. Plants transplanted. Weather clear, but still cool.

Tuesday, April 11th. Early visit to Raph. de Piciotto with Mr. Hülse. In the afternoon, plants were moved and sorted. In the evening, in front of Bab el Nasrin on the chalk cliffs: lots of *Mesembryanthemum* and one yellow-flowering one like a *Helianthemum*.

Wednesday, April 12th. Plants in order. Rain intermittently throughout the day.

Thursday, April 13th. At 9 a.m. I visited Raph. de Piciotto. I met many visitors there, including the ladies of the Austrian consul, the son of the American consul and his beautiful 16-year-old wife, who already had [1?] child; she was from Damascus, whose women are famous for their beauty. The consul gave me the *bujuruldo* issued by the pasha and recommendations to the *kaimakan* in Aintab and the pasha in Marash. Accompanied by the consul's son and his wife from Paris and the American consul's son and his pretty wife, we went to the old castle.

The interior is filled with rubble from former dwellings. [Pfl]

The trees included an old, tall cypress in front of the very simple mosque; there was also an *Elaeagnus*. The arrows that were found were kept in the powder magazine. Old cannons stood all around the walls, often without gun carriages. The view from up there, especially from the tower, was magnificent; the city lay like a chessboard at your feet. The drinking water was raised by a turbine driven by a horse. The barracks for the soldiers were kept very clean.

(1_01_034) *Char Friday, April 14th.* Plants were cut down. We didn't say a word to the Catholics all day. We also fasted at noon, which

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

caused a great stir. Afternoon excursion to M. Isoledi, where I found a small blue Veronica on the rock walls.

Saturday, April 15th. Plants arranged. House cleared out.

Sunday, April 16th, 1st Easter holiday. In the morning I received visitors, everything in the highest splendour, namely the ladies with gold-woven dresses, diamonds in their hair, etc. In the afternoon I visited Poche and Streiff. To avoid the boring visits in the house, which lasted the whole day, I rode out with Hülse and [my?] servant to [their?] [well?] in Alexandretta. In the lentil fields outside the city there was a lot of Orobanche, 2 feet high. [Plant] –

Weather was splendid; spent the evening at home. I thought a lot about Weimar.

Monday, April 17th, 2nd Easter holiday. Weather was nice. Early in the morning I put in yesterday's plants. Visited Poche and Streiff. In the evening I was on the Isoledi, where I dug up aroids in the fields and also found a Narcissus with fruit.

Tuesday, April 18th. Packing for the journey. Today I hired servant Anton for 150 piastres. Anton accepted. Visit from Raph. de Piciotto.

Wednesday, April 19th. I release Anton and take on Melcum for 160 piastres, which I paid him a month in advance. From Bayazid I took a letter to Aintab and to Diarbekir, each for 1,000 francs. - Marcopo-li gave me a letter to his brother in Mosul. - I paid interpreter Michael 80 piastres through Bischoff, for which he has to stay with me for 45 days.

Thursday, April 20th. Departure from Aleppo. The 2 bales of paper were sent to Aintab for 50 piastres. The journey was to start at 2 o'clock; the 2 soldiers arrived, but one ran away in Aleppo. The consul then sent another one after me to Moselmia. On the way there I saw a lot of composites in the fields that were beginning to bloom, namely thistles and centaureas. In the gardens of Kuweik there was a *Crepis pulchra* aff.; the green of the gardens contrasted beautifully with the almost burnt grassy slopes of the grey stone field. On these I found a small, low red centaurea opposite Cheilan on the right bank of the Kuweik (1_01_035). [Pfl] Accompanied by Mr Bischoff, Hülse, Arthuro and a few other Aleppinians, we rode out to the Bab el Ferratsch, past Ibrahim Pasha's barracks to Cheilan, where we arrived at 7:30 p.m. We dismounted at the house of Mr Raphael de Picciotto, who had given me a letter to his agent. In the evening there were several patients who needed [purging?]. At 8:30 a.m. Bayazid's secretary came to have me sign the two bills of exchange for 4,002 francs on Hentsch Lutscher in Paris. After we had refreshed ourselves with pillau and yoghurt, I set up camp on the divan and slept wonderfully.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The houses of Moselmia all have conical roofs, each with a
Next to the village, which lies on the right side of the Kuweik, there is an almost
completely destroyed bridge with 3 arches of an old type, built without mortar and
with beautifully hewn stones, some of which were scattered around the Kuweik. In
order to make the bridge passable, thick reeds were laid in the defective places
and covered with stones and earth. The Kuweik has a tributary here, on which a
group of willow trees, which were in bloom, flows. The garden of Piciotto appears
like an oasis in the desert, full of the most beautiful mulberry trees, plums, apricots
and peaches. In it, a water pipe and a scoop wheel bring the water up into a basin,
which then irrigates the entire garden in canals. In the early morning of *April 21st*,
everything was

white, so much had it ripened during the night; the mulberry trees were all black,
leaves and flowers frozen. [Pfl]

III Aleppo–Aintab (21.–28. April 1865)

(1_01_036) *Friday, April 21st.* We set off at 7:30 a.m. after I had donated 20 piastres of backshish. It was a beautiful morning, fresh but pleasant. We rode directly north. All around on the bare mountain ranges, the black Kurdish tents were visible from afar; to the south of us, a long train of camels on the road to Aleppo. In the lush fields of barley and wheat, which were already in ears, *Turgenia latif.*, a blue *Phelipaea*, was in bloom. [Plant] 10 minutes from the village, we came to the main road from Aleppo, which we then rode along in a northeasterly direction. When we reached the ridge, we saw a lot of water in the wide valley like a lake, which we left to the left. We saw Tells everywhere on the plain, often I could count 20-30 of them. [Places]

On the way by this water there is a grave of a Muslim, overshadowed by a thick *Crataegus*; each of the travelers added a stone. At 12 o'clock we passed a beautiful, new bridge with 6 arches over the Kuweik; to the right and left there were wide, lush fields of fruit, alternating with [wide?] pastures. Here began a peculiar *Adonis* with a brownish-yellow color, *Coussinia*, etc. Always about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour from our path, on the left were the villages of Paschaköi, further on Saback with Tell, further Tell Schefft at a large Tell, at the foot of which we rode past. There on the marshy meadows there is a yellow *Ranunculus*. It has 20 houses. [Pfl] Large flocks of black and white sheep, the former with large, long, drooping ears and a short tail. Next comes Tell Jabes, near which only a Turkish mosque with white domes flashed at us in the middle of the field. The conical roofs gradually disappear here, they are built like those of Bei-lan. To the right of Jabes, opposite us, is Tell Barak, near which there are two other villages with conical roofs. To the left is another tell, but without a village. The karst formation has disappeared, and only now and then does the limestone emerge between the red clay deposits. 3 mills are located here on the Kuweik; the water is then channeled up through a canal and then falls down into the wheels. We rode past one located on a tell, called Takerman. The Kuwei banks, which are usually always quite flat, are exceptionally high here, rocky in some places, from the cracks of which a fig tree grew near the mill. Here we rode again over a 6-arched stone bridge near Wachwarte, but it was already somewhat dilapidated. For a stretch we stayed in the Kuweik, which mostly stayed to our right (1_01_037). Along the way we saw a lot of *Dracunculus* in bloom, especially the broad-leaved one, here in its most beautiful bloom, while in Aleppo it had long since withered on the dry karst soil; everything was much further back, for example *Isatis* had long been in the ripe fruit state in Aleppo, but here it was only just beginning to bloom.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

After we had met a few large herds of cows here, which refreshed us with milk, we left the village of Samandere nearby on the right, where four large mulberry trees were visible, but which had not suffered from the previous night's frost. To our right, near Samandara, there was a tell and another village. We rode across swampy meadows, in whose ditches we found *Scirpus palus-tris*; the Kuweik is dammed here on its banks; a one-arched bridge leads over it or over a stream?

At 5 o'clock we arrived in Tell Schaer, where we stayed overnight with a Turk. The village consists of about 30 houses with conical roofs, the Kuweik flows past. In and around the village there are a number of large mulberry trees, and also a walnut tree. On the roofs you could pass through almost the whole village; there are square holes in the walls for the pigeons. After my servant prepared a good pillau in the evening and the Turks gave us yoghurt and butter, I received a lot of visits from the sick, including an impotent patient. I had a headache in the evening and soon went to sleep, but the many fleas prevented me from doing so at first.

Saturday, April 22nd. In the morning we received honey, yoghurt, butter, bread and eggs, which I enjoyed very much. After I had given 20 piastres for the horses and 20 piastres for bakshik, we said goodbye to the friendly people and set off at 8 o'clock. We crossed the Kuweik on a new single-arch bridge; the fields were dominated by mallow, grandifl. alb., [Pfl] etc.

On the right we left the village of Kissadschek, near which there was also a tell, which we rode past. On the left then follows the village with Tell Wachuin.

[Pfl] The red clay soil ended at Wachuin, and was replaced by ordinary humus soil with a limestone base. Further on to the right is Tell Hamma, a little further on to the left is Tell Sekin, [Tishrikin?], where the earth turns red again. Lush wheat fields alternate pleasantly with meadows.

[Pfl] (1_01_038) [Pfl]

Only now and then is the ground covered with large blocks of stone mixed with [molten?] rock. From here we came further and further into the mountain region. [Pfl] After we passed a lush meadow with a tent camp, we came to the Kuweik, which we rode through, at which point it was 40' wide. On the right of the mountain range are 2 small villages, Baradja and Harbetha. We stopped for lunch on a fertile meadow by the Kuweik. [Pfl]

The valley in which we rode is surrounded by bare, stony mountains, forming a kind of cauldron; my soldier told us to have our guns ready, as the area was unsafe. Many composites, *Asperula orient*, not yet in bloom. Lush meadows along the Kuweik, particularly yellow with *Ranunculus myriophyll*. Between *Juncus* lawns a *Lathyrus* with small yellow flowers.

To the right and left of the Kuweik mountain ranges, to the left at the end of the mountain at the Kuweik lies the village of Kemlin on a tell, the Kuweik valley receives here through a

The bare mountain range in question is oriented in a north-easterly direction, the base of which consists of red clay, while above it the white limestone soil can be seen from afar. The whole valley is well cultivated, especially the left side valley. Killis remained on the left. Further along the river are 3 mills, called Dejirmen. [Pfl] On the left in the foreground are white limestone mountains. On the right of the mountain is the village of Baketan, where a hill lies to the left of the path from where we are. After we rode past a hill to the right of the path, we passed a swampy meadow where an old, dilapidated bridge led over the river, which was also dammed; everything in it was white from a (1_01_039) large-flowered *Batrachium*; 10 minutes later, another single-arched bridge led over the river. [Pfl]

A quarter of an hour later we rode through a swamp, where toads and frogs greeted us with their melodious song. The pack horse sank halfway into the [soft?] mud, so that everything had to be unloaded, and then it was only with great difficulty that it got out; I was really afraid for the horse. To the right of the swamp, three tells were visible, one of which was the village of Tumb with huge trees nearby. In the clayey, swampy fields there was an *Arabis* in fruiting state. [Pfl] After we had safely left the swamp behind us, we reached the plain, where swampy terrain again presented us with obstacles.

A little to the right was a tell. 10 minutes from there is the village of Arkük, planted with numerous large mulberry trees. We arrived here at about 5 o'clock and spent the night with the [Mütsellimin?], who has 60 villages under his command. On the right of the entrance was the sleeping place, our so-called room, and next to it were the horse stables. In the evening a lot of sick people and many other visitors came to stare at us. Milk, honey, butter, meat from Haleb and yoghurt made up our evening meal. [SprPfl] The governor was completely covered with scars that he had received in a fight with Bedouins 4 years ago.

Sunday, April 23rd. After I donated 40 piastres and we had breakfast, we set off at 7:30 a.m. and rode through Kuweik, which was covered with a few willow trees. [Pfl] We climbed gradually higher, namely two mountains on the left, on which the white limestone soil shone. After we climbed over the hill, we came to a kind of mountain basin; on the left on the mountain a Turkish chapel with three trees; here I found a *helianthemum*. *Kochyanum*, which was just beginning to bloom. [Pfl] To our left (1_01_040) on the mountain lay the village of Karadsjomach; on the way there was *Vinca*. When we reached the hill, the paths divided, we rode left and saw a beautiful valley. Below us was the village of Sasla with around 40 houses on a hill, surrounded by many closely spaced trees; In general, here in this wide valley you can see trees scattered around in many places, especially to the right of us on the mountain range. A sign that the soil is very cultivated.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

is capable. To the left is K rk n. On the red clay plain Colchic. polyphyll., [Pfl] a white allium in the fields. We ride across a stream again that comes to the left of the village of K rk n. On the mountains in front of us there are regular plantations of trees.

At 12 o'clock we rested in the shade of a 4' diameter mulberry tree that was in full bloom. Next to it flows the so-called Aintab

Ssu from west to east. In the clear water everything was white from a *Batrachium parviflorum* and a *Zanichellia*; *Nasturt. offic.*; in the fields *Veronica acinifol.*, [Pfl] previously on the white chalky soil *Ornithogal.* competed with the white of the chalk with its petals so much that the eyes were blinded. From here we followed the stream upwards in a northwesterly direction between bare mountains, the peaks of which often emerged from steep cliffs. Herds of black sheep. On the right, after 15 minutes, a kind of water pipe or grotto, called Nafak Borare, on the way. [Pfl] To our left in the background of the valley, in which there are quite a few mulberry trees, comes the stream, Babaktscha; we left it now and rode steeper up the mountain, where the sun on the chalky soil was very inconvenient for us.

When we reached the top, a beautiful green valley spread out before us with a village of Nurgana (1_01_041) on the hill. The whole valley, crossed by a stream, was covered with gardens and fields. In the gardens there were many *Populus dilat.*, *Platanus*, the former often used for telegraph poles. On the road by the village there were many *Paliurus argent.*

From here we again climbed over a bare limestone mountain, and at half past two we saw the slender minarets of Aintab from the hill.

On the hill towards Aintab there is a mulberry tree. On the way to Aintab there are *Amygdalus spinos*, some still in bloom, on the hedges; on the left of the road there is a Turkish chapel. After we rode through the whole town, I finally arrived at the hospitable house of Dr. Schneider, where I was received very warmly by his wife Schneider. I gave my soldier 16 piastres and a letter to the consul and said goodbye to him.

Monday, April 24th. Busy with the arrangement; the servants are moving the plants. In the morning there were many sick people, including a child who could not urinate; as I did not take anything for the [T.?] *Canthar.* that I had given him, the man brought me a pot with honey and a bouquet of flowers in the evening.

Tuesday, April 25th. Excursion around Aintab. In the well-cultivated valley of the Sadschur, covered with lush fields of barley and wheat, there are many trees. Between the individual fields there are many ditches that irrigate the land. Most of them, at least in the vicinity of the town, are planted with trees, namely *Populus dilatata*; *Salix fragilis*; the most common shrub is an *Elaeagnus*, whose silvery-white leaves can be seen far and wide.

shine; together with it there is usually a thorny, small-leaved *Amygdalus* in several varieties; the former also varies with smooth leaves. The unripe fruits of the former are not unpleasant to eat raw, they are eagerly sought out and eaten by the people under the name: [...].

Among the bushes I noticed the small-thorned Christ thorn, *Crataegus* in bloom, *Sambuc. nig.* not yet in bloom; *Salix fragilis*; lots of *Rubus* and a peculiar *Rosa* with fragrant leaves; the latter forming large hedges. Now and then you see *Rhus* in the vineyards, but its leaves have suffered greatly from the frost. The earth around Aintab is red, but not solid due to drying out, but loosely crumbling into dust. In the ditches between the fields there were *Zanichellia*, *Batrachium*. [Pfl] (1_01_042) [Pfl]

In the red soil of the vineyards as well as of all the bare mountains north of Aintab: *Veronica syriaca*, [plant] an *Orchis* not yet in bloom, *Crocus* in fruit, the bulbs were eaten in Aleppo under the name *Sahar adchur ed Dschebel*. *Galium* sickle-shaped. Between stone rubble a red *Ononis*, *Pisum* red, [plant] blue lentils and white. The formation of the mountains are bare, rounded hills, the highest of which is the *Tolük Papa*, on which a chapel; consists of marble-like white limestone with fossilized shells, in between a large amount of dense masses of flint, which lie around in the most varied shapes, mostly twisted. I walked backwards in the now dry bed of a stream; in this was a *Galium Jordani* [just?] unfolding the white flowers; [plant] red *Adonis*. In the vineyards there are 4 large tortoises, which my servant is roasting. To the west of the town there is a willow plantation (1_01_043) in the swampy terrain; there is no lack of water at all. Nearby there is an old aqueduct, cut into the rock and covered with stone slabs, like the one in Aleppo, whose water rushes into an artificial stone basin. 10 minutes away there is another spring coming from the south from the mountain, which is surrounded by a wall similar to a Turkish chapel. There was *mentha* in the willow bushes. [Plant] A single-arched bridge leads over [the *Sadschur*]; on it there is *parietar. aff.* and low fig bushes, the latter in many places along the river. Beautiful group of old plane trees at the west end of the town.

Wednesday, April 26. In the morning there were many sick people who surrounded me in the courtyard. A lot of children were brought to me; one boy had a long scrotum, in the middle of which was his penis. Many rheumatic cases, indigestion were the main problem. The servants went shopping in the morning, then the plants were moved. The nights were always extremely cold, warm during the day; yesterday evening and afternoon, however, there was a very strong westerly wind, which brought rain clouds towards the evening; today, however, the weather is splendid.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Vegetation on the walls of the city is almost the same as that of Aleppo: everywhere *Si-symbrium pinnatif.* [Pfl]

At 11 o'clock I went to the Kaimakam accompanied by Mr. Schneider, who was not in his Serrail, but with the richest Turk [...].

We went to him and were received very warmly; he was dressed in a sky-blue robe; a stately man with black hair; his figure reminded me of Milde in Weimar in Zaar and Zimmermann. I gave him my letter from the Pasha in Aleppo, as well as the Bujuruldu and Fir-man, the latter of which was read out by the Turk. The Kaimakam immediately offered me his *tschibuck*, then came the obligatory cup of coffee. There were about eight distinguished Turks with him, all of whom, like the Kaimakam, had already heard of me as a skilled doctor from their wives in the harem. He did not want to allow me to visit the mosque in order to avoid offence, but he did want to allow me to visit the old castle.

In the afternoon we received a visit from Dr. Broker and Mr. Morgan [...]. At 4 o'clock we dined with Miss Proker, who is a teacher; she has translated a medical work from English into Turkish. The *Bouton d'Halep* also make a general appearance here.

Thursday, April 27th. In the morning the whole room was filled with sick people, especially many with eye diseases, cataracts, weakness, fever, etc. Two pretty young women also came who wanted medicine for having children; the hair below was all shaved off; the breasts of almost all the women were very small, some only slightly. But when I asked for money, fewer people came. Three local so-called doctors also came, who were already afraid that I would take all their customers away. As an exception, we ate at 1 o'clock, since in the afternoon the Armenian children of the missionary institution were being examined in the church, which, incidentally, can hold 2,000 people, since here

(1_01_044) There are no seats in it because everyone is crouching on the floor, which is completely covered with woven straw mats, on which carpets are spread in half of the church. In the east is the altar with the pulpit. In the wall there are cupboard-like open shelves on which the shoes are placed.

It has no decorations, no pictures; on the north and south sides there are 6 wooden pillars that support the choir. The exterior resembles a large European house. There is a spacious courtyard all around it, on the west side of which is the school building.

The mission only began to progress regularly with the arrival of Mr. Schneider in 1848. Before him, American missionaries were here, one for 10 days, the other for 2, the third for 3 months. There are 1,700 souls here, with 2 Armenian pastors and Mr. Schneider as a missionary. It is a principle among the missionaries that when the native pastors are ready to take over the work

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

to leave them. In Merasch there are 1,450 souls with 1 pastor. The mission began there in 1852; at first it was difficult to gain entry. At first one native was sent there from here, but he had to leave again after 3 days; then another, but the same fate, and so on, and so on. Finally Mr. Schneider went there himself to preach; the Pasha gave him Cawassen to accompany him at all times; he was like a prisoner in the house, the windows were smashed with stones, etc., in short, a complete uprising, so that the Pasha wanted him to leave Merasch; but he stayed until the people finally calmed down. In secret, about 6 people were already sympathetic to him, but they were hesitant, out of fear of the people. [Txt]

Friday, April 28th. Lots of sick people early. Short ride in the morning: on the mountains north of Aintab Ornithogalum umb. fol. latioribus, Crocus. [Pfl]

In the afternoon I sent to Kaimakam to send a soldier to Nisib for me the next morning; the paper had arrived with the caravan today. Preparations for departure to Orfa. Schneider gave me a letter to the missionary Nothing.

IV Aintab–Orfa (29. April–9. Mai 1865)

Saturday, April 29th. At 8 o'clock the soldier from the Kaimakam was not there yet; we sent for him to come immediately; at 9 o'clock he was not there yet; so we set off; in the seraglio we asked the reason for the delay; we had to dismount and drink a cup of coffee in the seraglio. The Kaimakam was not to be seen, however; he had given me a letter to the governor of Nisib.

At 10 o'clock we finally rode out to Aintab accompanied by a soldier.

Before the city the roads split, to the right to Aleppo; we rode left; the Sadschur flowed to our left, surrounded by trees. In the field on the right side of the road was a small chapel-like building, on the side of which was a drinking vessel on a chain and good water. The field was well cultivated in the valley, namely (1_01_045) lush wheat fields. We often encountered donkeys with loads of wood (long poplar trunks). Now and then large mulberry trees, *M. virid.* and *nigr.*, the latter blooming later. After 15 minutes from the town we rode up a hill, on which there were many *Asphodelus comos.* and *Dracunculus minor.*

After we had ridden over the mountain in 15 minutes, I saw on my left a layer of foam that stood out strangely against the solid limestone. At the foot of the layer was a mill with a water pipe on the left. We had been on the right bank of the Sadschur until now; we crossed the very divided river on a good stone bridge and rode between the gardens. The gardens begin from here, consisting of *Populus dilatata*, *tremula*, apricots, *Juglans*, *Platanus*, *Morus*, but the last three had suffered greatly from the frost, so that the leaves all appeared black. By the river there were hedges of flowering *Crataegus* and *Rubus*.

We now came to the left bank of the Sasshur. On the mountain slope to the left *Alcanna gris.*, *Ornithogal. umb.*, *Muscari comos.*, [*Geropogon.?*], now and then these alternate with well-tended vineyards in which *Rhus* is very common, as is *Verbasc. halep.* [Pfl] The soil is red, the gardens stretch after half an hour to the right along the river to Urganä. [Pfl]

Left and right bare rocky mountains; the vegetation is still very sparse here: yellow crucifixes from *Kheilan.* [Pfl] At 11:45 o'clock the village of *Wäwirke* lay on the right by the gardens, whose small cemetery we rode past on the left bank of the Sadschur. In the gardens here I saw *Celtis* trees, even individual *Corylus Avel-lana*, *Populus tremula*, pink hedges with *Rubus* and *Urtica dioica*; on the *Salix fragilis* trees many leaf-like growths, often whole branches clumped together. In damp places many *Colchicaceae* with fruit. [Pfl] To our right above the river well-cultivated vineyards planted with *Amygdalus*. On our way lush fruit fields alternate with stone fields. At a stone hill, which we left to the right, we left the river again, [Pfl] which in front of us

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

We rode up the hill, and when we reached the top we had a view to the left of a side valley with well-cultivated valley pools. On the right (1_01_046) side of the river lay the village of Klissaschek, which we were opposite at 11:45. To the right a path led through the gardens to it between plane trees and walnut trees, all of which had suffered from the frost. Above the village were well-cultivated vineyards planted with trees. A little earlier the low jasmine was already showing on the bare mountains, but it was not yet in bloom here. The finches were singing in the gardens. We rode on along the Sadschur, to the left of the mountain there were vineyards with Amygdalus trees, they were enclosed by loosely fitted boulders that formed walls. We rode north-northeast, with the cemetery to the left. Lots of Rhus Cotinus everywhere; To our right, near the village of Klissaschek on the eastern foothills of the mountain, there was a beautiful little house standing alone on a rock like a [Swiss cottage?]. [Pfl]

At 1:45 we reached the source of the Kuweik on the right of the road, about 90' wide, beautiful clear spring water. I found the Nothing family from Orfa camped here in the shade of the trees. From here to Nisib it was another 6 hours. Soon we left the Sadschur, in whose valley the village of Tschag-djor lies a little further down. [Orte, Pfl] (1_01_047) [Pfl] The mountains became greener at 1:30; individual cultivated fields alternated with large fields of artemisia and thistles, with wild barley in between. [Pfl] At 2 o'clock we came to a mountain basin, then suddenly on the left was Sinan, consisting of 8 low huts, built on the hill 5 minutes away from us; it was surrounded by cows and sheep, whose shepherd played a kind of flute, a very patriarchal image. [Orte, Pfl]

(1_01_048) [In] the valley lies Misar, surrounded by fields of fruit, trees [on?] water. [Pfl] The area has changed completely, you wouldn't believe you were in Turkey. [Pfl] To the right above the valley, dazzling white limestone soil, next to it the village of Höms with trees, which we were opposite at 5:30; it was 50 minutes away from us. I noticed 8 tells lying in a line to the southeast, but no villages next to them. The one lying 55 minutes away from Höms has the shape of the Castellberg of Aleppo. From here towards the east, the red soil disappears, and the dazzling white limestone soil comes to light in many places. The last mountain on the left has trees on its broad peak. At 5:30 we rode through a stream again that came from the mountain with brackish-tasting water; its bed was washed into the soft limestone rocks; it flowed towards the east. We now rode up the steep, dazzlingly white valley.

[Plant] On the left in a side valley there are old olive trees, as there are all around the mountain, which also has some on the top; from it start the wide, regularly planted olive gardens that stretch around the whole of Nisib.

[Places, Pfl] On the left side of the road a [drinking man?] carved out of stone, in which one could clearly see the flint inclusions. In front of Nisib large wine fermentation

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

ten, whose leaves were blackened by the frost; many pomegranates, *Hyosc. alb.*

At 6:45 a.m. we crossed the large bridge, consisting of two large arches, over the Kafartschai, whose sandy bed is about 30 paces wide; now there is only 5 paces of water, but it is very rapid. [Zit?] Next to it on the left of the path was an old, cellar-like vault filled with rubble. [Orte, Pfl]

(1_01_049) At 7 o'clock we arrived at Bairaktar Mustapha Ara of Nisib, who sent us on to an old farmer, which caused us a lot of trouble, because the things had already been unloaded in his yard; these were then just laid loosely on the horses, which initially lost some of them; when we arrived at the farmer's, we found a yard about 6' square, which was still filled with wood and rubble; the 5 horses were supposed to be in there; the room was even smaller and dirty, and we were supposed to sleep in it! I suggested that we go into the khan and sleep there instead. The khan was spacious, but had a lot of fleas and was very warm. We satisfied our hunger with pillau and yoghurt.

Sunday, April 30th. Early in the morning I went to the Bairaktar's house, but did not find him. On a pasture outside the town was the large black tent of Colonel Islama von Orfa, who was recruiting soldiers. He took 50 men from here. I assumed he was there and went there. Under the tent sat all the Turkish court officials, who stood up respectfully when I arrived and, together with Bujurun, forced me to sit down. He had a black interpreter with him who was very fluent in French and was also a doctor of medicine. My Bujuruldu and Firman were then read out loud and the Sultan's signature was kissed. The Bei sade made a great impression. The Bairaktar was quite ashamed and kept apologizing for letting me go to the Khan. I ate lunch under the Colonel's tent, then we looked at the so-called Kilissa Dschamie, a beautiful building, Greek. It is completely free-standing, there is no other building of its age nearby. [Building] (1_01_050) [Building] It is very reminiscent of European architecture. Only now and then is it used as a mosque by the Turks.

Nisib with 350 houses and 1,200 inhabitants, Turks and Jews. There was not much to find in the bazaar. In the open space there are several small chapels with domes. The stay here cost me 30 piastres and 10 piastres to the soldier from Aintab. Nearby upstream is a tell, which can be immediately distinguished from the natural hills by its green color. - At 2 o'clock we rode to the Colonel's tent, all the people were crouching around on the ruins, when I arrived the whole people stood up, one of them immediately held my horse and the Turkish authorities came up to me and greeted me. I thanked them for their kindness, took 2 soldiers with me and

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

said goodbye. The new soldier was from Balkys, whose trochloodyte dwelling I now wanted to visit. [Quoted]

We rode for a long time between the olive groves, in which black goats with differently curved horns grazed, some [sign], others [sign], [sign] etc. 2 white-flowering salvia. [Plant] At 3 o'clock we rode out of the gardens, across wheat fields. [Places] In the fields were hyoscyam.

[Pfl] At 4:45 the path leads up a hill [narrow?] with white chalky soil, right and left deep valleys with now dry riverbeds. Here I was delighted to see a blooming blue gentiana. [Pfl] 15 minutes further down the mountain we came to a clear spring, called Tschurdanni, to the right of it on the mountain was a large cave carved out, which is often used for cattle [b...ht?]; inside it was painted black. At the spring I found a *Juncus bufon.*?

This tour offered a lot of variety. The number of caterpillars on a whitish *Euphorbia* was striking. To our left in the valley were several groups of tall poplars, whose green color contrasted very much with the white chalk rock. *Reseda simplicif.* and *Astrag. vesicar.* were very common here.

On the hill in front of the round mountain on which Balkys is located, we rode down to the left into a valley in which a stream flows; this valley was full of trochloodyte dwellings on the right and left; most of them were on the left, in several floors above one another or scattered on the mountain. Most of them were 20' square; on the sides, small vaults were carved into the soft chalk stone, with two beds next to each other made of stone, in human size. But they were

(1_01_051) now all empty. In some, 1 ½' wide long passages in the rock led to other wide vaults in which many bones were. These served as burial places; some stone cribs were twice as long as a person, and were perhaps placed against each other. All were painted black and shiny. Many fired bricks were found in them. In one, a small hole, through which one could only crawl with difficulty, led to a side chapel; here in the walls were 5 beautifully crafted busts of women and birds of prey [Zeich] and many inscriptions. [Insch] The prey were still found in many places! Coins were brought to me in abundance. In the valley there were lush fields of fruit. [Pfl] In the valley there was a lot to do with the horses.

At 7 o'clock we arrived in the village of Balkys, on the right bank of the Euphrates, with 14 houses and 60 inhabitants. We slept in the house of our companion, where we were very comfortable. In the evening I visited many people, whom I told about Europe. Many brought coins.

Monday, May 1st. The place has a very pretty location, towards the south towards the Euphrates, north of pastures up to the hills, which appeared in the most magnificent purple-red due to the abundance of *Papaver Rhoea*. Many fig and vineyard gardens next to the place towards the Euphrates. Along the entire river there are

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

Here there are hills which are a beautiful green. Only the south side is white from the chalk and [sterile?]. Next to the village towards the old Balkys there is a beautiful passage through the white chalk cliffs.

We went on an excursion to the round hill north of Balkys: there were still many remains of antiquity at the top, namely a large cave, which was difficult to enter due to the large amount of rubble. Equipped with a light, we broke in: inside there were large rubble stones thrown together in a wild manner, on the sides there were graves, often twice the length of a person. A stone door lay loose inside, with inscriptions and griffins. [Building] Often on the bare parts of the mountain there was a *Linum flav.*?, *Rumex* shrubby, [Pfl] etc. (1_01_052) On the other side of the Murad lies Tell Musa by a small [fall?]. [SprPfl]

After I had given 10 piastres to the soldier, 35 to the innkeeper and 5 to the guide, we set off at 3:30 a.m. accompanied by a man from Balkys. We stayed for 15 minutes on the Euphrates, which is several hundred feet wide here, not including the sandy bed. The north side of the river is full of rounded hills that often look like women's breasts. We then rode up the mountain, where the path at one point led close to the sloping river bank. [Pfl] The slopes towards the river here were lovely, especially the *matthiola* and *pa-paver* that grow in the grass here were a decorative feature. A lot of not yet flowering *compos.* were visible. On the other bank, about 45 minutes away, rises a mountain about 500 feet high, called Kalasandasi, at the foot of which lies Tell Musa, and further towards Biredschik, 15 minutes away, Tell Hahma. Large camel caravans passed us on the road to Baghdad. We gradually rode back down the mountain until we finally arrived at the Euphrates at around 6 o'clock; here we rode through the cemetery, on the right-hand side of which was a chapel, then the wide sandy bed. Here the transport of the horses was very difficult, especially the pack horse. There is no bridge, only boat-like crossings, which are high at the front, so that the horses have to jump up, which is often dangerous because of the risk of slipping on the wet, slippery ground. A large tree served as a rudder pole; next to it was a large rudder. [Quotation]

Next to the entrance is the European-style Seraglio of Rusti beg, and the Duane is nearby. After I handed in my report from the Duane to Aleppo, we went on our way quietly, as my companion had said that I was a great man. In the Chane, called Jeni Chan (new Chan), we took up quarters in a small room that was kept clean but full of fleas, so that I could not sleep at night. Pillau, yoghurt and coffee was our evening meal. [Quoted]

(1_01_053) *Tuesday, May 2nd.* At 9:30 a.m. I visited Rusti beg, the Kaima-kan, to whom I brought greetings from Colonel Islama. He was dressed in [white linen?] European [tailor?]; reception very friendly; in his room-

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

mer treated with chibuk and coffee. After he had visited the Bujuruldu of Aleppo read, he did not even want to see the firman, this was already enough. We discussed my onward journey to Surutsch and Hharran, for which he provided me with as many soldiers as I wanted, then it was time for politics. He gave me a letter to take with me to Surutsch. He immediately granted my wish to visit the old castle, and a soldier was given to accompany me. Outside there were a number of large black birds with a crest, called Kesel Enak here, as well as pigeons, falcons, starlings, etc. When entering from the seraglio, the beautiful design of the front wall with 2 protruding bay windows and 2 lions was surprising. [Bau, Zit] (1_01_054) [Bau, Zeich] In many places there were large stone balls that a man [sz?] had played with; he is buried in the now Turkish chapel. There were also some stone vessels for holding light. Two large corridors in particular are still well preserved; I was told that one of them had served as a bazaar for the [mercenaries?]; on the sides of the walls there were loopholes; in other places there were square, slanting brick holes, toilets for the soldiers. There were also mangers for horses. In a side chapel there was old barley and charcoal; in others there were bones and rags. In one of the middle floors there is a chapel that has been preserved, with stone seats and inscriptions; next to it there is a place, which was closed, in which the ball player is buried. In some places the walls are still several hundred feet high; they are built on the chalk cliffs.

On the east side of the city there are extensive walls in the same style with 4- and 8-cornered towers. The Bab el Roha is particularly beautiful, with protruding bay windows and is also well preserved. On the east side of the same there is a 1 ½' high, well preserved inscription, as is also the case on another gate nearby. The location of the city is extremely romantic, one part along the Euphrates, where the seraglio is located next to the old castle, another part lies on 3 hills [next to each other?] [near?] the river, on which the houses rise in terraces, with fig and mulberry trees in between; the eastern part is particularly beautiful, where the terraced gardens are located; at the foot of these are white chalk cliffs, in which there are individual caves, some of which are used as dwellings, some as cattle sheds. Above them rise the gardens in the most beautiful green, which offer a refreshing place to stay in the great heat of the sun, with many nightingales. In particular, there are figs, mulberries, apricots, flowering pomegranates, now and then olives, grape vines wind up the trees like garlands; water is not lacking in them either. In general, Biredschik is well supplied with water, it runs hidden everywhere in the streets; there are even public toilets; small rooms with a door; inside there is an oblong hewn stone on which one can lie down. There are 8 mosques here; the main mosque, which I visited with a Turk, was

but very simple, without any decoration, with rough square columns and some picture arches along with the name of Muhammad.

(1_01_055) There are 50 Protestants here who hold their meetings in one room, among them is the doctor, to whom I gave my plants to keep when I left for Orfa. 5 pretty children, a girl with very light blonde hair had been to the school in Aintab and had a fine manner for the local conditions. The bazaar offers many things, including truffles, called kamai, and it is also kept clean; the pavement is bad, however, and in the middle, as everywhere, there is a groove for the horses to walk on. There are many such caves [in?] the chalk cliffs of the city, often 30–40'

square, some with thick, square pillars; one of these was divided into quarters by rough walls, into which livestock came. There are very few stray dogs; the barking in the evenings, as in other cities, does not bother anyone here; on the other hand, the singing of the people on the roofs, often accompanied by instruments, is disturbing until midnight.

Wednesday, May 3rd, morning excursion to Jebel Taken; on the hills south of the city the usual oriental flora: *Poa dura*. [Pfl]

(1_01_056) [Pfl] In the afternoon I made a few visits: to the Kaimakam Rusti-beg; to the Turk Absa, to whom I wrote a letter to Colonel Islama in Nisib, so that he should not take a man from Balkys as a soldier; then to the Armenian doctor, who treated us to sharbat, coffee.

Thunderstorms with some rain in the evening.

Thursday, May 4th, departure for Surug, 9 hours away. I was glad to be able to leave the fleas-infested Khan. Before departure, there was a long argument about payment. [Pfl] In the village there is a large tree, *Morus alba*, Tschibuk [Out?]. At first we ride northeast up the mountain, above the aqueduct of Bir, in some places emerging as a stream, in others flowing through rocks; nearby there are 4 deep cisterns. The white chalk mountains at the foot are separated by many valleys. On the mountain itself, the vegetation was very sparse, mostly already burned by the sun. To the right, a few hours away, you can see 6 individual [natural?] hills lying in a line, on one of them, called Dschebel Sheik Muhammed, a chapel that can be seen from far away. In the fields there are many turtle doves and a beautiful blue bird the size of a turtle dove, called Karlankatsch here. – At 8 o'clock we ride east. In front of us in the northeast lies the Jebel Arab, from where the water pipe comes from Bir, 3 hours away. To the left in front of us is a mountain on which Kirkmagara (40 windows) is located.

On the right side of the road is a covered cistern, which takes its name from Chairet from Orfa. [Pfl] In a small valley the water pipe rejoins

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Days, you can see how it has created its artificial bed in the rocks, next to which it had trodden out. [Zeich] The paths split, we ride to the right. [Zit, Pfl]

After riding over several small hills, we arrived at Surudsch Köpri Ssu at 9 o'clock, a mediocre stream with a fairly high bridge with 2 arches, built from beautiful blocks. Shortly before that, a 12' deep bricked water pipe was visible, but now dry. A small white convolvulus with narrow leaves and Hypericum with its blood-red flowers shone far away, its buds look black like withered plants; Helianthemum grandifl. We ride southeast. At 11 o'clock we came to a stream with clear water, on which the externally well-built Khan Surudsch lies on a meadow, but inside there was a lot of water and stones; next to it a grotto in the rocks. (1_01_057) [Quoted]

Almost all around on the horizon, hills resembling women's breasts were to be seen. [Pfl] At 1:30 the abundance of flowers ceased, red earth, only Stachys and Verbasc. latif. social in abundance. Everything was bare, only here and there were a few flocks of sheep and black Kurdish tents visible on the mountains. At 2:30 we left Jebel el Ramus to the right; small donkeys were playing. Shortly before that, large stones from old buildings were lying around, as was an old cistern. Water was being wound up from one of them with long,

on ropes running on a winch. The area now sloped down a little, in front of us was a wide area in which herds, black tents and a few villages were visible, as well as 2 small tells. [Places] Further on we came to a Kurdish camp, where clear, fresh water flowed in a fairly deep stream. We now rode southeast. A wide plain now opens up with many tells and villages, all with conical roofs, from a distance like beehives. Their interior resembles a cathedral dome, but everything is built of earth. This is the Surudsch region, famous in antiquity; there is no place of this name. Now and then individual groups of trees can also be seen.

After we had already passed several villages, we saw from afar the white tents of the Kaimakam of Surudsch, along with the horses of the Pasha of Orfa, which were grazing there. Unfortunately, the Kaimakam was not here, but in Orfa: his deputy was in a tent half an hour away in the village of Sonschuk. Arriving there at 7 o'clock, I handed in my letter from the Biredschiker Kaimakam, whereupon I was treated like a prince. I had hardly recovered a little when a messenger came: I would like to come to Ali Ara in a better, larger tent. [What?] I wanted to do, but he would do the same.

(1_01_058) So I had to ride back. When I arrived there, I was received very courteously in the usual way, and took the place of honour while the others sat at the sides. I gave my soldier 10 piastres, but he was not satisfied with that, so I gave him 15, whereupon he asked many

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

complimented me; he was here in the tent. At first liquor was passed around, which did us good, because during the day it was sometimes very hot, sometimes piercingly cold. In his big black tent I was treated to mutton, honey, butter, yoghurt and pillau. A mutton had been slaughtered in my honor. At 10 o'clock we rode back to our tent, where we slept wonderfully that night; a Kaimakam greyhound lay by my side as a hot water bottle.

Friday, May 5th. Early in the morning we went to Ali Ara's tent to take a soldier (who knew the way) to Arslan Dagh. Without a path we rode sometimes over lush fields of fruit, sometimes meadows, often through winding streams, past several now completely deserted villages with conical roofs. The Surug region is 7 hours long, 5-6 hours wide with around 300 villages consisting of over 1,000 houses in which 2,000 inhabitants live, 1,000 others are always in tents. The name of the Kaimakam was: Ali Ara Ergelisada ebn Nachu, Mustapha Ara Arihali. Mainly two types of wheat were grown, *Hordeum distichum*. Now and then hemp, and rarely a type of carrot. Other plants to be found in the fields were: *Aegilops tritic.*, *Avena fatua*, a white, red and flesh-coloured *convulvulus*. [Pfl] To our right was a long, bare mountain with exposed rocks and a Turkish chapel on top, which I was told was Kara dagh. We rode along its foot directly [south?]. At a village called Arabina, we came to a stream about 10' wide with clear water that comes from Mount Dinar. Along the stream, in which there were many large black blocks of stone, were wonderfully green gardens with apricots, mulberries and willow trees, one of which was a variety of *Pendula*, and plane trees. There was also a large rose hedge with blossoms. [Pfl] A Turk was lying in it and sleeping.

After we had rested here for a while, we set off and after an hour we arrived at the village of Arslan, which is built in the same way as all the others. In front of the village is a tell on which some excavated stone slabs made of black stone were erected, but without any inscription. All around were large black stone blocks with a molten appearance, and more rarely hewn stones, which then (1_01_059) mostly consisted of white limestone. Next to the village there are 2 small ponds which are used for roasting hemp, a few mulberry trees stood next to them, but they presented a sad sight as they had been blackened by the frost.

Five minutes from the village are the two lions from which the village takes its name, Arslan. Only one is still standing upright with its mouth open and its head looking towards the southeast. A proud work of art from the past in a miserable present. It is carved 0.10 meters out of the blackish granite, augite basalt, the mowers are particularly good.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

ne and the feet. The square rock is 3.60 meters long and 2 meters high, which is also the size of the lion. There are 2 coat of arms-like decorations on the front leg. The 2nd lion lies right next to it, still in the same direction as it once stood, its head also facing south-east, so both turned their backs to the south and north, that is, the smooth rock. The head is broken off, and the body is also badly damaged. To see what kind of rock it is made of, I wanted to chip something off the foot of the rock, but my guide started chipping away right in the middle of the body, which I forbade; you can see how little respect people have for such a work of art. Next to it there is supposed to be a cow of the same size, whose horns should still be sticking out of the ground; but I didn't see it; the Kurds wanted 40 piasters to dig it up. The churchyard is all around it, but there are only 3 monuments on it; On the other graves, the many black stones that were lying scattered around had been gathered together; only a few were carved, including one, small, which seemed very old to me, with 16 corners; many were made of chalk stone, with round or square holes at the top (to catch rain). On one of them a figure was carved, the meaning of which is unknown to me. [Sign]

I always thought I would find ruins here, but all was in vain. Near Sirin, 8 hours from here, there is said to be a large lion at Tell el [Ranad?], but 10 soldiers were unable to kill it. I also roamed the mountain range to the south, which is covered with many blocks of hard limestone, but found no trace of ruins. I dug up an iris. Sour milk and bread were eaten in a Kurdish tent. Towards evening we returned to our tent after crossing a very swampy lowland. We prepared to leave. A sheep had been slaughtered in my honor in the evening. In the swamp next to the village there was a concert of frogs; many hoopoes on the roofs; a blue bird was also common.

Saturday, May 6th. Today was the Turkish festival of Kurban Beiram, which lasts three days. Ali Ara's flag was flying in front of his tent; pistol and rifle shots could be heard from all sides. Early in the morning I paid a farewell visit to Ali Ara, who signed my album. After I had eaten something, I returned to my tent accompanied by two soldiers to leave. On the way I met a troop of riders, led by a man with a small drum, which he was beating with two leather straps. The procession stopped in front of me, a Turk, (1_01_060) holding his stick gravitationally like a [Scep-tus?], stopped in front of me and [greeted?] me. He invited me to return to the tent, but [because?] I was about to leave, I turned him down. He was a rich Turk from Orfa. After I donated 15 piastres at the Kai-makam and 20 piastres in the sleeping tent, we finally left at 9 o'clock

to Surug, accompanied by 1 soldier, for I had sent one back, as one from Aleppo was still accompanying us. It was a hot day. [Places] We rode further east between lush fields of fruit, in some of which the barley was already ripe. After 1 hour we arrived in the village of Siaret, at the western end of which there is a large mosque, built entirely from hewn blocks. The entrance on the eastern side led into a courtyard planted with trees, in which there was a well with good water. Next to it was a sarcophagus, the lid of which was made of a red, smooth stone, the inside showed only an empty manger. On the other side of the well was a similar sarcophagus, but much smaller. At first the Turk refused me entry into the mosque, but after I donated 1 piastres and took off my shoes, everything was open to me. [Building]

The Alepinian got a fever and stayed behind to sleep. We rode on. The crucifer appeared again in the fields. [...?], *Adonis ramifera*, but not *fulva*, [plant] near the village a pond for roasting hemp; the ditches (1_01_061) spread a bad smell from the many *Chara foetida* in them; a lot of turtles curiously stuck their necks out to the water. Everywhere you look on the plain, you see Tells, at the foot of which [always?] there are a lot of those big black blocks of stone. Big shaggy, mostly whitish or foxy dogs [turning into?] furiously charged at us; you can see a lot of big greyhounds here as far as Orfa. At half past ? we rode directly east, where we were surrounded by pure desert vegetation: *Artemisia* in abundance, *Stipa* (like *Hordeum*) swaying silver-white up and down like waves; often also *Aegilops tritic*. [Pfl]

The others had stayed behind to drink in a Kurdish tent camp. I had continued on alone when I came to a flock of sheep; when the shepherds saw me coming, I noticed them preparing their pistols and then coming at me. But when my companions saw this, they quickly came running up and asked what they wanted, whereupon they quietly went their way. A large blue *Philipaea* and a withered *Nepeta*. We rode gradually up a mountain, but the vegetation had already completely withered; further up, on stony ground, where there had previously been water, there was a red *Sedum* in bloom; also a *Senecio*, *Scabiosa*, *Picris*, and 2 *Allium*. At the top there was a grotto hewn out of the rock, called Kirma, with quarries nearby; but the stones had been cut out of the hard rock in squares; I counted about 20 such quarries on the neighboring mountain heights. These quarries presented a strange sight, like old ruins. At this grotto Kirma I found a blue *Trifolium*, *Ruta*, *Senecio*, *Geranium dissectum*, *Paronichia hisp*. An old cistern and some water cribs were nearby. At 1:30 we rode directly north to

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Kifri, large swarms of locusts caused a lot of damage to the grass. *Onobrychis sat. aff.* [Plant] From Kirma to here to the village of Kifri an area extremely rich in plants.

At 3:30 a.m. we arrived at Kifri, which is located on a mountain slope facing south, with about 60 dwellings carved into the rock. In all of them, a narrow, about 6 paces long corridor leads from the outside to the actual former living rooms, which in [our?] time were occupied by Kurds and their cattle; but now no one was to be found in the whole village, everything had flown out. From the outside there was little to see; everywhere there were large, long hewn stones, often 6' long, which all obviously came from the neighboring quarries. Roughly gathered stones formed walls to keep the Kurds' cattle together. There were many large cisterns there.

(1_01_062) The blackened interior of these dwellings is made entirely of stone, the [ceiling?] mostly made of long ashlar, often just hewn out, often supported by artificially hewn pillars. [Construction, drawing] In total there are probably about 60 such dwellings. On the mountain, on the slope of which the village is located, there is a monument on which lies an animal figure, but without the head and feet, which have been cut off, about 3 ½' long. There were many cisterns nearby, and there was also a very deep one on the neighboring mountain. Half an hour away there is a smaller village of the same kind. Often you can see stones erected on the neighboring mountain peaks. On the north side of the mountain is the small modern Turkish cemetery with 2 tombs. The botanical yield was a small white *Alsine* on rocks and a blue *Muscari comos.* To the east we rode further past fruit fields now and again; we rode up another ridge, on the top of which a long line of piles of stones runs like a border. Here began a *Verbasc. mont.?* [Pfl] The earth was red and crumbling to dust. At 5 o'clock we arrived at the small village of Junus, which was built in the same way. Next to it were a few black tents, but there were only women there who gave us milk and bread; their children were the *Bouton d'Halep.* (1_01_063) Shortly before that we rode over a fertile plateau, which was covered with many stones, and there was wonderful vegetation. [Pfl] Next to the village of Junus there was bare, smooth rock, the rain had completely washed away the thin layer of humus. From here we rode southeast.

At 6 o'clock we arrived at a small Kurdish camp, near which there was a monument. In fact, on the mountains in this desert you can see many small remains of buildings that have now disappeared. A Kurd had to show us the way to Burtsh Bedrachi. At first he didn't want to go, but when the Turkish soldier started to beat him, he went. On this path I found a beautiful [*Verbasc.?*] *flor. fulv.*, also a lot of *Senecio.* We rode up the mountain without a path.

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

where the black Kurdish tents were visible from afar. We arrived there after 7 o'clock; who came to meet me, the Aleppo man we had left behind in the mosque. I was given a friendly welcome by the Kurds; I was immediately given the place of honor. The whole camp gathered here; after dinner, 6 Kurds performed a concert on violins with one side, square [case?], which sounded very monotonous, but they sang along in turns. My servants also put in the rich crops. After I donated 5 piastres for the concert, I went to bed, but couldn't do so because of all the fleas. I was already up at 3 o'clock, because I hadn't slept all night.

Sunday, May 7th. From here I wanted to go to Haran, which was only 4 hours away, but since the Shammar Arabs controlled this area, even the Kurds advised me not to go from here, but from Orfa. So I decided to go to Orfa, and at 5 o'clock everything was ready to leave after I donated 15 piastres. In the fields at the foot of the Burtuch Bedrachi everything was green with mercurialis. Several of these isolated walls were still visible. [Places] On the rocks Ficus, but small, Alsine from Kifri, Linaria? But I was so tired that I [always?] slept on the horse, and the heat was very great. Finally we left the mountains and rode into Orfa, Abraham's city, at 1 o'clock. (1_01_087) [Zeich]

(1_01_064) *Monday, May 8th,* Orfa. I received the friendliest welcome from the French consul, Mr. Armand Martin. I was given a cool room with a terrace and hallway on the first floor, where I could do as I pleased. He owns the largest khan in Orfa, where he has a soap factory; the oil from Olea comes from Nisib, the raw brown-black soda from the area around Rakka, obtained by burning the plants. He is [...] years old, still unmarried and lives with his 72-year-old mother. – We paid a visit to the Pasha today, but only met the second Pasha, a young, friendly man in European clothing. [Places]

My wish to visit the mosques was granted with the greatest readiness. The seraglio is by no means splendidly furnished; the first pasha lives on the right in the section, the second on the left. Apart from the red divan and the necessary writing materials, nothing else can be seen in it. A bug crawled straight at me on the divan. Scorpions, snakes, and bugs are almost everywhere in the houses, not to mention the fleas. The streets are poorly paved; in the middle there is a somewhat wider path for the pack animals, wider than one usually sees, but filled with the stinking filth of the city. One sees very few stray dogs. [Quotation] The houses are built inwards, which means there is a high wall in front of each house; outside above the door in many places "Mash Allah" is written as a sign of pilgrimage.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

to Jerusalem. In many places there are also crude graffiti on the walls in red paint, mostly depicting trees (grenades) and flowers. Archways, such as are often seen in Aleppo, are only found here in a few places. Viewed from above, the city presents a pretty sight because of the many groups of trees. One advantage of the city over others is its abundance of water; even in many houses there is running water, but not nearly as much as in Damascus. In some places you can still find old inscriptions above the doors, as well as on the old city wall that runs all the way around, and on many buildings there are still stones from the old times. Orfa has 40,000 inhabitants, of which 25,145 are Catholic families, 2,500 Armenian families (11,000 souls), 50 Protestants, 200 Jacobite families, the latter also have a new church. [Quoted]

The Bouton d'Halep is found more frequently here than elsewhere. The women wear square horsehair braids in front of their faces instead of veils. They are still very shy to be looked at by strangers. Many, especially Christians, wear gold nose rings. A Turkish family lives next to Martin's house; on the first day I was walking on the terrace and leaned over the parapet to be able to look into the adjoining courtyard, when suddenly loud cries rang out from the Turkish women in the adjoining courtyard; they were just washing their feet; but they were by no means pretty. Of course I immediately withdrew.

There are about 30 mosques here, but only 15 of them have minarets, on which storks have almost always made their home. The most beautiful of all is the mosque Ibrahim Chalil, built by the Pasha Hammal Olo; but since it is said that he acquired the money for it illegally, it is believed that prayers are not heard in it, and so people rarely pray there.

On the other hand, the Dervish monastery is often visited [in memory of?] Abraham. When Nimrod wanted to throw Abraham down the mountain, Abraham's soldiers turned into fish, which were kept in this square basin next to the mosque. These Cyprinus Barbas are there in colossal numbers; if you throw something in, they come together in dense heaps so that you can grab them with your hands; the same is true of the upper natural, oblong basin, surrounded by three old plane trees and young ones planted, as well as a square with old Morus trees.

(1_01_065) *Tuesday, May 9th* [Quotation] Accompanied by the Tschibuktier and one of the Pasha's soldiers, I made my way around the mosques this morning. Most of them, especially the new ones, offer nothing remarkable. Without any decoration, just a large prayer niche, a pulpit, often with a large or small wooden choir and floor carpets. They are the main meeting place of the Turks who live by the water,

which flows through the courtyard, sit, smoke their chibuk or nargile, wash themselves, etc. Only some of them did not want to let me in, but the word [bakshiks?] calmed them down. The Turks were all very surprised about this, I was the main conversation in the bazaar; they thought I was going to write to Europe that they should come and [drive away?] the Turks.

I enter with my shoes off. First we visited the Sakib Effendi Takassi mosque, a dervish monastery built seven years ago with an inscription above the door. The mosque is small, square, without anything remarkable, next to it are the chambers for the dervishes, square chambers with carpets, nothing else. - In the Hassan Pasha mosque, a stream of clear water flows through the courtyard. In the same courtyard there are four round columns; on the other side [next to?] the mosque there is a school. It was built by Sultan Murad (80). In the courtyard there are four old cypresses, 2 ½' thick, with a rose hedge. The minaret is octagonal, so formerly Christian. The interior of the mosque is very long, [pulpit?] tapering towards the top, square. In the courtyard there is an arcade with 8 pilasters. The Nahrindji Mosque, formerly Christian, without any decoration; the courtyard is flowing with water.

The Ahmed Pasha Jamia was previously an Armenian church. In the courtyard there are mulberry trees planted in rows (1,500 years old). On both sides of the mosque there are old cypresses and an old thick olive tree. The monks' quarters run all around. On one side you go down stone steps to the water; arched façade with 7 columns; formerly the room of Mohammed Pasha. The interior is small and bears no relation to the large courtyard. [Sign] Inside, as in all mosques, there is a large chandelier made of thick iron wire, from which, as above the prayer niche, ostrich eggs hang; 4 windows look out onto the pond. At the entrance there is an inscription, opposite another with decorations. The entire northern side is taken up by the teachers of the Koran. On the terrace of the mosque there is still an old wall with one arch and four square window niches, otherwise everything old has disappeared. 80 steps lead to the minaret, in whose window openings birds hatched their eggs. This mosque is the most beautifully situated of all, on the pond of the holy fish, next to which, separated only by a path and a wall, there are beautiful green gardens with figs, etc., the cypresses surrounding them contribute not a little to their adornment.

Opposite it, at the other end of the fish pond, is the Halil Rach-mann mosque, [Quit] with a beautiful old square bell tower, which I was unable to visit because there were women inside. At the entrance, an old inscription shows the number 1560. Inside, in a niche, there was a white coffin, as well as a gravestone. (1_01_066) [Quit] In the wall, among other Arabic

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

2 old cufic inscriptions were walled into square stone, [Insch] next to each of them were 6 decorations made of green mass of flowers [Zeich]. In a dark side chapel there was a pool that was absolutely teeming with fish; the stone balustrade also had some old inscriptions.

The Bazar Jamia also has a courtyard with water flowing through it and planted with trees, including an old thick mulberry tree. The vestibule has 3 arches with 2 old red columns with old artificial knobs.

Inside, next to the pulpit, there are 2 inscriptions, one is new, in black letters; the one below is old, on a slab of green and red stone. There are 4 steps leading up to the windows. 3 new inscriptions. - The Hais-san Oghlu Dschamie is an old building with a new minaret, on the bottom of which there are 6 small red inscriptions. Stars and new pillar-like decorations.

An old inscription above the door shows the number 1147. The pulpit is built in a strange way, stairs surrounded by wooden railings lead up after passing through a door above which there is an old inscription. The pulpit consists of 4 round, red painted wooden columns and a pointed roof, see ÿ

[Sign]. Next to it is a large prayer niche with many ornaments, which are painted red, green and yellow in the Turkish style, as are the arches leading above them. The Dabachana Dschamie tannerie mosque is also an old building. The vestibule is formed by 6 arches. Above the entrance there are decorations in round [stars?], namely 2 adjacent ÿ [Sign]. Next to the pulpit there is also an old, now colorful prayer niche. Above the door there are 4 inscriptions. The entrance from the street is particularly old, with decorations and inscriptions. The minaret is round at the bottom, then square, decorated with flowers and green stars.

The Great Mosque, Kissil Ulu Dschamie Rougeâtre Grande, also an old building. At the entrance in the street there are large old inscriptions in the wall. [Construction]

(1_01_067) The octagonal minaret stands in one corner of the courtyard, once a beautiful bell tower. 112 steps lead up a spiral staircase to the bell tower, which is open on the sides, and 18 more steps lead to the walkway around the minaret, from which you can enjoy a wonderful view of the city. The wall is about 8' thick, with strong pillars at the top. From here I counted 15 mosques with minarets: 15 smaller ones.

The prettiest house belongs to Sheikh Bender, who had another one built nearby. The Kardachlar Dschamie, M. des frères, quite large, but without any peculiarities, as it is only 35 years old. Small minaret. Next to it in the courtyard is a beautifully built new school with new inscriptions. In the courtyard is a water basin, over which an old vine climbs, above which is an arbor from the house. - An old plane tree in the street, Ma-

called kamae uni; unfortunately one half is covered by a wall, so I could only measure one half = 4.50 meters; it shows many overgrowths like all plane trees, as do the 3 at the Ain Silcha water basin, which are small in size.

The Armenian church is 20 years old. [Quotation] At the entrance to the courtyard there are several graves, including one with a half red, half white stone slab, which marks the grave of the builder. Next to it, in the wall of a building, which is used as a dwelling downstairs and as a schoolroom upstairs, there are two old Armenian inscriptions that are very well preserved and are the reason for the church being built on this site. It is a beautiful building in a simple style from the outside.

The cemetery runs all around, with orderly stone slabs laid out; not the disorder of the Turkish cemeteries, that of the long broken

Stones look more like ruins. In front of the entrance in the south there is a hall.

[Construction] – Mosques can never be built without running water; the courtyard, usually covered with trees, serves as a place for idlers to sit in the shade, smoking their nargileh and watching the fish play. (1_01_068) [Quotation]

The old castle rises at the southern end of the town and here, with its high walls made of yellowish ashlar, reaches almost to the foot of the sloping mountain, where the natural water basin Ain Silcha is located with its shady groups of mulberry and plane trees and the shady gardens next to it. On the northwest and southeast sides are the newer graves of the Turks, marked with long stones with the Turk's covenant. [Construction] The moat on the southeast side is astonishing, where it is about 40' high and 30' wide, carved into the hard limestone rock. On the vertical side of the wall facing outwards, a niche is carved at $\frac{1}{3}$ of the height, covered with ficus. Inside, a foreman lives in a house, whose [wife?] [who?] freed the cotton from the capsule. Scattered around were such iron balls with handles [sign].

This whole Castellberg as well as the even higher mountains behind it are all richly provided with catacombs carved into the rock, especially in the southeast. There are over 300 such catacombs scattered around the mountains, many with round side vaults in which the embalmed people were placed in elevated positions, but here they were not set up for two people per camp as in Balkis. The floor is mostly made up of graves carved into the rock, as I was able to confirm by digging one of these out, in which there is a lot of charcoal. They are all blackened on the inside, of different sizes, but all square with arched doorways. (1_01_069) Most of them are carved straight into the rock, that is, there is a kind of passage in front of the actual grotto until the rock reaches the desired height; some, however, go straight into

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

the rock, but there are stairs leading down. The ones used as dwellings for the living are not so simple, for example the one next to a large chapel behind the castle, in which a 12-step spiral staircase leads up to the rock; next to it there was a 3' diameter round hole at the top, which served as a water container. Everywhere on such rocks you can see water channels carved into the stone, which led the rainwater into cisterns. A few large round cisterns are scattered around the mountains, several of which had water.

Often you will find large sections of rock carved out to form grottos, probably created by quarrying, because you can still see the steps on the sides where the stones were used. You can still see this today in some places on the mountains, namely behind the Castellberg, where a [monstrous?]

There is a quarry of dazzling white chalk, in which grottos similar to catacombs have been formed. One of these old grottos was 50' long and wide and about the same height, with fig bushes on the sides, *Adiantum Capill. Ven.*, which cover some of the grottos completely with greenery, *Hyoscyam. albus*. Particularly interesting is a hard limestone rock on the second hill behind the castle: a large block of rock has been carved out into two floors, the ground floor with two adjoining rooms, windows and many wall niches, as well as the first floor, to which a staircase leads from the inside.

Seen from afar, these mountains, whose valleys open to the southeast but are connected to the main ridge in the background, look like fortresses because of the many carved rock faces that then look like walls. On the summit, these mountains have large piled-up stone blocks, in the cracks in the rocks of which I found a *Saxifraga lutea alb?*, *Smyrnum*, *Vaccinium*. On the 4th mountain from the Castellberg are the ruins of Mar Jacob, which I was unable to visit due to lack of time; I could clearly see a vaulted chapel at both ends. These mountains are alternately adorned with vineyards, which were now in bloom and gave off a wonderful smell; in them fig and *Celtis* trees; on the rock faces, on the other hand, there were wild figs everywhere, which mostly remained small, with entire leaves and elongated fruits. In these vineyards, *Hypericum luteum* and *Muscari comos* were common. [Pfl] (1_01_070) [Places]

Four months ago, a man was robbed at the gates of Orfa, who had 1,050 Turkish livres with him. The French consul Martin tracked down some of these individuals, who had gone to Diarbekir; he demanded them from there, but only after much difficulty were they handed over, since these individuals had given the government a great deal of money to seize.

V Excursion to Harran and Garmusch (10–16 May 1865)

Wednesday 10–Friday 12 May 1965. Excursion to Hharran.

(1_01_071) On Wednesday, May 10th, we rode out of Orfa to the Bab el Hharran gate, accompanied by an Arab called Hassan. This gate is the only one of interest, because on the city side there is a long Arabic inscription above the entrance. Inside and in front of it, outside the city, you can always find idlers sitting there drinking their nargileh and watching the goings-on of the passers-by. For a stretch we rode between the graves of the Edesseners, until after half an hour we reached the covered well of Nabi Ejub; according to legend, the Sudarium of Christ is hidden in it. We ride directly south along the red clay plain that stretches out before us; to the right on the bare limestone mountains lay the destroyed monastery of Mar Jacob; this mountain range accompanied us until a few hours before Hharran, until it then stretched even further to the right and disappeared into the desert. Vaccaria grandifl. blooms in the fields. [Plant] The whole district was well cultivated up to Hharran. [Places]

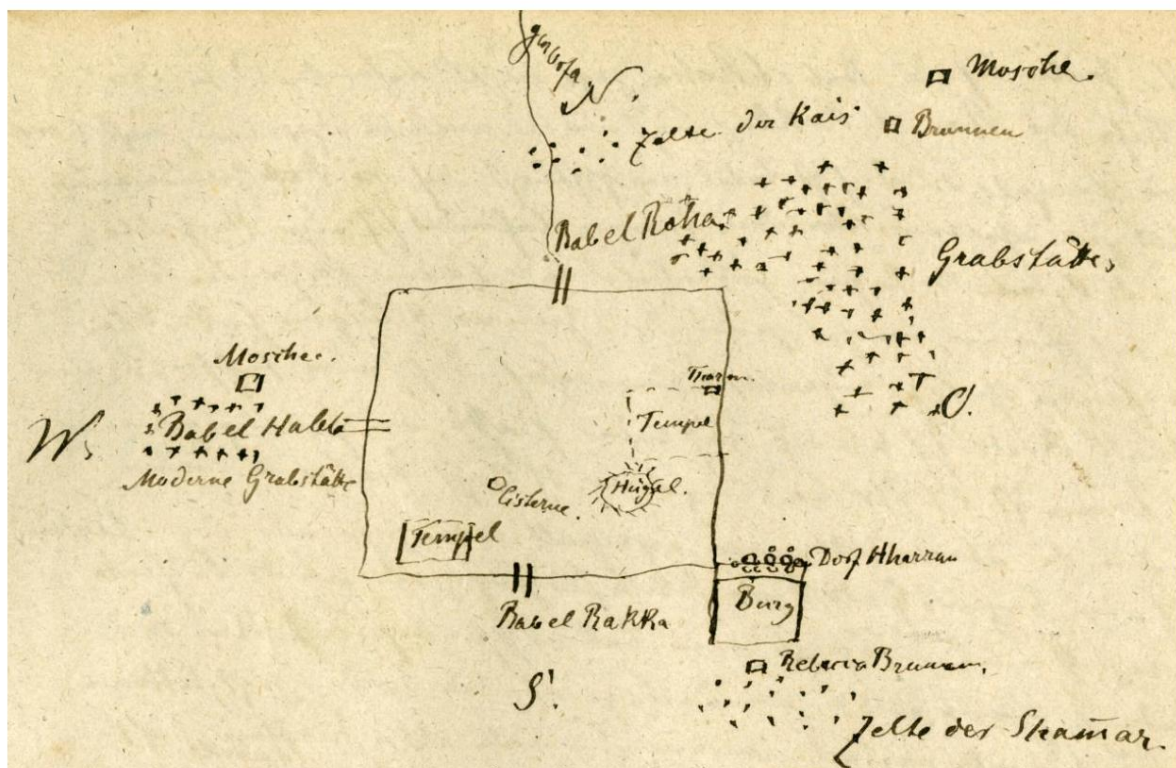


Fig. 5: Plan of Hharran (1_01_076)

On the right side, in the middle of the field, there is a mosque, surrounded by some trees, called Abdar Hammam, near which there are some houses with conical roofs. Then we came to the Chan Cherus on the left side of the road with a covered well, to which wide steps lead down. With an inscription. In front of the place [Pfl], Achillea Millef. lut., which in

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

the city is brought to the market; they are placed in the houses to drive away the snakes. [Places]

On the left is a Tell, and further up [?] on the right are 2 others, on one of them lies the village of Baktsche Hassani. (1_01_072) Here we came to a 6-7' wide stream, called Nahr Kud, where a pretty, slim girl with black, disheveled hair in a blue dress was washing cotton. We let her give us a drink; only her blue-tinged lips made an unpleasant impression. [Pfl] At the next village, Tell Bagdad, also called Redid, the stream was divided into many ditches between the fields, and a lot of hemp was being grown. Around the village lay many hewn stones, the remains of former buildings, but nothing of these can be seen anymore; in fact I saw such stones lying in many places. [Pfl] The tower of Hharran had been gleaming at us for a long time. [Places] We rode through lush wheat and barley fields in the moonlight towards Hharran, where we saw the occasional flickering of a Bedouin fire, which helped us find our way. Many of the barley fields had frozen and had turned completely white. The tent camp of the Kais Bedouins was to the left of Hharran.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at Sheik Abdullah's large tent, where we were recently greeted by a lot of large dogs. At first he seemed surprised that I had come straight into his tent, but when he read the letter from Armand Martin he was reassured. The Arab who accompanied me had told them that I was the Hakim of the Sultan of Constantinople. After I had taken the place of honor, carpets were laid out in front of me and a large tin bowl with finely chopped roasted pieces of meat was placed in front of me, along with yoghurt and cheese. As about 25 Turkish soldiers were still sleeping in the tent, he showed me my own tent so that I would be less disturbed. I really liked the people in this area, the women were all pretty in dark blue clothes and black headscarves; the same goes for the men, who all wore braided plaits and long white shirts. I particularly liked Abdullah's 18-year-old son, who was around me a lot; only the following day did I find out the reason for this trust: he loved a girl, but her parents probably did not approve of it; I was supposed to write him a piece of paper saying that they wanted to give her to him, as a kind of talisman.

In the evening the Bedouins told me that old gold coins had often been found at Tell Sahal, five hours east of here. The butter-making process is strange: every morning in front of the tents you can see a goat skin sewn together with the hair facing inwards, filled with milk, being moved back and forth by the women, hanging from a rope. The old ruins, namely the extensive city wall, looked ghostly in the moonlight, towered over by the high tower.

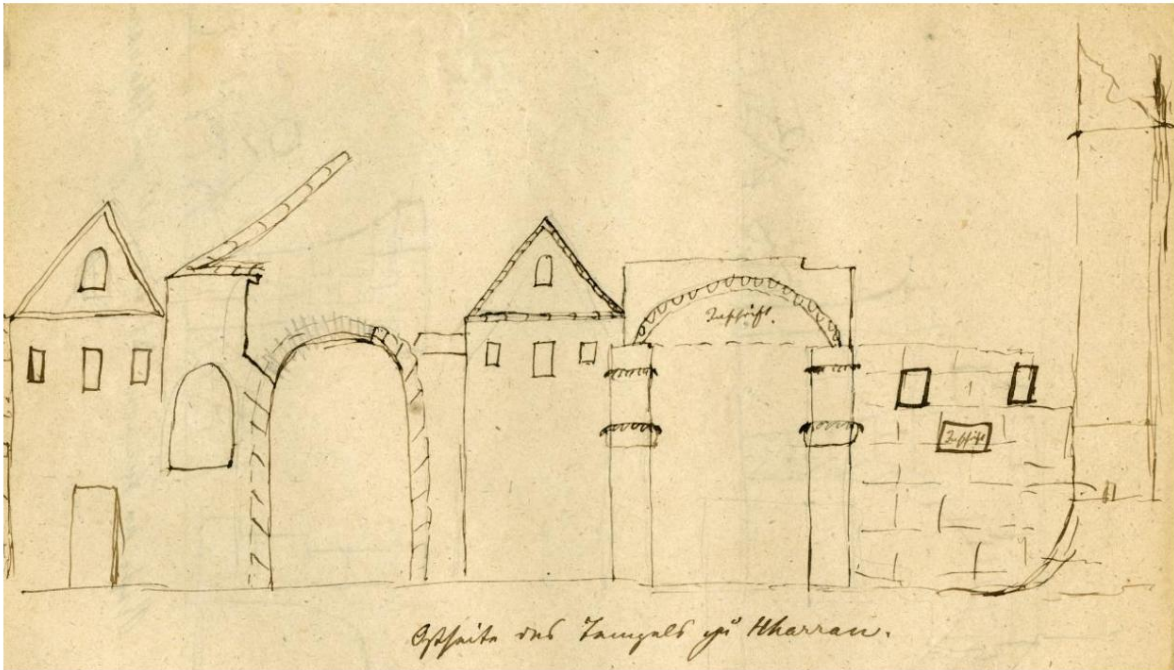


Fig. 6: East side of the temple of Hharran (1_01_078)

Thursday, May 11th. From our tent, next to which there were already old graves, we walked eastwards across wide graves, which were covered with herds, until after 10 minutes we stood in front of the city wall, which is still surrounded by a moat. It is mostly still intact up to a height of 20-30', only in a few places, especially at the gates, has it suffered, but more from treasure hunters than from time; it is built of yellowish limestone. Within this city wall only large piles of rubble made of hewn stones mark the former dwellings. [Construction]

Only the east side (front) of the temple remains with 2 entrances, the arch of the main entrance is shortened; from these, colonnades went out from east to west, which again crossed with others going from south to west. On the western side, the first arched wall has only 1 complete arch and a piece of wall between 2 former arches. Between

the 2nd and 3rd colonnade at the east end (seen from the south) was a 3rd entrance, at the western end of the former row of columns there are still 2 red columns, but the middle masonry is completely missing. Only from the middle main entrance there is still a large and small arch in the middle of the temple with what were once beautiful knobs, one of which is well preserved, on which there were formerly (1_01_074) 3 inscriptions that have been removed.

(1_01_077) [Drawing] (1_01_074) In the middle of the temple square there is a polyhedral, delicately carved water basin with a diameter of about 12-15', in the middle of which the hole through which the water entered is still visible.

– To the south of the temple there is an artificial hill, which on the side towards the temple is used for burial places, but on the other side for residential areas.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

zen. Everything around is covered with rubble stones, between which you can often see vaults. The circumference of the temple was 180 meters. From the eastern end of the same to the northern gate was 435 meters.

A few minutes further south you come to the modern Hharran, a village with conical roofs like all the others, except that the houses were built from the ruined bricks. Next to the village to the south is the old ca. 100'

high castle, formerly surrounded by a moat. It forms the southeast end of the fortress wall.

[Building] - Near the castle on the south side of the city wall is the very collapsed Bab el Rakka; only the better preserved Bab Haleb on the west side still shows remains of inscriptions; the Bab el Roha on the north side (1_01_075) shows nothing special. Near the Bab el Rakka is a third strange building, once a temple (probably an old mosque). The roof has completely collapsed, but the foundations are well preserved. [Building] - Near this there is an old deep cistern between the stone rubble.

On the west side of Hharran, below the walls, is the modern cemetery with a mosque. The square courtyard, paved with slabs and surrounded by a wall, showed an old tomb on the right, next to it a well; on the left a colonnade with four domes and a new inscription. Above the entrance to the mosque was a long old [walled in?] inscription (1247), the interior was like [in?] [cells?], empty, birds of prey nested in the windows. On the right a [locked?] door led into a semi-dark room in which stood a coffin covered with a black cloth; beautiful carpets were in front of it.

spread out. The Turk prayed in front of it. The mosque was built from an older building, as the southern wall has the construction of the city wall. The cemetery with 6 tombs, including the walled one of Abdullah's father. $\frac{1}{4}$ hour northeast of the camp was another mosque, with a new inscription. A little further ahead was a well, from which a girl was just drawing water. The vegetation around Hharran was now very poor, as the wide area had been completely grazed by the herds. In the city walls I found a small red silene. [Plant]

(1_01_076) *On Friday, May 12th*, we returned to Orfa the same way. I wanted to visit Sümbulat?, but I was always advised against it because it was too dangerous and there were no ruins to be seen there.

I would have gone if I had had more time. I spent the previous evening with the Bedouins, who told me all sorts of adventurous stories; they thought they could smell money in all the old, thick pillars of the ruins. Very little ancient money was found, as no one took the trouble to look for it properly. [SprPfl]

(1_01_070) *Saturday, May 13th.* Excursion to the north side of Orfa. Behind the town, which is enclosed by fortress walls, there are wide churchyards, the long stones of which are mostly thrown around in a wild mess, since nobody takes the trouble to put one of these stones back up when it falls over. Many are also broken, Turk's caps lie around, etc. Next to it is a deep valley cut in the chalk cliffs, in which a now insignificant stream, Kara Koyun, filled with *Chara foetida* and *Nasturtium offic.*, flows quietly. Its waters [may?] sometimes be large, however, as the cut attests. A bridge leads over it with a water pipe, at the ends of which it stands like two arches, covered with *Parietar.*, *Adiantum*, *Ficus*, etc.; the bridge is new and has two floors. [Sign] Nearby, another water pipe carries water across this valley, which comes from the neighboring beautiful green gardens opposite the seraglio. On the banks of this stream, strewn with flint, were *Echium grande*, [Pfl]. Further north we came to a valley with beautiful gardens, densely planted with flowering pomegranates, apricots, figs, magnificent mulberry trees, also some large juglans, willows; here and there flowering rose hedges; it was very hot, we looked for shade and water. A Turk led us through the gardens to a deep cistern with cold water, where we put the plants in paper and rested in the shade of a mighty olive tree. [Pfl]

The tomb of Abgar in a catacomb [on the?] mountain range behind the Castellberg. – Abraham's birthplace - Catacomb with 2 large life-size human figures, one of them stretched out and crying. - The Kara Koyun used to flow around the west side of the city, where it caused a lot of damage in the current Christian quarter through flooding, which also destroyed the church built by the Christians of Edessa in 202 on the model of the Temple of Jerusalem. (1_01_071) 10 minutes west of the city there are still remains of the old dams between vineyards. Now it flows on the north side.

(1_01_079) *Sunday, May 14th.* I had been told a lot about a large cave in which there is a stone which, when powdered, is supposed to be an excellent remedy for urine retention. I decided to visit it. At 7 a.m. I rode with two servants through the Samsate Gate, which offers nothing remarkable, in a northeasterly direction, first near the town between graves where many families were already gathered, then between barley and wheat fields. After half an hour we came to a stream where several mills are located in the valley; it comes from the west; perhaps half an hour away from us were several green orchards and vineyards, surrounded by stone deserts like in Orfa. The mountain slopes were still densely filled with mostly black rock debris, basalt, many of which had a blistered consistency.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

told me the village of Karaköpri, which lies to the north; many black tents were pitched with herds of fattails.

We arrived in Garmusch at half past 8, situated at the end of a valley with a clear view to the southeast over the wide plain. It is entirely inhabited by Armenian Christians with about 200 houses with flat roofs; Roman gold coins can be found here and there near the church. The place is clean, with plenty of water; there is a spring at the entrance to the place, as well as a clear one in the middle of the village with an open space. When the people heard that I wanted to visit the grotto, several came to accompany me to take stones with me. We left the horses in the middle of the mountain and then climbed quite steeply up the mountain covered with limestone rubble. From a distance you can see two mulberry trees with a bench, behind them some grottos carved into the rock with a cistern, one of which is called St. George. About 10 minutes to the left of this place is the grotto in question, called Sersamin, a little over an hour from the town. The entrance is covered with large rock fragments, so that only a small space remains to slip in. Equipped with lights, we let ourselves down straight away. Inside, it widens immediately, but is densely covered with rubble stones; it does not widen much towards the top, it leads diagonally downwards, often steeply, like a passage. Further down, however, it widens, but never forms an open space. The walls are all covered with a calcareous tuff, which in some places takes on the shape of an organ. I broke off some stones to examine them. In some places they look as if they have been weathered, in others they are drops of water. The earth is red underneath.

in the cave, where water seeps through, turning to stone. There are many cracks in it, but I didn't follow them any further, as I saw that the same formation was everywhere. I was about 200' deep.

The botanical find on the way to Garmusch today was *Nepeta Catar*.

[Pfl] In the village gardens there were beautiful mulberry trees, which already bore ripe red fruit, and the white ones were almost ripe; there were also *Juglans*, *Populus dilatata*, *Ficus*, pomegranates, apricots, willows and plane trees. In some gardens young apricot trees were grown, in others poplars, in others onion fields. On the mountainside *Vincetoxicum*. [Pfl]

(1_01_080) *Monday, 15.5.65*. In the morning I visited the grottos, of which there are over 300 scattered on the mountains behind the Castellberg. In the afternoon I wanted to visit the old monastery of Mar Jacob, but I was mistaken about the mountain on which it is located and climbed the one next to it, as a kind of stone wall was visible from below. When I got to the top, I saw that there were only [mighty?] boulders that protruded from the top of the mountain. On the other side of the valley, on the top, there were ruins, I saw a preserved chapel at each end of the valley, the other lay in ruins.

mern. Counting the Castellberg as the first, they are on the fourth mountain. But I did not regret having climbed up; at the top I found a yellowish-white Umbilicus Haussknechtii Boiss in the cracks in the rock. [Pfl] On the plain towards Harran, on the right of the road, in front of us was the well Nabi Ejub, in which, according to legend, Jesus' handkerchief is hidden.

Tuesday, May 16th, morning visit to missionary Nothing, then to Father Angelo in the monastery. There are 3 missionaries in the monastery. The first is the founder of this mission, he founded it 24 years ago as a 25-year-old man. 7 years ago the building was rebuilt in a beautiful style: a beautifully paved square courtyard with more and olive trees. A stone staircase leads up, to the right to the apartments, to the left to a corridor that leads to the beautifully furnished salon. In the courtyard to the north is the church, which is an exception from other Catholic churches, because it is simple, but decorated all around with beautiful paintings that came from Madrid, as well as a side chapel, [at?] the altar with stars, moon and sun built in a triangular Arabic style. The main altar with columns etc. [sign] The church has 300 souls. – Afternoon preparations for departure to Aintab.

VI Orfa–Aintab (17 May–26 June 1865)

Wednesday, May 17th. At 8:15 a.m. we rode, accompanied by a soldier with a long lance (Samsat is said to be 9 hours away), to the Samsate Gate of Orfa in a westerly direction, first between the graves, then between vineyards: a long caravan of camels [made?] us wait a long time.

The path initially went along the valley floor, but then it climbed, with bare, steep mountains on both sides with vertical rock sections, in which there were also some old grottos. Further along the path to the right was a built-over cistern. The path was very difficult to walk through, as the horses could not get a firm footing on the rock slabs, which were hewn out here and there. After an hour we arrived on the plateau, which is surrounded by even higher hills. There are several side valleys with deep water channels to the side. [Pfl] On this plateau, to the left in front of us, there is a large built-over cistern, next to which a camel caravan had camped; a little further to the right was another one.

(1_01_081) Far to the right of us, the white chalk mountain cut was clearly visible on the neighbouring mountain range. Red clay appeared alternately, covered with basalt blocks. New hills were crossed, new valleys and mountains came into view, but the further one moves from Orfa to Tscharmlik, the flatter the area becomes, until at Tscharmlik it presents a wide, only slightly undulating plateau, which is why the Nimrod Dagħ is wrongly drawn on Kiepert's map. At 10:30 we arrived again at a covered cistern with fresh water; here and there there were fields of crops in the valleys, especially in the basalt region. At 11:30 we rode past a hill to our left which was thickly covered with the stone rubble of a former village; however, only traces of the foundation walls and a few underground grottos were visible. There Allium odor. flavan.

At 12 o'clock we rode a fairly long stretch on basalt, which contrasted very much with the limestone soil surrounding it, where everything was beautifully green and lush, namely Trifolium prat. [Plant] The border where the limestone began again was clearly visible from afar, because everything there was bare and bare. [Places] We always stayed close to the telegraph. The terrain changed, the stone region had disappeared, and desert surrounded us, everything burned by the sun, wide gray stretches without greenery, also eaten away by locusts. [Places]

At 6 o'clock we reached the black tents of Tscharmelik, where we fortified ourselves with milk and homemade pillau at [...]. Big white dogs. This place has 60 houses and 240 inhabitants. To the north of us, the high snow-capped mountains shone very close and invited us to visit. We met several

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Aleppo merchants who went to Orfa. Everything around the place was dry and burnt, no fodder, but locusts. - On the morning of the following day, light rain.

(1_01_082) *Thursday, May 18th*. In the morning the sky was overcast and a light rain was falling. At 7 o'clock we were ready to leave after I gave 20 piastres.

The village was half an hour away from the tents, and the large khan and the mosque were visible from afar. Black clouds had gradually enveloped the snow-capped mountains in the north. Next to the village with conical roofs rises a tell, on the north-west side of which is the churchyard, but only with a few monuments. Between it and the village, on the elevation, lie the khan and the mosque. The courtyard, which the building completely encloses, is 75 paces long and 46 paces wide. I found a lot of Tribulus in it. [Building]

The mosque right next to it is only part of a previously larger building, as can be seen on the north side, where the old wall remains are still visible on both sides. It is 15 paces long and 8 paces wide. The interior is roughly paved, partly torn open. On each side there are 2 [square?] windows, beautifully clad in red marble. The only interesting thing is the prayer niche, which is beautifully decorated in stone. There is no longer an entrance, I had to climb in to the window. To the left of the entrance there are small round [balls?], in the right corner a spiral staircase led to the roof, which was decorated with 6 white domes. 4 arched pillars divide the interior into 2 parts. On the north side there are 2 small decorated prayer niches on the outside. There is a vault under the church, but the entrance in the south was walled up by the [current?] [people?]. A pinnacle of a column made of red marble lay next to it. (In the niche there are many inscriptions, including a German one: Meyer from Württemberg, baker's apprentice).

The fields a little further on were like a garden, there in abundance the tall red mallow, a delphinium, Papaver somnifer. [Plant] At 11:30 we left a deep rock cut to the left to a [started?] cistern; from here Scirpus Holoschoenus lay in wet and dry places. [Places, Plant] At 12:30 we arrived in Haderachman, situated on a hill that showed the remains of walls at its tip; one side, where the village stood, is completely covered with stones; some of these

(1_01_083) Foundation walls had been used to build earthen walls to house the current generation. At the foot of the walls, many bees were kept in square boxes. The tell was very green compared to the surrounding terrain, which makes it easy to distinguish the tells from natural hills at this time of year. We [rested?] a little at a cistern with bad water. The landscape here is called [Beresce?] and borders on Surug. [Pfl] – Further to the left is a cistern. Up to this point, all the hills were made of red clay, but from here on it alternated more often with white chalky soil, often

1 hill made of chalk, but all around red clay. In the fields the barley has already been pulled up everywhere. [Pfl] In places the hills are colourful, the yellow of the Pterothecen, Anthemis flav., Erysim. velut., Ononis rubra, with the two kinds of red of Papaver Rhoegas and Glaucium, the splendid blue of the Anchusa, the beautiful green of the Aegilops species, in between the white of Anthemis species and Umbellif. wove a beautiful carpet.

On the left side of the mountain there was a large carved cave, with an arch made of stones at the entrance; mighty pillars made of rock divided the interior into three sections, each of which had further sections that were now used as stables. The interior was dark, there was no light for us. Several small caves were visible on the rocks on both sides of the valley, and on the right there were also chalk hills, where I saw six such caves from the valley, called Sari magara. At 2 o'clock we came to a cistern that had been built over in an elongated square shape, the stones of which had been cut out of the rock next to it in the same square shape. The mountain pass on which it is located consists mostly of flint. The mountains surrounding us consist of solid, steep limestone rock on the sides of the summit, while on top there is earth. [Pfl]

At 3 o'clock we were surprised by a violent thunderstorm, which had been threatening all day. Fortunately, there was a camel caravan nearby, and under their tents we had some shelter from the pouring rain. They were bringing soap from Edlib to Erzeroum. A stream flowed next to us, coming from the neighboring mountain. [Pfl] After an hour the thunderstorm was over. We climbed a mountain, where we soon passed a large cistern, which was built like a chapel. Half an hour to our right lay Kirkmagara on the right side of a natural hill on the upper half of the peak. I counted 15 such cave dwellings, but unfortunately time did not allow me to visit them. The mountain group, about 9, in which it lies, consists of bare white rock, except for the one on which it lies, which appeared green. From our elevated vantage point, the view was magnificent. To the left, from southwest to southeast, was the dark wall of storms, which made the mountains appear threateningly black. But before us, the magnificent Euphrates valley spread out, the winding Murad near Balkis with its hills, and the Tells in the plain.

