

The travel diaries of the botanist Carl Haussknecht

Volume 2: Persia, 1867–1869

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



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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.

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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 age, he was fascinated by plants and began to collect and identify 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 visits, he was



Abb. 1: Carl Haussknecht (1838–1903)

He studied the flora of the area and came into contact with botanists. After successfully completing his training, Haussknecht decided to study pharmacy in Breslau (now Wrocław, Poland).

After completing his studies, he set off on his first journey in February 1865

into the Ottoman Empire, which he enthusiastically and with a rich

loot of plants as well as zoological, archaeological and other objects in December 1865. 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 and worked intensively on the systematics and taxonomy of selected plant groups.

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

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pen and published his results. In total, he described over a thousand new plant families (species, varieties, etc.). He continually expanded his herbarium, on the one hand through his own ongoing collecting activities, and on the other through lively exchanges with specialist colleagues, through the purchase of legacies, and through donations. In 1895 he decided to build and financed 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 and other botanists were involved in founding 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 he would not travel to the Ottoman Empire until 1865, after completing his pharmacy studies.

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.

should.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 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 it - a suggestion that was not implemented. Later, Haussknecht could then travel to Persia, where it was 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).

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

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 Transcaucasian 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).

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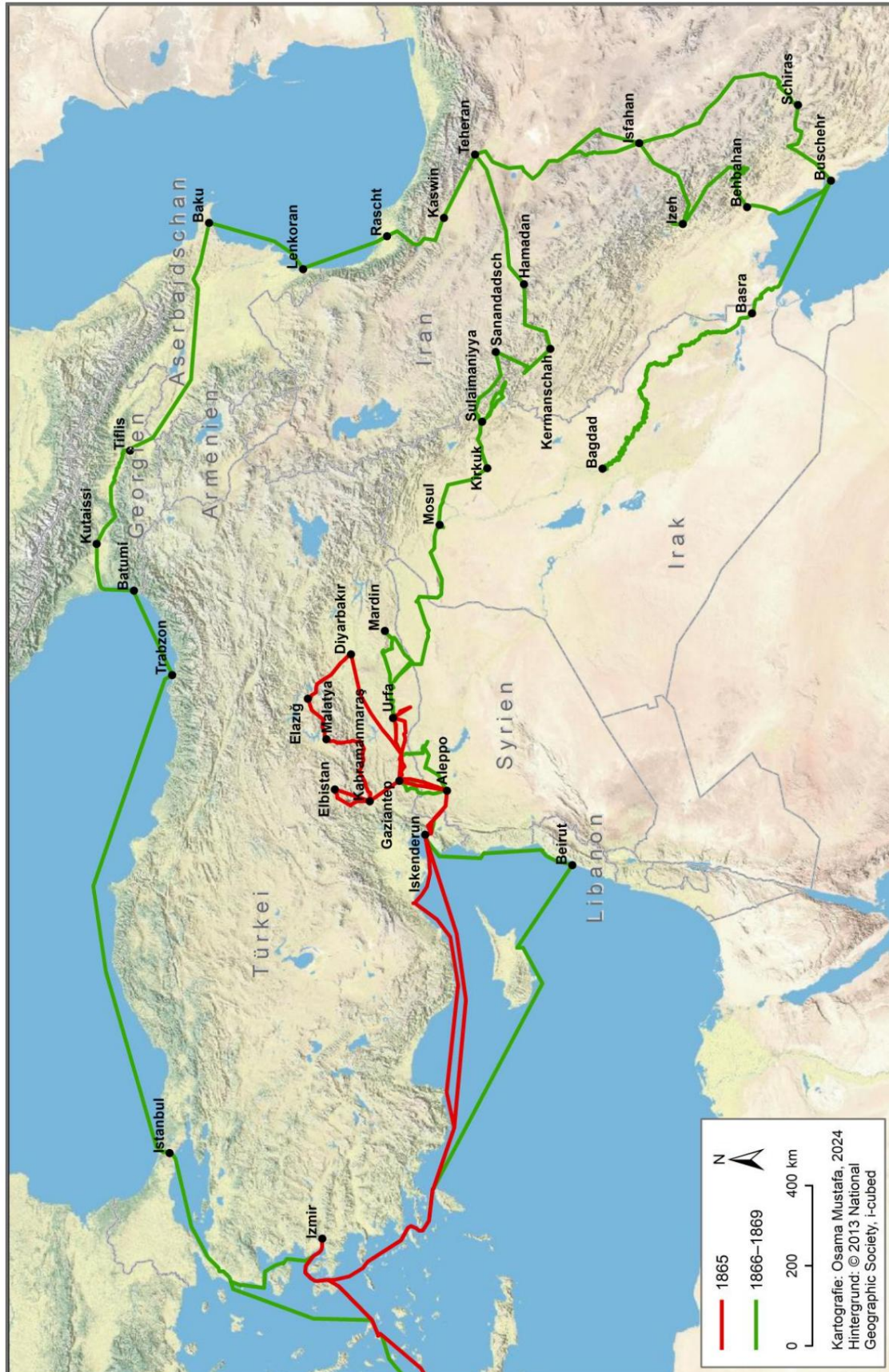


Fig. 2: The itinerary of the first (red) and second trip (green).