(1_01_084) There were white clouds on the mountains that had come loose from the storm. The evening was wonderful in the refreshed nature, when the sun came out smiling again, behind us the rainbow with strange refraction of rays, as if the sun were in the east, the rays went out into the black cloud. On the way I collected Andropog.

Gryllus. [Pfl] On the mountain before Biredschik we rode over the aqueduct, which was covered in some places and flowed freely in others; a cistern in the middle of the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

without being able to see it from a distance; how easily can someone fall into it?

At 6 o'clock Biredschik was below us. The view of the beautiful gardens on the mountainside with the blossoming pomegranates was magnificent. Here the horse became ill; it had drunk too much water; it got cramps and was about to fall over. With difficulty we brought it to a khan, where it soon passed.

At the Moorn I took another Nepeta.

Friday, May 19th. Early in the morning, the packages of plants that I had left with the Protestant doctor were fetched, some of which were moldy, and everything was prepared for departure. At 2 o'clock we were ready to cross the Euphrates, but only after we had waited an hour in this miserable crossing, where we could not move, did the lazy Turk decide to leave. These [tracks?] are really too uncomfortable for pack animals, since they cannot go all the way to land, the animals must first wade in the water and then jump up into it. Why not put up a staircase for getting up and down? The Euphrates bed is half an hour wide here, but only half had water. At 4 o'clock we were finally on the other bank, where the wind was blowing in the opposite direction. Barley was already being pulled up everywhere in the fields. We stayed on this path for a long time, as there were many plants to collect, such as large Umbellifer from Hheilan, in particular a beautiful white Convolvulum, as well as several species. [Pfl]

The view from this mountain top to Bir is magnificent. If Aleppo is called the Grey, then Bir can be called the White because of the white chalk cliffs. At approx.

The town is on 6 hills along the river, above it the green gardens, with water running through them, to the left the castle, from which fortress walls run around the whole town; on the left side of the town in particular the caves look out from the dazzling black chalk stone. [Places] In summer it is terribly hot, especially gusts of wind whirl up masses of Euphrates sand. The Morus fruits were ripe; 3 kinds, white, black and reddish brown, in the bazaar.

We arrived quite late in Nisibin, only three hours from Bir, where we spent the night in a khan. I heard constant music nearby, I asked what it was and expressed my desire to see it.

Accompanied by my khan host, we went there; it was in the courtyard, the men downstairs, the women upstairs on the terrace. When we entered, everyone stood up and made a place for me upstairs: it was a pre-wedding celebration. Men performed various dances, and an interpreter danced along too. A kind of flute and drum were the musical instruments. The music lasted for several days without a break until late at night. In the middle of the courtyard stood a tall pole as a candlestick, on which good cow dung cakes were burning.

(1_01_085) *Saturday, May 20th.* We set out at daybreak to reach Aintab, 9-10 hours away. We returned along the route described earlier. [Of?] Plants I collected *Hyperic. lut. glandul.* [Pfl] Up to the vicinity of the Kuweik springs the vegetation was more or less the same as that of Orfa, but from there towards Aintab it was increasingly behind. [Pfl] At Orun the *Elaeagnus* was in bloom, but further towards Aintab it was not. They put it in bed to protect it from fleas. Unfortunately we made very slow progress as one of the horses was still very weak and I was afraid it would stay down. The night was very dark so that no path could be seen. Fortunately I had noted a mountain formation that we passed on the way there, which now served as a signpost for us.

When we finally arrived outside the city, we rode back and forth for a long time until we finally reached our second home with Mr. Schneider. The day after us, a caravan of 40 Kurdish robbers was robbed between Nisibis and Aintab; shortly before that, several robberies had taken place between Aintab and Merasch; the government was at war with the Kurdish tribes to the north in the mountains of Scanderoun who had not yet been subdued; that is why so many bands of robbers are making the area unsafe, as they have fled.

Sunday, May 21st. I arrived here completely starving, but unfortunately I had eaten too much meat and became ill. I was unable to do any work, had severe pains and stabbing pains in my head, sunstroke, and also in my spine; I slept almost non-stop day and night.

Monday, May 22nd. Just like the day before, I took *Magn. sulf.* and *Th.* Nuc. from. Lots of sleep.

Tuesday, May 23rd. A little better, but very weak. I ventured a short walk. On the way to Marash I met the French consul of Merash, St. [Jafré?], who had been transferred. Horses were being grazed everywhere in the country for the soldiers; Mr. Nothing was not able to get any horses to return to Orfa, as there was a fear of robbers. - I received letters here that I had long been awaiting with longing, from home, dated April 12th, and from Boissier, dated April 3rd, 1865.

Wednesday, May 24th. Wrote letters in the morning. Walked in the valley in the afternoon, but found nothing new. The hedge-forming *Elaeagnus* began to bloom, while it was already in bloom near Orun on the 20th of the month; [Pfl] the Cicer fields were now in bloom, white and reddish. [Pfl] A Turk brought me a magnificent *Linaria grandifl. lutea.* [Pfl] (1_01_086) [Txt] (1_01_088) [Txt]

There are now 1,700 Protestants in Aintab. At the beginning of Mr. Schneider there were many difficulties, because Protestants were not yet a religion here, that is, they were not yet equal to other peoples. Even the governor

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

did not want to protect him, he let him come to him, after greeting him, he snapped at him: Who are you? What do you want here? I am a teacher. But there are no English here. – [Yes?] I am a preacher and I want to proclaim the gospel to all who want to hear it. – That is not possible, you must go. –

No, I am not going. – Of course, I cannot send you away, nor lock you up, but I will not protect you. – [Yes?] You must protect me, and if something happens to me, you are responsible for leaving

Mr. Schneider left the room. He immediately wrote to the consul in Aleppo, asking him to get a letter from the Pasha to the local governor, saying that he must protect him; or if not, he should send his cawass. He did not receive the letter of protection, but he did receive the cawass, who then accompanied him on every outing. Large stones were often thrown at him. Once a large Armenian came towards him on the promenade with his fist clenched, but Mr. Schneider, jumping at him in the same position, shouted: Bujurun, [whereupon?] the Armenian left. Now the governor is making an effort to hold the Protestants back more, because they also feel the influence on themselves. In Constantinople, six months ago, several Turks became Protestants, which caused a great uproar; several printing works were closed, etc. In a village near Diarbekir, two Turks also wanted to become Protestants, but when it was noticed, they were immediately put among the soldiers. A new, second church is now to be built in Aintab, but the Turks and Armenians are trying to prevent this; they had a lot of trouble choosing the location. The government sent 500 horses that had been raised here and in the surrounding area to Alexandretta; but between here and Killis they were stolen again by their owners. (1_02_0001, 1_02_001) [Txt]

(1_02_003) 25.5.65. Aintab, probably derived from the word ain, spring, and the Hebrew tob, from which the Arabic tayib, good, is derived, so it means a place with good water; and so it is, the water of Aintab is excellent. The river, which flows north of the town in the well-cultivated valley, is not used for drinking, but for that purpose there is an old canal, which comes from the village of Ban-tscharle, four hours' walk to the west, probably dating back to Roman times, as it is built just like the one in Aleppo. A quarter of an hour west of the town, some of this water flows into a basin and then into the river. The abundance of springs is quite large, so six springs emerge from the river at one point just below the Bej Jamerie, swirling up the sand. Another one is found next to the tell half an hour west of the city, which is called Batal Hüg.

The river is the Sadschur, as Kiepert indicates on his map, but the Sadschur does not originate at Sam, but the latter from Sam then continues in an easterly direction, separated from Aintab by a mountain range called Toluk Baba.

In general, the whole river area between Aintab and Bir is not properly marked, and rivers such as those marked on this map are not crossed on this route, only one is crossed near Nisib, which is not at all insignificant, even rapid and deep; I was told it was Kaffartschai; its direction is southeast. Halfway between the small village of Sinan and Orul, another stream is crossed, which continues in an easterly direction to Orul, etc., but it is considerably smaller than the one from Nisib and is probably a tributary of the Nisib River. The Aintab water flows along the road to Bir in an easterly direction until, after 3 hours, near the village of Chagdaga, it sends off an arm to the south, which forms the Kuweik; the Sadschur receives a broad spring made of limestone here on the road, which flows directly into the Sadschur.

In Aintab live about 20,000 Turks, 10,000 Armenians, 1,700 Protestants, 500 Jews and 105 Catholics. There are about 40 mosques with minarets and even more than that without minarets. The largest is the Mohammed Pasha Jamia; in the Bej Jamia at the northwest end of the city there are 6 mighty tall plane trees in the courtyard, the thickest of which was 23 ½', another 15 ½' in circumference; they overshadow the whole courtyard. The Armenians have only one church, in the western part of the city, as do the Catholics, built only last year. The Protestant church, located on a hill at the northwest end, is visible from far away (1_02_004) as the European slate roof stands out very much against the Turkish houses. The interior is completely devoid of decoration and has no seats, as everyone here crouches on the ground, but is covered with reeds and carpets. The main place in the middle is occupied by the men, while the women sit separately on the left. There is a choir on the north and south sides, the men always wanted the women to be right up there so that they could be completely alone down below, but this was not tolerated.

There are sheds on the sides to put shoes in. The pulpit is in the eastern part. The missionary preaches [...] times. On Sundays there are two church services and a Sunday school in the morning, during the week there are two prayer meetings and one meeting for women. Native preachers are now here, and the plan is to leave the work, which is now making good progress, entirely to the natives. [These?] missions are the first cornerstone for the civilization of this completely neglected people.

There were many illnesses in Aintab, especially now in June a lot of fever, but eye diseases, cataracts, are very common; I think they are less by the climate as by the poor way of life; at night everyone sleeps on the roofs, colds are inevitable. For most of the summer a refreshing west wind blows here, which sometimes becomes very strong, especially at night; without this it would be cold despite the higher

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The location can be very hot, as Aintab lies in a valley stretching from west to east, formed by bare limestone, chalk and flint mountains. 5 hours to the north-west, near the village of Tscharbun, there is a fine red marble that is processed into slabs, small columns, etc. [Places]

Almost the entire north side of the mountain range south of Aintab is covered with long, closely spaced gravestones, which really show the Turkish taste in bland [color scheme?]. The gravestones of the nobles have a kind of turban carved out of stone on top. They are buried without a coffin, just wrapped in cloths (1_02_005) which are placed in stone vaults. The west and east sides are also partly taken up by graves. On the south side of the town there are many large caves, some created by quarrying, some natural; some seem to have collapsed a long time ago, and on the fertile soil, protected on all sides by the surrounding rocks, sumac was now grown in these deep depressions. Some caves were very wide; in some places red clay broke out of the white chalk cliffs between the cracks.

If a lot of snow falls in the winter, you fill some of the walls that you have previously built with it and cover them for the hot summer months. But this year none had fallen.

Large white birds of prey, which are very common here and not at all shy, have their nests on the rocks. There are no gardens around the town, they only begin an hour east of the town towards Urganae. The whole valley here is planted with barley, wheat and lentils, the edges of the fields mostly fenced in by the silvery *Elaeagnus*, called *Iteh*, and the agbush, *Paliurus*, the thorny almond, and the yellow and one white rose alternate with the former.

The white, strongly scented jasmine is often found as an ornamental plant in the gardens of houses. To the northwest of the city, towards the mountain slope, everything is planted with vines, especially towards *Ispadrül*, which produce excellent crops. However, they do not make wine from them, and the same is true in Orfa, where they could not get any anywhere. They dry the fruit and make *raki* from it.

The *boutons d'Haleb* are also prevalent here; they are attributed to small insects called *önwöhs*, sand flies; the hands are often covered with small bumps, especially at night, without the cause being apparent; they are so small and transparent that they can only be seen with difficulty. There are no *boutons* in Killis. – To the northwest, the steep, dark rocks of the *Soff Dagħ* rise up, about 6 hours away; on it is the village of Tscharbun. The main occupation of the natives is the manufacture of shoes in red and yellow leather, clothing, and also indigo dyeing for cotton.

Women are busy reeling cotton. Sumak is used to tan leather.

(1_02_006) *May 26, 1965.* Severe pain in the soles of both feet, so that I could hardly stand. I still tried to arrange plants.

27.5.65. The pain became more and more severe, especially in my right foot, and also extended into my calf and knee, which were very swollen and thick towards the evening, so that I had to stay in bed from then on. I had cupping done twice and 12 leeches applied, which did me good.

28th - 31st May. I was always in bed, I couldn't move my foot. The rheumatic pains, the so-called lumbago in the back nerve went away, but the inflammation of the knee didn't really go away. I passed the time reading in bed.

June 1st to 10th. Always in bed, I got up for the first time on the *8th*. I probably got this inflammation of the knee between Kirkmagara and Bir, where a thunderstorm had soaked us through; the torn shoes had let the water through. Gradually the pain disappeared and I gradually got used to walking again. I sent my servants out several times to look for plants. Excellent care from Madam Schneider.

June 11th-14th . People I knew often brought me flowers from their gardens, a lovely custom in Aintab. During the day and at night the rolling of the millstone for grinding grain could be heard. As I felt strong enough on the *14th*, we decided to take a family excursion to the old plane trees of Ispadrül.

June 15, 1965. [Txt] At 7 a.m. everything was ready for departure. Accompanied by Madam Schneider, her and my servant, we set off. At first we followed the old water pipe that supplies the whole of Aintab with water. 10 minutes from the town a spring flows into it, which comes out of the ground from a specially built wall. A little further on, part of the water pipe flows into the Sadschur; even further a stream, the outflow of the spring next to Tell Batal Hüg, flows into the water pipe. The ruins of an old khan lie to our right. After half an hour we had reached Tell Batal Hüg, which was exceptionally completely cultivated with vines. In a square to the right of it stands a morus, next to which is the spring, which forms a walled basin about 15' deep, with stairs leading down on two sides. A lot of fish were swimming merrily around in it. Perhaps it is just a drain of the water pipe right next to it, the bricked outlet of the water confirms this. [Pfl]

Here we left the water pipe, which comes further to the west, where it drives a mill on the mountain, near which was a newly built khan.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

We ride through the Sadschur, which now stays to our left, (1_02_007) and continue west-northwest between green vineyards. Two other tributaries flow into it on the right. [Pfl] After 1 ½ hours we left the Sadschur, whose valley between the mountains is [decorated?] with juglans trees, and ride more north until, after ½ hour, we had the village of Ispadrül in front of us. [Pfl]

The Turkish village is on a hill, with about 40 houses with flat roofs, the mosque with a new minaret. Next to the village a cave is used as a stable. 10 minutes north of the village stands the old plane tree, its circumference on the ground is 60'. 5 feet from the ground the circumference of the main trunk is 30'. On the west side two other secondary trees grow from the root, but only weakly. Their circumference with the branches is 160 paces. The north side of the tree is split about 20' high, the two sides have turned inwards, so that if you could roll it back you could close the hollow tree. We had spread carpets in the fire-blackened interior and had a wonderful rest. Next to it a spring of good water flows out from under it, in a basin that flows into the nearby tributary of the Sadschur. [Places] Near the village of Ispadrül, another tributary, decorated with trees, flows into this one, coming out of the mountain on the left. [Pfl] To the right, bare, rounded cones rise up nearby, their peaks often ending in bare, steep limestone cliffs, with vineyards at the foot. In the cracks of these cliffs there was often a low *Ficus integrifol*. [Pfl]

At 1 o'clock Miss Proctor and Mr Schneider arrived. After we had eaten and drunk, we returned home satisfied in the evening. It was a windy day.

(1_02_008) 16.6.65. Plants arranged. In front of Aintab lay large piles of plucked barley, which had been freed from the grains in a strange way.

A layer of straw is spread around the pile so that a small cart with two iron rollers can be pulled over it by a horse. The man sits on the cart and drives the horse in circles until the straw is ground up as if it had been eaten by mice. At night there is a watch, [shooting?], singing, the latter especially by the inhabitants sleeping on the terrace.

17.6.65. Plants arranged. I am considering taking on a Turk as a servant instead of the stupid servant Melcum. But I met with strong resistance from my interpreter, who absolutely did not want to go with a Turk because he was afraid of his authority. He said he could not make friends with a Turk. One can see how Christians are afraid of the Turks. - The whole time a strong west wind blew in Aintab, which significantly alleviated the heat, especially in the mornings and evenings.

It is the strongest. It brings cooling, while the east wind coming from Orfa in the desert is unbearably hot.

Sunday, June 18th. In the morning, I wrote letters to Bischoff in Aleppo and A. Martin in Orfa. In the afternoon, I went on a short excursion west of the city. 2 large, round, brick basins for collecting snow for the summer, there are about 6 of them around Aintab. [Pfl] (1_02_009) [Pfl] The Sadschur was very lively with the inhabitants holding their keif, officially Armenians, who were sitting in the shade of the trees, drinking raki, smoking and singing to their simple guitars; others were romping about with their horses, etc.

Monday, 19.6.65. Spent the whole day sorting plants. Towards the evening, walk north of Aintab towards Toluk Baba: in vineyards Malva rosea and var. fol. divis. [Pfl]

Tuesday, June 20th. Excursion along the Sadschur to Charldura. We set out at 7:30 in the morning and followed the course along the left bank, which was in places covered with hedges as if covered with snow, with the dazzling white of the Rosa umbella mixed with the rose-red of the Rubus sanctus; nightingales invited us to stay in the gardens, where the apricots had already been picked, the plums, Erik, were not yet ripe.

I also noticed Picris at the stream. [Pfl] In particular, a cultivated area, at the foot of which four strong springs of good water emerge, brought several new [Pfl], the walls and piles of stones lead me to believe that there used to be a village there, and Capparis was also there, as was the case in many other vineyards. [Pfl]

(1_02_010) [Pfl]

Here the banks consist mostly of rhus, called sumac. Further towards Văwirka and Kilissadschek nothing new was added; a swarm of large red cartharids had settled there. On the chalky slopes near the spring of Charldura there was also Stachys lut. nov., [Pfl] this large spring, which is considered to be that of the Kuweik, flows here 10 minutes away between the gardens into the Sadschur. At the Charlduga, 10 minutes away, however, the Sadschur divides, the larger half flows further southeast via Hadschar to Tell Basher, from there into the Euphrates; the smaller half accompanies the Sadschur for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to near the village of Hadschar, where it turns south and branches off to Sasrun; this arm is the Kuweik, which consequently has no source of its own. A few minutes before it divides, another good spring flows into the Sadschur next to the village. The Kuweik bed was now completely dry; a dam had been thrown up near the village because they were busy building bridges along the Kuweik. A lot of dead fish spread an unbearable stench in the bed, which was about 8' wide but mostly 10' high, while a lot of crabs crawled around in the holes in the ground. [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

To the south is a wide plain, to the right the mountains of Nafak ssu, where the road to Aleppo begins, to the left in the distance rounded mountain ranges. The plain was well cultivated everywhere, especially water distribution. The river banks were always marked with trees and gardens. Hadjar lies on an artificial hill, which is on a side was removed, with friendly houses. Everywhere in the villages a brushwood hut had been built on the roof to protect oneself from the sun outdoors. Here olives were now also growing in the vineyards. On the chalk hills I was delighted by a new *Hedysar. alboflav.*, *Hyperic. tenuifol.*, *Helychrysum*; in the gardens there were many elms. It is 4 hours to Tell Basher via the villages of Kissil Hassar, Seramba. In many places near the village there are thick jug-lans and morus trees. 10 minutes west of the village of Hadschar there is a two-arched bridge over the Kuweik, which forms a small waterfall here, with the water cascading down about 8' into a deep hole that was still filled with water.

From here we rode up the dry bed of the Kuweik to find its outflow from the Sadschur; however, due to dense, overhanging blackberry bushes, poor riding in the narrow, deep bed and often the stench of the dead fish was so unbearable (1_02_011) that I held my nose with a cloth; we could not get out again either, as the banks were steep. Finally we arrived back in Charlduga, where I noticed the now dammed outflow. There was often a rhus-leaved tree on the banks, as was the case at Nurgana. Once we arrived here, we first rested in the shady gardens where *Physalis Alkekengi*, [Pfl] etc. were blooming. With much effort we then found a house to safely house our horses at night. We slept on the roof, like the inhabitants, but the fleas didn't let me do that at first. Lots of sick people, including an umbilical ulcer.

Wednesday, June 21, 1965. Early in the morning we left Charlduga and rode north for a stretch on the road to Bir, which then turns off to the right, while we rode straight on in the valley, surrounded on both sides by bare mountains rising up into rocks. After $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour we reached a place with an old deep well and a mulberry tree next to it, called As-sy, from a former village, the ruined walls of which are still visible. In these ruined walls everything was covered with an iris germ?, which certainly dates back to the time when it still existed there and was cultivated in small gardens in the courtyards. $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour north of here lies a similar ruined place, called Shakmelik, and three hours northeast lies the village of Kullukkoi. On the steep rocky edges here I was delighted by *Hyperic. rupestre*, which I also found near Orfa, and also a *Teucrium roseum*. [Plant] There were also quite a few vineyards here.

From here we rode back a short distance and rode into a small side valley to the west, in which lies the village of Tutun, also in ruins, with an old oak tree standing beside it. We then rode up the mountain range, the base of which was thickly covered with sharp flint and red earth, while above the hard limestone rock was exposed, the ridge forming a plateau on which vineyards and trees were even visible to the right of us.

After a quarter of an hour we rode down the other side into the valley of the Sa-dschur opposite Kilissadschek. We rode through the gardens to reach the right bank and rode mostly on a rocky path, with the gardens on the right towards Varvirka and Nurganae. At the last village we camped in the shade of old mulberry trees; the inhabitants were busy shaking them. At our feet a strong spring with clear water appeared, which flows into the Sa-dschur, which flows alongside it; it whirls up a lot of sand.

From here we rode on the Aleppo road towards Aintab, initially along the gardens, then the Sadschur turns right as we climbed straight over the mountain range. Between Nurgana and this mountain range a small valley opens out on the left with vineyards and trees. After climbing the mountain we met Mr Schneider and his wife and Mr Proctor, with whom I rode back a little on a different path to the Sadschur to have dinner on its banks. We then followed the course of the Sadschur backwards, rode past the Tell [...], at the foot of which there are 4-5 springs, and where there was probably once a village, and reached Aintab again as night fell.

(1_02_012) *Thursday, June 22nd.* A child threw a stone through the window, just as we were sitting at the table. The servant jumped out, caught it and wanted to bring it here, but because it screamed so much, he let it go. Its parents said, if the child dies of fright, you will pay for it with your blood. –

My horses had become very thin due to the constant eating of grass, and on the way to Nurgana one of them often fell down. The pack horse was completely useless because it had a swelling on its back that had to be cut off.

Afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Schneider small excursion to Tutluk, that is mulberry place. The path leads north of Aintab over the mountain range, which has a chapel, on it many scattered shells and often large blocks of madrepor limestone. Climbed over this mountain, you come to a small valley, a stream flows through it, its banks are decorated with trees. There are also many vineyards there. By the stream there is mainly a Rhus-leaved tree and quite a lot of Corylus Avell., [Pfl] the other side of the valley, which is about 10 minutes wide, is formed by an even higher mountain range, 3-4 hours long

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

and 1-1 ½ hours wide, the top layer of which appears completely black due to its basalt deposits, which are used for buildings, gravestones, etc. Part of the street pavement in Aintab is made of this hard rock. At the place Tutluk the black basalt mass pours down like a glacier in a small valley, becoming narrower from top to bottom. The underlying layer is hard limestone, and many madreporic limestone blocks were also found there.

Botanical yield here *Stachys elongata*. [Plant] Next to the gardens are mulberry plantations and walnut trees, the latter densely shading a spot. Here is a large spring in a square walled basin, about 10' wide and long, steps lead down to the water, which flows through two small rock channels. On Sundays in particular this is a popular place for the Aintabers, who hold their Keif here. As night was approaching, we had to return soon.

Friday, June 23, 1965. Plants sorted.

Saturday, 24.6.65. Excursion to Tülük, 2 ½ hours north-west of Aintab. North of Aintab the Tülükbaba borders the valley, 2 paths cross it, the left one goes west-north-north to Marash, the right one north to Tülük. In the vineyards near Aintab I found: *Nigella squarrosa*. [Plant]

In terms of distance, one can easily be mistaken here, as one cannot see the valleys lying between them. We climbed over 2 smaller mountain hills, in the valleys of which there was a cistern with trees, but bad water. As soon as you have passed the main ridge, the Turkish village of Bejlerbeg is located on the right of the road between vineyards. From here a series of chalk hills stretches out towards the northeast, the limestone mountains with their broad ridges disappear and make way for the rounded chalk hills; the northern foot of the Tülükbaba is already made of chalk here and shows the corresponding vegetation, (1_02_013) such as *Dianthus viscos.*, *Galium Jordani*. [Pfl]

The grassy slopes were adorned with the red of the *Xeranthem. cylindr.* and *annum*. [Pfl] To the northeast, in the fields on chalk, olive trees are also visible, which seem to love chalk in general. The valley, in some places more than an hour wide, is well cultivated and also has some orchards with poplars, willows, *Morus* and *Juglans*? Trees mark the northeast-going course of the stream coming from Sam, which takes in several sources here, the villages it touches are: Sam, Tülük, Tell Karajük, Tábäk, Bedir-koi and Altisuwräs, about 4-5 hours away; it then continues via Arul to Nisib and then into the Euphrates, it takes in the water coming from Hhiam at [Killasuh?]. The natives sometimes called it Samsu, sometimes Ar-basudan. Incorrect course on Kiepert's map. From the pass, the high, snow-covered Alps of Marasch looked magnificent.

Several tells are visible in the valley, and the village of Karajük, an hour from Tülük, is located on one of these. Another smaller one was on the right; next to Tülük itself there is one on which the old Dolche, the former Aintab, as the natives call it, used to lie; it is the largest here, at the foot of the same natural rock, in which there are even a few caves, over which the earth was then laid; it stretches from west to east, its name is Kábär. Now it is completely planted with vines, divided by many walls. A spring behind the Tell Kábär is called Ain Tschebsi. But nothing is visible of the old Dolche, only here and there are small remains of old walls, but everywhere there are fired bricks scattered. If you wanted to dig, you would find many old things, [official?] money is often found; it must have been important in the past, as it had money minted, as a coin found there with the name Dolsche attests. Half an hour before the village we rested at a spring, almost all of which are marked by a 10' high wall, from which the water then flows out on one side; stone troughs for watering the horses lie next to it. (1_02_014) [Places]

The village [Tülük], which consists of about 100 houses, has its mosque with minaret at the foot of the hill. In front of the village on the left, at the foot of the mountain, there is a place about 12' lower, on which huge vertical limestone blocks are scattered like an amphitheatre; some are probably 80' high. It gave me the impression that the earth had slipped away and only the huge blocks of rock remained standing. Between them, at the foot of the mountain near the mosque, a spring of the most refreshing water emerges, surrounded by mulberry trees. In particular, a large number of fig trees have their roots in the cracks in the rocks. [Pfl] Nearby is the cemetery, densely overgrown with iris florenta; next to this is the old cemetery, with smaller gravestones than the new one. Many large stones with round holes running through them.

On both sides of the village, on the mountain, lie the old catacombs, about 60; their construction differs from others in that they were mostly set up as dwellings for the living, although there are also many for the dead. I only saw them on the left side of the village. [Construction] Some large ones were used as storage places for straw, in others the wine was pressed. The latter have since been modified, many storage places for water, water pipes, water tanks, etc., (1_02_015) all carved out of the rock, namely several near the village. One catacomb was filled with water. On the rocks there was often *Teucrium roseum*, *Sideritis glutin.*, *Paronichia nova calcar.* and in the catacombs *Scolopendrium*, which I have not yet found in the open air; *Astragal.* from Orfa with berries. To the left of the village is a water basin surrounded by ruins, [and?] 3 hours north of Tülük lies the large Turkish

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Chinese village of Chaide. In the evening we arrived back in Aintab. A few days before us, 5 robbers had stolen horses.

On Sunday, June 25th, I was in the Protestant church at noon to hear Mr. Schneider preach. Very passionate. Otherwise I spent the day at home.

Monday, June 26th. I spent the day sorting out the plants and making preparations for the excursion. From now on I gave my horses barley to eat. Tomorrow I plan to go to Charbun to collect a Pelargonium, which is considered a proven worming remedy here and is sold by the country people in the bazaar. I am also going to Aleppo. Derived from Aintab from the Arabic ain = equal and tahle, light, Persian.

VII Excursion to Charbun (27 June–8 July 1865)

Tuesday, June 27, 1965. Tscharbun. We set out from Aintab at 7:30 a.m. and rode west to Tell Batal Hüg, where the path to Ispadrül leads to the right and to Burtsch to the left. As the path had not been indicated to us, we rode to the left for a stretch between vineyards, but then went to the right, where a mill, called Kate Déjirmen, is driven by the canal.

In the vineyards there was indigo plant and Glycyrrhizopsis. [Plant] Where the vineyards end, grassy chalk hills begin, which show the plants peculiar to chalk: *Mattiola flor. luteol.* [Plant] We take our breakfast at the mill, part of the canal is covered with it. By the stream there was *Erythraea pulchella* and *flor. alb.* A mighty hollow plane tree, 38' in circumference on the ground and 16' by 6' above the ground, overshadowed a wide area. We met many people with their donkeys, who were carrying the grain on their backs to the heaps for threshing; others brought masses of dried *Verbasc. spec.* for burning. From here we ride west-northwest up the mountain, on which there were many loose stone walls. When we reached the top, there was a small valley below us with individual walnut trees, with a small stream flowing through it. Many limestone rock fragments lay on the left side of the mountain slope with *Hellebor. vesicar.* [Pfl] We rode up a second mountain, here *Ononis rupestris*, *Daucus.* [Pfl] To our right, by the water, was a small vine-planted hill, next to which was a mill with a pile of stones on the Sadschur. We rode a short distance along the valley, then the paths split at Kertschigün Dagħ, the main path goes west-northwest, the other goes over the mountain west-southwest. In many places you can see hills planted with vines with piles of stones and walls, as is the case here 2. We were at the top in half an hour; on the summit there is a group of peach trees, surrounded by a low wall. The view from the top is magnificent over this hilly country. [Places] (1_02_016) [Places]

The Turkish village of Kertschigün on the western mountain slope has around 30 houses, and next to them is the wine press community. In the village there is a thick mulberry tree like the one in Biredschik, half of it in a wall on the left. A few minutes from the village there is a group of poplar trees, plane trees, morus and also a tall oak with a spring. The mountain ends ¼ hour northwest of the village and a small valley with a stream leads towards Aintab. [Places] Trees are very isolated here. Next to the pond, part of the water pipe is visible, but it was dry now, probably due to a blockage; the main canal comes from Tscharbun. [Pfl] From the tell we ride northwest over grassy mountain slopes with chalky soil. [Pfl] We then ride further north on the ridge, on both sides of which there is a valley; at the end of it, in the valley that both come together here, lies the village of Messereh; much

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Bees in the houses and mulberry trees. A spring with cold water is located next to the village; it flows as a small stream into the water of Ispadrül, fruit fields with walnut trees around the village in the valley.

To the west, this valley is bordered by higher mountains than we have had so far; instead of going northwest from here, where we would have come on the road to Charbun, we went directly west and climbed this mountain range, whose grassy slopes showed: [Pfl]. When I reached the top, I was surprised by the magnificent view of the wide expanse of this landscape densely covered with high mountains. [Places]

The mountain range on which we are located forms the watershed between Sadschur and Afrin. From here begins a different type of vegetation, *Helleb. vesicaria* everywhere. [Pfl] (1_02_017) After we crossed the now dry bed between the rocks of a wild stream, we came to a place, densely surrounded by poplars and other trees, containing the source of a stream that runs to the Afrin. On the hedges there was *xeranthemum*, [Pfl] many wild yellow plums, isolated juniper appeared, sometimes also as a tree; elm bushes with insect bladders. [Pfl] A young reaper came, fell over, stopped my horse and gave it a handful of wheat to eat; he asked for 5 piastres in bakshik, but he only received 20 parah. A spring of cold water (10 °R) appeared on the way, next to which I found *thesium*, *saccharin. rav.*, *chlora serotina*. To our left lies the village of Sirfa, further ahead of us Karadette on the long, rather steep mountain ridge running from northeast to west, which is covered here with evergreen oak bushes, juniper and *Crataegus*. [Plants, Places]

We reached Charbun, which lies in a valley, at nightfall.

I asked for the head of the village, Hassan Ibrahim, who lived in a fairly spacious house made of red marble. At first they looked at us with wide eyes because we came alone and asked me if we were Circassians. After I explained to them that I was a *hekim* who had come to look for an unknown plant for a new disease, they were very satisfied and I had to sit down on the cushion with "Bujurun". Soon I was surrounded by sick people of all kinds of both sexes, especially many with eye diseases, but I told them all to come the next day.

The whole evening the Turks sat around me on the terrace, sometimes chatting, sometimes the boss playing the so-called guitar. My Fir-man and [Büjürüldi?] were also read, but they said that it did not count for them, since they were independent, "assy", as they proudly said. My horses were taken to the stable under the terrace, while I was initially assured that there was no room for them. They only said that I had done well.

I wish I hadn't brought any Turkish soldiers with me, otherwise they wouldn't have taken me in.

(1_02_018) *Wednesday, June 28th.* I was already awake early in the morning, because the fleas and the barking of the dogs had kept me awake all night, even though we had set up camp on the terrace. It was quite cold at night, as there was a strong westerly wind. A lot of sick people came to see me, including our boss's brother, who was suffering from a rash. So that I could give him something, Ibrahim Murtasa and his brother Hassena accompanied me further into the mountains today, which I would not have dared to go into alone, as the independent Kurds rob every stranger. They told me that if I were not a Hekim, they would not have taken me in. At first they asked me: What do you want here? Don't you know that we are robbers and the masters of the mountains? Yes, I know very well that you are, but I am a Hekim who has the right,

I am looking for medicinal plants that are still unknown to me. I thought that you would help me and show me around the mountains. Well, since you trust us, nothing will happen to you, you are our guest.

Tscharbun lies on one side of a mountain in a valley basin on the red marble mountain, which is found there in 2 places in slabs up to 6' thick. The 2 mountains consist entirely of it, but they have been worked very little. The marble lies between red clay; it often shows twisted pieces, like flint, which splits into slabs when broken. Between them there are often geodes with crystals and red clay, also columnar gypsum in large pieces. The marble is light rose-red without veins; often strongly crystalline. It seemed to me as if it were molten red clay, which was deposited in crystalline form when it solidified. The main mass of the mountain consists of limestone, in some places columnar [sign] such as on the path we came yesterday. Serpentine is exposed in several places. [Places]

In the village, which has about 40 houses, there is a masonry canal in the valley floor that comes out of the mountain further away, 10°R; flowing through an open square basin, in which steps lead down; next to it the canal flows into a kind of room from which one can follow the canal along under the mountains. Next to it stands a mighty hollow plane tree with a circumference of [...] above ground. All around it is a square square, the roof of the room above the canal, which serves as a meeting place. Next to it are gardens densely shaded by trees, in which onions are also cultivated. In any case, the canal is the one that goes to Aintab. The name Soff Dagħ comes from its derivation from Soug = cold, because of the abundance of cold water.

(1_02_019) After we had eaten, we set out at 6 o'clock for an excursion into the mountains. We rode along the same path we had come,

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

until he turned right at the top of the pass, where a dirty white Convolvul. fol. triang. delighted me in the bushes. After 1 ½ hours we arrived in Karadette, that is the Black Grandfather. This Karadette was formerly a village, as the many stone wall ruins prove; the father of Ibrahim, our boss, had built a spacious house here 10 years ago, in which we now dismounted and visited a sick man. Large white dogs came furiously at us. In the courtyard, Mentha pip., Tagetes and onions were cultivated in a small garden. Near the town is the cold spring (11 °R) of the Afrin. Along the stream there are rose bushes, Rubus, poplars, Sambuc. niger, Corylus, plums, pears, etc. [Places]

After a short rest we set off and rode up the mountain on a stony footpath between rocky areas, which formed a kind of pass, at the foot of which a cultivated valley appeared with a cold spring (10°) and morus trees, called Böfrek. Riding through this, we came to another small mountain saddle, which led into a high valley, 1 hour long and ¾ hour wide, in which now free Atmali Kurds had pitched their black tents, their flocks of sheep and goats grazed on the mountains. In some places the valley was also cultivated with wheat and barley. [Places] At the western end rises a round, overgrown hilltop, which bears on its peak the ruins of a former castle, called Soff. [Places] At the foot of this castle hill, two large stone slabs lie in an open space on the path, the remains of the old castle, which now serve as signposts, as they can be seen clearly from the mountains. The mountain is covered with evergreen oaks, [plants]. Only in a few places can you still see the remains of the old wall, but old burnt bricks and blue glass shards lying around are evidence of the site of former culture. [Places] (1_02_020) In the wide valley east of the castle, several springs rise that send their waters to the Aksu. This mountain range is therefore the watershed of three rivers, the Sadschur, Afrin and Aksu.

We dismounted in the Kurdish camp to have our midday meal with the Sheikh's friends; a ram had been slaughtered immediately, chopped into pieces and roasted in butter. They looked at me with [surprised?] glances and asked me the same questions, whether I did not know that they were robbers. We rode back in a north-northeast direction on another path, which, a little further than we had left this valley, afforded a wide view of the northern mountains. This side of the mountains was thickly covered with sharp, twisted, large flints, making it a difficult passage for the horses. [Places]

We soon came to another mountain cone, which also had on its top the ruins of an old castle, called Shekschech kalasi.

I had found a copper coin with a Greek inscription in the castle of Soff, and another smaller one in the village of Karadette. From here we were only an hour's walk from the village of Tscharbun. Our friendly guides left us here, while I stayed on the mountains to do some botany. The flora of these mountains still shows many plants from the plains and foothills, such as: brown thistle, [plant] etc. Bushes and trees form: Juniperus only rarely a tree, Juglans, pears, Morus, yellow plums, Quercus Ilex and Robur, Jasminum. [Plant] Ficus pumi-lus only singly at the foot of the mountains, and new to me were: Pelargonium rubr., often covering the rocks with (1_02_021) its beautiful [red?] flowers; here called Sandshan Tschitschek, that is worm plant; the natives also eat it raw. It is brought to the market in Aintab in small bundles. [Pfl]

In the evening the horses ran away because of a mare, so we had to catch her again. As night fell we arrived back in the village. Outside the village we put the plants in the paper, the big hoe lay next to us; we put it in; several men walked past and watched us, suddenly the big hoe disappeared; a man had taken it, but we soon caught him. After we had eaten, the whole village came together again on the terrace to bring back even more fleas than were already there. I slept very little that night too.

Thursday, June 29th. At 4 a.m. everyone was already awake, but it took another 2 hours before I could set off. 2 men, to whom I was supposed to give medicine for the village, accompanied us on foot. After I donated 15 piastres of bakshik, we rode along the valley in an easterly direction, but then, when you leave the valley, the path continues in a southeasterly direction, and after another hour we pass the Adschilar mountain on the right, from which a stream curves towards Mäseräh. To our left, a high mountain range stretches from west to northeast, sparsely covered with evergreen oaks, called Kunnei Dag. At Mäseräh, the mountains have been completely abandoned, only mountain ranges like those around Aintab.

border this plain, which is adorned with walnut trees and fruit fields, but which nevertheless lies at an altitude of 2,500' above sea level. Our route takes us ¼ hour from Mäseräh, which remains to the right, past a part with wall ruins, called Taschken Hüg. In this area there is a good red wine variety with large berries, called Asasy. Over low chalk hills, our route took us in ¾ hour from Mäseräh in a southeasterly direction to Ojun Süüd, which lies to our right in the valley, flowed through by a stream that has its source here densely covered with trees (plane trees), and then continues via Ispadrül into the Sadschur. Next to the village, piles of stones again mark an old village. The wine only grew poorly here on the mountains.

Here a lot of Vincetoxic. venos. on the way. Here again the path went up a hill

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

which has a stone chapel on top, with the Turk's cap on top; Aintab suddenly lay before us in a southeasterly direction. On the other side of the mountain, a small brick well springs out of the rocks, which flows into a small stone basin to water the animals; it then flows into the small valley

(1_02_022) down south into the Sadschur. In the valley, which was dotted with vines and isolated trees, there was a hill covered with stones on the left side of the valley, the old village of Erksche. Half an hour further on, by a small stream, were the ruins of Sandlisha, next to a shady spot with large walnut trees, where we rested.

From here it is another 1 ½ hours to Aintab. The shortest route from Aleppo to Marash passes by here. We climb another mountain, which takes us into the valley of Ibrahimle, through which a stream flows to the south. There are many fig plantations and vines all around the town. It lies in the valley on both sides of the mountain, with a stream flowing through it in the middle, which flows into the Sadschur opposite the Kate Dejirmen. Here we ride up the last hill and now Aintab lies ahead of us to the southeast, where we arrived safely again at 12 o'clock. In the afternoon all the plants were put in.

Friday, June 30th. Busy with replanting the plants. In the evening in Charbun the chief said Allah ökbör, and I replied Mohamedan resul-lula, whereupon he asked in astonishment, I have nothing against it, but will nothing bad happen to you if you say the name of Muhammad? I reassured him. Often one finds impotent men like the chief's brother Hassan, who lived too dissolutely in their youth; the same goes for women who can only have one or two children, then it stops, it is only because of early marriage. Mr. Schneider is quite right when he does not marry any girl under 15. Now the Protestants have got used to it and often wait until they are 18 or 20.

Saturday, July 1st. Plants arranged and written.

Sunday, July 2nd. Spent at home drawing a map.

Monday, July 3rd - Thursday, July 6th: Sorted plants from the Soff Dagh and got blankets (63 piastres) to pack the plants in. Busy packing in general.

Friday, July 7, 1965. Visited the old castle in Aintab early in the morning. [Construction] (1_02_023–1_02_024) [Smell]

Sonabend, den 8.7. [...]

VIII Aintab–Marasch (9.–24. July 1865)

Sunday, July 9th. Departure from Aintab at 1:45 a.m., as the caravan had set off early. 37 piastres of bakshik for the servant. Warm farewell. The fields next to the town were adorned with greenery for the second time, with cotton, corn, pumpkins, tobacco, and the indigo plant was a frequent sight. Echinops and Onopordon are now blooming on the grassy edges. The path goes between hills for over an hour along the Tuluk Baba, stone piles [houses?] from the old village, until after another hour you reach the top. This continuation of the Tulukbaba consists of bare, exposed limestone rock, with a wonderful view back to Aintab and ahead to the Alps. The path goes west-northwest down into the valley formed by red clay and flint. [Places] On the right side of the road there were 5 graves surrounded by stones, while the gravestones with inscriptions were broken. To our left, in a small valley, the road from Aleppo to Marasch comes in a northwesterly direction, which joins ours here in the valley. [Places] (1_02_025) [Places] Large walnut trees were scattered in the valley. A second valley goes up to the west in 1 hour? to Mäseräh.

Our path now goes around the mountain to the north, where after 15 minutes Sam lies before us, the graves to the right of the mountain. It lies on a natural hill with about 80 houses; the mosque with a new minaret to the right of us on the path; a free-standing arch and wall indicate that it was larger. In front of the village there is an open space with juglans and morus trees; in these there is a large, square walled open spring with fresh, clear water in which a large number of large, black-spotted fish swim happily about; nobody eats them here. A 10' thick morus overshadows them. Several old juglans trees, one was a little over 12' thick and had no overgrowth at the roots. Next to the spring is the Chan. The spring flows hidden for 40 paces, then freely between plane trees, poplars, etc. towards the northeast for a stretch. There are two other springs nearby, which then join the water coming from Kunnei Dagh and flow to Nisib. Here at Sam, a plain with a radius of almost 1 ½ hours is cultivated. Large, rounded boulders lie on the mountainside. In the fields *Verbasc. gracile sulf.*, in the Paliur hedges *Asperula Tscharbun*, the former easily recognizable by its slender growth and the sulphur-yellow flowers of *V. spec.* with orange-yellow flowers.

Half an hour before Sam, a 2-arched bridge crosses a stream that flows from the Kunnei Dagh comes, but now dry, a tributary stream, also now dry, flows into it here, which comes from the mountains in front of us, between which we ride; we ride along it until we are between the

2 mountain peaks, which face each other on the right and left, arrive; the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The right-hand side of the path forms a plateau and slopes northwards into the valley before Tschaide, where its northern slope is planted with vines; it consists of red-brown rock, with many piles of stones and walls along the path, which are often deceptive and suggest an old village. Here mountain flora begins; near a cistern there are hedges of Pyrus, Lonicera, Liquidambar, Pistacia, Oak, Jasminum, etc. Here the paths split, we climb straight ahead and then come to a valley basin, in which a built-up tell Kutscha with remains of walls is visible ½ hour ahead of us to the northeast, with the village of Gösentuschük nearby. A free-standing mosque stands on a hill behind the tell. The mountain peak on the left is covered with Juniperus, Rhus Cotinus. After passing this, we come to a well, next to which stands an old mulberry tree: it is hollow and split into 4 parts, each part forming a tree, so to speak; the circumference is 20'. In the fields, the mulberries were being pulled out, including by my companions, who ate them raw, as well as the unripe grapes. Onosma grande, which is widespread throughout the mountainous region, began to grow here on the grassy slopes, Centaurea fulva, [Pfl] (1_02_026) and in the fields Nigella coerulea, [Pfl]. I lost my knife. On the way, a strange quartz-like formation, completely rounded at the top and folded at the sides like a cloak, protruding freely from the earth. The green of the hedges is magnificent, from a distance the mountains covered with them all appear black. [Pfl] After 2 hours from Sam, we climbed higher and higher, but spelt and wine are still being produced. In front of the village of Arablar there are bubonic basins with rock formations. A few hours away, to the left and west, stretches the Soffdagh with its long, multi-domed ridge.

Finally we arrived at Arablar at [7?] o'clock, where we met the caravan.

A tent was pitched in front of the khan and I slept very well in the cold night. It has about 30 houses with Turkish residents. [Places]

In the village there is a 6' thick Elaeagnus, many old Persica trees nearby.

Monday, July 10, 1965. Departure at 7 a.m. The path goes up the mountain above the village and down the other side on bad roads, where there are vineyards and fields, this area is called Opur. In the valley everything is covered with oaks, pistachio, styrax, etc., between them the numerous ruins of the old Schokurjurd or Eski Mäseräh; it must have been destroyed long ago, because the bushes in between were the same size as those outside. Sideritis glutin. on the rocks. To the northeast on the right lies Tell Hügik with ruins and a new village, near which on the mountain range is the village of Aldschy, also with ruins, now wine. On the way there is an almost empty cistern with pumpkins for drinking. To the left, an hour's walk away is Tscharrid. At 9:30 we arrived at the edge of the plateau, while a magnificent view of a part of the Basardschik Owa plain lying far below us and of the mountains surrounding it opened up.

We then went down a steep path, the steep mountain slope to the right showed the first thick *Pinus halep.* [Pfl] The mountains emerge further here, so that the path makes a bend along the mountains, after which, after 45 minutes, Karabiyuky lies before us on the right of the mountain in a valley with trees (*Salix*) and a stream. Kara-Biyukly = black beard, because of the similarity to the black mountain from afar. Not Karabak-Oghlu. To the right of the mountains black rock with red stone like agate, while to the left is chalk. The inhabitants of this place are known as good people, something the other villages cannot boast about. At the village it now goes steeply up again next to oak and pine trees. The mountain tapers towards the top, with black herds of goats at the top.

A spring of the freshest water emerged here.

Nearby the path splits, one leads down into the wide plain below us with a few hills, the other leads along the top of the mountains.

As we had lost the caravan and we had no idea where to go, we chose the latter, which was so difficult to pass that I often regretted having taken it. At one point there were large caves in the rocks, near which were the ruins of a former (1_02_027) village. A suitable place for robbers. In front of us was the low mountain range that separates the Basardschik Owa from the Sheker Owa, on whose side the Aksu flows, which, seen from here, stretched out like a broad, white silver ribbon, not white because of the water, but because of the many white stones in its 15-minute-wide bed.

After 2 hours from Karabijukle (Karabah Oghlu on Kiepert's map) the mountain bends, it recedes a little, in this valley lies the village of Ar-tschaköi, which we had come very close to, the houses were empty, the tents made of black goat hair were nearby. Since we had already been seen and we didn't know anything about it, we rode straight up and asked for the sheikh's tent. A lot of large white dogs greeted us first, charging furiously at us. The sheikh was in his tent, a man of about 50 years, called Hassena. He immediately asked us what we wanted here, they were independent here, and they were also very surprised that we had come this way. Because, they said, only once a month about 20 robbers come this way, no one else uses it, and there are also 6 large wild boars there. I told them that I knew all this, but I thought that they needed a hekim, and that was why I had come. That was enough to be safe with them, because fortunately there was a man here who was very well respected and who was ill, and the sheikh asked me to visit him. After I had rested a little, I set out with the horses accompanied by a man and rode up the steep mountain above the place, called Jalak Jailak?. I have never seen a

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The sharp white and green slag-like opal pebbles were not good for the horses' feet. The mountain is covered with the same bush vegetation as the previous ones. At the top, the mountain forms a wide plateau, which on the opposite side slopes down into a high side valley. On the plateau covered with green slag and black-brown perforated stones are the remains of a former village, Tullchum.

After 1 ½ hours we reached the village of Beschasch. The houses were all empty, but next to the village there were house-like huts made of oak bushes, which now served as a place to stay. The sick man was the most respected man there, Achmed Ara, his foot was very festering; he made tallow poultices, over which he had put a fresh goatskin, which spread an unbearable stench. After we had fed the horses and eaten yoghurt, honey and emmental, we set off again. An Armenian from Aintab, Nercess, (1_02_028) was to accompany us to Marash so that I could give him medicine, which was very welcome since we were unfamiliar with the area. The houses in this place were built of large, rounded boulders, with Morus trees between them. 4 hours to the northeast is the isolated mountain of Uffotschikle, the robbers' mountain, because it is the meeting place of all robbers who flee there with their loot. There are 7 such robber villages here, which often come together for larger operations. Ibrahim Pasha tried to conquer them, but then he gave up. - Above the place was a natural cave in the rocks. In the evening there were a lot of people around our tent, so we had to be very careful with our belongings. I had given a friend of the sheikh a chibuk, but he suddenly disappeared with it; I complained to the chief, who then called out in a loud voice: Murad, Murad, so that it echoed in the mountains, whereupon he appeared after a while; he wanted the bowl, but rather than say so, he preferred to take the whole pipe.

Tuesday, July 11, 1965. At five o'clock in the morning we left Artschaköi, accompanied by Sheik Hassena and the Armenian, who told me that he was a Protestant; however, he was not, as I heard a few days later in Marash, but a disreputable character, because when we arrived in Marash, where he slept with the servant for one night, he had immediately stolen some things.

We ride down the mountain gradually between bushes of oaks, namely *Q. laciniata*, which predominates here, until we came down to the plain after about half an hour. [Pfl] The Tell Takirman remains to our left; an hour further up lies the Basardschikchan, where our caravan spent the night. We ride through the Basardschiksu, which winds its way through the grassy plain.

in several places, it also receives several tributaries here; on its green banks: *Cyperus fusc.*, *Typha angustif.* [Pfl] A mill is located here on it.

After 1 ½ hours we pass a tell called Kinni, which bears the stone ruins of a village that belonged to our chief; but as he said he was too much troubled by robbers here, he left it and settled on the mountain; but I think the reason was more likely (1_02_029) that he could not easily get away there if he had stolen. Next to the tell are wide fields of corn, with the indigo plant *Crozophora tinctoria* in between.

The river flows south past the tell and emerges between the Uffochakli mountain and the Kapu Dagh. After 45 minutes we come to the wide bed of the Aksu, which we ride through in two places.

Its bed is covered with stones, between them magnificent silenes. [Pfl]

On the other side of the river lies the Circassian village of Sabatli, which makes a strange impression in this landscape. All the houses stand alone, built of earthen bricks, with triangular roofs of straw, next to them the round hay and straw stacks; the two-wheeled carts are drawn by cows, which pull with their necks through a cross-laid wood. From the outside, all the walls of the houses are covered with wooden wickerwork. The fenced-in cemetery nearby, a number of peeled tree trunks, 4' protruding, marked the graves, which were very large in relation to the size of the village and the time of settlement (4 years). Over 8,000 Circassians died in this area. They were mostly shy people, but it was obvious that they did not feel at home here; the Turks despise them. They are more sophisticated in their domestic arrangements than the local inhabitants, so they build themselves 5' high pointed stoves, which they carry back and forth; the wagons are also new here. Next to the village was *Onosma grande*. [Pfl] The plain here is covered everywhere with non-prickly oaks, along with other bushes. In some places, especially on the swampy banks of the river, there is wild vine and ficus in hedges. [Pfl] On the way, my companions showed a lot of fear. Our road made a bend, and we rode along the Kapu-dagh, which is covered with pine trees, with the village of Indschirli on a foothill to the right. The cemetery of these Aschirad Kurds was on our way, half an hour from the village; it contained 7 large monuments and others without, but the graves were surrounded with stones and stones were laid over them like a roof.

At a spring four hours from Marash, our robber chief said goodbye with the words: Give me a baksheesh! (1_02_030) I replied to him, what was he asking for baksheesh for, and whether he would take into account the bad route I had taken yesterday at his request, and in return he could accompany me. But that did not seem to make sense to him, and he told the Armenian that he would come back and take the baksheesh by force.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

take; he asked for 30 piastres, I gave him only 5. At the Armenian's request we rode faster, just to get out of this area, because if he had found enough of his own kind, he might have come back if he wasn't too afraid of my gun. We ride northwest, to our right the Kapuscha Dag. [Places, Pfl]

Marash lies before us on the other side of the valley at the foot of the bare Achyrdagh. After riding over it, the old Circassian village lies on a hill, of which the earthen brick walls still stand. We often encountered Circassians with their two-wheeled carts, who spoke to me several times in Russian. The path continued for an hour on the flat; a new bridge built by Mutaserrif Pasha leads over the Aksu, the path is also very good and paved at higher levels in various places to prevent flooding.

At 1 o'clock we arrived in front of Marash, where water comes out of a container in gutters. The first impression of Marash was not pleasant, always up and down, the houses all poor, built of earth, the narrow streets poorly or not at all paved. Often one house on top of the other, you often walk on the roof without knowing it. When we entered, Duane wanted to investigate, but I did not allow this. In the large house of Mr. Montgomery I was given the friendliest reception, where I had been expected for a long time. The house, built of stone, is on a hill with a wonderful view of the Giaur Dag and the Sheker Owa.

(1_02_031) *Wednesday, July 12, 1965.* The location of Marash at the foot of the bare Achyrdagh is not bad at all, but the town is extremely irregularly built, sometimes it slopes steeply down, sometimes steeply up. Almost every house at the end of the town has a garden, so there is no shortage of trees that provide refreshing shade in the hot season. Large juglans trees in particular can be found in the gardens, as well as many apricots, morus, poplars and willows; in many places in the town by the water there are old plane trees. [Plant] Mosques with minarets are here [...], the largest of which is the [...]. Storks have settled on all the minarets, as in Orfa. The old castle is on the west side of the town on an artificial hill rising up in the valley. In many places the drinking water comes from pipes on the sides of the houses; There is no shortage of water at all, it flows in all the streets, often falling 20' high. It comes from 2 large springs above the city, one from the [...], but unfortunately not enclosed and partially covered with stones; it supplies the main supply. 10 minutes away from it by a hill is the Paschabunar, which is not as large as the first, but enclosed and surrounded by lawns for sitting and trees. In some places in the city you can find remains of old columns in front of the houses, as well as in some mosques still preserved in the courtyards. The oldest building in the

The town stands next to the stream that runs through the town, near the old plane tree, and borders the mosque. It is square, [...] feet long and [...] wide. The stone roof is [sign], it is exactly like those found on the old copper coins. Above the entrance is an old Arabic inscription, on the sides of it there are decorations [sign]. Inside, in the 2 sheikh tombs, there were probably several inscriptions, as the empty spaces in the wall indicate; there are no niches like in the mosques.

Thursday, July 13th: Visit to Pasha Mutaserrif at 9 a.m. Unfortunately he had not yet got up and we had to wait three hours, which we spent in the secretary's room. He was dressed entirely in European costume and was generally more educated than others of his kind. The seraglio is in keeping with the houses of Marash, a fairly large but poor building. There is a guard at the entrance, then you go across the courtyard and up the stairs to the actual house, which is teeming with people of all kinds. In the seraglio they always speak standard Turkish, which is quite different from the usual one. The different costumes entertained me. The main topic of conversation was the Giaur-dagh expedition, which was to be completed in 14 days, since almost all the Kurds there had surrendered; I could then go anywhere. A fat Turk who came from Orfa smoked five chibuks in a row. Finally it was announced that the Pasha had appeared. We, Mr. Montgomery and the First of the Protestants, immediately entered his reception room, a large,

beautifully furnished room with chairs and soft red divans; swallow's nest in his reception room. The Pasha is considered to be an extremely strict and fair man, the latter quality being rare, and he also takes great pains to maintain and improve his district by building roads and bridges, etc.

When we (1_02_032) entered he stood up, went to meet us, shook hands with each of us, and we sat down. After the usual greetings he addressed me immediately: *Vous parlez français, Monsieur*, to which I replied immediately. He was extremely pleased to be able to speak French with someone. The conversation turned to the purpose of my trip, and I was amazed that he knew the word botany. He is generally a very educated man; slight build, white, short-cropped full beard, clear eyes that indicate more severity. He was wearing a white scarf, white waistcoat with a black tie, etc. First coffee was served, then cherry syrup sherbet with ice in frosted, rough glasses, a distinction that he rarely grants to anyone, as the astonished Turks assured us.

He has only one wife. He assured me that he would do everything in his power for me, including soldiers for clothing, etc. I received the extremely cheaply issued Bujuruldu the very next day. Before that we made a visit

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

with the American Consul de Picciotto, who previously lived in Aintab, a rather corpulent man of about 50 years. His apartment is not brilliant. We sat down under the overhanging roof, a kind of terrace.

We were treated to sherbet with cherry syrup, ice cream and nargileh. The nargileh is less used here than it is in Aleppo.

Friday, July 14, 1965. In the morning I received visits and requests to visit the sick. Here too, mostly people with eye diseases, according to the Mufti I visited. My arrival had spread like wildfire here too; at first they thought I was a missionary. In the afternoon we made a short excursion westwards, 1 ½ hours to the foothills of the Achyrdagh, which are covered with vines, where we found almost ripe grapes. Steep limestone cliffs rise above them in several places, although the mountains consist of rounded domes without rock. In one of them there is an old chapel, called Wank Wank by the natives. The rock is about 60' high and steeply covered with large wild fig bushes. This rock has been hewn out on two sides, creating a round square about 15' wide and long, which

Contains 4 niches in the rock, 2 of which had seats, the 3rd on the right side had no seat, but a smaller niche in the large niche; prayers were probably held there. Above this, about 30' high, is a vaulted dome, not made of rock, but of brick; part of it, however, also fell down when a rock fell between which the brickwork rests. In these fallen rocks were 2 small niches, in which there were perhaps pictures. It was not visible from the valley. It is evidence of great age. Inside, natives had now built a hearth for the preparation of [...]. Botanical yield: *Gypsophila nova*, [plant] etc.

(1_02_033) *Saturday, July 15th.* Excursion to the confluence of the Aksu and Dschehan. From our house we rode down into the town and up the other side again and over the hills surrounding it westwards, always at the foot of the Achyrdagh, which stretches from northeast to west. After 1 ½ hours we (Mr. Montgomery and Dr. [Gervork?]) arrived at the village of Unküd, where there is a mill with a European roof. Next to the village is a part with the remains of old walls; 6 good springs emerge from the swampy terrain along the road, which are channeled into the fields to irrigate the rice. A lot of rice is grown, the whole plain along the Aksu was yellowish green because of the fields of its crops. Next to the village are the black tents and shrub huts of the inhabitants. In the fields you can see the heads of dead cows and goats stuck on sticks everywhere. On the other side of the river, a few hours away, the Otschahn Dagħ rises about 7,000' high in front of the Giaur Dagħ, whose peaks protrude above it.

After an hour we had reached the Jehan River; Jehan ssu means world river, the natives believe that it goes around the whole world; in Marash people say that the plants of the Achyrdagh have not been found anywhere else, and others say the same about their mountains. The direction of the river is north here, almost as if it came from the far away (16 hours) Beyruth dagh; this lies directly to the north with visible patches of snow, while even the highest peaks of the Giaurdagh no longer had any; there are productive iron mines on it. On the lower mountains here there are many Pinus halep. Seen from here the Achyrdagh looks like a single round mountain, since you cannot see the continuation. A 200 paces long bridge leads over the Jehan here, it goes high up in the middle and is paved, part of one side has collapsed. Next to it are the remains of an old bridge; People say that a man had hidden a lot of money in the old bridge. He had written on a piece of paper that a better one should be built with this money. A pasha had it torn down, found the money and had the current one built with it. [Places] (1_02_034) [Places]

We rode along the sometimes steep, sometimes flat banks of the Aksu. [Pfl] Glycyrrhiza in places in abundance, the root of which is used to make sherbet with ice, indigo plant also common here in the cotton fields and durra in 2 types, also millet among them. On the rocks near the bridge An-dropog. new. [Plant, places]

Sunday, July 16th spent at home.

Monday, July 17th. Excursion to the Achyrdagh. Departure at 7 a.m., only 17 °F. The road to Albistan leads through a valley above the town; we climbed the steep Achyrdagh on it; to the right and left in the valleys of the foothills there are vineyards, Juglans, Persica; to the right in a valley there are also caves. Fig trees can be seen everywhere, cultivated and semi-wild in the vineyards, particularly in the town; there is a peculiar smell when you ride past a group of these bushes. At the foot of the mountain you can find many intergrown limestones, often with quartz; also many twisted and perforated ones. The mountains, especially the Giaurdagh, were thickly covered with clouds, and thunder rumbled all day, especially in the afternoon, when even a few raindrops fell; the wind blew very strongly, even in the morning, which is an exception; As a rule, it is oppressively hot in the morning, not a breath of wind, but at midday the west wind starts, which then intensifies until midnight and significantly reduces the heat, here it always comes in gusts. As I climbed I noted: [Pfl] (1_02_035) [Pfl], only in places does the dark green of the jasmine lend some life to the bare mountain. [Pfl] When I reached the top of the mountain, there is a flat valley on the right like a dried-up pool of water, in which [25?] black goat hair tents have now been pitched.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

were. We met numerous small caravans from and to Albistan here. The valley basin is formed by the mountain we have just climbed and another one slightly behind it, which is higher than the other peaks. Close to it is a small plateau, from which one then descends into the valley of Allischäher on a stony path between the mountains.

At the top, the mountain is densely covered with various kinds of tragacanth and acantholimon grass; the latter in particular contributes a lot to the formation of humus, and is very reminiscent of the growth of *Cherleria sedoides*. The grass always dies off in a circle from the middle, but the *Juniperus* and *Cedrus libanotica* gave me the greatest joy today. The former begins as a low cripple on the highest peak of the Achyrdagh, but there is no trace on the southern part of the mountain; only the side mountains stretching north are adorned with both on the slopes. Apart from wild pear trees, they are the only trees on these slopes on both sides of the road leading to Albistan. Both trees are very exposed to the axe, *Juniperus* trees were completely mutilated by the partial cutting off of the branches; the central main trunks were missing almost everywhere, now it is only the side shoots that have grown up into trees; they are all lying prostrate at the base. [Pfl] It has an oval growth, which means (1_02_036) it can be recognized from afar. The central trunk of the cedars was also missing. [Pfl] The two slopes of this valley are full of these two, but do not form closed forests, each individual is alone. The latter is called Kamalak here, the former Kara artetsch. Gray rabbits lived in them. Towards evening we returned again, from the summit there was a wonderful view to the south, below us the Mar-rasch lying in the trees. [Places]

Next to Marash, soldiers who had come from Siwas and were going to the Giaurdagh had pitched their tents, along with many horses, under the thick shade of the green apricot trees, juglans and more. A drummer made attacks on my purse with his drum, but they failed. In the hedges everything was covered with *Clematis Vitalba*, with *Spartium* in some places; in the fields outside the city there were white-flowering pumpkins. - We learned today through the post that cholera had broken out in Beirut; it had already broken out in Alexandria. - I was often given flowers because people thought I was a Batwilli, a missionary, because I wore a hat with a white veil.

Tuesday, 18.7. A man told me that a yellowish plant grows here that contains Ag; a dervish who had returned from Hindustan and got to know it there had found it here; to obtain the Ag from it, you boil the plant with milk, after which you will find the Ag as a lump on the ground. - People here believe that if all the mountains sink, the

Akherdagh is the last, hence its name. – The name Scheker owa comes from the fact that sugar (Fraxinus?) sugar cane? was formerly extracted from trees at the foot of the Otschahn Dagh.

In the afternoon we rode to the eastern side of the city, in front of which the old city of Germanicia is said to have stood, but the rain of a thunderstorm soon drove us back home. In the wide cemetery there are a lot of old, large square stones that certainly belonged to earlier buildings, and even remains of column capitals can be found individually, both here and in the city.

(1_02_037) *Wednesday, July 19th.* Excursion to Kirchan. We ride east of the town on the foothills of Achyrdagh. $\frac{1}{4}$ hour from the town we come to a valley with a fresh spring where women were busy washing; and girls immediately came over and gave us water to drink. Wine is produced everywhere on these foothills, a variety with large berries was already quite ripe; so you could find people living in the vineyards everywhere. Once we went into one to pick a plant when voices rang out from all sides, a man immediately jumped at us with a huge club, as we did not let ourselves be disturbed; but when he came closer and saw us, he laughed and said he had thought we were trying to steal grapes.

We rode almost continuously between hedges of shrubs and plants until we reached Kirchan. In the vineyards we saw now and then large pears, also Cydonia and Juglans trees and Persica. After $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour we came to a cliff on the right, where blue and red marl alternated with various types of rock, including white flint; on these rocks I collected a lot of Planorbis; from plants Campanula alb. [Plant] A little below our path lies a village consisting of scattered huts; next to our path is an old plane tree, from which and next to which spring water flows in many places. It has a circumference of 20'; at first it was hollow, then it split, and part of the bark curved inwards and closed again, so that now the tree consists of the closed part, which resembles a full tree, and the non-curved part [sign].

A quarter of an hour away from it stands another one, also by a good spring, which flows into a square walled basin; on it the two sides have spread out to the side, so that it looks as if one side were missing entirely; the two ends have only curled up very slightly; thick juglans trees stand nearby.

Finally, after 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, we arrived at Kirchan, situated in the valleys of the foothills. Because of the abundance of water, one can see a lot of densely-standing trees in this valley and on the sides of the mountains. The houses are all located individually, each in a garden densely shaded by trees; they are situated on the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

scattered throughout the mountain. First we came to a cold spring, the cold water of which comes out of a walled ditch in the mountain and then flows into the gardens. The sheltered location and the abundance of water explain the lushness. The orchards are densely planted with a wide variety of trees; namely mighty walnut trees, I measured about 10, which were over 20' in circumference; their mighty, elongated branches often leaned towards the ground, laden with (1_02_038) fruit; also several types of plum, namely a large round type, which were just beginning to ripen; also sweet and sour cherries, apricot trees, often of astonishing height; then apples, pears, 3 different *Morus*, between the green the fiery blossoms of the pomegranates flashed out; on the hedges, wild vines, smilax, *cercis*, *clematis vitalba* formed dense foliage huts, and many slender Italian poplars and willows contributed not a little to the beautification. We stopped in the garden of a Muslim and enjoyed the plums. He was always afraid that I would see his wife, who was pretty; he didn't know how to start not seeing her, as he wanted to go into the garden to get plants; he demanded that we go to the other side of the house; but we went with him; his wife always looked when he couldn't see her, so that I could see her very well. In the damp garden were: 2 umbellifers in fruit. [Plant] In the vineyards outside the village a new red centaurea, on the rocky mountainside there was plenty of *calcitrappa*. [Plant]

We rode between the gardens to the other side of the valley, where a large spring comes out of the mountain, the water is very cold, *Chara foetida* in it. Above it is a mighty plane tree with magnificent branches, a veritable dome of leaves; its roots sink down towards the spring. It consists of 3 trunks, of which the middle one, 20' thick, rises straight up, while one rises 16' thick on the right, another 15' thick on the left; the latter, however, broke off at 10' in length and is now hollow, but filled with tree soil; the other two, however, are like a cylinder, round and smooth, dazzling white, without pieces of bark, as I have always seen here. The circumference of these 3 is 40'. This tree, with its noble shape and beautiful leaves, shows clearly how the people here can revere trees. The spring is called Kaya Bunar. Here, too, mighty walnut trees stand close together; there the home of Achmed Effendi Kadet, with whom we talked for a while; he told us that the consuls often stayed with him for a while. We rode back down through the village on a steep path, then over hills until we reached the plain; I collected *Salvia sylvestr.* [Pfl] A now dry stream bed leads past a part of the [Körsula river?]. On the mountain slope are the ruins of a former village; in the old (1_02_039) cemeteries there is often the often mentioned iris, which also covers the same densely near Marash. A thunderstorm surprised us. We rode past a tent camp where large white dogs

greeted us, then passed a spring with more on the way and reached Marasch again towards evening.

Thursday, July 20. Written throughout the day. [Txt, SprPfl]

Friday, 21.7.65. Excursion to the Giaur Göl. At 8 o'clock I set off from the village of Vandetschak, above the Schekerowa on the Otschan Dag, accompanied by Mr. Montgomery and a Protestant guide, after we had stocked up on food for two days. The path goes south over the plain that begins below Marash. [Places] Further on at the beginning of the mountains, on the right in the plain, lies the village of Kumashir, where there is a large spring surrounded by poplars, etc. with many fish; wild [swans?] there in winter. (1_02_040) [Places] In the fields of the plain, which had rice the year before and now lay fallow this year, everything was thickly covered with a large white umbellifer, almost as if it had been sown, called Horassan, whose fruits are used by the people against worms; on the swampy river banks there was *Juncus acutus*. [Pfl] In places everything was covered with the blue-flowered hemp. [Pfl]

On the right, another mountain rises into the plain, on its back a Turkish tomb with a few trees, a Turkish place of worship, called Siaret. Behind it, in the main line, rises a high, bare mountain, which can even be seen from Adana; it is a popular place of pilgrimage for Armenians, who make their processions there this week; it is called Sür, ie mysterious mountain, the place of worship is called Kamal, this name is so sacred to the Kurds that they swear by the name of God, but do not dare to do so by this name. On the right in the plain, on a small tell, lies Mustapha Agha-köi with a spring. [Places]

In spring there must be a wonderful flora here, because the grass, now mostly withered, was often 10' high in some places, and even now it was sometimes almost impossible to penetrate, especially *Rubus* hedges (Böjürtlen), with *Scab. longa* in between, causing a lot of difficulties. I found red, fragrant *Apocynum* here, [Pfl] *Euphorbia palustris*, called Südlejen, in the mountains the milk is used as an emetic and as a medicine. [SprPfl] *Styrax* = Tekmidschid; the numerous round, berry-like fruits are pressed by the people to make fuel oil; in the [corners of the branches?] of the trees a rubbery resin exudes, which is used to make fragrances under the name [...]. The root of the elm trees, Kara aghatsch, (1_02_041) is used as a medicine for wounds. *Crataegus* = Alutsch. The fruits of *Querc. pedunc.* come to the bazaar under the name Notgahl. The mountains to the right, namely a little further, are covered with thick pistachio trees, called Melänkösch, mostly with a circumference of 12', from whose numerous fruits a fuel oil is also pressed.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Our path always led us up the right side of the valley; a 6-arched stone bridge, of course without a railing, led us over the Aksu after 3 hours from Marash. On the left, on the mountain, lies the village of Hopurle, whose tents were now pitched by the river, along with the herds; the mountain sides on the right here only show bushes of oak, styrax, etc., while those on the left are mostly covered with trees. We ride along a deep stream with clear water, which flows into the Aksu a little above the bridge, past hedges of Ulmus, Ficus, [plants], until after half an hour we reach its source, which is very large; on the way, this stream receives another clear spring, where we stopped; a few minutes before the latter there was a group of thick Elaeagnus trees, one of which divided into 3 trees, one of which was 12' thick, while the circumference of the main trunk was 15'. A number of Turkish graves surrounded by stones are around them. The spring is called Kõf bungar, a spring that has the color of the sky. I found a Stachys here that was new to me. [Pfl, Places]

At 1 o'clock Karabijukle lies to the east. After we have ridden over the hill, there is a tell with a village on the left of the path, called Kaelle Oghlu, that is, son of a man with hair. Here the line of mountains stretches to the left to the east, so that from our path we have a clear view of the plain as far as Karabijukle, where 7 tells are visible. We ride through another large old cemetery, as before, and we come to a hill again, which has trees and rubble stones (1_02_042) of old buildings on the left; a new cemetery lies on the hill next to the path with graves of the same kind, which were often still marked with long, thick sticks. A chapel built 2 years ago with a tomb with the year 1279 lies on the other side of the hill, where a spring emerges from a wall. The hill is made of serpentine.

The low foothills end here, and a higher mountain range now goes south. The Kurudschuru plain in front of us was wonderfully green due to the amount of sorghum, called Biatz Dara. ¼ hour in a small side valley is the Tãdschirli, consisting of 50 houses with pointed straw roofs, with a clear spring, Kõr bungar, ie blind? spring, whose stream we rode through, with lush grass growth. 10 minutes away from the village lies another part of the village, in a valley, from which there is also an old [further?]

Cemetery spreads out, 2 springs nearby with Salix and Populus. Further along in another side valley, 15 minutes from the road, lies the village of Tsche-dscherle, also surrounded by trees, through whose stream we ride.

Having climbed the hill, which also has a cemetery with sticks, the wide plain at 3 o'clock with the 2 Giaur Gõl lies before us.

We rode for half an hour and stopped at a clear spring under a jinar, a plane tree, and pitched our tent. 10 minutes away on the other side of the hill lies another part of the uninhabited village

Tschedscherle, also with thatched roofs; the courtyards were all thickly overgrown with crabgrass, a sign that they had been uninhabited for a long time. Next to the village are 2 caves carved out of stone, which are often used as homes for the inhabitants; in one there were now swallows' nests; in the other, some men said, they found [...].

The plain is completely uninhabited. Everyone has retreated to the mountains, as they were often attacked by robbers in the plain. In order to give the robbers no reason to steal, the Pasha drove them into the mountains, from whence they only come down to guard their crops, barley, durra and cotton, the latter now beginning to bloom. 10 minutes below our camp by the lake there was a large area with stone rubble; on one side it had been dug out at the top, and wall stones [were visible?] protruding from it.

[Places] Southeast of us lies a little further back another high mountain, in the east 20° to the south, called Karadalen Dagħ, the black mountains, from which a high mountain range stretches to the south-southwest. The mountains towards the lake (1_02_043) The plateau of the Kardalendagh, which is dependent on the Kardalendagh, is called K aw ar and is inhabited by Circassians. [Places] On the right side of the valley behind us is the mountain T obuck, behind which is said to be an old castle, called Eski Kala, with walls etc. Juniper and cedar trees are also said to be common there. The side of the mountain facing us was covered only with large pistachio and mostly oak trees, often 12' in circumference, also wild pear trees and low olive bushes in the cracks in the rocks. Ruins of an old village lay between the foothills. We found an old deer antler here.

Two hours from us lies the village of Schekeroba on the right edge of the valley, another, called Sarilar, lies further up the mountain. The whole valley was once a water basin as far as Marash; two large bodies of water are still visible, of which the one on the other bank is the largest. Its banks are densely covered with reeds. [Pfl] Between the two lakes and towards the banks is a layer of earth covered with lush vegetation, often 12' high, which sways when you walk. It flows northeast into the Aksu, and it has no inflows except for small springs around it. The inhabitants told of the formation of this lake: There used to be a well here from which the water was let out by opening a tap. One day a mother sent her daughter to the well to fetch water, but the girl left the tap open, so that all the water came out and formed the lake; even today you can see the house when the water level is low. - In winter there are lots of wild boars here. On our side of the valley, half an hour further on, there is a swampy bush on the bank, behind which lie the wooded mountains. Here too, the indigo plant, called Bambal, was common in the fields; in swampy places I found Cirsium. [Plant]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

(1_02_044) *Saturday, July 22, 1965.* From here to Beilan 25 hours, to Antioch 15. The Pasha of Marash is now having a road built there. Several times soldiers passed by our tent on their way to the army in Kaefferdis, a few hours further up the mountain, as did several Circassian families.

Each man had his wife sitting behind him on the horse; they were veiled. We reached Marash again on the same route.

Sunday, July 23rd. Spent time at home working as usual.

Monday, July 24th. Preparations for the excursion to Berytdagh.

IX Excursion to Albistan (25 July–4 September 1865)

Tuesday, July 25th. At 6 a.m. we set off for Seytun accompanied by a Segtier, and arrived at the foot of Achyrdagh at 7 a.m., which we had climbed at 8:30 a.m. We rode gradually downhill in a northwesterly direction in a valley whose slopes were covered with cedars, Juniperus, [Pfl] etc. On the left, on a hill covered with cedars, there were several tents by the way, whose inhabitants did not have the best reputation. The view to the north of the vast mountain chaos stretching to the northeast was magnificent; everywhere covered with Pinus halep. or further up with Juniperus 3, and even higher with cedars. However, the cedars are only found along the main ridge. Many places in the mountains showed dark red earth. Further down we come to the oak region. [Pfl]

When we turned right out of the valley at 9 o'clock towards the northeast, we soon came to a small but cold spring, the water of which was collected in a wooden trough for watering the animals. Around it was Prunus mahaleb? [Plant] To the north of us the Berytdagh towered, to the left of it the Ejerbeli and to the right the Engüsek. Querc. lacin. covered long stretches of red soil with ash-grey, porous rock, in which quartz geodes were often found. A little further down we came to the region of Pinus halep., whose trees were relatively dense, but not so dense that they provided shade; it was hotter in them than [... towards the west?], so there was no trace of vegetation now either; large screaming flies let out their shrill cries in them; when one started, the others started too; some trees were completely pierced by them. I noticed very few witches' brooms. At 11 o'clock we stopped at a spring on the road, next to which a plane tree invited us to rest. Next to the spring, a stream comes down from the Akherdagh, which was densely surrounded by plane bushes and low trees. [Pfl] (1_02_045)

[Pfl] The entire north side of the Akherdagh is densely forested in contrast to the bare south side. [Places]

Now and again we pass cotton and durra fields in the foothills of the Akherdagh, while Onosma maxima, [Pfl] grew in the fields. Small mountain streams flow into the Jihan here, which we reached $\frac{3}{4}$ 2; on its banks and the islands thick Tamarix, Salix fragil. trees, [Pfl] etc. The greatest ornament of the Jihan banks, however, are the plane trees, which line its banks partly as bushes, partly as mostly low trees, but often 12' thick; in between the wild vines, which often twine high up the poplars, form lovely structures with Cercis, Paliurus, Agsbush, while in the fields there are thick Juglans; next to these there are wide bushes of abundantly fruiting Querc. lacin. On the banks of the Jihan: [Pfl], indigo plants in the fields. The village of Allebaschle lies on the other right bank

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

consisting of scattered huts, each of which had a stone-fenced garden and a [path?] for threshing. A densely packed mass of hills, often with steeply erected layers, face north. The valley widens somewhat on the left bank, leaving room for fields; here is also the cemetery of Bertis, a village on the Akherdagh 2 hours away; a fairly wide stream comes from the east from this village, where a bridge leads over it; close to the road the (1_02_046) stream emerges from a rocky gorge, Bertis tschai is the name. 1 hour further upstream above Allebaschle lies the village of Tschakali on the mountain, opposite which, next to our road on the right, there is a natural cave 10' high, 25 paces wide and long, often used as a night camp for caravans. The rock consists of conglomerate.

At 5 o'clock we came to a bridge over the Jihan, consisting of three stone walls, over which tree trunks were laid, with boards nailed to them without railings. We rode over it, where on the other bank there were six huts for smelting iron; next to them we pitched our tent in a grassy spot. *Rubus sanctus*, bearing abundant fruit, covered the slopes and refreshed me. A man had immediately slaughtered a chicken and laid it in front of me, but as we were well-stocked, I did not take it. This is the place where the battle against the inhabitants of Zeitun took place three years ago. Above us on the right bank the Armenians had positioned themselves on the mountains; opposite on the road were the soldiers. During the night there was a great storm in the valley of the Jihan.

Wednesday, July 26th. At half past five we set off for Seytun, which was still nine hours away. After a quarter of an hour we left the valley of the Jihan and rode along a stream between plane trees etc. until we came to a mill at half past six. To our right, under the steep rocky peak of the Kawkirt dagh, high on the mountain lies the village of Beschanä with cedars above it. Several blood-red patches of earth were visible from afar. To the left of the road were the lower mountains [Ale-bashki?]. In the valley along the stream we ride northwest. The stream comes from the Kawkirtdagh. A terrible storm raged in the valley this morning, so that the horses often stood still; the bare, round mountains, covered with loose falling rubble, produced clouds of dust mixed with small stones that showered us like hail; often I could not breathe at all.

The result was that I had a terrible headache all day long. Riding on the narrow mule track was not good under such conditions.

We rode between the mountains until at 8 o'clock we came to a high plateau, cut by valleys with streams that flow from the foothills of the Beryt Kawkirt dagh, which run from northeast to southwest. The [plateau?] is partly cultivated, with patches of oak forest in between. At 9 o'clock

To the right of the road on the mountain slope (from west to east) is a village called Kalischta, a stream comes down from the mountain and irrigates the orchards and vineyards next to the village, at the foot of which loose, extensive stone walls stretch out, as if once on this plateau there was a large (1_02_047)

To the right of the village is the large Siaret, built a few years ago, with a slate roof and surrounded by a large, high wall. Further along the road is a warm (35°) spring with a slight sourness, enclosed in a square basin with a house above it; about 4-5' deep, set up for bathing, in which the water flows off on one side into a stream that had its source next to it. There are about 4-5 springs in this place, but they are cold and also contain sourness. My servants took a bath in them.

From here we rode up bare conical mountains again, and after an hour we had Seytun below us, lying deep in a valley basin. The sides of this basin are densely planted with vines. [Plant] There are still houses scattered along the high road; an old man saw us coming and immediately brought us a pot full of cold water, as it was very hot today. The location of Seytun is magnificent, surrounded by green gardens, on the north side a steep rocky mountain rises abruptly, between which a raging stream rushes down. On the east side above the town lies the Armenian monastery, where we disembarked. The south side forms a valley sloping down to the jihan. Built like a khan, square, with small rooms and several terraces all around. In the courtyard, tall mulberry trees spread shade, next to which two strong streams of cold water bubbled out of a wall.

The old church, which was laid out from west to east and surrounded by a courtyard on both sides, had absolutely nothing special inside except for the tasteless images of saints. Several women, who had been accused of stupidity, were kneeling in front of the locked church door and saying their prayers, sometimes with their arms raised, sometimes lying down and kissing the ground. As Protestants are not well received here, my servants passed me off as a Catholic. The prior of the monastery was a man of about 100 years.

40 years old with a full black beard and fiery eyes; he quarreled with his servants in the courtyard. He did not give me the impression of being a priest at all, but he was outwardly friendly towards me; unfortunately I could not ask as much as I would have liked, because a severe headache forced me to rest for a few hours. He had beaten eggs, yoghurt etc. served to me, but I could not eat anything either, for which I then gave the church 10 piastres. I had trouble with the feed for the horses, although there were large piles of grain next to the monastery, they still said: there is nothing; with difficulty they brought empty straw. From everything I could see that he wanted us to leave soon, because he sent for a man in a hurry who would take us through

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

the mountains to Albistan, who then arrived immediately. I agreed with him to receive 8 piastres per day.

The architecture of Seytun (1_02_048) is very pleasant; the roofs of the houses are pointed and covered with wood; but the people are not at all friendly; they are mostly tall and strongly built with dark, sparkling eyes, enemies of the Turks and Protestants. Last year a man there declared himself a Protestant, and the people had hardly heard this when they tied him up, stripped him of his clothes, painted him black and dragged him through the streets like a piece of wood.

whereupon they left him lying there half dead. During the night the man escaped to Marash. There are about 100 individuals there who are secretly Protestants; but they do not yet dare to declare themselves publicly. [Quoted?] (1_02_049) [Quoted?]

The inhabitants of Seytun are mostly busy transporting iron ore, which is carried from Berytdagh down into the forest region on mule backs to the places where it is smelted; others then take the raw smelted iron to Marash as slag. Around the place there is a lot of convolvulus scammon, which is mostly collected there; either the root is dug up at the beginning of August, when the herb begins to wilt, cut into pieces and the milk that flows out is collected and dried in the air, or, in order not to destroy the plant, they make a hole around the root and just cut it, whereupon some of the milk flows into a cup placed underneath. (1_02_050) 1 ounce of scamon is paid for here with [...] or 1 [Drau?] [...] P. [...]. The milk dries out very quickly.

The inhabitants of Seytun are very different from the other Armenians, wilder, fanatical, etc. The following is said about their origin: When the Turks destroyed the Armenian Empire, these Armenians fled from the plains of Adana to the mountains of Berytdagh, and their bishop went to Constantinople to ask the Sultan for exemption from taxes, because they were all very poor.

But the Sultan did not want to accept it; he turned to Walide, the Sultan's mother, whose slippers he kissed. This pleased Walide and she promised them protection. They only had to send one pair of slippers to Constantinople as a tribute each year.

As there was nothing to eat for the horses in the monastery and the prior said that half an hour's walk up would be enough, we set out before dark and climbed the steep, narrow path that leads over the rushing stream, but half an hour passed and we saw no one.

After 2 hours we stopped in a field where grain was growing and pitched our tent under a cedar tree. There was nothing to eat.

Thursday, 27.7. Early in the morning we left this basin and walked another 2 hours up the valley, where a tent camp of

Armenians, where we stayed until the afternoon to pickle the plants.

Large white dogs came running towards us furiously, but as no one made any effort to call them back, I drew my hunting knife, which caused great excitement among the women, for the men were in the mountains; the latter love them more than their wives.

They didn't want to give us anything to eat. All around the tents were a number of springs that arose from the swampy ground. Next to them, the Ügätsch towered to the north. We set off in the afternoon to get more into the alpine region and walked up the stream for two hours, where we came to another camp in a dense cedar forest. There were also a few ferrous smelting huts here. They are very simple: all you have is a chimney about 15' high, into which you throw ferrous stones from above into the fire of cedar and juniper wood, which is given more intensity by a large bellows. The ferrous then flows out as a foamy mass at the bottom and falls into a small stream to cool down. 40 Rottel of molten ferrous cost 10 P. in Marasch. – The excursion to the bare mountains above the cedars, the mountain is called Höbuck, yielded: in the cedar forest next to us: *Onopordon elongat.* [Pfl] (1_02_051) [Pfl, places] – Our host, next to whose tent we had settled down, was a young man, well dressed; he had in his belt two beautiful pistols set with agate and a beautiful knife; when I asked him where he had got them, he told me that he had got them from the Circassians, because if someone strays here, he would be shot without further ado; there are supposed to be over hundreds of Circassian knives in Seytun.

Friday, July 28, 1965. We set off again at 5 a.m., as the innkeeper was not here, so we did not give any bribes, which was not a good thing, because our guide later told everyone we went, so that we had trouble getting anything to eat. We rode on bad roads up the cedar forest at Höbuch, where we then descended a little into a valley with tents, called Arpallich. The loose rock is partly shiny mica, and in other places black aphanite, which shone as if polished in the sun. We did not ride down into the valley, however, but stayed on the mountain slope, where we then rode up a stream, where *Agrimon. repens*, *Silene inflata* etc. We then come to a kind of high plateau with serpentine rock, on which the red, withered leaves of *Rheum Ribes* were often rattling around; there were also individual trees of *Pyrus argent.* at this height; several *Alyssum* species *A. samariferum* colored whole areas yellow with their fruits.

In the evening we come to a tent camp on the plateau, next to which a stream flows; on the spelt fields next to it a white convolvulus. Further on the plateau ends and we ride along the mountain slope, which is covered with a magnificent

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

fiery red *Sedum Sempervivoides*, [Pfl] etc. Continuing down the slope, we come to a dense but low forest of *Populus tremula*, which covers almost the entire valley side up to about 6-7,000'. Previously, all the slopes here were covered with cedars, as the old trunks still show, now there are only a few young offspring. The poplar forest is mostly 15' high bushes, but there are also trees that are not much higher, about 1 hour long, next to the forest the slender *Abies cilic.* with its large fruits and *Pinus sylv. aff.* The cedars also bear fruit abundantly here.

The vegetation (1_02_052) in this forest, at the foot of which in the valley runs the large stream leading to Seytun, consisted of: 3 *Alyssum*. [Plants] Coming down to the raging stream, over which of course there is no bridge, the vegetation changes: it is completely covered with *Salix cinerea*, with the tall *Valeriana alliariaefol* in between. [Plants] There were isolated *Pyrus arg.* and *Salix fragil.* Trees by the stream, but no plane trees.

We pitched our tent in a side valley with Armenians, but they didn't want to give us anything to eat, and wanted us to pay first. The women had lots of coins and fake hair; the older ones in particular had burning red nails and fingernails. They didn't understand Turkish, because Armenian is spoken everywhere here. In the evening the men discussed what they could do with us and asked if we had any money with us; one of them said, [oh?], he has a terrible pistol and rifle, he can always fire without loading. The day before the innkeeper had wanted to see if I had any money with me; he started saying that he wanted to exchange his horse for one of mine, but wanted 600 piastres for it. I replied: Beki, send it to Marasch, I'll be happy with it there, but I don't have any money here, so the exchange didn't take place. The night was cold.

Saturday, July 29, 1965. The morning was spent planting the plants, and we were not able to set off until around 11 o'clock. In the valley along the main stream, called [...] Bunar, we rode uphill on often steep paths that took us over wonderfully green mountain meadows, colorful with flowers. The trees have completely disappeared, only now and then one can see low cedar bushes and in the springy places a rich vegetation, namely *Primula auricula-ta*. [Pfl] The owner of the last tent accompanied us, saying that one companion was not enough, since there were Turks here too. He did it less for our safety than for the bribes, but he was mistaken, because I had not asked for him. After 2 hours we arrived at a tent of Turks, who were far more hospitable than the Armenians; there were also sick people here. Everywhere the big dogs made it difficult for us to get out of the tent. Above us towered the steep rocks of the Berytdagh with their white patches of snow, we only had ¼ hour to get to the snow. Next to us came

the stream rushed down from Seytun. [Pfl] (1_02_053) The nights were wonderful at this altitude, cold. The moon shone on the peaks and valleys. The barking of the dogs, the neighing of the horses, the ringing of the cowbells, now and then owls called out their monotonous koi, next to the rushing stream, cold water and fresh air are more enjoyable in this country than in Europe

Sunday, July 30, 1965. I undertook an excursion to the rocks above us, called Höbür. [Pfl] The grassy slopes consisted of Helychry-sum latif., called Barzwinnik or Jalantschitschek. [Pfl] Further up, near the snow fields, the stony slopes are covered with the most splendid vegetation, where the evergreen Daphne with its white flowers, the purple of the Cracca purp. and Vicia purp. mixes with the yellow of the Helychrys. uniflor. and the flesh-red of the 2 Aethionemen, in between everywhere the white Biscutella, Pedicularis red and yellow and Arabis alp. aff. [wreaths?] the foot of the rocks where there is moist, shady ground. Some places are completely yellow from the Erysimum nivale, called Sarisümbül, with which the natives decorate their fez; the very fragrant flowers also serve as adornment for women. [Plant] A valley with snow stretching between rocks was called Kar Gül, in it Saussurea depressa,

Called Musch tschitschek, because of the strong musk smell everyone has it under their fez. [Places]

The entire mountain range above consists of white or rose-red quartz limestone, which is followed by a variety of rocks below, namely aphanite. In many places the earth is red, to the left are the Fe-pits. From here the end of the Akherdagh lies directly to the south. - We had no wind here at all, nor any clouds, whereas the Giaurdagh group was shrouded in white clouds that came from the nearby sea. - Acantholim and tragacanth are mostly used for fuel here [except?] [the?]
Conifers.

(1_02_054) *Monday, July 31, 1965.* From our tent I made an excursion to the Fe-graben, two hours to the east, to which a mule track leads. We climbed downhill at first over grassy pastures, but then steadily uphill: New plants here: yellow Scorodonia. [Pfl]

The Fe-graben are located on the slope of Mount Sartare, from where one can easily climb to the top on the sloping terrain, while on the north, east and south sides mighty wild rocks plunge steeply down.

Snow patches are still below the Fe-grabens, of which there are about 30 here, that is, like churned-up holes, because nobody thinks of regular processing here. Even further down there is also such a Demir Maaden. The hard black Fe-rock stands right at the top in veins that are often -20' thick; it looks as if it had already melted. Often there are pieces that

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

are completely covered with quartz crystals like the quartz rock, which appears as if sprinkled with Fe on the surface. I often found stones into which Fe had previously penetrated, but later the stone disappeared, so that now only the straight cavities were visible. Some caves are said to extend for hours. But I did not have time to go into them, as it is difficult; there are no stairs etc. The whole mountain consists in places of this Fe rock, as the red earth indicates. On the slope above the Fe trenches was the botanical yield: *Ononis pumila* ros., [Pfl] die *Achill. mosch.*, *Saussurea mosch.* and *Erysim. nivale* are considered by the natives to be the 3 [main plants?], they serve them as ornaments. When I found these 3, they told me I could go now, because I had found everything. [Places] (1_02_055) [Places]

There were enough sick people here, and people often came and asked me if I wanted to visit a sick person in a neighboring town, 3-5 hours away. Imagination is very powerful in people: a young man had a rash on his mouth and asked me to give him something, but I had nothing suitable here: I gave him a little cherry syrup to rub on it; he said it burned very badly and that it was a powerful medicine, and he pulled a face.

Tuesday, August 1, 1965. The people were very uneasy about why I wrote down all the names of the mountains and villages. They said I probably wanted to write to Europe that they should be expelled from here. In general, however, we had no complaints here. Men often came and brought us this or that to eat, one plums, another small apples, another cucumbers, which they had bought here from the plain. In total, I paid 30 piastres here.

We set off early from here towards Albistan. Several paths lead there; the best goes down to the iron pits on the north side of Berytdagh, but it is said to be very unsafe because of robbers; our guide therefore chose the considerably longer and more difficult path along the south side around the whole mountain; often the horses did not know where to put their feet, especially on some rocky, steep sections. The path went along beneath the steep, wild cliffs that I was on yesterday. We are riding east. Botanical yield was: *Campanula stella* flashed in the rocks, [plant]. Some cedars had a remarkable growth, the trunk lay on the ground and grew down the mountain slope.

Further down, the slopes were regular but sparsely covered with forest trees.

(1_02_056) At 3 o'clock we arrived at some tents, the women and girls immediately brought me water and were very trusting, which they are not when their husbands are there; one girl was even beautiful; when she saw that I was gathering flowers, she pulled a bunch of *Achillea mosch.* from her bosom and handed it to me. Further down the valley at a

The small village of Sarigussel was on the right of the stream. Riding further and further downhill, we gradually came to the region of Pin. sylv., which is usually recognizable from afar due to its oval growth, but it is only seen individually. Further on, the oaks also begin, with Q. lacin. and peduncul. being particularly common, while further down Q. alba joins them. We stopped for a while in a tent camp in the village of Tschacheli to drink sour milk. Our host's boy had fallen into the fire and had badly burned one eye. Next to the tent, many clear springs came out of the ground, next to which were slender Italian poplars, [Pfl].

Here, individual grain fields begin. Barley for the horses was not yet available, so we set off again and rode north past the village of Deniklar until we reached the village of Kabachtepe in the evening. Here we have arrived at the foot of the Berytdagh. Everything around the place is green with oak forests, as well as pumpkin and cucumber fields. Hay and grain barns had been built on trees, which often looks strange. The few scattered houses were now empty, everyone lived in tents or twig huts. Angry dogs. Our host (Turk) looked at us very annoyed, he did not make a good impression on me, as soon as he greeted us. From here it is 6 hours to Albistan. Here the horses were finally given barley to eat (6 piastres), after they had eaten nothing but grass the whole time in the mountains, which, together with the bad roads, had brought them down very much. We pitched our tent in a field next to the tents.

Wednesday, August 2, 1865. After the plants had been planted, we set off at 8 a.m. in a northeast-east direction. To the southeast of us, the high wall of the Kotschdagh stretched east. We rode over low hills covered with oak trees, on whose plateaus and in the valleys there were now and then fields and scattered houses. The path is not bad now, but it is constantly up and down, for 3 hours. The botanical yield on the wooded hills was: a new Achill. lut., Umbilicus Akherdagh. [Plant] In the bushes of plane trees, the wild vine (1_02_057) snaked its way up picturesquely. [Pfl] Now and then we also came across Pinus sylv., but it was pressed down. Finally, after climbing a fairly steep hill, on which I was delighted by a magnificent white acantholimon, we come to the Jihan, which comes from the northwest and winds between the hills to the southeast, but then flows in a narrow gorge between Kotschdagh and Enyüsekdagh. The branch huts of the village of Soisalle were along the bank. A bridge consisting of 7 stone pillars, on which wood was laid, leads over the river, along which we ride for a short distance; its banks are covered with Artemis. camp., in fields often Verbasc. Gracile sulf. [Pfl]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

After riding around the hill, we leave the Jihan and ride north into a valley with springs, but after 10 minutes we head northeast. We stopped for a while at a swampy place where several springs came from, here: *Cirsium tuberos.*, *Althaea*. Now we have left the hills too and are riding on the plain towards the Scherdagh. Indigo plants in the fields, [plants] the plain is fairly well cultivated with durra, spelt, barley, millet. When we reach the Scherdagh, which lies 5 hours from Berytdagh to the east-southeast, the latter therefore to the northeast, there is a desolate, bare mountain range at [this?] time, without any tree growth, consisting of about 6 peaks that adjoin the Kochdagh. Between the two largest, which extend to the east, the road to Albistan goes. Trees can only be seen in the plain at the springs, such as one at the foot of the Scherdagh with a part of rubble stones, simply called Hügik. Half an hour further north on the lower continuation of the Scherdagh lies the large village of Iketah?, completely surrounded by grain stacks, which I noticed for the first time in this area. A spring comes from the Scherdagh and goes towards the Berytdagh into the Jihan. The roads in the plain are all wide and a rare sight, they have wagon tracks. The grain is brought in here by buffalo oxen on two-wheeled, heavy wagons, which can be heard from far away because of their horrible squeaking, as the wheels are not greased; but people love the shouting here.

(1_02_058) A wide plain stretches out to the northwest of Scherdagh, until after about 4 hours the mountains of Heidachran etc. begin, where the path to Mä-rämschil is 3 hours from Iketäh, on the mountain lies the ruins of Kyslerkalessi. In the valley between the 2 mountains [of?] Scherdagh we ride gradually uphill for 1 ½ hours to the saddle. Almost at the top there is a group of *Elaeagnus* trees and *Salix fragilis* with elms, where there is a cold spring with a trough for the animals to drink from. [Places] Botanical yield on Scherdagh: [Plant]. The path then goes northwest downhill, where at the foot of the mountain a spring comes out of the rocks, a pretty place surrounded by mulberry trees, next to ruins of former houses.

During the night, after half an hour, we reached Albistan, where we were given a friendly welcome by the Protestant leader, Melcum, and after we had strengthened our hungry stomachs with a good meal, I slept wonderfully on the carpets in the room.

Thursday, 3.8.1865. Albistan lies on the north side of the Scherdagh in the plain and is crossed by the Jihan, which rises [¾?] hour away, in two parts, which join at the end of the town. The road from Marash leads over the part that flows through the town over a stone bridge without railings, on which there are about 6 mills. The architecture of Albistan is friendlier than that of other towns, because the high walls in front of

the courtyards in other towns are almost completely lacking here; the houses built of earth have window-like, barred openings, which, however, can only be regarded as air holes; almost all have an open terrace, built of wood, on which one spends the evening smoking and chatting; on the [balconies?] facing the street, small gardens are often attached, that is, boxes filled with earth in which Capsicum, Ocimum and other plants are grown, but which have to be watered twice a day. From the street, one usually comes through a small door in the gate into the cattle shed, from which a narrow and low staircase leads to the hall, the latter forms the kitchen, that is, here is the fireplace from which one gets into the rooms. The rooms are mostly dark, as no light can penetrate, covered with carpets and furnished with tasteless, brightly painted wooden paneling, which forms the entrance to the room within the room. Niches are installed in the walls (1_02_059) for storing various things.

I lived in Melcum's house, while my servant and horses were in the house opposite, where a wide covered terrace allowed us space to work. The streets are all wide, as there are wagons everywhere on the plain, drawn by buffaloes, which pull with their heads. The wheels of the wagons are very bulky, mostly made of one piece without spokes. Buffalo can be seen everywhere in the water, stretching out their necks, where they often lie quietly for hours, especially in the Jihan, often whole herds, as their skin dries out from the sun and cracks, which often makes them wild. They cannot exist without water for bathing, and are therefore only found in the plains where there is an abundance of water, such as here and in the plain of el Amk near Antioch; they are not so common around Mar-rasch, although the Circassians make use of them.

In the evening everyone sleeps on the flat roofs. The wind is considerably less here than in Marash and it blows irregularly. There are 160 Protestants here, 300 Armenians and 800 Turks. The Protestants still have no church, but they have started to build one on the site where they previously held their services in the lower rooms of a house. The room is more like a stable, the four rough earthen walls with air holes and no windows are all. It was divided into two sections, the one at the entrance for the women, the other for the men; straw mats are used for the chairs. There are no Catholics here. The Armenians have [...] a church here, the Turks have six mosques with minarets. The oldest seems to be the Chersi Jamesia with an old Arabic inscription above the entrance, nothing remarkable inside except the old decorated prayer niche like in Orfa and a wooden pulpit with a pointed roof, inscribed with passages from the Koran. A masterfully beautiful and large

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The building is the Ullu Jamesia with 4 smaller side domes, in the middle of which is the large main dome. [Construction]

The oldest building is certainly the so-called Taeke, an empty house, once a church. There is no entrance, I climbed into it through a window room, but everything was empty, no prayer niche, no inscription, about 20 paces long and 12 wide, without paving, but the floor was about 8' higher than the street. On the north side of it are some old stones with inscriptions. A water trough on the bazaar street also seemed old to me, it was decorated with flowers and was made of reddish marble. - There is very little to be found in the bazaar, mostly woodwork is made and in particular the boards

(1_02_060) for threshing, which are set with flints. The wood comes from the Binboa mountains. – Good drinking water is lacking in Albistan, people drink the water of the Jihan, although it would be very good if a covered canal were to be led to the city for this purpose, but the river washes away all the city's rubbish, and buffaloes lie in the water in front of the city and stir up the mud, so that the water in the city is not particularly pure. There is no fruit here at all, everything is brought here from Marash or especially from Malatia. Vegetable fields, beans, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons stretch around the city, but a lot of barley is grown in particular in [the?] Palanga owa, which is half the price here than in Marash, so that many horse owners are busy transporting it. The neighboring villages all show industrious cultivation of the land, especially Isrün. On the north side of the city above the Jihan, everything was now occupied by grain sheds, which were threshed by cows in the usual way. Orchards and vineyards were also missing.

Friday, August 4, 1965. My host had invited the Kadi to dinner today. The Kadi was the most educated of them, his appearance was more appealing, and his clothing was better too; the Mufti was a man of stocky stature, but bestial lust was written all over his face. The overseer of the villages was more of an animal than a human being, and at first I thought he was a Katirtschi, a tall, square, grey-bearded man in a colorful villager's jacket.

At 5 the meal began. A 1 ½' high folding frame with 4 feet was placed between us, then a large round tin bowl was placed on top of it, which thus formed the table. The bowl was covered all around with the thin fresh bread, of white color, then came large meat balls with [Behnier sauce?], everything heavily peppered, rice pillau, cucumbers filled with rice and meat, mutton, sour milk to drink, then came a cake baked in butter and heavily sugared, then hot sugar water, and finally coffee. A long towel served as a napkin for all of us. In a short time

In time, everything had disappeared, especially the katirtschi developed a fabulous appetite, one kofta after another disappeared into his wide mouth; I would have liked to eat more, but I couldn't keep up with the Turk. The meat was torn up with the hands, and everything from the bowl was also taken with the fingers. To spoon the cream, they skillfully twist a kind of bag, which they fill with it and put in their mouths.

The overseer complained to me of his suffering; he could not eat, his stomach was always oppressive; but I replied that he should just not eat for a few days and then his appetite would return, which answer he did not like at all.

I would be happy if I could eat just half of what he had devoured today without appetite. The Kadi and Mufti wanted something to strengthen him, they could not do anything with the women; I was also supposed to give the Mufti's wife medicine, she was ill. I replied that I had to see her, without that I did not know her illness. But he did not seem to like that, he went home, but soon came back and said I should just come. He probably thought that his wife did not want to be seen, but he was mistaken. She was brought to me in the harem, a woman of about 26, strong and not beautiful, but not ugly either; she had heartburn. The house was not beautiful and not at all appropriate for a Mufti, that is, a first clergyman, interpreter of the law. The house was built like the others, just large rooms with servants. I also paid a visit to the Kadi. I was always embarrassed by the low, narrow corridors and doors, so that I often bumped into myself. After the meal, warm water with soap was passed around for washing; the Turks first soap their hands, then rub the soap around their mouths, slurp some of the soapy water into their mouths and rinse them out.

During all my visits to the Turks here, I noticed that I was not even offered a chibuk; they are only good for taking, not for giving.

A noble Turk came to me and asked me if I would like to see his sick child. A Kurd had cut a stone out of it and it was probably not well, because it was very ill. I went to him. He lived in a large, spacious house, in which I found a number of women gathered around the sick child, which was lying on the floor. Two of them were pretty, but a little too fat; their heads, necks and arms were adorned with clasps and gold coins, and their fingernails were dyed red. They were smoking their cigarettes briskly. The child was dead. I explained to them that it would only live until tomorrow, and that was the case. As it gave off an unbearable stench, I asked for a chibuk, but the Turk told me that he had no tobacco, although I knew that he had it in his pocket. When I

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

When I heard that, I immediately left him. They demand everything from others, but you can't demand anything yourself.

Saturday, August 5th. Half an hour east of the city is the source of the Jihan; even before you get to the main source, around 8 not insignificant springs flow into the river. The main source basin is at the foot of a limestone rock called Kutluwurun, next to which the water emerges from countless cracks in the ground, throwing sparkling bubbles. The basin is around 50 paces wide, and water emerges everywhere; the Jihan flows past Albistan, narrowing only slightly. In some places, large ashlar were laid on top of each other in the water, on which the public held a keif, because the Turks' greatest pleasure is to sit by the water and watch the fish play; an old column capital with decorations was also lying in the water here. The water is completely clear, around 5-6' deep, and cold. But you can't see any ruins here. [Places] (1_02_062) [Places]

Sunday, August 6, 1965. The local preacher, a student of Mr. Schneider, is an extremely friendly and pleasant man. He made every effort to please me, got me a table and chair to work on, etc. He had only been here from Marash for five weeks. His daughter was ill, very hot. I gave her Kal. nitr., which had a good effect. She was a very pretty girl of 15 with dark eyes and a regular face. In the morning after Sunday school, almost the entire male congregation gathered at the Milledbasche to chat until everyone went to church around 11:30 noon. The afternoon was the same, when everyone gathered again around 4. The heat in this room, full of people and no air, was unbearable.

Monday, August 7, 1965. Excursion to Jarpus, as I wanted to see the old Kyslar kalessi, we took a different route. A Protestant from Albistan, Ho-hannes, accompanied us. [Places] Our route leads west along the Scherdagh. [Places] On the slope of the Scherdagh lies an old abandoned copper mine, called Bachir Maaden, marked by some trees. Next to the Aja bunar there is an old wall with an arch, indicating that a place used to stand here. [Places] We ride along the Scherdagh, on the way there is a place with a few ruins, called Hadschosman Sakadi, turn left and after 2 ½ hours we reach the village of Kaleköi, above which the old tower Kyslar Kalassi stands on the foothills of the Scherdagh. We stopped here and in ½ hour I had reached the tower. Nothing remains of the walls, (1_02_063) only piles of stones testify to their former greatness. [Building, Places]

From Kalaköi we ride northwest and after half an hour we reach the Jihan, which forms an island here; we ride through it, the horses

up to the belly. Before that we come to a place with old house ruins, Kabaratsch used to be here on the river, but since many people died here, they moved the place half an hour further from the river. The botanical yield up to this point was: *Onosma hispid.* [Plant] After crossing the river, there is a cemetery in the field with some white columns from Jarpus as gravestones. [Places] We suffered from thirst, because there were no springs here. Botanical yield in the plain: *Hedysar. flav. and alb. Hadschar.* [Plant] When we reach the top of the valley path, another wide plain stretches out to the north and northeast, approx.

6 hours long, then bordered by hills. At the foot of the hill, we finally found a spring, Atlasbunar, or rather there were 6 of them, as it comes from the foot of the Atlas mountain to the left of the path, which leads to the Charma su 3 ½ hours east of here near Karagös.

At 2:30 we arrived in Jarpus, where I was taken in by a Protestant. He was very poor and had to buy all his food from other houses.

The house was located on the Tell, which is entirely inhabited by Christians, while the Turks occupy the flat part of the city.

(1_02_064) *Tuesday, 8.8.65.* Jarpus, the old Arabissus, from which the present name is derived, is derived by the inhabitants, Turks and Armenians, from Ephesus, others again claim it to be derived from *jarpus oty = Mentha sylv.*, which often grows there. As for the legend of Ephesus, it is remarkable that the legend of the 7 sleepers is known everywhere in the area, which story is said to have taken place in the cave above Emerly, where an old Siaret now stands. In the early days of Christianity, 7 Christians came from Ephesus to this area, and when night fell and the gates of Ephesus were closed, they decided to spend the night in the cave.

During the night, however, a large stone fell from the ceiling, completely covering the exit. In the morning, they could not find the exit, so they went back to sleep and slept for 200 years. During this time, a pasha had a house built there, for which the large stone was also intended, and was therefore taken away. The men then woke up, felt hungry, and sent one of their own to the town to bring food. But how astonished they were when they came out of the cave; there had been no house here before. He came to the bazaar, but people spoke in a language he did not understand, but he made it clear by signs that he wanted something to eat. They gave him some and he wanted to pay, but when the people saw his old money, they thought he was a fraudster and wanted to distribute counterfeit money; he was arrested and brought before the pasha. Here he told his story: they sent for the cave, found the 6 remaining ones, but all of them had the same old money, which confirmed the truth of their statement. The Pasha realized that the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Cave was a holy place and then had the Siaret built. The old Arabiss. was next to and on the present day Jarpus.

A few minutes south-west from the village there are walls made of massive ashlars, once a church, but now no longer recognizable as the stones are used everywhere for buildings; only a few parts of the foundation wall were still visible. In the whole area around the village old building stones lie around or protrude from the garden walls or buildings.

Near the middle of Jarpus is a large, open square, where a khan used to stand; here you can find in the ground a number of the most beautiful columns of dazzling white marble, some 12' high. Some lay free, others protruded from the ground, many are scattered in the houses, many are in the surrounding cemeteries, in the mosques, etc. In the local cemetery I counted about 70 of them, which now serve as gravestones.

Other remains were also found, namely stones that were carved like a book, some with a triangle on the back, others a cross. Gravestones 4-6' high, square, fluted on the sides and with a knob on top, also made of white marble, were also found here (1_02_065).

Some large inscribed stones were also found, but the Turkish fanaticism against everything written had completely erased them; they were arched at the top and often 9' high. There were also columns made of reddish or bluish stone.

Many slabs with inscriptions can be found in houses; I found one in the floor of a Turk with Greek letters (or Latin?) with a [sign] above it, unfortunately unreadable by walking over it. There is hardly a house in which something antique cannot be found; the foundations of these are almost all made of old building stones, in front of some there are columns, in front of others there are column capitals, the fountains flow from pipes of white marble.

The style of the houses here is pretty much the same as the others, but there are high walls in front of the interior; however, the streets are wider, as carriages are also common here. The flat roofs often have high chimneys made of earth, like molehills. On the north side of the town there were a lot of grain sheds. Well-watered gardens and vegetable fields surround the town, in which there is a lot of Nicot. rust., Carthamus tinct., called Haspir, cucumbers, etc. - there are 10 Protestant houses here, 500 Turkish, Armenian [...]. To the south of Jarpus the north side of a hill is decorated with vines, but the grapes were still very late, whereas they were ripe in Marash. Above these vineyards there is a buried cave on the summit, in which there is supposed to be a spring; on one side the building blocks of a wall protruded. [Places]

At 6 a.m. I set off for Siaret, called Eschabel kef in Turkish and Jodurmanuk in Armenian, accompanied by Michael and the landlord.

We ride along a valley west of Jarpus, there are many vegetable fields and trees in the valley along the Emerly su, where several mills are located. After an hour we arrived in the village, which is inhabited entirely by Turks, 60 houses with flat roofs. It lies in a mountain basin completely covered in trees; shady gardens with tall (1_02_066) Morus, Elaeagnus, Popul. ital., Juglans, in the gardens Mischmisch, which were still hanging on the trees, large plums, etc. The Emerly su rises in the village, where the fairly significant spring is enclosed in a 10 square' basin and covered by a house. We rested a little in the house of a Turk; on the [open?] balcony the patron was kneeling and was engrossed in reading the Koran under a Morus tree.

From here we reached Siaret, which lies to the northwest, in half an hour. In front of it is the cemetery with 12 columns from Jarpus, some of which are decorated, as well as the peculiar square, long gravestones with decorations. The largest building, which consists of 2 parts, a burial place and the mosque with the well. [Building] To the south of these buildings, about 50 paces, there is another large building, similar to a masjid, of the same age as the burial church. [Building] Next to the buildings above is a cemetery, in which there are some (1_02_067) remains of Jarpus, columns, long gravestones, etc. One such decorated stone served as a bolt in front of the mosque on a door that was bolted with feet.

The legend of the 7 sleepers is found in the 18th chapter of the Koran and in the 33rd chapter of Gibbon's History (Boston 1856). Arabissus was the birthplace of the Emperor Galerius. But among the Turks and in all official documents it is called Efsus. Its relics testify that it was once an important place. Everyone here knows the legend of the persecution of Ta-kianos (Decianus the Arab (Decius)) and the young Christians. The place where the cave is located was so respected that these buildings were once erected here. Dr. Pratt says: In Ephesus in Asia Minor little is known about the caves, nor are there any houses there. What is the reason for this tradition? Was the tradition edited and the name borrowed in accordance with it? Or is there an Ephesus outside Asia Minor (of which there is no mention anywhere)? [Zit] (1_02_068) [Zit]

I was still looking at the Siaret when suddenly two men came riding at a gallop and shouted to the man: Turn back quickly, your wife has been shot. We immediately rode back along a shorter path above Emerly, where I could see from afar that the entire population was gathering in-, on and around the house. The woman lay dead on the ground, a bullet from my gun had gone through her chest and back and had almost killed another man. The 10-year-old son of the house had taken my gun from the room, and my servant took

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

she took him away, and then she went and killed the woman who had just arrived.

The uprising was great. There were many difficulties in the seraglio. The servant had been taken to prison and bound with fetters. The kaimakam questioned me very unkindly at first. I served him as required, and the firman did not fail to have its effect. But I could not free the servant because the woman's husband did not want to come to the seraglio. The Mejlis was assembled here, but men who did not inspire any particular respect in me. The seraglio was an ordinary earthen house like the others. One of the Mejlis told me that I could give 500 piastres and everything would be over. Another said that I should give the man 12,000 piastres and then I could go. The Armenians wanted to hold me back and demanded that I send a letter to Marash asking them to send me at least 5,000 piastres. But I explained to them once and for all that I could not do anything here, and that I would only settle the matter in front of the Pasha in Marash. So I left for Albistan at 4 o'clock that same afternoon. A young, wild-looking Armenian in Turkish clothing (1_02_069) wanted to accompany us to Albistan to the Kaimakam, but when he saw that I was reloading my gun and putting the revolver in my pocket, he said to the others: no, I'm not going, he has too terrible guns. No one came with me.

At first we rode back the same way to the Atlasbunar, from where we soon came to a wide, undeveloped valley called Chadburun.

[Pfi] An old churchyard with a few pillars lay in this valley. After 3 hours this valley ends and we come to the great Bunar Basque of Isrün, which flows from north to south and reaches the Jihan in ½ hour. It is about the same width as that of Albistan and emerges from the foot of limestone cliffs in many places. The village of Isrün lies ½ hour east of the spring in the plain; a large village with beautifully built earth houses, the walls were all painted smooth, the houses were spread out, several large squares in and next to the village on which grain stacks were threshed.

After we have ridden past the village, we come to the Churmasu, about 25 paces wide, over which there is a bridge. A number of withered Popul. nigra trees stood on its banks, and storks had their nests in them. [Places] –

Hadschin is said to be 12 hours from Gögsün. There are many Circassians at Gögsün. – [Places] Beschtepe, from where the Sautli is said to come, is 6-7 hours from Albistan, where the Ashsed are Kurds. The Nurgak is 9 hours with Turks. [Places] (1_02_070) [Places] – At 9 o'clock we arrived back in Albistan by moonlight.

Wednesday, 9.8.65. In the morning we went straight to the Seraglio, an inconspicuous building, but the reception room had a red divan; otherwise it was very poorly furnished. After drinking coffee, the

story. My servants put them in prison immediately, that is, the next day, not today, although I had told them that I wanted nothing to do with them. But they only wanted money from me, the story was to be written down, I was asked for 10 piastres for stamped paper, but I explained to them that they could just write it on ordinary paper, that would be just as good. A septarian was sent to Jarpus to free the servant, who arrived that same night, as we were to set off the next morning. The Kaimakam wanted all sorts of things from me, sometimes my gun, sometimes a bottle of syrup, etc.; in exchange for the gun he offered me a small Hebrew scroll made of parchment, which I did not accept, to his annoyance. All the members of the Mejlis had their pulses felt and claimed to be ill, as did the Kaimakam, an old man of about 65 years. It was decided that a Segtier should accompany us to Marash with a letter to the Pasha. – Around Albistan there are many common European plants, such as *Cirs. arv.* [Pfl]

Thursday, August 10, 1865. Early in the morning we went back to the Seraglio to take the Segtier. The paper had not yet been written, however, and the negotiations seemed to be going on, so that we could not leave until 11 a.m., but without Segtier, who wanted to follow. For the hour the servant had been in prison, they demanded 1 piastres, but I gave them nothing. My Kadirtschi Hohannes had already gone ahead with the caravan early in the morning; he carried the dried plants for 90 piastres, an expensive business, but the transport from here is only expensive because they can earn more if they carry barley. At 11 o'clock we set off alone, rode along the foot of the Scherdagh, then turned right towards the south and in an hour we reached the village of Kertismen, which is situated on the right side of the mountain slope, at the foot of which there is a valley with willow trees by the stream. After half an hour the path leads over the Scherdagh pass, which we crossed at half past twelve.

had ridden over; on its north side a spring comes down. Mainly *Acanthol. alb.*, *Satureja* etc. were on it. [Places] Everywhere the spelt was harvested and transported to the places in (1_02_071) wagons. [Places, Pfl, Places]

At 3:30 we come to the large village of Dschellaga, 30 minutes from the foot of the Kochdagh on a hilly terrain that stretches towards the Berytdagh, which from here only consists of two peaks. There are haystacks around the village, and a lot of building work was taking place in front of it, the houses with flat roofs made of earth or bricks. At a well shaded by a poplar tree, the water from which came from a pipe, girls in the village brought us something to drink.

Approximately 100 houses or 80. The foothills of the Kotschdagh as well as the foot of it are wooded. The Scherdagh ends near the village. On hilly terrain we come after $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to a valley, where at the foot of a hill

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

gels there is a strong carbonic iron spring that flows in a [..len?] stream that goes to Nargilehsu. It is on the left side of the path and is noticeable because of the yellow-red color of the edges of the stream and the spring. The basin in which the water bubbles and [surging?] is about 6' long and wide and very deep. The water tastes strongly of iron, but it reduces the CO₂ somewhat. The people of the area consider it a siaret, which was the first word of some of the men who stayed there. Whole families who stay there for 1-2 weeks often come to drink, especially from Albistan. Next to it, on the slope, a spring of ordinary water rises. Here the caravan route turns left over the foothills, but we did not notice this. The man with whom we had ridden for a stretch and who had served as our guide wanted to spend the night here. He told us that the valley path was the caravan path, and we took it. We rode along a fairly large stream that comes from the mountains to the left of the source in a narrow valley; at one point we risked falling down the cliff. A narrow path had been cut into the rocks above the stream, which we followed, but at one point the rocks were so overhanging that I had the other horses turn back. (1_02_072)

I dared to do it with a horse, which I only managed to save from falling with difficulty. There was a mill nearby. [Places]

We rode upwards between Querc. lacin. bushes, with houses scattered above. I didn't think I would reach the caravan today and mentally prepared myself to spend the night alone behind a bush. When I got to the top, a small plateau with grain crops stretched out to the south, interrupted by valleys, and I spotted our caravan half an hour ahead. The large plant box was visible from far away. As night fell, we reached the caravan, which was spending the night next to the Khan Tschiftlick. We pitched our tent, made a fire, made coffee and slept wonderfully; the Kotschdag was above us, in the moonlight.

Friday, August 11, 1965. During the night our companion had arrived, a Negro who then made every effort to be obliging. At 2 a.m. everyone was already awake and preparing the horses by moonlight; a stream flowed next to us, so I was able to make myself some coffee. The houses of Tschiftlik are all scattered, some in the valley, some on the slope. We set off at 3:30 a.m.; along the stream *Salix ciner.* and *fragil.* and slender Italian poplars; *Pyrus argent.* everywhere in the mountain region, *Querc. lacin.*, *Pinus halep.* begins here and continues to become more and more common; on some of them straw piles had been built, which looked funny. We rode south-southwest and left the stream, which runs northwest, at 4 a.m. From Tschiftlik, the Beryt dagh lies to the north-west, the Allischer dagh to the southwest, and we ride along the Kotschdag in

Northwest? Direction. The path is always uphill and downhill, mostly black, shiny horn slate and stone with lecid. geographically densely covered. From Tschiftlik onwards the slopes are well covered with oaks and Pinus hal., above which the cedars spread out, especially at the Kotschdagh, there one of [tent circumference?]. [Places, Plants] (1_02_073) [Plants, Places]

At 10 we ride west and come closer to the Berytdagh, which lies to the north from here. We ride along the side of the mountain and suddenly we have the Jihan at our feet. Before that, on the other side of the valley, lay the village of Charpus, consisting of scattered houses, and further to the right the village of Ekmeneh on the mountain. Above the Jihan, the whole mountain group appeared dark red from the snow. They form the foothills of the Beryt Dagh, there is a lot of wine growing there on the foothills, at the end of which the Jihan comes through in the southwest and now flows between Allischer Dagh and the pointed Seytunberge through the Kögrök gorge. We now come further and further down into the lower foliage region, Styrax, Paliurus etc., where long stretches were covered with wine, the grapes of which were ripe and gave me doubly much relief after such long deprivation. In the valley and on the other side of the mountain lies the village of Allischer, consisting of scattered houses. When we reached the valley of the Jihan, we and the caravan rested for a few hours in a side valley near a stream, 10 minutes from Jihan. The banks of the river and those of the side streams are adorned with plane trees, tamarix, populus, cercis, juglans, etc., while on the right side of the valley there were vineyards which were plundered by the whole caravan, for they were very good and ripe. My servants also brought me large grapes.

At 3 we set off again and rode south-southwest, initially on the left bank, but after ¼ hour a new wooden bridge leads to the right. Here begins Pin. halep. to Akherdagh. The banks of the river are beautiful with wild vines on Fraxinus trees, Vincetoxic. venos., low fig bushes of 3 species. An old, vaulted, stone-built iron smelting works lay on the path. It is still from the Giauren, said my black companion. The valley gorge narrows here and the river rolls its foaming water through it; high vertical rock walls plunge abruptly into the depths here. At ¾ 4 we cross a second wooden bridge, next to which there are still some iron smelting works on the right bank on rock walls that have been blackened by this. On the left bank the path initially goes down between Pin. halep., but it climbs

(1_02_074) then quite significant, where the path was not particularly good for the horses. One place was particularly wild and romantic. A stream cascaded down in [several?] high waterfalls, behind the largest a cave of stalactites, called Saurik Magara, about 40' high and very wide, with the strange shapes of the stalactites; it resembled a cathedral most of all, as it was in

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

was arched in the middle; a small stream flows through it. Unfortunately, the approaching darkness prevented me from staying here any longer. The waterfalls in front of it were magnificent, surrounded by plane trees, a kind of vine?, *Vitis orientalis*, *Clematis Vitalb.* etc. Many robbers used to stay in the caves.

Such caves can be seen several times on the vertical walls of this gorge, often at considerable heights.

After we descended into the valley again, night enveloped us, and at 7:30 a.m. we finally reached a somewhat free place to spend the night, with much difficulty, in Tutliseke, a mill. The people came to meet us with firebrands, but this frightened some of the horses and they fell into a nearby ditch, and Abdelmessias and his horse also fell into it.

Saturday, August 12, 1965. We set off again at 4 o'clock and rode south for another half hour along the ravine, more or less close to the left bank, sometimes over hills, sometimes on plains, until after two hours we reached the place where the road to Seytun branches off to the right. Since we knew the road, we hurried ahead of the caravan, then stopped again at the old plane tree at Akherdagh with its spring and reached Marash at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, while the caravan did not arrive until nightfall to avoid the Duane. Here I found letters from Boissier, Bischoff and Schneider.

People had been worried about me because I had stayed so long. I was very happy to be back among my friends after all the hardships.

Addendum to Marash. The old mosque in the town is called Adschemi Padischa Kūs [...], the inhabitants say that it is the tomb of the daughter of a Persian king, and that the mosque was later built next to it; it is said to have been gilded inside. – A Turk told the story at the spring in Kirchan: Next to paradise there are many mountains, one made of gold, one made of Ag, one made of S etc., the water pipe is entrusted to angels who let the water flow to the various places; this spring here in Kirchan is said to come from a silver mountain. – At the end of August we had several thunderstorms in Giaur dagh, (1_02_075)

which is often covered with clouds, while the other mountains remain free of them; however, no rain fell here. Towards the Giaurdagh and Giaur Göl, long stretches were often ablaze, which made for a magnificent sight in the evenings. I saw 4 such mighty fires, mostly caused by carelessness, but it does no harm now, as there is nothing left in the fields.

At the end of August, the cucumbers have disappeared from the fields; badlidzhan and cotton are beginning to ripen; the rice is in panicles; corn and millet are beginning to ripen. – A quarantine has been built here, in front of the town two huts with a red flag, that is all; the people have to get sick in them first. 21 days of quarantine, which costs 90 piastres. In Aleppo there is great excitement, everyone flees, the

Pasha to Aintab. – Tumult in Aleppo because of 3 [some?] Circassians who did not want to go into quarantine, several were murdered. – Liberation from prison in the Seraglio. – Anyone who does not want to go into quarantine here goes from [Kapudjan?] to Kirchan and from there can enter the city undisturbed. – The cemetery of the Turks of Marash is on the way to Aintab: on it a number of large, square old stones, which certainly still come from old Marash, also many old remains of columns, some very thick, made of various stones, now used as gravestones, also several column bases; wild ficus and pomegranate bushes also indicate that there were mostly gardens here, where now there is only rubble. (1_02_082) [Places, Spr] (1_02_083) [Txt]

X Marasch–Malatia (September 5–19, 1865)

Departure from Marasch to Malatia *on September 5, 1865.*

(1_03_001) *Tuesday, September 5, 1865.* Everything was ready for departure early in the morning, but we kept waiting for the Segtier, who finally appeared at 2 o'clock. I left my servant Abdel Messias in prison, because I could see that the government only wanted money from me. We rode out to the east end of the city, after a warm [...well?] from the loving Montgomery family, past the Duane, which tore off a piece of the Reftie, and the miserable quarantine in which some unfortunate people were, across the cemetery in an east-southeast direction along the foothills of the Akher Dagh. In the plain of the Giaur Göl, as well as on the mountains of Vande-tschak, powerful fires blazed. Half an hour from Marash, the Akherdagh divides into four parallel mountain ranges running east-northeast, while the main range recedes further and the foothills move closer to the road.

The paths split at the colorful rocks in front of Kirchan, which are made of marl, iron and quartz rock. One leads towards Kirchan over hills, while ours continues to the right for a stretch to the southeast on the plain. Before Kirchan, on the plain near the hills, there is a large, cultivated area on the left of the path with old pieces of brick and a spring. The areas here confirmed my view that most of them were covered with houses and by no means for military purposes. [Places]

Further on, between the hills of the Akher dagh, lies the village of Jussup Hadschiléh between trees at the end of the Akherdagh at 4 o'clock. [Places] Above Jussup Hadschileh lies the village of Bendir Deressi, from which a now dry wild stream flows into the Erkenes su. There are no houses on the plain itself, but you can see many durra fields, including cotton. The river bed is decorated with tamarix and plane tree bushes. (1_03_002) The vegetation is sparse, in dry places Euphorb. vulg., a few thistles. [Plants]

At 4:30 we leave the Erkenes su and ride north-northeast along the broad end of the Akher Dagh; the other end lies west-northwest from here. Above the Erkenessu on the right is the village of Kemetsch köi, which we come back to after 10 minutes. [Plants, Places, Plants] Almost the entire end of the Akherdagh here consists of sandstone. We ride up a hill, to the left is the Akher Dagh, which is rugged by water. There are a few vineyards; a stream flows down from it. We are, as it were, in a mountain basin, because the Kapujadagh extends towards the Nadjar Dagh in such a way that it appears like a chain.

At 6 o'clock the full moon appeared over the mountains, and soon we had climbed the hill, which now afforded a magnificent view of a basin full of trees below us, vineyards, Popul. ital., Elaegn hedges, wild Pyrus, mighty Juglans, and at ¼ 7 we had reached the village of Bulanük. Its

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The situation is the same as that of Kirchan, except that there are more trees here. It is on the east side of the Akher Dagh. We pitched our tent on a roof shaded by a mighty walnut tree. The village consists of 40 Turkish and 2 Armenian houses. [Places] In the gardens, which are traversed by numerous streams, there are pomegranates, cercis, plums, mishmash, etc. The houses are built against the slopes of the mountains, so that one can easily go onto the roof. - Bought 20 [piasters?] of barley. Wonderful nights, full moon.

(1_03_003) *Wednesday, September 6th.* At 5:30 we set off again and we ride steeply uphill above the village almost to the north, a little northeast along a rushing stream, covered with hedges of Clematis Vitalba and Smilax. [Plants] In the valleys everything is covered with vineyards, plane tree bushes along the streams. [Places] The path up here was not special, in a narrow place the pack horse and the brown horse with Michael fell down a deep ravine, which made us spend a long time (2 hours) there; Michael got caught on a bush along the way along with the pack horse, but the boxes had rolled over 100' down to the stream, as had the brown horse. Fortunately some Kurds came along the way and with their help everything was brought back up again; the horses were of course very injured; the brown horse later died in Charput. Here too sandstone: *Asperula nigr. bacc.*

[Pfl] A cold spring emerges from the path on the slope. [Places]

Half an hour from the spring, a second stream comes from the Akherdagh with plane trees, *Pinus halep.* is everywhere here [around?] Sand conglomerate and quartz. At 10 on the right on the road are the scattered houses of Kütschük Nadschar, next to which a number of large [strong?] springs rise from the stony ground, which flow into another stream coming from the Akherdagh; a number of old plane trees stand here in these valleys along the streams; it is the source of the Kalagös su. [places, plants] On the right, a side valley branches off to the southeast towards the end of the Nadschar Dagh. Another good spring on the road with plane trees and *Salix* trees. On the right and left, on the two ends of the Akher and Nadschar Dagh, *Cupress* and cedars appear, mixed with (1_03_004)

Pyrus sylv., *Pinus halep.* and plane trees, which offers a magnificent view. *Juglans* trees so high up. It is a pity that the cedars are so mutilated by cutting off the branches. A number of young cedars were growing happily on the rocky slopes, especially on the Nadschar Dagh. On an old plane tree, the widely branching roots lay freely on the surface, completely covered with white bark, like the branches. Further up, the other trees remain behind, cypresses and cedars take up the entire slopes on the leafy rock. Finally, at 12, having arrived at the top of the pass, a magnificent view of the wild mountain world opens up. The slopes of the Nadschar Dagh are covered with wildly thrown stones and

masses, while those opposite the Akher Dagh with [woolly?] [Hayes?] [um?] are covered, but the former is far more wooded, especially with cedars, of which a bluish and green variety. [Places]

At 1 we had reached the valley of the Göktschai, which is thickly covered with plane trees. A stream flows down from the pass into it. We rested a little in the thick shade of the plane trees. From here to Inekli it was another 6 hours according to Turkish calculations. The valley here forms a small plain, which was well covered with durra and cotton. The path always goes northeast,

and soon we come back to hilly terrain, thickly covered with cypresses and cedars. We ride through a wide reed swamp in a shallow place, the springs of which come from the Gerid Dagh. Our old Segtier was very afraid of the numerous Aschired Kurds here and advised us to hurry.

At 2 we descend into another valley. [Places]

We now ride northeast again, parallel to the Gerid Dagh, but further away from it. The slopes here are thickly covered with oak trees, mixed with cypresses, [plants] etc. We ride steadily downwards (1_03_005) and at 4 we come to a large stream coming from the Gerid Dagh, which seemed to me to flow into the Najar Gorge. In this valley there is grain cultivation, cotton, etc. Many Kurds were busy threshing. Here is a strange formation; a steep vertical rock face rises for 15 minutes like a fortress wall, along which we ride upwards, *Ficus pumil. integr.* in a northeast direction. At the top we see the first lake to the right towards the northeast in the wide high valley. Here in particular the oaks form a dense forest. [Places] We now descend and soon come to a new siaret, a white-painted chapel, with a few houses nearby, called Allah köi. A large house lies on a mountain here, probably an old khan. Here we come to the broad rushing Aksu, which comes from a mountain rising steeply in the background (Gerid Dagh?) and joins the outflow of the lake below, where there are a number of old plane trees, hence called Dokus Dschinari (8 plane trees). Black Kurdish tents lay in abundance on this area.

After an hour we arrived at Inekli, a poor village consisting of 20 Turkish houses. Inekli = cow village. Since we wanted to leave very early, we did not put up the tent, despite the cold night.

As everywhere, it is difficult to get barley for the horses here, and it is very expensive, at 24 piastres. [Places] We were frightened in the evening because of the nearby robber Aschired Kurds, but I showed them my gun and we slept quite peacefully.

Thursday, September 7th. Departure at 6:30 a.m. for Behesne, 12 hours away. We ride along the valley, on the sides of which there are many springs

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

flow into the lake. The whole valley used to be a lake; swampy ground still surrounds it and often fills the whole valley. A type of *Dracunculus* is common. After 1 ½ hours we reached Asaply, which consists of 250 houses, where the valley narrows. The banks of the lakes are surrounded by walnut trees, often very thick ones. Near the village the whole slope is planted with vines, which grow very well here, namely a large, long-berried, white variety with a fine skin; it has just been picked. The village lies on the left on the mountain slope. Camps with horses, cows, and also camels, which makes a strange impression to find them here in the mountains. From here the Ack Dagh flows southeast, (1_03_006) to the west-southwest lies the Sakarkaya, which flows from southeast to west. Balkar and Tschelek, which are surrounded by trees, especially *Popul. ital.*, are surrounded by fields; streams flow from them down into the Seethal.

We spent an hour at the lake because the boxes had fallen. I had ridden ahead and camped in the shade of a mighty walnut tree, which, even at 6' tall, spread its mighty branches far and wide, about 23' thick.

Several riders in elegant clothing came to me and sat down, Ali Effendi from Marash with Circassian servants; he shared his grapes with me. At the lake *Hydrocharis Morsus ranae*. [Plant] The lake shores are all bare, no bushes around them, as one might expect from the name Dschinar Göl on Kiepert's map. This Asaplü lake is over an hour long and even wider than it is long. In the cemeteries here too an *Iris germ.*? was very common.

The boxes fell for the second time, which caused another hour's delay. From here to Behesne it should take 8 hours.

At 11 we set off again. The two lakes lay from the north end from the northeast to the southwest. To the northeast we can see the Erkenek Dagh on our left, heading in a southeasterly direction, or Gösten Dagh on Kiepert's map; it forms a pass between the Arak Tepe, over which the next route to Malatia goes, but the Segtier did not know the way there.

We ride through the outflow of the uppermost lake, which is half an hour away and is larger than the others; here the valley is only a quarter of an hour wide, but then it widens out at the third lake, called Göl Basche. The slope to the left is covered with vines everywhere, and the small village of Tajirli is surrounded by them, ¾ hour further up the mountain from Asaply. *Ficus pumil. integr.* on rocks.

Beyond the Göl Basche, to the northwest of it, rises the Kuru Dagh, behind it and between the Tajirli rises the Nurchak to the north-northwest with its bare peaks, which is seven hours away and is famous among the inhabitants for its wealth of flora.

¼ hour before the Göl Basche we leave the flat Seethal and ride over low hills covered with *Querc. lacin. and alba* in a southeasterly direction. Plane trees

only a few were visible in the valley. [Places] (1_03_007) Botanical yield: Acanthol. [Plant] Below us on the left in the valley are several villages, also vineyards, trees and green meadows, because a stream flows through it towards the east, called Ak dere. In front of us in the east only the mountains of the Görkün Dagħ are visible, rising gently on the south side but overhanging steeply on the north side. Our path leads between oak bushes, always high above the valley, with steep cliffs on the right and often deep cliffs on the left.

Night came, and the Segtier declared that he did not know the way, and advised that we should go down into the valley and sleep there. But I was determined to go to Behesne that day, because the way must lead there.

The fires of five villages to the left of the Görkün Mountains shone towards us. [Places] We then come to a valley where there were also a few houses, but no one to be found. Nearby again there was a large group of those grotesque rocky areas. Here we lost the way completely; I rode straight up a bare mountain and was undecided which direction to go, because there was no sign of a town, only mountains in front of us.

We rode south, and luckily we reached a group of houses, which must have been Be-hesne, between 10 and 11 o'clock. But everything was dead silent, not a sound could be heard; finally, after we had knocked on some of the houses for a long time, a man stirred on one of the flat roofs and asked us what we wanted.

He was supposed to show us the seraglio, but after a long speech he asked for 10 piastres. We left him and rode on. We soon came to an open space where there was a large, pretty house; we immediately set up our tent there.

Now there was a stir in this house too, and we soon learned that it was the Se-rail. I immediately asked for barley for the hungry horses, but the black servant did not want to give us anything until I called out to him: In the name of the Sultan, I immediately ask for barley, this is the firman. The Kaimakam heard this and immediately a voice called from the roof: Come into the house here (1_03_008) and be my guest. The tent was already erected, and I insisted on sleeping here and slept excellently until morning.

Friday, September 8th. In the morning I paid a visit to the Müdür; he was extremely friendly to me, for he had been in Constantinople and was not as bigoted as the usual. Everyone was afraid of cholera, and I was besieged everywhere to leave them something if it should come here. Many members of the Meschlis were also sick, and I had them vomited and purged, for this cures almost all diseases in the Orient caused by bad food. Hassan immediately bled when a sick person came to him, no matter what his illness was. The Müdür also wanted me to see his wife, she was ill, but only in secret, for he did not want the people to know. Morning and afternoon

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

I was at his table, where a variety of local dishes were served, probably around 10 lei.

The town has about 2,000 houses and 5,000 inhabitants, of which 250 houses are Armenian with 500 Armenians. 17 Protestant houses with 60 inhabitants.

15 mosques and 1 Armenian church. The town is completely wedged between the mountains and is reminiscent of Charput, part of it lies on the slopes of the mountains to the north, while almost most of it is located around the castle hill.

A number of arched wells in and around the town, 3 large stone bridges lead over a deep ditch in places, in which now only stinking water with a black mud flow, called Boglu tschai, which flows after 1 hour at Dereli into the Dejirmentschai. The manufacture of the colorful clothes, called [...], is what keeps most people here busy, otherwise most of the articles are brought here from the bazaar in Aleppo, which was not badly supplied with goods. To my surprise, camel caravans appeared at the bazaar. There are also a few large khans here, which were kept very clean.

The streets go up and down, sometimes high up, sometimes deep down, similar to Lausanne. At the bazaar I found the milled bash of the Protestants, a very pleasant man. He led me to the old castle, at the south end of the town. The end facing the city rises on vertical rock faces, on which a few walls made of ashlar rise above the abyss, but these are collapsing more and more; it is not possible to climb it from this side. [Construction] (1_03_009) [Construction]

In the afternoon we rode, accompanied by some Protestants, to the vineyards on the plateau east of the town. It is a rolling, wide area, where chalk is visible everywhere, but which is densely planted with vines, which grow very well here. It almost looks like a town, because the summer houses of Behesne in the vineyards are scattered all over the area; they are all painted white with lime, which gives them a friendly appearance; and they are also furnished just like the town. Almost all of them are surrounded by pomegranates or pear trees, especially a large-fruited variety here; the former offered a splendid sight with their red fruits; also individual groups of fig trees, but their fruits were not special, they were not sweet. [Places] - A lot of mandrake is said to grow here, it is called Apsa aptinsaladin. In the gardens everywhere there are Tagetes, called Kadifeh, Ocimum, called Rihan, and Convolvul. = Sarmatschik. I spent the evening with the Müdür, telling stories, etc. A Segtier was ready to leave the next morning and slept with us.

Saturday, September 9th. We were advised to go to Malatia via Adiaman, as the route was longer but not nearly as difficult. The shortest route from Marasch, however, leads over the Erkenek Dagħ to Sürghy.

At 4 o'clock everything was ready for departure, but no one appeared at Mü-dür's house, so that to my great regret I left without being able to give any baksheesh to the numerous servants who had been waiting for the bribes like a wolf waiting for a sheep. From the town we ride east up the chalky path that leads to the hilly vineyard plateau, where some wild olea bushes appear along the way. The path goes along the plateau for 2 hours, to the right the wide hilly area, to the left a wide valley with lots of vineyards with the villages of Kissil Hassar, Killae, Tschilboras, Boruch, while at Ak Dagħ (called Chodscha Dagħ on the Kiepert map, the name of which is completely unknown here) further away in a wide, tree-covered high valley lies the village of Tut, visible from afar. [Places] (1_03_010) [Places]

We met a caravan with buffalo hides, which was going from Süverek to Behesne; its drivers had powerful, broad turbans. Botanical yield up to this point: *Olea sylv.*, *Centaur. max. rubr.* [Pfl] Below the village of Atmalöh in fields *Prosopis Stephan.* with the red fruits in abundance, which I did not expect to find here in the mountains. [Pfl] Above the river on the chalky mountain slope lies the village of Atmalik, to the left of the road, at the top of which stands a covered, vaulted well with old *morus*. We ride uphill to the east and come to a broad, flat valley or more plateau densely planted with vines, with almond, *Celtis* trees, etc., in which we reached the village of Arkuju in $\frac{1}{2}$ 8. Our rider had ridden ahead and ordered breakfast, which we found on our arrival: beaten eggs, yoghurt and excellent grapes, for which I donated 5 piastres. (From here, the Ak Dagħ stretches to the southeast.) $\frac{1}{2}$

hour stay.

We ride further east and southeast over an undulating area somewhat lower than Arkuyu, where we reach a large spring at $\frac{3}{4}$ 9, called Awken bunar, whose water flows southeast and from here irrigates a number of gardens with trees, cotton, etc. Behind them, after $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, lies the village of TSchambajad, which, however, was not visible from here because of the number of Italian poplars and plane trees. [Places] The valley [of the Göksu], which was $\frac{1}{4}$ hour wide and thickly covered with sand and boulders, was covered with high Sacch.

Ravenae, *Typha minima nova*, *Convolv. sepium rubr.* existed. The river flows in a valley more or less covered with hills, the banks of which above the river consist of plate-shaped deposits of conglomerate. Riding uphill, after 15 minutes we reach the village of Börgenek, surrounded by vast cotton fields and trees; a number of springs around this place. Almost an hour down the river lies a tell. Next to a spring coming from a cave in front of the village was a *Paliurus* thickly hung with shirring [as?] a sign of a Siaret; at the upper end of the village there were 4 springs. Above the village, this elevation runs out into a wide area that is almost undeveloped and is surrounded by

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

inhabited by numerous nomads with their herds and tents. [Places]
(1_03_011) After 1 hour from Börgenek, half an hour downhill, the village of Toheran was on the right, near which there was a tent camp by a spring. Aerial reflection in the south-southeast. At half past 10, another village was on the right by a stream coming from the high mountains, the 3rd so far, all of which run from north to south. No tree or bush can be seen on the area; the stream is called Tschakaltschai, with a bed 60 paces wide from north to south. [Places]

At a spring on the road we met a camp of Kurdish women, 20 women and only 1 man, who were eating their grapes here, which they had stolen from the vineyards of Adiaman. In the red, clayey fields there was white Papilio-onac from Aintab, [plant] Ricinus (called Kenekatschek) and cotton were cultivated individually. Another $\frac{3}{4}$ hour from Adiaman we come to the broad bed of the Ejüntschai, and still $\frac{1}{4}$ hour from the town we ride between vegetable fields, cotton, cabbage, sorghum, badlidschan, capsicum [etc.?] and [dark green?] gardens in which apples, pears, apricots, juglans, populus ital., plums, pomegranates, here I found Galega bi-color sp. n on fences for the first time. We set up quarters with the Protestant preacher. Quite a spacious courtyard surrounded by a wall; the church next to the house. The preacher spoke English because he is a student of Mr. Schneider.

I also met several inhabitants of Aleppo, including the Protestant agent, Jebra Antaki, who had fled because of the cholera; here I heard that cholera had also broken out in Aintab.

Sunday, September 10th. Adiaman or Hosn Mansur is the seat of a Kaima-kam, Suleiman Beg, whom I visited today and received very warmly. His son, who had just returned from Constantinople, had caught a fever in Alexandretta, and he asked me to visit him in his house, which, apart from a few rooms, did not look special from the outside. As the road to Malatia was not good, he gave me a Buju-ruldu. Here there was no need for septians as in Marash, as this pa-shalik, Charput, was not at war. The streets of Adiaman are wide, partly paved on raised ground, with many open spaces. Hosn = castle of Man-sur, who is not well remembered, hence Adiaman = a name and someone bad. On the [west?] side a part, densely packed with houses, on it the former old castle, the foundations of which are built of hewn blocks; for a long time (Greek times) it has served as an Armenian church; on the south-west side of it is the dwelling of the Kaimakam, while the Seraglio is near the bazaar. The Christians together have 500 houses, of which 400 are Armenian, 50 Jacobite and 60 Protestant houses, in the latter of which a little more than 200 persons are Protestant. Mosques 15, 1 Jacobite and 1 Armenian church. The inhabitants are mainly occupied with

the processing of cotton (bamboo) into local clothing.

The bazaar is a little better than in Behesne, but most of the items are brought here from Aleppo. Fear of cholera, which later came here as well as to Behesne. In the streets here too there are many arched water pipes. Fever, eye diseases and (1_03_012) problems with stones. On the roofs there were long, wide pieces of linen hung down, coated with the yellow evaporated juice of the grapes to dry, which is then taken out in thin [flats?] and called pekmes. A lot of nut sausages were also made; walnut kernels are served on strings and dipped three times in the thickened juice of the grapes. The barracks for soldiers are on the south side of the city, behind which a low range of hills extends to the south.

Monday, September 11th. At 9 a.m. we set off in a northwesterly direction accompanied by a segist. Adiaman is located on a plateau, surrounded by extensive vineyards, about 2 hours long. For 1 hour we rode between them between hedges of *Elaeagnus*, [plants] while *Durra pendula*, *Daucus Carota*, *Badlidschan*, *Capsicum*, *Nicotiana latifol.*, corn, pumpkins, watermelons, *Samsun*, *Ricinus*, cotton, etc. were cultivated in the fields. Long stagings had been set up in the vineyards to guard them. We did not take the main path, as many Kurds are said to make it unsafe. [Places, plants]

In the valley ahead, which turns into a hilly plain further east, the village of Taek is on the right. We ride a short distance westwards through green cotton fields and along a tree-lined stream and arrive at the village of Saek at 9 a.m., where we meet the soldiers who had gone before us at a large, magnificent spring in the middle of the village. [Text] To my horror, I noticed that I had lost my scabbard. Next to the spring, which is set in a square basin and to which you descend 10 steps, there is an old mosque with a minaret and Saracen decorations at the entrance; part of it has fallen into disrepair and is now used as a forecourt. Beneath it is a vaulted underground passage. Several niches have been carved into the rocks next to it, but these are very dilapidated. On the stream that flows through the village from the west, near the village, many caves are visible, artificially carved, above the stream that flows through a ravine there, and at the east end above the village there is an old chapel. It was also clear that this place used to be more important. Unfortunately, there was no time to linger. The place is called Schechum.

Here we went up a rocky mountain again, whose bluish rocks often stood up in groups like teeth. The mountain is called Karadagh. *Quercus infectoria* and *Wallonia*. [Pfl] (1_03_013) [Pfl] We climbed higher and higher with many difficulties between rocks, the pack horse fell twice and caused us to stop, and the brown horse also refused to be surrounded.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

We arrived at the pass at midday and rode a little further down, where there was a spring in a basin. The rocks were made of blue horn slate. A wonderful view from above over the plain far below us. A village on the left, Khojaly, looked particularly pretty, lying on green fields between mountains, while a magnificent mountain world opened up before us, whose giants stood silently around us, namely the Akdagh and Bulam Dagh. Many springs and streams flow from the mountains, whose banks are densely lined with old plane trees.

Next to one such stream there were whole mountains of red marble in the most varied shades, often blood red. The oak trees, namely *Q. castanea* and *lacin.*, predominated. On the slopes *Satureja alba* and *hort.* [Pfl] A second plane tree stream was interspersed, and at 6, after we had climbed another mountain and made our way down with difficulty, we came to a larger stream, which was more densely adorned with tall plane trees than the others.

We were very tired, and the horses even more so, having caused us so much trouble, and would have liked to set up camp for the night under the old trees beside the stream, but the Segtier was too timid and was afraid of the Aschired Kurds (tributeless people), who were said to be carrying out many robberies here. The valley is wider here. A few fences and stones that had been thrown together in an artless manner, serving as fire pits, showed that shepherds were staying here. As night fell, we left the stream, or rather went up its fairly wide valley, which here runs east but soon turns north. The darkness prevented any prospect, namely finding paths like this one is then impossible, and so it happened that after a few hours of wandering around the Segtier declared that this was not the way. We therefore turned around and finally reached the old place, where we laboriously climbed up a steep slope, which we followed for a stretch, but we also had to turn back. Finally, a Kurd who was leading his herds to safety was heard, and after a long speech we were finally able to persuade him to show us the way. We then went up the first path again and went left, whereas we had previously been on the right. There was a place with some mighty old plane trees, and next to them a waterfall roared down. (1_03_014) Here we lay down for a while in the middle of the path, crouched against rocks; A horse with the plants had fallen into the stream, and unfortunately many of them were then spoiled. After the moon finally appeared around 11 o'clock, we continued on our way and reached a small plateau, which then gradually brought us to the highest mountain pass of the Ak Dagh.

Tuesday, September 12th. To our left, the highest mountain of Ak Dagh towered about 1,000' above us. At about 3 o'clock we had crossed the pass and saw the fires from the area that had gone before us in a plain far below us.

ten caravans that had spent the night in one of the Bölan villages; the mighty Bölan Dagħ towered above them. The path led us steeply down until at 7 o'clock we reached the Bölam su, which was over belt-deep, and whose banks were thickly covered with *Salix cinerea* in this plateau. Next to it was a small village at the foot of a mountain. We now ride on this plateau, completely surrounded by high mountains, and at 8 o'clock we reach the large Bölamsee, probably 4-5 hours in circumference; its flat banks were thickly covered with *Phragmites*, [Pfi], [Pfi]. A large part of this plain next to the lake is wide swampland. On the sides of the lake, especially where hard limestone was close to it, wide springs twirled numerous bubbles into the air, just like in the spring basin at Albistan. Plenty of fish. [Places]

At 12 o'clock we found ourselves in the robber village [Abdul Karab], built near the lake on the slope of the rounded Tatafschadilar mountain that rises high above it. It consists of about 40 stone houses with flat roofs, whose inhabitants have always distinguished themselves as robbers. My horses were extremely tired from the mountain exertions, especially since they had not had anything to eat since Adiaman. We stopped at the Kiaya of the village and I gave him the letter from the Kaimakam of Adiaman. But he did not seem to care, and it was only with difficulty that I got food for the horses. All the people ran together and I had to be very careful that everything was not stolen from under my eyes. One of the horses did not want to go any further and I initially decided to leave it here for a few days to recover, but the prices for feed were so outrageous that I decided to take it with me, whatever happened, as I could (1_03_016)

but I could not carry my belongings, I tried to get a horse from him for hire as far as Malatia. At first he would not, but finally he asked for 15 piastres for it. I agreed, believing that I would get the horse, but I was mistaken, he came back and asked for 25 piastres, and when I finally decided to do so, he asked for 40 piastres, and I lost my patience and decided to leave these scoundrels without further ado, who now made every effort to keep me here for the night, telling me a lot of robber stories, but I replied that if anything happened to me, the whole village would be responsible and his head would no longer be safe, and I had good weapons that I could rely on and that I would not be afraid to use.

Accompanied by my Segtier, who cared for nothing but his horse, and another distinguished Kurd, who was sent to Malatia with a message from Adiaman Kaimakam, we set off again at about 3 o'clock. We initially rode westwards in the broad valley until we reached the mountain Tataf-

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

schadilar, and now go gradually upwards in a zigzag in the ever narrowing wild rocky valley directly to the north. The slopes were covered with *Quercus infectoria* in places, but further up *Juniperus excelsa* became predominant in mighty trees, although I did not see any cedars. The rocky slopes were densely covered with a new *Prangos* in fruit, *Pr. robusta* Boiss. & Haussk., which is very common there; also a *Stenotenia*. [Pfl] (1_03_017) [Pfl] Large rock partridges often ran around next to the rocks, and large eagles hovered in the air. [Pfl]

For an hour we rode along the more or less sloping plateau, on which a *Verbascum mucronatum* Lam. with narrow leaves was often still in bloom; the mountains, however, are completely bare of bushes.

[Sign] Finally the path descends and now offers a view of the strangely shaped Aladscha Dagh to the north. Towards evening we come to a place where there are some stone huts on the right side of the path and several footpaths leading up to the mountains; further on we come to 2 caves above the path, also on the right, which were carved into the conglomerate rock and were perfect for highwaymen; in fact the whole path is well suited for this, as there is almost no view at all and it is enclosed by rocks on both sides. [Places]

The black packhorse often collapsed and caused us to have to wait a long time. Then we suddenly heard a mighty roaring noise in the valley below us. We were at the source of the river [commonly known?] as Dermansu (dejirmen su), which rolls its waters through the ravine, foaming wildly, and rushes towards the plain. High, steep cliffs rise on the other bank, while the valley on both sides of the river is covered with mighty walnut trees and ash trees, which gladdens the heart after such a long deprivation of fresh greenery. I was enchanted by this romantic place.

(1_03_018) although we all had to pay attention to ensure that none of the animals fell into the abyss. Further down the trees became increasingly dense and finally we came to a dense grove through which a path led, bordered by *elaeanthus* hedges. The thick canopy of leaves did not let through a ray of light and we followed it without a second thought; the darkness in this valley gorge and under the canopy of leaves was immense. Finally the horse fell again and caused us to stop for a long time.

Finally we come to the village, which consists of scattered houses. We had to ride around for a long time before we found a place to stay, which was not easy with the paths covered in water and the darkness, sometimes up and down. It was difficult to find something to eat: sour milk, bread and grapes; the poor animals had not had anything for a long time and were greedily attacking the straw. Our host's house was on a slope.

hillside, surrounded by dense groups of trees, built of stone; the lower rooms were used as cattle sheds, above which was the living room; but now they all slept on the open balcony, to which a staircase leads. There is no need for water here; it trickles through the gardens everywhere and creates a rich vegetation. The whole town, consisting of 150 houses, is completely hidden in this orchard, between which vegetable fields spread out with cabbage, castor oil plants, and cotton. The trees were the same as everywhere else: apricots, pears, apples, peaches, almonds, mulberries, walnuts, Italian poplars, willows and elaeagnus. It must be wonderful to live here in summer, and it is easy to understand why the Turks are delighted with it. Soon we were lying deep in the arms of Morpheus. (1_03_015) Altitude determinations: [Places, Cit?] (1_03_016) [Cit?]

(1_03_018) *Wednesday, September 13th.* My Segtier asked me the evening before if he could leave me here, he would like to go back, he was no longer needed, as I would soon reach Malatia with the other companion. But I did not allow it, and I was right, because by morning the other companion had long since disappeared. Early in the morning we set off for Malatia, 2 ½ hours away. This Kündebeg lies at the end of the mountain, the foot of which is adorned with vineyards; the large spring, whose water is divided into several branches through the gardens, is ½ hour above the town. We continue our way between vineyards and after ½ hour we reach the town of Bonasseh, to the right of the path and also surrounded by orchards. Here I found *Clematis orientalis* and *Berberis crataegina* DC on fences for the first time. [Pfl]

On this rising hilly country, thickly covered with vines, above which rise four groups of trees, we finally reach (1_03_019) Malatia, formerly Asbusu, whose orchards fill the entire strip along the mountain.

The contrast between lush vegetation and burnt rock is striking, because only where the water brings life does this enchanting freshness arise, while everything close by is desolate. At the covered bazaar, which was now full of fruit, I was immediately greeted by the Protestant Milledbasche, who had been informed of my arrival by Mr. Schneider. I actually wanted to stay in the empty mission house, but this man absolutely did not want me to stay anywhere other than with him, so I let it happen. (1_04_001_Einband) [Txt] (1_04_001) [Pfl]

The present Malatia or Asbusu is not located on the site of the old Melitene, which is located 2 hours northeast of Malatia, where the modern village still bears the old name. The location of the present Malatia is magnificent, to the south at the foot of the Beg Dagh, whose foothills are adorned with vines, low hills stretch towards the Musherdagh, where

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The hill group of the Marachab is particularly striking, consisting of chalk, on which a layer of wildly jumbled, blackish basalt rock masses has been deposited; to the north and northeast is a wide plain, in which the Murad turns northwest at the exit of the Muscher Dagh; further away, behind the Muscher Dagh, looking towards [...], the high chain of the mountains of Arabkir, the Gök Dagh, looms out, while to [...] beyond the plain stretches the long rocky chain of the Aladscha Archa Dagh, on which the still independent Kurds make the roads impassable.

The gardens of Malatia stretch for 3 hours at the foot of Beg Dagh to the village of Kündebeg, through which numerous springs flow. If you dig about 5' into the ground, you get water, so every house is supplied with spring water. The main trees here are Morus, several types of plums and pears, of which a very large variety; various types of apples, of which the large, red, fragrant ones, called kirmisy el-ma, are particularly notable; also apricots, peaches, cherries, walnuts; wine is also grown in large quantities, particularly near the village of Ortesu, where the foot of Beg Dagh is completely taken up with it; however, I missed figs here, although they grow wild in abundance here. Pomegranates are missing. [Plants]

The climate is healthy, as the heat is significantly reduced by the abundance of water and the dense shade of trees. The illnesses are mostly fever, stone disease and rashes caused by irregular eating. The bouton d'Haleb does not occur here, rarely in Adiaman and Behesne. The streets are kept clean, mostly straight and paved. (1_04_002) There are very few stray dogs. The houses are clean and nicer built than in other cities, but there is no light inside, rarely glass in the windows, as a normal pane costs 10 piastres. The foundation wall consists only of stones, the rest is earthen, but the walls are all painted smooth, which gives them a friendly appearance. The bazaar, well stocked with goods, is cool and has a shady roof, clean, and many people are employed in the manufacture of clothing. It has about 6,000 houses, 1,000 Armenian, 5,000 Turkish, 60 Catholics, 35 Protestants for the last four years, but the latter church is attended by many other people. There is no missionary here now, Richardson has returned to America; the very nice mission house is now empty; a local preacher takes his place.

The Malatia district includes 300 villages, which are supervised by a Müdür residing in M., Osman Beg; the previous Achmed Beg has just been transferred to Charput. Mosques with minarets are here [...], 15 in total. 1 Armenian church, 1 Protestant meeting house and 1 Catholic church. The latter was built, the facilities were too big and the money was all gone, now only the foundations are standing, which alone cost 100,000 piastres. Before 1838,

There are only a few houses here, because the town was then in Melitene, two hours away. Hafiz Pasha moved the old town here, because the former was occupied by his 35,000 soldiers, but as the soldiers ran out of wood, one house after another was gradually torn down until it was almost completely ruined in the year 1255 of the Hedjra = 1838. It is said to have been founded by the Genoese and the old name Melitin; after them came the Assyrians, then the Persians, and Turks.

I stayed with the Protestant Milledbasche, he and his son were Protestants, his wife Armenian. The room I was given, the only one in the whole house, was unfortunately so dark and gloomy that I could not work in it; it was more like a prison with the window openings barred and covered with oiled paper; of course there was no table or chair. During this time we mostly ate badlidzhan cooked with meat, or cooked pumpkin with meat, yoghurt, cheese, and grapes made up the rest. First a large cloth was spread out on the floor, then a 1' high square frame was placed on it, on which a large, round, pewter bowl was placed, on which the food was placed. The Müdür Achmed Beg spoke good French, in European costume with a fez. There was no doctor there, and the military pharmacist, Michele, an Italian, filled his position as best he could. He was in charge of the hospital, which I visited with him. The sickbeds were arranged in the rooms in a row, mostly made of iron, some of wood, in the European style; each patient had a number. During my visit I prescribed medicines and rations for the patients, of whom there were about 20 there.

Next to the town, the tents of a battalion of soldiers had been here since [...] because of the untamed Kurds in the Ardscha Aladsch Dag, west-northwest of Malatia. The latter bring many carpets to Malatia for sale; I bought one of these for 360 piastres. – Watermelons are now the main food of the poor people. Numerous siarets of the Turks here, either a bush, usually Paliurus, by the road is hung with colorful rags that are tied to it, or small stones are hammered into a hollow tree.

(1_04_003) The Turkish graves here often have a coffin-like wall built of stone slabs. The two end gravestones here are only 3' long and 1' wide and mostly of a standing form [Zeich]. In Aintab they were of exceptional length, often 8' long. The Armenians always have stone slabs lying on the graves. A Turkish tomb showed a saber [Zeich] and pistols from the time of a Segtier. - The present city lacks gates.

Visit to the old Malatia, the actual city of this name, because the current Malatia is the former village of Asbusu, 2 hours north-northeast of Asbusu.
Near the eastern end of the town there is a spring whose waters are

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Mill on the road, next to which Turkish graves are spread out, between them an old, half-ruined burial chapel. [Places] We ride into the former town to the completely ruined, once vaulted Muschak Kapussi, the south-western one. It was completely surrounded by a ring wall and moat, but later the town expanded beyond it on the north-east and east sides, where most of the houses still stand today. [Building]

To the north, tree and vegetable gardens spread out, also on the east side next to the wall, where a stream flows through. On the south side, all the houses have been destroyed (1_04_004) and no new ones have been built, only on the north and east sides. There are many stork nests on the towers and trees. On the north side is the still preserved Aladschek Kapussi, without an inscription, next to it a coffee house, and in a garden next to it castor oil plants grew up to 8' high. In front of it is a small square, the current bazaar, which contains nothing except the usual foodstuffs and luxury items such as tobacco, ropes, tinder fungus, etc. The fruit sellers sit around some old Morus and Fraxinus trees.

Next to it, the large Aladzhek Khan is almost completely preserved. [Construction]

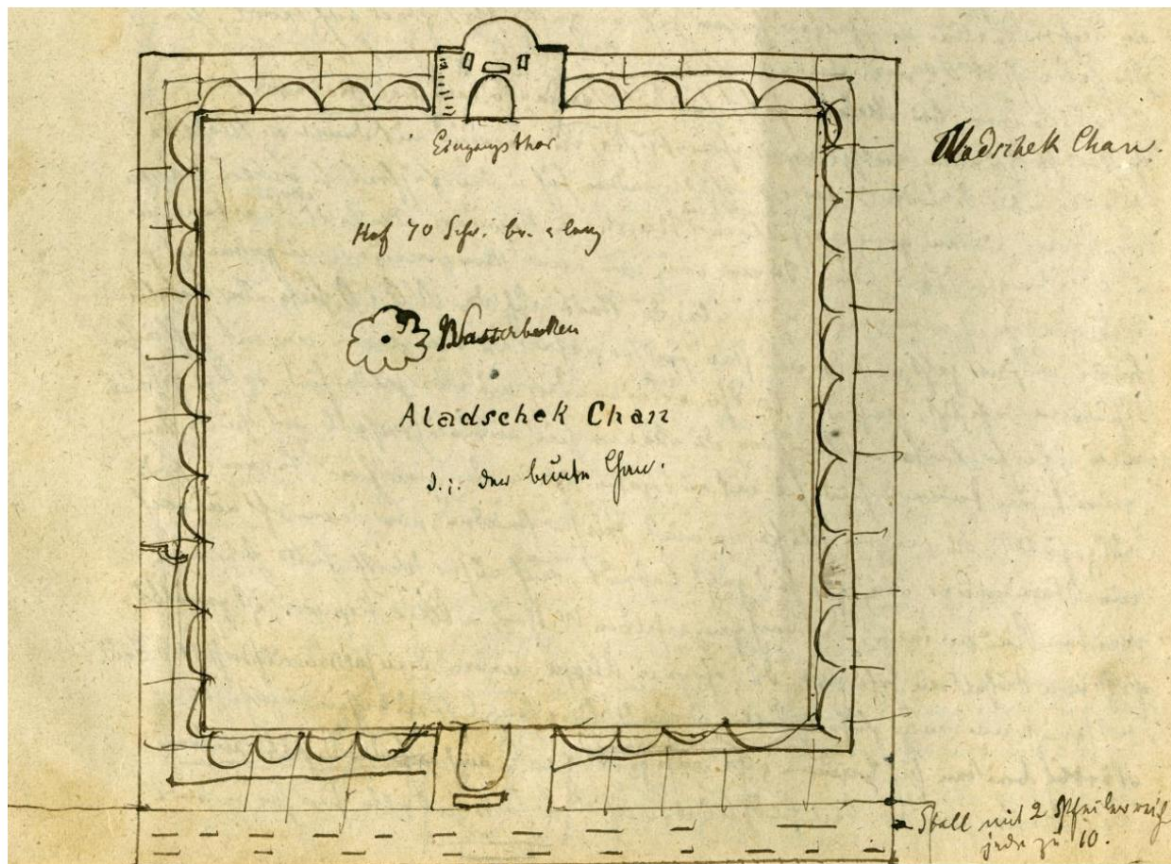


Abb. 7: Aladschek Chan (1_04_004)

1st trip: Ottoman Empire (1865)

(1_04_005) [Building] – In the streets you can often see the vaulted wells and water pipes, many of which are now dry; an old water pipe coming from Ortesu distributed the water in the city. [Building] On the west side, 20 minutes away, lies the Tschinken Khan, a beautiful building even in its ruins. (1_04_006) [Building, drawing] The main building is the Ullu Dschamie, which is striking because of its peculiar round but tapered dome, built of fired bricks, which makes it

a reddish grey colour. (1_04_007) [Construction] The Turks have now made many changes to the mosque (Persian?), and some new rough walls have been built inside. It is covered with carpets. [Construction] Some old wagon wheels were lying in it. A date above the entrance shows 677.

Built by Persians. An old hollow morus in the courtyard.

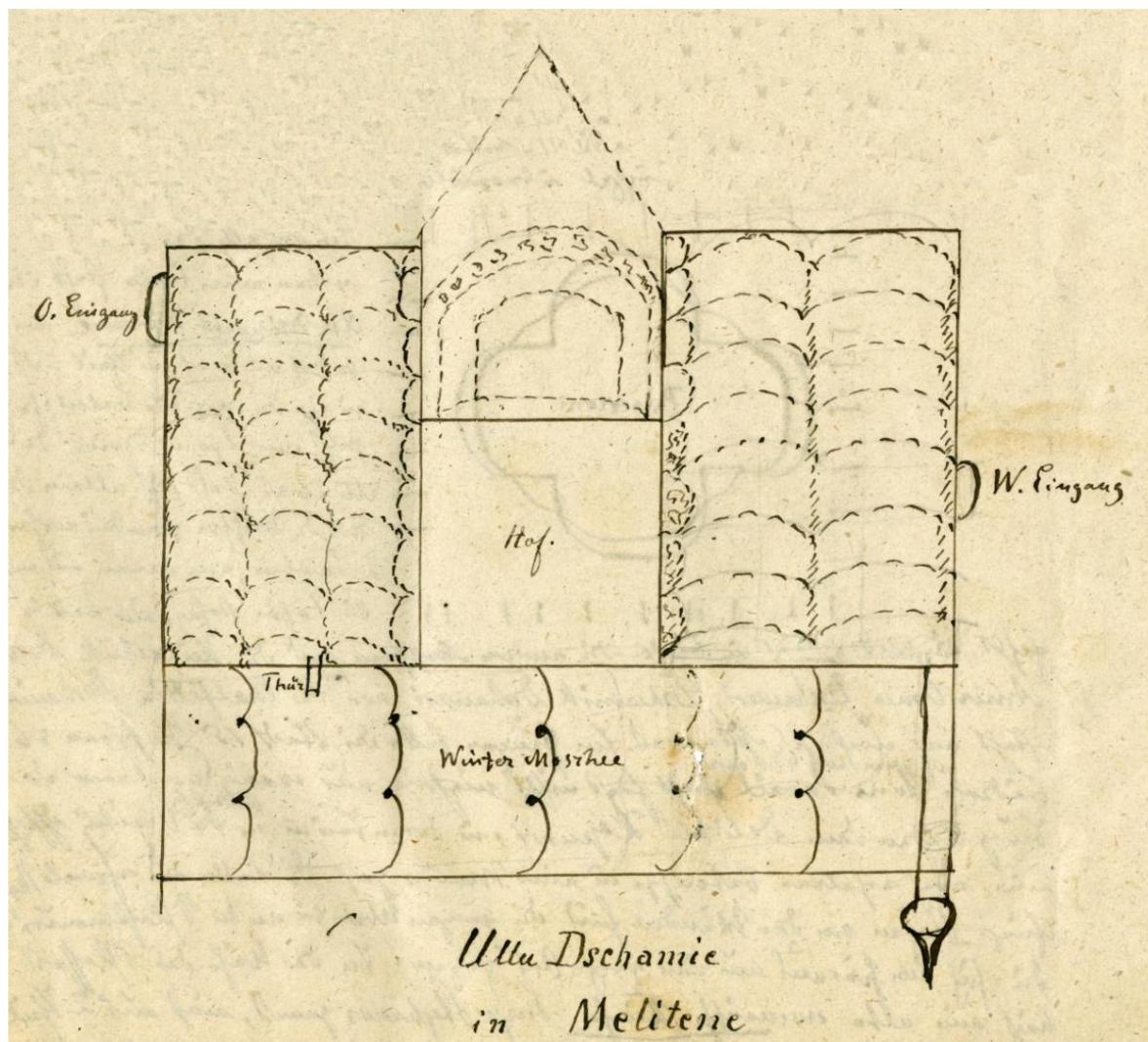


Fig. 8: Ullu Jamie in Melitene (1_04_007)

(1_04_008) On the south side next to the mosque is the madrasa, a school, a small but pretty building. [Building, drawing] Nearby to the east is the so-called Palaestam, the sales and auction room, arched in the shape of a cross.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

builds, above the 4 main vaults there is another arch [above?] each, as well as from one corner to the other. 9 compartments on each side served as a sales area for the less well-off, while in the former the gold and silver works, namely Persian, were located. The whole is vaulted by a dome. [sign]

Outside the city moat, next to a stream, stands the Ak Minaret Dscha-mie, of which only a part remains; inside it is the decorated prayer niche, now only chaff in it. The minaret now stands alone. In front of the mosque there used to be 2 pillars, of which only the feet remain, one pillar is missing, the other lies in the stream. [Construction] In total, the city had 15 mosques and 6 baths, now 4 minarets remain. Almost nothing remains of the seraglio and only a little of the castle next to the Delikli kapussi, through whose ruins the covered aqueduct flows; a still-preserved prayer niche in a wall shows the site of the former mosque. A few roses on the walls are all that remains of the castle walls, which stretched from here around the whole town. Near the castle lies an old Armenian church, called Surp Stephanos, which once consisted of two parts, but the right one was completely dilapidated. Old Armenian gravestones with inscriptions were lying around inside. The vaulted interior is dark, (1_04_009) almost no light can penetrate, the floor is 4' lower than the entrance, which you can crawl into rather than walk to; an old inscription was above it. The interior was hung with old, weathered images of saints, including Gregory; the Orthodox cross is very common on the stones, as well as at the entrance and on the gravestones. [Sign] Graves stretch out on the hills almost all around the town, but particularly on the northeastern hill, where there are also several chapels with four open arches, above which a dome rises; more than 10 are located near the town. The current town has less than 1,000 houses left.

From here we rode south to Ortesu; still near the town there is an old tower of the same type as the one above the Ullu Dschamie, called Seiderasi, containing the tomb of a sheikh. After an hour we had reached the village, which is completely surrounded by gardens and has 800 inhabitants. We rode up a hill to the east of the village, on which there is an old Armenian church, called Surp Perkitsch, Turkish asis kurdaritsche. The church is surrounded to the north by the courtyard, which is partly walled and partly has stables, and to the west by the garden. In front of the church there is a raised terrace, which you climb up to by a few steps, with crosses on the front stones. In the middle of the church on the north side was the former entrance, which is now walled up so that it resembles a niche. In the same, above the walled up door, there is a well-preserved inscription. [Insch] The church is said to have been built 100 years AD. Crosses next to the inscription and at the entrance. [Zeich] An old column base

is located in the courtyard, otherwise there are no traces of columns, only two slender column decorations are attached to the sides of the former entrance. The entrance now leads into the dark interior on the west side, since the Turks destroyed half of the church 40 years ago.

[Construction]

(1_04_010) *Monday, September [18th]*. Excursion to Beg Dagh. We ride out to the eastern end of the city, then southeast, where we ride up a valley. On the rocks were small red labiates, [Pfl] a lot of low fig bushes in various shapes and bearing plenty of fruit covered the rocky slopes, their red-violet fruits were now ripe, but inedible; Acanthol. grasses were also here, but had long since faded, while further up two species were still in bloom. [Pfl] Mulberry trees stood at this place, it seemed to be a camp site. Further up a spring comes out of a cave on the left of the path in the rocks. The path here became very rocky and climbed quite steeply, whereupon we reached a high basin, where we turned right and rode up a small valley, where at the top there was a cold spring and some willow trees.

Here there was a lot of Pelargonium. Finally. After we had rested a little, we left the horses behind and climbed further up to the rounded mountains, completely bare of all bushes; here now completely alpine flora, Poly-gon. alp. [Plant, Places] (1_04_011) [Places]

We turned east and rode down a very steep path with rocky walls. A large number of stone grouse jumped up in alarm.

After an hour's descent we came to a place covered with old, mighty juglans, where a clear, cold spring came out of the rocks. Another 15 minutes and we were next to the old monastery [Wazak?], located on a hill to the left of Ortesu (towards Malatia). A stone wall surrounds the large building and garden. It is considered a very holy place, because on Sundays it is said to be full of visitors. The interior, however, is in a state of disrepair. On the north side there are small rooms for visitors, in which old junk was now lying. A spring surrounded by trees is the meeting place.

There is little to note about the old church. Like all the others I have seen, it is dark, old images of saints, a simple altar hung with cloths is all there is. The chapel is very small; in the anteroom there were two bishops' gravestones, on one of them there was at least a bishop's staff. Much of the building has collapsed. There used to be 40 monasteries in this area. The vegetation around Malatia: Cucubal. baccifer on fences; Clematis orientalis on fences near Kündebeg, I had not seen either of them before. [Pfl]

Tuesday, September [19]. Preparations for departure. I found a box of paper here, sent by Dr. Bischof; in this box I sent the dried plants to Kharput through a Kadirchi. An Armenian, whose

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

When his pretty wife suffered from apoplexy, I had given medicine for 100 piastres, 60 for myself, 40 for the church; another paid 25 piastres for cough mixture.

The black horse had recovered somewhat; it had been very bad before; a board had penetrated its side and made a deep hole. The Protestant Milledbasche, who at first acted as if he would not take any money at all, accepted the money in exchange for barley, etc.

XI Malatia–Diarbekir (20 September–5 November 1865)

(1_04_012) *Wednesday, September 20, 1865.* At 6 o'clock we rode out to the east end of the town and initially headed east-northeast towards the southern end of the Marachab Kajassi hill group, then rode through the water near the town that runs to Eski Melitene, which drives a mill near the town, where there is a good, strong spring. The autumn morning was glorious, the air clear, the mountains clearly visible. [Places] At 9 we reached Baluchai, which comes from the continuation of the Beg Dagħ and runs from north to south, with the village of the same name to the left of the road, whose bed is quite wide, about 150 paces, with many *Elaeagnus* trees. [Places] At 12:30 we descended from the plain to the Euphrates bed, where the raft Kulloğ, guided by two men, was on our side; Since several people wanted to cross, we could not all cross together, which caused a long delay. The flora up to this point consisted of *Andropog. Ischaem.*, [Plant] *Nicotiana latifol.* was cultivated individually, rice not at all. The Muscher Dagħ, which lies opposite us, is called Haerte Dagħ after the Kurdish village of the same name. [Places]

(1_04_013) Finally arriving on the other bank, we rode northeast up the riverbed, which was 15 minutes wide here, but in which only a medium-sized stream flowed in several sections. At the village of Haerte on the left there was bluish Letten soil, while the sides of the opposite Barsuch Dagħ appeared blood red, at its foot a small village in trees. On the Haerte Dagħ you can see many small groups of trees scattered over the whole side of the mountain, some of which have houses in them; they are signs of springs. Here we are now completely surrounded by mountains, from which the water has often washed out strange shapes, most of them round. The bluish rock often stood out very much against the blood-red hills rising next to it. At 3 o'clock a side valley branches off to the right along the Barsuch Dagħ, in which the village of Gemedschiköi lies 15 minutes away. Since we could not get any barley for the horses further up, we decided to spend the night here. A detached mill was a little further up, and we found accommodation there. White efflorescences were very common on the streams throughout the mountains. Just behind the mill there was a red iron formation alternating with blue marl and quartz rock. In the blue

I found a green octahedral crystal in the marl; there was also yellow ochre. In the stream around it was *Inula visc.*, *Clematis Kündebeg.* We slept excellently in the mill, for it was already very cold outside.

Thursday, September [21st]. Shortly before 5 o'clock everything was ready for departure; it was a cold morning, I wrapped myself tightly in my coat. In the sandy bed of the Haerte tschai we ride northwards for 15 minutes, then the valley divides and the stream, the main part of the brook, comes from the north,

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

we ride right towards the east and northeast, we stay in the bed of the stream for a while, but then the path leads over the mountain slope. Up to this point yield: *Lopezia aren.* [Plant, Places] [At Schech Hammar Köi] one now comes to the plateau rising somewhat towards the northeast, on which a number of houses are scattered in small groups, with cotton, Durra 3 species and castor oil fields around them. On the right of the path stands the small chapel of Schech Hammar. [Places] (1_04_014) [Places] On the grassy slopes Umbellif. serot. [Pfl] On this plateau the water had made deep cuts in places, in one place one of these formed a humus layer of 30'. [Plants, Places] Between the two Belchan mountains a broad wild stream comes down from Sarikoi, which all flow together in a corner below Ha-jifadma and go southwest to the Murad.

We met a group of Kurds in their white leggings and shirts à la Grecque. When I asked how far to Charput, one said 4 hours, another 12, another 20 hours, etc., each a different number, because they have no idea what an hour is (1_04_015); sometimes you get laughed at for asking this question, because they don't know what it means. At the end of Belchan Dagh, the plain rises more quickly, the two mountains get closer and closer and at the highest point remain only half an hour apart. Arriving here at 1:30 a.m., a magnificent view opens up, namely to the east, where the wide Charput plain, densely dotted with villages. [Places] On this hill, the springs flow south-east and north-east; here I found *Triglochis palustre* for the first time. [Pfl]

Since the horses did not want to go any further and it was still 6 hours from here to Charput, we spent the night in the village of Koelluschage, a little to the right of the road, at Osman's. There is a spring of cold water that flows into several stone troughs next to the village. The horses suffered greatly from leeches that they had drunk with the water, which then settled on their tongues and in their throats; at first I could not explain why so much blood was coming out of their mouths. [Places] Since we could not find any accommodation in a house, I slept in my tent, despite the very cold night. A soup made of flour and butter refreshed me, along with tea, which we quickly prepared.

The area of Malatia–Charput is completely safe and there is no need to fear robbers.

(1_04_016) [22] *September, Friday.* At 5 we set off again, close wrapped in a coat. My horse had cramps from the cold. 10 minutes from the village we pass a large spring that flows into the Bojukchai. [Places] The broad path was in the lowlands, where the waters flow together in spring, as if it were lightly paved; a spring with four drinking stones along the path; here the telegraph appeared again. Charput was already visible yesterday.

We passed several large, vaulted drinking halls, because here in the vicinity of Charput a lot of effort is being put into springs, as there are not enough of them.

At 10 we rode past the lovely Mesereh, where the Pasha's residence is, and by 11 we had climbed the steep mountain, to which a good path leads up into the town, and we came across the Armenian Vartabad. Unfortunately, Mr. Schneider's letters of recommendation had not yet arrived, so I was unknown, but Mr. Schneider's name was enough to get me a warm welcome from the missionary Mr. Allen. There are two mission houses here, both built on rocks at the western end of the town; a wall encloses both, along with the rocky courtyard, where Glaucium, Plumbago, Tarax, serot, etc. were now in bloom. In our house, the larger one, live Mr. Allen and his family, and Mr. Whyler and his family, with the two teachers Miss West and Miss Pont. [...]. The houses are built in the local style, as they were bought for this purpose, with a large terrace and flat roof, but inside European comfort and American practice prevail. 16 steps to the west is the smaller house of Mr. Barnem, which I found empty, but he arrived here shortly afterwards. Both study rooms are connected by a kind of telegraph, which is particularly practical in winter, during the rainy season. In both rooms there is a bell that is rung beforehand to alert people; a rubber bag on wheels contains the [..?] letters, which are passed back and forth through a disk that is turned, telescope. The two adjoining study rooms are also connected by a hatch for speaking.

Next to Mr Barnem's house is the church, built 3 years ago, with a flat roof. The lower room contains the church, the floor and ceiling of which are covered with boards. 6 wooden pillars in 2 rows, 3 on each, support the ceiling. On the left is the women's seat, separated by a railing. White walls. On the roof is a triangular pillar frame, from which a long, flat iron rod hangs down. When struck with a hammer (1_04_017), it rings like a bell and serves as a sign of worship. Above the church are the classrooms for the theological institute, which currently housed [...] students. They receive lessons in geography, physics, religion, etc. here.

The missionaries mostly speak Armenian, Mr Barnem speaks more Turkish. The mission has existed here since the year [...], founded by Mr [...].

The view from the rooms of the plain stretching out to the south and west, in the background of which the Taurus rises after 5 hours, is magnificent, in particular the villages of Mesereh, Pertschentsch etc., which are completely covered in gardens, now appear like oases in the parched fields. Wine is also widely cultivated here, namely a blue variety with large berries and a fine skin.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

common here; it thrives here despite the high altitude, it is kept low and ditches are made around the roots to let in water.

Theological School at Charput. [Hist] (1_04_018–1_04_025) [Places]

(1_04_026) On the way to Ashwan there are 20-50' high conical rocks, and there are a lot of them. Between Chemishgeseh 2 hours and Uluchala there is an intermittent spring at Pentecost, used against skin rashes, marked with a stone, [Christ...that?]. In Uluchala there are overhanging rocks, below there is a beautiful valley with green fields. Girls are bought for marriages; but the Kurds there, around 20 villages, have abolished this custom. They do not want the circumcision and are only nominally Muslims. Yussuf wants school and declares himself a Protestant. - In Charput there are 2 girls' schools and 5 madrasas for Turkish men, they then become mullahs = readers. [Places]

From Mesereh [ge....?] one can reach the town on the rather steep ascending path, which was only improved two years ago, in an hour. On the west side of the town, next to the mission house and the Protestant church, a new path, although narrow, leads along the mountains in multiple (1_04_027)

Winds gradually up to the plateau, which soon descends to the northwest to the Murad. A number of small valleys decorated with vineyards and orchards, with the scattered houses of the country dwellers in between, reminded me of many parts of Germany. Many *Crataegus nigra* trees, which were densely laden with yellow-reddish, acidic fruits, in between *Pist. Tereb.* trees, which exude a fine, white, transparent turpentine, *Juglans*, *Crataeg. triloba* with its dark red fruits, slender Italian poplars, *Prunus Mahaleb*, in the gardens pears, apples and plums, rarely quinces, apricots, almonds, peaches, *Celtis* trees, elms, *Querc. Vallonia* and var. *grandifruct.*, *Salix frag.*, also *Syringa vulg.* The colorful leaves of the trees, the red of the vines, the yellow of the *Morus*, etc., reminded us of the approaching winter and gave the area that melancholy autumnal look. The deep blue sky spanned the gray, burnt, barren areas where there was no water, and the sun was still very hot during the day, but the nights were bitterly cold. Twice there were also sudden, strong thunderstorms with wind and rain. Whirlwinds are often seen in the plains.

Northwest of Charput there are individual basalt districts, such as the villages of Kerpugha and Khorpe, 2 hours from Charput, where the plain is densely covered with these stone blocks. At Kerpugha it is more dense, further west it is more porous and very light. The latter is often used to fill windows in new buildings. Its colour is mostly grey-black, but further towards Kerpugha there is also a red variety, among which I found a number of large basalt tears in the shape of shells. One was about 3' long and 1 ½ wide with long

One was a neck, which was broken off, another was hollow, which I took with me, [ob-glong?], others were more round, and often there were twisted pieces ½' long and 5' wide. The stones had been gathered in heaps to make room for cultivation. North-east of Charput a group of white limestone rocks rises up, where the plain drops steeply down to the Murad. Here is a cave between the rocks, called Busluk, because of the ice in summer, but not in winter. We made an excursion there in the company of Mr. Allen and his wife, Mr. Wheeler, Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. West and Mrs.

Pont. The entrance to the cave is narrow, you have to let yourself down into it from above. Like the one above Garmusch near Orfa, it is formed from fallen boulders that are thrown together in a wild jumble; the rock consists of hard limestone, on which water drips and condenses. You can follow it in different directions, going ever deeper downwards. In the cracks between the rocks and on the ground, whole areas were actually covered with ice in places; one place showed a deep pool, like a well, with ice-cold water. Outside it, *Cyllenium Carduchorum* was in full bloom, everything else had withered like the two *Acantholim* species that occur there.

(1_04_028) Charput has only been the Pasha's residence for about 20 years. It used to be Keban Maaden, but after the revolt of the inhabitants of Charput, it was relocated to Charput after they were subdued under Reschid? Pasha. This Pasha ruled with an iron fist and put an end to the numerous robbers. Even today, people point to the place near Charput where the Pasha had the robbers thrown down onto rocks, where they had to fall into sharp iron stakes. A credible man told me that he

I saw him personally how he had 40 robbers tied up on the beach of Murad, where their heads were then cut off. In this way the Pasha succeeded in securing peace and security. But he did not remain in his post for long; his enemies arranged for his transfer to Diarbekr, where he lived only a short time, for the Sultan sent him a splendid robe of honour as a reward for his loyalty, but it was poisoned, so that as soon as he put it on he died immediately afterwards.

The current Pasha, Hadji Kamil Pasha, previously in Diarbekr, has been in Charput for two years, where he has his residence in Mesereh; the seraglio is situated in green gardens, next to his house is a square water basin, shaded by trees, where he received us. He was very courteous to us; we spoke about the copper mines, he showed me a piece of copper that he had had melted down by Malatia. He was a man of about 60 years, in military clothing, with a short grey beard, and of a good-natured appearance. The missionaries do what they want with him. In Diarbekr he chased a boy in order to

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

to use it, but he absolutely did not want to do it, and when he saw that he could not escape, he shot himself. - Mesereh is built quite spaciouly, the post office and telegraph are in it; the streets are wide; the French consul also lives there. The bazaar only has the necessary needs. Located 1 hour from Charput. To the east of the town is the powder magazine and even further up the large, square, white barracks for the soldiers, which can be seen from far away.

Friday, October 20th. After I had given 30 piastres to the horse servant and 25 piastres to the cook, and 50 piastres for barley, I finally set out from Charput, without servants and without an interpreter. I had sent Michael to Aleppo with 2 horses and my effects, the other Arab servant would not be held back and ran away with him without my paying him. Among them was a German from Nuremberg, Alexander, who had been a military pharmacist in Baghdad and was now on his way back to Constantinople, but according to his statement he was completely robbed at Djasireh; he brought me a certificate from the Italian Dr. Bonelli in Diarbekr, whereupon I took him with me. One day, however, I gave him 86 piastres to pay off his debts, with which he then disappeared. He understood Arabic, Turkish, Italian, Greek and Bulgarian well and could draw, so he would have been a great help to me. So I was now completely dependent on myself. The Pasha had a Buju-ruldu written for me and sent a good Segtier to take my servant to Argana Maden, whom I had already sent for the evening before so that I would not have to wait for him in the morning.

After breakfast, we got on our horses after saying a hearty farewell to these good people. I also had a few words to say to Mrs. West. She gave me a red geranium and mirabilis for the journey.

(1_04_029) Mr. Allen and his son accompanied me down the steep town hill, where there are always many beggars along the way. Riding down I lost my Arab headscarf. In half an hour we arrived at the bottom, where I said goodbye to Mr. Allen. On the right lies Mesereh with its green gardens and green fields of cotton being harvested, Durra, between which the dark red amaranth peeked out now and again, and fields of young wheat. From here you could only see the highest part of the town on Charput, built on protruding rocks, and to the right of it the steep, white quartz rocks that rise up from the valley next to the castle below. Heading south at half past eleven, on the right of the road was the village of Keserik, also surrounded by gardens, and in front of it a large spring.

In almost all villages here, silkworm breeding is practiced, in Per-tschensch 300 families are engaged in it; everywhere you see

the *Morus* trees in great abundance. [Places] Next to the road at Keserik was the remains of an old Armenian church, but only the remains of the foundation walls were visible. The new Armenian church seemed important, with a small cathedral-like tower. We ride a little further between *Elaeagnus* hedges, vineyards to the left of the village. [Plants]

At 11 o'clock, on the right, between hills and trees, lies the village of Chirchik, which the telegraph passes. We often encountered buffalo carts on the plain.

Here we ride over the line of hills, and before us the flat plain stretches out again to the mountains, which begins at the Murad and continues uninterrupted to the Isoglu Dag. Directly below us stretches the large village of Pertschensch with its wide gardens, which are flowed through by a stream coming down from these hills; the Italian populism is visible everywhere. The cemetery with a chapel is next to the road. The majority of the houses are situated on a hill. The chalk mountains rise east-northeast at the Murad. [Places] Walled *morus* gardens are evidence of silk culture. $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 village of Kachele with minaret. Completely flat towards the Murad.

A stream coming from the west flows in front of the village and goes east-northeast to the Charinkettschai. Here we unloaded our things; the vegetation consisted of *Artemisia Tournefortiana*, which was new to me, *Glycyrrhiza violacea*, etc. In the village grapes were pressed. The Charinkettshai flows next to the village, coming from Bakydere; a new three-arched stone bridge leads over the river.

Ten minutes further on is the large village of Mullaköi with a minaret and dome, with 300 Turkish houses, the previous one with 40 Armenian houses, both surrounded by gardens. The road is paved in places. Charput lies to the north of here, just a little to the northwest. The direction of the river is from west to east. Buffalo carts.

At 1 o'clock arrival in the village of Mullaköi. (1_04_030) Every house is almost in a garden, similar to Malatia, the houses nice and clean, the paths wide, the Gardens with streams running through them. Popular Italian, *Elaeagnus*, *Morus*, plums, apricots, cherries, pears form the main part of the gardens, along with willow trees, *Juglans* very few in the plains, but common on the mountains; wild *Ficus* bushes here and there, which I found nowhere cultivated here in the plains.

In front of the village people were busy drying cut reeds, which were then processed into chaff using stone-studded threshing doors; thistles were also processed for this purpose, as straw is always expensive here. Large round stones lay in front of the village, the village's oil presses. The seeds of the castor oil plant were also spread out, and with another stone that was rolled back and forth over them, they were crushed into a pulp, which was then pressed out into cloths. *Artemis. Tournefortiana* and *Heliotrop. procumb.* both common here. [Places] Everywhere on the plain the green wheat fields are now.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

At half past two we reached the foot of the mountains, after having ridden for almost an hour in the wide basin between them. The plain was covered with dark red and green rock, with quartz veins running through it, which makes up the main mass of the entire mountain range; there were also some porous pieces of basalt, which are said to be further east, probably more towards the Dewe bojun (Cameel Neck); the mountain we had to ride over was called Tschanslök Dagh. The narrow mule track now winds up, often between hedges of *Cornus sanguin.*, *Ro-sa glandul.* etc., and also mighty *Juglans* trees on the mountains with springs.

Crocus Haussknechtii was in bloom on the slopes. [Pfi] At 3:30 we reached the highest point of the pass, Charput lies to the northwest, just a little to the north. In front of us at our feet is the deep dark blue water of the Göldschik. [Places] Where the mountains recede a little from the shore in places, the soil is diligently cultivated with barley, wheat, cotton, etc., and villages lie at the outlet in small valleys next to the lake. The shores of the lake appear white, from dried algae, which thickly cover the stones with their green threads. [Places] (1_04_031) [Places] There is no visible outflow. The lake is higher than the Charput plain.

From here we rode without a path down the mountain, which is thickly covered with tragacanth, to the shore, where we took up quarters in the village of Jas Meserehsi, which consists of a few houses. It lies next to a small valley in which *Juglans* trees, pears, etc., and also *Agrimonia maxima*, [plants] were to be seen. –

The women of the village were busy grinding the lentils, which were red on the inside. Our house had a fairly large room, which took up the whole house; in the background was an earthen shed, which was covered with earthen decorations. Towards evening the wind arose, ruffling the lake and throwing the roaring waves onto the shore. The water of the lake was brackish and was not drunk by the inhabitants; a white, albeit thin, crust of salt covered the stones where the water hit. Numerous fish jumped out of it in the evening and morning. [Places] Around 10 mesereh lie around the lake; the word means a place that is sown or can be sown, hence synonymous with our farm; this is a group of houses belonging to another place. - The source of the Tigris branch is said to be near the village of Köidan above the Hassarababa, at the end of the lake. The day was hot, the night cool. Getting a headache from the fire at night.

Saturday, October 21st. After donating 10 piastres in baksheesh, we set off at 7 and rode eastwards on narrow, very bad roads, where we risked falling into the lake at any moment, until we finally arrived at the eastern end after an hour, where the mountains recede a little from the lake and allow cultivation. [Pfi] At this [end?] the Te-

legraph past along the main road, which we are now coming onto from north-south. [Pfl] A Phragmites swamp with many ducks next to the lake, into which a not insignificant stream, the Massala su, flows, coming from the east-northeast in a valley with trees, in the village of Kessin, above which there are vineyards. Almost every village in these mountains has vineyards, although often very poorly. Next to the Hassara baba, the Bososman Dag, or Mehrab Dag on Kiepert's map, stretches out to the left, stretching out to the southwest. The main path now leads away from behind a hill, which only allows a view of the wonderfully blue lake at its ends until its end. Other hills begin further on, and after we ride over them, we come to a plain. [Places, Pfl]

(1_04_032) Riding on the plain, we reach the Tigris, now 6 paces wide, in 10 minutes. [Places] The Tigris has no headwaters here, but is formed from a number of small streams that flow together in this plateau. Between Elaeagnus hedges we ride further along a stream that has almost the same amount of water as the Tigris and was called Kütschük Schatttschai; its bed was full of algae, which often formed dense felts on the sides, similar to the Oderhaut near Breslau. After 15 minutes we come to the mountains, where the path now gradually goes uphill along the stream, which drives a mill here, surrounded by juglans. [Pfl] In this plain and in the valleys there was an oppressive heat; the rock is always the same as before. [Places] We met many caravans.

At 11 we turn east and ride along an undulating surface, which is densely covered with low, transverse shrubs; the red rock, sometimes slate, sometimes forming solid rocks, more or less interspersed with quartz veins, predominates here; mighty blocks lay at the foot of the Harantel Dag here. Here we go gradually downhill, along a small stream, until at half past 11 we reach a fairly large khan, the Sirdar Khan, next to which a group of houses, Kasanköi, can be seen on the left of the mountain on a red hill.

Italian poplars stood in dense groups next to him in the stream bed.

Here, more or less dense basalt begins, but only in isolated areas. Almost all the peaks of this mountain range are made of green rock, mostly covered with Lecidea geograph. At half past twelve, the path climbs another mountain, next to which, above the stream, is a mountain slope covered with wild boulders, one side green, the other red rock. [Places] The path, which winds in many directions and was quite arduous, took one hour to the top of the mountain range, which afforded a wonderful view of the wide mountain region to the east. [Places]

(1_04_033) In half an hour the place Argana Maden or Bachir was Maden, which is below us on two mountain slopes facing each other,

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

is built. Above it, in an open space, a number of stone piles were stacked. The soil there appears to be partly white-blue marl, or the red stone predominates. At 3 o'clock we arrived here, where I first went to the Müdür, which was in a dark, gloomy room with black, dirty walls; a stocky man. They spent the night in a khan, [next to?] which was a new mosque without a minaret. The bazaar, which only contains the most basic necessities, is as angular as the town; a pharmacist also had a stall here. There are about 600 houses, mostly built of earth, 200 of which are Turkish, the others Armenian and Greek. From the seraglio you could overlook the whole town. The Tigris flows below the town in a narrow valley.

Sunday, October 22nd. After I gave the Segtier 35 piastres and the Chan 14 piastres and the new Segtier arrived, I left the place at 9 o'clock. The smelting furnaces are down in the valley by the Tigris, where there are dense orchards, plane trees, etc. In the rather large building, however, I only saw 2 smelting furnaces in operation, the raw copper was lying in piles cast in [Ch...en?]. Children searched for the pieces that could still be melted out of the slag.

I waited here for a Frenchman who is employed here, but as it took too long I continued on my way. The Tigris, whose stones in some places appear quite green from the deposited copper, is crossed nearby, and now we go up the mountain on a bad path, all of which now appear bare. [Pfl, places]

At 10:30 we come back to the Tigris, over which a new, three-arched bridge leads, which was still being built, so that we had to ride across the river, on the other bank of which lies a khan. [Pfl, places] A second row of mountains with chlorite slate and layered rock is now ridden over. The slope of these mountains is covered with juglans, individual plane trees, large pears, Querc. pe-dunc., a lot of rose bushes and wild pears. [Pfl] Continue

upwards rise mighty cliffs of hard white rock, on which flutings often appear, sometimes very large and broad, sometimes smaller, almost as if one had stuck one's hands into the still soft mass, all with sharp ends.

Mighty boulders of this formation, which is also so common around Chunsh, lay beside the road and form the entire mountains of Argana. The village of Kinner lies here beautifully on the slope between the dense bushes and trees, overlooked by rocks. Cotton and wine were cultivated here.

At 12 we reach the top and ride (1_04_034) on the slope now eastwards, and before us lies the little town of Argana, built on the very slope of a steep mountain, the Kala Dagh, which is thickly covered with vines below the town; the berries, however, are small and of a shrunken taste, like those in Argana Maden, where it rises to 4,050'. The houses are without any

Orderly scattered on the slope; the seraglio is almost at the top, a difficult journey with the packhorse. Here the segregation had to be changed again; I rested for an hour in the seraglio, drank the coffee and chibuk and then set off again after giving 9 piastres to the returning segregation. Above the town, on a steep rock, rise the few ruins of the old castle, of which a few walls and an arch, or at least a gate, from which the walls had fallen off, still remain. Next to this mountain, an even higher mountain rises to the east, which has a large Armenian monastery on the east side of the summit, Meramana Turkish, Banser Asbadasin Armenian, between 3,260' above sea level. Bahnser astuatsazihn, that is the high holy virgin, with 4 or 5 Armenian clergymen; one a bishop, another a fool. According to Mūdūr, the town has 500 houses. [Places] The telegraph passes below Argana.

In half an hour we had reached the foot of the hill, where a red flag next to a house announced a quarantine. The Pashalik of Charput extends to this point.

There is a khan nearby, next to the Kurdish village of Bakuhr, where we decided to spend the night. Soon some vegetables and tea were cooked. Here I also learned from the Armenian owner of the khan and the Italian carant Dr. that Mr. Williams from Mardin and Mr. [Gruner?] from Baghdad had passed through. [Places] From Bakir Maden to Argana it was 3 ½ hours.

Monday, October 23rd. After giving 14 piastres in bakshich, we set off at 5:30 a.m. accompanied by a caravan that had come to us from Charput the previous evening. After 1 ½ hours from the Khan, a long, low ridge of basalt and that white, hard formation begins. [Places]

(1_04_035) Up to this point, to the hill range, the path was very good, but bad in the stony hollow way; mighty white boulders, often twisted in many ways and with large holes, also full of flutings, covered large areas, often in the form of plates. Low fig bushes, barely an inch high, covered these slopes for a long time. [Pfl] Then came mighty basalt fields, which often appeared to be stacked on top of each other, mostly covered with moss and green lichen. [Pfl] We passed a siaret, or rather almost the whole path between the hills was one; a large pile of stones formed the same, next to it and along the path on both sides, the stones had been gathered together like towers, each consisting of about 6 stones, which looked strange. Each of our caravan added a stone. [Places]

At 9:45 am, on the left, ½ hour from Choshan, ¾ hour away is Tarmur. Further on is a stone hill with graves and several cisterns, near which a large number of herds of cows, sheep, including some dyed red with henna, and horses were grazing. [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

At 1 we reach Kehktepe, built on a small hill with miserable houses, built from loosely stacked stones, more underground.

Next to this dung hill, another natural one rises, on which black basalt rocks protrude. Here the caravan stocked up on fodder, as there is no village to come until Diarbekir. Opposite it, on the right, lies the village of Karadschahn, an hour away. Many black tents (36) were pitched nearby. (1_04_036) What struck me on this plain were the grain sheds, which were built like in Germany, only smaller.

At 2:30 we reached the wide gorge of the Devechuchudi = Passage of the Camels, known through robbers. Its black rocks give it an eerie appearance. We had barely arrived when the storm broke out with full force, and large castles did us no good. Since there is no village here, I looked for space behind a box. There are even a few Kurdish houses to the side; finally I discovered a small mill, in which Armenians lived, where I found shelter from the storm and the cold that followed, especially at night. 6 horses were crowded together; I myself slept on a grain sack. The storm lasted the whole night, even until we set off the following morning. The bright lighting of the rocks at night was eerie. The river comes from the southwest, now about 8 paces wide. [Pfl]

Tuesday, October 24th. We set off in the dark after 3 o'clock, 12 piastres bakshich; from here it takes 4 hours to get to Diarbekir, but it took us over 5 ½ hours. [Places] Another 1 ½ hours from Diarbekir, you can see the slender minarets of Diarbekir on the hills. A new road begins here, about 20 paces wide, with a stone base, which is to be continued to Argana, where the Pashalik of Diarbekir is bordered. The telegraph runs alongside it, to which a third wire has now been laid. The Tigris, flowing about 200' below in its wide bed, became invisible. The rock here consisted of conglomerate, and in places also sandstone, visible in the road construction. ¾ hour from the city is Schilbe, a village consisting of 8 small houses made of loose stones, next to which is a large, new, vaulted well house with a spring, a place of worship for the Diarbekerli. Having climbed the small hill, you can see an ancient building on the left, called Seirantepe, which is a lookout hill, probably the travelers' kiosk. It appears to be of Saracen work. [Building] (1_04_037) [Building]

At 9 we ride into Diarbekir, where I was warmly received by the telegraph clerk James Murphy.

Wednesday, October 25. [Quote?] (1_04_038) [Quote?]

Donerstag, 26. October. [Sit?]

(1_04_039) *Friday, October 27.* [Hist] (1_04_040–1_04_041) [Hist]

(1_04_042) *Saturday, October 28th*. The churches of Diarbekir. The oldest of the Christian churches is the church of St. Kosma, Greek, built by Helena, the mother of Constantine in the year 265, so 1,600 years old. [Construction] On the left side altar there is a small hole in a white marble slab, in front of which a small iron rod hangs down on a chain; people with eye problems come here, put the rod in the hole and then rub it on their eyes. Despite this, you see so many blind people and people with eye problems. Next to this side altar there is a column of reddish marble with a diameter of 3', which in May during the service [...] begins to sweat; quite naturally, since the church is then packed full of people. Opposite it at the entrance there is a black basalt column, which was once completely coated with lime that had been painted with pictures. – Next to the church is the bishop's apartment of the bishop who is now in Russia; an inscription says that it was built in 1743 with church money. In Diarbekir there are 60 Jewish families with a very old synagogue.

The Jacobite Church of the Holy Virgin consists of 2 sections, one for women, one for men, the latter being larger and forming the main church. A number of old pictures, quite tasteless, as if for children, hang on the walls, including that of the 40 martyrs, one head like the other; all showing Greek writing. [Construction] On the right side of the altar are 2 hollow, Small iron tubes protruding only slightly were installed; if the women's milk is not coming out, they tell the priest and then hold their nipples in the opening, while one of the priests, separated by the wall, does the sucking. - Above the entrance door, a Syrian inscription in white stone shows a psalm, with crosses and the year 2035, less 311 = 1724. A high, black, old wall towers high above the church like an old ruin. It is built of black stone with alternating layers of bricks. The fairly large courtyard, surrounded by a wall, contains flat gravestones. 2 Arabic inscriptions on the outside of the building; 5 mighty red marble columns lay in the courtyard. The Patriarch's apartment (1_04_043) next to the church is a very beautiful building made of basalt with large rooms, also a veranda with a water basin, bathroom, and small garden. An inscription says that Patriarch George IV built the house with church money in 2130, that is, in 1819. The Armenian church of Surp Sarkis was built in 1840. At the entrance there are three Vartabeds tombstones with a bishop's staff, cap and censer. [Building] An Armenian school next to the church. In front of the outer entrance the pavement was made of broken tombstones.

The Syrian Catholic Church of St. Peter and Paul is small, has 2 altars, and was only built 15 years ago. 35 families live here, including a bishop. The Church of the Capu-

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

ciner, Bona pastura, 100 years old and restored 10 years ago. Compared to the other plainly colored churches, this one has a friendly appearance, set apart by the white lime paint and the 3 beautiful altarpieces from Spain. 2 old Spanish Capuchins perform the service, but they care very little about their church, but only live according to their own comfort and see how they can spend the 9,000 francs they receive annually. Since they are only paid by the government for propagandist purposes, they do not have to make any effort to ask for alms. Neither of them were popular here, and when they say mass, nobody understands them, since they no longer have any teeth. If one of their penitents wants to see them, these gentlemen are usually not available.

The Armenian church, Surp Giragos, rebuilt in 1818, was destroyed by fire the year before, on August 16, 1817, by a sacrist who had left a light burning. Also built of basalt with 16 black columns and arches, from which hang a number of censers, lamps, etc., all made of fine silver. It is the richest of the churches here. The raised altar takes up a whole side and consists of 7 sections. It is the largest church in Diarbekir. It was formerly very small, was greatly enlarged 180 years ago, but burned down 45 years ago. The Armenian Catholic church of St. Gregory was built 25 years ago and was formerly the house of the uncle of our Chaldean priest, who showed me around.

Very colorful; altar in 3 sections, the middle one covered with mirror glass on the sides.

The Chaldean church of St. Vocius, built of basalt, 5 altars in a row. It is the highest and most beautiful here, with a beautiful Ascension of Italy.

Pictures of Rome, the Mother Mary and other holy images had crowns, hands, chains etc. hung around them, that is to say on the pictures, which looks strange, as is the case in Armenian churches. It was founded in the year 500, but was rebuilt three times (1_04_044). Most recently in 1834, as a Chaldean inscription above the door says. In a side chapel, the priests' garments were interwoven with gold and silver, made of silk, a white canopy, a beautiful gold cup from Italy, etc. The Patriarch of the Chaldeans is in Mosul, here a bishop, a man with a grey beard, very lively and hard-headed, therefore not very popular. Jacobites or Old Syrians in Diarbekir 100 families, 40 families Syrian Catholics, 135 Chaldean Catholics or Chaldeans united, 150 Armenian Catholics, 900 families schismatic Armenians, 5 families Greek Catholics and 40 Greek schismatics, Jews 20-30 families. The Jacobites consider Christ only as God like a spirit, not as a human being. 3 Schemsieh families are united with the Jacobites.

Sunday, October 29th. There is a low outer wall around the city wall of Diarbekir to separate the moat from the main wall; it was destroyed by Reschid and Miram Pasha 50 years ago. [Quoted] - In front of the Rum Kapussi there are several ice pits, funnel-shaped and made of stone, into which the water is let in, where it freezes and is then covered with straw. To the left of the gate are the graves of the Jacobites, previously a small swamp, but in winter it takes up the whole space there, called Kanly Göl, that is, Lake of Blood, because two brothers were murdered there. The whole side in front of this gate was formerly covered with houses, and even now a paved path leads between fields and gardens to the small village of Alibunar, half an hour away. The canal of the Bojas su, which comes from the Karadscha Dag and appears in the village, supplies the city of Diarbekir with water. The village now washed its laundry in the square basin, and geese cackled in it. The whole village now has 30 houses, 5 of which are Christian, the others Kurdish, whereas previously it extended to the town, but was destroyed by the Kurds.

Coming from Diarbekir, the ruins of an old khan are striking. The place appears very extensive. Next to the Bojas bunar, in two walled compartments, are water tanks to which the Persians made pilgrimages on their return from Mecca and took water back home with them; they say that this water still came from Ali. A large number of spotted fish swam in all these springs. Nearby is another spring surrounded by a high wall, called Sartap, that is, basement, from which the water can only be fetched by rope and which Ullu Dschamie supplies with water.

In the spring, the place serves as a place of quarrelling for the inhabitants of Diarbekir. Even during the cholera epidemic, the area was densely populated. The quarantine was set up in the new khan.

A large Armenian church of the Holy Virgin has been rebuilt in the style of the new church Surp Giragos in Diarbekir for 10 years. [Construction] The Chaldean church of St. Syriac is surrounded by large buildings with 2 rows of living rooms and a large courtyard. The actual church is (1_04_045) very small with low doors so that one would not suspect a church here; the actual altar is also closed off by another small door. It is over 800 years old, but was rebuilt in 1713, as a column base in Old Syriac script lying at the gate says: [Insch] is Old Syriac script = Chaldean, but Arabic words. Arabic and Kurdish are the main languages here in Alibunar.

Next to the village stretches the large orchard of Gauranly Omer Pasha, who is now governor of Sullimania; his kiosk is beautifully situated between these trees. We went in and had our lunch, prepared by a local Armenian, in the veranda facing the garden.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Stone benches on the walls and in front of us the 6 paces long square water basin, in front of which 3 columns formed 4 arches. Next to it is the bath. The place belongs to the Christians, but this Turk took possession of it 20 years ago without further ado and had it densely planted with trees and bushes.

An exception from other Turks! Ceiling and doors painted red. Streams trickle through the spacious garden on all sides, and everything thrives wonderfully. Cucumbers, pumpkins, parsley, etc. were cultivated, as well as apple, cherry, quince, plum trees between *Morus*, *Fraxinus*, *Popul. ital.*, plane trees, *Salix frag.*, wild vine winds its way up [on it?], [plant] almonds were also cultivated, the trunks of which exude a lot of light yellow gum. [plant]

Monday, October 30th. [Zit?] (1_04_046) [Zit?, Zit] If you go out of the Mardin Gate, which is decorated with Arabic and Kufic inscriptions and with a variety of figures, a wide, beautiful new path leads gradually downwards between Turkish graves, where one often sees Armenian gravestones on Turkish graves, on the right an old but still preserved khan, on the left 6 mills; the path continues between gardens, on the right on the mountainside gardens, between which the köshk of the English consul Taylor can be seen, near which several ruins are visible. The path then goes over the old bridge over the Tigris, where it now goes along the hill of the 40 martyrs towards Mardin, Kirklar i Daghi; It is half-washed by the Tigris, and on it, to the left, is said to have stood the church of the 40 martyrs who died in Siwas, as well as, to the right of Diarbekir, a church of John the Baptist?

In the sand along the Tigris on both sides, watermelons, melons, etc., have been cultivated, which thrive excellently and attain an extraordinary size. The steep, sloping banks near the city are covered with dense bushes. [Plant] In the gardens, Badlinschan, Parsley, Pepper = *Capsicum annum* and also a lot of *Mentha piperita* are cultivated, called nanÿ, whereas *M. sylv.* is called nanha. Another common plant on the sun-exposed moats of the city is the so-called Chirnik, that is, *Prosopis Stephaniana*, mentioned in the Bible.

At the north-east end of the city wall, a paved path leads downwards, initially between the gardens, along the Tigris, on the opposite bank of which lies the completely Protestant village of Kutturbul, next to which there are two pigeon houses that bring in 3,000 piastres annually through their manure. This steep, approximately 150-200' high rocky slope is called Fus Kajassi, a stream descends as a cascade of Tschermuk, decorated with *Adiantum*. Springs emerge from the rocks several times, so it is no wonder that this path is a popular place for the Keif of the [Diarbekirli?]. Another very popular Keif place is the so-called Ben u sen on the south side of Diarbekir, also on

Gardens, where about 5 springs emerge and irrigate the gardens.

In the afternoon, almost all of Turkish Diarbekir can be found here. [Hist, Insch]

(1_04_048) [Insch, Spr, InschÜ] (1_04_049) [InschÜ, Zit]

Diarbekir has 4 gates, all of which are closed at sunset, as there is a fear of attacks by Arabs and Kurds. Everyone is therefore careful to return before this time on their walks; if they forget the time, they have to sleep outside the gates and are then at the mercy of the thieves. The keys are handed in every day at the seraglio. Bab el djebel in the west. On the north side is the Dagh Kapussi, that is, the mountain gate, in view of the Taurus range (which was already covered in snow in places). From here the new, very well-built path leads via Argana to Charput; unfortunately only an hour and a half long, as the Pashalik of Diarbekir does not extend any further on this side, and it is very doubtful whether the Pasha of Charput will take the path that far. On the plain, the path through the basalt district would be very easy to build, but not so in the mountains from Argana onwards.

This gate also shows the various animal figures, birds, lions and inscriptions, which have suffered. In front of the gate the Turkish graves are spread out; a chapel right on the path stands out with its high sugarloaf-shaped roof and is immediately recognizable as Persian; in it there are two gravestones.

Remains of old buildings are visible in several places. Stepping out of the gate, the old water pipe is a few minutes away on the left, which carries the water on stone arches Hamrawat, hamra roth, ahb in Persian = water, (1_04_050)

from the village of Göslü, about 4 hours away. There is no canal that carries the water of the Tigris, which lies about 200' below, into the city. - A barracks for the soldiers has now been set up along the way.

Further on the west side is the Rum Kapussi, Bab el Rum, to the northeast or Roman Gate, opposite Alibunar. The graves of the Christians are spread out here. On the south side is the Mardin Kapussi, Bab el Mardin, to the southeast, with graves to the right and gardens to the left. The springy slope between the two gates is called Benusen, which is bem wu sen, I or you, which has the following meaning: In the city wall there are two towers beautifully executed in Saracen style; both are very similar, they are round, about 80' high, with smoothly hewn stones, each with a large, clear Arabic inscription that runs almost all the way around; in the middle it is three lines, on either side is the female lion, above it the double-headed eagle. Protruding round oriels are attached to both. The one facing the Rum Kapussi is, however, more finely executed; It is said that it was built by the master builder's apprentice, and when the latter saw that his subordinate knew better than he, he went to him on the tower and said to him, Bem wu sen, both of them wrestled and fell down the tower together. [Construction]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

If you follow the path further along the city walls past the Mardin Gate, you will soon reach the steeply sloping east side of the city, where the fortress walls rise up above the steep drop at the foot of which the Tigris meanders. Let us return to the Dagh Kapussi and from there begin the promenade in the dense bushes between the river and the city wall; but first we want to look at the old fortress, which is located in the north-east corner of the city wall, from the inside. From my apartment, the spacious telegraph office, we crossed a heap of ruins and an old, dilapidated bazaar and came to an old gate, the Kala Kapussi, next to which half a minaret still stands, the Serail Minaret. The arched gate without an inscription, built of bricks. You walk a few minutes further between gardens and now reach

(1_04_051) to the Seraglio, the seat of Alinach Mustapha, Pasha of 3 Horse-tails, who had been here for 2 years. A mighty, old, isolated stone arch crosses the path and forms the entrance. On the right is an old building converted into a mosque with a square minaret; next to it are the graves of various pashas, separated by an iron grille, namely those of As-sad Pasha, Reschid Pasha, Haram Pasha and his wife, whose tombstones are smooth and without a turban, Mahmud Pasha and his wife, and Besim Pasha. They were all richly decorated, each surrounded by an iron grille. Reschid Pasha, the strict ruler, and Assad Pasha, who was an ambassador in Paris for 20 years, are the most famous. [Building]

Let us walk past [the seraglio] and continue towards the fortress walls that protrude in the background. [Building] In the background stretches the city wall with its towers, in the middle of which is a gate, the Ogrum Kapussi, which is always closed. On the fortress hill nothing is visible except a few remains of the old walls, the stones of which are cemented together with lime and which still have the appearance of rocks. Next to a few old cannons, whose carriages were scattered around, among them a nailed-up one with the Genoese coat of arms and the year 1768, the Turkish flag is planted. This hill offers the most magnificent view of Di-arbekir, which spreads out from here in the shape of a crescent, with its [...?] minarets, round domes, between which a lonely cypress tree protrudes now and then; the Hassan Pasha Khan with its 40 domes is particularly striking. [Places] I counted 15 minarets from here, 6 of which were square. If you walk through the large arch, which was almost destroyed last year in order to use its stones, you come to a side courtyard, enclosed by the fortress wall. [Construction]

(1_04_052) [Smell]

The Ochrum Gate is always kept closed; it serves as a place of refuge for the Pasha in case of unrest. Two soldiers were on guard, and when they saw that I was drawing and writing, one of them said to me: that is a lot that we let you write here, because that means that you despise our religion. What he meant by that, however, was very easy to understand. In return for a tip, the Ogrum Gate was opened for us, and we walked on the outside of the town. [Quotation] To view the east side, a paved path leads quite steeply down the slope, next to which a waterfall cascades down; here too, the Turks like to gather to Keif, as water gushes out of the rocks in many places. Foot kajassi far up the rocks. About 20 years ago, Reschid Pasha had criminals thrown down at this spot, and Jeng-tscheri had the Christians thrown down. The whole site is very romantic, particularly magnificent is the massive Roman work, built close to the dizzying edge of the rocks.

There is no actual path along it, we had to wind our way through the dense bushes, climb over (1_04_053) fallen rocks; the path leads to the river, where the village of Kutturbul lies opposite, to reach which you have to ford the river. The seraglio looks very good from this side, next to which the square minaret stands out. [Building]

Opposite the Jeni Kapu, an octagonal Saracen tower stands out with a large inscription in which Abulfeda Mahmud and the year 620 are mentioned. Next to it, the broad, paved path with steps leads up to the Jeni Kapu or Bab el dschedid in the south, on both sides of which there are still remains of Saracen work. A large Kufic inscription on the left of the wall in a white-reddish stone has already suffered greatly. The gate itself has no inscriptions. Entering the city through the gate, on the right lies the spacious Perserkhan, but it is in complete disrepair. It consists of 2 sections, the front, square courtyard is closed on each side by 5 arches, above which rises a second row of stalls that serve as bazaars. It is built of white and black stone; at the entrance gate a lot of hands and horses' hooves from the passengers. Since last year a telegraph station has been set up in Di-arbekir from England, about 300 telegrams go through daily, mostly between India and England, and if there were more hands to work, they could get even more done. [Places]

In the bazaars there is a lot of silver embroidery, especially the jackets and waistcoats are very well made; the shoes are also very skilful, that is to say in their own way. Silver is also very finely worked and mostly cheaper than elsewhere, one usually only pays for the silver value, spoons, nargilehs etc. Fruit of all kinds could be seen, namely very large watermelons, melons, pomegranates in three varieties. Wine is not grown, the little on the left bank of the Tigris is not to be counted, although it is certainly in the black bazaar.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

salt soil would thrive. (1_04_054) Olives, walnuts etc. are also missing, as Diarbekir has no orchards; almost everything, except mulberries, has to be imported. Diarbekir has 4 public baths. The wall enclosing the main mosque is interesting because of its antiquity. [Construction]

There is also a good military hospital in Diarbekir near the Mardin Gate. The barracks are a large building next to the bazaar near the Dagh Kapussi.

At the moment there were hardly any soldiers in the city, the Pasha had sent them all to Mush, where 35,000 armed Circassians had arrived, demanding accommodation from the local governor, but as he could not allocate houses to them, the Christians had been driven out of their homes. It used to have a lively trade with Baghdad in Indian goods and with Aleppo in European goods, and was one of the most important cities in Asia.

But now trade is at a standstill. – [Quote?, Places]

To the south-southeast lies Tscharuchehe on the Tigris, 1 ¼ hours from the city. Opposite on the other bank lies Kabié with many dovecotes, 1 Armenian and 1 Jacobite church. In Tscharuchehe there is 1 Chaldean church with 30 families and 30 Turkish families. 1 hour further (1_04_055) from the latter lies Satié on the other side, a bridge with a mill on it crosses the Kütschük tschai, which flows into the Tigris here. In Arabic the Tigris is called detschile and in Hebrew dekile.

Visit to Alianach Mustapha Pasha accompanied by Mr. Cooper. As he was not yet present in the seraglio, we went to his apartment. On December 21, 1863, he came to Diarbekir. His wife is the daughter of Machmud Nudschim Pasha, secretary to Abdul Mejid. She is ugly, but he was compensated for this by being made Pasha. He has a stocky figure, a full but marked face, wrapped in a green coat of military cut. He received me very warmly, the conversation revolved around Koch Hissar and Ras el ain. The people there have submitted to him, and according to him, it is now safer there than in Diarbekir. He was so enthusiastic about the former city that he immediately had writing materials brought to him and, crouching on the floor, drew me a plan of the perfectly preserved city. The earth is said to be incredibly fertile there.

Next spring he wants to plant people in Ras el ain, after this town has been somewhat renovated. He invited me to come to him in the spring so that I could always be present at the excavations. He would like to become known, hence his kindness towards me.

France has an unpaid vice-consul in Diarbekir, a certain Ponce, of common origin, an Aleppo native who has acquired a fortune through speculation and now wants to let the proud patrician out, and is therefore not popular anywhere. The English consul Taylor, whose name the scholar

cient world. Unfortunately, he was absent when I arrived. The main topic of conversation in Diarbekir was an Italian Dr. Bonelli, who converted to Islam with great pomp in order to marry the beautiful wife of a deceased Imam; he also wanted to have his four children circumcised, but the French consul prevented it. During the circumcision, however, too much had been cut off and he was lying dangerously ill in bed.

Here I also had the opportunity to attend a Greek Orthodox baptism. The mother of the barely one-week-old child was close to dying, so the priest was quickly summoned to baptize it. In the Orient, people are always in a hurry with baptisms; they think that the person is no longer the same, that the devil has been cast out. The baptism took place in the house. All the relatives gathered in a large room; a huge, old Bible with silver fittings was placed on a chair, with candles burning next to it. (1_04_056) The godparents were two Italian women, one of whom was Madam Cooper.

Finally the priest appeared, a small old man with a long grey beard, wearing a robe whose original colour was no longer recognizable because of the dirt. He was followed by a servant who carried a large parcel on his shoulder. After preparing himself for the task with a few rakis, he hung the wide ribbon that hung down in front around himself, put on a colourful cloak, and now the priest was ready. He then took an old, greasy prayer book, from which he read for a long time in Arabic, but so quickly that even the Arabic speakers did not understand a word. He also asked a lot of questions to the two non-Arabic ladies, whereupon after each question he blew on each of the godmothers from both sides; in the same way he blew on the four areas of the room to drive out the devil.

After this was finally over, a large tin cauldron was brought, and after he had properly crossed and blown this, always reading from the prayer book in the same monotonous way, it was then filled with lukewarm water. Each of those present was given 2 burning wax candles, but I gave them to my neighbor, it was too boring for me. Finally the water was also crossed and blown, as were the godparents [several times?] when he took the naked child and submerged it in the kettle three times; so that I thought the child must drown, which is actually not uncommon. After drying it, he took a dirty silver vial containing oil from a box, and after this too had been blessed, he used it to make the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, both ears, nose, mouth, chest, stomach, and the soles of both feet, after blowing on the relevant places each time. He then read for a while; between the breaks two choirboys sang loudly, who sang the whole

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

He then swung incense burners over the room so that the whole room was filled with smoke. Then everything was packed up again, he took off his fool's clothes and sat down with the others in the courtyard, where they drank coffee and raki. This whole scene was naturally funny, which I could not hide from myself.

Unfortunately, I was not able to visit the mosques of Diarbekir, some of which are magnificent works of architecture from the outside. The one near the telegraph has a large paved courtyard, in which there is a fountain with a pointed lead roof cupola resting on 8 red porphyry columns. [Construction]

XII Diarbekir–Aleppo (6.–30. November 1865)

(1_04_057) [Spr] *Monday, November 6th.* Finally everything was ready for departure, Mr. Mestaneh had not yet received his departure from the telegraph, Utsch Kardasch did not want to leave for another 4 days, and so it happened that I was in
Accompanied by four Chaldean priests and their Muckar, the journey began.
Mr. Murphy and the young Chaldean priest Attar, who was very fond of me and had a great knowledge of the language, accompanied us a little way out of the city, as did the Patriarch of the Chaldeans. After half past twelve we rode out of the Mardin Gate, crossing the valley filled with gardens on a bad road. [Places] Only in a few places are there trees growing, and only now and then cotton was cultivated. Direction of this valley from northwest to southeast, below lie green and red marls. The stream is called Ha-wari su. [Places]

At 3:45 we ride up the edge of the river bank, where the village of Tirlir lies in the valley close to the road. The basalt here shows columnar structures in several places. [Pfi] From here Diarbekir (1_04_058) lies to the east-northeast and the mountain of Argana to the northwest. From Diarbekir we ride along the Telegraph. [Places] Here and there the plain is crossed by ravines in which small streams provide a meager [life?]; only *Vitex Agnus castus* and *Juncus* species could still be seen. The earth is red throughout. Seen from here, the Karadscha Dagħ runs from the northwest to the southeast, but then turns to the south. A violent thunderstorm surprised us, we reached a small stream at half past four, near which there was a miserable khan on the right-hand side of the road, Kuschte Khan, that is, bird khan, which was so dilapidated that we preferred to sleep in one of the black tents, and we were well received by Ali Nahmed, the chief of the Millikurds there. Soon a fire made of dried cow dung, the only fuel on this entire bush-free plateau, was steaming to warm our stiff limbs. From here it is 3 hours to Gösli, 5 hours to Diarbekir. Millikurds control the entire district.

Tuesday, November 7th. [Quotation] The thunderstorms and downpours continued throughout the night, which made it very cold. We set off again at 3 a.m., as the cold prevented us from sleeping. We climbed over hilly terrain on very bad roads, gradually climbing the Kara-dscha Dagħ, and at 7:30 a.m. we reached its plateau. At first it seemed as if the sky was going to be more favorable to us today, the rising sun enveloped the snow-covered Niphates mountains in a purple veil, but black clouds were still hanging threateningly to our sides on the higher elevations of the Karadscha Dagħ, and it wasn't long before we were in a thunderstorm, the likes of which I had never seen before. The short-

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The beauty of the morning was gone, the sky was increasingly filled with darker and darker clouds, when suddenly a dazzling white flash of lightning ripped through the horizon in a huge serpentine line, followed at the same time by a terrible crash that echoed for a long time in the desolate Kara-dscha Dag, while it rolled through the ever closer layers of clouds as if rumbling from within, and heavy drops of rain fell on us one by one; [which?] were soon followed by a violent storm that roared down on us, while above our heads the serpentine lightning constantly drew its fiery hieroglyphs in the air and the thunder seemed to tear the vault of heaven apart with a mighty crash. The otherwise so quiet, lifeless wasteland, increased by the darkness, made a gloomy impression. Even the birds felt uneasy; soon whole flocks of starlings, snipes and others flew close past us, then a flash of lightning flashed and, full of fear, they turned to the opposite side, but there too they were greeted by lightning and thunder everywhere.

We rode in silence, one behind the other, but suddenly there was a loud crash close to us; lightning had split a rock. The horses lowered their heads in sadness at the storm that was hitting them.

The storms lasted for an hour and a half, with new masses piling up all the time, moving at tremendous speed across the stony wasteland. There are only a few trees to be seen on the Kara Dag and only in the more sheltered mountain valleys, (1_04_059) where here and there oaks, terpenhine pistachio and crataegus give the slopes some life. [Pfl] The summit of the mountain is like a crater, surrounded by hills on all sides. The basalt here is predominantly of the solid, black variety, but red, porous ones also occur, particularly in the mountain basin through which the path leads; this variety seems to weather more easily than the porous black one. From this basin, which we reached at 8:30, the path heads west and forms the watershed between the Euphrates and the Tigris. We ride along a stream and at 10 come to a miserable khan, surrounded by walls of former Kurdish dwellings, from which Karabagdsche lies to the right. [Quotation] On this south-west side of the Karadscha Dag, one often thinks one can see green fields in the distance, so thick is the *Lecidea geographica* covering the basalt blocks. [Places]

After an hour's ride on the plain we reached Kainäghe, situated on an isolated hill and visible long before, from which basalt rocks protruded everywhere. A stream rises near the village. We settled down in the dark khan. The stream is called Kertesch tschai, which joins the Adatschai near Mismischen to form the Tschamtschai. Six years ago, near this village, Monseigneur Planchet, deputy of Mesopotamia, was attacked and stoned by Kurds, as a result of which he died in Diarbekir.

Wednesday, November 8th. The sky was overcast and we had hardly got everything ready to leave when the rain started again. But at 7 we set off again. From here Diarbekir lies to the east, a little to the southeast, but a considerable detour must be made because of the Karadscha Dag. [Places] The rain poured down on us. Here we rode up another hill and finally saw the vineyards of Süverek in front of us. On a bad, stony path we went downhill again into a valley where a village lies to the right. We went uphill again, past a built-over spring, the Selimbunar, and now come to the vineyards of Süverek on the plateau, whose old castle looks out towards us. We ride along between vineyard walls and after about half an hour we arrive in front of the town, where we are met by a quarantine guard who leads us into the large khan outside the town, where we are first smoked out in a tent with smoke thrown onto charcoal.

(1_04_060) *Thursday, November 9th.* [Quotation] We had settled down in the Khan and, as the horses were tired, decided to rest here today. The town with its 2,000 houses, $\frac{1}{4}$ of which are Christian, lies in an insignificant depression in the plateau, almost surrounded by vineyards, but only rarely do you see trees, almonds, Morus, the occasional fig bush and Quercus alba. [Pfl] The town consists of 2 separate parts, between which the old castle rises on an artificial hill, of which, however, nothing remains except a few insignificant remains of walls; called Kachkahah Kalessi.

[Places] Next to the fortress is the bath. At the foot of the hill, an insignificant spring flows towards the south. There is no running water at all, the water is drawn up from deep wells; each horse to be watered cost 5 Parah, and this was the first time I paid for water. [Quote]

8 minarets, but the tops had collapsed; next to a mosque, a cypress tree also protruded. There was also a telegraph office here. Last year, Süverek belonged to Paschalik Charput, but now to Diarbekir, whose border it now forms. The streets are narrow, dirty, with deep passages for pack animals and narrow pavements, so that one falls easily. The bazaar is well stocked with local products. Wine grows excellently here in the bluish, dense basalt and would certainly grow anywhere on this basalt surface. Cholera was on the decline, the maximum was 35 people in one day, but in Orfa it was still strong. The quarantine doctor was a young pharmacist from Diarbekir, ignorance itself. In the evening, a large caravan of Persian pilgrims arrived, with whom there was a long argument. Finally, however, they were driven into the khan and each one was smoked with the S coal cheek. Then the gate was closed and each one, after paying 1 piastres, was let out again.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Friday, November 10th. We set out at 4 o'clock on the cold, clear morning and reached the Karachay at 6, over which a new, beautiful 5-arched bridge leads. The morning was bitterly cold, but especially in this valley, where the cotton fields were thickly covered. On both sides there was still the black rock. [Places] At 3/4 8 we reached Dschelduk at a valley, from which another small village, Churun Eresh, lies to the left, 15 minutes further on.

Heading west along the Telegraph. At 10:30 you will cross another stream that flows into the Tschamtschai, coming from the Karadscha Dagħ and going from southeast to north-northwest, over which a new 5-arched bridge leads. This was built 12 years ago by a Turkish woman from Orfa, the wife of the

(1_04_061) Hadji Kimmel, built; the lower part of basalt, the upper part of white stone, very delicate, higher in the middle, with an inscription.

Here the formation changes, already on the other side of the river the white karst limestone appears, followed by chalk with many fossilized shells. The water is quite deep. [Pfl] Wild geese and large eagles are common. Firestone is common in the chalk. [Pfl] We ride further west on this chalk terrain and at half past eleven we come to Mischmischén, which is an apricot village, although there are none there, situated on a natural hill, at the foot of which a not insignificant stream runs from south to north, called Misch-mischen tschai, and flows into the Tscham tschai nearby; its banks were covered with a blue-frosted Salix, Fraxinus and Populus ital. [Pfl];

A little further on, it is crossed over a small three-arched bridge. Along the winding Tschamtschai, caves were visible from afar in the steep chalk banks, perhaps catacombs? We ride southwest along the Telegraph and up the edge of the bank, where basalt begins again above. [Pfl] Fertile arable soil often covers long stretches and basalt less, often alternating with chalk.

At 2 o'clock we reached our present Konak Karadschurun, which is made of black false stone, heading south-southwest. Before that, three tells were visible on the plain to the left. From Süverek it takes 10 hours to get to Karadschurun, where we spent the night in a khan. Part of the village is on a hill, on which the large, new, palace-like building of Hadji Bekir stands out, between the dirty caves built from loose stones. [Quotation] He was the head of the village and had the house built three years ago, made entirely of white stone, consisting of two parts, with a beautifully decorated front. However, he was not allowed to live in it, he died before it was finished. I paid a visit there and found the main room full of Turks praying. After that they showed me around the interior, the walls of which were covered in red and blue paint.

But what pleased the Turks most was that his son, a young boy of 16, had a fine appearance.

In the evening we talked to some of the Jahs Arabs; he said: if someone has killed my brother and then comes and says pardon, then it is agreed and I can become his friend; but if he says nothing, then I will take revenge. The well-known sign of tying a knot has already been mentioned; if one does not succeed in doing this, it is the same as if he takes a stone and throws it at the person he wants to have as his protector.

but if this is not possible, he may confidently spit on him, which has the same effect. Eating salt is also common among various tribes. –

From today on the weather began to improve, and we had had enough of the constant rain, which always soaked me through, so that when I arrived in each village I was busy all evening trying to get dry clothes.

(1_04_062) *Saturday, November 11th.* [Quotation] At 5 we set off towards the west-southwest, a very cold morning, thick fog covered the plain and forbade the proximity of the Euphrates. At 6 we reached Malweran, next to which black tents had been pitched and large flocks of sheep were grazing. [Places]

The plain suitable for cultivation is completely uncultivated here, and robbers were feared. $\frac{3}{4}$ 10 to the right is the village of Ak Dschamesi with tents in a hollow valley with robbers, and $\frac{1}{2}$ hour further on Sidritsch with a tell next to the village. On the left are 4 villages. [Quotation] A vaulted burial chapel in front of the village. Here already some conical roofs. A stream flows next to the village, hence also some more trees in the village, where we quickly made a fire from dry thistles and made coffee.

Set off again at 12:30. [Places] Scattered villages in this fertile plain, which is cultivated, but far too little. We ride up a hill and a wide area stretches out before us, from which we can see about 1000 m.

3 hours in the west the gardens of Hawak become visible. A Crataegus hung with rags and surrounded by stones indicates a Siaret on the way. $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 on the left on the way is the village of Bochduk on a small hill, further on $\frac{1}{4}$ 3 on the right is the small village of Tschaddach, situated on the chalk slope of a valley with a stream thickly covered with Salix and Populus, over which a small bridge leads. On the left there were previously the characteristic round chalk hills, one of which was covered with trees on its top. The stream flows further north and here has a tributary, which we ride along past gardens of apricots, Morus, Popul. ital., figs, plane trees, pomegranates and vines could also be seen individually, the shady gardens bordered by Elaegn hedges. After $\frac{1}{2}$ hour there is another small village on the left, next to which soldiers have now pitched their tents. Another $\frac{1}{2}$ hour

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

further uphill and we arrived in Hawak, where we spent the night in the Chan along the way.
[Quoted]

Cholera was still in the village, the priests were afraid, and when a sick man came to speak to me, they sent him away without my knowledge, saying: The Consul wants to rest and will not accept any sick people now.

The fairly large Kurdish village is located on a hill, at the foot of which the gardens spread out into the valley, through which flows a not insignificant stream. There is also a mosque in the village.

(1_04_063) *Sunday, November 12th.* ¼ 6 departure, riding upstream along the stream, past two mills, after ¾ of an hour we reach its source, called Ha-wak Göl, a basin of water about 150 paces long and 50 paces wide, densely shaded on one side by willow bushes, which flows into the Euphrates, 3 hours away. [Places] At 8 the village of Kullahn is on the right of the road; a draw well prompted us to stop here for ½ hour to have breakfast, ½ hour further on there is another village on the right, where we go uphill on hilly terrain. [Places] Not a tree or bush is to be seen on the whole area, blackened, wild-looking Kurds are eyeing the passing stranger. At a cistern where one of these fellows was drawing up water, I had the dirty water handed to me, for which he asked for a tip.

Many were busy plowing the fields with cows. At 12:30 we reached Kanly Avschar, a miserable village where there was nothing to be had and despite the cold night we decided to spend the night outdoors. Here we also met a large camel caravan, which we joined. We kept watch at night because the inhabitants are known as robbers. Only dirty cisternae were available.

nenwasser.

Monday, November 13th. We set off again at 2 a.m. because the moon was shining so brightly. [Places] heading west-southwest. Crocus and a Calamintha on the limestone. Wild geese and reptiles. Telegraph. I had already set off from here on my return from Orfa. At 9:30 a.m. we reached a covered cistern, over which a kind of chapel had been erected with many names [of?] [strangers?], opposite Kirkmagara. After having breakfast here, we reached Biredschik at 1 a.m. on the already familiar route, where we spent the night in the Jeni chan. In the gardens around Bir, the olive trees were laden with their blue fruit, the grenades had already been removed. The gardens were a pleasant sight after such long deprivation. At the telegraph station I immediately telegraphed to Aleppo that I would arrive in 4 days, for 15 piastres.

(1_04_064) *Tuesday, November 14, 1965.* After Duane had rummaged through our things, the Euphrates was crossed at 7:30. [Quoted] (1_04_065–
01_04_066) [Zit] (1_04_067) [Zit] Let us return to our path. When the

After crossing Euphrat, hilly terrain begins, above on the left of the road a wall was visible, erected by Hafiz Pasha's soldiers, to whose tents. [Places] Already arrived in the old olive groves of Nisib, I suddenly changed my plan and did not go with the caravan via Acharin, but went directly to Mudur, where I had already been in the spring.

In the meantime, another had taken his place; however, he soon appeared, as Meshis was about to be held. He was very pleased to see me again, as he still remembered the scenes in Islama's tent very well. They wanted to keep me until the next day, but I insisted on leaving immediately and had a sequester given to me to Aintab. As the caravan did not go any further than Misar today and it was not exactly close to Aintab, only five hours from there, I stayed in their company until then.

At 1 we left Nisib, where we first walked between hedges of Rosa Phoenicia, [Pfl] then the river is crossed over the bridge and we stay along its course between vineyards and between them often young olive trees, also occasional pomegranates and figs. The mountains behind Nisib are covered with Querc. Ilex, which is used as a base for roofs there. [Pfl]

At first we ride on the Aintabweg towards west-southwest, then the path branches off to the left over chalky terrain. [Pfl] ¼ hour off the path, the village of Kämisch lies on the left at ¼ hour in a valley. Further along the path is a tell, and in front of us on the slope of a range of hills lies Chirar, the foot of which is surrounded by poplars, olives, vines and mulberry trees and is irrigated by the Orul water.

This line of hills stretches from the southeast to the northwest, and further west, i.e. a little further up, they appear as if they were covered with a forest, because this is the famous terrain for figs, olives and also wine, which are planted over large areas. A quarter of an hour uphill along the Orulbach the road takes us to Misar, densely surrounded by gardens with juglans, olives, figs, plane trees, pomegranates and poplars, enlivened by the trickling stream.

½ 3 Arrival. In front of the village stands a single, heavy minaret, built of stone, but the mosque, made of earth, has dissolved into nothing. The khan there was so dirty that we could not stay there, finally we found shelter with a Turk, Serdschen Ali, who lived in a friendly house. In boxes on the balcony he cultivated Calendula off., called Karagös, Ruta graveol., called Settaf, and the inevitable Tagetes, Kattifäh. The village has about 40 houses with flat roofs, in the middle of the village an open space, bordered on one side by the mosque, which is quite large, built in a square from hewn (1_04_068) stones and has a heavy minaret; an old canal supplies the mosque with water, the origin of which is unknown. – [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Wednesday, November 15th. After saying goodbye to my caravan and entrusting my packhorse to them, I set off at 6 o'clock with a sledge. After leaving the village for barely 10 minutes, a shot was fired from the gardens close to us, but as it was still dark, we could not see anything. After half an hour we reached the large village of Orul with a minaret; in front of the village, which lies on a hill and is surrounded on one side by the gardens that extend to this point, a clear spring emerges on the slope next to the river. The slope of the row of hills on the left is also completely covered with olives, partly on chalk, partly on red soil. Without encountering any villages, we ride along between low hills, now without vegetation, until at 9 we come to the fertile Sa-dschur lowlands, through which the Sa-dschur flows, where it sends a channel to the Kuweik as it enters the plain near Charldura. [Places]

Following the route already described, I reached Aintab in 3 hours. The rain had decorated the grass, which had just been burnt, with fresh green, and the red blossoms of the *Erodium roman.* and the yellow of the *Taraxac.* reminded me of spring, and when I reached the last row of hills before Aintab and suddenly saw the wonderfully green fields below me, with Aintab and its minarets behind them, I shouted for joy and urged my horse on, and after 15 minutes I was lying in the arms of my dear friends, the Schneider family.

Thursday, November 16th. We had a lot to talk about and the day passed without me knowing how. We were very happy to see each other again. Cholera had been quite rampant here too. According to a letter we had just received, it had broken out again in Marash. The Pasha there and his son were the first victims in Marash. Mr. Schneider will probably spend the winter in Adana.

Friday, November 17th. After a warm farewell, I set off at 7 o'clock with the postman, Mr. Schneider, who was on foot. The night had been cold, and when I reached the top of the hill, I found all the puddles covered with a layer of ice. [Places] (1_04_069) To the west-northwest, the mountains of the Soff Dagh loomed and awakened old memories in me. [Places] Heading south, we come to Ullumachsere [at?] 15:30 to the right of the path. Far in the background to the west, you can see the Sattelberg, which was visible from the Giaur Göl, as well as the continuation of the mountains towards Marasch. Another tell follows on the right; chalk hills can be seen nearby. [Pfl, Places] At 12 o'clock, another tell on the right and 10 minutes further on, the village of Beschgös on the tell; 15 minutes further on is the village of Babar on a stream with a bridge over it; further on to the right is Tschapale on a tell.

To the left, 1 hour from the other side of the stream, on the left bank, lies Gösutschach. Here again

which is a basalt field, which alternates with wide, uncultivated [fertile?] areas of red earth. [Pfl, places]

At ½ 3 we come to the bare black basalt mountains of the Jebel el Riad, which from here consist of 4 mountains united in a group.

Ahead of it, half an hour to the right, lies a part of Karamlik. A valley leads here next to the black mountains directly to Killis in 3 hours. Here we leave it and ride across the basalt ridge on a very bad footpath, where the small village of Minatill lies to the right. Here, too, red basalt appeared. [Pfl] Soon we had overcome this ridge too, and at 3:45 we arrived at the foot of it, where the village of Kahndere lies and, next to it to the left of the road, Göktasch, in whose miserable cemetery, to my astonishment, hewn stones, broken basalt columns and a peculiar shape of stones, also hewn from basalt, lay scattered about. [Zeich]

Before us now lies the wide flat plain stretching out to the south, east and west, from which (1_04_070) in the southwest in the far distance the Amguli Dagh, or rather the Djebel Schekh Barakat, rises up from the plain like an island in the sea. The fields were in places completely blue-green from Proso-pis Steph., other places yellow-green from Glycyrrhiza, others showed the bare prickly Alhagi, while large areas were covered with the colour of death, with thistles, Molucella, Cephalaria etc.

At 4:30 we arrived in Tell Hawesch, which, as the name suggests, is situated on a tell; the houses show a certain wealth of the inhabitants, some of them were built of hewn stone. Draw wells surround the place, in front of which is an open lawn, the camp site of the caravans. We spent the night with the Kachié of the village, an old Turk.

Saturday, November 18th. We set off in the dark at 1 o'clock. [Places] At 9:30 to the right, Kütlük (probably Kurdköi). To the left, the wide plain stretched out, and to the left, the groups of the Amanus appeared. We continued riding on a plateau, and at 10 the castle of Aleppo loomed. Aintab lies from here to the north-northeast. [Places] A good half hour before Moselmia, the castle and some minarets of Aleppo again loomed to the south-southwest. We soon reached the gardens of Hheilán with their quinces, oaks, sour cherries, frosted willows, ash trees, etc., and at 2:30 I arrived safely in Aleppo with my friend Dr. Bischoff, who had meanwhile improved considerably, bought the pharmacy and house of the late Barnabé [(15,000 piastres)]. Yesterday was his birthday. Someone had ridden to meet me.

(1_03_056) Cholera is the main topic of conversation. [Txt, quote?]

(1_03_055) Aleppo has 500 Syrian Catholic houses and 1 church; Armenian 700 houses, 1 church; Armenian-schismatic 200 houses with 2 churches; Greek 1,500 houses with 2 churches; Greek-schismatic 100 houses and

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

1 church. – Maronites 350 houses and 1 church. – Jacobites only 1 house. The Latins and the Chaldeans together unite 100 houses in several chapels. Jews 1,000 houses with 3 synagogues. – Turks 20,000 houses.

I paid a visit to the Syrian Catholic Church to visit my travelling companions from Diarbekr, who were staying with the bishop. It is located in Judeide; a large, beautiful building with a courtyard, etc., at the entrance is the church that was rebuilt 15 years ago, having previously been burned down by the Turks.

A lot of precious Ag-jewelry in it. 3 altars. 6 arches lengthways and 2 rows. Bishop Gregorius, as they are all called, was a very fine-looking man with a black beard and red [...?]. He lives in [...ten?] spacious, high rooms next to the church, his bishop's staff hanging on the wall. We spoke of the Mandra Gora, which is called Yabruch in Syrian, which means Give me spirit; many people say that the plant only needs the spirit and it is a human being. [Zit] (1_03_054) [Zit, Places]

The Killis district includes 65 villages inhabited by Arab fellahs. The Turkmen and Kurdish population begins from Tachterin, and the villages now have flat roofs with tents next to them. [Places] In the castle in Aleppo there were some cannon barrels that are said to have come from the Mamluk Sultan Kalaun, who ruled from 1279 to 90 AD!! – Above the gate, built of ashlar stones, the inscription says that it was built by Melek el Ashraf and restored by Melek el Taher. [Construction] The pashas used to live outside the city on the north side of a hill called Sheik Abu Bekir, near the current barracks, which are on the opposite hill. –

[Building] Ibrahim Pasha had a windmill built on the north side and a lightning rod at the upper entrance to the fortress. The wooden gates are covered with iron sheeting. Saïd Kelbi = dog hunt = Eruca [sativa?] covers the square. Smells like roast veal. Near the mountain of Sheik Abu Bekir is the bone mountain of Jebel Adham, made of limestone, on the northern part of which is a Turkish cemetery, at the corner of which is the grave of General Bem, surrounded by a square wall and with a door. - A root that can be bought in Aleppo, called Machde, whose root is placed in water and then watered with earth, brings out the worms; plant according to Göppert *Leontice Leontopetalum* L. - [SprPfl] (1_03_053) An ancient Greek inscription on a gate in Aleppo. [Insch]

Antioch has about 10,000 inhabitants, of which not quite a third are Jews and Christians, namely mostly Greeks, a few Armenians. A railway is planned from Sucidije via Antaki and Haleb to the Euphrates. Every flower or any other object used for Mahnes, that is, a love letter, means a verse that rhymes with it. These are either well-known verses or ones that result from the rhyme. For example, misk (musk) is the

Rhyme fisk (blemish) was quickly found and with it the verse bulunmas ssende fisk (you are without blemish). A cypress branch means: I worship you, and a cherry: grant me a meeting. The Sultan has 350 women in the Ha-rem. [Zit?] (1_03_052) [Zit?] (1_03_051) [Zit?, Txt] (1_03_059) [Txt] (1_03_061–1_03_066) [Character, Text, Quote, Quote?]

(1_04_070) *Sunday, November 19th - November 30th*. Visits made to Boche, Streiff and Zollinger, Raphael de Picciotto and Moses de Picciotto, the latter Austrian, Tuscan and Dutch consul. [Txt]

XIII Departure (1–6 December 1865)

(1_04_071) [Txt] *Friday, 1 December 65.* At 9 o'clock I left accompanied a Segtier and Mr Bischoff and Hülse, who accompanied me for a while, Aleppo. Mr Boche had paid me 500 francs for a bill of exchange that Bischoff had sent to Malatia when I had already left it long ago. Disagreements with banker Bayazid, 300 francs too little for 5,000 francs. - The weather had been wonderful again for a week; today was also a splendid, clear morning. The path goes up the Jebel Muhas-san, on whose plateau the path runs, often interrupted by small valleys. At 9:45 the cistern was reached. Grass was sprouting everywhere.

We encountered long caravans of dromedaries, or more rarely camels, loaded with copper. [Places] A number of villages are scattered across this plateau. From here the flora of the Mediterranean begins. [Plant] Further on, after passing Turmanin, a variety of Querc. Ilex with a berry Paliurus appears in the karst rock, between them a small yellow Sternbergia and a fragrant, watery blue Muscari. At 2 we come between the gardens of Indschirköi or (1_04_072) also called Tokat, situated on a range of hills thickly covered with olives, almonds and figs, the latter of which give the name to the village that lies to the left of the road. [Places]

½ 4 Arrival in Turmanin, after having ridden over a range of olive groves. It lies at the foot of the Jebel Sheik Barakat, where an old, a solitary church can be seen near the village, while further up several more are visible. Further on, ½ hour from the first, also on this mountain, is the village of Tellädi, while straight ahead to the west-northwest the village of Has-ra can be seen. ½ an hour away, between the two, ½ an hour to the left, the ruins of Dana can be seen, near which a solitary tower can be seen on the left. It takes 5 hours to get here from Aleppo. I had a hard time persuading my Segtier to continue his journey; he absolutely wanted to spend the night here. I finally rode on alone, and so he came, resigned to his fate. After ½ an hour we had reached Hasra, next to which there are mighty ashlars and several old buildings in ruins. These places lie on an extremely fertile plain. Now begins a difficult section over hard limestone, where the flutings are also often visible, as at Argana.

At 5 we came to a lonely, wild stone valley, from which on the left on the hill we could see another ruined village with square towers in the walls. In the various side valleys of this gorge, as the approaching darkness made clear, black Turcoman tents had been pitched.

These ruins extend quite far, on 2 mountain slopes, about ½ hour

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

from the path. The moon finally came out. We passed a village next to the Afrin and crossed the river, where a village lies a little further up. We were very tired and wanted to spend the night here, but the Turcomans demanded 20 piastres for our 2 horses for the barley. That was too much for us, and we rode another hour to El Hammam, where the chief of the Kurdish robbers, Omer Aga, lived, and I had a letter of recommendation from Raphael de Picciotto.

We arrived at 10, where I was given a ready welcome in his large khan. The whole village consists of only 5 houses, but they are well built of stone. The actual village is at the foot of the hill a few minutes away, next to which 4-5 warm springs, also S, emerge from the mountainside and flow into the Ak Denis on the plain. One of them is covered with a small vault. The mountain on which the small village is located is called Gulo Kaik on Kie-pert's map, which extends as far as the Kara su and then continues north and northeast in irregularly jumbled hill ranges (1_04_073), which are mostly covered with broad basalt fields and give a sad appearance, alternating in places with karst rock. Evergreen prickly oaks cover the higher peaks in places.

Saturday, December 2nd. We set out at 7 and rode along the Gulo kaik, where we could see [plants]. At 9:45 we reached a village on the plain that looked prosperous, with European roofs; a stream runs down beside it from the Gulo kaik. [Places] At 1 we had the stone field behind us, and Ain el Beitha lay before us, behind which the basalt formation on the hills alternates with karst formation. Opposite Ain el Beitha, a single bare hill with a few houses rises up on the plain. The surrounding plain is extremely fertile, it was covered with tall grass. [Plants] Ain el Beitha lies on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which a large cold spring emerges, which then forms swamps in which there are many wild boars. [Places] A large yellow Jussiaea was blooming in the swamps, [Plant]. Half an hour away on the mountain there is a village.

At 10:30 we come to the bridge of the deep Muradsu, which is thickly covered with Nuphar in places. A few minutes further on we cross the actual Murad, a deep stream, on a 12? arched bridge. The path then continues on paved roads. At 12 we ride through the Kara su, not quite as big as the Murad; a few minutes further on we ride through another large stream, which flows into the Karasu nearby. [Pfl, Places] At an old khan we ride through a mountain stream, here the flora has changed completely: everywhere the dark first green of the oleander with its reddish-brown pods, the plane trees with their yellow-green leaves. [Pfl] Chlorite slate is very common here. Only gradually climbing upwards did we reach

At 4 the top of the pass, always in thickets of (1_04_074) Spartium, 3 genists, myrtles, and richly fruiting oaks. [Pfl] Half an hour further and we had reached Bei-lan, where I again spent the night with Jacub Barsawall; they were happy to see me again. Barley was very expensive, 20 piastres for 2 horses.

Sunday, December 3rd, 1865. At 7 we set out again, as I was in a hurry to get to Alexandretta, as the ship will leave this evening. Therefore I could not stay any longer in this magnificent green mountain, as much as I would have liked to, for I had never seen such luxuriance in the mountains before. After I had dug up a batch of *Cyclamen grandifl.*, which grow in abundance at the foot of the mountain between

I reached Alexandretta in 3 hours, thanks to the oak bushes growing over Alexandretta. I was given a friendly welcome by Mr. Belfanti, the Italian and Dutch consul. The hotel there had just closed, as we heard, due to the intrigues of the French consul Garelli. I visited the Austrian consul [Coleocichi?], who was ill, and Grabscheidt, the English consul. The Duane had recently been moved from Aleppo to here, which brought more [liveliness?], but caused much annoyance to the Aleppinians.

Mr. Thompson had fallen from the balcony and broken his foot, so he had gone to Aleppo to [...?]. The steamer had not yet arrived, so I went on a short excursion along the sea: there are only a few date palms left, but I noticed some with plenty of fruit, but they are small, although bushes are often seen, which used to be more common. The sandy shores, alternating with swamps, are covered with the wonderful evergreen myrtle, in many places in bloom, and with oleander. [Pfl]

Monday, December 4th. Only this morning the ship of the Imperial Messagerie, Godavery, arrived, a steamer with 800-1,000 horsepower. Here I met again with the four Chaldean priests with whom I remained until Smyrna. To the north the mighty chain of the Rosan Dagh loomed, dazzlingly white with snow, on which the setting sun conjured up wonderful tints. Our party also included several hundred Turkish soldiers who were returning to Constantinople, as well as a bandit chief from Bajas who had been captured. At 10 p.m. we left Alexandretta and in the early morning we were anchored off Mersina.

Tuesday, December 5th. Mersina spreads out along the flat shore with pretty houses, in particular a new warehouse built this year looks very good. Half an hour away by sea lies a place crowned with ruins. (1_04_075) [Places] We remained at anchor here all day, but unfortunately in quarantine, that is, we could not disembark, as cholera was still in the country.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Wednesday, December 6th. We set off again during the night and on the morning of *December 6th* we sailed past Cape Anemurium. [Places] The weather was good and, as on the first voyage, I did not feel any seasickness, but the priests were all ill. Cilicia ended here and Pamphylia retreated [further?] and formed the Gulf of Adalia. Finally, we reached Cape Chelidonia with a few small islands around 4 p.m. and then sailed along the Lycian coast.

(1_04_080–1_04_077) [Sit, Txt]

SECOND TRIP

XIV Weimar–Beyruth (8 November–19 December 1866)

(2_01_001) *Thursday, November 8, 1866.* Departure before 11 a.m. from Weimar. Visit to Auerswald in Leipzig. Overnight in Dresden. In the evening, meeting of the Geographical Society, lecture by C. Andree, editor of the *Globus*.

Friday, November 9th. Invitation to dinner from Dr. Häntzsche, who used to work as a doctor in Rescht.

Saturday, November 10th. Departure at 1 o'clock in the morning and arrival in Prague at 9 o'clock in the morning. Visit to Prof. Kosteletzky, director of the botanical garden. Lunch at friend Pascher's. Departure for Vienna at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Sunday, November 11th. Arrival in Vienna at 10am. Visit to Prof. Fenzl, where I collected 145 [...] for plants sent to me. Visits to Alexander Skofitz. Acquaintance of Prof. Unger, who works in the room next to Fenzl in the botanical garden. Extensive university facilities, so that it is absolutely impossible for the students to hear everything. Old avenue in the garden, laid out by Jacquin, but many trees die when their roots come into contact with the marl layers. Admission to the geological botanical society, whose secretary is Dr. Reichardt, who is now doing moss studies. Invitations to dinner with Fenzl and Dr. Polak, who was formerly doctor to the Shah of Persia and got me many recommendations to Constantinople and the wider Orient. Much running around to collect my effects on the Duane, which I had sent as express cargo. I got the General Secretary of the Southern Railway to write a letter from Professor Fenzl and got half the fare to Trieste waived. Fenzl also sent me a letter to Ritter von Tommasini in Trieste and to the Lloyd management, which means that I have the privilege of always paying one class less on the Lloyd ships than I actually travel in. I spent the night in the magnificent Colosseum in Schwender. Visited the opera house. Bought 3 bales of paper from Salzer for 70 Austrian guilders. Rubber suit and sack for collecting plants. Boiling thermometer and prism from Egger. The originally planned trip down the Danube didn't happen because the shipping from Vienna had already been suspended, so I decided to go via Trieste.

Departure for Trieste *on Thursday, November 15th.* Early at 9:30 in cold, clear weather. For 9 Austrian guilders 30 kreuzers. Brunn station on the right with wooded mountain peaks in the background, lots of vineyards in a very pleasant location. Castle and 3 ruins in the forest. A pavilion looks out brightly from high mountains, to the right of Mödling. Alternating rain and sunshine.

On the left, a wide plain stretches out, only about 6 hours in the background

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

a long mountain range begins. Sleet and snow flurries. On the right, Gum-boldskirchen station with good wine, behind it cliffs and places of pilgrimage. Again, pretty area near Baden station, with alternating rows of hills, dotted with country houses. On the left still plain. On the right, a wide valley opens up, at the entrance to which on either side on protruding mountains are two old castles. Fezlau station with good wine, like the previous place, this one is also very popular with the Viennese. The railway moves somewhat away from the mountains that surround Vienna, while a sandy plain begins, only in the background to the west individual peaks protrude from the mountain ranges. (2_01_002) Obersdorf station in the plain on the right. At Wiener Neustadt station, a view of the high snow-capped mountains on the right, while a wooded mountain range begins on the left. Schlegelmühle station, a pretty place in a mountain basin, with new houses covered with reddish slate. At Baierbach station there was heavy snowfall, the thermometer showed only $\frac{1}{2}$ °C at 1:30 a.m., a wonderful journey. 14 tunnels. The views into the abysses and valleys, populated with villages, the often rigid rocks next to us. The rigid Alpine mountains, often connected by bridges, wonderful forests, meadows, in between the huts of the Alpine farmers, with the inevitable images of the Virgin Mary, all of this together gave this landscape covered with 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ' deep snow an infinite charm. At Clam station, below in a narrow gorge, lies the town of Schottwin, behind which a broad-based mountain rises in the shape of a sugarloaf, comparable to the Mont d'or in the Ormont valley. Here we have now come through a tunnel in Styria, next to it on the left is a ruin.

From here there was a magnificent view of the mountains, and the numerous windings of the railway gave us many different views of the same landscape. At the small station of Sem-mering, bouquets of edelweiss, Erica carnea, and Polygala Chamaebu-xus were brought. Thick clouds of snow enveloped us from time to time, while violent whirlwinds blew across the snowfields. The night was cold.

At daybreak we were in the karst mountains, the formation of which reminded me of those near Aleppo.

Friday, November 16th. Of course there was no snow to be seen any more, in fact it was very warm. Lots of bowl-shaped depressions, small villages. Ravines with vegetation of Rhus Cotinus, Quercus, also figs and olive trees, also pistachios. At 9:30 I was presented with the magnificent view of the Adriatic, after having passed the last station, Nabresina. Several very long tunnels. The train then follows the sea for a long time, past Miramare, which became famous through the Charlotte of Mexico. Arrived in Trieste at 11. I had sent my luggage ahead as express goods and found it here. I immediately went to Tommassini, who consulted with the Lloyd director and got me the aforementioned recommendation to all Lloyd agents.

On Saturday, November 17th, I embarked on board the Jupiter at around 4 a.m. The party consisted of Prof. Herrmann, a sculptor from Dresden, Guido Hammer, an animal painter from the same city, several Turks, etc. Unfortunately, the second cabin was not at all special, in fact it was very bad. Firstly, it was very small, and then the anchor chains ran through the middle of two metal columns, which only made it difficult to sleep at night because they banged. At first everything went very well, the air was wonderful and the sky was very clear. The Dalmatian coast passed by us like a panorama, with Pirano and Rovigno looking particularly good.

Unfortunately, we passed Lissa during the night, which was actually splendid: mild, warm air, and the magnificent moonlight, so bright that you could read on the deck. I had set up camp on the deck and was thinking of my loved ones at home and was discussing politics with the two annexed Prussians from Dresden. The Lloyd takes 7 days from Trieste to Constantinople; to Corfu 46-50 hours, but the indirect boats via Ancona and Brindisi take 4 days.

(2_01_003) *Sunday, November 18th*, was not a good day: a violent storm lashed the sea, so that the waves kept breaking overboard. Almost everyone was seasick, especially Mr. Hammer, who lay as if dead. The following night was particularly horrible because of the miserable whimpering of a Greek.

Monday, November 19th. Early arrival in Corfu, where we stopped for a few hours, unfortunately we had to stay in quarantine and so could only see the city from the sea. Incidentally, its location is very nice, along the sea, with multi-storey high buildings. [Quotation?] (2_01_004) [Quotation?] You land at the quarantine and then come to the Esplanada (Spianata), the Government Palace is to the north, built of white Malta stone, with a colonnade on the façade. [Building] Following the Strada Reale you can hear Italian from the citizens, Greek from the peasants (English from the garrison), Arabic, etc. The city has 2 suburbs and about 20,000 inhabitants, 4,000 Catholics, 5,000 Jews, the rest are Greek. [Construction] (2_01_005–2_01_006) [Places]

After a few hours' stay we left Corfu and at daybreak *on Tuesday, November 20th*, we saw on the left the bay of Navarin (Neo Kastro or Neo-Avarinos), founded in the Middle Ages by the Franks. [Places] (2_01_007)

[Places] The morning was beautiful, not a breath of wind, the deep blue sky and the warm air, the view of the island of Sapienza, covered in dense greenery, while on the mainland, high, pointed mountains rose. [Places] Cape Malia, known to sailors as Cape St. Angelos, is also a desolate rocky cone, on the very tip of which, close to the sea, a white-painted dwelling and chapel are hollowed out in the rocks, which are still inhabited by a kind of hermit. The captain let the ship whistle, whereupon he came out and waved a flag with a cross. [Places] But

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

At around 4 o'clock Cape Malia was covered in dark clouds and a violent thunderstorm broke out. In the evening, however, everything was wonderfully mild again and the moon, which rose incomparably from the sea, magically illuminated the wide sea. I lay on the deck, stretched out in blankets, and thought with deep longing and sadness of all my loved ones at home. During the night we sailed between Sipheno and Thermia and at midnight we anchored in the harbor of Syra.

Wednesday, November 21st. We had just entered the harbor when a strong storm arose on the sea, and we were only a few steps away from colliding with a sailing ship, as the anchor had come loose. The winding of the anchor and the rolling of the chains caused a terrible noise, so that sleeping was out of the question, as the chains went through our cabin; in general, the Jupiter is very badly equipped.

(2_01_008) [Places]

The port and the town of Syra, built amphitheatrically and dominated by the high pyramid of ancient Syra, presented a picturesque view from the sea, especially when festively illuminated. Ships of all sizes in the port, as well as the various costumes, especially the Greeks, are at their best here. The small port is good, but not sufficiently protected against the north and east winds. Lack of drinkable water is an obstacle to its further development. Syra is now the second city in Greece, or actually the first city in Greece, with about 25,000 inhabitants, of whom 6,000 are Catholics. To the south of the port is the hospital, a regular building standing alone on a rock. The modern town, called Hermopolis, has two main streets, one along the quay and the street Eol's, leading to the Place d'Othon, which is poorly planted with trees. On the north side is an amphitheatrically built quarter with the apartments of the consuls. There is the new Greek cathedral with a dome and a narthex formed of Ionic columns. Above this quarter stand a number of windmills.

In the southern part of the city is the spring that supplies the whole city with water. If you go up the hill to the old Syra, you will come to the

Church of St. George. From terrace to terrace you walk on flat stones to the top of the hill to the platform of the Church of St. George with a wonderful panorama of the Cyclades.

Fortunately, we no longer had to undergo quarantine here, and we had until noon before the large quantity of ship's biscuits were unloaded. We set off at noon in fine weather, but in the afternoon it began to rain, and at night there was a violent storm that did not fail to make almost everyone seasick. From Syra to Smyrna it is 52 nautical miles = 286 kilometers and 17 hours by ship. [Places] (2_01_009) [Places]

Thursday, November 22nd. Eight hours from Andros, you pass Psara, which played a major role in the war of liberation; the homeland of the intrepid Canaris. In 1824, it was devastated by Topal Pasha. To the east you can see Chio, and once you have passed Psara, you can see Cape Kara Burnu to the east of Chio. Two hours later you pass Metelin, the old Les-bos, and you are now approaching the Asian land at Cape Baba. [Or-te, Zit?] The route continues along the steep banks, dotted with windmills, to the Cay and village of Jeni Schehr, the old Sigée, which marks the entrance to the Hellespont or the straits of the Dardanelles. [Orte, Zit?] (2_01_010) [Orte, Zit?] At Kepos burnu, the Hellespont narrows, and you can now see the castles of the Dardanelles. [Places, places?] Then the canal widens and you come to the Sea of Marmara, the old Proponti De. On the Asian side you can see the last peaks of Ida. Then the Marmara Island, formerly called Proconnese. At night you sail through the Sea of Marmara and early in the morning you anchor at the Seraglio Point.

(2_01_011) *Friday, November 23rd – Wednesday, December 5th*, in Constantinople. Visits to Dr. Busch of the Prussian embassy. Dr. Dickson, doctor of the English embassy. To Melcum Khan, the Persian. Colonel Goldsmith, who wanted to travel to Afghanistan. Abdullah Bey and industrial exhibition building in Istanbul. Imsen and Co., where Mr. Martz and Fink, where large rose oil trade from Rumelia and tragacanth as well as opium. Bar at [Keilhau?] with music, meeting at Toffalusch at 6 p.m., botanist Cumani, secretary of the Russian embassy. I first lived with Baltzar, 12 francs a day, then the Gottlob family took me in, where Dr.

Polak and Gomez had previously lived there. Theatre français and Naum, where Italian opera, troubadours. With Herrman and Hammer visited the mosques of Achmed, Aga Sophia, the tomb of Sultan Mahmud, the Suleimaniah etc.

Old plane trees of 15' diameter on the Seraglio peak. The 2 obelisks etc.

Big warehousing on the Duane, 56 piastres customs duty paid for the paper. Ssense-racht Arabic = Melia Azedarach, so-called Persian lilac. On Sunday, a wonderful drive to Arnautköi and Bebek etc., where a splendid oyster breakfast with the sexton, bookseller Köhler and Mr. Martz. Visit to the American missionary Washburn with Mr. Öhlschlängel, who wants to go to Baghdad. Bought photographs of Istanbul for 56 francs. On Friday at noon, saw the Sultan ride to the mosque.

On Wednesday, December 5th, I left Constantinople with Jupiter at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Gallipoli *on Thursday, December 6th*, at 3 o'clock in the morning. [Places] Arrival in Smyrna at midnight.

Friday, December 7th. Visited friends Kuhn, Janson, and von Münchhausen in Smyrna; rough pub party with [opponent?]. Trip to the castle.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

I stayed overnight at Kuhn's and boarded the ship at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon with a hangover. The ship didn't leave until 4 o'clock on *Sunday, December 9th*, with glorious weather, but we soon had high seas as far as Rhodes, where we arrived around midday on *Monday, December 10th*. The party consisted of Dr. [...] from Damascus, 2 Mexicans and several Greeks. We only stayed for 2 hours, so we didn't get off.

On Tuesday, December 11th, about noon, we got sight of Cyprus, reached the vicinity of land about 2 o'clock, but did not arrive in Larnaca until 11 o'clock.

There was snow on the mountains, and from Rhodes to Cyprus the sea was always high.

Wednesday, December 12th, after breakfast we went ashore with the Syrian Bishop of Aleppo. Magnificent vegetation, Phoenix dactylif. everywhere, mighty twisted Opuntia, lemons in gardens in abundance. We left at 8 o'clock in the evening in very bad weather.

On the deck there were still

(2_01_012) A party of pigs and donkeys had been loaded to the Turks, which annoyed the Turks a lot, especially when the storm came at night and the pigs were thrown under the rocking, which caused a terrible noise.

At daybreak on Thursday, December 13th, we anchored off Beirut.

We crossed the stormy roads for 25 piastres with our luggage to the house of Constantin's hotel, where I stayed for 8 francs a day. The room and food were good. In the morning we visited the Prussian consul Weber, an East Prussian, a venerable-looking, very nice man who invited me to dinner. Then we visited Brother Koller. In the afternoon we took a walk outside the city. You can see straight away that you are in a southern climate: the gardens were laden with oranges and lemons, richly laden with fruit.

[Pfl] In the gardens of the Seraglio there is a peculiar ficus tree with small fruits, next to it a magnificent tree called a girofle, which is said to have wonderful, fragrant blue flowers, and a white datura bush. An evergreen oak is very common in hedges as a tree and as a shrub. Date palms stretch their crowns of leaves upwards. [Pfl]

Friday, December 14th. In the afternoon I took a walk around the area and in the evening I had dinner at Brother Koller's, where I found Dr. Schlammer and his wife.

Saturday, December 15th. Walk to the hospital to see Dr. Lorange.

They were about to leave for the newly built St. John's Hospital, a magnificently furnished stone building made of stones from (2_01_013) Dschedid and Batrum. The Count of Wardensleben is creating gardens on the rocky grounds around the free-standing site. When the rocks were cleared away, they came across old graves, carved in stone, in which the stone coffins were resting. Ash jars were found in them along with skulls. The evening

I was invited to dinner in the hospital by Count von Wardensleben; he is from Berlin and now, after moving into the new hospital, wants to return to Italy and Berlin via Jerusalem. It rained heavily during the night.

Sunday, December 16th, invited to lunch at Brother Koller's. For the first time here, the sky was cloudy and very windy, and there was heavy rain in the afternoon. After dinner, I visited the Prussian consul Weber, who gave me a batch of fossils from the area around Bhahamduhn, four hours from Beirut on the Damascus road. Also sand from Mukada, the old Gison, where sailors once discovered glass by means of fire; the place is near Kaifa. During the evening, heavy rain showers.

Monday, December 17th. In the morning, along the sea to Ras Beyruth to the so-called Pigeon Grottoes, limestone rocks eroded by sea water, which breaks there with great force. A path leads along the coast, with *Opuntia* hedges on one side. [Pfl] In the evening, I was invited to dinner at Dr. Lorange's. Expensive rent in Beyruth, Lorange paid 300 [...?] per year. - The Prussian church here does not know where to bury their dead, and they have not yet been given a place of their own, and in the American cemetery the [place?] costs about 50 [...?], no one gets away with less than 1,000 piastres. Government business is made more difficult and extensive because the Pasha lives in Damascus. The new road to Ras Beyruth was built by the Prussian consul Weber, because the Pasha did not dare to collect the money from the residents. Difficulties in founding a German club here, but Lorange has managed to do so for 1 ½ months.

(2_01_014) *Tuesday, December 18th*. Wonderful warm weather. Lebanon lay clearly before us, namely the dazzling white Sanim with its neighbor on the right, magnificent. In between the numerous villages. Afternoon walk to the pine forest on the Damascus road. Lots of European life on the road, carriages, riders, even Amazons parading. One garden next to the other, with olives, lemons, oranges, figs, etc. A lot of coffee houses along the road. Botanical yield a *Reseda odorata* fl. alb. [Plant]

When I got home, I found the card from Count Wartensleben and Consul Weber, who wanted to pay me a visit. A magnificent sunset, colorful illumination of the snow-covered Sanin, and the calm sea in all its majesty. In Beirut there are noticeably few Turkish minarets and domes, but more angular towers. The houses are flat, multi-storey, with four raised chimney-like projections on the roofs of almost all houses.

Spent the evening at the German club. Dr. Lorange spoke about the 5 senses. I made the acquaintance of Omar Beg, a Courlander named Baron von Schröder, married to a daughter of Mordtmann from Constantinople, but living here as a Turk; he was in Deir at the time of Sureja Pasha of Aleppo.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Subjugation of the Arab tribes. He is a great man, whom the Arabs could certainly respect. We didn't part until 12.

Wednesday, December 19th. Again wonderful warm weather, not even better here in summer. Made farewell visits. In the evening at Consul Weber's, where I met Count von Wartensleben.

XV Beyruth–Aleppo (20 December 1866 – 27 January 1867)

Thursday, December 20th. Early Greek food for 40 piastres, then packing up. For portering my effects to the Duane 10 piastres, for the boat to the ship and unloading 8 francs. On the Duane there was a dispute over the rafting, so that I had to go to Consul Weber and ask for his money. Trip to Alexandretta on the Volga 48 francs. Baggage [...] francs. As my travel bag was left on the Duane, I had to go back again, so that I could not go on board until it was dark. The deck was full of Arabs again.

Wonderful weather today, (2_01_015) very warm during the day, the Sanin with its snowy ridges lay clear like the whole Lebanon chain, and in the evening the full moon shone so magically that one could have dreamed. I then lay down on the deck and thought of my dear ones and of the sweet days of the past, so that I felt infinitely wistful. Oh, how I would have loved to have been home again for a few hours, and I am already looking forward to finding letters in Aleppo. The sea lay like a smooth mirror, and the moon was reflected so clearly in it, painting golden rings on the easily moving element, sometimes it resembled a silvery look when the waves of the steamer rushed through the sea. We did not leave Beirut until midnight, in order to reach Tripoli during the day. The old tower walls of the fortress are very dilapidated and still clearly bear the traces of the bombardment by the French; as well as the tower inside the city.

We did not set off until midnight, and *on Friday, December 21st*, at daybreak, we anchored at Tripoli. As the bay is very shallow, we had to dock half an hour from the land, and the sea was only 7 meters deep. I immediately sent a note to the French consul Blanche, who then appeared on board and introduced me to the commander of our ship, Gaudion, who is interested in natural sciences, particularly shellfish and plants for cultivation. After we had fortified ourselves with a bottle of sherry, along with the doctor and the commissioner, we boarded a boat and went ashore. At Blanche's we had a fine dinner with good Lebanon wine, called vin d'or, which was very strong. We looked through part of his herbarium. In his garden the roses, daffodils, volcanism, and jasmine were blooming beautifully. off. alb., the oranges and lemons were densely laden with fruit. We made an excursion to the valley of the Dervish, which is densely covered with oranges, lemons, grapefruits and cedars at the bottom of the valley and offers a delightful sight. These are true gardens of the Hesperides! The magnificent Cyclamen Aleppicum was already blooming on the stony slopes. [Pfl] (2_01_016) [Pfl]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The city consists of three parts, one on the sea, the other around a mountain, overlooked by the old castle of Raimund, which is still well preserved. A few cannons protruded, and the Turks fired, as it was the Sultan's birthday today. [Pfl] We returned to the harbor on donkeys and, after having a lemonade with cherry brandy, boarded the ship again, where I was invited by the officers to dinner in the first cabin and also to tea in the evening. In the evening the sky became a little overcast. We did not set off until around midnight, as the next station, Ladaki, is only 6 hours away. There is good tobacco there, called abu riha = it has a smell.

Saturday, December 22nd. Arrived in Ladaki at daybreak. The sea was a bit rough, but as the weather was good I got out for 4 piastres. You land after passing the rather dilapidated castle with the lighthouse houses, which is completely surrounded by the sea; the entrance is narrow, as the harbor is very much covered with ruins. The bottom of the castle wall rests partly on large boulders, partly on a number of columns that protrude from the walls everywhere. The city consists of 2 parts. The sea part is the smaller, while the actual city lies behind the gardens; the bazaars were all closed, however, as they had turned night into day for the Sultan's birthday, but I bought 6 sponges for 10 francs. In the gardens there are a number of very old olive trees, similar to those in Nisib. [Pfl] 1 Okka Abu rihan tobacco costs 6 piastres uncut. I went back on board with the commissioner after having first inspected an English cotton cleaning machine.

We set off at 1 p.m., and by 4 p.m. we were facing the Jebel Okrab, which rises like a peak with a broad base, its summit covered with snow, and next to it the bay stretches out to the south, bordered by the Ras el Chansir opposite. Unfortunately it began to rain, but this created a wonderful play of light and color in the fog against the mountains. In the evening I played trick track with Madame Bernhard, and at 9 p.m. we dropped anchor off Alexandretta. The commandant assigned me a few more shells: [Txt].

(2_01_017) *Sunday, 23 December 66.* At daybreak we packed up and at 8 o'clock we took a boat to Alexandretta, which took me about 1 hour.

Cost 3 francs. On the Duane, more hassle, as I couldn't have everything picked up straight away. I had lunch at Belfanti's while Colacichi got me 2 horses for the onward journey. 2 Capuchins were taking the same route, so I decided to set off straight after dinner. I took the necessary luggage of the 2 boxes and the tent with the Katirtschi, who received 2 [lire?] for 2 horses. An Armenian from Diarbekir also traveled with us, but he always kept a reasonable distance from us.

I set off under overcast skies and reached Beilan in three hours, after the ship's doctor on our steamer, who was hunting in the swamps, had called me farewell. We reached the place at night and settled in as much as possible in a kind of coffee house next to the khan to sleep. The priests had wine and raki with them, which we enjoyed very much; I even saw one of the Capuchins get up in the night and fetch the bull, and when I asked him in the morning to give me a drink, he showed me the empty bottle and expressed his great regret that the stopper had not been tight and that everything had leaked out during the night.

Monday, December 24th. It rained heavily during the night, even towards morning, so that we did not set off until 8 o'clock. Rain through the roof. Baksheesh 6 piastres. The road through the mountains was extremely bad because of the rain, and we could only make slow progress. As we rode out of the village, old Jacob, the English Vice-Consul, called out a welcome to me, as he had recognized me immediately. I had nothing to do with Duane.

Fortunately, the streams and rivers were small, so I did not have to endure any inconveniences like the first time. At the foot of the mountains lies the half-ruined Diarbekirchan. To avoid the swamps of el Amk, the road runs along the mountains for a stretch and then crosses the continuation of the Antioch plain, which stretches to Marash, which can be reached from here in two days' journey.

The path runs along hills, partly made of limestone and partly of basalt, once you have crossed the hour-wide plain, until you reach Ain el beite, where we arrived at around 3 o'clock. We spent the night in a Turcoman house; a pretty young woman brought milk, which we made into soup. All the women there had large, white, tall hats on their heads. The weather had remained good all day, but the sky was always overcast. In the plain, in swampy places, a flesh-colored *Bulbocodium* was blooming in large numbers, while in the mountains a blue *Crocus*, a blue *Iris* but a few, and a rose-colored *Echium*? were in bloom, with large fish in the air. (2_01_018) In the evening I thought vividly of my dear ones and wished I were back at their side on Christmas Eve and for the gift-giving. A year ago yesterday I arrived at my beloved parent's house at the same time.

What a difference between this Christmas and last!

Tuesday, December 25th. We continued at daybreak, after we had prepared a milk soup and the three of us had paid 10 piastres together. The weather was good. This time we rode through the Afrin with ease, which was only a few feet deep, but wide; shortly before it had been much larger, as could be seen from the mud. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we finally reached Turmanin, where we spent the night in the Khan.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

But neither milk nor anything else was available, and it was fortunate that the priests were properly supplied with it. There is no spring water here, only rainwater, which was quite muddy because of the red clay soil. I unpacked a charcoal filter and prepared a few bottles of water for the night, as we were thirsty because we had eaten a lot of salted cheese and meat.

My needle gun naturally attracted attention everywhere, and towards evening a man was so enthusiastic about it that he took it from me and asked me to go with him to the Kiaja to show it to him. I went with him and explained it to him, whereupon he showed me a percussion rifle as a rarity. As he did not say that it was loaded and I could not see anything in the darkness, I pulled the hammer and, as I lowered it, I happened to hold the barrels to the ground, but the hammer fell down somewhat heavily and suddenly the gun went off with a bang. All around there were people standing tightly packed and there were children sitting there, who immediately let out a terrible howl. The bullet went through the carpet and the [woven?] blanket next to the man and into the floor. With a few apologies for not believing that the gun was loaded, everything was settled, as fortunately no one had been injured. That could have ended well! And it was a public holiday!

Wednesday, December 26th. At 5 o'clock I was suddenly woken by a noise and some Arabs came in and asked if a Dr. Haussknecht was here, and one of them handed me a letter from Dr. Bischoff. He had guessed that I should be here today and sent three people to meet me, along with several bottles of water of life and provisions, which did me a great deal of good. As the moon was shining brightly, we set off soon after. It was a beautiful morning, the stars sparkled so brightly in the clear sky, and the moonlight made the morning cool and refreshing; the repp grouse called to one another, the jackals howled in the rocks (2_01_019), and a few owls flew shyly past us. The sunrise was magnificent, but in the distance fog formed on the plain, which at first deceptively made the mountains look like a mirage. At around 10 o'clock they came in the form of thick clouds and completely enveloped us, making it very cold. The vast sea of rocks made the rocks in the distance appear in the most bizarre shapes.

When we finally reached Hudi, the sun was shining brightly and clearly again.

This huti is a circular opening in the ground and is certainly artificial, perhaps an amphitheatre, as can be seen from the steps all around. It is enormously large and deep. On top lies the hard limestone, then comes the chalk. It cannot be a sinkhole, otherwise the hard limestone would not appear so regularly at the edges. The bottom of the basin is filled with earth on which there was lush vegetation. Next to the basin lie

Everywhere you can see the hewn stones of the old town, of which only a single piece of a wall made of ashlar still stands isolated.

At 2 o'clock we finally rode to the gates of Aleppo. We immediately dismounted at friend Bischoff's while the belongings were taken to Duane. What joy to see each other again! No letters from home.

Thursday, December 27th. Visited Marcopoli, Rafael de Picciotto, Streiff. In the evening we went to the soiree at Streiff's. The European company had been increased by the Varsami family, a Greek with 2 pretty daughters and another married to Dr. Cuzzoni four weeks ago. There were about 30 people there, but of the young ladies only the 2 Varsami, the 2 of the French consul Bertrand and also Madame Streiff, who danced briskly. All kinds of dances were then performed to the piano. Madame Skin, the wife of the English consul, had a lively conversation with me and later compared me to the others [further?] even to Jesus, whom I was said to be deceptively similar to. We did not part until 2 o'clock. A great change from before in Aleppo, where nothing like that existed.

Friday, December 28th. Visits to Moses de Picciotto, Marcopoli, Perdikidi and de Heidenstam. The last one talked a lot about a ruined city called Bara, 15 hours from Aleppo, and we decided to set off there after the new year. In the afternoon I received visits from Heidenstam, a Lazzarist, and the head of the mosque in Aleppo, who all wanted to see my gun, which, by the way, is causing a general furore and everyone comes running to admire it. The consuls complained about the port, which is very anti-European. In the evening I went to [Mrs.?] Naum, a [Fl.?] von Bischoff.

(2_01_020) *Saturday, December 29th.* Walk to the Jebel Mu-hassan. The fields and hills around Aleppo are desolate and lie bare [with?] the reddish soil. Only in some places does Colchicum Bertolonii bloom, but its white flowers are not very noticeable. A blue crocus blooms in isolated water cracks, but rarely. [Pfl] In the gardens, however, things look greener, with Fraxinus lentiscifolia blooming everywhere along the river. [Pfl]

Sunday, December 30th, was spent fairly quietly in the house.

Monday, December 31st. In the morning, I visited the English consul Skene, who has his house outside the city on the Kuweik. He had his house enlarged, part of which overhangs the river, and a small floating garden has also been added. I had to eat lunch there. In the evening, I was invited to dinner with Bischoff by the Prussian consul Rafael de Picciotto, which was very boring. Moses de Picciotto and his son and Mr. and Mrs. Effdekidi were also present. At 11 o'clock, however, I was in bed.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

I was already in bed and was starting the New Year sober. But my thoughts were in my beloved homeland.

Tuesday, January 1st, 1967. The residents' visits began early in the morning, which I endured until 2 a.m., but then I could no longer bear to stay in the house as I felt unwell (headache), which was made worse by a band of Arab musicians, one had a small drum, the other a tambourine, the third a violin and the fourth a kind of dulcimer. They sang terribly beautifully. The visits only stopped towards evening, but I soon went to bed.

Wednesday, January 2nd. Today I had certainly hoped for letters, but in vain. My bales of paper from Alexandretta also arrived today. Invited to dinner with the Boche family in the evening. In the afternoon I wrote letters to [Cl.?] and Boissier. Visit from Moses de Picciotto.

Thursday, January 3rd. In the morning, an excursion to the Jebel Muhassan, where the Colchicum Aegyptiac was in full bloom, the fields were only just beginning to make themselves noticeable. (2_01_021) Mr. Öhlschlägel arrived here from Freiberg in Saxony at noon. In the evening, a large soiree at Warsami's, where the three highest-ranking persons of the Pashalik were also present: the General Governor Dschewed Pasha, the Kaimakam Pertef Pasha and the secretary of the former, Warsa effendi, an Albanese by birth, thus a Christian, who was given this position in Constantinople at the instigation of the former.

Pertef Pasha, a somewhat stocky figure, is not at all popular; he is said to be very hostile towards the Europeans. The first Pasha is of a rather gaunt and small build with a closely cropped grey beard; he was very busy with the ladies. Soon the dancing began, which kept us together until 1:30 p.m., during which it was quite merry.

Friday, January 4th. Again, wonderful weather. In the afternoon we went for a walk with a mallet to the Jebel Nahar to see the large caves carved out of the limestone rock. This wide area, which is a depression, was probably created by an earthquake, which first revealed the caves, which were then carved out in many different ways later on.

One of them, on the right, is the largest; it is called the cave of the newlyweds, after a legend that once a married couple went into it with their guests on their walk after the wedding and that they never came out again. This cave only shows a kind of vestibule when you enter, then follows a wide vault that receives light from above through a large opening in the rock; on the sides of the vault there are 5-6 more passages. This cave is very notorious because of all kinds of bad rabble that hides in it during the day. Next to the cave is a small hill on which there are still the remains of a wall of a

the windmill originally built by Ibrahim Pasha is visible; there is a lot of Astragalus Hausknechtii Bge growing there. Next to an isolated, carved rock in the middle of the farmland of the cave town is a deep, square-cut hole, which appears to have been climbed down, as small, stair-like holes have been cut into two sides. Below the hills, more towards Skin's garden in the farmland, is an entrance to a cave, also carved, in the shape of a cross, inside which two altars can still be seen, which were at least previously used for secret worship. Another cave contains mummies; when they were discovered, all the people flocked there to look at them; however, the government had a different opinion and had it walled up again.

Saturday, January 5th. The sky was somewhat overcast, and a heavy rain poured down in the evening and around midnight. At about 9 p.m., the roar of cannons from the citadel announced the beginning of Ramadan.

Sunday, January 6th. Early in the morning the sun was shining bright and clear. Went for a ride in the afternoon. In the evening we went to the soiree at the French Consul Bertrand's.

Monday, January 7th. Afternoon visit from the English Consul Skin, who told me a lot about his travels among the Arabs and was himself a brother of the Arabs. (2_01_022) If one is attacked by Arabs in the desert, one tries to tie a knot in the strings of one of them's headscarves, or if that is not possible, one throws a small stone at one of them, which means something like: I entrust myself to you and place myself under your protection, while saying: ana dachil aleik.

The sheh of the Shamar Arabs, who have their territory above the Euphrates, is called Abdul Kerim ebn Esfuk; that of the Anezeehara-bers living on this side of the Euphrates is called Deham el Keaischisch. The sheh of the Millikurds, who occupy northern Mesopotamia and live in [Kurnishar?], is called Machmud Aga Demani, usually called Mahmo, whose grandfather was Pasha of Kurdistan. On the left bank of the Euphrates downstream of Bir live the Barasy Kurds, who are tributaries to the government. On the way to the Jebel Abdul Aziz, there are two ways to get there, either from Orfa or crossing the Euphrates via Tedif near Abu Kalkar, from there you can see it stretching out on the bank of the Khabur on the other side, about 6 hours away.

Tuesday, January 8th. My friend suffered from a phlegmon [...] in his hand, which forced him to stay in his room for six days.

Wednesday, January 9th. A ride to Baballah, where the government meadows, called meidan, were covered in places with a white bulbocodium, of which I dug up a portion. [Pfl]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Thursday, January 10th. Wonderful weather. In the evening, a soiree at Streiff's, where there was a lot of dancing and lots of fun with Euphrosine Varsami. In the afternoon, a visit to the 1st Pasha, Dschewed Pasha, with whom we mainly talked about geography; he told me a lot about an area called lidscha, ie labyrinth, in the great plain between Antioch and Marash near the village of Karab. Robbers are said to have always retreated there when the mountains were conquered. In 2 days you can ride from Marash to Alexandretta. He was extremely courteous to me and invited me to

the next day to visit his engineers working on the map.

Friday, January 11th. At 2 p.m., we met at the French Consul Bertrand's, where almost the whole of yesterday's evening had gathered to visit the citadel together. Some of the ladies rode on donkeys, the others walked; I led one of the three graces, Euphrosine, up and home. Warsa effendi had already arranged everything so that we could enter easily. The guard presented his gun. The most beautiful thing is the main gate and the paved entrance; on one of the gates there are female lion heads on two sides, unfortunately dark there. Two similar ones made of basalt, unfortunately very deformed, are on the right of one of the ruined walls by the powder magazine. From the square minaret there was a wonderful view, especially over the city; the salt lake was clearly visible, a large square tell lay before him, the direction with the diopter was 300 degrees, that of the Jebel Sheikh Barakat was 108. The view into the olive groves with the scattered houses in between, now and then a mosque, behind them the beehive-like houses of the villages (2_01_023) was interesting. On the right-hand side on one of the tower-like walls of the rampart is a Kufic inscription about $\frac{3}{4}$ square' large, which is said to read: Abu Bekr Omar Osman Ali Mohammed (see attached) [Insch]. Arrows were offered to us, they were about 2' long, made of wood, with an iron tip [Zeich] at one end and a rear sight at the bottom. The hill appeared completely green from the stinking [Zeich] Eruca sativa.

I led Miss Euphrosine home through the city.

Saturday, January 12th. In the afternoon I collected Colchic. Bertol. in the fields near Monte Isoledi.

Sunday, January 13th. Today is Greek New Year, so we made congratulatory visits to the French consul Bertrand, to Varsami and to Mrs Skin. In the evening, we had a soiree at the French consul's.

Monday, January 14th. Wonderful weather. The cawass of Picciotto brought old coins, namely many Au and Ag coins.

Tuesday, January 15th. At 9 a.m. Öhlschlägel left Aleppo. Mr. and Madam. Streiff and I accompanied him to Heilan. [Pfi] The weather was splendid,

and the snow-covered mountains of the Giaur Dagh were clearly visible. In the afternoon I went for a wild ride on Sheikh [Hamar's?] horse.
In the evening at Boche dance soiree.

Wednesday, January 16th. Wonderful weather. 9am, 8° in the shade. At 2pm, about 30 ladies and gentlemen went for a ride to Ferdaus, the so-called earthly paradise, but there was no sign of the promised flowers. We returned via the villages of Schech Saïd and Ansarieh.

Thursday, January 17th. Clear weather. Early 8:30 a.m. but only 3 ½ °C. The aneroid was 27.2 at 11 °R. In the evening, a soiree at Warsami; with cotillion dancing and bouquet tour. End at 1 p.m.

Friday, January 18th. At 9am walk to Jebel Nahar, approx. 1 hour north-west of the city. On the limestone terrace, on which one descends to the Meitan of Bab Allah, there were a number of small crocuses in bloom, white inside and purple striped outside. [Pfl]

(2_01_024) *Saturday, January 19th, Sunday, January 20th*, unwell.

Monday, the 21st. Received letters from home and from Boissier, feeling unwell.

Tuesday, January 22nd. Evening at Zollinger Soiree.

Wednesday, January 23rd. Excursion to the village of Bilirahmun, about 1 ½ hours away. Colchicum Bertoloni was blooming everywhere. [Pfl] I was suffering from severe thirst; luckily I found a few rain puddles, dark red because of the earth, filled with infusoria, but it still tasted delicious. I didn't return home until evening.

Thursday, January 24th. Sky overcast, aneroid fell to 27.2. Evening at the soiree at Streiff. Big lottery, [then?] dance. Euphrosine Warsami received my verse *Combien je regrette, Mon bras si dodu, Ma jambe bien faite, Et le temps perdu* (Beranger) with a [wobbling?] virgin. While Euphrosine Bertrand received the matchstick girl with the motto: *Je suis la belle Jeanette, Ne touchez pas au feu, Je rends des allumettes, Et je sais que c'est dangereux.* End at 2 o'clock.

Friday, January 25th. Overcast sky, light rain around 11am, aneroid dropped to 26.8. Morning walk to Jebel Muhassan to dig up a large portion of the new *Sternbergia latifolia* in fruiting state in the fields there.

Saturday, January 26th. Clear skies, cold early. Afternoon at Madam Skene's.

Sunday, January 27th. Wonderful weather. Soliman's arrival from Adana. Aneroid 27.1 at 11 ½ °R. Preparation for the trip to Aintab. In the evening at Streiff's for dinner.

XVI Excursions to Aintab and Kinnesrin (28 January–10 March 1867)

Monday, January 28th. Yesterday evening I found a mucker who would take me to Aintab in 2 days for 63 piastres. At 7 a.m. we had agreed to meet at Bab el feradsch, but the one who didn't show up was my mucker. At 9 he finally showed up, but we stopped again below the military barracks, because the mucker had gone to the Serail for a taskarah, which took a long time because of Ramadan. Finally at 10:30 everything was ready for departure. The sky was overcast at first, but then the weather brightened up a bit. 11 a.m. A group of soldiers headed straight for Damascus. From Baballah we crossed the river near a mill and then headed towards Heilan along the mountain slope. [Pfl] (2_01_025) [Pfl] We ride along the river with its gardens until we reach Ain el Tell at 11:30, where the path goes uphill in the limestone formation. Black, lively goats with long ears and fat-tailed sheep grazed on the slopes. At 12:30 we reach the highest point of the plateau, where *Crocus lagenaeiflorus* was common between the rocks on the lawns. [Pfl, Places]

Up until now everything was uncultivated because it was too rocky, but at 1 o'clock the cultivation of the fertile plateau begins, which is somewhat undulating and has very rich red soil, especially in the valleys. A camel caravan took us for a stretch until it split off to the left at the village of Küllüdscha to go to Keffar Naya (Keffar = village). [Places] On the fertile, very wide plateau we ride always northwards, while the Jebel Mar Semaan protrudes to the west-southwest. At $\frac{1}{4}$ 3 Tell Tschibin appears on the area $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to the right of the road (3 hours from Aleppo) with conical houses that begin here and indicate the Arabs as inhabitants, while the Turkish villages that lie further to the right in the plain all have flat roofs. [Places]

We had not come across any tells before, apart from Ain el Tell, but now several are visible, among which the rather large Tell Er-fad stands out. Before Keffar Nasr, 20 minutes from the road to the left, there was an old cemetery. Half an hour from Keffar Nasr and a quarter of an hour to the left of the road is Keffar Naya with a small mosque, noticeable by its white roof. At 5 we arrived in Tell Erfad, Arpad of the Bible, situated on the east side of a large tell, from which large stones protrude on the side; unfortunately the darkness prevented us from seeing it. The village has about 200 conical houses, Arabs. We stayed in a walled khan, the room was square, and at a height of 6' the curve began. An hour to the right of the village, the white dome roof of a mosque in the village of Hörwa gleams. It takes 7 hours to get to Aleppo, (2_01_026) 5 hours to Killis. After I made myself some tea, I wrapped myself in my coat and lay down to sleep.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Tuesday, January 29th. After I donated 4 ½ piastres in baksheesh, we set out at 5:30 under overcast skies and quite cold. In the village, where every house is surrounded by a wall, digging had taken place at a spot where a large piece of a column had come to light; this place seems to have been important in the past. On the plain, large blocks of limestone protrude from the fertile soil, covering everything in places. At 6:30

to Tschibin with once flat roofs, which are now slightly raised on one side to allow the rain to drain off better; only a few are conical. The walls are all made of stone, namely white lime and black basalt, which gives them a colorful appearance. A cistern supplies the place with drinking water, next to which large hewn blocks protrude from the earth; black tents were on one side of it. [Places] On the right, 5 tells are visible in the plain, surrounded by green fields; numerous lapwings and larks swarmed around us. Incidentally, Asas is not on the mountain, as shown on Kiepert's map, but about an hour away from it. Black basalt blocks are scattered everywhere in the plain. [Places]

At 11 we rode into Killis, where I got off at the khan next to the seraglio. But as nothing was available, I soon looked for other accommodation, which I found immediately with the Protestant Makar Behesne oglu, a very friendly man. The Protestant church is a nice square building with a flat roof, half of which is used as a school. [Up to?] now there were 60 Protestant families in Killis, 50 Catholic families, 400 Armenian families, 40 Greek families and 70 Jewish families, the rest are Turks, about 10,000 inhabitants in total with 2,500 houses. There are 60 mosques in total, 7-8 of which have [larger?] minarets, each of the Christians has 1 church. 5 baths. The city lies at the foot of the mountain Adschardagh, which forms a foothill at the eastern end of the city, called Karatash, on which stands a Turkish burial place, Tulba, Schor Hawib Altün Dede. [Places] (2_01_027)

[Places] At the eastern foot of this Karatash, 10 minutes away, there is a group of trees where an old Syrian village called Illäsi once stood. [Places]

The olives of Killis are famous and are cultivated almost everywhere along the mountains; however, I did not see any such old trees as those at Nisib. Some wine is also grown. The bazaars are fairly extensive and well stocked with goods. It is the seat of a Kaimakam, Sadik Effendi, who used to be in Aintab; at 11 o'clock in the evening I paid him a visit, where he was holding a meal. Before that I spent the evening with a Protestant, where the community was meeting; praying, singing and eating. Meat, pillau, sour milk, meatballs and finally large cakes with honey, consisting of noodles baked with honey, called künäfä. In the mountains of Killis, about 5 hours away, there are also supposed to be petroleum springs. The area was now completely

safe, and the Soffdagh is also said to be peaceful. The Armenians built themselves a new, beautiful church made of white limestone, but due to a lack of money, construction was temporarily halted. (2_01_028) Since I had covered these 12 hours to Killis with my mule in 2 days' journey and this is only half of the way to Aintab, I realized that I would need another 2 days; but to avoid this, my friendly host got me another muleteer, Husein, who would take me to Aintab tomorrow for 22 piastres.

Wednesday, January 30th. The Katirdschi had already appeared at 5 a.m., and after my landlady had prepared me a cup of tea, I took my leave. The path initially led along the foot of the Karatash, where yesterday I found a red Colchicum, which from now on as far as Aintab will be very common in places. The Ammi Visnaga, which also grows here on the plain, is called chil-dan in Turkish. The morning was very cold. At first the path was always on the plain until we reached the place where, after about 45 minutes, the mountains form a valley, where the village of Adschar lies on the right of the mountain. Here the path goes uphill for a few hundred feet between bushes of Quercus Ilex, [Pfl] etc. When we reach the pass, a narrow valley opens up, which is closed off to the left of the pass by the Hauradagh which extends around it. [Places] The valley opens directly to the east, about 10 minutes wide, mostly cultivated, with red or yellowish soil, in places solid limestone also appears, although in some places it is also very weathered. A reddish Colchicum often bloomed along the path in solid, clayey soil. At 3:30 the end of the valley was reached, where hard limestone protrudes and the

small village of Usun lies to the right. [Places] Behind the village a bare, low basalt range stretches from the northwest to the south-southeast with sharp ridges and in places raised rocks above them; this, together with a basalt mountain range behind it, the base of which appears white due to chalk, forms a valley about 1 ½ hours wide, which then appears closed off by the foothills of the Adschar Dag. After passing through the valley, head north-northeast along the end of the mountain ranges to the left, which run parallel several times here. A large number of flocks of sheep and goats were grazing on the slopes, black tents. [Places] (2_01_029) [Places] A cold north-easterly wind was blowing quite strongly, at 9 a.m. only 7 °C. At 9 a.m., 10 minutes to the right, lies the village of Andschik, about ½ hour from Tell Karamellik. Head north. After ¼ hour, another spring. [Pfl] These slopes are the actual springs of the Kuweik, which goes to Aleppo, and do not flow into the Sadschur at all.

[Places] At 12:30 a wide, fertile plain opens up before us, bordered by low hills [again?]. [Places] At 12 the plain is crossed, and a low range of hills begins again, with the village of Kächris on the left of the road; from here it is another 5 hours to Aintab. [Places] (2_01_030) [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Across hilly terrain and over limestone rocks, we reached Aintab at 6:30 a.m., where I was warmly welcomed by the Schneider family. Mr. Adams and another missionary who had recently arrived with his wife were also living in the house. The second church had not yet been built, but there was a nice school building nearby for Mrs. Proctor, who was supported by a young girl from America.

Thursday, January 31st. Today the weather was fine; I immediately went on a trip towards Kerchigün dagh to collect the *Helleborus vesicarius* in bloom, which I found. [Plants, Places] As I could not stay any longer, I decided to leave for Aleppo this evening with the Turkish post; which was done for 70 piastres; the postman gave me 4 ½ Turkish lira as a deposit. Dr. Pratt from Marash also arrived here today; Montgomery was in Adana at the time. There were many complaints about the rain, as it was generally dry here. At 8 o'clock in the morning it was only 6 °C. At 7:30 p.m. the post arrived while I was still having tea with Mrs. Proctor.

Soon everything was ready for the journey and we set off at night to Tutluk. The basalt slope was climbed on a difficult path, which had deep pools of water in the way at the top, so that the horses sank up to their knees; the firm, clayey ground prevented the water from penetrating. The village of Masmachor was reached on the other side of the slope; here, however, I noticed that I had lost my blanket and raincoat, which meant a delay of about ¾ of an hour before he found them again. [Places] At 2 o'clock we reached the village of Kuttäwir with Tell, where we slept for a few hours in a house with Arabs.

Friday, February 1st. We set off again at 5 o'clock; the stars and the crescent moon shimmered brightly, but not as cold as the previous days. [Places] (2_01_031) [Places] ¾ 8 is the village of Terdschigün on the Kuweik to the left, which now turns southeast here. Along the way there are several small, stone-covered tells; from here, 8 of them were visible in the plain. On leaving the Kuweik we now ride south, previously southeast; it is about halfway between Aleppo and Aintab, each 12 hours from here. Here you can now see the wide plain to the south with its numerous tells, bordered in the background by the gradual decline of the limestone plateau surrounding Aleppo. The plain is well cultivated, everywhere the fellahs were busy ploughing the soil with their oxen; everywhere larks, lapwings, also snipe in the marshy areas, starlings; gulls [singly?], ravens black or grey crows; goats with long ears and fat-tailed sheep grazing peacefully. [Places, Pfl, Places]

At 11:30 we ride down into the Kuweik valley, which is about 50' deep and about 200 paces wide, where a hill rises on the right of the road, where there is a mill with 6 conical roofs. [Places] (2_01_032) The river flows halfway around the hill, where hard limestone protrudes. Herons and snipes along the

Rivers. [Places] The sparse vegetation was striking, only a little colchic in damp places, while there was much more in the mountains. [Places] ½ 2 is on the right 10 minutes from the road the village with Tell Hassan Pascha Tschiftlik, where the Kuweik approaches the road, which is crossed on a 5-arched bridge that is somewhat [more?] paved; downstream of it to the east lies the village of Kullulahr. Stop here for a moment. The sky was clear, but a strong wind was blowing, namely whirlwinds in the fields. [Places]

Then at 3 o'clock we see the castle minaret of Aleppo. [Places] (2_01_033)
[Places] I was in my apartment at 7:30 a.m. The bazaars were bustling with activity because of Ramadan.

Saturday, February 2nd. Rested.

Sunday, February 3rd. A ride in large groups towards Heilan.
Boring soiree at the French Consul's in the evening.

Monday, February 4th. The sky is overcast and warm. Bischoff's affair with Dr. Franks.

Tuesday, February 5th. At around 10 a.m. a light rain began. In the afternoon we visited the Russian consul Raphael Picciotto. At 7 a.m. (2 a.m. in Turkish) the thunder of cannons from the citadel announced the beginning of Beiram and the end of fasting or Ramazan. The beginning of Beiram depends on the appearance of the moon (new moon), and the same applies to Ramazan, because the festival does not begin until it is seen. 2 months and 10 days after Beiram, Kurban-Beiram takes place, a sacrifice in which sheep are slaughtered with their heads facing Mecca; the entrails are buried, but the meat is eaten and sometimes given to the poor or neighbors. For Beiram everyone puts on new clothes and everyone appears in their finest splendor. Like us, they congratulate each other on the New Year and often make up.

It lasts for 3 days, during which time almost all bazaars are closed; only a few Christians or Jews sell the necessary foodstuffs.

Wednesday, February 6th. Beautiful weather, but a little cold in the morning and evening. Walk through the town, where at the east end there were a lot of so-called gypsy tents, but they are Arabs, they had even built themselves a house with a conical roof.

Thursday, February 7th. Wonderful weather. Yesterday I had hired my servant Abdullah from Phillpopel for 200 piastres a month. I also bought his grey horse and riding equipment for 14 Turkish lira. In the afternoon I rode over Baballah, where Abdullah had to dig up Colchicum and I rode on to the left of the mill up towards the limestone formation; the fields were all covered with *Sternbergia latifolia*. [Pfl] I had a bad headache, so I didn't go to the soiree at Streiff's.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Friday, February 8th. Very beautiful in the morning, but towards evening the sky became overcast. The Turks paraded around in grand gala today, as today was a continuation of the Beiram that ended yesterday. In the afternoon I went for a ride up the Jebel Nahar. [Pfl] (2_01_034) [Pfl] Single daffodils are now often found on the streets, while the double ones have mostly faded; the same goes for hyacinths. Peaches are beginning to bloom. [Pfl] *Urtica urens* and *pilulifera* often grow rampant in the gardens, *Euphorbia helioscopia* is very common and large in damp places. In contrast, the surface of the wide rows of hills is still bare and dead; only on the edges and in the sheltered valleys is a green carpet of grass developing, as their surface is still too exposed to the cold winds.

Saturday, February 9th. Cold. Midday excursion on horseback to Ain el Ombahrek, ie the source of happiness, which is 1 ½ hours away. At first, along the olive groves that end below the village of Sheikh Saïd with its co-nic roofs, ¼ hour downstream from there, whose banks appear completely bare, a valley appears on the right in a side valley, without a village. Further downstream along the river is a mill, 10 minutes away from which is the source of Ain el Ombahrek. Here the Koik bends and flows to Khan Tuman. [Places, plants] Herons, snipes and various types of ducks enlivened the river. - [In?] the streets of Aleppo, roots of *Ruscus Hypoglossum* were sold for the gardens, called Affundor, whose leaves with the red-brown flowers in the middle are a popular ornament for women. An Arabic poem says: Afunsor ja ensâhn wuara achdar tahmil murdschahn, that is: See, o man, this green leaf holding a coral in the middle. - Why does honesty last the longest? A Jew's answer: because it is used the least.

In the evening, stories of Achmed Fetik Pasha, who was sent by the Sultan to administer justice mainly in Anadolia (2_01_035); since he did this in the true sense of the word, he attracted many kingdoms as enemies until he was overthrown by Daud Pasha; now he [lives?] in Constantinople.

In Ismid he [writes down?] the decorations for the Pasha, etc. One day an old Turk comes and accuses two Christians of having shot his horse. He then secretly summons the two Christians and learns that the Turk's son was out for a ride about 10 years ago, but the horse ran away and he got stuck in the saddle, and he shouted to the Christians who were hunting to shoot the horse to save his life. Achmed Fetik Pasha then summons the son, who knows nothing of his father's plan, and explains that the two Christians had saved his life at the time. He then condemns the two Christians to 30 lira, the price the Turk demanded for the horse. He answers the Turks:

According to our Koran law, your son now belongs to the two Christians as a slave, whom they can sell, and if you don't want that, you pay 160 lira on the spot, which is what he did. - In Turkey, about 30 years ago, stilt legs were not yet known. In a town, a European, a stilt-footed man, was once riding on a place forbidden to Europeans. A pasha who was coming along the road was furious, drew his sword and struck at his feet; but a panic gripped him when he saw that the blade did not penetrate, so he quickly ran away.

Sunday, February 10th. Cold day, but clear weather. At midday, excursion on horseback with Hülse and Viertz to the Khan Tuman, 3 hours away. The route goes via the village of Ansari, $\frac{3}{4}$ hour from Aleppo. From there, you leave the olive groves and take the so-called Damascus road over undulating terrain of the limestone formation, in whose valleys there are several large, built-over cisterns. Very little vegetation was visible, as the terrain is too exposed to the cold winds. The Khan lies in the valley of the Kuweik. [Places] The entrance to the Khan is on the west side with a large gate and a superstructure for dwellings, which now allow the winds unhindered access. [Building] Many caravans came and went freely here (2_01_036) because staying here costs nothing, since no one lives there. The Koik flows alongside and drives a mill. Next to it, on the right side of the river, is the village, consisting of about 20 conical houses. After refreshing ourselves with the wine we had brought with us, we reached Aleppo again during the night on the same route. In the evening, some Arabs visited Bischoff. Around midnight, there was heavy rain.

Monday, February 11th. In the morning the sky was clear again, but cool. Today I finally received the first letter from [parents?], which gave me the greatest joy.

Tuesday, February 12th. In the afternoon, in beautiful weather, we went on an excursion to Baballah. [Pfl] In the evening we went to the soiree at Marcopoli, where we danced briskly until 1 o'clock.

Wednesday, February 13th. At 2 o'clock at Jewded Pasha's because of my departure. He shows me his map of Aleppo Vilayet, which corrects many errors in Kiepert's map, namely also shows the sources of the Kuweik more correctly, and also correctly depicts the plain from el Amk to Marash and the area around Adana. The Pasha told me that he had read in an old Arabic writer that the Sadschur used to arrive here separately from the Kuweik, and flowed on the south side of the city. He also told me about the ruins of Nicopolis, north of el Amk, where there are now military barracks for the [education?] of the Kurds who were recently conquered there. From now on, the Amanus is safe and no longer presents any difficulties for travel.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Thursday, February 14th. In the evening, evening party at Warsami's, masked ball, me as a Black Forest farmer; Euphrosine as a sorceress. Very funny. Open, your heart will find the emblem, Si vite à s'inflame well and quickly to set off.

Friday, February 15th. Nice weather. Horseback ride on Jebel Muhassan. [Pfl] In the middle of the field there are caves and large, partially collapsed, bulbous cisterns, now empty.

Saturday, February 16th. At 11 o'clock noon we set off for Kinnesrîn, the old Aleppo, accompanied by Mr Brodbek, Hülse and Viertz, my servant Abdullah and one of the other gentlemen's servants. In the morning I visited the large mosque. In half an hour we reached the village with the mosque of Ansari, behind which the olive groves end, and after a good two hours (2_01_037) we reached the Khan Tuman, which is the starting point for three large main caravan routes. It was built by Tuman Beg, the last of the Mammeluk caliphs. The soil of the wide plain that stretches out before us, which is only bordered by the Orontes Mountains in the west, is red clay soil. [Places] The easier route is to the right of the river [Koik]; But we rode across the river near the village, the banks of which in places appeared to be completely whitened by a fragrant Bunias, and in half an hour we reached the small village of Kaladschiyek with conical roofs. Half an hour further on Seitan is situated on artificial hills, which are getting bigger and bigger because of the rubble. Another $\frac{3}{4}$ hour later Berua follows, also on artificial hills, and half an hour from there to the right at the foot of the hills lies the village of Berkun.

In 15 minutes from Berua we reached the foot of the hills, which can be crossed in 20 minutes, and before us now lies the old Kinnesrin. The name Kinnesrin was only known to a few people, now it is called Dschebel el Ais or Eski Haleb. The fellahs welcomed us warmly, but they would not give us barley and straw for the horses until they had seen money. At first we wanted to lodge with the horses in one of the numerous caves, but the stallions started to fight, so we moved out again and took up quarters with the local sheikh, Abdullah, while we tied up the horses around the house. It was the only house of the villagers, who live in about 30 black tents and also in caves.

The house with a flat roof was leaning against a rock and contained a thin column of ruins inside to support the roof. We had arrived during the day, but the long back and forth dispute about lodging had taken up our time, so that we had no time to look around.

Because of the horses it was necessary that we set guards, and lots had to decide. Brodbek went from 8 to 10, Viertz from 10 to 11, I went to 12 and finally to 1 Hülse. A cold wind blew before midnight, but then it became calm. The night was wonderful and the full moon shone brightly on the surroundings.

standing rocks where owls and jackals could be heard. The Anezeh are said to often make their excursions here.

Sunday, February 17th. Everyone was up and about at daybreak, and after we had strengthened ourselves with tea and chocolate, we set out with the sheikh's brother to reconnoiter. Nothing of the ruins of the old city is visible anymore, because everything is covered with earth, but you can still see their location very clearly, because the surface is covered thickly with hewn blocks on green grass. A 9' thick wall ran around the city, the remains of which are still visible. [Construction]

On the west side, an Aleppo resident, Mustapha Aga, built himself a small house on the city wall; when he was building the house, he cleared away some of the rubble to get stones (2_01_038), which immediately revealed a 7-foot-long, 6-line Greek inscription that is now above the entrance door to his house, but is unfortunately very weathered. If you wanted to dig here, you would certainly find a lot, because it seems to me that the city was not abandoned gradually, but as a result of a violent earthquake that destroyed the city from the ground up (at least by perpendicular shocks). [Construction]

The natural hill range rising on the north side of the old town is divided into several parts and contains several depressions in the ground, which to us, however, seem artificial, such as the basin next to the highest peak, as there were probably fortifications here at one time. The ruins of a former chapel rising on the highest peak are located on an artificially raised hill; it has almost completely collapsed, only 3 arches made of square stones remain. In it is now the grave of a Muslim sheikh, after whom the whole hill is called Dschebel el Ais. From here you have the most magnificent view. [Places] The

Aleppo Castell was clearly visible. The el Madch did not form a continuous body of water now, but only very scattered pools of water, which had soaked the entire red ground. It was literally covered with countless species of ducks, snipes, starlings, larks, lapwings, pigeons, herons, bustards and also a few gulls. But nowhere was a bush or tree visible, everything was bare; only *Phragmites com-munis* could be seen in the ditches. There was very little vegetation to be seen at all now. [Pfl]

The hill on which the town was situated was formerly its necropolis, for the entire south side of the hill is full of caves carved into the limestone rock, to which rock steps lead. (2_01_039) Most of them are round and contain large niches on the sides in which the narrow rock coffin is carved. They are blackened with soot, as almost all of them are now inhabited, some are used as stables, where the coffin places then serve as mangers.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Several places on the hill are evidently large sinkholes, which had already occurred before the town was built. For example, the place next to Sheik Abdullah's house, which is about 50 feet deep and is surrounded on the sides by rugged limestone cliffs. Many rocks also stand there completely isolated, but all of them are then used as burial vaults. Stairs cut into the rock lead to them, where round, vaulted rooms with niches were carved out and the coffins can still be clearly seen today. Later an earthquake followed, which knocked over and broke many of these rocks, which is why you can see traces of stairs, vaults, etc. on so many of the rocks lying around. I noticed three such places that are definitely sinkholes. The youngest traveler here was Eli Smith in 1848. Incidentally, the Koik turns more to the south here and not to the east, as shown on Kiepert's map. Next to our house of Abdullah, one could see in the sinkhole [whole?] layers of large oyster shells under the hard limestone, densely packed together, the same as at Aleppo and also a lot of pecten, beneath which lies chalk. [Places]

At midday we set out again from here to return to Aleppo via el Hadr, called tai. Unfortunately we had to make a big detour, because after half an hour the terrain became so swampy and the streams so deep that the horses got stuck. We then rode up a deep ditch until we came to a bridge where the water was dammed, from where we could only ride back to El Hadr. The Arabs here had dark brown faces, but did not belong to any tribe, but were fellahs. The women were generally not ugly, dressed all in blue, with blue lips, and they carried water in skins [from?] the river to Kinnesrin.

The village of el Hadr, called tai, has about 30 houses, but appears much larger, as the houses are built in a spacious manner, each with a large courtyard and often [6?] domes. Next to the village is a large herd. As we rode through the village, many people asked us to stop off and have a coffee, and they were all very friendly.

After a monotonous ride we arrive at the village of Lu-dechi at 3 o'clock. Here too the roofs are all conical like all the houses in the villages on this side. It lies on the left bank of the Koi, which here makes a great bend in a deep bed towards the Chan Tuman, which is 1 ½ hours away. The river is about 12' wide here, but very deep, and is also divided into several streams to irrigate the fields. To drive some (2_01_040) mills the river is dammed higher here to create a gradient, which continues as far as the Kinnesrin area. On its banks I saw some willow bushes and several mulberry trees and Italian poplars, the only ones on the whole tour.

We stayed for half an hour at the sheikh's house in the village, who treated us to a few cups of freshly brewed and prepared coffee and nargile. He seemed to be rich, because his house, consisting of four high domes, which were painted white on the inside, was very clean; the four domes were connected by arches that came together in a column in the middle of the room; there was even a mirror in the room. The village, which consists of around 20 houses, also has a small mosque. A lot of crocus shells were lying around, called Adschur dschebel, which are eaten. Via Ain el Ombahrek, which remained for a few minutes to our left across the river, where some more trees with a spring are visible on a part, we returned to Aleppo at dusk via the village of Sheikh Said. However, Mr. Brodbeck, who had initially fallen into the water with his servant near Kinesrin and was then unable to catch up with us, only arrived here a few hours later on the way via Chan Tuman.

Monday, February 18th. I caught a cold on the tour, so I'm feeling unwell today.

Tuesday, February 19th. Afternoon walk to Alexandretta, where I had another batch of roots dug up from the fields of the broad-leaved Colch. Bertolonii. [Pfl]

Wednesday, February 20th. Overcast sky in the morning. Visit to Raphael Picciotto, who had just received my firman back from Jewded Pasha with Bujuruldu and letters of recommendation to the Pashas of Mosul and Baghdad. The symbol above every official document is Allah, and the seal on the right contains a sentence: we trust in God etc. On each of them the bottom right corner was cut off, which has two interpretations, one of which is not in Muhamed's favor: since Muhamed could neither read nor write, he often had to pretend as if he could - (2_01_041)

He had agreed with his scribe that the paper should be cut off the right corner first, so that the prophet could not hold the paper upside down in front of him. The second interpretation is that since no human being can create anything perfect and nothing in the world is perfect, the cut corner of the previously square paper is meant to remind us of this and to say that it is something imperfect. The plant that counteracts the Aleppo knot is *Lamium amplexicaule*. *Leontice Leontopetalum* is used to drive the worms out of the earth by means of a decoction of it. At a spring I made myself a mineral lemonade with acid muriate. When the people saw the smoke from the acid when I opened the bottle, they asked me what I wanted to do with it. When I replied that I wanted to take the water home with me, they began to lament and begged for mercy, asking me to let them have their water, or at least half of it. They thought it was magic and that I intended to

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

my homeland. – Towards evening I visited the Bochés, who told me a lot about the wonderful spring of Ain Behissis near Bdama, a village between Dschisres Shughr and Lattaquie.

Thursday, February 21st - Saturday, February 23rd, mostly heavy rain and alternating gusts of wind. Thursday at Streiff's for a dance soiree. Friday at Sheik Nasir's, the representative to the government of the [chief?] of the Hadidin Arabs, known as Dschersch; from him I received a very good recommendation to the Sheik of the Shammar Arabs, Abdul Kerim, and his brother Abdul Resak; the letter was also signed by Dschersch, who was present here at the time. Nasir estimated the Shammar to have 30,000 men, but the Anazeh to have 150,000. He had a good library, and he drew his geographical knowledge from the geographical dictionary [by?] Sheik Medschididin Muhammed ebn Jacub Ferusabadi, Schirasi, Bibulak [min?] [by?]

Cairo 1272 (the Hedjra), the village of el Hadr near Kinnesrin is called el Hadr tai.

He told us about the ruins of Enterun, which lie behind Kinnesrin, near Tell es Sultan, which is also called Ferradis. The route there goes via Tell e Tu-kan, Tell Sultan, Schech Fahres, Buldr Charai i Shum, Enterun. He is a stocky, somewhat corpulent man, with a mustache, dressed entirely in Arabic style, with wide trousers hanging between his feet, a jacket and a keffiyeh around his head, which completely covered him, and a fiery overcoat trimmed with gold. He treated us to oranges, various sweets and sharbat. – I received the geographical journal from Boissier.

Sunday, February 24th. Beautiful early in the morning, but rain again at midday. Dr. Lorange sent me recommendations from Omar Beg from Beirut, namely to 1) Ashiret Anezech Dschedahn Beg, 2) Sheikh Hakil Effendi, Ashiret Akidat, 3) Ashiret Shammar Abdul Kerim, 4) Abu Shemahl Sheikh Hauwesch. - I received the following from Ihmsen from Constantinople: 1) Mossulu Hodscha Boenenen [Kandillu?] in Aleppo, 2) Bekos Kütschük usta in Diarbekr, 3) Jusuf Kalian in Mosul. This afternoon I visited the English Consul Skene, interesting conversation with Mrs. Skene about Euphrosine. In the evening at Zollinger's.

Monday, February 25th. Heavy rain with thunder early in the morning. Evening soiree at Michel Sola's.

Tuesday, February 26th. Early ride to Heilan; but even there the rocks at Jebel el Rasam were still sparsely planted. The Crocus lagenaeflorus was blooming by the water pipe with its sweet-smelling yellow flowers; red Anemone coronaria decorated the lawns. [Pfl] (2_01_042) [Pfl] The orchards everywhere show the luxuriantly developed Conium maculat. and Smyrnum Olu-satrum, but the trees are all still dead except for the apricots, which are blooming white here, and the Fraxinus len-

tiscifol. and *Ulmus camp.* [Pfl] At the bazaar one sees only a few simple daffodils, but often still violets, also white, very many blue and flesh-colored hyacinths and stocks, the latter are called mentuhr, the former chisahmi. [Pfl] At the market the root, often peeled, of *Crocus lage-naeflorus* is now often sold under the name of adchur dschebel, which tastes similar to almonds. In the evening there is a dance evening at Boche's.

Wednesday, February 27th. Beautiful weather in the morning. Walk to Jebel Muhassan. [Pfl] In the flowering broad bean fields, there were plenty of *Apollinus oriental. var. Aleppicus* as well as some cabbage whites and a lot of hummingbird hawk moths on the rocks. [Pfl]

Thursday, February 28th. In the evening, dance evening at Warsami's. In the Capuchin monastery, the youth performed two Italian and one French play. Fasting was strictly observed here, the carnival lasted until Sunday, then all entertainment such as music and singing, even in families, ceased. I was not feeling well today, the night before I had a fever, rheumatism, cough and tightness in the chest; a lemonade [Roebet?] improved me.

Friday, March 1st. Afternoon ride with the ladies to the Jebel Nahar; Mrs. Skene was so keen on botany that she dug up the beautiful *Bellevalia Aleppica* with her own hand and silver knife. The fragrant blue *Alkanna Syriaca* was also now in bloom, the orange-yellow *Adonis* and *Iris Sisyrrinchium* as well as *Silenes* (flesh-colored) were in bloom.

Saturday, March 2nd. Today is my dear father's birthday. The sky was a little overcast in the morning. But the afternoon was fine. In the evening there was a banquet at the bishop's, which was mainly attended by Nasir Aga and Sheikh Dahar. They were not particularly good with the spoons, however. The former is of stocky build, with a good-natured, round face and a black moustache; he wore Aleppo blue cloth trousers, over which he wore a red silk undergarment with white stripes and a heavy silk red abloos, the back of which was white and thickly woven with silver; he wrapped his head completely in his keffiyeh, so that one in the room involuntarily felt warm.

(2_01_043) He is the representative of Hadidin Sheikh Dscherk at the Seraglio; he lives near Bab el Nerab. He is of course very well versed among the Arabs and told us a lot about their customs.

According to him, the Hadidin Arabs inhabit the Vilayet Haleb in about 2,000 tents; they are subject to the government, but mostly have no permanent place of residence, but since their wealth consists of herds, they have remained nomads. The Anazeeh are divided into many tribes, which in turn are divided into many smaller ones, the main ones being 1) the Shammar with 6-7,000 tents, 2) the Fettahn,

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

6-7,000 tents, 3) the Sbah with 10,000 tents. They have the best horses and the so-called Baghdad donkeys, large, strong, white, 4) Selka 10,000 tents, 5) Beni Wuhab 10,000 tents, 6) the Tschellahs and 7) the Ehel el Schemahl, together 12,000 tents. The Tschellahs have all black horses. The Tai Arabs are said to have 15,000 tents. The Kais tribe (pronounced Dschehs) has only 6-700 tents near Harran; they are subject to the government. The place where Mahmo Demani, chief of the subjugated Millikurds, lives, he called Schachÿra, which is said to be identical with Kullinschar; according to Armand Mardin the place is called Wiran Scheher. He confirms that the Sulaib or Slaib Arabs only feed on gazelle meat, do not know bread at all, and dress in gazelle skins; they are said to be on the lowest level; outwardly they profess Islam, but nothing is known about their actual religion.

Many Bedouins survive for months on camel milk and a little flour, but they are said to be strong people.

He says of the black tents around Aleppo that most of the Arabs who have settled there are from the desert; but there are also supposed to be real gypsies among them, whose origins are unknown. Their language is a peculiar one, related to Kurdish, so their numbers are Kurdish, baba come, aida my brother, etc. They also speak Arabic, of course; they do not marry others, and if one of them dies, the whole family disappears with the dead person for a few days and then returns without him. They claim to have come from the desert 300 years before Muhammad.

If one wishes to form a brotherhood with an Arab tribe, the seeker waits for a large gathering of the tribe and then stands before one of them, preferably the sheikh, and gives him a handful of uncounted 20 para pieces and says: I want to be your brother, and so that everyone can testify to it, now distribute these coins to your brothers.

This is how you become a brother. Of course, when you leave, you leave gifts for the sheikh. The Arabs are very strict about the truth of what you say: for example, if an Arab says: your sister has committed fornication with another man and it is then found to be true, then he must kill his sister to remove the stain from his tent; but if it was only slander, then [...]. The Anazeeh also have the custom: if I am in the desert and am attacked by robbers, for example, I tie a knot in my keffiyeh and say: ana dachil aleik, i.e. I confide in you. But if he holds my arms so that I cannot do it, I spit on his clothes, saying the same words. But if he is too far away from both of them, I throw a stone at him and say the same words, and he is forced to let me go.

(2_01_044) *Sunday, March 3rd.* Morning with Marcopoli's walk to the citadel. An officer received us and ordered the guard to present their weapons; as everywhere we went, the soldiers lined up with their guns. The weather was glorious, but the Giaur Dagh was covered with clouds. The entrance is paved with hard, black basalt, in which stripes have been cut so that the horses could climb up. [Sign] There is supposed to be a Latin inscription, but the keys could not be found. To the right of the entrance by the dilapidated bath, the interior of which can still be clearly seen, is the half-buried entrance to a large cave in which the many arrows were found, which are offered to everyone.

Formerly, arched corridors ran around the entire wall, one above the other, with rooms and loopholes. On the clumsy cannons that were scattered around, one had the number 1506 on it - was that the year or the number of pieces? Another showed a small engraved crown with two swords underneath. They belonged to Ibrahim Pasha. The barracks on the north side of the castle are a long but low building, about 115' long and 25' wide. A corridor divides it into two parts, each of which has 13 arches, behind which the soldiers' mattresses lay. Everything was very clean in there, also [nicely?] bright, and the walls were painted white.

On Fridays, during the Turks' midday prayer in the mosque, the gates of the citadel are always locked, as legend has it that Aleppo will fall into the hands of the Christians at that hour and day. In order to have at least a place of refuge, they want to reserve the castle for themselves.

[Building] From the minaret there is a wonderful view of the wide salt lake, which fades slightly against the horizon. [Places] When leaving the castle the officer had reservations about accepting the bribe, he thought his superior would find out. - In the evening there was a dance evening at Marcopoli, the last one of the carnival, so it was held until 3 a.m. Heavy rain with thunderstorms during the night.

Monday, March 4th. Heavy rain showers intermittently throughout the morning and afternoon. Consultation with the Greek bishop Matran de tundschi, who was suffering from hydrophisia. [In the?] afternoon I received a visit from Nasir Aga. He also told me that the Anazeeh have a custom: if I have eaten in a tent and am leaving and something is stolen from me in the first three days after departure or is even robbed by them (2_01_045), I return to him and say that I have given back the bread I ate with him.

still with me, so he should help me get my things back, which he must do. He knew nothing about the women offering in Syria.

Tuesday, March 5th. Cloudy sky, warm. Today packed box to Boissier with letter. In the evening at Streiff.

Wednesday, March 6th. From 10am to 2am solar eclipse to \ddot{y} . Sky slightly overcast. The Turks believe that a snake lies in front of the sun, through

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

They want to drive it away by shooting. Many women were very frightened that they would no longer have sun. Today Hülse came back from Homs.

Thursday, March 7th. Sky a little overcast. Shopping for departure. I have to buy my own horses because no one wants to go with me.

Friday, March 8th. Rain. Abdullah found a mukkar with 3 horses who charged 55 piastres per day for all 3. I made a deal with him, and he gave me 1 English lira as a deposit.

Saturday, March 9th. Afternoon walk with the ladies; explanations, blushing. Heavy downpours during the night. I was therefore very much plagued by coughing at night.

Sunday, March 10th. Rain all day, but we are due to leave tomorrow. I was sorry that we could not go on the agreed ride. At midnight the long drawn-out howl of the muezzin at the great mosque. Nobody knows what he is praying; it is supposed to protect the great mosque from collapsing. Yellow daffodils and smaller white ones are now coming onto the market; the hyacinths come from the region of Turmanin. A thin, knotty root is sold in the markets under the name of "Besfaitsch", which comes from the mountains of Antioch, in any case a nephrodiu, a tin for purging, 1 ounce of the root in decoction. In the evening my friends gathered to say goodbye.

XVII Aleppo–Orfa (11–26 March 1867)

Monday, March 11th. At 9 o'clock everything was ready, and so I rode with my friends to the Bab el Ferratsch from Aleppo. A negro called Fer-radsch, who had traveled a lot in the desert and was known everywhere, accompanied me. The weather was good, but the sky was somewhat overcast. Our route took us past the barracks, where a large exercise was being held in front of the Pasha, in which all the soldiers of Aleppo took part, to the constant sound of music, which sometimes played European polkas and marches, sometimes the plaintive, monotonous Turkish music, the sound of which could still be heard long afterwards.

The direction is initially east, where we ride between the fertile fields of crops that were decorated with *Trigonella coelesyriaca*. [Pfl] (2_01_046)

[Pfl] Towards the east the path continues on the plain, but then, riding towards the northeast, it forms a wide depression, which is bordered 20 minutes to the right of the path by the bare ridge of Jebel Shech Yusef, named after

a siaret at its southern end. At $\frac{3}{4}$ 11 there is a small tell on the left of the path; the whole wide plain with red soil is diligently cultivated, from which the still [thinner?] social shrubs of *Prosopis Stephaniana*, which appear bluish from a distance, emerge everywhere. Half an hour to the left, a few scattered groups of trees finally become visible, and at 11, 5 minutes from the path, the small village with domed roofs of Schech Nedschar lies on the left, where the path goes uphill and the low limestone foothills of the Dschebel Schech Yusef are ridden over, on which the *Gagea rigida* was in bloom everywhere. The shepherds with their wives and children tried to dig up the ground with thick sticks in order to find *adchur dschebel*, that is, crocus roots, to eat. At 12:30, on a rise of the same hill, the small village without domed roofs, Schech Seyad, is located to the right of the road, next to which is a small hill with the remains of a wall. From here you can see the salt lake, behind which, seen from here, the three parallel mountain ranges look like a crescent. About 1 hour later, the village of Mirkeblé appears to the left at 12 o'clock. Some gazelles in the fields. [Plants, Places]

At 2 o'clock we arrived in Serbess, which consisted of just a few houses and tents, from where the minaret of the Tekije above Bab can be seen on the mountain to the east-northeast. My Arab could not stand it any longer, he had to smoke a nargile and actually managed to find one here, made of tin, which he kept himself busy with the whole way. Rags, lit and waved in the air, served as coal. Next to the village was a cistern, where the water was wound up by a crank. Here we are back on the plain. Next to the well is a square building, a Tekije, but like everything in Turkey, it is in disrepair. [Plants, Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

At 5 we finally reach Bab, our overnight accommodation, but only with difficulty (2_01_047) we were able to find accommodation, as the sheikh of the village was absent; however, his house was found and so we moved in without further ado. Earthen walls enclosed the large courtyard, around which rooms and stables ran; each side had 6 domes, but everything was built of earth, only the substructure was made of unhewn stones.

An elevated area in the room served as a place for us to sleep. The village is about It has 300 houses and is divided by a straight road that runs through the middle of the village. Near our hotel there was a fairly large, multi-domed mosque with a square minaret, which is older than the whole building. A second mosque has a Turkish minaret. Above the village, to the west, on the limestone slope that suddenly drops here, rises a tekije with a Turkish minaret, about 400' high, surrounded by several earthen domes, called Nebyasih.

All around the village there were a number of black tents, each surrounded by a wall of dried plants, proof that the inhabitants also spend the winter in them. In the gardens everywhere there were pomegranates and fig trees, and apricots and almonds were in bloom, and young olive plants were also visible in some of the vineyards; the vines were kept very low, however, and the thick trunks were only 1-2' high. There were wells everywhere in the gardens. On the east side of the village there is another tekije with a pointed tower. A rain shower surprised us shortly before our arrival.

Tuesday, March 12th. We set out at 7:45, although the sky was very overcast and a fine rain was falling. We were heading northeast. As I was assured in Mem-bidsch, it was only 4 ½ to 5 hours away, while here a local man who served us told me it was 8 hours to Membidsch, but in any case he had been persuaded by our black companion Ferradsch to say so so that he could extend the journey, as I had to give him 23 ½ piastres a day. Behind Bab a large, clear spring of the most delicious water emerges from the limestone rock, which joins a second one right next to it, into which a third spring flows a few minutes further on. The banks of the fairly wide stream are shaded on one side by tall willow trees; behind Bab it flows towards Tedif and before Tedif it flows into a larger stream which has its sources above Be-sagha; both together form the Nahr Dahab, which flows into the salt lake. Large frogs and many Melanopsis mussels in the springs. [Places]

After ½ hour from Bab, Tell Batman is on the right of the road. The red soil of the wide plain is very fertile. [Places] *Sternbergia latifolia* is very common in the fields. [Plant] After 1 hour of slow riding from Batman, we come to the village of Köpessih with conical roofs and about 30 houses, next to

a tell. At the well, girls dressed in blue (2_01_048) give us water to drink. From here we should have ridden eastwards via the village of Adschemi, as it was said here, but our Ferradsch tried to convince me that it would not be advisable to take this route because of the Anazeeh. From here the desert actually begins. [Pfl] Wild geese and desert hares appeared now and again. At 11:30 a.m. there is a tell with a destroyed village on the left; a piece of a wall is still visible on the tell, and 1/2 hour further on there is another tell with village ruins. [Pfl] Camels grazed scattered around. At 1:45 a.m. we reached the former village of Halisse, with a cemetery nearby, now only a few tents between the stone rubble. [Places]

At 4:30 we finally arrive in Membidsch, visible from afar because of its tower. It lies in a wide, very grassy plain, interrupted only by undulating elevations in the terrain. The Beni Said Arabs, who have been living here for a long time, had pitched their black tents around the large ruins. We ride through the ruins and finally come to the large tent of Sheikh Damur ibn Fachal el Cha-lil, which has room for 300 people. It was used as a meeting place for the tribe, but I never saw a woman in it. When we arrived in front of the tent, the Sheikh came out immediately and called out his Merhawa and dfatal to me. Pillows and mattresses were laid out for me, so I had to sit down straight away, because the Arabs are very keen that you sit down straight away to rest. Immediately a mighty fire of Artemisia fragrans and Noea spinosissima rose up before us; a negro roasted coffee right before our eyes, then pounded it in a large wooden mortar with a coarse wooden club. When the water boiled, he poured in a portion of coffee, let it boil a few times and then settle, after which he poured the coffee into a second pot, boiled it and added fresh coffee again, and repeated this again with a third pot; it is easy to guess that the coffee that came out this way was not flowery coffee.

Soon the main characters were gathered around us in a circle; I was lying on a mattress with silk cushions on the back and sides, next to me was Sheikh Damur, a tall, strong man of about 48 years, with a black beard and a brown complexion; he was wearing the usual Arab clothing, with a red 'ab-bas over it. Then came his son, a young boy of 16, with a very pleasant appearance, he was also dressed entirely in red. Everyone wore the kef-fiyes, the fez was not even visible. An old Arab told stories about old Mem-bidsch, and when I told the Sheikh that I liked it here very much, he replied proudly: "Yes, I believe so, this is Mem-bidsch too." His son had not even come to Bab yet. (2_01_049) Their wealth consisted of herds of sheep and cattle, while the neighboring

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Kasimoglu, who form a branch of the Beni Said, mainly breed good horses. Each of the respected Arabs always rode out with a long lance, the sign of the genuine Bedouin. Soon everyone came to ask me for advice as a doctor, the Sheik himself complained to me of his distress that he had not been with his wife for two years; he only had one son and would like to have more.

The meal was soon ready. First, the young sheep were driven in front of the tent, one was caught and killed as a Kurban in honor of the guest. A large cloth was then spread out in front of us, bread was laid out all around, several large bowls of burgul and several of excellent cream made up the whole meal along with the meat. The sheikh put a wooden spoon down for me, but the others put their hands in the pillau, first squeezing it together in their hands and then pouring in sour milk, which they mixed in their hands and then swallowed. After the coffee, I had tea passed around, which they enjoyed very much. The Beni Said have about 100,000 inhabitants in this area.

5,000 tents. Old coins could not be found, although there must be enough of them after some subsequent excavations.

Wednesday, March 13th. Early in the morning, under clear skies, the old town was visited. Unfortunately, almost everything has fallen into ruins. [Construction]

As you ride past, everything sounds hollow under your feet, and excavations would certainly reveal many interesting things. Burnt bricks, urn fragments, painted glass, etc. were lying around. The most notable remains are the following: 1) at the north-west end within the walls, Kasr el benat, the girls' castle, where a woman is said to have been locked up.

[Building] (2_01_050) 2) The Christian temple, whose square minaret is visible from afar. [Building] – On the south side is the square sitne fihse, the burial place of the present Arabs. Stones are piled up irregularly above the graves, but columns are placed at both ends. The number of columns erected in this way gives the square a somewhat strange appearance. A dilapidated chapel stands in the middle of it, as does a second one at the end, which is still preserved and contains an Arab tomb, hung with scraps of clothing. The old burial place is outside the walls on the south-west side, with Arabic inscription stones; the city seems to have extended further towards this side, as the ramparts attest. At the western end, a building stands out, which was once a mosque, as the still preserved Kybla proves, is built of massive blocks, with an Arabic inscription, from which, however, a lot of stones had fallen off.

Further on are the ruins of an old khan. Unfortunately I was not able to visit the caves, some of which are said to be very large, namely one 1 ½ hours away, called Msirdsch. The round water basin of the old fish cult of Astarte is still left, but there are no fish in it anymore; the water was

now stale and rotten, a lot of *Phragmites communis* was growing in it, and flocks of ducks enlivened it. It lies at the western entrance to the city and was surrounded by a strong wall. I could not see a visible spring.

After our sheikh refreshed us with rice and milk, we set off again at 11:30. Unfortunately, our Ferraj knew nothing about it, so we rode around in confusion for a long time, because there was no road to speak of, everything was monotonous desert, always crossed by undulating hills, so that you could never see far ahead. In the east, the mountains on the Euphrates were visible, but soon the sky darkened, and we were alternately delighted by heavy rain and downpours. After a long ride back and forth, we finally arrived at 3 o'clock at the foot of the mountain range where

(2_01_051) where a village used to be. [Places] To the east, between the mountains, I saw the tower of Serin, built on a mountain. We should have ridden off here, and we would have saved ourselves a lot of time going to Kalat en Nedschm. But Ferradsch wanted to know the route better and persuaded us to ride around the entire mountain range to the south. [Places] From here, a magnificent view of the Euphrates valley finally opens up, which is all the more pleasant after the monotony of the desert. [Places]

We now ride north, past a tekiye and finally reach Kalat en Nedschm after half an hour. When we saw it, Ferradsch realized that no one lived here and that we would have to ride back down to find at least a tent camp. But I was not satisfied with that and insisted on visiting the castle. It rises on the right bank of the Euphrates on a steep limestone cliff, about 400' above the river, which is surrounded by an artificial embankment that formed a moat that was now partially filled with fallen blocks. [Building]

The position of the castle is extremely solid and in earlier times it must have been impregnable. On one side it is protected by the Euphrates and the steepness of the cliffs, on the other side by the moat.

When I entered, flocks of pigeons, falcons and vultures flew out from everywhere, very surprised to see someone here. At the foot of the cowshed there is still a single arch of a dilapidated building with a few lying columns. [Pfl] (2_01_052) [Pfl]

The valley of the Frat is about half an hour wide here, surrounded on both sides by lush greenery, which offers a wonderful view from above. Unfortunately, there was really no one to be seen around here, and so we had no choice but to ride back down for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, where I had seen some tents. We soon reached them, but the inhabitants made all kinds of difficulties for us and wanted us to move.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

to ride half an hour further, where we would find the Sheikh's tent and where the whole camp was. There were only 5 tents here, belonging to the Beni Said tribe, but very poor. Finally they calmed down when they saw that we were not asking for anything for nothing, and so they were very glad that we had come. We enjoyed a delicious burgul with sour milk over a hearty fire of artemisia. Unfortunately the sky had opened its floodgates again during the night, and our host's tent was not prepared for it, so I could have been thoroughly washed if I had not taken my bed soon and chosen another place. They were very good-natured people. The young housewife would have been really beautiful if she had kept herself cleaner; her features were so regular, rounded, white teeth, black eyes and hair, round arms; she was dressed like everyone else in dark blue, and also had a headscarf like this; She seemed to love her child very much; she kissed it warmly, something I have rarely seen in this country.

Thursday, March 14th. Rain again early in the morning, but we set off anyway, hoping to soon reach Abu Galgal, which was only 3 hours away, to cross the Euphrates there. After an hour of riding in constant rain, we reached the Beni Said camp, where we asked about a ferry. But to our horror, we learned that there was no kellek in Ain Abu Galgal. As I wanted to go to Serin, which is just a little further up, but beyond Kalat en Nedschm, one of the Arabs offered to build us a kellek and take us across, but the horses would have to swim. As the rain was getting worse and we naturally accepted the Arab's suggestion, we entered the tent of the vice-shekh, who immediately plied us with coffee and then with rice pillau and meat. But when the Arab saw that I had a firman and that I was known by everyone and by all the great men of the country, he became afraid and said that he could not get us across, as he could not answer for anything, and that the water was just now too great for us to cross without danger.

He didn't even want to do it for 2 lira, everything was in vain, and so I had no choice but to set off for Bir. But I sent Ferraj back to Aleppo, because he had annoyed me enough, and instead I took an Arab, a relative of the sheikh, called Hassan, who was willing to take me to Bir for 20 piastres.

At 10 o'clock we set off again (2_01_053) and took the same route that we had taken yesterday, but again behind the mountain ranges so that the Euphrates was not visible. We then rode on the plain until we reached Hammam el Dulki at 1 o'clock; we continued on fairly flat terrain until we reached the vicinity of the Euphrates at 2 o'clock, where on the following day

On the other side of the river bank lies the square tell with the village of Tell el Hamra. One hour further to the northwest lies Betai with Tell in the plain. This plain stretches out far on the other side; here the banks are completely flat, without chalk cliffs. [Places] The river forms a number of islets here. The vegetation here was abundant in *Asterolinum stellatum*. [Plant] *Iris fumosa* is eaten, known under the name "grän el Hau, chatun kowaji in Turkish". At 2:30 a.m. we rode through the very swollen Sadschur, which here makes many bends, and was now about 15' wide and 4' deep. Its bed was deeply washed into the soft, red soil. On the left by the road stood an abandoned mill, from which chalk hills with often steep drops, sometimes rounded, stretch upwards. An old cemetery lies a little further down the river. ($\frac{1}{4}$ 3 lies $\frac{1}{4}$ hour to the right of the path, but hidden by hills, the Brottenberg of Kirkliche.) Here we leave the Euphrates again and ride a little to the left to the camp of the Kasimoglu, to Sheik Itiris.

The numerous tents of these Arabs were spread out in a wide valley of undulating terrain; their tents were mostly trimmed with white cloth all around, in Prussian colors. The Sheikh's tent was noticeable from afar because of its size and the lances protruding from it. He received me very warmly and wanted to slaughter a lamb straight away, but I did not allow it. As usual, we were treated to rice pillau and sour milk. In the evening, the whole tribe gathered again, including one, a certain Hassan, formerly in Membidsch, who asked me about Lynch and whether he was still alive, as he had known him very well.

(2_01_054) *Friday, March 15th*. It had rained again during the night. We set off at 5:45 a.m. and reached the miserable little village of Kaschadah, built against rocks, at 7:30 over undulating terrain, which was now empty. A large tell was next to the village; a Turkish chapel with a cemetery. From here you have a wonderful view of the snow-capped mountains of the Taurus. The main village of the same name lies $\frac{1}{2}$ hour further north, about 20 minutes to the left of the path. At 7:30 a.m., $\frac{1}{4}$ hour to the right, completely open on the plain, is the new Dscherablus, with flat roofs of the scattered houses, but also already empty. *Sternbergia latif.* and *Tulipa Clusiana* were very common in places in the fields. [Plants, places] At 10:45 we reach the Tell Hawesch, consisting of about 10 houses with flat roofs, without the Tell where there were beehives. At 11:30 the path goes through the middle of the village of Kellekli oglu, just a few minutes from Euphrat. Next to the village a clear spring, shaded by 2 willows and 1 morus, flows into a stream that flows into the Euphrat. Below the village with its flat roofs there is a tell. At 11 you reach Ellifoglu, which lies on a small hill. [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

It was only 15 minutes from the village that we rode across the now swollen, 4' deep river coming from the west-northwest; a row of round chalk hills stretch along its right bank. *Hypoxis angustifol* was very common on the fertile, red clay soil. [Plants, Places] As there are no more hills in front of us, Bir is now finally always visible in front of us. Our Arab companion leaves us here; I gave him 30 piastres. [Places] Now we stay on the Euphrates, which was very swollen, the entire gravel bed was under water; because of the ferry we had to ride far below the Khan to get to the Kellek. After we had waited about an hour before the Kellek came across, which was very slow and had to be pulled by men, we finally crossed at a rapid (2_01_055) speed for 17 piastres. We had set off from far below the castle and stopped just in front of the Duane after a quarter of an hour. At the Duane a man tapped me on the shoulder and greeted me very happily; he was an old acquaintance of Nisib's, whose son I had rescued from the military. The Duaniers recognized me immediately and let me go on without a hitch.

Since I had had enough experience with the Khans here and wanted to continue for a few hours today, I decided to rest a little in one of the caves below the town, during which time the servants had to buy food. But the old man did not want to go any further today, there was an argument, and so I dismissed him, because there were enough others here to go to Orfa. Soon Abdullah had also found [some?] donkeys that were to take us to Orfa for 60 piastres; now we had time until the next morning. I immediately set off to look for the new *Cerastium macrocalyx* that had been discovered in fruiting state two years ago on the chalk cliffs that rise above the Euphrates below Bir. To my delight, I found it in bloom, a magnificent plant, and I know of no *Cerastium* that has such beautiful large flowers as this one. I took a portion of its bulbous roots with me to plant. [Plant]

Soon the rumour of my arrival had spread and my acquaintances, the doctor etc. came to visit me. The doctor had taken a sculpture from the catacombs of Balkis, depicting the image of a Greek emperor, beardless, wrapped in a tunic. Under the image was a Greek inscription, [Insch] under it in the left corner was the well-known bird that is so common on coins. The panel was 3' long and 1 ½' wide. A barber had some beautiful mosaic panels in his shop, also from this area, one of which was wonderfully well preserved. [It?] depicted a woman lying down carelessly, holding a bowl in one hand and flowers in the other. The face was very beautiful, especially the colours of the face and the long robe were very good. A second panel depicted

a seated lady, but not so well preserved. They were all covered in dirt and had to be washed off.
- The weather was beautiful all day long, the gardens next to our cave hotel were adorned with apricots and almond blossoms, the frogs croaked, and the red-crested cranes gathered in large flocks on the chalk cliffs of the fort towards evening. Storks also let out their clattering. The night was beautiful - moonlit, and I walked up and down in front of the hotel for a long time until sleep finally forced me to bed.

Saturday, March 16th. At 6 o'clock, in the most beautiful weather, we rode up the chalk hills, initially along the water pipe. On the chalk plateau there were lots of faded yellow crocuses, *Hypoxis angustifol.*, but very ciliate, and I dug up several scorzonera. Towards the east-northeast. [Places]

(2_01_056) [Places] $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 to the left, $\frac{1}{4}$ hour away, is the village of Osman köi with its flat roofs, and then $\frac{1}{2}$ hour further away, at the same distance from the road, is the village of Tawan, also with flat roofs. The plain gradually descends to Tscharmelik, from there it then rises again to Nimruddagh.

Towards the south, however, it becomes [still?] deeper and deeper until it reaches Surug; to the right in this lowland there are only conical roofs, but without the square substructure as around Udechi near Aleppo, and also not nearly as clean, because here they only serve as winter accommodation. [Places]

At 4 we arrived in Tscharmelik. We stopped for today in the large square khan. It would be in great need of clearing out, as it has become a real Augean stable over time; the courtyard has also become increasingly higher, so that you have to ride uphill to get to it. Next to the khan on the right is the village, consisting of around 20 houses with conical roofs, which will gradually form a tell out of rubble. On the left is the mosque, whose window coverings are all made of red marble. Under the mosque is a kind of kitchen with fireplaces in which kettles used to hang. Next to the mosque is a cistern, to which a deep rock cut was later made with stairs to get to it.

The water was quite muddy and full of dirt. The rain had washed in a lot of beetles, so I got quite a catch.

In the cemetery next to it there is also a tombstone of someone who died by accident or an unnatural death, of which there are many in Orfa, in the shape of a standing figure [sign]. On them lies a stone block with a kind of head in front; it is supposed to represent a kneeling person; but they are all so crudely made that it is difficult to guess; they are often smeared in the most garish colors. The place was quite deserted, because everyone was already in the tents, so that it was difficult to find something to eat. [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

[7?] A whole group had gathered in the khan, camels, mules, horses, donkeys, a number of katirchis, some soldiers and other pilgrims. Women had settled down on the other wing and spent the whole evening baking bread.

(2_01_057) *Sunday, March 17th.* I was woken up at 1 o'clock, but we were not able to set off until 2:30 a.m.; by daybreak I was on the desolate Nimruddagh at 5:30 a.m. But the weather was very bad, thick fog enveloped the whole mountain range, and as we rode along, freezing, in this desolate, bare, quiet wilderness with only very thin grass growth in places, I vividly thought of many alpine gardens. The rock is limestone, but it is often broken up by basalt ridges. The telegraph always remains at our side. Soon we reach a wide mountain basin, in which $\frac{3}{4}$ 8 to the right is a village ruin with a cistern. $\frac{3}{4}$ 9 we come to the large basalt layer, in front of which lies a small village on the left, a few minutes from the path with Chan. Here the paths became terrible, the horses often sank almost up to their knees in the red clay soil between the basalt rock, and it rained incessantly. Two years ago I found the beautiful *Trifol. purpureum* here in abundance. [Places]

I finally arrived in Orfa at around 3 o'clock in the middle of constant rain. I was well received in the house of Armand Martin, the French Vice-Consul, who was now in Aleppo. I was given the same room as two years ago. In the courtyard with a fountain, violets and roses were blooming on a terrace surrounded by stone slabs. Here in Orfa, too, the misery was great, for the locusts had been devastating everything for seven years; but this year they hoped to get ahead of them with the harvest, as everything was earlier than usual. Last year, two species had appeared, one of which was very large, but did not cause any damage, as it disappeared very quickly. As a result, everything here, especially food, is very expensive. Copper money is still in circulation here, silver is hardly seen; but a 20 para piece only cost 15 para. Every city in Turkey has its own currency; In Bir the French lira cost only 86 piastres, here 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ piastres, in Aleppo 89 piastres. In the market the truffles, which had also arrived earlier, appeared for the first time, called Kemaie. They come here from the region of Har-ran. I found a peculiar cup fungus near Tscharmelik.

Monday, March 18th. In the morning I received a visit from Brother Nicola, one of the three Catholic missionaries. He had already heard that I wanted to go to Ras el ain and immediately came to advise me against it. He had recently passed by nearby and explained that it was absolutely impossible to go to Ras el ain from here; the Pasha of Orfa had absolutely no power over the Circassians who had been settled there for 10 months, and 12,000 families of whom are in Ras el ain alone. They live in the greatest misery and are on

Robbery and murder; a Kurd was recently killed by them for 5 Para. The 300 soldiers who are stationed there are afraid of them and are not worth anything. He suggested another route, from here via Wiran Scheher (2_01_058) to Terek, where a friend of his is a clergyman; there is also a great wealth of plants and antiquities there.

It is near the Karajadagh, near Mardin. On the way from here to Ras el ain there is nothing for the animals to eat, but there is on the other route. The chief of the Circassians resides in Mardin, and I could then be escorted by him to Ras el ain and Jebel Abdul Aziz.

In the afternoon I visited the Pasha with Mr Nutting. [...]; he received me alone; in his reception room, however, water was dripping through the ceiling, so that a bowl was standing there to catch it; the divan covers were all rolled back, so that the already very poor room was not in a good state. At his feet lay a large cloth covered with mosaic gold to sprinkle his writings on. He is a man of about 50 years with a full, black beard and black hair. My rifle gave him great pleasure and he could not get enough of it. After coffee and cigarettes, he treated us to sharbat. He also advised me to take the above route and not from here to Ras el ain. What surprised me was that he immediately offered me that if I wanted to visit the mosques, I should just send the French consular cawassen to give him some cawassen.

The fanaticism seems to have calmed down somewhat. – Abdul Kerim is now near Deir and is not in Jebel Abdul Aziz; his brother Abdul Resak is between here and Ras el ain. Wonderful weather all day. [Places]

Tuesday, March 19th. Riding around the town with Mr. Nutting. At the west end of the town, in the vineyards, you can still clearly see the former course of the Daisan, which flowed directly towards the south-west end of the town, where the Chalil Rachman mosque now stands. The large church must have once stood near it. A dam about 12' wide and about 10' high, built of massive blocks of stone and then covered with earth, now prevents the river from returning to its natural bed, as the valley is deeper. From here on, a new bed has been made for the river, cut into the chalky limestone rock, which is the same on the whole north side of the town.

The dam is 10 minutes west of the city. From here we visited some grottos. [Construction]

(2_01_059) In another cave near Kirkmagara (here) there are column-like decorations at the ends; one in particular is very beautiful. [Construction]

In another cave of Kirkmagara, at the entrance, which was a slanting staircase, there are two inscriptions, the one on the right was Greek, [Insch] the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

left Hebrew, both of the same age. In another grotto there was a Syrian inscription, which I was unable to finish writing. [Insch] Unfortunately there was no time to search the caves any longer; we rode on, namely to the well, $\frac{1}{4}$ hour south of the town, into which the veil of Christ is said to have fallen. The well is on the right of the Harran road, is very deep, I counted to 9; it is covered with a round stone with an opening. [Building] Next to the well house is a small cave, which is usually closed with a door; it is said to be the place where Job is said to have lain, plagued by ulcers. The people scrape the earth out of the cave, which is said to be good for all kinds of illnesses. Christians and Muslims alike make pilgrimages to this place, who like to gather here and hold their prayers when the weather is nice, especially the women. (2_01_060) We ride back again,

namely through the gardens near the town, ride through the Daisan and turn slightly to the right. There was a large red marble block lying under the trees, which on closer inspection revealed that it had been a figure, but very damaged. $5 \frac{1}{2}$ ' long, 2' wide. [Sign] According to the natives, this stone was brought here by Omer Pasha from Wiranscheher. It lies on the way to the village of Sirin near mulberry trees. The latter are beheaded here like the willow trees here, which gives them their appearance. Orfa has 1,700 Armenian houses, 300 Syrian houses, 100 Catholic houses, 40-50 Jewish houses, 8,000 Turkish houses.

Wednesday, March 20th. For a long time, even before, I had planned to visit the old monastery of Mar Jacob, which is located on the summit of one of the mountains of the Nimruddagh south of Orfa. Today I finally got around to it. After riding slowly for about 45 minutes, I turned right into a valley after crossing several of the foothills of the mountains.

The location of the ruins is very deceptive, as they protrude above a mountain in front of them when coming from Orfa, and one usually turns into the valley too early for this reason; only when one has climbed the mountain do one realise one's mistake. The two sides of the valley, with the limestone exposed everywhere, show a large number of the so-called claws on the surface of the rocks. The end of the 15-minute-long valley is the monastery mountain. I left my servant with the horse and began the climb; I was at the top in 15 minutes. This monastery is probably the oldest building in the whole area.

Omar Pasha is said to have found 12 chests of gold in it, at least an invention. It was built from colossal ashlar, all of which had been sawn out of the rocks in the area, giving the rocks a strange appearance. [Building] (2_01_061) [Building] A wall made of mighty ashlar ran around the square building, which is still partially visible, the interior is full of stones thrown together. [Building] Among the stone rubble was also one with a very blurred sculpture, a naked,

sleeping child in a lying position. In the courtyard there were two huge graves carved into the rock, next to each other, but empty. Nearby was a huge, bulbous cistern, covered with a round stone opening at the top, which now contained a lot of water; a stone thrown into it caused a long-lasting rushing and roaring noise. [Construction]

On the summit of the mountain north of the monastery, a catacomb has been carved into the rock, but it doesn't show anything special. In front of most of the grottos, you can see grooves carved into the outside of the entrance, in which the stone that closes them was held firmly. [Building] The view from up here is unique, namely over the wide plain towards Harran. [Places] Looking back, you can see the desolate, bare, wild Nimrud Mountains with their limestone exposed everywhere. They do not form high, connected ridges, but rather a number of parallel mountains, mostly running east to west, rising about 900' above the plain. There are no wildly torn formations here, but all the lines and peaks have a rounded shape, in the cracks on the ridges of which Umbilicus Haussknechtii appears very frequently. (2_01_062) [Pfl]

Thursday, March 21st. Around midday I had sent for the Pasha to accompany me to make the rounds of the mosques. Mr. Nutting accompanied me to the Kyzyldschamie. Soon three people had arrived, two Segtiers and a Dschauz, in blue European clothes, with huge silver cords hanging on their chests, as well as the two cavasses of the French consulate in their large red coats and silver-embroidered jackets and huge turbans, and finally my second servant. This naturally caused a stir. First we went to the Kyzyldschamie, the oldest mosque in Orfa; formerly a Christian church. This may have once been the great college of Edessa.

Of the old building, only a few parts of the wall remain standing, namely on the north side, and the octagonal bell tower. The old parts of the wall are distinguishable from the newer parts by their yellow-brown color. The minaret stands separate from the mosque in the northeast corner of the courtyard, built of ashlar without mortar. When climbing up, one notices in its middle height towards the east side in a window

(2_01_063) 2 small columns were carved out of the wall where a grave is supposed to be. 112 steps lead up a spiral staircase to the bell room, which has 8 arched window openings. [Bau] (2_01_064) [Insch, Bau]

(2_01_065) [Insch] (2_01_063) [Bau] In the courtyard in front of the mosque there is a small water basin, over which a dome is built, resting on 8 mighty columns of red marble, with Corinthian capitals, very similar to those next to the Ullu Dschamie of Aleppo. Near it is the larger water basin for the ablutions of the believers, one part of which forms a kind of raised pavement on which there is a prayer niche.

The other mosques in Orfa do not show anything old; the best is the Hassan Padishah Jamesi with 4 mighty domes; the water with the fish flows through its courtyard. Also the Chalil Rachman mosque with its group of slender cypresses and an old, tall olive tree. Its location by the fish pond is charming; wide stairs lead from the courtyard down to the water, above which slender decorations rise. Opposite it is the old,

Square minaret with a small two-domed mosque next to it. A paved path leads to it, but in places it has fallen into the water. In one of the walls in front of the minaret there is a Cufic inscription.

[Txt] (2_01_068) [Insch]

(2_01_063) [Txt] (2_01_066, 2_01_067, 2_01_064) [Insch] (2_01_068) In this mosque, the old one called Chalil Rachman, prayers are only held on festival days, and it is also locked. The part where the bells hung is very delicately worked, so that it looks as if there had been columns in the gaps; its sides are decorated with imitation columns.

Here in this corner of the city, probably the lowest point, there are still many remains of old walls that are older than the city walls; they consist of massive blocks that are held together without mortar.

This must be the place where the old church once stood, especially since it is still clearly visible today that the Daisan River ran right here. A clear spring rises in the garden next to it and flows into the fish pond. The upper pond below the fortress also has its own springs next to it. A slender cypress, now in bloom, towers slightly above the minaret.

(2_01_064) Arabic inscription above the inner entrance gate in the castle of Orfa: [Insch]. We had to wait a long time in front of the iron castle gate, which only had a miserable wooden lock [...ht?] and was opened with a wooden key, before an old woman appeared to open it; with a loud cry of "[Ain?] Giaur" she quickly hid her face. The interior is nothing more than a pile of rubble, on which camels and donkeys now grazed peacefully. In the walls you can clearly distinguish three periods, the oldest made of massive blocks without mortar, the more delicate Saracen work with the smaller, smooth stones and the rough Turkish work made of rough stones glued together with earth. As you climb up you notice vaulted halls on the right and left of the second gate, which probably once served as a kind of bazaar, but are now mostly completely buried. Above the gate on either side of the above inscription are two female, crudely worked lions, about 2 ½' long. [Construction] Of the two columns, only the eastern one has a Syrian inscription. (2_01_065–2_01_066)

[Insch] (2_01_064–2_01_065) [Construction]

(2_01_070) *Friday, March 22.* [Quote?] Today I found a mukhari to continue my journey to Mardin, 45 piastres per day for 3 animals; on Sunday the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Departure was set. The weather had been splendid for several days. There was nothing new in the vegetation, however. The almonds had finished flowering, but plums and apricots were in full bloom. Since the rain, truffles called camelia have appeared on the market. I saw the following medicines at a local doctor's: 1) *Andrachne telephioides*, the whole plant as an infusion against syphilis; called binbashi. 2) Chakschihr, a small yellow seed, (2_01_071) vomiting-inducing, dose of 2 drachmas in infusion.

If mixed with four fol. *Sennae*, it is effective both above and below. The plant is said to have red flowers and to be common in the fields. 3) a black, angular seed, called Marhamiehe or also Djesr el berriehe. 2 drachmas of it are pulverized and mixed with fresh cow butter and rolled up into boluses, and are then introduced into the vagina during concubation to bring about fertilization.

Saturday, March 23rd. Wonderful weather. Visit to the old monastery of Surp Sarkis outside the city, near Chalil Rachman. Some parts have been newly built. The old part has a number of caves with burial niches on the sides. In one of them stands a small sarcophagus made of red marble with an Armenian inscription. In the courtyard there were various column bases, including a beautiful Corinthian column capital. A mighty stone trough stood in a corner with the following symbols [symbols]; another now serves as a [well?] reservoir. In the courtyard there were a number of smooth graves with many symbols of swords, knives, etc. The priest did not want to let me write at the sanctuary, and with the threat of the firman he kept quiet. The Pasha Mohamed Siya gave me the list of the locations of his pashalik during the farewell visit. [Places] (2_01_072–2_01_077) [Places] (2_01_078) [Places]

Sunday, March 24th. Yesterday evening our Katirtschi came and complained of his distress that one of his horses had died and that he could not go with us. The lira that I had given him in advance had already been spent; as there was no money to be had, Abdullah took his horse away from him until he finally managed to raise some money. The sky was thick with clouds and soon heavy rain and storms from the southeast poured over the landscape, especially towards Harran it looked like a sea; I am therefore glad that I did not go. Today I also bought a strong horse for 630 piastres. Another brave man was also found who gets 45 piastres for 3 animals per day.

Boiling water in Orfa shows $97 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. In the afternoon the sky brightened up again. The storks had arrived here 14 days ago. From Harran, three 3–4' high, $2 \frac{1}{2}'$ diameter water containers made of reddish clay had been brought to Orfa in the shape shown here. Everything was provided with holes at the top of the frame. Below the middle, a

Inch thick band of clay, over which were found the following characters [Insch] running all around.

(2_01_079) *Monday, March 25th*. In the morning the sky was thickly covered with clouds, which hung so low that even the castle was not visible. The Katirtschi declared that he could not walk today, as the paths were bottomless. Little by little the sky cleared up so that I could take a walk around the town. If you go out to the old but low Samsatt gate and cross the bridge, which also serves as a water pipe, you will see a large square khan, Kullach oglu chan, on the right, but it has mostly fallen into disrepair. [Building]

On the east side of the town between Samsat and Jenikapu the river had been forced to flow through a bed cut deep into the rock, which was now completely filled with rock debris. Men were busy opening a small canal on the side of the canal to supply water to a mill. The seraglio is also located on this corner. In the cemetery on the other side of the Daisan it looked as if the stones had fought a battle among themselves, here they lay criss-crossed, there were broken turbans from the stones, often 6-8' long, which is the custom here. The women's gravestones are smooth, without turbans.

The city wall is usually only 20' [approx.?] high, but is often newly built; on the south-east side in particular, you can still see the completely intact wall, which is broken through at the top, with round attachments. [Sign, building] A two-arched stone bridge leads over the Daisan [Sign], on the other bank of which there is an old, now dry well with Turkish decorations. Some 60 paces further on is an old khan, Sewil khan, almost completely destroyed, only 2 sides were still used as stables. [Building]

Now some black tents of miserable rabble had been pitched there.

The man sat naked in the middle of his family and tried to clean himself of lice. The river flows around the southeast side of the city and then turns south, watering the gardens, in which there were numerous pomegranates; now there were apricots, peaches and plums in them, the first in bloom, and also some Sambuc. nigra bushes. Along the river there were a lot of Salix fragilis, plane trees only a few, as well as poplars. Mulberry trees are very often grown here, which, like willow trees here, are topped, and their branches are mainly used to fence in the gardens, because they do not have walls like in other cities. Olive trees can be seen in individual groups, usually tall. [Pfl] (2_01_080) [Pfl]

Afternoon walk up the castle hill. There, all the rocks are yellow with Sinapis alba. [Pfl] The grottos on the hill behind the castle show the most varied shapes; many, especially in the lower part of the hill, are buried.

Even from afar, a whole suite of such grottos is noticeable, along the topmost

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Hewn into the rock, where one can still see a delicately worked arch with trifoliate, unfortunately the sides have been chipped off. [Building] The weather was good today, but we were surprised by a few hailstorms, which we waited out comfortably in the grottos.

(2_01_081) *Tuesday, March 26th.* Heavy rain all night long, which again prevented me from leaving, and it remained cloudy all day. Next to the Kyzylschami is the house of Machmud Agha De-mani, the chief of the Millikurds, who was now in Süwe-rek on business. In his house there was supposed to be a Greek inscription which I would like to see. Although I was told by many that I could not enter in the absence of the man, I managed to get through a local doctor who was well acquainted with the women. I also had a letter to the [chief?] of Piciotto.

When you enter the Salamlik, you climb up a step where you leave your overshoes and into the carpeted room. Cushions are placed around the walls and above there is a wide, thick mattress for visitors, which I also had to sit on. His wife sat next to me, but completely wrapped in a white cloth from which only her eyes could be seen. On her head she had the high Kalpak, a cap made of red velvet, set with diamonds; in the middle of it hangs a 1 ½' long bulge, which ends in a button twice the size of a fist made of the same material (cotton inside), which is completely covered with real pearls and gold embroidery. [Sign] Such furniture often costs up to 10-20 lira depending on the decorations. On her feet she wore thick silver clasps and a chain of gold coins. Her little girl was also completely covered; the fez covered with coins and pearls, around the neck, hands and feet there were clasps and rings; even the nose ring, made of silver with a turquoise, was not missing. After coffee we were served sharbat. Unfortunately the house no longer showed anything antique, as everything was newly built; only in one of the lower, vaulted [new?] horse stables was a doorway in the wall still visible, just like the one on the east side of the Kyzylschamie, which serves as the entrance. Nobody wanted to know anything about an inscription.

As far as the pavement of Orfa is concerned, it is very bad; the sidewalks are very narrow and the path is very deep for the animals, which is particularly unpleasant in the bazaar, which is full of people. Today it rained in torrents all afternoon; it is said that it has not rained as much as this winter for ten years. A Turk brought me a finished Kalpak: In the red velvet cap was a white undercap. Around the cap itself was wrapped a cloth thickly woven with silver; the cloth itself was folded together in the following way: in

In the middle, it was made into a roll filled with cotton, about 1' long, while the two ends were folded together and sewn together to a width of about 2-3'. One wide part is wrapped around the cap, so that the roll rests on the cap over the crown of the head; the other wide part of the folded cloth then hangs down on the back, from which all kinds of coins are then hung. To make the roll form an arch, a pillow about 2' high and 3-4' long and 3' wide, filled with stiff paper and covered with red silk, is pushed under it.

When going out, all women wear a white veil and a black horsehair braid over their faces (2_01_082), which is usually only bent down when meeting a stranger; otherwise it stands straight forward, like the hats of the sisters of mercy. The old [and?] ugly women are very anxious not to let their faces be seen by any *giaur*, but the young and pretty ones are not so anxious, very often they make a point of being seen. The fashion for nose rings, usually worn in one of the nostrils, is ugly, however; it is most common among children. The small handkerchiefs over the face are less common here and only among the rich.

Wine is rarely found here, as it is brought here from *Süverek*. There is a general shortage of oil this year, as the olives at *Nisib* did not grow last year and the sesame, which was often cultivated, was eaten away by locusts. This is why my landlord's soap production was also at a standstill.

A once rich Turk is paying me a visit today; he fervently wishes that the Europeans would come and take over the country, because under their rule they could achieve nothing; the constant change of pashas would drain the country, each of whom wanted to become rich in a short time. People were not happy with the current pasha, saying he was a sleepyhead and loved *raki* too much. *Raki* drinking is very common among the Turks, and I have not infrequently seen drunks in places outside the city where they hold their bar. I did not notice this in other places. The Turk asked me: are they not coming soon? I would like to see them here; I may die in the meantime if they stay away for much longer, but I would like to live that long.

In a bath next to the *Khalil Rachman* mosque there is an old granite water basin, shaped like the one in the courtyard of the *Kyzyl-dschamie's* *tekie*, but smaller, about 4' high. It serves as a water pipe for the bath, as the water bubbles up in its middle. - On the mountains above the city there are many rock partridges, called *keklik*, which are usually caught with a decoy.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

or shot, because the chicken locked in a cage, which lures, attracts everyone. Such a decoy chicken is paid up to 1 [lira?]. - Today I bought about 50 Cu coins for 10 piastres.

XVIII Orfa–Mardin (27 March–22 April 1867)

On Wednesday, March 27th, we finally left Orfa at 7:30 a.m. The weather had improved, it was cool but pleasant for travelling, but the roads to Garmusch were flat, so that we covered the quarter of an hour from Orfa to the beginning of the basalt train in front of Garmusch in 45 minutes. [Places]

(2_01_083) [Places] After about 1 ½ hours from Orfa, the Nimruddagh continues to recede, which is no longer visible from Orfa; here the plain now widens out. [Places]

At 11 we ride through the ruins of a former village, from which the village of Tschukur durutsch lies ¼ hour to the right. Here large uncultivated areas of the most fertile soil begin. Next comes Minnekiye with a small tell a few minutes to the left, where we rested for 1 hour in a small valley. [Places] In the plain the following plants were in bloom: [Plants].

(2_01_084) ½ 2 Departure from Minekiye, and after 10 minutes we leave the main road that leads to Bosluchan, Indschirli etc. [Places] Village of Indschirli (perhaps there used to be fig trees here, now none). [Places]

At 3 we reach Jirahn, about 30-40 houses, on the left bank of the Julliba, next to the village there is a large garden with beautiful, regular apricot plantations, surrounded by Italian poplars and willows. Next to the village the diverted river drives a mill. Half an hour up the river lies the larger village of Magharadschik in a small valley through which the river rushes from the north. The Mucker definitely wanted to stay here today, because the lush pastures by the river made him think of his animals; but I wouldn't allow it just 4-5 hours from Orfa, which caused a long argument. The water came up to the horses' bellies. The very fertile valley is only cultivated around the villages, next to it is desert. [Places]

At 5 o'clock we reached our overnight camp on the ruins of the former village of Beschik, where the tents of the inhabitants of Küllindsche had now been pitched. We stayed with the Kechia Hadji Ali, a small old man with a grey beard. All of these Kurds wore white turbans, white trousers and white shirts with white maslach, one of the Kurds had only wrapped himself in the maslach. But they were all poor people. Hadji Ali treated us to a sour milk soup in which crushed wheat and chanterelle sprouts (from *Gundelia Tournefortii* and *Acanthus Syriacus*) were cooked.

The 30 tents were located in a wide valley with lush greenery. The surrounding mountains do not form a continuous line, but rather a whole conglomeration of individual mountains, where the limestone is mostly exposed on the sides. During the night there were heavy downpours, so that in a short time I was lying in the middle of the water, but I did not notice this until the bed was completely soaked with water; the tent did not close properly at the top, so that the rain could also fall on us unhindered from the side.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

(2_01_085) *Thursday, March 28th*. We set off at 7, it was cold but the sky was clear again. Heading east. From a distance you can see a pile of stones on each mountain peak. After 20 minutes from the camp we reach the parallel column of the main column. [Orte] After $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour we had passed the column and headed down into a wide, green valley [Orte] and after $\frac{1}{4}$ 10 we came to a valley basin in which a rubble site, Tschoban Chairet, with large, scattered blocks of stone lying around, and a square-cut cistern with mighty stones is still visible. Traces of the nomads can be seen everywhere, stone enclosures for the herds. Here we leave the main valley and ride east into a small side valley of the main column, in which the bare limestone rises to a height of around 200', mostly rounded and covered with claws. After 10 minutes, on the right side of the path is a rounded,

12' long, 5' wide stone, pierced in the middle, called Chobantash, which a man is said to have carried here from Harran.

A few minutes further on, in the middle of the mountain range, an old ruin rises on a rock, called Kissimburtsche, Maiden's Tower. Only part of the wall is still there, built of large blocks without mortar, which were broken out of the rock nearby; next to the wall there is a large heap of rubble made of jumbled stones. No inscriptions. The ruins gave me the impression of the Mar Jacob monastery near Orfa. A large number of rock partridges, called Keklik, flew out of it. In the valleys there was Poa dura. [Pfl] Next to the monastery ruins there was a vaulted burial niche hewn into the rock, and below I found another large,

bulbous vaulted cistern. After a 20 minute stop, we gradually went up the valley until, after a short half hour, the valley was blocked by a barrier. On top of it rises the ruins of Kararimburtsche, from which an emperor is said to have once ruled the surrounding land. [Places]

(2_01_086) [Places]

At 12 a path branches off to the left to Muhammed-chan, a solitary old building in which the caravans rest, about half an hour away; to the right it goes to [desert?]. Here a long valley about half an hour wide is formed with the most fertile soil, but all desert. To my astonishment I also saw *Conium maculatum* here between *Linum angustifolium*. On the rocky terrain there were *Sternbergia latif. var. fol. angust.* and [Pfl] and in damp places a beautiful, finely scented, pale blue iris from the *fumosa* group, which continued to become common in places, but only slightly beyond Dschim-dinkala, it was still missing. At half past twelve we come to a large rubble site with large blocks on a low hill. Here, in any case, a small town; The 5' thick city wall, which had 10' thick towers at the corners, is still clearly visible. A number of stone doorposts

ten, mostly 9' long, lay around. Several cisterns, including 2 bulbous ones; also several caves with niches. At the northern foot, a few minutes away, lies a now dry, square cistern hewn out of the rock, 15 paces long and 8 paces wide, which used to be covered with 6 arches, 2 of which are still preserved, without mortar. Now *Conium macul.* was growing rampant in it, and a jackal jumped out in alarm, having just leisurely eaten a partridge. The ruins were called Kirwenih by the Kurds. [Places] $\frac{3}{4}$ 5 another stone ruin of a village, from which the ruins of the village of Horisur lie 2 hours to the south. A caravan coming from Damascus met us here; they had brought butter and fat there. We also met 20,000 fat-tails who came from Mosul and went to Aleppo for the Kurban Bairam.

At 5 we arrive at the Karaganda Kurdish camp with a total of about 500 tents.

The hills here are now almost disappearing and the plains are getting bigger and bigger; the thermometer showed boiling water at 96°. Turkish was not understood here, only Kurdish. They had no idea what an hour was.

They were tall, strong men, with black beards and long, black hair. Most of them wore only a white maslach and white trousers, with their chests open. They talked about the Dschimdin kala, but were afraid of the Anazeeh to accompany me there. Around the tents there was a lot of Ornithogal. umbell. affine.

Friday, March 29th. Wonderfully clear weather, departure at 6:30. Our host, an otherwise friendly man, wanted to accompany me to Dschimdinkala for just 30 piastres, but I did not accept and went there on my own. Today seemed to be a general change of tents, because everywhere we met Kurds with their laden donkeys, women and children and herds. A path to Dschimdinkala branches off to the right of the tents (2_01_087), always on the plain, only low hills that end here somewhat block the view over the plain; only towards the Karadjadagh does the view sweep freely over a wide area. In a southerly direction there are two tells on the way. After a few minutes we ride through a narrow valley between two hills near a stone fence for herds and, having reached the end of the valley, we see the castle to the right in front of us. The plain with its rich, red earth is extremely fertile. Now everything was covered with *Onobrychis*. [Plants] *Onobrychis* and legumes form the green of the carpet, which soon becomes even more colourful.

$\frac{3}{4}$ 8 Arrival at the castle. It rises alone on a limestone rock (which was then converted into a talus by adding earth) and makes a deep impression with its mighty walls in this solitude. [Building] The entire castle hill is full of grottos, which are often connected to one another by passages or doorways in the thin rocks that serve as a dividing wall.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

are strangely connected. They lead on in all directions, so that one can often walk around half the hill. Most of them are quite irregularly carved out of the limestone deposited in layers. The upper caves contain a number of small niches in the rock walls, almost as if urns had stood in them. (2_01_088) Many also showed burial tunnels, but usually not large, almost as if they had been for children, only the caves at the foot of the hill showed larger ones. Many form a veritable labyrinth of entrances and exits, separated by thinly carved rocks and connected by [doors?]. Often 6 square niches one above the other, about 5' from the ground. A number of round, vaulted cisterns all around the foot of the hill. On the west side was a burial place, built later by the present Kurds, who used many of the inscribed stones to mark the graves, but unfortunately they were too obscured. Due to the frequent rains, a water basin surrounded by stones had now formed on the west side. There appears to have been an Arab or Kurdish settlement here in the past, as the area was divided all around by stone embankments as the boundary of cultivated land. [Places] - On the stones now used as gravestones there were several symbols: [Symbol].

At 11 we were back at the place we had started from this morning, where the path continues eastwards. [Places] Continue on the plain until 12 o'clock. There on the left, on a half-artificial, half-natural hill, lie the ruins of Gi-aur Hori in two groups, one on the hill, the other at its foot. Those on the hill show no remarkable buildings, most were small, but all have arches; only a few were built from hewn stone, but these were built from large blocks without mortar; the walls of the houses are still standing, which are connected by closely spaced arches without mortar. In one of them, 6 such arches were visible together. At the foot lies the place of death, where a number of cave entrances are visible, almost all of which have high doorposts made of blocks; in [walls?] stairs lead down to the dark chambers with vaulted niches in which the coffins stood. They are all black and dark, and passageways usually lead to other chambers. Houses stood above the caves, as evidenced by their ruins. There are a number of vaulted, bulbous cisterns around the site. There is a very large, square cistern carved out of the rock on the west side, which is covered with an arched roof.

On the east side is the cemetery, the most remarkable thing here, as it is still completely intact. Hundreds of well-preserved gravestones are still visible here. The graves themselves are covered with a narrow, upwardly curved stone, which forms a square plate on the east side, often up to 4' high, but has no stone on the west side.

The most diverse symbols are carved into the slab, but on all of them there is an equal-sided cross, which is decorated in the most diverse ways with ornaments, flowers, etc., most of the crosses were surrounded by a circle, which was [again?] surrounded by smaller crosses. The stone covering the grave often had the most diverse figures carved into it, hammer, knife, a violin? [Signs] Inscriptions were also visible, but too weathered. Often three large slab stones stood close together, like a family tomb. Unfortunately I was not able to stay here to examine it more closely, I was only granted ¼ hour.

On the plain we continue in a southeasterly direction, which leads to the left through the 7-peaked, snow-covered Karajadagh. [Places]

After riding eastwards, we left the caravan road at 3 o'clock and rode northeast without a path until we arrived at a rubble site at 3:30, where we rested for a while. The rubble has formed a small hill, so it is not on Tell. Everything is built of basalt, the rounded stones of which were left in a rough [used?] state; only a few building remains show hewn basalt blocks. [Building, places] We set off at 5 o'clock in a northeasterly direction. [Pfl] At sunset, the area was cultivated with many herds, and soon the Kasr of Wiran Scheher became visible. As night fell, we came to (2_01_090) a group of Millikurds in tents; here we had to cross the wide, rushing stream of Wiran Scheher, which roars along in a deeply cut bed surrounded by mighty, steep layers of basalt. A cross dam had been built, below which we crossed the river, which was not easy at night. Once we reached the other bank, we rode cross-country towards the fires of the Milli's main camp, which were shining towards us, but this was difficult at night on the swampy, spring-rich terrain.

Wiran Scheher. Soon we arrived at the hospitable tent of Machmud Demani, usually called Mahmo. One of the lambs fell immediately as a kurban to provide a fine roast, which was then eaten with pillau, yoghurt, honey, pekmes. Mahmo himself was in Diarbekir, his brother Muhamed took his place, a man of about 50 years with princely features, small in stature, grey beard, wrapped in white mashlach decorated with gold; wore a keffiyeh. His son, 10 years old, also Muhammed, had a cute, delicate face, with curls hanging down in braids; he briskly smoked his [semi-le?] or cigarette; almost everyone wore keffiyehs. The tent, which probably had room for 300 people, was surrounded on the sides by reeds woven over with wool like a carpet. A dervish from Baghdad, who was on pilgrimage to Mecca and who claimed to be a great [Chech?], sang religious songs of Muhammad almost the whole evening, and when he was almost exhausted

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

he suddenly jumped up in great excitement, grabbed his hostage instrument (a pointed, foot-long iron with a large iron knob and chains attached) and made the gesture as if he were thrusting it deep into his stomach, whereupon he fell down with a loud howl and dull sounds and, as he wanted to make people believe, rolled on the ground in pain and then fell into a feigned fainting state, uttering dull sounds of Allah from time to time. But he soon came to his senses again and was smoking his chibuk quite comfortably.

The main topic of conversation was the Circassians of Ras el ain, of whom everyone was very afraid, because not a day went by without Arabs or Kurds being murdered by them. A man arrived who reported that one of the Milli had taken in a Circassian in his tent and entertained him, but that the latter had cut off his head when he left. They have been living there for 10 months and are the terror of the whole region. A learned scribe of the Chech could even read old Arabic; he told me that the old name of Wiran Scheher was Tillä, but he also knew the name Kohrhassar. In [this?] district there were a total of 2,000 Milli tents.

but they can also be found near Mardin and in the mountains of Erzerum.

Saturday, March 30. The ruins were visited after a breakfast consisting of boiled apricots, kaimak, sour milk, honey and peckmes.

A Turk coming from Mardin accompanied by a Circassian reported that a caravan had been plundered by the Circassians the day before. The Sheikh was not on good terms with the Arabs (Shammar). The water here boils at 97°.

(2_01_091) The old town lay in a low depression in the plain, from the bottom of which a number of clear springs emerge from all sides, which once trickled through the town; they produce great fertility on the red soil, so that the grass was already knee-high; in particular, one type of barley was so abundant that one could believe one was in large fields of crops. The town, which was about two hours' circumference to walk around, was surrounded by a ring wall, most of which is still standing; it is flanked by closely spaced towers, some of which are round on the outside, many are octagonal, and those at the corners of the square wall are square and of enormous dimensions. There seem to have been four gates, but they are no longer preserved. On the west side was the castle, the ruins of which were converted into a modern barracks three years ago by the Pasha of Diarbekr, as the government had the idea of building a military base here; However, it was not implemented, which the Kurds greatly regretted, as they often have disputes with the Arabs and the Circassians. The western side of the wall forms the old city wall, as does the southern side. The entrance to it is on the eastern side. [Construction]

A low hill rises from the middle of the ruined city, also covered with rubble, with the newer graves of the Kurds in between. From here you first get an idea of the size of the city, as the view sweeps over a wide field of the dead, from which the black basalt stones of the ruins protrude ghostly, everywhere the eye discovers something new, now (2_01_092) it is a long archway that draws the eye, now a group of standing columns, now the ruins of baths, churches, bazaars, etc. At the western foot of the hill a grave had been opened, from which a gravestone had emerged with the following inscription: [Insch, Bau]. A large number of round stones, comparable to millstones, lie everywhere; in the middle with a large, round opening; they were once used to cover the cisterns. Large water containers, so-called stone troughs, can also be found among them, often 8-10' long, 4' wide, many also round. Some of the springs were built over, in one of them you can still see the remains of an archway running around a basin, covered with stone slabs, in which fish and sea crabs swam around. [Construction]

(2_01_093) [Smell]

From the ruins, a street can be seen from afar, in which the arches are very close together and form a long arcade from east to west. This may have been the site of the bazaar. A row of pillars in the middle of the wide street forms 2 corridors, which again have pillars on the sides; the arches, built without mortar, run crosswise from one pillar to the other, so that there are 4 arches on each central pillar.

each of which is stamped with the cross. At the eastern end of this arched street there is a remarkable building: 4 mighty pillars forming a square are connected by arches. [Building]

There are also several inscriptions on the almost completely preserved city wall, but they are too covered in lichen to be easily copied; on the south side, for example, the wall has collapsed between two towers, where one stone contained [symbol], another [symbol]. The main building of Wiran Scheher is the so-called Kasr, which is visible from far away with its towers and is the symbol of the city. This building, which stands isolated on the west side, is built in the shape of an octagon. [Building] (2_01_094) [Building] Storks now nest on the walls. On the west and north sides, the city extended beyond the ring wall; on the west side there are still traces of a second wall. On the north side, outside the wall, you can see a number of arches with vaults that are still standing, the square interior of which is vaulted with arches. They contain niches in which coffins were probably placed. [Bau, Insch, Bau] (2_01_095) [Insch] (2_01_094) Outside the ring wall, a tower on the northwest side is also worth mentioning, the north side of which has been demolished. This square building is perhaps a tomb, because other ruins

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

There are no buildings around it. [Construction] Often in the ruins of the city one can see walls made of thick fired bricks.

(2_01_095) In the wide, swampy terrain, through which springs flow, numerous different species of ducks nested; large frogs and toads gave a concert in the evenings; bustards were not rare, as were storks and, as everywhere, the barn swallow, which of course has to build its nest in caves and cisterns. Everywhere there were large, high-growing *Alopecurus nigricans*, *Ca-rex dioica*, etc. In the springs *Batrachosperm. moniliforme*. *Sisymbrium Irio* was eaten with sour milk. [Pfl] All the rivers in this district flow into the Khabur; in summer most of them are dry, as they are used upstream for rice cultivation. View over the plain towards the Jebel Abdul Aziz, the Karadjadagh and the long chain of the Mardindagh. [Places] The river, without a special name, comes from the Karadjadagh, and, as has been said, from Karabagsche. [Places]

Half an hour downstream on the right bank is a tell called Haftmali; opposite it on the left bank, Mahmo has built himself a nice house. Numerous caves with burial niches like those in Orfa have been carved into the steep rocks, which alternate with limestone in places. Some of the caves have become very large over time due to quarrying. Some of the limestone rocks have been carved at an angle to make stonework, so from a distance they look like old ruins. Next to the barracks, Mahmo has also built himself a very nice house out of white limestone; but he does not live in it.

(2_01_096) *Sunday, March 31st.* At 6 o'clock we set off in a north-east direction in glorious clear weather, but a cold north wind blew down from the snow-covered Karadjadagh. In several places Kurds with cows were ploughing the ground near the town. We continued on [undulating?] plains until at 7 o'clock we reached a small depression with lush greenery, a larger and smaller part, both of which were covered with basalt rubble from a once not insignificant place. [Places] At ¼ 9 we rode through the Haftmalitschai, which also flows through a basalt valley and comes down from the eastern Karadjadagh. A donkey fell into the water with my luggage, which caused us to stop here for a while to dry our clothes. The banks of the river were covered with a blue *Bellevalia*, [plant]. Anemones in all colors adorned the pastures. [Pfl] After a ¾ hour stop, we set off east at 15:00. From here, on the left, between Karadjadagh and Mardindagh, the hill group (volcanic at least) of Beschtepe appears. At 10:00 we reached a tent camp with a mound of rubble called Tell Gohri. At 11:00 we rode through a stream in basalt and at 12:00 we crossed a tell with rubble, called Kirchak, also with a stream in basalt. From here, another 5 hours to Terek; here a wide, green valley is formed, full of pastures, colorful with anemones, but

not red. [Pfl, Places] About 1 ½ hours away a large tell appears in 310; another 1 hour away in 286. After resting here for a while, we set off again at ¾ 3 in an east-northeast direction. A strong, drying east wind blew all day today. At ¼ 3 we crossed a fairly wide river and 10 minutes from that a smaller one, all between basalt and coming from Karadjadagh. [Places] (2_01_097) [Places]

Evening was approaching, but I still wanted to reach Terek, which was two and a half hours away, today. But the animals fell into the swampy terrain, which caused a long delay, so that I was forced to look for a place to stay for the night. Half an hour from Kirisuhr, I reached the ruins of the village of Muchod on a small hill; one house happened to contain people from the Mudir of Terek, whose horses were grazing here. My hunger was satisfied with sour milk, which was only found with difficulty, and bread. The east wind had completely dried me out. [Places]

Monday, April 1st. 6:30 departure from Muchod (baksheesh 5 piastres). The path initially leads along the calm, deep river that flows through the plain in numerous bends, until after ½ hour it becomes interspersed where it cascades foaming slightly upwards over basalt cliffs and drives a mill; next to it is a now abandoned village. 10 minutes further on is another, both at the foot of a group of hills that have formed in rounded cones in front of the mountains. Here, 5 minutes to the right of the path, a basalt crater, Tell Kuht, rises, about 100' high, [sign] from which wide basalt fields extend.

There are several such craters in the plain, and I have never seen them in this country so beautifully and regularly formed as here.

At 9 o'clock we finally arrived in Terek. The town is terraced on the south-west side of a steeply rising limestone hill, with around 600 houses, of which 20 are Catholic, 50 are Armenian, 100 are Déhr kaniye Kurdish, 10 are Syrian, the rest are Turkish. Previously there were around 1,000 houses. We stopped at the small bazaar, where everyone immediately gathered, and I was pleased that I was immediately offered accommodation from all sides, namely some Armenians who were Protestant; unfortunately their rooms were not suitable, so I accepted the invitation to the Catholic church. It is at the far east end of the town, with a pretty terrace; the building had 2 arched sections, one of which was set up as a small church, and I was shown the other, so I felt very comfortable in the large, vaulted room with a terrace in front of it. Only a lot of swallows that nested there often spoiled my stay with their unbearable twittering.

(2_01_098) *Tuesday, April 2nd.* Below Terek, at the foot of the mountain, lies the ruins of the old village, on which now and then large, hewn squares

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

lying around; namely, around a small part. To the left of Terek, separated from the ruins by a spring, lies the village of Bissim, also built on a hillside of rough, partly white limestone, partly black basalt stones, which gives the houses a dirty appearance.

Along this stream stretches uphill for almost an hour a wide band of old olive groves and closer along the water numerous orchards with peaches, apricots, plums, juglans, almonds in abundance, pomegranates, figs, pears, quinces; hedges of roses and rubus with *Prunus Mahaleb* v. *orientalis* and *Celtis* along the water. The olives here do not form real trees, because often 6-12 trunks grow from each root, since they are left here without further care; only in spring is the earth loosened around the trunks and a small ditch dug so that the water can collect. In and next to these olive groves are the old graves in which bracelets, small stones and old Arabic copper coins have been found; I did not see any Greek coins here.

If you follow the rushing stream uphill past several mills, you come to a place at the end of the gardens where the stream emerges from an artificially enlarged, spacious cave, which offers seating on both sides; the water shoots out of the rock, flows halfway through the cave, plunges into a hole in the rock and reappears at the entrance to the cave. The water was 14° and is called Rabsu, the Rabbaschi spring. The actual spring is about half an hour uphill, where it also emerges from a rock and immediately fills a deep hole. A few large, isolated limestone rocks stand next to the spring's outlet, forming a gate as it were, shaded by a few *Morus* trees. The valley is surrounded by extensive vineyards, to the right is the slope of the Tur Tschell. A little further down, this spring splits, one part goes to the right and forms the spring mentioned above, the other part goes to the left and forms three waterfalls one above the other, separated from the previous one by a limestone passage. This is the most beautiful part of Terek; the water has completely washed out the limestone rocks, plunging into deep holes with each fall; the largest fall is about 25'. The water deposits a lot of travertine, all the caves in this mountain range where water drips are filled with it; the limestone is very rich in fossils. [Places]

(2_01_099) [Places]

Early in the morning, three of the Mudir's segregators fetched me to the seraglio, where one of the segregators was lying ill. The Mudir, Silfakar Beg, brother of Omar Pasha, was a young man of about 40 years, but not particularly friendly, especially when I asked him for the list of his Mudirlik, which caused no small surprise and aroused all sorts of suspicions. I forced him to do so by means of the firman, but I believe that it is very incomplete.

The Seraglio was a miserable, dark hole. 20 years ago, Terek was a flourishing place when they only paid the Kharaj, but then the many taxes came along so that nobody could get anything, so for about 10 years many Armenians and Syrians have left the place and settled in other towns. Now the place is poor and full of ruins, and on top of that there are the robberies of the Kurds who break in at night. Even on the street in the evening you were not safe from them, so nobody went out unarmed. Everyone complained about the many robberies. Every year, when the olives are in season, about 5,000 kantars of oil are produced here; the Mudir receives 1 rottel of oil for every 10 rottels. The Kharaj for a house owner was 150 piastres per year, the Saljan 150 piastres, the Niswergji 75 piastres, the Hasr 25-50 piastres, the latter of which everyone, even the poorest, had to pay; so that a wealthy person had to pay about 1,000 piastres per year.

It is hard to understand how a place so richly endowed by nature can lie so desolate; the place for a large, rich city could not be better found: at the foot of the mountain the wide, fertile plain, on the sides of the mountain valleys the gardens with water rushing through them everywhere, in addition to the close location on the great caravan route from Aleppo to Mosul etc. Fruit is also grown here: lots of apricots, which are cooked dried with onions and meat and eaten a lot, figs and pomegranates in abundance, as well as wine, which is used to make white wine, raki and raisins, pears, quinces, rice, cucumbers, cotton, tobacco, very large badlidschan, pistek, and love apples. There are no apples or cherries. Walloons grow a lot in the mountains, but they only collect them for their own needs.

(2_01_100) *Wednesday, April 3rd.* Excursion to the mountain above Terek. Right next to our house begin the rocks, which form massive layers up to the summit, which protrude at their ends, creating a kind of gigantic flight of steps, as they recede further towards the summit. Umbilicus Haussknechtii often grew here in the cracks in the limestone rocks. [Pfl] On the highest rocky peak, the remains of an old fortress are still visible, the walls of which are often wedged into the steep cracks in the rocks, but everything has completely crumbled and nothing is visible anymore; the construction of the walls from small stones is not very old, however. The limestone rocks appear flattened at the top, as if they were paved. Its position on the steep cliffs that fall away all around it, which were connected by a chain bridge, is imposing and impregnable. It is hard to understand how anyone could have reached it, as there are no stairs visible, and it was only possible to reach it by rope ladders. But nothing can withstand time, and time has taken its toll. The slope of the mountain is steepest on the south side, towards the plain, and from this side it can only be climbed with great difficulty.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

gen; on the other hand, all these mountains here are easy to climb from the (2_01_101) north side, as they form high valleys which in turn are connected to other mountains, so that the drop is not so steep here. At the foot of this mountain on the north side in a small valley there is a sinkhole about 200' deep, surrounded by vertically sloping limestone cliffs. A second sinkhole can be found next to the Tell of Kirisuhr.

The following should be added to the vegetation of the plain and the foot of the mountains: wild pomegranates in the cracks in the rocks near the Rab spring. [Pfl] The vines are kept very low around Terek, with about 4-8 vines left on the thick, about 2' high trunks, which are bent down around the vine and tied to a stick. Here too, the large spider with inch-wide holes in the ground often appears. - Today very hot during the day, thunderstorms at night.

Thursday, April 4th. Excursion to Tur Tschell. In the morning the sky was clear again, but cold after the rain. The path there led up past the Rab spring into a side valley, from which this mountain, which is visible from a great distance and then appears like a truncated cone, is easy to climb. Here too, the climb is terraced; unfortunately we climbed too soon towards the rocks, so that I had to walk a long way before I could climb the steep, 150-200' high rock face that runs almost around the entire mountain. From here on, montane vegetation begins; in addition to all the plants from yesterday, there were also: [Pfl].

(2_01_102) [Pfl] On the summit of the mountain, which forms a plateau above, a kind of enclosure had been made from stones that had been brought together to make a fire. I immediately used this to boil water; there was plenty of thin wood lying around. The water boiled at 94°, while in Terek it was 96°. The rock walls were often covered with a beautifully fruiting *Orthotrichum*, [Pfl]

and many small crustose lichens. The view from up here was indescribable. [Places] –

Thunderstorms with downpours in the evening. [Sign]

(2_01_103) *Friday, April 5th.* The entire terrain below Terek is volcanic. [Places] The volcanic chain ends with the beautiful volcano Tell Kemihn; further west, basalt rock bursts out of cracks in the earth everywhere. From a distance, this Tell Kemihn looks exactly like the artificial tells. [Places] The truncated cone shows a deep crater at the top, which was now full of ranunculus, decorated with the most beautiful greenery, completely funnel-shaped. [Places] (2_01_104) In the rocks around Terek up to the mountain peaks, nightingales sang in abundance. The houses of Terek were all built of stone, with flat roofs; of course, there was no question of cobblestones in the steep streets.

There is no mosque. From the path from Terek to the Rab spring, the Tur Tschell showed 25, down into the valley 10. Snails very common on the rocks and gardens *Helix pomatia* and *maculata*, *Buba* etc. In the springs a

Small, bluish snails in abundance on the stones. Algae are common on the rocks covered in water, often forming a black coating in the caves.

[Pfl] – Circassians recently stole 15 camels from here. – The *Ceras-sus* sp. n. is called Hellalk in Turkish, and Sikt in Arabic. The *Scorzonera* species are eaten under the name Kisrihk. – The village of Harami has only 3 inhabited houses, the others are empty; half of Terek is also deserted. There are no inscriptions here. – The girls wear plaits hanging down their backs, into which woolen plaits are woven, reaching almost to the ground. – The source of the river of Muchod, usually called Tatwesch Tschai, is said to be $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour from Terek near the village of Sohrawa; it contains water all year round. – A Cu coin from Terek is shown here [sign].

Saturday, April 6th. Baksheesh 10 piastres. Departure with 4 donkeys to Meschkok at 9:30. The path led us through the place where the old town used to be, where a lot of rubble stones, also hewn, lie around. [Places]

In places, small basalt elevations rise from the plain, but these often cover large areas with their rocks; in between, the soil is red and very fertile. In some places, the terrain was swampy, so that the animals often sank deep into it; even on dry ground, the animals often fell up to their knees. At 3 we arrived in front of Meschkok, whose church had been visible for a long time. Here the basalts rise higher and form small valleys and basins, in the latter of which water collects to form ponds, which are now teeming with ducks and geese. The vegetation up to this point consisted of *Papaver argemone*, which was very common. [Pfl] (2_01_105) [Pfl]

The town of Meschkok lies on a basalt hill, but is completely in ruins. Only a few houses were inhabited, as the Kurds belonging to the Kiki tribe were now in their tents, about half an hour away on the plain, about 30 tents, whose sheikh was Mohammed Dani. The not bad women, especially with spec. [pect. ?], were busy with their looms to make a grey cloth for clothing. The old church stands in the middle of the village on a hill, surrounded by dilapidated houses made of basalt stones, roughly built; the stones of the church, on the other hand, are hewn. [Construction] When I entered the church, an old, blind woman was busy at her fire. When she asked who was there, she immediately shouted for help, because she thought robbers had broken in. I was also taken for a Circassian, of whom everyone is very afraid. Near the church, to the east, there is a deep, round, walled pond, surrounded by a still visible pavement, from which stairs lead to the water in two places; it is higher than the plain, and holds water all year round, which it receives from an aqueduct that comes from the mountains of Scheb. In the basalt elevations, this is exposed in several places, where it is formed by wildly thrown basalt blocks.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

through and covered with it. Our dinner consisted of sour milk, eggs and mallow cooked as a vegetable. Several natural ponds are nearby, filled with Phragmites. The mountain range offered the following view
[Character]. [Places] Rain at night.

Sunday, April 7th. Baksheesh 5 piastres. Departure at 7 a.m. in the rain. After half an hour, there are two tells on the right. Each one is about half an hour apart along the path. On the left, parts of the water pipe are visible in the basalt cliffs, built like a wall, similar to the one in Orfa. At 8 a.m., on the left, on a tell, is the village of Dähmi or Daim, on the north side of which there is an old, square church, also built entirely of basalt. It is built of high walls, contains three niches on the east side, the middle one being the largest, and runs all the way around inside (2_01_106) a decoration in limestone similar to that in Deir Safran with coves. Inscriptions or crosses not visible here. On the large tell lies the old ruined village, of whose houses about 15 had been restored. The women who were now present hid shyly from me. Next to the village, a river had to be crossed. [Places] On the right, the plain is covered with tells, villages and tent camps. Further along the path on the right is Tell Girgaur with some dilapidated earth houses, whose inhabitants had now settled in the plain nearby. [Places]

At 11 we arrived in Ibrahimle, before which flows the raging Sirgantschai, which comes from Koch-Hassar and has its source near Rüs. A heavy thunderstorm with rain surprised me here, so I sought refuge in a house; it happened to be a Circassian house, of which there were two here; the pretty young woman was alone with her children. Little boys with their high, black fur hats and knives at their sides. After the rain had stopped, we reached Koch-Hassar in an hour, the towers of which had been visible long before. From afar it makes an imposing sight with its two large square towers and the mosque dome, and one suspects a large city. But as one comes closer, one is somewhat deceived as to the city. The place has 50 Turkish houses and 2 Armenian houses.

Houses built like any other, with flat roofs and surrounded by courtyard walls, often the remains of old houses have been used for new construction.

I stayed with the local sheikh, Sheikh Musa, a man of about 40 years in white robes and a turban; the large room was always filled with men; with him was an official appointed by the government to supervise the Circassians, who was trying to deal with them amicably, as he assured us, because everyone is afraid of these Circassians. After resting a bit and drinking coffee, we inspected the place. Right next to the house, there is a square tower, isolated, where nothing of a church can be seen. [Building] On the northeast side

of the place stands the old mosque of Melek Mansur, as it is called, which is still almost completely preserved. [Building] (2_01_107) [Places] The courtyard of the mosque and the area around it formed a real wagon fort due to the number of Circassians living here in their wagons, who all ran to the gate when they saw me and immediately asked me if I was a Moskof. Many were only passing through here on their way to Ras el ain. [Building] The interior of the mosque served as a flour and bread store and was therefore closed off by a wooden gate. [Building] To the right of the Kyble stands the stone pulpit with a pointed roof; on the side of it was the following Arabic inscription:



Fig. 10: Arabic inscription on the side of the pulpit of the Great Mosque (Ulu Cami) in Kÿzÿltepe (Mardin) (2_01_107)

[Building] (2_01_108) On the south side of the city lies the old cemetery, on which several grave domes stand. There is also a small mosque there, shaded by a few trees. [Building] A quarter of an hour away is the large Tell Ermen with the large Armenian village. [Places]

Half an hour downstream from Karaköi lies Gohri, where the Sirgantschai flows, which is supposed to join the Khabur about 5 hours below Ras el ain and comes from Chrurs. Kosohr is the Arabic name for Goli, the Turkish name. Keros-man was unknown here, as it was on the whole stretch; a cultivated country district is called Kell Hassan here, or at least that is what it is. The Terek Kurds were called Sorkahn here. On the other side of the Sirgantschai live the Kiki Challadschan Kurds, about 250 tents. Around Kochhassar live the Kiki Tschirrikann; near Mardin Milli; to the east of that live Dagohri, and even further east the Mihrsinan in the Chahs humajun district. - In Amrud, Meschkin and Kattar there are old churches. - The water pipe from Meschkohk comes from the valley behind the volcano Kel-lek. – In the evening, the general conversation turned to taxes, for which Kochhassar pays 1,500 piastres annually; to locusts, which had just appeared and had only been here for 9 years; a man here who cultivated large areas went mad because of them, as they had eaten everything away; when he sees them, he spears them and talks to them. The small, black bird [Simmer/s?] eats them; it stays in the mountains and only then comes down. – Then a question: if someone wounds his animals and the tenant comes and says that one of them has died, he must bring a part of the dead animal as proof. The sheikh wanted me to

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

should visit, she has not been pregnant for 2 years and is now only 14 years old.

Monday, April 8th. Departure at 7:30 under overcast skies. 5 piastres bak-sheesh. Next to the town there is an old, 5-arched bridge over the Sirganchai. After $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, the village on the right bank at Tell Alimischmisch with an old mill, covered in an arch, with a new mill next to it. After $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, the village of Harsam follows on the right bank at a large Tell. After $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, the path leads between the foothills, where the Kurdish village of Miskiye is on the left. Heavy rain showers along the entire path; my people only arrived in Mardin at 4 o'clock, I at noon. On the way in the plain: Leontice. [Pfl] (2_02_001) [Txt]

(2_02_003) *Monday, April 8, 1867.* I arrived in Mardin around midday in heavy rain and thunderstorms. With difficulty I climbed the steep, curved path, which is paved in places and carved into the rock in places, but my people were still far behind, so I wanted to wait for them in a café for the time being. But when they still didn't come, I went to the Protestant schoolhouse, where a young teacher took me to the house of the missionary Williams, who was currently staying in Diarbekr and which was now empty. My people did not appear until around 4 o'clock, having had a lot of trouble on the Duane, but the firman prevented a search. The spacious house is on the western side of Mardin, near the lower city wall and close to the Latihfa mosque; from its paved courtyard, which looks like a terrace, there is a magnificent view of the wide Mesopotamian plain, from which countless tells protrude like molehills; in front of us to the south is the elongated Jebel Abdul Asis, to the left the long range of the Sinjar Mountains and between the two the lonely volcanic cone Kokab. After we had settled in a little, *Tuesday, April 9th*, we spent the whole day drying the wet plants and clothes, which had received a good bath in the Sirgantschai and in the heavy rain.

Wednesday, April 10th. Visit to the Seraglio; unfortunately, Aslan Pasha was still in Midiad; his deputy was Mallihe Effendi, a young man who could not even read, for when I presented him with the firman, he immediately gave it back to me with the words that he had already heard that I had one, so it was not necessary for him to read it, and that everything I wished for would be done. I asked him for a segtier to Ras el ain, for the head of the Circassians is not here, but there; furthermore, a list of the district of Mardin, and then a visit to the castle and the mosques.

Everything was readily granted to me, although everyone was very surprised. A mad Turk suddenly jumped up with a curse and

swung his stick at me, the Giaour, but the Cavasses prevented his plan. The seraglio itself is a dark hole.

From here I paid a visit to the Patriarch of the Syrians, Jacob.

His spacious, high building is on the western side of the city, with a courtyard, one section of which contains graves. I was received by him in a very large and disproportionately high hall and was served tea.

He is a small man with white beard and hair; dressed in a red robe, with turban-like scarves on his head; his clergy wore black turbans. He is greatly revered by all Christians here. The church contains an old codex of the Bible in the Old Syriac language, in which many pages of parchment were written with gold. It was brought to me immediately. The church, which stands next to the building, is connected from the courtyard by

a wall with a gate; it dates back to the 12th century. Inside it contains the tomb of Madran Abdul Lachat, known as Athanasius

(51) in the year 1816. He told me that the number of Syrian houses in Mardin was 400.

The church contains 3 very decorated altars in a row; the walls are covered with a number of old paintings from the history of the saints. The patriarch promised me a letter of recommendation to all the monasteries etc. for my journey. He was not at all fond of the Turks; with great difficulty he had managed to get a small, raised porch built next to the church so that an iron sheet (2_02_004) could be hung in it instead of a bell. He had not yet visited the mosques and therefore did not know whether there was anything left to see in them.

Thursday, April 11th. Excursion to the surrounding mountain slopes, which consist of limestone and whose vegetation is pretty much the same as around Terek. [Pfl] At the foot of the rocks lies the Syrian Catholic village of Mansuriyeh, consisting of about 50 houses, in a wide mountain valley, which the road to Diarbekr passes by; numerous vineyards surround the place, where one can also find good wine to drink. Behind the place rises another mountain range, with the mountains then descending beyond.

Friday, April 12th. Early in the morning a tchaush (police officer) appeared with a siguri to make the rounds of the mosques and the castle with me. Of the 18 mosques, only 4 have minarets, but no Christian towers to be seen; all are round. The Latihfa Dschami with a new minaret by Deja Pasha, who also provided it with water; his tomb is in the courtyard with the year 1232. A large dome arches over the mosque, with pillars connected to arches inside. [Building] 2 large Cufi inscriptions stand on either side of the entrance [Insch], above which there is an Arabic inscription running around. Above a door of the old church

in the castle [Insch]. (2_02_005) The Arbain Shehin dschami without minaret has

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

in the courtyard there is an old water pipe, above which there is also a Cufic inscription, but it is almost completely illegible. I tried to copy it [Insch]. There is a second Cufic inscription on the mosque [Insch]. Next to the mosque are the graves of some rich Turks such as Abdel Nader beg etc., which do not show anything special. There was nothing special to see of the former church of Mar Thomas; it was converted into a mosque, which is now in ruins; the doors were missing and were barricaded with piled stones. Cold, clear water flows out of a dark corridor. The outer entrance still showed remains of Arabic inscriptions, but very incomplete, as were the decorations. A woman, Altun bachi, is said to have restored it.

The main attraction of Mardin is the fortress, which rises above the city on steep limestone cliffs all around. A narrow path carved into the rock leads up to it; the entrance had three gates, the first of which has disappeared because it has fallen down. Soldiers were standing guard at the second gate, blocking our entry and holding out their guns, as they had orders not to let anyone in without the permission of Binbashi. After much back and forth by Tschaush, we finally managed it, but the weapons had to be handed over. [Building] The interior is full of rubble from former buildings, many of which are still half-preserved, some have been restored as homes, some as containers for various things. A new barracks had been built for the soldiers seven years ago, on the open space in the middle of the fortress; three corridors at the bottom, in each of which two beds were stacked one above the other, like in a ship's cabin. The guns and many weapons were kept on the first floor. The Juzbashi, a friendly man, and the Topbashi showed us everything willingly and treated us to coffee. Cannons were set up on the ramparts all around, but in better order than in Aleppo. The old mosque now served as a powder magazine, built from stones (small, hewn) of Saracen craftsmanship. [Construction] The main gate to it is walled up, as are the smaller entrances; above one of the latter was a small Cufi inscription stone. Underneath was an Arabic one, very weathered, but the year had been carved out; in it were the names Ali, Ahmed, Muhammad, Saladin.

The main building of the castle was the now so-called Eski Se-rail, in front of which stand the high side walls, which were previously connected by arches; on the outside of these there is a large Arabic inscription, which cannot be reached, however, as the walls here fall vertically down to the rocks. On the inside there is a smaller Arabic inscription, a sura of the Koran. On the outside of the same wall there is also a head visible, carved from stone, at least a woman's head with a kind of crown on her head. Next to it is a completely illegible Cufi inscription. On the east side there is part of a square at the bottom, then at the top

octagonal tower, which had the inscription [Insch] on the outside. Next to it is the newer Turkish small mosque, with trees etc. painted on the walls in miserable green colours. Enclosing a tomb of a saint. The fortress wall itself (2_02_006) is not of particularly strong construction, its stones are small and connected with mortar; [Construction] There were no soldiers in Mardin at the time. The view from up here is magnificent, right at your feet is the city, which takes up the long south side of the mountain like a broad band, below which lower mountains rise; then the wide Mesopotamian plain with the Abdel Asis and Singar mountains, back into the valley of Mansuriyeh and the desolate mountains as far as Midiat.

Saturday, April 13th. Since the ruins of Dara were not on my planned tour, I decided to take a trip there today, especially since they are only 5-6 hours away from here. I soon found 3 hired horses that took me there and back for 40 piastres. At 3:30 in the afternoon I reached the foot of the mountains, where on the left lies the village of Boherri, consisting of only about 10 houses, with a clear spring next to it. Opposite it, in the rocks you can see a few vaulted burial niches, which are generally only found individually around Mardin, not together like in other places. [Places]

The larger Christian village of Goli remains half an hour to the right, one hour to the south of it lies Sallach, to the side of which is Tell Scherehs and Tell Feid. In the mountains behind Mardin the Surkidschi Kurds have 35 villages, the Amberiye Kurds further east of Mardin have 28 villages. At 4 o'clock we arrive at the large, stone-covered Tell of Harin (Gir Harin = Tell Harin in Kurdish), at the southern and eastern foot of which are the ruins of an old village; a covered spring next to the village, which now poured its water into a wide basin formed by rain. Only Muslims live in the current village. Right next to the village we ride through a small river that comes from the valley of Amberiye and flows south to Kaus. At the village of Jurelon, a mountain range emerges, the Mardin Mountains, which stretch to the northwest and, although low, are densely covered with oaks and are called Amberiye Dag after the Kurds of the same name. Dara lies at the continuation of this range. [Places]

Small villages everywhere, but all empty, everyone in tents. Half an hour on the right of the road lie the ruins of an old castle, called Kasr Kalendelan, of which part of a wall has been preserved, built from large blocks without mortar; the remains of an arched walkway are still visible, in the corners of which pillars were built on which stood finely crafted capitals, similar to palm leaves. The site of an old village is visible next to the current, but currently empty village. (2_02_007) At the same distance from Dara as this one, towards Nisibin, lie the ruins of Kasr Serdschan. The Kurds in Dara said that two brothers once lived there, who came to Dara every morning.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

to pay tribute, but the man from Kasr Kalendere only had to pay half of what the other paid, because on his way to Dara he always had the sun in his face, which must have embarrassed him.

As dusk began to fall, we turned left from the main road and at half past seven we reached the low foothills between which lie the ruins of the old Dara. A quarter of an hour from the town were the large quarries for the buildings, which themselves looked like old ruins, as their sides were hewn out completely smoothly, often in the form of steps; in many cases burial niches were carved into them. Unfortunately, Sheikh Muhammad was not here, but was 5 hours away with his tents; with difficulty we found accommodation, as we did not want to stay in the Khan-like public building, which was full of people and which, by the way, looked good and was still new; we were half forced to stay with a rich Kurd who was taking the place of the Sheikh; a large, strong man with white beard, white turban, white trousers and shirt and white masquerade, walking barefoot. He had 3 wives, one of whom was pretty, tall, strong, with good spec. pector. They wore colorful skirts and jackets over their trousers, which had long, wide extensions on the sleeves that were tied together at the back. On their arms there were a number of wide silver clasps and coins around their necks, turquoise rings on their fingers; no tattoos on their faces. The girls wore their hair in long braids that hung down their backs and, tied with long woolen braids, reached down to the ground. Incidentally, the women here did not separate themselves as anxiously as the Turks and Arabs, but sat down next to us quite unashamedly. Unfortunately it was impossible to sleep; a horrible number of fleas drove me into the courtyard towards midnight, where I set up camp; but here too it was impossible to sleep.

Sunday, April 14th. I greeted the dawning day with joy, for I had not been able to close my eyes, and after taking tea I set out to inspect the ruins. The town lay on hilly terrain, the highest towards the north, surrounded on all sides by the 10' thick town wall, which was equipped with mighty, semi-circular towers, each of which was 22 paces in diameter. Six gates formed the entrance to the town, which was traversed in the middle by a river that comes several hours upstream from the village of Korkek, on both sides of which once stretched narrow gardens, of which only faint remains remain; here and there one sees groups of large fig trees, pomegranates, mulberries, poplars; the cultivated land next to the river was mostly occupied by onion cultivation. The new town is built entirely between the ruins, mostly using old walls; Everywhere you can see in the house walls next to the raw stones the mighty blocks of the old buildings

patched up, often with old Arabic inscriptions such as the one shown next to it in a courtyard near the Eski Serail: [Insch].

The new town has around 100 houses, 10 of which are Armenian, the rest Kurdish. Security has been in place here for 5 years, as a sheikh dependent on the government has been appointed. The new town consists of 2 parts, the lower part, in the middle of the ruins, and the upper part, built on a natural hill at the north end, enclosed by the town wall. (2_02_008) Let us first follow the town walls, starting from the south end of the town, where the river flows out, over which an old 3-arched bridge leads just before it flows out, but only the larger middle one still has water, as the river has become smaller in recent years; large stones?, fallen down, are said to have blocked the springs; now it is said that it can no longer reach the Khabur at all, but has to pass through about 1000 m on the way.

6 hours away by irrigating the fields. An arched bridge also leads over it outside the walls; it was formerly dammed by strong walls, some of which are still standing, even ½ hour away outside the city to the natural hill with the church of Ambar. [Construction]

Outside the walls, on the south-east side, you can see a small moat that received its water from the north-east side of the town. There are still high walls (probably 100' high) with towers in which vaulted chambers are visible; the river flows here through 5 arches of the town wall, which could previously be closed with iron doors, the holes of which can still be seen; through these the river could be dammed so that it entered the moat through a water pipe, which then had to flow out and flood the plain in front of it. In one of these arches I saw the following signs: [Insch]. Here too, next to this wall, an old tower was used as a mill. If you climb up the hill where the town wall rises, you come to the remains of a small fortress, the underground archways of which are still partially visible. You can still see how the water was brought here from the northern mountains in hidden canals, which were then led to this hill in mighty cisterns, real water stores. [Construction] From here the water was led back into the houses, each of which still had a water pipe built.

(2_02_009) There was still water in some of the cisterns.

If you go down the hill from here, you come to the streets of the new town, which are all surrounded by walls made of old stones. Here one building in particular is noticeable, a dome with an arched walkway, unfortunately now completely built up by houses; next to it is the small Armenian church.

Now and then you can see in the walls or in the ruins mighty stone gates with crosses, [sign] or [sign]. In one of the houses I found a 2' high, 1' wide inscription stone, which was found in the ruins during the construction.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

en had been found. [Insch] In one of these streets an old Arabic inscription stone was also walled in. Near these houses stands the so-called Eski Serail, of which the remains of the old, high walls still stand, in which you can still see the holes in which beams once rested. [Building] Under this Eski Serail is the so-called prison, hardly noticeable from the outside, since the arches of this underground vault only rise slightly above the ground. [Building]

Almost in the middle of the new town, on the left bank, is the old mosque, which was converted into a mosque 7 years ago, and on which the following inscription was above a window: [Insch]. Separated from the mosque was the old minaret, which collapsed 1 month ago; there are said to have been inscriptions on it too; next to it, on a wall of the former mosque, there is still a

large old Arabic inscription, but only $\frac{3}{4}$ of it is still recognizable; the name Nushirwan is said to appear in it with the year 516. Omar ibn el Khatahb is said to have restored the mosque in the year 750. It is also built from large, powerful limestone blocks. Inscription sample: [Insch] etc. (2_02_010) [Construction]

To the west of the town are the large quarries in which many burial niches have been carved, some of which are decorated with arches over the entrances or imitation columns, with stars above them or individual crosses. The entire limestone mountain is filled with such caves, but there are a few mighty grottos at the foot of the mountain; next to one there was a very weathered Greek inscription in the rock. [Insch] Many of these are connected to each other by passages. [Building] The interior has a large vault with an arched walkway all around, above which there was a second arched walkway. Perhaps it was once a church? Above the entrance there are burial niches carved into the rugged rock walls on both sides, one of which has a decorated arched entrance and a star above it. Kurdish families have now settled in these large caves. [Building]

The cemetery is also on this side, covered with either flat gravestones, which usually have a cross on them, or they are roof-shaped and pointed at the top, with a knob at the four ends.

[Sign] On the east side of the town, a new octagonal grave mausoleum has been built on the remains of the town wall; near it, on the flat limestone rocks, there are a number of round impressions, which look like seal impressions, which the people believe to be inscriptions; but they are petrified animals; in general, the limestone shows a lot of weathering, which often looks like inscriptions. On the north side of the town, the river flows in a valley about 200 paces wide, well cultivated. On the south side outside the town, the remains of buildings are still visible, namely one still shows standing walls, with walls of later work, small irregular stones. A hidden water pipe leads from the

City to it, perhaps a forefortress. Many remains of walls are still visible here along the rivers up to the hill of Ambar, half an hour long. Several mills are located here further down, such as one in the ruins of an old building with high remains of a wall at the foot of the hill on which the church of Ambar stands. The building is still almost completely preserved, unfortunately almost completely inaccessible due to the miserable houses of the Kurds who have settled here, which completely surround it. (2_02_011) [Building]

As I did not want to spend the night sleepless again, we set off again at about 3 p.m. after I had bargained for a few more coins; there are many old Arabic ones, but fewer Greek ones. As at all ruin sites, a Mograbishek is said to have found great treasures here too; in particular, a hole in the wall of the large prison is shown, which is what he is said to have done; but I thought it was a water pipe. After giving 10 piastres in baksheesh, we went downstream to the Ambar church at 3 p.m. [Places] After passing the small village of Karaschike and the evening approached, we spent the night in a Kurdish tent camp.

Lightning at night under a cloudless sky.

Monday, April 15th. We set off at 2 a.m. in the moonlight, as the fleas wouldn't let me sleep here either, and reached Hörin at daybreak and Mardin again at 7 a.m. After arranging the plants, we went to sleep. Early in the morning, the thunder of cannons from the castle announced the beginning of Kurban Beiram, which was celebrated for four days. The bazaars were all closed, even the Christians had to close. My visit to the mosque was still the main topic of conversation in the whole town.

Tuesday, April 16th. Plants arranged for shipping all day long.

Afternoon thunderstorm with clouds, so that on the left the mountains of Mardin appeared white down to the foot and nothing could be seen in the city. In Mardin there are Syrian Catholic houses (or so-called new Jacobites) 200 houses and 1 church. Chaldean Catholics 90 houses, 1 church. - Armenian Catholics 500 houses, 1 church. - Syrian Jacobites (old Jacobites) with the patriarch Jacob, who lives next to the church of el Arbain, with 500 houses and 2 churches, Mar Schmuhni (name of a woman), outside the city there is a third church, Mar Michael, which is said to be old, with the sign [Insch] in it. There are now 200 Protestants in total. There are only 8 Jews left, previously 50. Various people go to the Latin church of the Capuchins, Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, but not the Syrian Jacobites. The Turks have 2,500 houses here. The western part of the city has been occupied by the Misch Kewniye Kurds for about 200 years, the eastern part by the Deschiye Kurds, each with about 100 houses. In the north of the city there are still about 50 houses belonging to the Mindillikann Kurds; Milli Kurds also live

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

here, 20 of whom are very rich. Yazidis can be found only 6 hours from here around the town of Tiachan in the desert.

Wednesday, April 17th; today a number of mostly old Arabic coins were bought for 60 piastres. Often one finds coins of the Emperor Gordian with the Empress Tranquillina; on the back a woman with a crown, above a centaur, at her feet a river. There are many silver coins of the Ommayyads. The Circassians are setting the world in motion here; news had just arrived that things were looking very bad in Ras el ain. The Mudirs of Süverek, Terek, Nisibin and Ras el ain gathered there had been told by the Circassian chiefs: give us something to eat, then there will be no more robberies, but as long as this does not happen, we are forced to do so. During one of their raids the Circassians had killed the son of an Arab, Muhammed Agha; This was the signal for the union of the Arabs with the Kurds, who had made an attack on the Circassians a few days ago, leaving 600 Circassians behind.

The post brought the news that the Catholic church under construction in Aleppo had been torn down by rebellious Turks; the Pasha's soldiers rushed to the scene in time and prevented the uprising; 4 Turks were killed. There was also an attempt to revolt in Damascus. The majority of Turks realize that they cannot achieve anything under their rule and mostly calmly accept their fate when it is said that the Europeans will take their country, especially since it has been prophesied to them; it is therefore all the same to them, either now or later. – [Places, signs]

(2_02_014) *Thursday, April 18*, I decided to visit the ancient monastery of Deir Safran, which lies one hour east of Mardin on the side of a mountain cirque.

On the way through the town I was called to the house of one of the richest Turks in the area, who was suffering from a foot contraction. He received me with great ceremony; his reception room was on the first floor, while his four wives occupied the lower rooms of the comfortably furnished house. From the arched terrace with a wide view, various corridors led to the rooms, which were covered with fine carpets. Coffee, chibuk and sharbat were brought straight away; he knew the area around the Khabur very well; he called the western spring of the same Ain bakbakuhk, the eastern Ain Kebrit. He also spoke of the tree bottom achtar = Pistacia mutica in the Jebel Abdul Asis, small blackish fruits used to make oil.

As I was leaving, his mother stopped me to look at her eyes while the men were up on the terrace; the 4 young men took advantage of this moment.

to beautiful women, to let me look at them properly, which seemed to give them pleasure.

At the east gate of the city, on the left, is the fountain called Ain Djohse, with fresh, clear water, above which there is an old Arabic and a Cufi inscription. Here on this side of the city, the old high city walls made of hewn stone still stand, while the rest of the wall is mostly of recent construction. To the right of the gate, outside, rises a dome of a siaret, called Kobbe Hamsa, inside with 4 arched vaults and 1 grave; outside above the door there is an old Arabic obliterated inscription, above which is a star inlaid with blue stones. – On this side of the town, mountains form a cleft, on the left the steeply sloping castle hill, up which the town wall stretches up to the steeply raised rock layer between which the walls of the castle rest, on the right, also on a mountain range stretching towards the east, the steep, seemingly superimposed rocks, which form a continuous mass on the back of the mountain, which stretch in an arc around the village of Kalat marra and Deir Safran. The foot of this mountain is covered everywhere with large almond trees, which were full of fruit; several springs rise from the ground, which are enclosed in square basins in several places, such as next to the house of Hadji Ali Kirme, where three plane trees shade one of these; an arched vault next to it protects against rain, etc. The women of the upper class of Mardin often gather at this place called Ras el meidan.

Nearby is another place, called Ferdaus or earthly paradise, also with springs and trees. The path leads along these to the village of Ka-lat marra; in front of this a strong spring comes out of the mountain, called Ain el Tatrik, surrounded by an arched wall. Next to it, on the right, rises the steep, rounded cone, on which also rises a steep, raised layer of limestone rock, on which once stood a fortress, but of which nothing is now visible; in the rocks one finds several burial niches hewn into the steeply hewn rock all around, the stones of which were used for building; also several other caves, as it were, as dwellings.

In the middle of the rocky plateau rises a rock hewn all around, from which there is a wonderful view. On the east and west sides of the rock there are two long square containers, hewn into the rock, about 30 paces long, in the middle of which there are two rock walls, about 30' deep. On the rocky plateau there are small round holes hewn into the rock in many places, for what purpose is unclear to me, perhaps to collect water for birds? There are also several bulbous cisterns up there; there were lots of broken bricks lying around. A Mograbi is said to have once found great treasures here too. In the middle of the mountain the people of the village were busy growing wine. The place has about 60 houses, all

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Syrian Jacobins, with a small church of St. Tschirdsches, and belongs to the Safran monastery. The place, which lies in a mountain basin, is surrounded by mountains; vineyards with old almond trees, figs, pomegranates, sumac, some Quercus Vallonia, Celtis (called Kinkerehs), the slopes full of flowers, Salvia Horminum. [Pfl] (2_02_015) [Pfl] In the village I stopped at [Kiachu?] to get something to eat, unfortunately there was nothing as it was fasting; I had to make do with some bread and milk.

After half an hour I had reached the monastery of Deir Safran or, as it is also called, Deir Mar Hanna or Deir Mar Ukehrn [...], it was given the former name because its builder, a certain Hanna, a very rich man, had put saffron in the mortar out of luxury to make it very expensive; as the Patriarch assured me, he did not need much, as everything was built with large stones. The monastery is a square, enclosed by a high wall, to which a door, heavily bolted with iron sheeting and large nails, leads through a corridor with vaulted chambers on either side into the courtyard. After passing through this, one again reaches the actual inner courtyard, on the south, west and north sides of which there are vaulted rooms in which the monastery staff live. The east side is occupied by the church, an old building over 1,200 years old. [Building] Next to the church on the right is a vault with niches: in the middle one rests a patriarch; the niches are half filled with a thin wall, also at the top, which encloses the dead as if in a chamber; they sit on a raised seat, leaning against the wall; they are wrapped in cloths. One of the burial niches was open so that one could see it. [Building] (2_02_016) [Building]

Next to the monastery, a new building has been built in the garden with a square water basin in front of it. The Patriarch Jacob, who was here at the time, told me that four hours from here and on the way from Midiat there is a monastery or church that was built like the Aja Sofia in Istanbul, in Deir Ammar [...?] Mar Gabriel. Unfortunately, it was difficult to make myself understood to the Patriarch, as he had very little hearing and as a result also spoke very unclearly.

The Patriarch had me write a letter to all the monasteries and clergy of his religion, and he stamped his red seal on it himself. In one section of the monastery there was a large oven where bread was baked, in a ring shape, which was quite excellent. Accompanied by a boy, we climbed the mountain above the monastery, on and in the steep upper rocky parts of which there are three buildings. One of them, Mar Jacob, is surrounded by high walls, except on the south side, because the rocks there plunge vertically down into the depths. An arched corridor with side arched rooms leads to the church with three simple small altars, which were square, otherwise empty; black

Chalk figures covered the white-painted walls. From here, a narrow rock staircase leads down to a second church, the oldest, which is hewn entirely out of the rock, about 18' high, with two square altars; the main altar was bricked up. A transverse wall, hewn out of rock, divides the vault. From here, a narrow rock passage leads down to a grotto with a wonderful view.

There are a lot of caves like this in these inaccessible rocks, and it is often hard to understand how anyone got there. The walls of the upper building were of course built much later than the caves. At the entrance you can see several round cisterns. About ¼ hour further on, also on the rocks, is the monastery of Mar Hannaniye, a ruined building with arched vaults; but it does not show anything special. The third is Deir Seide = S. Maria, again about ¼ hour further west. A paved path leads up to it between walls that once enclosed gardens.

Through a gate you enter a courtyard that is now completely overgrown with grass, with a *Sternbergia*? very common in it. [Building] (2_02_017) In the courtyard, water drips abundantly from the overhanging rocks that have been artificially hollowed out, and is collected in a small basin; it is ice cold and very good. Next to it, a small spring comes out of the rocks, but it must have flowed more abundantly in the past, because it flows into a small brick canal that supplies an octagonal water basin, but now empty. Pomegranates, figs, almonds, *Celtis*, *Morus*, *Juglans* trees and bushes grew wildly in this former monastery garden. The *Sternbergia*? mentioned above, which was very common here, is also a relic of a lost culture. Unfortunately, time did not allow us to stay here any longer, because evening was approaching. There were still many caves to visit, but we quickly went down the green, flower-adorned slopes, among which *Onosma variab.* and *Teucrium rupestre alb.* stood out, and I reached our home again at 7 o'clock via Kalat marra. - Abdullah had bought the 4th horse today for 540 piastres.

Friday, April 19th. A heavy storm blew all day under clear skies. The old money found around here is almost all ancient Arabic, a little Greek, even less Roman. Mardin has 4 gates. [Places]

Saturday, April 20th. Prepared for departure. Strong storm all day, which carried off a parcel of dried plants over the city. – The names of the counterfeiters here are Sado boros and Daud emdaura, whom I played a trick on.

Sunday, April 21st. 1st holiday. The weather was wonderfully clear and warm. I vividly thought of the loved ones at home who will be celebrating the festival, while I have a lot of work to do with packing and arranging. [Places] Afternoon walk to Ullu Dschamie. It has 2 entrances, one on the west side, the other on the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

East side, which, as in all mosques, leads first into the paved courtyard, in which the water basin with a vaulted roof is located. [Construction]

(2_02_018) [Smell]

Monday, April 22nd. Second holiday. Plants sorted for shipping and preparations for departure. Letters written to Weimar, Aleppo and Charput.

XIX Mardin–Mossul (23. April–30. Mai 1867)

Tuesday, April 23rd. After everything was finally in order, we set off at 11 a.m. and at half past twelve we arrived at the foot of the mountain, where to the right in the mountains lies the small Kurdish village of Muschiye, with its vineyards.

Here, a series of small mountains extend across the main chain of the mountain range, sloping gradually towards the south but steeply from the peak towards the north.

The vegetation had changed a lot in the 14 days, especially at the foot of the mountains: *Ranuncul. asiat.* was fading, but the *Papaver* species were starting to bloom.

[Pfl] In the plain, in places where there was no cultivation, everything appeared white from densely planted *Hasselquistia*, which perfectly represents our *Sinapis arv.*

[Pfl] The barley and the wheat are in ears. On the roads *Hordeum bulbos.* with stalks initially stretched out to the ground, which only stand upright when the ears come.

At 4 we arrived at Tell Ermen, where I stayed with a rich Christian.

We were given a private room with a fine sofa. The innkeeper did his best to honor me as much as possible, namely the food was very good, various meat dishes, milk, sour milk, etc., and also cakes, which were similar to bread. The village is inhabited by about 40 Armenian families and 7 Turkish families. It is a rich village and pays 7,500 piastres in taxes, plus 2-3,000 piastres to Abdul Kerim, who in return does not allow the Arabs to come. Next to the village is the large tell, consisting of 3 parts. To build the church, part of the tell was excavated at the foot, but nothing was found except old hewn stones, namely fired bricks. The church stands on the site of the old one, the foundations of which with doorway can now be seen through the excavations. The whole village has been Armenian Catholic for two generations. [Places] (2_02_019) [Places] In the evening the conversation turned to taxes and Circassians. Our *sedetier* from Mardin, a fine man, got us a Circassian and a Turk to accompany us in the morning. [Places] Excellent food, a goat was laid in front of the door as *Kurban*, four different meat dishes, fresh butter with honey, etc.

Wednesday, April 24th. In glorious weather we set off at 7 o'clock with 1 *Segtier* and 1 Circassian, after giving 20 piastres to the innkeeper and 10 piastres to the *Segtier*; before setting off we had a good meal, like the previous evening. At 8 o'clock we reached the clean, now empty village of Kellebin, built of earthen bricks with flat roofs, about 30 houses, next to a small pond in which long-necked turtles quickly hid; an old *Morus* stands alone next to it. All around were lush fields of barley, covering the plain for hours. But locusts were everywhere.

On the tell next to the village there is a remnant of a ruin. $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 southwest lies the village of Auwin, built in the same way, with a tell, where a swamp begins, on

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

in whose lush meadows grazed magnificent horses of the Circassians and the greats of Mardin; the former lived in white canvas tents, not large but very nice, all with double canvas. Here 5 more segtiers were to join us, so we had to stop for a while, which unfortunately lasted until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as the horse with the plants fell into a stream of water, so that all the parcels were completely soaked with water. Before everything had been spread out and dried, it was 3 o'clock. After 15 minutes the small village of Känisibi lies on the way; mostly in ruins. Here 2 riders suddenly come galloping towards us with lances inlaid, one rider with a richly embroidered silver jacket and silk coat; his companion with long curls dressed entirely in red silk; the lances of both had the blades of Circassian knives as tips. After the usual questions about where he was going and where he came from, it turned out that he was the chief of the Kiki Chorukhan Kurds, Ejib Agha.

After 15 minutes there is a small swamp full of bent willow trees, with the small village of Auwin nearby, now also in ruins. On a hill next to the swamp there is a siaret, called Schech Resch, with old morus nearby. At 4 o'clock on a small hill on the Sirgantschai there is the ruins of Kefr Tut. The whole hill is covered with foundations made of fired bricks; on some of these there used to be crumbling earthen walls of the current generation. 15 minutes down the river there is the small hill of Tell Öschk (= hill of love), which also arose from Kefr Tut when the houses fell apart. There too the brick foundations of an old village still stand.

The river flows here 20-40' wide in a bed about 20' high in the fertile plain and forms the border between Kiki Tschorukhan and the Kiki Challadjan Kurds to the west. The tents of the latter were on the other side of the river with their numerous herds, camels, etc., about 150 tents.

We stayed for today with Sheik Achmed Agha, who treated us to goat meat, yoghurt and burgul. His brother had become ill today, I gave him powdered [aeroph.?), which cured him immediately and brought me respect. [Pfl, places]

Some Yazidis spent the night in our tent, the Kurds wanted to get us to speak of the Shaitan in order to annoy and laugh at them. Some Segtiers from Mardin arrived towards evening; they had been looking for Shammar Arabs who had robbed and wounded a merchant from Mardin who was going to Ras el ain with goods. The Shammar and Circassians had been feuding over several horses they had stolen from each other, and unfortunately the merchant had fallen into the hands of the Arabs, who had also taken his horse.

Thursday, April 25. Set out at 6 in warm weather with 10 Segtiers that had been sent to me yesterday evening; in addition, there were several

armed people with us, also 4 women who took advantage of the safe opportunity with us. After 15 minutes we reached Tell Öschk with the remains of a village built of earth bricks. Towards south-southwest along the deep, quietly flowing Sirgantschai, which was enlivened by kingfishers and a large blue bird. Here is now complete desert, not a single cultivated spot visible. Beyond the Sirgan the steppe was planted with a broad-leaved *Centaurea*, which looked like a turnip field; on this side it was not there at all.

There are now no villages for 14 hours. [Places] (2_02_021) [Places]

The path is wide because of the two-wheeled wagons of the Circassians, of which we encountered several, which could be heard from afar by the screeching of their axles demanding grease. On the top of the Tell Arahd the remains of a building were still visible. A quarter of an hour down the road is another large, unnamed Tell, which we only reached at 8, as a horse with its baggage caused a lot of delay. From here on the Sirgan is covered with bushes of *Salix fragilis*. At 9:30 there is another Tell on the left. At 11 we camp at the Sirgan in great heat, 48 °C. Lush vegetation, the grass often reached our heads. [Pfl] At 1:30 we set off. At 1:30 there is a Tell with graves on the left of the path on this side of the Sirgan. 1:30 a cemetery, nearby Circassian tents by the river, the earthen waste of which was completely riddled with the nests of blue birds. Here the paths split, one goes along the Sirgan, where some of the tells are still visible downstream, but ours is in complete desert to the right, no tell visible, until at 4 o'clock we come to the deep, calmly flowing Chir-dschib-tschai, which comes from Terek. Here again the grass is man-high, in which many quails are nesting. Here we found a Circassian tent, next to which we also set up camp, since Ras el ain is still about 4 hours away. [Plants, Places]

Next to our camp on the Chirdschibchai, which is supposed to join the Sirganchai further downstream, lies an old bridge, built of mighty limestone blocks. [Construction] The river is very deep here, you can hardly see that it is flowing; there are a lot of fish in it, some very big ones; many snakes swam around in it, [one of which?] I shot. The bridge is 16' wide and has walls projecting between the arches like the so-called icebreakers. 3 hours downstream from here are supposed to be the remains of an old village, called Kiri dschamus. (2_02_022) From the symbols carved into the bridge arch I copied the following: [Insch].

Friday, April 26th. During the night there was a heavy dew, so that the things were completely wet. Quails in abundance. At ¼ 6 we set off towards the west-southwest, where the desert is now more undulating and is characterized by a wealth of grasses, especially oats, which appear to have been sown over long stretches. [Plant] In damp places the grass was as tall as a man and hardly

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

to penetrate. At a tent camp of the Segtiers and soldiers of Ras el ain, who were here to guard the horses, where a stream that is now drying up; here lush vegetation. [Pfl] (2_02_023) [Pfl]

Yesterday there was a fight between the Arabs and the Segtiers, in which 3 Arabs were killed. One of the Segtiers talked a lot about an old city called Schew Scheher, 12 hours from Ras el ain and 15 from Har-ran, where there are supposed to be 2 castles with huge water tanks similar to those in Wiranscheher. Finally the great tepe of Ras el ain appeared, but unfortunately everything here had been eaten away by huge swarms of locusts, so that everything looked burnt. Only in places did the Artemisia fragrans, which only occurs sporadically here in the desert, cover large areas in the desert of Membidsch and provide the only fuel, appear. [Pfl]

After resting for two hours, we finally reached the remains of the walls of Ras el ain at 11 o'clock. We passed the large spring basin and reached the Kai-makam's Konak, with rooms for the soldiers, of which there were now 300 here. A lot of people were milling around in front of the seraglio, staring at us curiously and asking us in Russian. Everyone thought I was a Russian. The Kaima-kam's reception room was nothing special, the walls were made of rough earthen walls with a sofa. He has been here for 20 days to sort out Circassian affairs, as he is of Circassian origin and comes from Rumelia. He was an educated man with fine manners, dressed in a European style, with a fez, a slim figure with a grey moustache. He had previously been Kaimakam of Süverek, formerly in Istanbul, hence his education, and he could also say bon jour monsieur.

After I had had a cigar, sharbat and coffee, he showed us a room of our own next to his konak. He was very sorry and angrily asked one of the segtiers why my arrival had not been announced to him earlier so that he could have received me properly. Soon the cook appeared and brought us food into the house: meat with sauce, mallow cooked with rice, pillau, flour with honey and bread baked in sugar and eggs. The same dish in the evening. With him I met Abdul Kerim's secretary, who had been sent to settle the dispute. [Places] The secretary was of medium height, somewhat round and reminded me of Nasir Agha of Aleppo, even just because of his clothing. From here you can get to Mosul in 5 days. [Places]

Towards evening I went for a ride to the S-spring with the Kaimakam Chalil Agha and Feidulla Effendi, in a large retinue of Segtiers and Circassians, who carried out their [evolutions?] on horseback with long lances in front of us. Towards evening we sat down on the bank of the river, which had been planted with young poplars by the Kaimakam Halil Effendi, who had been staying here for 20 days.

(2_02_024) *Saturday, April 27th*. The old town extends in an arc to the north of the main spring basin, called Ras el ain. Unfortunately, everything is covered with earth and almost nothing can be seen anymore. It seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake, because the site of the houses can be clearly seen through piles of rubble covered with earth. In some places there are scattered doorposts made of fine-grained basalt, which comes from the hill Kepess (= large hill in Kurdish) located a little to the north; also a lot of so-called Kujū bilesi (bilesik) or Arabic Charase dschib, round or square thick stones with a wide hole in the middle, which were laid over the wells; here they are all made of basalt. [Construction]

The houses were almost all built of chalk stone from the Jebel Abdul Asis, which is very rich in shells and weathers very easily, which is perhaps why nothing has survived; however, a lot would still be found if the rubble were excavated. The stones of the old town were now taken by the Circassians to the new town, which was to be founded, about a quarter of an hour's drive to the south, where they were broken into small stones, including some with inscriptions, namely gravestones. The large number of wells both in and outside the town is striking, and they are often located within eight paces of each other. I would almost assume that a large underground water basin is spreading out here. The row of wells at the south-west end of the old town is particularly remarkable. This is an old water pipe, because the wells, which are now dry and filled with rubble, are connected to each other in places. One of them has been expanded into a large cave, with two openings through which you can look down into the great depths of the crystal clear water, with its limestone cliffs on the sides. The city wall, which is about 10' wide, is also still clearly visible. Many parts of the buildings were built from fired bricks.

At the southern end of the town, next to the main springs, there is a tepe on which Circassian graves now stand; one of these basalt stones from the old town bore the following inscription [Insch], and on a small old pillar was the following new Circassian inscription: As Temir eben Rahr Machan 1283. The Circassians mark all their graves here with inscription stones so that the dead are not lost. If one of their horses becomes sick, they slaughter it and eat it.

There are no real Circassians here, but 7,000 Jadzhans, 5,000 Karabolaks, of which 500 are Nazrans. The Karabolaks have settled on the left bank of the Khabur, because living together with the others is out of the question. The chief of the Jadzhans is Sahdulla Beg, the chief of the Karabolaks is Shamal Beg. - On the west, north and east sides of the city there are a number of depressions in the ground with small raised hills in them.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

which I believe to be old snake trenches; near them there are always a number of those now dry wells.

(2_02_025) Half an hour north of the town, a long hill rises from west to east, called Kepess (Kurdish), which from afar looks like an artificial tepe, but it is a volcanic product, as is shown by the fine-grained, black basalt layers that protrude from its sides in places, from which the stones were taken for the doorposts of the town. At its eastern end, a small, round hill rises separately, also made of basalt, with rich vegetation. Unfortunately, the locusts, which had already grown larger here, had destroyed the young pastures around the town, so that the remaining grass had completely died due to the sun, a sad sight compared to the fresh, green pastures nearby. The number of them here was horrifying. They lay piled up to a foot high in the now dry wells.

The main wealth of Ras el ain is its large number of springs, which could make this region the richest in the world. The main spring is at the south end of the old town, where there are 5 large spring basins next to each other; their water is crystal clear and pleasant to drink. A tepe rises on the right bank of the river. They unite their waters and form the Khabur, into which a sixth large spring flows a little further downstream, 10 minutes later; countless smaller springs rise from the banks, and in the middle of the river you can see the spring water bubbling up in many places.

After 10 minutes south the river turns west, where a warm south-facing spring sends its water, which has been used here for a bath; for about 20 days a small square house had been built over the square,

A basin surrounded by stones was built in such a way that all spring water had to flow through the house. [Places]

The water flows with great force from the deep basin, which is surrounded by shallow depressions, in which the Arabs dried the sulphur extracted from the depths. But now that the Circassians have arrived here, this is over for the Arabs, which causes a lot of bad blood among the Arabs. In the past, all the Arabs from the desert came here every year to dry themselves.

(2_02_026) as well as to wash their horses in it, because the spring has the reputation of a siaret among them. A lot of white thread algae has settled on all the plants in it. A few minutes upstream from this spring is the even larger spring Ain el Hhuht, the fish spring, in which a mighty fish was once caught. It has no S and is surrounded by rocks all around, so that a deep, mighty funnel is formed, as it were; there are large numbers of fish in all the waters, except for the S springs. It also flows in 2 outflows into the water of the Karadscha dagh right next to it,

The third, even larger spring, Ain el Hössan, about 10 minutes to the side, is the largest of all, and also flows into the Kara-dschadagh water after a somewhat longer course. It is also surrounded by rocks in the depths, and at one point you can see how the water forms a whirlpool above a cave, which the Arabs call fowahra. It takes its name from the legend that a beautiful horse is said to have once emerged from this spring.

About an hour away there is another spring, Ain el bind, in which a virgin is said to have drowned. The Ain el werd spring is said to be four hours away from here towards the Jebel Abdul Asis. There is also the Ain el beitha spring. It is quite correct that this spring basin is considered the head of the Khabur, because the other waters draining from the mountains are temporary and do not have water every summer, often the Kara-dschadagh water is very small; only the Sirgan has water all year round, because it has a short course and flows through mostly uncultivated areas, so that its water quantity is not reduced by irrigation of the fields. [Places] (2_02_027) [Places]

Sunday, April 28th. The vegetation around Ras el ain is extremely rich, but unfortunately now presents a sad appearance due to the devastation caused by the locusts around the town. There is no talk of culture here, nowhere can one see a green field of crops, for the Circassians do not think of it, only war is their passion. They stroll about all day in their long white or black coats with cartridges sewn to their chests, a rifle wrapped in black fur on their backs, an often richly decorated knife in their belts; huge fur hats, black or white, on their heads, with felt inside. The square in front of the seraglio is not empty all day, riders jump around on their magnificent horses, which thrive here, while in Anadolia they all die. The Kaimakam was always very busy and had hard work with them, for they speak a coarse language. Today the Kaimakam came with a large entourage to pay a visit, accompanied by the first of the Karabolaks, Shamal Beg, in a white coat and white cap, with a black beard. He demanded money for the unemployed and an increase to 10 piastres a day; however, he was only granted 4 piastres. Every day there were disputes with the Arabs, who were 5 hours away, and a Circassian came galloping up with the news that he had killed 2 Arabs who had tried to take his horse. All day long one heard nothing but stories of robbery and murder.

Mohammed Said, Abdel Kerim's envoy, had just arrived again. He demanded that 400 Circassians be sent to the other part of the desert beyond the Euphrates to keep the Arabs there somewhat in check. He explained that the Arabs only had good intentions for the Circassians if

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

they wanted to give up their robberies; but this will probably not happen, because they cannot keep quiet, as they themselves explain. Among their women one sees beautiful faces; they are quite free and not as timid as the Turkish women, but strict with regard to marital fidelity. Many a rich Turk has wasted thousands of piastres here without achieving anything. I was also offered a 15-year-old girl if I wanted to stay here, and demanded money in advance, which of course I did not accept. During the day they sit in front of their doors and grind with two logs, turning one in their hand, their [Cure?]; others (2_02_028) can be seen going to the river to fetch water with large copper or pewter jugs, which they carry with sticks over their backs. In general there is a lively life here; there the river is full of men bathing, who beat the water with their arms to swim; in another place a young ferryman in a small boat made of a hollowed-out tree trunk carries the public from one bank to the other, and in the early morning one can see the beautiful women by the river in Eve's garb, arranging their braids and washing themselves.

The houses of the newly founded town, made of stone and covered with earth, all stand alone, about 10 paces apart, all in rows, so that regular streets are formed everywhere; they are square with flat roofs, onto which they carry their wooden bedsteads in the evening to sleep. Now many of them are covered with haystacks, an unusual phenomenon here, because the locals do not dry grass. The other dwellings of the scattered groups of people are caves with corridors dug at an angle into the ground, with pointed roofs made of tree bark or paliurus bushes that have been covered with earth. Little by little these will disappear completely and everyone will live in regular houses. There are no tents to be seen around the town at all; milk products are not available here, because sheep are not kept, and the cows and buffaloes that are there are used to pull the two-wheeled, thick-axled wagons. Their main wealth is their horses, whose beautiful animals thrive on the rich pastures. The women wear their jewelry on their chests, two rows of often very thick silver clasps with various decorations that meet at the bottom; they also cover their heads with a long scarf; they wear wide trousers with a tight skirt over them.

Of the fauna of the Khabur, the following are worth mentioning: the beaver and the otter, both known under the name Kelb el moi, the former is caught by the Arabs when the water becomes high and it is forced to leave its dwelling on the bank, the skin is usually paid for with 100-150 piastres and is bought in large quantities by the Persians. Also the blind mouse, called Chalada. It comes out at night and digs small mounds; the Djerboa's or Dschirdi [rosal?] are very

common, the ground is rummaged through with them everywhere, the Arabs eat them. Hedgehog common, called komfid; it is said to be funny when it eats a snake, how the snake thrashes about with its body, but wounds itself everywhere in the process.

The porcupine, sechor, also occurs; the lion, sebahh, a little further down.

Hares, örneb, wauj jackals. Kerkolan or wild donkeys, which are mainly brought by the D'scheisch Arabs from the desert of Nisibin; I also saw a large, 2' long, very fat lizard; snakes swim around in abundance in the water. The large black snake, called Haneisch, also occurs, as does the so-called Heie (= the ever-living one), which is rich in fairy tales, grey, with a musky smell, which is said to live for over 1,000 years and then to have horns with hair on the top of its head. At night it is said to take a diamond in its mouth, which serves as a lantern for it on its wanderings. HHuht is the name of a large fish, from which one of the springs takes its name. Carp are found in abundance in all waters; large green and grey frogs, toads etc., storks, ducks, wild geese; on the banks a black and white spotted alcedo is common, as well as a large blue bird called karcha, the former is called sigaadkoh. I also heard the cuckoo calling. Hoopoes, called shivewuk; swallows, quails, yellow wagtails, etc.

(2_02_029) The main vegetation to be mentioned here is that the banks of the Khabur and the springs are bordered by Cladium Mariscus. [Plant] In the water, Nuphar luteum often covers long stretches with its arm-thick rhizomes, which are often torn loose and drift around in the river. [Plant] Furthermore, Vallisneria spiralis covers long stretches of the river and the springs in places, which is currently in bloom. Algae in abundance on the roots and stones, particularly in the south-facing springs a white filamentous algae, which is also frequently seen in places in the river, as many small south-facing springs escape from its banks.

[Pfl] When a thunderstorm approaches, they are particularly noticeable due to their SH smell, which is then suppressed by the heavy air. A red mud algae also appears frequently, and on the basalt stones the beautiful red Hildenbrandtia rosea. [Pfl] The Kepess hill in particular showed many new plants. [Pfl] Towards the evening a violent thunderstorm broke out over the area with heavy rain, which lasted the whole night.

Monday, April 29th. Around midday the weather was fine again, but very warm and oppressive. Visit from Muhammed Said, Abdul Kerim's emissary. The latter receives 3,000 piastres per month from the government, Ferchan, his brother, 5,000 piastres per month, so that they keep quiet. The former is very much loved by all Arabs, as he is a man of talent. - In the desert of Nisibin, the tribe of the Aschiret Gergeri with their chief Satuhn Gergeri, who is said to be a real giant in stature, of tremendous strength, once very feared, now has 150-200 tents there. At the edge of the springs a small yellow Ra-

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

nunculus fol. cordat. [Pfl] The spring of the S-bath has 33 °C. [Places] The dams in the Khabur are striking, which were perhaps used for fishing to create baskets, as the Circassians do today. Large hewn stones can be found everywhere on its banks and in the water. In places, its banks show layers of limestone with conglomerate rock on top.

Thunderstorms all evening today too.

(2_02_030) *Tuesday, April 30th.* The Kaimakam had received a request from Abdul Kerim to come to him to deliver the horses and goods that his Arabs had taken from the Circassians. He was only four hours away from here, so I took advantage of this good opportunity to get to know this part of the desert. Accompanied by around 200 well-armed Circassians and Segtiers, we finally set off at 11 a.m., passing the spring of Ain el Hössan, from which a quarter of an hour's walk uphill leads to an arm of the Khabur, which has its springs nearby. [Places] We moved forward quickly on level ground, always in complete desert, with only a few places where limestone appeared, mostly covered with low fig bushes. After a few hours, a tepe is reached with large, stone-lined graves, called Sheikh Nasar; hewn stones were lying everywhere. [Places]

Finally a tell is reached, about 8 hours from Ras el ain; to the left of it, about 1 ½ hours apart, lie the hills Kyzyl Hamahra and Tenebel Hamahra.

Here night fell upon us, and we had not yet found any trace of Abdel Kerim; so we had to spend the night here. Our stomachs were rumbling violently, as no one had settled down so far away; wrapped only in our raincoats, we slept on the ground; there was also no water at all. Fortunately the night was warm; but I was still uncomfortable not having anything to drink in the morning.

Wednesday, May 1st. At daybreak we set off again until, after an hour, we reached the hill of Gamr or Gumr drai, with hewn stones and large, bulbous cisterns, which were now empty; even the few hills had hewn stones. From here we discovered the white tents of Alibeg from Orfa to the north on the hill of Churs, about 2 hours away. At 6 we left Gumr and rode towards it; to the right, on a small hill, lies Fseije with hewn stones and bulbous cisterns. 1 gazelle was hunted here, and we also found the nests of large wild geese in the high grass, dirty green eggs the size of a goose. When we arrived there, we found the king of the desert, Ab-del Kerim, stretched out on the carpets in Alibeg's green pavilion-like tent. He is of medium build, about 180 cm tall.

25 years old, black moustache, round face and serious look. His clothes were simple, yellow and red striped silk headscarf and brown

Maslach with white stripes. He had almost as many Arabs with him as we had Circassians.

After having coffee, we set off again without first satisfying our stomachs. A bowl full of meat had been plundered by the ravenous Circassians in the storm. Dark rainwater like a puddle of dung with a strong taste of the skins formed our life drink. Here too there are ruins of former dwellings that are still clearly recognizable, some of them still completely intact. They consist of walls made of massive, hewn limestone blocks, with stone doorways like in Wiran Scheher, as well as the closely spaced arches inside the buildings.

They are from the same period as Wiran Scheher.

From here it takes 2 days to Orfa and 2 days to Süverek. [Places] Hewn drinking stones made of red limestone, large graves with stone surrounds on the hill. Before arriving, on the left of the road about an hour before, there were the ruins of the place called Kassaba del berriye by the Arabs, of which walls with arches still remain. From here, the large ruins of the former city of Scheheb Scheher are said to be 2 hours to the west.

(2_02_031) After an hour, we left Churs in a large retinue of Circassians and Arabs to visit Abdul Resak's tents. The two brothers had had a violent argument, as a result of which they separated and considered each other enemies. He should not have come alone, because everyone there was ready to declare war on him and attack him. Abdul Kerim had been decorated by the Sultan; he put the decoration in his mother's trunk; but one night it was stolen from him, and it is believed that Abdul Resak sent someone to steal it from him. An hour before Abdul Resak's tents, Alibeg set up his tent again at the foot of a hill, on which there was also a pile of rubble made of stones and large, bulbous cisterns. Here the Kaimakam went to Abdul Resak alone to prepare him for the arrival of his brother, who had remained in the tent.

Soon he returned and brought Abdul Resak with him, who at first did not greet his brother at all, but finally, after being persuaded, went over to him and kissed him. The latter was quite different in appearance, gaunt, with a more energetic character; he was dressed in red maslach with a fine headscarf. They camped here because they did not want to let the Circassians come into the Arabs' tents in order to avoid disputes. But little by little, one after the other, they went there, because there was nothing to be had here and hunger tormented everyone greatly; only spoiled rainwater could be found in the rocks.

Abdul Resak's tents were pitched in a wide valley around Tepe Telle-liye, in the hills of Jebel Taktak. His black tent had room for 300 people, crammed full of people staring at us.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Tepe is built on a ridge of hills; it contains several large caves with small niches on the sides; it is covered with carved stones; there are also several square grave monuments made of carved stones on it. [Building] From here I was amazed to see about 2 hours away Dschimdinkala, or also called Kara Kimlin here; I didn't think I was that far away. [Places] The whole of Djebel Taktak is full of ruins, as far as the area around Harran. The old town of Scheheb Scheher or more correctly Shuaib Scheher, a saint who is buried there, is 6 hours from Harran, 4 hours from here. (1_03_058) [Drawing] (2_02_031) 4 ½ hours from Harran lies the old Chan el Baruhr with deep wells and mosque, on the way to Baghdad; an inscription is said to contain the year 510. [Places]

We spent the evening in Abdul Resak's tent, where all the crews ate; everything consisted of a mountain of pillau with meat, along with sour milk. After we had eaten, the others fell on it in about 8 different portions; a guard with a stick was always there to keep those pushing behind them away; the rest was eaten by the children. (2_02_032) Abdul Kerim has fine manners and gives travelers every possible honor, less so Abdul Resak, who, when the two still lived together, always contradicted Abdul Kerim in everything he did. This led to a violent argument, as a result of which they separated; Abdul Kerim left the house and bought himself a new tent; [his?] third brother Fahrīs stayed with Abdul Resak, who seems to be less talented; he carried himself like an ordinary Arab, who all wear their hair in braids here. Resak was more warlike, Kerim generous, the former much richer. The three came from one mother, Maschun and Abdul Rachman also from one mother and Ferchan from one mother. Their father was the well-known Safuhk, who was murdered in his tent by the former's soldiers on the orders of the Pasha of Baghdad. Abdul Kerim had about 10,000 tents, Abdul Resak [1,000?], Ferchan 2,000 tents. The Shammar had about 20,000 tents together, while the Anazeeh had 40,000. Here, Abdul Resak had about 400 tents.

The two brothers have now reconciled through our mediation. In the evening we returned to our camp site.

Thursday, May 2nd. By the time the meal was ready it was 10 o'clock, so we couldn't leave until 10:30. Always the path between low limestone hills, which show the flattened rock on their surface; their tops bear almost all the stone piles, which were perhaps once small watchtowers, so-called Lug in's Land. [Places] At 4:45 we arrived again at the place where fig bushes cover the limestone rocks and where we had turned left yesterday, or rather straight ahead. Towards the east. At 6 o'clock the Kepess finally appears, visible from afar, near Raselain; now heading southeast, and to the right, about an hour and a half away, two Tepes appear, one of which is Karatepe. Night came,

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

a round basin, on one side of which the water surges powerfully from the depths. Its bottom appears light blue, in all its reflections in the crystal-clear water; but it has no smell; the Arabs say that a rose fell into it from heaven. Another spring above it flows into it, which is the beginning, if you don't count the one in the old town. (2_02_034) Around the large springs above lie a number of large black basalt stones that once surrounded the springs. The stones of the old town are now being collected to build the new town, among which I found the following writings: [Insch], former gravestones, perhaps from wandering Arabs or Kurds.

Saturday, May 4th. Today the weather is wonderful, warm, whereas yesterday it was rainy. Accompanied by Abdul Kerim's envoy, Mohammed Said, and an Arab and some Circassians, we set off today. At 9 o'clock we set off in a northwesterly direction to cross the Jir-jib, which gets smaller a little further up. It is also called Harbe su after a part next to it, near which springs emerge from the chalky rock. It is the union of the periodic waters of Ka-ra hassar and Wiran Scheher; in summer it is usually dry, and a few days ago it had become quite small. Today, however, it was a mighty,

It had become a raging torrent due to the heavy thunderstorms of the past few days in the mountains of Karadjadagh. The water was up to the horses' bellies, so that my plant packets were baptized again, which meant that we sat down on the other bank until 12:30 a.m. and dried them a little. We continued south on a completely flat surface, without a path. [Places]

At $\frac{1}{4}$ 4 the swamp of Ain el Malha is reached, with salty water, which was the only drinking water for the Arabs camping nearby. A number of young lads were busy filling the waterskins with it, beating the water with their hands and singing their rallala, rallala merrily. The banks were all covered with *Typha angustif.* [Pfl] On the wide plain the grass (2_02_035) was already turning yellow and dried up.

Finally we met the Shammar, who were changing tents and heading west, so I had to turn back. I could not stay in the desert alone. Finally, near Ain el Malha, we stopped and pitched our tents. A colorful picture of the tent changes! Everyone was on camels, Abdul Kerim himself rode one of them, a true son of the desert who had never been seen in a city. As my small tent was pitched more quickly than his large one, he settled in mine. The water was very bad, so I was constantly thirsty.

Sunday, May 5th. To the east-southeast, a lonely tell rises in the desert, called Tell Bala. [Pfi] We used the day of rest to dry the wet paper.

Monday, May 6th. Nothing comes of the Jebel Abdul Asis, as Abdul Kerim is too suspicious; he suggests that he leave this area now and that Anezeeh will then be in the mountains, so that he cannot guarantee my safety. At 6:30 a.m. everything was ready to leave again and we continued on a fast ride towards the Jebel Abdul Asis. At 8:30 a.m. we reached Tell Eschral, covered with stones from former houses. At 1:30 a.m. we reached Tell Choa Haue on the left. We also came across several places where we could see the stone ruins of former villages. We came close to the Abdul Asis, which takes its name from a [black?] saint who is buried there, for about an hour.

We were so thirsty that we longed to reach the banks of the Khabur. This wish was not fulfilled until half past three, when we arrived at the large Tell Roman, which was on the other bank. The banks of the river were covered with *Sambucus nigra*, pomegranates, old fig trees, elms, willows, *Fraxinus*, and in between *Conium macul.* and *Phragmites*. The river divides here and forms an island that was once a garden; even now it is full of trees of a white-leaved poplar with low trunks, the height and shape of which are equal to olives. Three hours up from here, the Sirgan flows between hills to the Khabur. On the other side of the river, the terrain is hilly as far as the mouth of the Sirgan. This is where the river usually flows, but it was too deep now, so we continued downstream. [Places] But even at Midshtell the river was too deep, so we had to travel upstream for another half hour, but as night fell upon us here, we camped in the tall grass on the banks of the Khabur. Soon huge fires were blazing everywhere, around which we grouped ourselves. We were very tired, as we had ridden very quickly all day.

Tuesday, May 7th. Early in the morning we again went up the Khabur [approx.?] $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to cross the Khabur at a tell on the left bank. I had the honor of riding on the same camel as Abdul Kerim; the water reached the animals up to their tails; the horses had to swim. Here the desert prince separated from me; he went up the Khabur because of disputes among the Arabs (2_02_036) and left me with a camel and 2 people to accompany me further. The camel had to carry the load of a horse, as my horse had been ill from Orfa.

From here we rode over a hilly terrain, on the other side of which we rode down into the plain, where many tells were visible. Next to the tell of Aint we came across an Arab camp, who had posted guard on the hill because they were afraid of Abdul Kerim. After we had fortified ourselves in one of the tents with dates and sour milk and butter, the whole camp set out to

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

to move further east and cross the Jacchach. After about [S?] an hour, the Jacchach was crossed at half past twelve. It was very swollen and reached more than halfway up the camels' bodies. Long, endless columns of Arabs came together from all sides to cross the river, which made for a very colorful scene. Now one of the women fell into the water, now a child fell, the mother ran after it, dogs fell from the camels, and now a camel lay down in the water with its load.

The women sat in a kind of basket on the camels with two long, cradle-like, curved wooden pillars. The camels were decorated with ribbons and shells. These journeys lasted all day and I could not understand why, because some went where the others came from. Here you can still see the remains of a stone bridge over the Dschachdschach, which flows into the Khabur about an hour from here; it comes from the east, while Ko-kab lies to the southeast. A few minutes up the left bank is a large tell, called Tell es Sfoie, which was also described to me as Beit el besar. On the tells beyond the Khabur, people sat on the hills to keep watch. [Places]

After 1 ½ hours from Tell es Sfoie I reached Tell Aswad, where Arabs were camped under Sheikh Muhs, a friendly young man, a friend of Ab-dul Kerim. The Dschachdschach flows past here. [Places] The banks of the river were decorated with a flowering tamarix and a willow. [Plant]

We spent the night here. Thunderstorms in the evening.

Wednesday, May 8th. At 6 o'clock we set off towards the east, always keeping some distance from the Dschachdschach, which rolls along to the left in a deep bed formed in the fertile, red earth and today carried even more water than yesterday. After ½ hour the Tell Liskof (2_02_037) lies on the left, behind which are 3 others in the same direction. Here the terrain changes, it becomes somewhat sandy in places, then it is covered with *Artemisia fragrans* and *Scoparia*, on which a violet *Orobanche* often parasitizes. [Pfl] To the right everything is barren desert, only a few tells appear on the left in the Dschachdschach plain. [Places] ½ 12 Tell Intelu erdu on the left. Here the desert becomes more salty, which even covers long stretches with a white crust. [Pfl] ½ 1 Tell Barde lies on the left. Here we came about 6 hours' drive from the Sinjar Mountains, and I wanted to go directly to Zamucha, but my guide was afraid of the Yazidis and said he could not go there, otherwise he would lose his head.

So I had to follow him, whether I liked it or not. In the middle of the plain, We had a heavy hailstorm here, so we rested here for 1 ½ hours. [Places]

[Pfl] ½ 6 we come to a wide river, called Sfoie, which forms wide swamps with brackish water. It was now impassable, at least not with our tired, laden animals, and so we made a large turn to the north, crossing two smaller streams with swamps with difficulty.

and the baggage fell into the water. We were not able to cross the third, larger river, and so we had to pitch our tent here at the foot of a part with very empty stomachs. We thought we would find the Sherabi Arabs today, but they were on the other side of the water behind a range of hills. The guide was sent out to fetch bread and firewood, but he did not return, so there was nothing we could do but go to bed hungry. Thunderstorm.

(2_02_038) *Thursday, May 9th.* A thick fog covered the rivers in the morning, but it soon dispersed. Our guide finally reappeared, but without bread; he had also camped outside during the night and only reached the tents in the morning. [Places] The banks of the rivers were covered with *Scirpus mari-tim*. [Plant] In the morning we crossed 2 more rivers, the last of which was about 100 m high.

10 minutes wide swamp, which had to be waded through, and the baggage was also carried on the head; despite this, the horses fell and could only be brought through with great difficulty. It was not until around midday that we reached the numerous tents of the Sharabiye Arabs, who raise a lot of livestock and are obliged to pay tribute. They had previously been in Ras el ain, but had to leave because of disputes with the Circassians. From here it is said to be only 6? hours to Nisibin and the same to the Sinjar Mountains. Many cows and sheep were raised here, as well as buffalo. The rivers of Khane-sir, [Rumeile?], Sumuma, Abbas, [Rumeilan?] and Supulach are said to form the Sfoie or Sufeiye, which then flows into the Dschachdschach. The Sheik Filasehn dervish was a good-natured man and entertained us with what he had. We spent the night here and would have liked to have had a day of rest, but in the morning we had to change tents.

Friday, May 10th. The Sharabiye camp was between 2 Tells, Tell Hamis and Tell Chidr. The women were all tattooed in blue and carried a lot of money and round, hollow silver balls hanging from their chests, which are also often worn by the Sinjarlis. As we wanted to go to Sinjar from here and gave up the visit to Ferchan, our guide demanded 1 lira, which I refused him, which led to a heated argument that soon turned into violence, he wanted to attack Abdullah with his knife. But we set off,

and alone without a guide, as the Sherabiye were also heading in this direction; initially northeast to the Cherahi River, which was quite deep and could only be crossed at the remains of a bridge. Here there were still lively scenes between the guide and Abdullah, during which I lost my hunting knife. But we made it through the river, which was about 40' wide, while the others stayed on the other side. The remains of the bridge are half an hour west of Tell Charase. After crossing the river, head south towards the valley of Bara. The desert here was very desolate, eroded, only a few *convolvulus damascus*, which were again here.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

begins, and *Iris fumosa caerulea*. in fruit. Smaller tells are visible everywhere. The Tscherahi approaches our path several times from the right. [Pfl] After passing the large Tell Helleluhn, where many shards of glass lay around in a wide area, another river is passed after 1 ½ hours, called Errad, also Auenat, after having previously ridden through a small stream, and a little further down it lies Tell Hömr. At their confluence, all these rivers do not seem to have any definite beds, but rather flow together through swamps, because everywhere you can see how their course is very erratic.

On the banks there were large pelicans, lapwings, ducks, etc. in abundance. It was about 50' wide.

On the left bank, Shammar Arabs had settled down with their tents, and we stayed with them. Unfortunately, there was no sheikh here, so we had to put up with them a lot. A violent thunderstorm broke out here. The smallest things were touched curiously, even one of the tent pieces that had accidentally fallen out was smelled. Soon the whole tent was full, everyone looked in amazement at the stranger who had arrived alone, and everyone had a different opinion as to who I was and what I was doing here. One said: Oh, that must certainly be (2_02_039) the Sultan himself, who wants to see how things are with us Arabs. Oh, he's been dead for a long time, replied another, there is no Sultan anymore. A third had never heard of a Sultan; Others thought I was a Frankish spy, scouting out the routes, and that I should be killed. Only few wanted to believe that I was He-kim, because they could not understand that someone would go to such lengths to look for plants. So everyone had a different opinion and no one had the right one. When we arrived, all of Elias's belongings had been taken away, a fur coat, a bed cover, etc., which I only got back later in the evening with great difficulty, but the hood had disappeared.

Saturday, May 11th. After a few hours' stay we set off again. Unfortunately I had lost the keys to my watch, so I was now living without time. Fortunately the desert here offers nothing, and we also had thunderstorms with rain almost all day. There is only 1 part on the whole route to Sinjar. [Pfl] covered the terrain, which was now becoming more chalky, in places, but often alternated with gypsum. [Pfl] We saw gazelles in their hundreds together, a large ounce pursued one that it caught near us. Unfortunately the rifle was not ready. About 4 hours before the mountains the terrain becomes slightly undulating; in some places there are cliffs, like small sinkholes, which is not unlikely because of the gypsum.

Finally, in the afternoon, we reached the tents of the inhabitants of Zamucha, about 10 km from the city. 200 tents that had settled in front of the valley of Bara.

We dismounted at the home of Sheikh Matto (Mathias), a very polite young man, where we were shown the left side of the tent. We found him busy in the field, cutting barley, whose fields were all under water due to flooding from a spring stream that comes out of the mountain valley, but which here remains on the plain and does not flow into Chatuniyeh, as shown on Kiepert's map, which is about 4 hours away from here and can be clearly seen from the mountains. This lake has no inflow; its outflow flows into the Khabur above [Therenir?]. Our host's father had fallen in the war with Hafiz Pasha. A man visited us who had been sent to Istanbul as a prisoner at the time and had come up the Danube accompanied by several Great Danube men, which he was still quite delighted about.

The Yazidis, whom we all found very friendly, complained bitterly about the heavy taxes and fervently wished that the Franks would come and take the [land?]. Why don't you come, there have been many who have already written everything down? They all wore black turbans, otherwise the usual grey and white clothing of the Kurds. Their language is Kurdish. Our sheikh had recently lost 7,000 sheep, which Abdel Kerim had taken away, and as a result he had become poor. His fellow citizens helped him, each of them providing him with a relatively new breed. The Yazidis made a very good impression on me.

The village of Zamucha with about 200 houses lies 1 hour east of here. 2 hours from here, Bara, lies an old khan beyond the mountains with an inscription. A village of Bara does not exist, as it has long since fallen into ruin; it is Zamucha's summer residence. The main mountain range of Sinjar ends here with the elongated Dennebihsch mountain. [Places] The mountains are split here by a wide valley, about ½ hour wide, (2_02_040) at the entrance of which there is a low chain of hills, like the one that runs along the south side of the opposite mountain range. Behind this chain lie a number of walls, partly to enclose gardens in which wine, figs and grain are cultivated, and also to enclose the stored barley that has just been tumbled out with sticks. A spring stream flows from there, where the remains of an old mill can still be found. I was often asked which Europeans this district was intended for, whether Russians, French or English. A Turkish dervish, who sold goods here, with a long, wild beard and no head covering, appeared in the tent every evening; he spoke all the local languages. The women here wear a striking number of necklaces and amber and [more?], coins, large silver balls; they also wear black scarves wrapped around their heads. Unfortunately, chancre was extremely common among them, which had been traced back to Hafiz Pasha's soldiers.

In the evening some Arabs appeared and asked the sheikh for permission

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

whether they might come near here with their flocks, which he allowed them to do.

Sunday, May 12th. In the afternoon I took a walk on the neighboring hills. [Pfl] The ripe fruits of Pistacia, called bottom achtar, are pressed into oil, which is the only oil here; they are also baked into bread because of their good taste. The whole mountain is full of them; here, however, they do not form actual trees, but rather, since they very often grow out of the pure rock, they form bushes up to 20' tall with many branches from the roots. [Pfl]

Monday, May 13th. Excursion to the higher mountains, called Dennebihsch, which, like the whole range, is densely covered with figs, pistachios, Rhamnus Palaest. aff. The range forms deep, long crevices in which the summit of the mountain is usually very difficult to reach; however, there are many plants in them. [Pfl]

(2_02_041) [Pfl]

Tuesday, May 14th. Today we set off for Zakinia. But we couldn't find a horse until our sheikh finally offered to supply one if I would exchange my saddle for his. He was absolutely crazy about it and wanted to have it at all costs, but I didn't agree to it because his was not very special. When he saw that I didn't want to, he sent the horse, which was already there ready for the journey, away again, so that we set off alone, with the servants marching in it. At first we rode along the stream in the valley.

[Pfl] Chalk, sloping in plates, appears everywhere at the foot of the mountains, and this entire break is made of chalk; a series of conical hills have formed against the mountain layer before the valley leaves. The path, which rises and then descends gently, leads for half an hour between the mountains, the left side of which, the lower Dscheraiba range, appears to be unforested; only now and then do you see a few trees or bushes of Pistacia mu-tica; while the opposite, steeply sloping Dennebisch, split in many cracks, is richly wooded with its grey-reddish limestone. But you can't see any real forests here, as in Germany, because the bushes always stand alone. A lot of natural caves, all of which I saw extend upwards (they are not long, but high). Everywhere you see walls enclosing grain fields. This is where the tent dwellers retreat to in midsummer. [Pfl] After about an hour the path turns eastwards and the mountain crossing is over without anyone noticing. On this south side too a line of lower hills stretches along the whole range; where the latter opens towards the desert, the villages are usually located on the slope of the mountain.

After half an hour we reached the tent camp of Zakinia, where we rested a little at Sheik Hassan's and enjoyed eggs with yoghurt.

The village, which was situated on the slope of the mountain, had collapsed last year, and its inhabitants, around 200, had settled below it; the black tents, which served as houses, were stretched over small, loosely put-together walls. Here the parallel chain of hills opens up, which here turn somewhat northeast, running along the second main mountain and offers a view of the desert. Below the camp, a spring emerges from the road, which immediately forms a stream, which is led further down in a brick water pipe to the old village, which was situated on the plain at the entrance to the mountains, of which large ruins, walls, etc. can still be seen. For a mule from here to Sinjar, 20 piastres. From here we ride on the plain, always along the low parallel line, until after half an hour, on the right of the road, the ruins of the village of Skeliye lie, next to which a tell, a hill, rises. 3 domed siarets, called Sheikh Abdel Kader, rise from the ruins. Due to Bedouin raids, the inhabitants left the village last year and some of them retreated to Dscheraiba. On this south side, the main mountain range does not fall as steeply as on the north side, but here in (2_02_042) there are a number of parallel fissures from top to bottom. The barley had already been brought in everywhere. The vegetation had already died down everywhere. [Pfl] After $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, there is another ruined village on the right, called Charrae ferra.

At dusk we arrived in Dscheraiba, from where it takes 3 hours to get to Zakinia; we got off at Sheik Mahmud's. He is at odds with the government and does not pay taxes. The village lies between the foothills that open up here, built on the eastern slope of the same, with about 50 houses with flat roofs and is inhabited by Khatuniya Arabs, who now live in their tents next to it and practice agriculture and livestock breeding. Above on the main hill there are ruins of the old village, as well as below at the entrance to the plain. A now strong spring stream emerges here in a brick water pipe, but it disappears in the plain and becomes very small in summer. The rivers of Abbas, Boreban, Dscherahi, Soblah, Brewitsch are said to form the Khanesir or Auenat or Errad.

Wednesday, May 15th. Next to the village on hills 2 white ononis. [Pfl] In the morning we set off along the foothills, where everything was full of wheat fields, between which there was some trefoil. In places the ground is uncultivated. [Pfl]

Beetles in abundance, red and black beetles, *Lytta* species, weevils and the large, golden desert beetle.

After 3 hours we finally reached Sinjar at midday. We stayed in the Konak, built 7 years ago on the same spot where the fortress of the absent Mudir Islam once stood. It lies on the eastern slope of the foothills that open up here, above which rises the miserable village with about 200 houses.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The representative of the Mudir, a former Juzbashi, Hamid, received me very kindly and entertained me excellently. He complained bitterly about the Mudir, who is making common cause with the Kurds here; he spends the money with which he is supposed to keep 60 soldiers with the Kurdish colonel. He asked me to share it with the Pasha of Mosul. The Konak is a large building, surrounded by high walls, built of stones covered with earth; a staircase leads up to it, where a large door, covered with feet, serves as the entrance. A large, arched arch from ancient times served as the reception room and mashlis. My rifle aroused great surprise. A friendly, good-natured Turk, Achmet, was the first person here after the Mudir.

16 villages belong to Sinjar.

A Yazidi sheikh was also present, who had a sack full of snakes with him; when he opened it, all the Turks fled in fear, and when [my?] Elias also took them in his hand, they all looked at him in amazement; for them it is a sin to touch them.

We were told of the old Bolad Kalessi, which is located a little to the west of the main road, is built of very large ashlar and is said to have many cisterns. After we had rested a little and had a fine meal, we visited the old town. It is divided into two parts by the valley of the river, which has its sources here; the western part is full of ruins of houses; along the riverbed you can still see the site of the former bazaar with its small, vaulted niches for the vendors.

A stone protruded from the ground on which the female lion was sitting.

Sinjar was once a main square in the Arab era, namely under Saladin, who often stayed here. There are no ruins older than those of the Muslims, apart from an old moat hewn into the rock near the old fortress. Below the Konak, hewn into the rock, is an old church, but its entrances were completely buried; only a portal was visible. Below this, the main sources of the river emerge, namely one outside the still standing city wall, under which the water flows in arches; a spring that bubbles up three times with many black mussels. (2_02_043) Women sat at the spring and bathed or washed with spatulas. Four larger springs form the Nahr Sinjar, but this is not said to reach the Khabur; a few large willow trees shaded the right bank, a place where the inhabitants would gather. There were no inscriptions. There was no mosque, nor was there a bazaar. An arch of the city wall above the river is still made of hewn stones. The other walls are made of small, irregular stones with lime mortar. In front of the mountain entrance, the stone ruins of the once great city still lie far apart, from which an old, round minaret still protrudes at the western end. A number of dome-shaped minarets with white-painted domes line the

can be found there. One in particular is distinguished by the group of mulberry trees that shade it, below in the plain. There is also a new, very large one on the mountain next to the village. Above Sinjar lie the ruins of a village called Charbedire, about half an hour away, with six Yazidi houses. On the hills above Sinjar I collected a red scutellaria. [Plant] In the evening the fires from the desert glowed from lit grass. I slept in the armory, the walls of which were hung with pistols, rifles and sabers.

Thursday, May 16th. At 7 o'clock I set out in a large company; the whole seraglio followed, led by a drummer and all the Segtiers, then I with Hamid and Achmet, and finally a number of servants. 5 Segtiers then accompanied me on to Tell Afar. [Places] From afar you can see a Yazidi village on the mountains near Mirkan, with trees on the mountain.

Before Mirkan, the ruins of the village of Surak lie on the plain, from which a stream flows down, covered with *Typha angustif.* [Pfl]. Further on, the larger stream coming from Mirkan is crossed. Here, the desert vegetation was more lively again. [Pfl] After crossing a third stream, an old square khan lies on the way, but almost all of its vaults have collapsed; only the gate is still standing, and very well preserved, with an Arabic inscription running around the gate, on the sides of which two men with moon faces pierced the head of a many-headed snake with a lance. The gate is built of large limestone blocks without mortar, while the rest of it is made of smaller stones; at the corners of the building were crumbling semi-circular towers. [Pfl]

From here on the terrain becomes gypsum-salty. We passed several salty streams, and we had a short rest at one of them, Töküll. The water here (2_02_044) flows mostly underground, only in a few holes does it emerge like springs, which are overgrown with fig bushes. There are plenty of fish in them. All around is gypsum, which in places covers long stretches with efflorescences. The stream that has emerged is thickly covered with *Arundo Donax*, [Pfl] on its banks. Next to it rise chalky hills. [Pfl] After half an hour we rode through another salty stream with wide fields of rubble from a stone-built village, in which a water pipe was still visible. Here the low Sinjar parallel range ends, but further to the left, about 4 hours away, another low chain of hills begins to continue in the same direction.

Just ahead of us to the east, the vast gardens of Tell Afar appear, while to the right the desert is covered with countless small and large tells, which have started to appear more frequently since the old Khan. Hahahaha ha dommus, dommus, chawadsche, my companions suddenly shouted: wild pigs in a herd in a swamp. 3 hours before Tell Afar, at the

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Tell Dahr pitched our tent by a salty stream, where we suffered a lot from mosquitoes during the night. [Pfl]

Friday, May 17th. We set off an hour before daybreak, crossing two streams until at dawn we came to a fairly large river, on the other side of which lie the extensive ruins of Äbrä with remains of walls and [houses?], a few arches, but otherwise nothing remains. At the southern end of the town there is a large tell. About half an hour to the left there are low, undulating hills, about an hour long, then the low Jebel Dschubeileh, which stretches somewhat to the southeast, follows, on which Tell Afar lies. From here on wheat fields alternate with desert, until finally everything around Tell Afar is cultivated. [Pfl] After about an hour from Äbrä, on the right of the road lies the large Tell Wender with wall-like [smaller?] walls surrounding it, stone rubble and shards nearby.

Finally, the large town of Tell Afar was reached, where everyone around was busy threshing the barley in the usual way with animals.

The newly erected castle (built 30 years ago by Hafiz Pasha) can be seen from afar when he subjugated the Yazidis. (2_02_045) We stayed at the castle with Mudir Ali Agha, who received us very courteously and did the firman all honour. If I had come without a firman, he would have welcomed me just as well, because he loves Europeans! Tell Afar has approx.

1,000 houses, mostly Turcomans, but none here. [Places] The houses in the village are all made of stone, with flat roofs, but none like the other, each one different, usually with a large courtyard, surrounded by a high wall. The village is partly on the plain, partly on the mountain slopes and on the plateau. In the village itself there is a strong spring that comes out from under the castle hill in an old water pipe. The river then irrigates the wide, magnificent gardens and then soon disappears into the desert; as it emerges between gypsum rocks that protrude everywhere here, its water is not good. The gardens, which stretch for hours just below the village, are planted with very densely planted pomegranates and figs, which do not form trees here, but are allowed to grow as they will, so that often 20 trunks grow from one root. The pomegranates were in full bloom, as were the olive trees, with some very old trunks here and there. Water trickles through them everywhere.

Women and girls sat on mulberry trees and refreshed themselves with the refreshing fruit, while others sat by the river, completely naked, washing each other. They were not very fearful at the sight of men, however.

They were dressed in blue like the Arab women, but wore black scarves wrapped around their heads like turbans. The men were tall, strong, with large turbans and full, mostly blond beards.

Streets in the town are wider than usual in the Orient, with no mule tracks in the middle of the street. Onion cultivation along the river. No bazaar, only a few things such as rice etc. are sold in a few houses. Storks are common here. Marienglas rock next to the town, the other is gypsum; a red variety of this is used to cut sable heads. The castle rises on a natural rock that has been converted into a very large hill, almost the same as that of Aleppo. It has been restored for about 30 years, the wall all around has been rebuilt in the old style with openwork battlements on top, round towers etc., which looks better from a distance than up close, where you can see how fragile they are. The vast interior of the castle is full of ruins of houses, some of which are still inhabited. The seraglio is also here, a cool building built between the old ruins. I was introduced to each of the members of the Maschlis individually, and each one had evil eyes, so that I had a lot to do with distributing medicine. The Mudir asked me to work for him with the Pasha, to get him a better place.

Since it is still 12 hours from here to Mosul and I wanted to get there tomorrow, I set off this afternoon to at least reach Abu Maria. Accompanied by 3 Segtiers, pedestrians like those from Sinjar, I rode up the mountain slope. (2_02_046) To the left, about half an hour away, there is a low mountain range, which we continue to ride through and which belongs to [Jubeiler?]. The undulating terrain gradually descends towards the Tigris, towards which the small streams now rush. To the right, the low hill range of Jubeiler splits into many conical hills. In front of us in the east-northeast, the castle of Abu Maria appears on the large tell, which we arrive at in the evening and where the Sheikh of the Jehs Arabs dismounted, who had covered a large area here with their tents. He himself was blind and not very accommodating. The square castle with round corner towers and gate is of new construction and stands on a large square hill, of which it only takes up a third, and is now empty. [Places] After we had eaten butter and bread, we went to sleep in the pleasant expectation of sleeping in Mosul the next morning.

Saturday, May 18th. During the night I sent a segist to announce my arrival. The plain is now mostly well cultivated. [Places] On a fallen camel sat mighty large vultures, and flocks of locusts moved south, comparable to a snowstorm. Half an hour further on, the ruins of Chirbet Bagla follow, just like the previous ones. Between the openings in the hills we caught sight of the Tigris and soon, a few hours away, the minaret of Mosul. The undulating, well cultivated terrain was soon crossed, after the village of Humeidat lay to the left, and soon we were in front of

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

I arrived at the gates of Mosul, where I was given the best possible reception in the house of Mr. Weber, who was absent at the time. Mr. Welty, a Swiss from Zurzach, was very accommodating. He is a great horse lover. I have my own room to work in, a large terrace to dry plants, in short, I couldn't wish for anything better. I want to rest here from the exertions of the desert journey.

(2_03_001) [Places]

(2_03_003) *Sunday, May 19th, to Friday, May 31st, 1867.* Stay in Mosul in the house of the absent Mr. Weber from Zurich. The houses of Mosul are all tall and quite narrow; the terraces themselves are surrounded by disproportionately high walls that prevent the draft. All the houses are built of stone and smoothed with earth. The cement, consisting of [powdery?] gypsum, immediately sets into a solid mass, often harder than the stone itself, so that the bricklaying proceeds very quickly, as I was able to see for myself during the construction of the Dominican Catholic church. The entrances to the doors are all made of smooth-cut Mosul marble, a white marbled gypsum with dark stripes that can be found everywhere around Mosul. Since it is very easy to work and can almost be cut, one can see the most varied decorations on almost all the towers. In particular, the terrace walls are often decorated with round clay tubes built into the walls in a wide variety of positions and shapes. The [impregnated?]

But the soil is not conducive to vegetation because of the soluble salts, so that one does not see any gardens here, only here and there trees have been grown with great effort, such as pistachios, figs and pomegranates. Such as the pretty garden of Mr. Marcopoli, the Italian consul, who invited me to lunch.

Well-preserved city walls run all around the town, although they are low and not designed for modern warfare, as they are the work of the Turks. From a distance, however, they are a pretty sight; there is a moat all around them. The gates are small and inconspicuous. The bazaars cannot be compared with those in Aleppo. The Turkish lira costs 108 piastres here, the French 93 ½, and Persian kranas are also often accepted at 4 ½ piastres. The women wear red faz with long tassels reaching down to the hips, densely hung with coins. Christian and Turkish women wear the black horse braids, called keliye, as in Orfa; no one can go out unveiled here, even European women cannot dare to do so without exposing themselves to insults. I bought a lot of pigeons, tumbler doves, etc., as well as other birds here. Large snakes are often found in the houses. Excellent pipe bowls of very solid construction were made here, as well as the so-called bardaks or water jars, which are also found in the ruins of Nineveh. Wine and raki are found here in abundance, but the berries are brought here from the mountains. Among the women

you can see many pretty faces, all wrapped in long, black veils, which are often very expensively decorated and embroidered with gold and silver. Nose rings are common. The Keliye cost between 80 and 150 piastres; it takes a woman a month to make them. In a square frame, one strand of hair is wound around the other.

The name Singara comes from sin = holy and gara, mountain, because the Persians once had fire temples there. The name Car kemisch from Gir, hill, and Chihsch, the name of a man. The place in the Bible where the people

(2_03_004) Pigeon manure is said to have been eaten during a famine, based on a wrong translation, the chori wenna = round chori, a type of durra, was read as chori jonna (the latter = pigeon), hence the misunderstanding. The Achillea Santolina, kept in houses against snakes, is called Rohl, or here called Jahda. Glycyrrhiza violacea, used to cover courtyards, is called Sahs. [SprPfl]

Two years ago a Turk from Baghdad had leased land on the edge of the desert from the peasants, but he had tricked them into declaring that they would not pay taxes to the government; he had also often taken in the Arabs' wives. The Pasha sent soldiers, but the peasants had called the Bedouins for help, so that the soldiers, who had only a little ammunition, surrendered immediately. The Arabs, however, cut off the Turk's penis, as well as all the soldiers'; they used his wife, and all the soldiers were murdered.

Adultery is severely punished among the Arabs, and the wild Beni Lam and Montafih, who go around completely naked, are particularly notable for this. Punishments such as being buried up to the head, smeared with honey and left in the sun, sewn into a camel's skin until it rots, having hands cut off, etc. are common. For example, a Turk had used an Arab woman; the man found out, murdered the Turk, and drove a stake into his wife's vagina, who was pregnant.

The most beautiful house in Mosul belongs to the English Vice-Consul Bassam. It is built entirely of Mosul marble, very high, one half with a gallery running around it, the other with two large halls painted blue with white inscriptions, one in praise of God, the other for Mohammed. The very large Serdab is very dreary, made entirely of stone, with columns and archways, just like an old knight's hall, even with a running water basin in it. The courtyard is paved with flagstones, in the middle is a small garden with running water. He had some sculptures from Nimrud lying there, large [P...erfigures?], wagons, etc. He always spoke of his translation of the (2_03_005) [Jes...hes?], which he wanted to publish; in the Pentateuch and in Esther in particular, many words in the Hebrew original text are said to come from Old Persian (Pehlvi). The Chabir of the Bible is the river of Jacko, not [of?] Ras el ain [...gt?] Paradise between Baghdad and Bassra. In

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

In the Chaldean Bible, the river is called Nahar Kebir or Kebar = large river, probably the Euphrates, from which the name Khabur may have originated.

The French consul Lanusse lives outside the city, in gardens on the Tigris, near the Seraglio, the English in the city, the Italian at the other end near the Kara Seraglio. In addition, the telegraph office director Julien was here with [wife?] and Mr. Welty, but no other Europeans; but just as they live separately from each other, they are just as separate in their relationships with each other; no solidarity; the Italian was a usurer who, for example, lent a Yazidi sheikh 200,000 piastres at 80% interest. In general, enormously high interest rates were paid here.

I had a dispute with the Pasha the day before my departure; his segregators had taken my brother's horses away, saying that government business was taking priority, so I went to the Seraglio myself, where there was a big mash-up, and declared that if he did not immediately give the order to hand over the horses, I would telegraph to Istanbul for violating the firman. This caused a general stir, the Turks rose from their seats, but I did not change my behavior, so the Pasha saw that he had to give up. He immediately ordered the segregators to return the horses. The Seraglio is a large square building, with a large courtyard and a dome-shaped fountain inside; next to it is the house for the soldiers, who played music every evening. -

One morning I rode to the mineral spring Ain el Deir, an hour away, where I found a crowd of women gathered ready to bathe. The spring is surrounded by a house and is in a basin, smells strongly of S and contains Fe, according to the natives it contains Hg, which is said to have been exploited by the monks in the past. White crusts float around on the surface; the color was cloudy, dark red-brown. Very close by, in a valley basin, are the ruins of the old Syrian monastery Mar Elias, some parts of which are still preserved, namely the church with the small altar, as well as an archway with an inscription and the cells for the monks [free?] [for?] pilgrims. 1 large cistern still contained water.

(2_03_006) The fields were already all mown, [ragged?] and bare, everywhere you could see the animals [busy?] pulling the cart over the grain. Vegetation had almost completely disappeared, only on the banks of the Tigris was a tamarix blooming in abundance, [plants] melons and cotton have now been sown. The heat [always?] during the day is already great; but strangely enough, the thunderstorms last a long time, almost every two days there was a thunderstorm with rain until the end of May. The nights are cool. Everyone sleeps on the roofs, staying inside is impossible because of the walls radiating heat. The white keliye were [made?] in Diar-bekir, but were not worn there, only a few were made here.

works. In Baghdad they are worn smaller, here they are a bit bigger, but in Kirkuk they are the ultimate, namely down to the hips, and one of these costs over 200 piasters.

After I had written letters to Weimar, Geneva and Aleppo, the departure was set for today, *Friday, May 31st*. The men were waiting for me on the other side of the Tigris, so that the bales had to be carried to the raft. The women were sitting on the banks and washing with their [wooden blueelan?], men were bathing unashamedly, others were swimming like frogs on an inner tube to the other bank. The Tigris bridge, which incidentally does not go over the main river but only over the less deep water, had partially collapsed in the winter and work was now underway to repair it. The barometer fell sharply today and the sky was overcast. Bassam gave me letters to take to the Pasha of Kirkuk and Sulimanieh.

XX Mosul–Sulimania (May 31–June 12, 1867)

Friday, May 31st. Towards evening I said goodbye and went to the Tigris ferry, where the horses had already gone ahead and they had asked for 100 piastres, but I only gave them the price, 12 piastres. In front of the village of Neby Junus, built on the ramparts of Nineveh with about 200 houses and a mosque with a minaret made of blue stone, in which the tomb of Jonah is said to be; perhaps there was a fire temple there. At nightfall we continued through the double ramparts of old Nineveh; soon we rode over a bridge at Wadi Schohr, then we slept on the horses, until finally at dawn we [reached?] the Chasir, with a riverbed $\frac{1}{4}$ hour wide. [Pfl] The river is crossed at a division, where the water reached up to the horses' bellies. The banks are lined with low hills, and 10 minutes downstream lies the village of Hassan Sham.

After about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the Great Zab is reached, with a riverbed that is over $\frac{1}{2}$ hour wide, surrounded on the sides by [often?] high river debris as a conglomerate. [Pfl] (2_03_007) At the village of Kaulesohr, ride past the left of the path, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour downhill, Dasin Agha is located on the edge of the river hill. Opposite, on the left bank of the Zab, is the village of Kellek, formerly inhabited by Yazidis and then called Tassini, now Kurds. The river flows in 2 parts, the first was ridden through, but the second is very deep and rapid; Kellecks are regular here, similar to those in Bir, on which we crossed; Abdullah had fallen from his horse twice and his foot was very [worn out?], so unsuitable for anything today. The telegraph crosses the river here; 2 small stone pillars, formerly used for the telegraph, had been completely pushed to the side by the water. Once we reached the other bank, we set up camp near the village, where there was nothing to be found except some bread. The nearby bank is rich in springs. [Pfl, Places]

Saturday, June 1st. We set off late in the evening. The monotony of the night was interrupted by a thunderstorm. Towards morning we [came?] into the desert, while during the night some villages gave themselves away by the barking of dogs. [Pfl] After $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours we arrived in Erbil, the old Arbela, where you can see the minaret standing alone on the south side next to the town, with a square base and a round top, from the time of the Caliphs; furthermore the mighty hill on which the [V...rn?] live. It is densely filled with houses up to its edge, there with high walls, on the south side the entrance is through a gate. There are no gardens here, only very few individual trees can be seen between the houses. A lot of fired bricks lie around, some of which were used for building, some to cover the graves. Erbil. The Chaldean name is Handejan. Many Christians are said to have been murdered near Erbil in Ainkova near Kanitschai.

Rain made the entrance to a church visible next to the old church.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

naret, with clothes etc., which, however, fell apart when touched. The Pasha, however, had it filled up again. [Pfl]

Erbil has 2,000 houses with Jewish, Kurdish and Turkish population. The bazaars are wide, airy, all covered with oak branches. Cafes are spacious, high; the streets are clean. Many of the houses are built from old, fired bricks that were used in the old buildings. To the northeast, about three hours away, stretches the rocky range of the Seffin Mountains, while to the south stretches the long chain of the Karachay Mountains, along which the road to Kirkuk runs; it is said to be very rich in plants. Ali Koadsche, a good-natured, rich Turk, entertained me well in the khan at the entrance to the city. A lot of vegetables are grown here, rice, cotton, cucumbers, melons. [Places]

(2_03_008) *Sunday, June 2nd.* In the evening we set off for Al-tyn Köpri, 12 hours away. We continued our journey at 8 o'clock on the somewhat undulating terrain after refreshing ourselves with ice water. [Places] The flora was desert flora, as the whole area only has a few cultivated grasslands near the villages. [Plants]

Monday, June 3rd. At 7 am we arrived in front of Altyn Köprü, where on this side there is a large square khan, which was now surrounded by people. Here you cross the Zab Asfal on a two-arched stone bridge, one of which is very large; 1 piastres was charged from each horse as a bridge fee. The second arch leads down into the now dry riverbed, in and around which conglomerate rock has accumulated. The bridge was certainly once larger, as I saw [various?] remains in the dry riverbed. The town lies on a small island and is crossed by horseback via the bazaar, at the end of which is the Mudir's seraglio. Here too, the bazaar is quite wide and airy, but it is difficult to find food during the day, usually even bread is not always to be found. Barley was expensive here. At the seraglio you come to the second bridge, a mighty arch that the horses can only get up and down with difficulty. We set up camp near it. I ate and slept a little in the seraglio. The town has 230 houses, built of earth. Language: Kurdish and Turkish. Cucumbers, small apples, small apricots could be found here from Kirkuk, as well as ice cream from Erbil. There are no gardens here, although there are said to have been many here in the past.

We set off at 7 p.m., but the night soon prevented us from seeing. [Places]
(2_03_009) [Places] During the night I let my horse take the reins and fell asleep, as did Elias. The result was that we stayed behind the caravan and the horses then went sideways, so that when I woke up I didn't know where. Fortunately, morning soon came and people who showed us the way. A few hours before we arrived I caught sight of the gardens of Kerkuk, which we soon reached on a rolling plain. On the way I collected...

I also bought a batch of a red-flowering plant, called Arab Gösi here, *Glossostemon Bruguieri*, whose large, tuberous roots are dried after the harvest and sold to Europe; the prickly fruits are eaten. [Plant] At 7 o'clock arrival in front of Kirkuk.

Tuesday, June 4th. In front of the town there is a hill which has been torn down on one side. To the left the road leads off to Baba Gurgur. The first house here is the Chaldean Catholic church, an ordinary house, as there are only 50 families here, the rest are Turks. On this side, called Koria, there are large gardens in which a large number of apricots are grown, a dark yellow, smaller, very sweet variety and a larger, pale yellow variety, as well as apples, rarely plums, and in between there are beds for watermelons, pumpkins and cucumbers; each garden has in its bed an *Ocimum Basil.*, called Rihan, a *Tagetes* = Katifä; in between there are *Helianthus annuus* = Güne bakan, also called Aitsche; *Zea Mais* = Scheker Kamischi. Olive trees are less cultivated; However, there are many old trees scattered around, among which are *Zyzyphus Jujuba*, called Hhinnab, and *Morus* white and red, frequently, but as a crown above all rise the slender trunks of the *Phoenix dactylifera*, which can be found in almost every courtyard and in all gardens; it [bears?] ripe fruit here.

I stayed in the house of Mussa Hindi, the richest Christian (Chaldean) here, as I had been recommended by Weber from Mosul. I was very well received, the food was good, but I had to put up with a lot with the sick. I was quartered in the house of Matran Hanifa, who was absent at the time. The houses here are not high, with flat roofs, some without walls, but mostly with. The way to the house goes through the courtyard, in which there are often square water basins and small gardens, consisting of *Althaea rosea*, called Chidmur, pomegranates, date palms, *Morus*, etc., and there are also often vineyards. From the courtyard you climb a stone staircase (2_03_010) to the terrace with its overarching wooden roof, behind which lies the living room. It is the favorite place of the [residents?] in the summer time, carpets and cushions are spread out on which the visitors sit down. The blue and red colors are very popular, because everywhere you see the walls with cut flowers or stars, as well as the wooden roof of the terrace and the wooden pillars in front of it are densely covered with them. 200 Jewish houses, 60 Chaldean Catholic, the rest of the 6,000 houses consist of Turks, Arabs and Kurds. Kirkuk is said to have been called [Sausebenahr?] in the past and was built under the Christian Padishah Pachtek. It was said to have been located 8 hours further south? on the site of the present village of Tauch and was called Kakut. The Chaldeans still call it Sloheh today. It is said to have received the name Kerkut from a princess who once came here with a large entourage, where there were only a few tents with a few old people; all very

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

poor. So she built the castle, and when she came home and was asked what she had seen, she said "Kerkut = nothing at all".

In the middle of the town rises a mighty, long tell, which is densely covered with about 500 houses; the nobles live on it. The streets are narrow, with a mule track in the middle; there are no old buildings, apart from an octagonal tower made of bricks, called Gök kumbet, about 35' high, consisting of 2 [compartments?]; the lower chamber now serves as a living room. [Building] The tell has no walls, has 2 entrances and is called Kala; our house was at the south end of it and from the terrace there is a wonderful view over the wide plain to the south, through which the Chaseh su flows. The town extends around the tell, which is divided into 2 parts by the river; The western part includes the many gardens, the large seraglio, a mighty building, the eastern wing is the residence of Pasha Seyed Takietin, the middle wing is the telegraph station, the western wing is for the 800 soldiers currently stationed here. [Building]

The military doctor was Ladolaus Jablonowski, a young man who spoke broken German and French. The telegraph inspector was a young Armenian, Ruben, a native of Istanbul, married a pretty Armenian woman from Bagdad, but was not happy. Kerkuk is said to have been called Beit Karmai or Slockihe, and is usually referred to as such in Chaldean books. An old Chaldean church is located at the northeast end outside the city on one of the Guyp hills, called Mar Dachmasgerd or Damas-gerd, which is said to be 1,600 years old and was built in the time of Constantine the Great. It used to be a monastery in the time of Shaur el [mullek?]. 150,000 of the Persian Christians are said to have been killed in it. Damasgerd, who came with Shaur, became a Christian here along with many soldiers, but he was cut to pieces. It is said that a woman with two small children came to the executioner, whom the executioner did not want to kill; but she insisted, saying that it was out of love for Christ. Then Christ descended from heaven on a ladder with the angels, and the axe fell from the executioner's hand. The square building is surrounded by a high wall [in?] the square, inside there are graves, also like in Mosul, lined with slabs of gypsum or sandstone, with rounded stone slabs with inscriptions at the ends, while in Turkish graves the stone under the head is always larger than the other. [Building, places]

Wednesday, June 5th. The women here wear long, black horsehair braids, called pedscha, which reach down to the stomach. The children also wear many silver bells on their feet; women are wrapped in colorful silk or black silk scarves, all wearing boots. The men are all dressed the same, so that one cannot tell a Christian from a Turk.

all have large turbans, long, grey beards etc. on both. The Christians, however, have striped turbans. Walk to the church of Mar Dachmasgerd, where gypsum rocks of the same quality as in Mosul are exposed. It is mainly worked into the slabs of the graves. In the cracks in the rock, the piercing brick-red earth [can be seen?] everywhere. From under the rocks, water flows out in aqueducts that carry the water from the city, which flows into a stream that rises nearby. - Tragacanth is brought here from Karahassan 6 hours away, reddish slabs are collected in August. - A resin is brought from the [Dah...?] Hamrin, which is said to be found in cracks in the rocks, called mummy, and has a reddish appearance. There are a lot of fables about this mountain, all of which would move me, but I went there because of the plants, some are said to glow like flames in the [night?], others are said to sing. Once, when a poor shepherd washed out his copper kettle with a plant (2_03_012), it was silver-plated. There is also the [gold plant?] there, if you boil it with milk, you will find a piece of [gold?] on the ground.

A hunter once got lost there and lay down to sleep; when he awoke, to his horror, he saw himself surrounded by a large snake that had wrapped itself in a circle around him. When he tried to get up, the snake also got up and hissed at him; after long maneuvers he was finally forced to follow the opposite direction to his path, the snake always [beside?] him; finally they arrived at a cave, at the entrance of which the hunter found a dead snake of the same shape. Soon an animal rolled up, round like a pumpkin; the hunter, who was afraid of it, took his gun and shot the animal that had killed one of the snakes. Now the snake became very friendly and licked his face. He hurried back, but fear meant that he was dead after eight days. Kimmia, mandrake root, is also found there. The strong smell of the plant is said to be intoxicating; even the milk of the herds grazing there is said to smell strongly of it.

Thursday, June 6th. A ride in the company of Ladislaus, Rubens, the Turkish telegraph official and the Chaldean preacher to Baba Gur-gur, [which?] is 2 hours away in 150 from here. The path always leads over the plain, consisting of reddish, fertile earth, until you reach the range of hills that you rode through from Altyn Köprü. Limestone alternates with sand and red, [strongly?] shiny earth in between in the valleys and crevices, but the main mass of the rock that protrudes in some places consists of gypsum, and [in fact?] crystalline, which forms large rocks. Three things can be seen: 1) the ever-burning fires, 2) the naphtha springs, 3) the S-springs. [Places] (2_03_013) [Places]

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The naphtha is now being spread out on the gentle slope of the hilly terrain. A small hut was built for the accommodation of the three men who work on it. There were about four round holes dug vertically into the ground, about 15' deep, from the bottom of which the naphtha emerges with a peculiar sound, gur gur, gur gur, the sound of large gas bubbles rising and bursting in the air. The layer that foams up on top is skimmed off with earthenware jars and taken in hoses to Kirkuk, where it is burned as oil. The naphtha spring belongs to a certain Achmed Beg, a Turk from Kirkuk, which brings him 4,000 kran annually without him paying taxes to the government. The S that appears everywhere is not exploited; anyone who wants to can go and find the necessary quantity to prepare the powder. [Orte, Pfl] Large, 1 ½' long, fat iguanas were common here. The Egyptian desert chicken was also common here. [Hist, SprPfl]

From the terrace of our house you can see the village of Otschach (4 hours) in 335. [Places] In 172, ½ hour (2_03_014) north of the city, lies the large Chasnetepe = treasure hill, in which a lot of money is said to have been found a few years ago. In fact, legend has it that great treasures are hidden around Kirkuk. In the square next to the old Mar Dachmasgerd church you can see several holes in which treasure hunters dig at night; the church was once twice as big, as the old walls can still be found in these holes. - Visit the Sheikh Ali mosque, which was rebuilt around 25 years ago, in the style of the Aja Sophia, forming a large dome. [Construction]

The prettiest was the apartment of the sheikh, who greeted me very kindly, as he was ill at the time. He lived in a deep, wide salon with a colonnade and a square water basin. I advised him to drink English salt; but the servant who met us with it brought rock salt from the bazaar under this name. It is not so important here. In the courtyard was a large arbor of vines, thickly covered with grapes; in his garden he grew Tagetes, Ocimum, Mentha p., Opuntia vulg. and Althaea rosea. –

Here in Kirkuk the climate is very different from that of Mosul because of the proximity to the mountains; it is hot during the day, but there are frequent strong gusts of wind; the nights are very cool.

Friday, June 7th. Departure is scheduled for this evening. At [Tanda?], 14 hours from Kirkuk, in the mountain range to the right of Sulimanieh, there is a lot of black naphtha. Likewise at Tuz Churmati, ½ hour from there, 15 hours from Kirkuk, there is black naphtha and a lot of salt. Tasi Churmati 3 hours from Kirkuk with fertile area. – 6 hours before Sulimanieh there is strong salt water at Kom. – The best sabre blades are the Kara chorasani, also called Kirk werdiwen, dark in color, with veins in knots, 40 from top to bottom, neither too soft nor too hard. 2nd quality are the Daban, very similar to the first, but

Colour paler, veins finer, not elastic but very fragile because very hard. They break when dropped.

3) Quality Shame with snake-like veins from top to bottom, without knots; they are very soft so that when bent they stay in the given direction. 2 kinds of them, darker and lighter.

Other qualities are Eleif Stambul, Kasbin etc.

(2_03_015) We only set off at 9 p.m. and after half an hour we reached the line of hills that we would ride across. [Places] The effect of the fresh mountain air is already apparent here, as the hills are filled with flowering plants. [Pfl] At half past seven we come to a springy slope with two mulberry trees, under which we settle down for the day. [Pfl] To the left, a quarter of an hour away, is the village of Billä (Binäm), whose grain fields surround us. [Pfl] The view of the mountains is magnificent. [Places] (2_03_016) The area used to be very unsafe, but since the robber chief Mahruf Agha of the Kandildagh was captured by Kerkut Pasha, everything has been safe. He was an incredibly strong, powerful man, chief of the Bilwas Kurds. When the Pasha came to him for the first time, he did not treat him any differently than his servants:

bring coffee, fill the chibuk, etc. Then the pasha got scared and turned back; but then came with many soldiers and caught him; on the way to Kerkut the people everywhere haunted him. He did not endure his suffering for long, because soon afterwards he died. Now everything is quiet around here. (In Kerkuk the children play with paper kites and a clattering mill).

Today, *Saturday, June 8th*, we will stay here until midnight because I don't want to miss Derbent.

Sunday, June 9th. Set off at 4:30 in the morning towards the east-northeast towards the pass. Below lies the small village of Ibrahim Agha, while Billae or Binae lies a quarter of an hour further east in a valley cleft on the same ridge where we camped; it is surrounded by small fig orchards, like several we had seen before. Further on to the right lies the small village of Dükä. Here the terrain begins to be riddled with deep furrows, which become more and more frequent towards the pass. The earth is mostly black, only in one place was it a piercing brick red in one of the water cracks. On the outcrop, grey sandstone layers have been deposited, rising from east to west.

1 hour before Derbent the plain descends, but here too it is interspersed with sandstone layers that run along the Karadagh. On the right of the road a pile of stones marks the Siaret Pir Omar, on which the Kurds rub their backs to avoid getting sick there. Several spring streams flowing southwards in numerous bends were interspersed, one of which is the [Deresnahr?] Dü Kä su. The water was often diverted into ditches to irrigate the fields; but only a few [summer?] wheat fields can be seen, all

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

other is undeveloped. [Pfl] West-south-west appears behind us [sideways?] to the right the Tell with Castell Tschemtschemal. [Pfl]

At 11 we finally reached the pass, which reminded me of the one in Jebel Tak-tak. Mountains rise gradually on both sides, the western side falling steeply and covered with ballud (Q. alba). An old, crumbling khan on the right of the road. A wall stretching up both mountains once closed off the pass with a gate, but now it is free and the wall is crumbling. After a few minutes the terrain widens out and forms a basin about an hour wide, surrounded by a mountain range, which mostly only ends in rocks above and consists of bushes. A few caves were visible on the mountain to the left.

Formerly a residence of Kurdish robbers, who were only put to rest last year. Here you can see the Pir Omar Gudrun nearby at 230. The rock layers at the entrance to Derbent rise from west to east. At 12 we come to a large valley with a spring stream, called Go-paltepe, where *Phlomis rigida* was in bloom. Half an hour later we stopped for the day in this valley. A number of small Kurdish

tents were scattered across it, each surrounded by a square reed network on which the tent is stretched. The whole valley is called Bazian and is crossed by many small streams. [Pfl]

(2_03_017) [Pfl] Due to the amount of water, the grass is lush. The Kurds only spoke Kurdish here. From here to Sulimanieh, 10 hours. [Pfl, Places]

The villages here are all insignificant, mostly hidden in valleys; now everyone lives in small tents. For a year now, these Hamawand Kurds have been put out of their [theft business?], ever since their sheikh Baki Katir was led in chains to Baghdad by Basian. We set up camp for the night on the lushly grassy plain.

Monday, June 10th. We set off at 4 a.m. and soon rode across the river, and rode across the half-hour wide valley in a southeasterly direction, along with several small streams. [Places, Pfl] From here it takes 6 hours to get to Sulimanieh. [Places]

(2_03_018) On the right in the plain there is a large tell with the village of Tell Resch, which was soon called Kellespi, Tell Was?, also Kani Kawa?. Here we rested by a stream, of which there are probably five running down from Pir Omar. There were fish in it, storks; numerous small Kurdish tents scattered across the plain. After half an hour we rode across another river, the Dschach-dschach, shallow but fairly wide; near it a clear spring, called Sertschinar, comes out of the ground on the edge of the stream. After 1 hour before Sulimanieh we come to hills covered with some *Quercus* trees; on one of the hills a large spring emerges, or rather, from the edges of the hill a number of springs emerge in a semicircle, which unite and immediately form a wide

deep stream, the Sertschinar, which flows rapidly southwards. A little further to the right of the path is a similar basin, which then joins it to form the Zalm Rud.

We then reached Sulimanieh on undulating terrain, which was now being harvested with wheat fields. The Gümruk-dschi received us straight away, but I did not go into the duane, which caused a big argument [still?], as I was thought to be a merchant. We stayed in the Khan Mälä Merdan, built by a Persian named Abbas Beg, where rich foreign merchants sell their wares. Right next to it is the Persian Khan, where I took a room. Both Khans are large buildings, square, but only the ground floor is made of earth. A covered terrace runs all around, supported by wooden posts. Flat roofs. In the middle of the courtyard is a square water basin for the faithful to wash. Jibri ebn Shaak and Yusef, both merchants from Mosul, to whom I had bills of exchange, took care of me. In the evening a high [wooden?] bed frame, as is common here, was carried under the terrace, where I slept wonderfully.

Tuesday, June 11th. Visit to Gümrikschi, a Mosulian, who sent me my things straight away. He was [horrified?] by a snake that I had caught yesterday. Visit to Pasha Omar, who used to be in Rowanduz, but has been here for 2 years. A middle-sized, thin man with a grey beard and a good-natured appearance. I found him eating, and he immediately invited me to join him, saying that I had come at just the right time. I had letters from Ras-sam and Mossul Pasha for him. The meal went very quickly, one dish after the other, only a little of each of the at least 20 dishes being eaten. [Txt]

The houses are all built of earth, with flat roofs without walls, as is the custom in Mosul. The bazaars are airy and spacious; many carpets were made here for the Arabs, and are therefore of inferior quality. Even the small nargilehs have tube covers made of straw, etc. The women here do not wear braided hair. The general language is Kurdish, but Turkish is also understood, but only by the [Governor's official?] or those who were away. Every morning and evening the people gathered in the streets, eating large pieces of ice. Sharbatchis offer red sharbat cooled with ice, for 2 para a glass. There is also frozen food, consisting of milk, sugar and rose water. Fruit was not yet to be seen except for small apples; the apricots only come [after?] 20 days from the mountains of Kamtschucha north of Pir Omar Gudrun. – Towards the evening [or?] midday, [regular?] gusts of wind begin, which is why it is [warmer?] in the morning than in the afternoon. I was very busy with the sick, often over 100 people during the day. (2_03_019) Dropsy patients were particularly common here, such as the wife of Ibrahim Agha and the brother of the watchmaker.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

chers Abdullah, who caused me a lot of trouble. There was also a case of cholera with Yusef, and I cured him with quick help. Large water jars here, like the ones in Harran.

Wednesday, June 12th. Spent time arranging plants, including many sick people; I acted as a real doctor and was paid for the first time on this trip. Many brought tobacco, bread, etc., and some of the rich often sent us a lavish dinner.

XXI Excursions to Pir Omar Gudrun and the Hauroman Mountains (13 June–9 August 1867)

Thursday, June 13. As I must stay here for some time because of the foot of Abdullah, I decided today to go to Pir Omar Gudrun.

The good, lively Turk Abdullah accompanied me, Ibrahim Agha gave me two of his best horses so that I could look for his wife's herbs. The woman was very rich and influential, every day the Pasha asked me about her. Accompanied by two Segtlers, Abdullahs and [...?] Elias, we set out from here at night, rode past the Sertschinar spring, then after a few minutes through the Dschachdschach, which is four hours away from Kisler.

We always stay in the hilly region at the foot of the Asmir dagh, which stretches far to the south with its bare cones.

We dismounted for an hour at a small tent camp and slept a little on the ground. To the left, near a small stream, in a small valley, lay the small village of Suagä on the slope of the main range of the Asmir Mountains, which is only half an hour away. These hills, over which the path leads us, consisted of layers of grey, fine-grained sandstone with grey-blue marl layers in between; the stone usually splits into small, square slabs, and often such protruding layers have the appearance of artificial pavement. They all rise from west to east. Next on to the left is the small village of Kanimondum mon in ruins with a tepe, spring and mulberry tree, located in a depression in the terrain; a quarter of an hour further east behind the hill lies the new small village. The route is fairly cultivated; but apart from the wheat fields, everything had already been harvested and the grass had dried up, namely Gundelia Tournef. very common here everywhere, rattling when you ride through because of the fragile leaves. From here you have a view of the valley plain to the north between the Pir Omar Gudrun chain and the continuation of the Tasludsche mountain range, which rises higher and is covered with bushes; this mountain is called Tokma or Rikowa, which has 2 villages on it. 20 minutes further on is the small group of houses Tartu, made up of [6?] houses made of boulders, glued together with earth, with a Morus group and a beautifully grown Querc. Valonia.

Next to the village the inhabitants' tents were pitched; here too the old village with its cemetery was nearby. The graves here are all made of long and narrow hewn stones. Next to it is the small village of Piskerni in a narrow valley between sandstone hills with horizontal layers. Next to the village with [20?] houses with flat roofs were fig plantations. We stopped off at Keja's house to feed the horses and also to strengthen our stomachs. The house was the best in the village, with a pretty vestibule, at least clean. Large water coolers with symbols in sublime work.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

very commonly used here, just like those I had seen in Orfa and Harran.

(2_03_020) *Friday, June 14th.* After eating, we set off and rode back down to the plain. [Places] We traveled along the mountain slope, leaving the village of Enteli to the side. The vegetation so far was nothing special, everything was dried out. [Pfl] From here, the peak of Pir Omar Gu-drun was [12 ½?], ½ hour away. We then climbed a steep ridge, on the back of which was a siaret, white cloths in the shape of flags planted on sticks, stones that had been picked up, etc. Here, some mountain plants are already in bloom. [Pfl] The path leads steeply down [and?] approx.

10 minutes, and we were now at the entrance to Pir Omar Gu-drun. The rocks rise steeply and wildly torn up on both sides.

[Places] Here the mountains come so close together that only an entrance of no more than 12 paces wide remains, with vertical, insurmountable [rock walls?] on both sides. This rocky basin forms an impregnable natural rock fortress, because its arable soil could provide plenty of food for many people. Morus and oak trees provide plenty of shade for the entrance, under which a siaret with white flags is placed on the left of the entrance. A small bridge made of branches and earth leads from the entrance over a now dry torrent. You ride for 10 minutes in this valley towards the east, bordered on both sides by the steepest, highest rocks, in which there are several caves. On the left, there is an isolated mountain with slopes covered with abundant willows, the base of which is planted with vines, just as the whole wide valley with its crevices forms a large vineyard, between which there are groups of willows, poplars, individual plane trees, almonds, Prunus Mahaleb, oaks (Ballu-te), pistachios, etc. Now and then you can also see individual fields of wheat that are still green.

(2_03_021) The vines are kept low, old thick trunks, but not particularly well cared for, because tall grass is growing everywhere. The path gradually climbs up the mountain, and after half an hour from the entrance you come to the village of Pir Omar Gudrun, which consists of 30 houses. The houses are all built of stone covered with earth, with flat roofs, carried by tree branches and supported by trunks. Usually one side leans against the mountain, so that you often ride on the roof of a house without knowing it.

The inhabitants are Kurds, good-natured, who did everything to make our stay as pleasant as possible; they wore round felt caps wrapped in scarves, white trousers and a white long shirt, over which a short brown doublet.

We stayed with the sheikh of the village, an old blind man who also formed the local mosque and therefore prayed almost all day long. From the terrace of our house he punctually performed the duty of prayer caller, although he had no idea of the Arabic prayers and pronounced them very poorly. In front of the house a group of mahaleb, plane, morus and willow trees provided pleasant shade, while in our house there was a spring of cold water that flowed into a square basin and was used as a bath. The raised area of the house, which served as a meeting place, was covered with stone slabs that had become completely polished [...usht?] over time. No Frankish Hakim had ever come to this wild mountain valley, so the curiosity of the inhabitants was forgivable. Eggs fried in butter, bread and sour milk formed our daily diet.

All around the town there are extensive gardens with old, densely planted pomegranate bushes, which were now in bloom and offered a magnificent view, with plenty of fig trees, almond trees of very large size, and Prunus Mahaleb, which I had never seen in such large size before; these gardens soon alternated with vineyards. Along the streams there were old willows and Italian poplars; also Juglans here and there and pear trees, one with broad, one with narrow, smooth leaves (*P. syriaca*). Next to the town to the north a stream came down from the mountains, mostly filled with rubble, but home to a lot of plants. Above the vineyards rise the oaks, *Q. Valonia*, with white-grey and green leaves; no other species are present. In places they form dense bushes, but mostly on the more open slopes they are solitary trees. Above them, the bare, steep rocks rise up, forming a real wreath all around that is insurmountable. Above the village itself, the high, steep slopes of the Pir Omar Gudrun stretch out to the west, still covered with snow fields in the crevices. [Places] (2_03_022) [Places]

All around, the mountains rise steeply, as the slopes have received little scree from above. Panthers, wolves, etc. are said to be common, as is a type of ibex with large horns. The main mass of the rock is limestone, Alpine limestone, which forms the upper regions of the bare rock. In places, fine-grained gray sandstone breaks through, as does black slate. This district used to belong to Kuhistan. This area has been subjugated for about 16 years. If the people here were rich, this place would be a second siege for the Porte, but they are poor and cannot arm themselves with rifles. 10 rifles would be enough to stop a powerful army here.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

The place takes its name from a saint who lived here many hundreds of years ago. The siaret dedicated to him is located half an hour southwest of the village in a depression in the mountain slope, higher up than the village. It is surrounded by thick oak bushes, through which one comes to one of the loveliest places I have seen here. A group of old trees shade this valley basin, in particular an old walnut tree that sends its branches far and wide; mores are of course inevitable, as are willow trees. The siaret itself is located on the north side of the basin and forms a large, square tomb built of stone, about 4' high and 8' long, with poles on which white flags were stuck, one of which bore the Turkish emblem, a crescent and a star. A low wall separated this sanctuary from the secular surroundings. A mighty old pistachio tree, rooted in the rock rising above it, shaded the grave, next to which is a stone hut. A round straw basket hangs from the hut, serving as a table; next to it lie some large tin bowls and a large copper kettle for the visitors, each of whom had to sacrifice a sheep to the saint. A house to protect against the weather, through which an ice-cold spring flowed, forming a small waterfall here. The spring is enclosed in a brick basin, which was densely planted with *Pyrethrum Parthenium* without a jet.

Next to the basin, vineyards spread out to the south, the hedges of which consisted of flowering, red, double roses, with which the Kurds decorate their caps. *Rosa canina* af. was also common here, as was the large *Pistacia mutica*, a stately tree of the same shape as the olive trees that are missing here. [Pfl] The scent was wonderful throughout the valley, as the vines were in full bloom. There is said to be a large petrified snake near the Siaret. Once, when a woman was walking there, a large snake came towards her. Frightened, she asked Omar Gu-drun, who turned the snake into rock. –
When the Persians

(2_03_023) When they came here, they took the saint's kitchen utensils with them, but when they arrived there, they returned to their old place.

The vegetation around the 3,500' high site shows the following: [Pfl].
(2_03_024) [Plants, Places, SprPfl] (2_03_025) [SprPfl] After several packages of plants had been sent to Sulimanih to dry and the newly brought paper had been filled, we set off again on Sunday evening and reached Sulimanieh again early on *Monday, June 17th*. Preparing the plants took several days until everything was dried and in order. [Meanwhile?] I had constant, strong support from the sick, as there was no doctor here. In particular, the dropsical wife of Hassan Effendi, 1st Secretary of the Pasha, sister of Ibrahim Agha, the richest and

most influential Kurds here. Ibrahim Agha, of a tall, strong stature, with a large, white turban and white maslach, was perfectly in keeping with his good-natured appearance; he was blind in one eye. Every day, around 50 strangers ate with him free of charge; he constantly gave bread to the poor, and he also provided us with food every morning and evening, as well as my horses with barley and straw. His large conak was a constant meeting place for the local elite, both during the day and in the evening, where we often gathered on the terrace of the roof and held the keif. His language was very refined, for example, he would say, yesterday I came to your house to serve you, etc., which of course caused a stir among the other Turks.

The streets of Sulimanieh are not as narrow as those of many other Turkish towns, but are not paved; in many of them water is constantly running, so that in the rainy season one can hardly go out; the roofs of the houses are almost all connected to one another, so that one does not have to go out into the street in the evening to visit one another. On them one sees almost everywhere a kind of square frame, reed mats spun with wool, which enclose the beds because of the frequent, sudden bursts of rain.

Storms. They are often found on a scaffolding in the courtyard, mounted between four high poles. Almost all of the houses have only a ground floor, only those of the nobility have an additional floor. In the bazaars, guns of 30-100 cranes were made, among them some very skilled craftsmen, as well as short knives, of which every inhabitant has one in his belt, which also serves as a bread knife.

The belts of the men and women are peculiar, as can also be seen in Erbil and Kerkuk: about 3 inch wide belts, which have 2 large, usually have heart-shaped silver plates, while the women's plates are round with a point in the middle, looking like a large navel. (2_03_026) They are also decorated with colorful stones, amber, etc. The women wear a striking amount of jewelry, namely bracelets, either made of amber beads or just glass beads or round black or blue bracelets, which have been replaced by finely crafted gold or silver clasps among the [i.?] nobility. Usually a whole necklace of chains of various kinds hangs around the neck, among the nobility often [a?] 6-8 rows of gold pieces, as well as in the hair, which is usually tied in front of the

shave their hair short, similar to that of [some?] men, while only braids hang down at the back and sides, which they usually dye red with henna.

They also wear silver clasps on their feet, and the children's are also decorated with small bells. Where the belt is fastened together at the front, there is a round, protruding button, with a small, blunt button in the middle. The women here all wear

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Unveiled, although some wear the black braided hair on their heads, they do not cover themselves with it; they are much more free than elsewhere, so that I saw them everywhere in all the houses here. Most marry at the age of 12, the boys at 15, hence early impotence on both sides. Many beautiful women and girls, but in particular a girl of the Juzbashi Ibrahim Agha with blue eyes; they are mostly tall and sturdy and do not have the bloated harem look of the Turkish women of other cities; most have tattoos on their chests, but not on their faces; hands, feet and nails mostly have red henna.

In the bazaars, small apples, very tasty, are offered for sale from the villages behind the Asmirdagh; also white and excellent red, large mulberries; also small cherries, called belleluk, and long cucumbers. Ice cream sellers sit on every corner, selling a large piece for 5 Para.

A few hours from the city, it is kept between layers of straw in pits, and when this is used up, the northern slopes of Pir Omar Gudrun always provide the largest amount. Tobacco is grown primarily in the villages of the [district?] Shuan, of a yellowish color, pleasant, cut unknown, only ground. A lot of sebile was made here, also carved from wood with decorations, but the most beautiful come from Koi Sandschak. The chi-buks are all coated to moisten against the heat, even sebile [...?] glass windows unknown, only variously cut wooden lattices take their place. Water flows in most of the courtyards, but the water from Sulimanieh is not good, it bloats the body, especially when consumed with ice. Only one spring provides light, healthy water. Raw chickpeas, eaten from the greens, are also very popular here.

Wednesday, June 19. The definitive departure after the Hauroman threatened in to be pushed to the limit, I was advised to wait another 5-6 days until favorable news arrived from there, as 2 companies of soldiers were stationed there. Not agreeing to this, however, I decided to at least visit the Turkish slopes of the same. At sunset we assembled at the seraglio, where [about?] 100 segtlers and the captain (juzbashi) Moham-med Salich Beg of the Halebdschi set out to return. I set off with him after the Pasha had provided me with Bujuruldu.

Our path first led upwards to the foot of the Göscheberg, (2_03_027) from where the path now leads in a south-eastern direction between the undulating slopes of the mountain; it was a constant descent and ascent of the hollows similar to water cracks.

So, with a lot of imagination (drummers etc.) we reached the small village of Omerekber after half an hour, situated in one of these hollows, not visible from the plain; before that, a stream, in which there is a walled-in spring on the way,

poured, passed and then immediately reached the village, consisting of about 20 houses, whose north wall was level with the road or rather without a [W...wall?], so that one rides on the roof without knowing it. Many of the houses lay in ruins; next to them on the mountain slope was a half-wild fig bush, the remains of a former garden. The rock layers that protrude here and there, mostly made of limestone or marl, are all horizontally aligned and run in the same direction as the mountain range, to the southeast-northwest. They often have a gridded appearance, as they split into square plates. After half an hour, the village of Kirka, consisting of about [90?] houses of the same type, was passed, also located in one of those hollows; a few mulberry trees and a spring are of course unavoidable. The night was wonderful for travelling, neither cold nor warm, below in the valley the fires of the villages, invisible during the day, glowed, of which there were very many.

After a good three hours from Sulimanieh we reached our overnight accommodation, Dar Barule, a village with flat roofs also situated in a hollow. Next to it a clear spring with a water pipe came out of the mountain, which served as a bath in a walled-in depression, shaded by a mighty *Morus*, whose place is occasionally taken in the villages by individual *Quercus Ballota*, which thrive well in isolation and always retain a shape similar to the olive tree, round and oval, without the far-reaching branches of our native species, and in height it never comes close to ours, at most 40-50'. The inhabitants of the village had settled in twig huts, which were surrounded on all sides by [woven?] reeds. Here we spent the night in the open air, after refreshing ourselves with an egg dish.

Thursday, June 20th. During the night the Jutzbashi had separated from the soldiers and left me 3 segmen, with whom I set out at 6:30.

[Places] (2_03_028) The slope on this side is fairly cultivated and often difficult on the fairly steep slopes, where in places there were still ears of barley and wheat; mostly the wheat was in heaps, i.e. the cut ears were laid downwards, as were individual fields of durra; often high up on the slopes one can see vineyards with figs in between, but these are only isolated occurrences. They prove, however, that the entire mountain range is capable of cultivation. Next to the villages, all around, there were grain sheds, ready for threshing. But there was no sign of vegetable cultivation anywhere between the mountains, which is so common in the plains. We came across whole loads of cucumbers, which were stopped and plundered by the Segtiers. The Pir Omar Gudrun, however, in the Surtasch district, was visible from here as a single peak emerging from the plain, since the other neighboring mountains are hidden by the surrounding hills; further away

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

But it also blocks the view. The Gösche dagh forms a gradual [arc?] between southwest and northeast, so that one can never see the whole longitude chain, but only a small part.

We set off at 7:30. [Places] After 5 ½ hours from Sulimanieh we reached Chrapa, where we stayed in a house to spend the day here. The water boiled at 96 ½° here, the place is also located between the hills and consists of 40 houses, most of which had twig huts on the roofs and were surrounded by reeds. Opposite on the Kara-radagh are Schema and Welleka. To see what lies beyond the Göscheh-dagh, I climbed the [...?] hills in about ¾ of an hour, but could not reach the highest point, as a cultivated high valley separated the train, in which barley and wheat were being harvested, and a few Walloons were also seen there. But there was a wonderful view of the wide mountains. [Places, Zit?] (2_03_029) [Places]

While I was writing, the Juzbashi returned towards evening, and when he heard that a local man had started a fight and that I had not been taken to a better house, he grabbed his stick and beat the old men mercilessly; the quarrelsome man was thrown by the Segtiers, tied up, pushed and beaten soundly by the Juzbashi. Only after a [use?] did I release him from the transport to Sulimanie.

A better house was immediately found, where we slept wonderfully on the roof made of brushwood, covered with carpets. Everyone came respectfully to kiss the Yuzbashi's hand; he was greatly feared everywhere; he is one of the descendants of Abderahman P.; in the evening he told me the story of his ancestors, Darishman: that they had once lived freely, but now had to serve the government; he consoled himself with the thought that "that's the way the world goes". His brother was thin, but he was stocky and had strong muscles. A good meal of pillau, meat, eggs and white honey strengthened us.

Friday, June 21st. We set off at 1 o'clock in the dark, as the last quarter of the moon came later. After about 1 ½ hours we left the mountains, and we had ridden almost all the way downhill. [Places] The path leads to the tell of Kerem, which stays to the right, crossing two streams that rise in the plain itself; even at the tell there is a stream. To the right, towards the Derbent Gauran Kali, there is another tell, called Warmaue.

Here we ride along the left bank of the main river. [Pfl] At 4 o'clock the darkness finally disappeared and the morning allowed me to look out over the wide plain, which seems to be enclosed by high mountain walls and only allows the exit to Sulimanie. [Places] (2_03_030)

[Places] A mighty flock of a small black bird, called rasseie, suddenly filled the air, which then turned into a long back and forth

wounded band, coming from the mountains where they eat the mulberries. [Pfl] On the left is another spring. To the right towards the Karadagh the plain is about 1 hour wide from the path, but to the left it is probably 4 hours. [Places]

At $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 the broad Salmsu is crossed, coming from the nearby mountain gap of the Hau-roman, after which this northern part also takes its name Salmdagh. [Pfl] At the village of Rinnahr, consisting of about 20 houses, a stream is again ridden, into which several springs flow near the village itself, while the stream itself flows into the Salm. The ruins of houses and walls, separated from the hill by a wide ditch, show that it was fortified to defend a town. The Zalm runs southwest until it flows into the Tangrud, 1 hour southwest from the crossing; then they unite at Semiram into the Sirwan. We rested a little at one of these next to the village. This was shaded by magnificent plane trees and morus, all around the fields cultivated with grain, cotton and tobacco planted in beds, in whose furrows the water ran. Irrigation of the fields is of course easy here, and therefore everywhere. The leading men of the village all came, bringing cucumbers, bread and water, sour milk and barley for the horses, and respectfully kissed the Mudir's hands, which they pressed to his mouth and forehead, for he came from their ancestral ruling family. Up to this point we had been pursued in the plain by huge swarms of flies, namely a small species that penetrated even the flowers, which literally filled the air with a peculiar roaring; other flies were also not lacking, so that this plain of Scheherezour must be a real hell during the day; everyone therefore tries to avoid crossing it during the day.

The air is also unhealthy because of the many rice fields.

Half an hour from there we reached the great Tell Bakrabad, built by a Gi-aur named Bekri sur, just like the Kujundsckick and surrounded on all sides by rubble about 20' high, which had, however, been flattened by time.

[Quotation?] There is no doubt that this was a town (2_03_031) and this is the largest part of the area. Perhaps this is the old Siazura? A certain Makarued Beg had built a winter konak on the tell that was visible from afar; the Mudir Ali Effendi lives in Owaweida, an hour away from Halebdschi on the mountain slope. Three years ago a large iron suit of armour and a vessel were found in this Bakraba, which is still in Muhammad's possession; Muhammad was now in his summer quarters in the mountains towards Sihna with Achmet Sultan.

Once again we crossed a stream that came from Halebdschi and was very deep due to dams. Riding gradually uphill on the plain, after 8 hours we reached the village of Halebdschi from Charape, where I was given excellent accommodation by an innkeeper. The place is irregularly built, full of gardens of water

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

rushes through, houses about 200 built of earth with flat roofs, 10 Jewish houses, which are accessible by ladders. Here too there are many huts, some on the roofs, some in the courtyard on frames. Next to the village in a small valley shaded by plane trees is a square basin, used as a bath, next to it the public toilet, with water rushing through it; a rare phenomenon in Turkey, but more common here in Kurdistan, as well as in Sulimanie.

The gardens consist of ficus, morus, apples, quinces, plums, apricots, vines in high tendrils and everywhere in great quantities the pomegranates laden with fruit and flowers. Storks nest everywhere in the trees as well as in the plain. Halebdschi itself lies on the slope of the mountain Nisara resch, which is joined to the west by the Balambo, where the villages of Sassan and Mortin are located.

I couldn't find any old coins here. Gülbata 45 [houses?] in the Ka-radagh, 6 hours away.

My host even treated me to tea, which was made very hot, and also excellent white honey from the mountains of Hauroman. The inhabitants of the place were engaged in agriculture. [Places]

(2_03_033) [Places] In the evening I ate with the officers, who treated me to home-grown cucumbers, plums, etc. Wonderful view of the plain at sunset. (2_03_031) Slept on the roof at night.

Saturday, June 22nd. At 4 o'clock, accompanied by my host Mohammed Sallich and his brother Ali, we set out to take me to Ali Effendi, the Mudir of the district. We ride along the mountain slope through its valleys and crevices; numerous springs flow towards the plain, namely 3 on the way, until we reach the village of Anäf at 4/4, surrounded by dense pomegranate and fig gardens; here too, in a valley, there is a square spring basin with plane trees. [Places]

After 2 hours from Halebdschi the village of Darakull was reached. (2_03_032) Two companies of soldiers had been stationed here for 20 days to subdue the Hauromanli's, who did not want to pay taxes. They camped in tents, and it was a strange life in this otherwise lonely mountain valley, where you could hear the sound of a drum or a trumpet. Ali Effen-di, a tall, strong man, the Mudir of the district, also lived here. The place where we camped is beautifully situated in a fruit forest valley with a rushing stream running through it and stretching out for a long time. There were wonderful mulberries, red and white in great abundance, the apricots were gone, and the soldiers had already eaten the apples and a few plums. The thick, ancient tendrils of the vines were magnificent, often covering the ground for miles and then reaching up to the highest peaks of the trees; they were full of grapes.

Pomegranates, walnuts, quinces in large quantities, as well as plane trees and willows. Rubus Sanctus form the bushes. There is not much vegetation; in the gardens

Mentha sylv. [Pfl] On the mountainside everything is dry except for the fig bush, which, like the trees in the gardens, does not produce any edible fruit. [Pfl]

The Hauromanli's were estimated at 10,000 in total. [Txt] When I expressed the suspicion that they might be remnants of the Jews taken into captivity, one of them became very angry and it took a lot of effort to appease him. Up in the valley lie the villages of Chuadschai and Tauwela, the latter two hours away. The morning was spent in the public meeting so that everyone could get to know me. In the afternoon I went for a walk in the gardens, where I ate my fill of mulberries with a family. One of the women was definitely of a Jewish type, while the other, who had only given birth a month before, had a very regular, round, delicate white face; they wore black scarves wrapped around their heads, otherwise the usual long, blue robe; their breasts, which were not small, hung freely. The Hauromanlis are skilled in making wooden spoons, woven shoes and sabile made of sheet metal that looks like silver.

All are armed with short knives in the (2_03_033) belt and shotgun.

Sunday, June 23rd. At 5 o'clock we set out in the company of Ali Effendi and other high-ranking persons, as well as numerous segists and soldiers. The path goes up the bare mountain to the left, consisting of conglomerate and appearing almost like a moraine. The path leads along its flat ridge, then sometimes up, sometimes down; to the left on the mountain slopes lie the villages of Nazindschela, Gulp Kulp and Serged, hidden behind a mountain, all with gardens. Next to [our?] camp site above the tents of the Jaf Kurds, on these mountains lie the ruins of the village of Serderal. [Places]

Dispute between the government and Muhammed Said Sultan, who did not want to give soldiers or taxes; he was now in Persian territory and is a relative of Ali Effendi as well as Hassan Sultan, who is, however, subservient to the government. The place with the gardens where the soldiers camped belongs to the former. From the ridge of the mountain, the view falls on a number of small valleys, on the sides of which the Kurds had installed long water pipes, making the otherwise dry slopes accessible to the cultivation of barley, wheat and cotton; they were now busy cutting the wheat. The main valley forks after an hour's walk uphill and we reach a wide garden complex with hedges of red roses, pomegranates, figs, plums and everywhere in great abundance the most beautiful mulberry and walnut trees full of fruit. The ground is covered in white with them. Everywhere, mighty, old vines climb up the trees and form magnificent garlands. This is the true home of these trees and shrubs. We have barely ridden through these gardens, with their babbling streams, when we come to an even larger garden complex in the valley of Chuachai, a village with

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

about 20 houses, built of earth and stone, flat roofs made of brushwood covered with earth; a rushing stream flows through this beautiful valley. 1 hour below lies the old ruined village of Bawazsoldele. (2_03_034) Many peaches were cultivated here. The rock here is predominantly a red clay slate, which is only covered further up by solid, blue-gray limestone.

[Plants, places] Many animals stood at the streams.

Riding sometimes up, sometimes down on fairly good roads, at least I had thought them to be worse, we arrived in Sosakan at 8. On the way, about 400 armed men from the villages had joined us, who then accompanied us to the village, where below it in a deep valley we met the most important people in the area, namely Hassan Sultan, Sheik Mohammed, son of the famous Sheik Osman; the brother of the former, etc., but Mohamed Said Sultan had not turned up. Hassan Sultan has about 5,000 armed men.

The village, consisting of about 30 houses, lies on the mountain slope of the valley, the two high sides of which are covered with the most beautiful fruit forest I have ever seen, probably an hour wide and three hours long. There are the mightiest old walnut trees and Morus, figs, pomegranates, plums, greenish yellow and round in great numbers covering the bushes, in the appearance of the Cornus mas and here almost representing it. Willows, plane trees and Italian poplars are scattered, the main mass consists of pomegranates and Morus, which cover the ground thickly and are still [raw?] covered with unripe fruit. In places they were picked up to dry. If eaten a lot, they drain gently. The trees here reach an unusual height, as they strive for the light from the deep valley. A raging mountain stream rushes raging through the valley.

The mountain on the left bank of the river forms the border with Persia on the other side, which is why there are constant disputes between the villages, [the...?] inhabitants moving now from one side to the other when they no longer feel safe.

Here in the valley we met an equal number of men, gathered under the tall trees, but to avoid disputes our people stayed on the right bank and the others on the left. A tightly packed crowd constantly surrounded me, which I could not fend off, so that my knife was stolen while I was felling plants. (2_03_035) [Pfl] After food had been prepared in large cauldrons for the large crowd, which the women occupied themselves with: rice, meat, water, sour milk and bread, we set off again and after half an hour we reached Palanja, which lies in the same orchard valley, hidden between the trees on the other bank. On the right bank of the river, high up on the [summit?] of a mountain, are the ruins of the old castle of Kala Ruedä.

After half an hour, we reached Tāwileh, the village of Sheikh Muhammed, our quarters, along high, steep cliffs that were often covered by rushing water. High, mighty rocks towered over the path on the left, while the stream roared down; the gardens were all terraced, protected from the earth being washed away by stone walls, and all without grass, as industrious gardeners keep their paths clean, as was the case here too, so that the berries that fell could dry properly. Often with great effort the walls were wedged between the rocks. Before the village we found Sheik Ali with many people busy repairing the bed of the river, which was connected by massive stone blocks to form walls so that the river would not attack the earth. A stone-covered bridge made of branches led to a siaret, a large coffin draped with cloths, over which a house was now to be built. Before that, on the left side of the mountain slope, there was the cemetery of Tawāle, all divided into family graves and surrounded by low walls; individual stones had a pine cone. A lot of *Pis-tacia mutica* and *Acer monspess.* as a stately tree, among them often *Iris germanica* in the cemetery. The village consists of about 300 houses, which are located at the fork in the valley, where a stream flows into the [...] from the north side. The houses are built in such a way that one can walk from the mountain onto the flat roof, while the roof overshadows the street and is supported by wooden posts, at least the houses on the main street, so that one is always in the shade; many of them now have huts built on them. Stone stairs lead from the street to the rooms.

I was quartered in a house belonging to Sheikh Muhammed. A Persian doctor, whom he had summoned, was already living there; the house consisted (2_03_036) of only a semi-circular, roofed wall with many niches in which the doctor had placed his glasses; on one side high, steep cliffs, on the other hand surrounded by a stone wall, with earth filled between the road and the cliffs, [between?] which grow morus, pomegranates and a small garden. [Plant] The house stands at the north end of the village, isolated, shaded by a mighty juglans, beside which a rushing stream flows, surrounded by stone walls. The gardens are all terraced and protected by low stone walls; water can be channeled everywhere here. Despite this, not a blade of grass can be seen under the trees, they have even been swept so that the fruit (morus) remains clean, and there are no stones in them, although the steep cliffs above them are constantly sending them down.

In the valley floor, under the shade of the trees, the linen weavers and shoemakers had settled with their simple tools. The former had a hole dug in the ground for the feet, and above that square posts planted for support, etc. The shoemakers were divided into two groups, one made only soles, the other knitted them with white yarn and a large needle.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

del. The soles are of a peculiar construction: old pieces of clothing made of white or blue linen are rolled up to a thickness of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch and then each piece is beaten wide with a small iron club. These are then placed closely together and held together firmly with an iron clamp and then beaten together, after which they are thickly strung together with horsehair all around; the toe of the shoes is also made of leather pressed together in this way. These soles are then knitted, and one pair can last for about 4 years. The pair costs 4-5 cranes. Another branch of industry consists in the manufacture of sebiles made of sheet metal, which are made with great taste, up to 5 cranes a piece.

The main wealth, however, lies in the gardens, whose fruit must bring everything. The mulberries, which grow in great abundance every year, are sent dried to the cities, as are the walnuts. Furthermore, in these valleys there are large quantities of round, yellow or reddish plums with a pleasant taste, although they are not cultivated at all. There are also large quantities of pomegranates, some of which are laden with fruit but still densely covered with blossoms. Apples and pears, quinces, apricots and peaches are common, but do not form the main crop; *Zizyphus vulgaris* is also not uncommon here as a strong tree. Other trees are Italian poplars, willows, *Celtis*, pistachios, *Acer monspessulan*, and *Cornus sanguinea* is often grown as a hedge.

(2_03_037) *Monday, June 24th*. The mornings in this valley are lovely, cold, and there is never a wind here. Towards midday the heat is great, but there is cool shade everywhere. The Hauromanli's speak their own language, which has a lot of Kurdish in it, which almost everyone speaks; many also understand Persian, as the Persian border is only 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours away; only a few understand Turkish, and none at all Arabic and Armenian. The men wear Kurdish clothing, wide, white linen trousers, over which they wear a long, white shirt, which is slit on the right side and turned back on the left; over this they wear a white felt cap. They wear grey felt caps that fit tightly on their heads and are wrapped around them like turbans with colourful scarves with a white background. The women wear the usual blue clothing, with a red, tight-fitting cap on their heads, which is held under the chin; on this is a long, mostly black and white striped cloth (silk for the rich), which falls down behind like a veil, or for ordinary women a long grey shirt, over which a grey cloak tied at the chest; red cap wrapped in a white cloth and braids hanging down at the sides. They walk around freely and do not shy away from men. Tattooing and dyeing with henna is not customary, and they also wear very few coins on their heads. Most women have a delicate, white complexion, regular

Faces, dark brown eyes and black hair; all of them have a fresh, healthy appearance; the men are also tall and strong, all armed with a broad knife in their belts and a homemade gun, often tastefully fitted with yellow brass and decorated and hanging at their sides. Eye diseases are few. Everyone carries the necessary items attached to their belts on small chains, pocket knives, round wooden powder horns, etc. The guns are often rifle-like, with very strong barrels; the men shave their heads, but leave a circle of long hair around them.

Her greeting consists of bending her upper body forward, which surprised me very much. They also have many Christian names such as Skender, Habib, the women Mar-jem etc., but most of them are Muslim, because they are very strict and fanatical followers of the Prophet, so they never say: I bought it, but: God gave it; and cursing and swearing are also foreign to them. They are always hospitable to travellers of all religions and can stay as long as they want, because Muhammad was received just as hospitably on his journey. They observe prayers strictly and often ask my servant Abdullah why he does not come to the place of prayer, who then excuses his bad foot, which although now healthy, is still wrapped in cloths. Even the boys say their prayers. Their sheikh is the most important thing to them, by whose head they swear.

The father of the current one, Osman Sheikh, who died six months ago, was highly revered throughout the country and people flocked to him from the most distant regions. Our Persian doctor (2_03_038) told us that when he once came to pray in front of the mosque, he saw the Sheikh standing upright in front of the crowd on his knees; when he looked at him again after a while, however, he saw a different person; he jumped up in horror and went closer to see for himself, but it was a different person. Suddenly, however, the Sheikh was standing in front of him again. He also tells us that when he was travelling here from Sihna, he was stopped by three robbers who wanted to take everything from him.

When they asked him what was wrong, he replied: Medicine for Sheikh Osman, then they took the 5 20 para pieces he was carrying with him. When he finally arrived here, the three robbers immediately came to meet him and gave him 5 majidigas (about 20 piastres) with the words: "Take your money back and free us from the pain we have to endure, because the coins taken from you have turned into nails and have penetrated our ears, have mercy and ask the Sheikh for us."

The tomb of the sheikh at the entrance to the village is said to be lined with many precious fabrics. His son, Sheikh Muhammed, was a very nice man of delicate nature, fine, white complexion with a full, black beard and black hair, always wrapped in a black fur; on his head the large white

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Turban. His features were mild and like those of a pious priest and not at all like those of a quasi-free chief. He would sit whole nights reading over his books, which was very bad for his health; for the last five days he had only eaten a little bread; it is said that his father had gone 40 days without food and after that he had reached the age of 1[...] years with full strength. He had to entertain around 300-400 people every day, who had come from the humid regions of Lenkoran etc., and if you ask him where he gets all his money from, he answers: God provides. He asked me for medical advice as he was suffering from urinary incontinence and suggested that he accompany me to Europe when he was well; I did not need to worry about money as he would get everything he needed wherever he went, so that he could go to Istanbul without money and return from there in a short time with a full coffer.

The sheikh's brother, of a strong build, was also very polite, and I owe him many communications. The sheikh's family comes from Damascus, so he spoke a little Arabic. The sheikh rules here like a king and is also regarded as such, but he complains bitterly about his neighbor, Muhammed Said Sultan, who lives only an hour away in Nausud.

An hour up the valley lies the village of Tissauwer, which also belongs to Persia, in the continuation of the same orchard. The people of this Sultan often come here to carry out extortion, hence the constant dispute, because Muhammed Said claims that they are liable to pay him taxes, (2_03_039)

which they were, of course, when the whole mountain was Persian; but the Persian does not give up his claims and takes by force what is not given to him willingly. As a result, 5-6 murders take place here every year. The local inhabitants do not put up much strength against him, because the sheikh, as God's messenger, does not want to concern himself with it, so that the Persian has free rein. Muhammed Said Sultan is estimated to have 400 armed men, according to others only 200, whose strength, however, rests on their complete unity; ten years ago, his men killed 200 Persian soldiers sent here.

The town of Nausud with about 250 houses comprises 8 villages with a total of 2,000 [houses?]. Last year, Sheikh Muhamed asked Omar Pasha of Sulimanie, to come here and protect his people from the interference of his neighbor. The Pasha came with soldiers; the Sheik gave him two magnificent horses, richly decorated with silver; but the Pasha replied: what can I do with Muhammed Said, he is poor and can do nothing, because he had already received gifts from him. Last winter, four people from here were murdered by Muhamed Said, and only a few weeks ago a man from here was thrown down to the rocks. Muhamed Said Sultan has the daughter of Ali Effendi, the Mudir,

to his wife, so no seriousness is ever used against him. The Persians make every effort to win the Hauromanli's over to their side, namely to the Hassan Sul-tan, since both he and Muhamed Said Sultan are Persians by birth from Sihna. Hassan Sultan, however, is devoted to the [government?]. All are related to the old, ancestral ruling family of Sulimanie, the Darishman.

Tuesday, June 25th. I am waiting with pain for the paper from Sulimanie, and since I cannot go on an excursion, there is nothing left to do but eat mulberries and sleep. At noon 30° in the shade of the house surrounded by water. The doctor told me, among other things, that 1 hour away from

Sihna is the village of Kischlach; when the inhabitants see a traveller from afar, they all gather together, and whoever is the first to take hold of the reins of the horse when he enters the village is his guest. Their hospitality even goes so far that they ask the traveller whether he would like a woman or a girl for the night. Incidentally, they are said to have no religion at all. He also said that near Kirmanshah many Ali Allah or Nasairi lived in villages who worshiped a richly dressed goat; that they gather in one place at night with lights and extinguish them at a signal, whereupon everyone tries to catch a female, no matter which one. This was confirmed by two former Nasairis living here who had now converted to Islam.

The inhabitants complained that Sultan Abdul Asis demanded taxes, but under Abdul Meschid everything was much quieter because he did not demand any taxes. A man from Zeribar who was present here at the time told the story of the lake as follows: A dervish living in the town of Seribar had a pregnant wife and a donkey that had a calf. In his absence, government men came and took the donkey away from the woman (2_03_040) despite her pleas that they had nothing else and that her husband would be angry when they returned. Zeribar is said to have been built under the Giaur Padishah Feilakus, who is said to have been a Moskof. The soldiers did not listen to them, however, whereupon the woman became so upset that she lost the child. When the man came home, he could not find the donkey and asked where it was: "The soldiers have taken it." Where has your child gone from your womb? "When the soldiers took the donkey, I was so angry that I fell out." When the soldiers brought the donkey back in the evening after a long journey, the young donkey was missing, having died of exhaustion on the way. The dervish went to the governor to demand compensation, but the governor did not listen to him and turned him away, saying that another donkey would be found to mate with his mare; there were also enough men who could give his wife another child.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Angry, the dervish returns, goes with his family to a hill, lies down on the prayer rug and begins to ask God to let the whole city sink into the water as punishment. Praying fervently for a long time, his head bent forward, he does not notice that God has heard his request, because everything around him had sunk into the water, even half of the prayer rug. When he saw this, he took the other half and left. All three graves are still shown on the hill. Persia is now building a fortress there to honor the Kurds there.

The banks of the lake are said to be surrounded by mighty, tall grass, which can be reached from here in a day. It is said that the strong springs of Gu-lambar are the outflow of Lake Zeribar, which is said to have been discovered by pouring in a large amount of straw, which is said to have come to light there. It takes 8 days to get to Holwan, usually pronounced Elwan. I could not go for walks up the main valley, as the local inhabitants were at war with the village an hour away in the same valley, called Tis-sauwer and belonging to Muhamed Said.

Wednesday, June 26th. Many of the inhabitants wear [white linen?] trousers with a short, smock-like shirt over them, which is edged at the side with black cords and slit to open it, but they usually always button up the chest. Many also wear the long Persian robe, very often green. Today at noon 33° in the shade, but a gentle north wind arose, which is a rarity. Water boils at 93 ½° in Tawile.

The sheikh's brother visited me today and dictated his language to me, which often made it difficult to understand him, namely conjugation. He asked me how many children I had and was not a little surprised to hear that I was not yet married; he had 3 wives and 5 children, although he was only [...] years old. To entertain them, he sang a few suras from his large Koran, which was carefully wrapped in a cloth; the listeners closed their eyes and stood motionless with their arms hanging at their sides. He said that the mountains had previously belonged to the Christians. The places in the mountains where the Hauroman language is spoken are as follows, of which the underlined ones belong to Turkey: [Places]. (2_03_041) [Places] - He found it amusing to imitate my writing, which he did well; he asked me to write the name of God, and when I handed him the paper with it written on it, he took it, pressed it against his mouth and forehead, and only then did he write it. - Large herds of goats were kept here, very few sheep; the former are small, black, with half-hanging, half-standing ears; that is, ears sticking out slightly to the side and horns laid backwards. These were milked every evening. Today I bought 2 skins, one from an ibex, one from a fel-

kedsche, both for 4 kr, as well as the horns of the former. There are also many ounces and bears here.

The doctor talked to me about the means of aborting the fetus, which *Andrachne teleph.* is also supposed to do, as well as camphor and cupr. sulphur., a little of which is put into the vagina, but camphor is said to cause infertility. The doctor took great pains not to recognize me as a doctor, at least that is what he said to people, so that the sheikh asked me why I had actually come here; surely only to learn the way.

Thursday, June 27. The vegetation around Tawileh was mostly already over, only the gardens as well as the [higher?] mountains above showed the following [plants] such as a beautiful blue-flowered, sticky labiate with broad, red calyxes, a wonderful plant! = *Hymenocrater haussknechtii* Boiss. However, further up the valley, the *Astragalus* species were represented in abundance; the largest number were the shrub-like tragacanth species, on whose thick, prostrate, then obliquely ascending (2_03_042) trunks and branches thread-like tragacanth was often found. But I was particularly pleased to find the *Pilostyles Haussknechtii* found in the Taurus here in large quantities on these trunks, and on 2 tragacanth species in fact. [Plant] The Hefkeschberg near Schahu is said to be rich in plants. Muhamed Said Sultan had already sent people several times to bring me to him on account of his son, who was suffering from eyesight problems. Today again a man came who made me all kinds of promises, but I cannot go without paper.

Friday, June 28th. Still waiting for the paper. Today over 500 people were at the sheikh's, so that there was an immediate shortage of flour and no bread could be baked. In the shade at midday 36°. In the evening 28°.

Saturday, June 29th. This morning I received a letter from Dr. Kazaski in Su-limanie saying that the paper had come off; but the horse had fallen two days from here; now I must send donkeys to bring it up. Cold in the morning, 16°. The water boils at 94°.

Sunday, June 30th. Early excursion to the mountain west of Tawile, which consists of hard, gray-blue limestone, often covered in pieces of iron rust. [Pfl] Magnificent view from the old robber castle of Mirsa Kalassi over Tawile, of which nothing remains except scattered piles of stones. At the feet the wide plain stretches out towards Sulimanie.

[Places] (2_03_043) [Places] Nausud 1 hour from here, where the Sirwan flows below and which belongs to Persia, where Mohamed Said Sultan lives. Further beyond the Sirwan, in a high mountain valley, the gardens of the village of Atashka appear, from which one climbs up to the Schahu. Looking back to the east, Tawile appears at the feet and above it the steeply rising

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

rising Hauroman, which, however, still shows only a few patches of snow. A shepherd offered us a bowl of goat's milk, which tasted excellent; his flocks were grazing on the western mountain slope, where a spring rises above Belchan under groups of trees, opposite which lies another on the eastern slope, which flows to Tawile.

When I got home I wanted to look at the watch, but it was gone. A man from Banna, [called?] Mahruf, who had set out early in the morning and who had slept here during the night, had taken it. The sheikh sent two men after him, but they did not find him. The watch and the compass that was tied to it had also disappeared. So in a few days I had lost my knife, watch and compass. If this continues I will return naked. Ali Effendi's knife is also gone.

(2_03_044) *Monday, July 1st.* Cold early, 16°. Today Mohamed Said Sultan sent people again, along with a basket full of wonderful red mulberries.

Bought a brass pipe bowl for 2 Kran, a Sabila [...] for 4 Kran.

Yesterday evening I sent a man to Sulimanih for sugar. At the same time I sent two donkeys for paper for 30 piastres. I also wrote to the Pasha etc. about the release of two people from here, Kuhia Katir and Abdul Rach-man. In the evening I received a letter from Ali Effendi saying that the paper had arrived.

Tuesday, July 2nd. Morning 16°. Sheik Omar gave me the following names of the individual Hauroman mountains: Kawa tengle 2nd, Kalasuhra, Kaweina. [Places] The snow stays here for 3-4 months, during which all communication is hindered. The houses are therefore all built high, with stone steps leading up from the street. The sheik enjoyed it when I wrote down the Arabic prayer and he could copy it in European letters. Here nothing was found wrong with a Giaour pronouncing the name Mohammed.

Of the Persian cities, Sihna is distinguished by its carpets, one type of which is called dschaumes; also by nargileh and chibuk tubes; horse blankets and horse harnesses; blankets called maudsch; a small type of nightcap arachdschin and sleeping blankets bobeschnin. Kirmanschah by weapons. Hamadan by its wine. Disful by long shawls, there is a lot of prudishness. Knus by the manufacture of clothes.

Kashan by tin and copper work. Shiraz by wine and tombaki; Kirman by its shawls, the best. Isfahan by its shoes; Banna by horse harnesses; Choi by carpets. Asrabad by its beautiful horses and by the turquoise. Tabriz by gold and silver work. Tehran by weapons, gold and silver work, precious stones and shawls. Afternoon walk in the gardens, where a third type of Morus can be found with initially reddish, then dark black berries, of not

sour, but more sweet taste, but not as sweet as the white ones; otherwise the leaves are similar to the *Morus alba*. [Pfl]

Wednesday, July 3. Early in the morning a man from Ali Effendi came with the bad news that the paper had fallen into the Salmsu, whereupon the Katirdschi had left it and returned. The paper was then dried at Ali's, hence the delay. It is due to arrive today. But I have had enough here and have decided to go to Mohamed Said Sultan today (2_03_045), as another man from him came today.

Last night I had a lively conversation with Sheikh Muhamed.

As a great sheikh, he was obliged to ask me, as a Christian staying with him, whether I wanted to become a Muslim; if he did not, he would sin. He therefore asked me whether I would listen to him for 7 days, for 1 hour each day; he would lecture me on the teachings of Islam. After 7 days I could then either convert or refuse. I was curious to see what he would say, so I told him that I would listen to him, whereupon he would begin first thing in the morning. He asked me to pray with him now. But when he said that I had to refrain from all work, all writing, etc. during these 7 days, I replied that that was impossible for me. When he saw my persistence, he reduced the 7 days to 3, making me all sorts of promises: he would build me a beautiful house here à la Franka, give me a garden, 2,000 Kran and the most beautiful girls. It was not necessary for me to return to Istanbul, because if I wanted to know what it looked like there now, what people were doing, etc., he only had to close his eyes, whereupon he could see everything. He had great gifts in general, he said: Do you see the force with which the water comes down from the mountains? I close my eyes, say a word, and the water stands still. When I replied that if he could do that now, I would become a Turk in an instant, he excused himself by saying that he could not do that to a Christian, first become a Turk, then I will show you that I can do it.

If I had gone along with the joke and allowed myself to be made a Turk for a while, he would have written everywhere that a great man from Europe had converted to Islam through him, and everywhere I went I would have been considered a Turk, not a European. It would have been a great advantage for him, as his power as sheikh would have grown greatly as a result; many of those present viewed me with great interest, and one said to the other, "Indsch Allah Moslim olur". Even girls who had heard the conversation came to me afterwards and offered to marry me if I wanted to become a Turk. If I converted to Islam as a Christian, I would immediately go seven ladders higher to heaven than the others.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Turks. – I excused myself, however, with a lack of knowledge of the language and the impossibility of abstaining from work for three days. That is how the story ended. I would have risked my life if I had converted and perhaps then [laughed?] over a trivial matter of religion. - When the Sia-ret was being built, even the two sheikhs brought stones; here they are all carried on the backside, and the women also carry their children on their backs wrapped in a cloth.

(2_03_046) Towards evening, accompanied by Muhamed Said Sultan's men, we set off for Nausud. The path led down the valley to the vicinity of Sosa-kan, where we rode through the magnificent gardens and the path now leads up again to the left. After half an hour, the small village of Shoshmil lay on the right in a shady valley, and after half an hour of gradual climbing along the ridge, Nausud presented itself to view. Mighty, vertical, often overhanging rocks made of red clay slate protrude from the mountain side before [arrival?] there, so that the eye often looks in vain at the narrow, Nausud with 150 houses (100 [guns?]) lies on a protruding rock of the Schemschidagh, which rises to the north, on the back and sides of which the houses are built. The Sultan's is the largest and highest.

When we arrived, the whole village was gathered on the roofs, curiously staring at the Frankish hekim, who was to restore the sight of their most feared ruler, Osman Beg. I was billeted with the latter, whose house is next to that of the Sultan. I spent the evening on the Sultan's roof, where all the greats had gathered. The Sultan, a man of about 33 years, is of strong muscular build, has a short beard, and has energetic features. He speaks little, and only rarely does his mouth twist into a smile. He had wrapped a large, brightly colored turban around his felt cap; his clothing was a brightly striped shirt-like robe with wide sleeves slit at the front; no socks, just the local shoes. His first wife is the daughter of Ali Effendi, who cannot deny her lineage, for she is just as tall and sturdy as her father, with masculine features. Osman Beg is a man of about 35 years, of slim build, with dark blond hair, but because he has not been able to see for four years, his face has lost its expression; he is his father's successor. He used to be a great lover of hunting. Everyone used to tremble before him, and the Wali of Senna and Pasha of Sulimanie were always very afraid of him, for example when the Mudir of Halebdschi demanded soldiers or money from him for the government, he suddenly burst out of the mountains with his men and burned the villages of Sherehgush.

He has two very beautiful wives, one of whom is the daughter of Hassan Sultan, the other of Wakil Kaffar Beg of Juanro. The red, fez-like cap that lies flat on the head is held in place by pearl strings under the chin, while the cap is densely decorated with coins and long, dangling pearl strings. They usually wrap a large, black silk turban around it, just like the men. They walk around freely and are not at all shy when it comes to men, because when we were working with the plants they were almost always sitting there, feeding the children. You can joke with them, but adultery is punished with the death of the woman and the seducer. In their ears they have thaler-sized rings with three bells hanging down, with a rooster-like figure in the middle. On their arms and feet there are large amber chains. Facial tattoos unknown.

Only their eyelids are black, like men.

(2_03_047) *Thursday, July 4.* Around the village stood [Pfl]. I undertook an excursion to the Schem-schidagh, which rises north-northeast above Nausud and, seen from here, rises to 225.

The path initially leads east of the village to the beginning of the valley, which one now follows and is crossed by a rushing stream, which, divided into many branches, gives the valley its fertility. In particular, magnificent walnut trees, *Morus*, pomegranates, and only a few poplars. In the valley floor, magnificent patches of *Hedera Helix*. [Pfl]

After a half hour's climb, the beginning of the gardens is reached and also the spring. Now it goes steeply up the slopes covered with Walloons, [between?] *Acer monspess.*, *Pistacia mutica*; here too, the two species of *Tragacanth* grow in abundance, which are particularly rich in pilostyles on the other side of the slope, which usually results in the shrub becoming sterile.

A yellow *Centaurea* on the rocks. On this southern slope almost everything was dried out, only the northern slopes showed more vegetation, but very similar to that of Tāwile. At the top of the mountain there were fences for the herds. [Yes?] Peaks rise to the left, which extend in a semicircle to the summer village of Hamnaue at the foot of the Tacht. [Pfl] Down in the valley lies the village of Nauduscha, in front of which there is a snow pit, which [provides?] the villages with it. Everywhere on the mountains you can see large piles of a dried umbellifer, called a jinn clock, whose leaves are used as winter fodder for the herds or to cover the summer houses. The *tragacanth* bush is also crushed and used as winter fodder. Above the mountain range the Hauroman rises steeply, its highest rocky peak

Tacht. Other peaks next to it are Ribahr; Kellätengi is the right eastern part of the rocks of Hauroman, while Telläni comprises the western part.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Of old ruins in the area around Nausud, down in the valley, I was told: [places]. The view beyond the Sirwan is magnificent, especially the broad ridge of the Makwan with its snow stands out; I would have liked to go further, but I was not prepared for it, and so I decided to make a tour of the Hauroman and the neighboring Schahu the next morning, as the conditions here were so favorable.

(2_03_048) The Heratdagh rises up above Nausud [to the west?], the lower \ddot{y} of which consists of red clay slate, resting on the limestone rock. Seen from the village, it is in [...] from here down into the valley to the gardens. On the east side of Nausud, where a stream comes down from the Schemschidagh, there are also remains of old walls on the rocks, which are said to be from the Giaurs, who have grown into the rocks as if they were part of their solid structure. In order to have water in it, they built a water pipe from the other mountain, which is visible through its tree population along the mountain slope. The water first appears in the upper valley like a spring and then branches off below in the valley with the second spring stream, which comes down from Nausud on the other side. Here in the western valley there are also old remains, for example very close to the valley floor there are two parallel stone walls called Kamara Belle. Further on, half an hour away, is Kala Semohka. [Places]

But Schecha is particularly remarkable, an hour down in the valley of the Sirwan, where there is a siaret called Sultan Isaac. This sultan was a king of Armenia who came here on a military campaign and died here. It is said that he was in Istanbul for 6 years and then stayed here to fight against the Persians. It was through him that the Armenians came to these mountains, and then, deprived of their leader, they stayed here and retreated to the mountains, establishing a new homeland. But they were forced to convert to Islam by force by the Persians, who are said to have wreaked terrible havoc here, so that no traces of those times remain, even the gravestones of the Christians were destroyed. [Hist]

I learned from an old man here that his ancestors were Armenians between 3 and 400 years ago, but probably earlier. Nevertheless, many customs have been preserved, for example they still bury the dead in the old way, with the body wrapped in cloths on a stretcher, whereas the Turks keep it in a locked box. The stretcher was placed near the place of prayer designated as a mosque, a square water basin shaded by plane trees. There are also a number of Christian names here, such as Jesaihas, Fatalla, Elias, Skender, Hesker = Ezekiel, Jusef, Daud, Mikael, Jusu, Haso, Isaak, Mina, Merjem, which are very common among women. Also in the language, for example gescheh = to pull is Armenian, but also Kurdish. Their

Language has, however, retained little of this through constant contact with Persians and Kurds, both of whose languages are understood here. Their own language is a mixture, which is, however, incomprehensible to the Kurds. They call their language Guran tilli; since there are many old remains of castles, which they call Kala Guran or Kala Gauran and state that they were built by Christians, it is also likely that they are the descendants of Christians; it is generally stated that the entire mountain range was formerly Christian.

Furthermore, their family life testifies to a different origin than that of the Muslims: the women enjoy the same freedom as the men; they walk around freely, sit with the men, talk and joke with them (2_03_049)

and sleep among men, as I myself had the opportunity to see every evening on our roof, when one of Osman Beg's wives, the prettiest one at that, slept with us on one roof, while he slept with another woman in another house. But they are very strict about adultery, which is punished with the death of both. Among the women, one notices a striking number of beautiful faces, with full, healthy cheeks, very regular features, clear, dark brown eyes and dark hair that falls in loose braids on the shoulders. The men are tall, strongly built, with dark hair that usually curls gently, expressive, energetic features and always armed with short, broad handguns in their belts and long rifles with thick, rifled barrels on their backs (with a barrel lock). Watery eyes are very rare; on the contrary, they are bright and clear, but cataracts are common, and occasionally runny, dry eyes are also present. The men are quick-tempered and easily excitable, and knife wounds are therefore common. Their income is limited to the numerous gardens whose fruit is sent to Baghdad, consisting mainly of dried mulberries, pomegranates and walnuts. Wine and figs thrive excellently, but without any special care; the latter grows freely to the highest peaks of the trees.

Towards midday and evening a north wind would regularly blow, often coming in fairly strong gusts. Towards evening it often gave me toothache; it was very drying. Temperature towards morning in the shade 25-30°. Towards midday 40°. The Sultan has placed himself under the protection of Persia, but only pays 6,000 piastres annually, which is why 10 years ago 500 Persians were killed here who had come to this part of the mountains under the leadership of the Wali of Senna. [21?] years ago the Wali and the Pasha of Sulimanie came again to negotiate with him. The Sultan had, however, allied himself with Muhammed Beg, who had come here with his numerous men. The mountains were all occupied by warriors.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

and now he sent word to the two of them that if they wanted to come, he was ready. When the Wali saw this, he made peace, but not with the Pasha through the mediation of Sheikh Muhammad in Tawile. Muhammad Beg is the head of the Jafkurds, who are divided into many Taifs, of which the [Shadsi?] and Rochsahri are the largest; others are Mekaili, Smail useiri, Haruni, Kamaleï, Kökruschi, Borekeï, Galali, Salani, Kalaferi, Keschki and Nau-rolu. In winter he is with his 30,000 tents in the region of Germian and Kifri, in autumn in Scheherezuhr, in summer in the mountains of Hadji Achmet. Muhamed Said Sultan can provide over 5,000 guns, as can Hassan Sultan, but the former is more feared than the latter, who is under the Osmanli's and pays 10,000 piastres. The following villages of Muhamed Said were mentioned to me: [Places]. (2_03_050) [Places]

Friday, July 5th. Accompanied by Muhamed, a Sulimanli who had fled from the military 10 years ago and had now made himself at home here, we climbed the Schemschidagh again early in the morning. The path continued downhill to the left until we came to a spring at the beginning of the valley of Nauduscha, which lies an hour downhill, where we found the Sultan who had gone ahead of us and his numerous entourage. After resting a little and eating some cucumbers and fresh, cold water, we climbed a ridge again, the other side of which took us into the valley of the summer village of Hamnaue. There were only a few huts, all built from rough stones put together without mortar, with roofs made of branches and dried plants, mostly jinuhr and tragacanth. Euphorbia altissima in swampy places. In front of the huts, the walled corridor serves as a meeting place and sleeping place. This is the beginning of the valley of Tawile, which lies an hour downhill. Green wheat fields, only a few of the earth has been wrested from the mountains by protective stone walls. There are also gardens, namely mighty juglans. The water of Tawile also springs from here. As the heat became too oppressive, we rested here in the shade of a juglan, while the first of the herds treated us to egg dish and ayran. After a cooling wind arose, we continued upwards in a rocky valley, the ascent of which now brought us directly under the rocks of the Tacht. Here the influence of the mountain air became visible, because as soon as I entered the basin, a blue-violet flowering astragalus greeted me as a small shrub, which becomes quite dwarfed further up the snow fields. [Pfl]

Climbing up again, we soon reach our quarters, the summer village of Harabree, consisting of about 40 stone huts and located directly below the Tacht, whose steep, snow-eaten, hard, grey limestone cliffs rise up next to it, comparable to a steep wall. The water boiled at 91°; a spring next to it showed 9°. Unfortunately, I had been disappointed with the plant life.

thum deceived; the places around the summer villages offered almost nothing except tragacanth trees, because everything had been grazed; the same applies to the slopes above, even next to the snow, since the drop is too steep and partly no soil can adhere to it, and partly there was soil, the water runs off so quickly that it always lies there as if burned out and dead. The [lack?] of invigorating streams of water is the cause of poverty. Everywhere on all the mountains one could see large piles of the dried Umbelliferous Dschinuhr, which was already beginning to wilt here and was only fresh next to the snow fields (2_03_051). A red Dianthus in dense clumps adorned the rocks. [Plants, Places]

(2_03_052) *Saturday, July 6th.* Afternoon departure for Nauduscha. After approx.

After an hour the valley was reached, in which it lies an hour further down. Gardens like all the others fill the valley floor, watered by springs. The village of Nauduscha lies on the slope of the mountain, where the valley forks, one part towards Hauroman, the other upwards, both with streams that unite here and are used to irrigate the dense gardens further down.

The village is steeply climbed up and down without any roads, so that in winter it is impossible to pass through. The 400 houses rise one above the other, with flat roofs, so that in order to enter one house you usually find yourself on the roof of another. Looking down, you can see the Schahu, which rises steeply here and appears very close from here.

On the left, the rocky Haurom range descends into steep cliffs towards the Sirwan, at the end of which lies the village of Hajj.

We stayed for the day with the head of the village, who spoke a few words of Turkish and suffered from elephantiasis. In the evening some women came who had been stung by scorpions and were suffering terribly; these animals are very common everywhere, but are more or less vicious depending on the locality; the most notorious are those of Mendeli and Scheresuhr, especially those of Arbet, which kill people. Bread fried in butter, white honey and a slaughtered goat refreshed us. Here too the butter is made in skins like the Arabs, only that it is cleaned more and there is not as much hair in it as there. It had a strong, aromatic taste. Water boils at 94°. We spent the night on the roof, which was covered with twig huts.

Sunday, July 7th. Early in the morning we went down the valley in the shade of the thick trees. All protected from rolling stones by walls; springs and water pipes trickled down from all sides of the mountains and spread pleasant coolness, often cascading down as the river rolled down at breakneck speed over rocks [or?] old trees that had fallen over them. Small branch bridges covered with earth lead alternately to one side of the river bank and the other, sometimes a fallen tree served as a bridge.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

Tree trunk as a bridge, soon you have to jump from stone to stone. Mighty Juglans and Celtis shade the ground; plane trees can only be seen very sporadically in the valleys. Vines twine in the strangest shapes from tree to tree. A red algae on stones on the banks. [Pfl]

(2_03_053) After an hour from Nauduscha we came to a mill belonging to the Sultan, where we found a number of very pretty women busy spinning. Above it, on the steep mountain slope, lies the village of Deri, barely noticeable from the valley floor. After eating some airan and bread, we continued on. A quarter of an hour downhill, the rocks come very close together, through which the stream has broken in a narrow, horrific gap. The rock walls rise vertically here on both sides, probably 300' high, and then rise even more mightily above them. Vegetation, however, is over. [Plant] Quercus Vallonia, but I have not seen a single evergreen oak in these mountains, nor a single conifer, not even Juniperus. As a rarity, I saw a man here with blue eyes and a full, light-blond beard; the men here wear a conical, sugarloaf-shaped cap made of rags over a cap. [Places]

Wherever you look, there are steep cliffs, which nevertheless bear the most beautiful morus and garnets; the little earth is held in place by walls and watered by springs. Above them rise trees of Querc. Vallonia and Pistacia mutica, the latter often growing on rocks. After the river turns, the valley widens out and, after walking through the wide gardens with sand banks, you suddenly find yourself on the banks of the deep, great Sir-wan, which rolls its emerald-green waters roaring down. On the banks, which here and there were trees of Populus Euphratica, Tamarix, Salix frag., whole patches of sand were covered with black iron dust.

The path now goes downhill between the gardens for 10 minutes until you reach a place where the path has been carved with great effort into the rocks that rise above the river. If you descend here, a number of large boulders have fallen into the river, so that the river is narrowed to just 6 paces; above this place a branch bridge leads to the other bank. The rock here consists of a very (2_03_054) solid, bluish marble; the rocks lying in the river have been completely washed away by time. From here, an hour's walk uphill lies Hedschidsche. Its location on the border expedition's map is incorrect.

After passing the shaky bridge, the arduous path leads up between the scree on the other bank, sometimes over sloping rocks without any path, sometimes over loose scree, until after half an hour you reach a small side valley, where you leave the Sirwan and climb the left valley wall. Here you can see a large number of Cercis Siliquastrum, the

all slopes were thickly covered with bush. Where slate rock appeared on the river, everything was covered with the dried leaves of *Rheum Ribes*. In one place, fine yellow sand had piled up on the bank, which had a red surface due to the dust of the red clay slate. After half an hour the ridge had been climbed, while high, steep limestone cliffs towered up to the right, and now the view finally spreads out over the valley and village of Dar-rian, which lies another 20 minutes further up. This valley is also full of the most beautiful orchards, through which a rushing, wild stream flows. At the exit of the valley, which descends directly from the Schahu, a mountain ridge forces the river to make a small bend to the east. The sides of the valley rise steeply and precipitously, particularly the rocks that tower above them, which on the other side, where the river must make the bend, are provided with the remains of a castle, directly dominating the valley entrance. Above this castle rock, on the highest ridge of the steep range, one can see a tree, where there are also the remains of a castle; there is also said to be a large pond up there, which formerly received its water from the other side of the mountain range through a floating aqueduct from a spring on the highest ridge above Darrian. This castle is also attributed to the Giaurs and is therefore called Kala Guran or Gauran.

The village, which has 150 houses with flat roofs, is built on the mountainside, surrounded by orchards. Above the village rise wild and rugged the naked mountains of the [...] with the spring. A number of springs trickle down, we stopped at a large one next to the village. The 14 °C spring came out of an old water pipe in the mountain and poured into a 3' deep water basin, which was covered with slabs and served as a mosque, shaded by an old *Celtis*. It plunges down into the garden valley next to it and forms a beautiful waterfall called Pissevache on a tuff wall. This type of tuff limestone is only visible in isolated places and to a small extent. Here it even contains a few caves.

(2_03_055) The inhabitants wear either a brown felt cap wrapped in a turban or a sugarloaf-like cap. Soon the whole village was gathered around us, staring at us with curious glances. The [Kechia?] Allah Kerim knew how to gain respect, but he stammered a little, which did not go particularly well with him when he was angry. He immediately had a goat slaughtered, white honey and egg dish as well as bread fried in butter, the latter of which was very good. The inhabitants all have mighty long guns, very heavy, rifled barrels, but small bullets. Water boiled at 96° in Darrian. After eating and resting, we continued up the valley along the gardens, at the beginning of which a very cold, wonderful spring emerges, where we take a

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

lingered a little and ate mulberries. The spring used to belong to one person, so that every garden owner who wanted water had to buy it, now it belongs to the Sultan. Everything upstream is now covered with walloons, *Acer monsp.*, pistachios, but everything between them has already dried up. [Places]

After an hour we reach the large summer village of Hamresche, before which Dschallesra was previously located; ¼ hour further up is our quarters of Gerudor. We arrived here at night. A wonderful night in moonlight on this nearby alpine world with its nearby snow fields, the [peace?] of the mighty rock faces. Water boils here at 91 ½ °C. The village is also built like the others, consisting of about 80 houses, the valley is truly alpine: all around the steep, bare rock ridges with their snow fields; the valley nevertheless has a few willows and groups of poplars at the source of a stream that was set up as a bathing and toilet. [Pfl] Wonderful view down to the mountains of Nauduscha. The barrenness of the mountains reminded me of St. Bernhardt, but there were still pumpkins and cucumbers in the small gardens. *Fritillaria* = *Halalebrem* often appears between the rocks and bushes, as does *Colchicum*.

Monday, July 8th. In the small summer village of Gördele we had a snack and then continued upwards to reach the valley of Germian on the other side. We climbed the ridge on the right, which then took us in half an hour to the summer village of Germian, where I had the people with the paper, who had to come up to me immediately, because here the slopes of the Schahu were at their richest, but not as diverse as I would have expected on such a mighty mountain. The rocks above form a kind of basin, so that the snow fields converge here, forming a small stream. [Pfl] (2_03_056) [Pfl]; on the

an *Astragalus* on the highest back. [Pfl] The most magnificent view presented itself to me from there. Here a lot of snow, which is often colored red by soil.

In the evenings the men performed funny dances, one sang while the others jumped to the beat with their feet and moved their upper bodies back and forth. Their stamina was really amazing. The women and girls had all come too, so that I could see for myself that there were very beautiful girls among them with slim bodies, full, freshly flushed cheeks, bright, shining brown eyes, dark blonde hair hanging down in loose braids on their shoulders, with large,

Thaler-sized earring with [hole?] in it; very small nose ring. Trousers, blue robe, over which a long cloth on the back, which is tied together at the chest and fastened to the cap. In the case of the nobility, this cloth is made of silk and decorated with all kinds of zirath. A large number of silver coins, mostly large Persian and many Russian ones, serve as cap trimmings, while

while on the back many silver chains with pearls, glass, shells and amber hang down.

Tuesday, July 9. Early in the morning we climbed Hanesian, on whose slopes most of the snowfields are located, namely above Yaila Hanekakau.

The steep limestone cliffs are all very worn away by the [little?] snow, but very hard. On the summit, a blue Nepeta was added to the plants. [Plant] The rocky ridge that winds around is climbed, and on the other side it goes down. Here is a wonderful, wide view. [Places]

(2_03_057) [Places]

Gradually descending, we finally reach Yaila Hane Kakau, where we spent the night. Water boils at 93°, while the mountains we had climbed, rising vertically above us, appeared at angles of 27 ½ and 33°. [Places]

To the right and left, the view is blocked by the steep, echoing rocks, and only Darrian and the Hauroman are visible. Below the village, oaks begin again, but not a single evergreen, only Walloons, Acer monsp., Pistac. mutica, the old trunks covered with axe scars from cutting into turpentine. [Pfl]

Wednesday, July 10th. Early in the morning we set off downhill and in just over an hour we had reached Darrian again, where we settled down for the day by the spring. I immediately sent the paper carriers off to Nausud. The day passed with stories from the natives, who talked a lot about the water pipe from the Wiesche spring to the castle on the other side of the mountain range.

But how could such work be carried out over a valley half an hour wide at such a great height? Many people were angry that these stories were being told to me, because now we would come and take the land away because it had once belonged to us. In the shady, irrigated gardens there was a lot of mosses, plants, etc.

Thursday, July 11. Early departure to Nausud, where the footbridge was again crossed.

[Places] The path leads to a small rotunda carved into the rock and ends here, while a vertical rock face descends to the river.

The path leads along this rock face, but which path? If you let yourself down into this rock face, you will soon discover small holes, just big enough to give your fingertips a little grip. The same goes for your feet. Going down from hole to hole, we luckily arrived at the river below. There were probably around 200 of these holes, but who thinks of counting on such a horrific path! (2_03_058) From below, of course, it is impossible to see how you were able to pass. This path is called Kullenedsche = the carved path, because it is said to have been carved out by a Sanctus Schech Sehid Abidullah of Hajij, and Hajij is said to have become big thanks to him, previously there were only 6 houses. Despite this, many passers-by

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

There has been no death yet, although several people have fallen down, but the deep water did not hurt them. People now say that the sheikh prayed so much that no one could have an accident here. If there were just one death, no one would take this path anymore. The rock of this rock face is a crystalline,

bluish limestone with a very solid structure; this is why the holes appeared completely polished from the many times they were put in. Once a man who was loaded with grenades fell down here and all his fruit was floating around in the river, he collected them all again, only one escaped him, so that he said cold-bloodedly: ah, one got away after all. After we finally arrived safely at the foot and the riverbed, which is covered with trees of *Populus Euphratica*, *Tamarix*, *Salix frag.* as well as *Cercis*, the path now leads gradually uphill again over the river, on the other bank of which up in the mountains lies the village of Worra with gardens, below which there is a layer of tuff limestone. A stream flows down near the village [from?] the pointed mountain Kala Rabeht.

After 2 hours the path bends to the right and a wide garden valley spreads out before us, at the beginning of which lies the village of Scherkan. Here too the side walls of the valley descend steeply, deep below the river rushes, rushing towards Sirwan, an hour away. The latter bends here and disappears from view through a mountain in front. Here we found the Sultan and his people in the shade of a magnificent old plane tree with a circumference of 47'; it was hollow, but strong and healthy; a spring of cold water gushed out from it. We rested here until around midday, but then we went up and down again along the reddish marl slate mountains until we reached the village of Narwil after an hour, also in the garden valley with a river. Above it, on a mountain, rises the remains of an old castle, called Kala Goran. After another hour of climbing up and down, we came to the garden valley of Wässliye, with the village of Deschahr below. We rested for a while at an old plane tree with a large, square water basin; a 100-year-old man brought me Airan. After half an hour we had bypassed the ridge and the garden valley of Nausud now lay before us.

Friday, July 12th. Nausud with about 200 houses rises on a protruding rock of the Schemschidagh mountain, which forms the back wall of the valley and which it surrounds on two sides; the other sides, however, fall steeply and precipitously to the valley floor, which everywhere shows the most beautiful orchards, full of plums (yellow), walnuts, morus, pomegranates, etc., and a lot of (2_03_059) tobacco, cucumbers, etc. cultivated. The Sultan's Konak was the highest house in the place, from whose roof one had a magnificent panoramic view, although it was blocked everywhere by the nearby mountains, but still of the surrounding area. On each side, next to

From the place where the valley continues, two streams flow down, which water the gardens in numerous bends. To the left of the place, i.e. to the east, you can see the numerous remains of the walls of an old castle next to the gardens.

Saturday, July 13th. We set off in the afternoon and passed the Upper Shoshmil, next to which lies an old village ruin. The path leads us straight ahead into the garden valley of Sosakan, where the meeting had been held. [Places] After 1 ½ hours [...?] we reach the valley of Chuatschai, where we spend the night. It lies on a rather rapid stream, in dense gardens, which rises above the village of Biala, an hour away, and flows to Scheresuhr. The latter has 200 houses, Chuadchur now only 5-6, as it has suffered much from the border disputes. The Guran language is still spoken here. We stayed with a rich man who was the home of a relative of Muhamed Beg, chief of the Jahf Kurds. An old woman, but full of spirit and grace in all her movements. I was amazed at the grace with which she performed the honours. Several young, pretty girls were also offered to me here. The woman was called [Chanin?] = Agha. In the evening three men came from the Sultan, asking his son to turn back, as he could not part with him. From here to Scheher Hau-roman it takes 7 hours, which lies behind the main route, which is visible here as a long, steep chain.

Sunday, July 14. Unfortunately, the donkeys we ordered did not arrive, so we until the afternoon in a garden belonging to Muhamed Said Sultan, unfortunately all the fruit was already gone. After half an hour we left the mountains and rode along the main route. [Places] (2_03_060) [Places] Finally the moon came out and we continued past the Tell of Gulambar; a suffocatingly hot wind blew here, bringing air rich in HS, which comes from warm south springs next to the town of Gulambar. The town of Trümmer lies on the slope of the mountain, with 1 minaret, otherwise I could not see anything else. 4 mighty wide springs were ridden through here, in which south springs were visible now and then; a little further down they join with the Salmsu; they are said to be the outflow of Lake Zeribar, which is proven by straw thrown in there. [Places]

Now we come to the first rocks of Soisach, along which another swamp stretches. [Pfl] On this row of rocks a layer of limestone appears as if it were placed on top, with frequent knee-shaped bends in the layers. On one of the peaks a siaret was [attached?]. One mountain is separated from the other, here the Tschakan flows [through?], emerging from the upper plain, where the village of Soisach lies ¼ hour uphill. Several small villages and tepes are nearby, namely Serau stands out with its small group of trees and large tell in the plain, which lies ½ hour further on.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

in the plain, where a deep water had to be ridden through again with [Pfl].

On the slope of the mountain you can see a lot of Kurdish graves, some of which have several brick chimneys as gravestones. From here we turn slightly to the right and ride in a valley that is several hours wide, (2_03_061)

formed by low hills, the forerunners of the Asmir dagh, with an empty village on the right. On the left is the village of Kuridschi, and further on to the left is Binedschud.

After 15 minutes we reached Giriseh, where we rested until evening. The village lies in the plain, where the hills allow a view of the plain towards Derbend i Fakera from [Giaure?] Kala, which is just [in?] 3 hours opposite in 321. The houses, built of earth with flat roofs, were now all empty, because the Jahf Kurds and Smaili were in the mountains. Only now and then could one see small tobacco plantations. A lot of wild cucumbers grew here. It was only with difficulty that we found shelter from the very hot wind today, as there are no gardens here. [Places] The wind was blowing hot when I set out from here; we rode past the large Tell, next to which a cemetery spreads out nearby. [Places] We continued on the plain until we came to Arbet at night, where we stopped at a house for food, but at night, when the moon rose, we set out again and finally reached Sulimanie again in the early morning.

Wednesday, 17 July–8 August 67. Meanwhile, letters from Aleppo and Geneva arrived, but no one from home. My horse had become very ill in the meantime. The heat here was now noticeable, especially the Reschhawa wind, which was very unpleasant and often blew with terrible force. Once it even brought a little rain during the day and a thunderstorm; it often blew for 8 days in a row, but only on the south side of these mountains, not at all on the north side, and the same applies to the Derbent Fakera mountain range. I was ill for 8 days, perhaps with a cold, had diarrhea and vomiting. No strength to walk. Finally on *August 5th* I received a letter from home; the earlier ones are in the post office in Mosul.

From *August 8th* onwards the nights began to get cold, which is attributed to the appearance of the storm; however, the days are always very hot, only the Re-sheba brings some coolness. At the end of July blue, round but sour plums; (2_03_062) the first grapes at the beginning of August. The pomegranates were not yet ripe, but the juice pressed from the unripe fruit was very good for my diarrhea. Figs are also only now appearing, very sweet but small. Melons and watermelons are now the main food of the inhabitants. – Sulimanie now has about 6,000 houses, 3 large caravanserais, 6 baths, 1 gümrück and 15 mostly small mosques. The city's graves stretch out on a hill on the south-east side of the city.

2nd trip: Ottoman Empire (1866–1867)

During my absence, an individual had the audacity to stab Hadji Abdullah, the hospital surgeon, as he was sitting quietly in front of a coffee house that evening, without succeeding in finding the murderer. [Quote?]

Letters from home received on *August 8th*. Large green and red-violet Reine Claudes are now appearing frequently on the market, but not yet of a particularly pleasant taste. Öhlschlägel arrives, but is ill for 14 days, as is Paskall.

XXII Departure to Persia (10–12 August 1867)

Saturday, August 10th. A caravan had finally arrived, so that I could finally leave Sulimanie after a stay of 2 ½ months. I was also recovered, just weak and occasionally had attacks of colic. This morning I was invited to dinner by the Pasha, which took place in the newly built hall with a cooling water basin. We ate à la turca, one dish followed the other, probably 20 of them, such as meat, badlidschan, bamia, boiled mallow (a favorite dish of the locals), our spinach, etc.

The Pasha liked to talk about medicine the most, and he also asked me to bring him and his family some Santonin. I hired three horses to Sihna for 120 piastres for a total of seven days.

Öhlschlägel's Dragoman Paskall will probably die, a man of about 63 years, he had completely collapsed, no longer eats anything, purges heavily, etc. My friend Bekir Agha stocked up on bread for the journey, as well as a letter to Muhamed Beg, chief of the Jahf Kurds. I am leaving 4 boxes here, which are to leave for Mosul in 3 days. I sold my white horse here for 40 piastres. We set off around 10 o'clock in the moonlight, the night was glorious, and I was glad to be able to leave Sulimanie. We headed out to the northeast side towards the Giöscheh Pass, to which the path climbs very gradually (2_03_063). [Places] The path now leads steeply downwards, where the mountain is now well covered with Quercus Vallonia, but mostly only 12' high bushes.

At dawn on *Sunday, August 11th*, we descended into the valley of Gara-deh, which lies on the left, half an hour downhill, at the foot of the mountain. [Places] The Kara-ratscholan River supplies the millstones for the whole region, the valley is about three quarters of an hour wide, crossed by low hills and water furrows.

To the right of the path, at the foot of the nearby Guri Kaschau, lies the village of Nodeh in a now dry bed of a winter stream that comes down from Guri Kaschau. The village, with around 30 houses with flat roofs, is surrounded by vineyards above, next to which everything is also covered with oak bushes. [Pfl] Further up the road lies the village of Gurkatar. It almost seems as if the winter stream is taking its course towards Scheherezühr, but this is an illusion, it goes to the Karascholan su and forms the dry riverbed that we rode through earlier. Half an hour further up the road, also on the right, in a side valley of the Guri Kaschau lined with vineyards, lies the village of Dschignan. [Places]

A third, small village of only 15 houses lies to the right [on the?] dry riverbed, surrounded by some Walloon trees. 2 prickly Astragalus species, one of which is related to the vesicar., appeared on the marl, but otherwise all vegetation is dried out. Cyperus fuscus appears in springy places, [plants] and red thistle also do not contribute anything (2_03_064) to the revitalization, since they themselves are not found here.

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

appear half dead. Sulimanie as a new city has no gates; the streets are crossed by open-flowing, stinking drainage canals. [Places]

After half an hour we reach the valley of the Karascholansu, which was about 50 paces wide at the crossing point and reached up to the horses' bellies; its banks were covered with willow trees. Up to the right it emerges from a narrow valley, down to the foot of the Ketu after half an hour. After crossing the river, the path leads upwards until, after half an hour, we reach the village of Waliawad, which is located on the mountain slope and consists of about 20 houses. We rest below it for today. The mountain range where we camp is more densely covered with the bushes of *Q. Vallonia* than the others, only in places do larger trees appear, such as a group next to the village; but the trunks are not stunted and are nowhere near as majestic as the German oak, and their trunks remain thin, at most 1 ½' in diameter. It varies with broader and narrower, more or less serrated and more or less dusty leaves; the acorns only show the calyxes. Around the village there were vineyards, in which figs, pomegranates and pears also appeared; tobacco fields surrounded one side of it, the few durra and millet fields had mostly already been harvested; barley is also only grown to a small extent; the main income comes from wine growing. Cotton fields only a few, at least they remained very low. [Plant] Low fig bushes on rocks.

The whistling of the oriole, the cackle of the keklik, flocks of ravens and the cooing of the turtle doves brought some life into nature, on the rocks of Ketu there were numerous nests of vultures, which usually choose a place together. Next to the village below there are some large conglomerate rock fragments, behind one of which I set up camp for today. The thermometer here in the shade showed 36 °C, and the water boiled at 95 ½ °C. Cows, fat-tailed sheep and brown and black goats grazed on the slopes, the Pir Omar Gu-drun, which appears mighty from here, can be seen in 105. [Places] (2_03_065) [Places] Opposite Ketu there is a long ridge stretching from the southwest to the northwest, probably the Serisir. From here to Sulimanie it takes 6 hours, to Schehersur 8 hours. A conglomerate rock where I set up camp. The [conglomerate?] stones were surrounded by a covering layer and then baked together with the whole. (2_03_066) [Zeich]



Fig. 12: Conglomerate rocks near Waliabad / Profile of the Pir Omar Gudrun from Waliabad in the valley of the Karascholantschai / Profile of the Ketu from Waliabad (2_03_065)

(2_03_067) Monday, August 12th. Yesterday evening we set out at around 10 o'clock and rode gradually upwards to the right below Waliava, always surrounded by oak trees. Riding down again, we come to the Karascholantschai, which roars in a narrow valley. A high mountain rises above it, the Haulu, which belongs to the Bersindsche Mountains, like the Gure Kaschau. Climbing sometimes up, sometimes down, we come to a place where a high peak of the Bersindsche Mountains rises to the right, the highest of which

Carl Haussknecht: Travel diaries

behind, so not visible. On them you can find rock crystals which, according to the people, fall from the sky in the spring with sleet, which is much easier to explain in another way. We rode through several tributaries of the Karascholansu. Towards midnight we suddenly heard: Robbers are here, and indeed we were shot at from many directions. A group of Arabs from Baghdad had joined us; they were going to the Jaf Kurds to buy horses and therefore had a lot of money with them. They immediately stayed behind the caravan while we went forward, and it finally turned out that a group of our caravan that had gone ahead had shot, to which the surrounding villages had responded.

At dawn we reach Mount Teriter, which we must climb; it was the highest mountain of all so far, but was densely covered with oaks all the way up; the main mass is *Q. Vallonia*. [Pfl] Also on the Teriter, individual trees of *Quercus regia* with fruit appeared. Individual *Pistac. mutica* in very old specimens with swollen roots appeared, trunks about 20' in circumference. Some of them had been cut, from which very clear tears of turpentine had flowed, which were very similar to mastic tears, only they were still soft, many of them had a faint bluish-green coloration from chlorophyll? *Lonicera nummulariaefolia* as a bush with berries. Very often here on the oak species, *Loranthus europaeus* with fruit appeared; more trees were densely covered with them, so that they reminded me very much of *Viscum europ.* Where it develops on the branch, a ring-shaped swelling first appears around the sunken [Loranthus border?], which increases as the trunk grows, and also pushes up the rest of the stem through new shoots (2_03_068) so that finally a ball or an oval is formed, often up to 1–2' long, covered all around with *Loranthus*, which sink downwards as they age and die, along with the whole branch, or rather the other way round: the strong sucking causes the branch to die and then the parasite. When the ball is formed, the oak branch does not grow any further, but ends in this ball, which gives the trees a strange appearance; it almost looks like an upside-down witch's broom. Its sucking power is far stronger than that of the *Viscum album*, which is missing here. [Pfl]

From the summit of Mount Teratul, which rises higher on the right and left, there is a magnificent view of the richly watered plain of Pendschwin.

The sun was just rising and reflected on the countless streams of the Kyzylschtschai, which ran like silver threads through the wide plain. One can clearly see how the plain is divided into two parts by a mountain range rising in the middle, which was now occupied by about 7,000 tents of the Jahf Kurds. A branch of the same branches off to the left, in which the Kyzylschtschai descends, bordered in the background by a high mountain range, where

it opens up again to the east and thus forms a third valley. The plain was reached after an hour's zigzag descent; it is completely flat and gives the impression of an old lake basin; it reminded me of El Amk below Beilan. The shape of the Kurdish tents is also similar to those there, namely woven reed mats arranged in a square with a black tent stretched over them, so that from a distance they look like houses. I counted around 40 groups of tents here.

Many irregularly scattered, round, natural hills rise from it.

After 1 hour we come to the parallel of the mountain range rising in the middle and now cross the plain, turning to the right, where in the distance, another hour away, Pendschwin appears at the beginning of the row of hills.

The mountain ranges all around are densely forested; more densely than I have ever seen. In front of us in the east at the end of the plain, long, high mountain ranges rise again, but no one from the caravan could tell me their names.

We were within 10 minutes of Kyzylschitschai on the left, but he turned left and we went right. The sun was burning hot when we finally arrived in front of Pendschwin. The village, which has around 150 houses with flat roofs, is quite lively thanks to the passing caravans and has a small bazaar for basic items. Instead of courtyard walls, each house has a 10-12' high woven wooden fence, as there is plenty of wood. The winter is very harsh; the snow is said to remain for 6-7 months, during which all communication is inhibited and everyone stays by the fire. Dried grass can be seen stored in stacks everywhere for the cattle. The nomadic Jahf Kurds are then in Germian. The hills surrounding the village are covered with bushes of [plants], also wine cult., but only ripen later; In the fruit orchards you can see a lot of apples and pears, as well as quinces and apricots. [Pfl]

I got off at the Mudir of Sulimania, who had only been here for 14 days, but there was no room to be found there, so we had to take up residence in the bakery. While we were preparing the plants, the plant shears were stolen by a Kurd. With difficulty we persuaded the Mudir to send us food. Barley and all food was expensive because of the many caravans. We set off at 7 p.m. The water was boiling at $94 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Zeribar was supposedly called Sämenusochra in the past.

List of figures

Where available, Haussknecht's captions were used.

Abb. 1: Carl Haussknecht (1838–1903)	9
Fig. 2: The itinerary of the first (red) and second trip (green).....	12
Fig. 3: Detail from Kiepert (1882), Sheet II: Surroundings of Urfa.....	14
Fig. 4: Example page from Haussknecht's travel diary: Stay in Urfa and surroundings, entry from 19.3.1867 (2_01_059)	27
Fig. 5: Plan of Hharran (1_01_076)	89
Fig. 6: East side of the temple at Hharran (1_01_078).....	91
Abb. 7: Aladschek Chan (1_04_004)	174
Fig. 8: Ullu Dschamie in Melitene (1_04_007)	175
Fig. 9: Arabic inscription on the north wall of the Tekiye of the Kyzyl- dschamie to Orfa (not written by Haussknecht) (2_01_069).....	264
Fig. 10: Arabic inscription on the side of the pulpit of the Great Mosque (Ulu Mosque) in Kÿzÿltepe (Mardin) (2_01_107).....	285
Fig. 11: Plan of Ras el ain / Arabic inscriptions on the construction of the new Stones of the old town collected locally (2_02_034).....	311
Fig. 12: Conglomerate rocks near Waliabad / Profile of the Pir Omar Gudrun from Waliabad in the valley of the Karascholantschai / Profile of the Ketu from Waliabad (2_03_065)	377

All images: courtesy of Herbarium Haussknecht,
except:

Abb. 2: Osama Mustafa, Jena.

The editors

Frank H. Hellwig, holder of the chair for special botany, Friedrich Schiller University Jena (since 1997). Doctorate (1990) and habilitation (1997) in botany. Main research interests: systematics and evolution of seed plants with a focus on Asteraceae, history of botany.

Christine Kämpfer, Academic Councillor a. Z. at the Chair of Iranian Studies, Otto-Friedrich University of Bamberg. Doctorate in Iranian Studies (2022). Research focus: Classical Persian literature, travel literature of the Qajar period.

Stefan Knost, visiting professor, Institute of Oriental Studies, Otto-Friedrich University Bamberg. Doctorate in Islamic Studies. Main research interests: History of the Arab provinces of the Ottoman Empire, especially economic and social history, urban history, travel literature.

Hanne Schönig, research associate at the Center for Interdisciplinary Regional Studies (ZIRS), Martin Luther University Halle Wittenberg (until 2019). Doctorate in Islamic Philology, Semitic Studies, Islamic Studies. Research focus: ethnobotany, traditional medicine; everyday culture with terminology in Yemen.

Kristin Victor, collection coordinator at the Herbarium Haussknecht, Institute of Ecology and Evolution, Friedrich Schiller University Jena. Research focus: History of botany with a focus on Carl Haussknecht and herbaria.

Christoph U. Werner, holder of the chair for Iranian Studies, Otto-Friedrich University Bamberg (since 2019). Doctorate in 1999, junior professorship for Islamic Studies in Freiburg 2002–2007 and professorship for Iranian Studies in Marburg 2007–2019. Main research interests: Persian diplomatics and document theory (see www.asnad.org), economic and social history of Iran and foundations, connectivity of history and Persian literature.

One's gaze is drawn dreamily to the slender minarets of the old Christian cathedrals, and one would be reluctant to say goodbye to them, if not for the secret thought of seeing them again, for the proverb says: once you have drunk Taksim water, you will come back!

The botanist Carl Haussknecht wrote these wistful thoughts on February 13, 1869 in what was then Constantinople in his diary - published here for the first time in book form. He was on his way back to Weimar after two journeys, often off the beaten track, had taken him through the Ottoman Empire and into Persia for three years. At the end of 1868 he even attended an audience with the Shah in Teheran, who showed great interest in the stops on his journey and his cartographic recordings. In addition to his main task of collecting plants, Haussknecht not only recorded botanical and topographical information. He frankly noted and commented on his varied observations and reported on events and encounters. His opinion of the regions he visited, with their customs and inhabitants, was influenced by his immediate travel experiences. And time and again, landscapes and holidays evoked memories of home and homesickness for his loved ones.

Volume 1: Ottoman Empire, 1865–1867

Volume 2: Persia, 1867–1869



ISBN 978-3-86309-935-0



9 783863 099350

www.uni-bamberg.de/ubp/