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.

The journey in Persia

Carl Haussknecht crossed the border to Persia from Sulaimaniyya and reached Sina, today's Sanandaj, the first major city on his route on August 18, 1867. In Persia, too, he had to present himself to the local governors in order to receive a firman, a travel decree, a formality that he first complied with on site. With the firman in his pocket, Haussknecht went to Kermanshah, where he took up residence in the office of the telegraph operators stationed there. After various visits to the governor and his sons, his interest in archaeology led him to the rock reliefs of Taq-e Bostan and Bisotun, which he described in detail in the corresponding diary entries. He then traveled on to Hamadan at the foot of the Alvand. There he made a copy of the Ganjname inscription, which *was a lot of work and took me a day and a half*. In the city, Haussknecht met with representatives of the Jewish community for the only time during his trip to Persia, an encounter that he remembers positively: *In the afternoon I paid a visit to the Jewish Rabbi Lalasar, where I found the entire Jewish elite gathered. [...] I found*⁹

*with him a rabbi [...] from Constantinople, who spoke fluent Italian, and another from Jerusalem. [...] The Jews were very pleased with my visit flattered and offered all kinds of hospitality [...].*¹⁰

From Hamadan his route finally led him to the capital Teheran, whose southeastern city gate he rode through on November 24, 1867. He rented a hotel room and socialized with other Europeans living in Persia, including the Austrian engineer Albert Joseph Gasteiger (1823–1890), the Austrian doctor Jakob Eduard Polak (1818–1891), the French doctor Joseph Désiré Tholozan (1820–1897), the Dutch doctor Johannes Lodewik Schlimmer (1818–1876) as well as diplomats and employees of the European embassies. His contacts enabled him to take part in a ceremony to mark the expansion of the city in December 1867, where he was also introduced to Nasreddin Shah (r. 1848–1896), an encounter that is not without a certain comical element in Haussknecht's notes: *He [the Shah] wore a black Persian robe, but his chest was densely covered with large pearls and diamond ornaments. After the usual greeting and enquiries, we set off again immediately, always moving backwards, as one must not turn one's back on the Shah; which was not easy, as a small stream trickled in front of the tent, over which only a very narrow*

⁹ Diary 2_05_014, entry from February 11, 1867.

¹⁰ Diary 2_06_008, entry from November 10, 1867.

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Bridge led. ¹¹ Even during his stay in Tehran, Haussknecht's archaeological interest, and he made a trip to Ray, ancient Rhages. The distractions of the big city and its surroundings did not, however, protect him from homesickness, which overcame him at the turn of the year: *On New Year's Eve, I was invited to dinner with Gasteiger at Mr Raymond's, where we welcomed the New Year ourselves. Of course, it was not at all like New Year's Eve for me when I thought of my beloved homeland, which often happened, where I was certainly also thought of today; I had spent the previous holidays in Istanbul, the current ones in Tehran, in other words in the two capitals of Islam.*

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With the new year, Haussknecht resumed his route and continued his journey towards central Iran, which took him via Qum and Kashan to Isfahan, where he rented a house in the Christian quarter of New Julfa. His contact in the city was Padre Pascal Arakelian, a monk of the Armenian Catholic order of the Mechitarists, who also assisted him as a translator. A visit to an Armenian wedding, Haussknecht's only contact with the Armenian community in Persia, left a lasting impression. After a detailed description of the celebrations, his diary entry concludes: *I soon got bored of this whole thing and so withdrew at around 2 a.m., but the others stayed until daybreak, when the ceremony took place. It went on like this for 3 nights. What a difference between civilized and barbaric peoples!*¹³ After a stay of a good three weeks in the city, which was also enriched by several excursions into the surrounding region, Haussknecht finally rode further south through the province of Fars, with Shiraz as his next city stop, which he reached on March 12, 1868. His host there was Conrad Gustaf Fagergren (1818–1879), a Swedish doctor who had settled in the city in the 1840s. Shiraz became Haussknecht's starting point for excursions to the famous ruins of the Achaemenid capital Persepolis and the archaeological sites of Naqsh-e Rostam and Naqsh-e Rostam, which he also described in detail and with great interest.

He then travelled further towards the Persian Gulf via Kazerun to Bushehr, about which he had only unflattering words to say: *The town of Bushehr, consisting of around 600 houses, offers nothing special from the outside; its houses are built of stone, consisting of hardened shell sand of recent formation, but nevertheless durable, flat roofs. The streets are narrow, dirty and*

¹¹ Diary 2_06_028, entry from 8.12.1867.

¹² Diary 2_06_050, entry from December 31, 1867. – According to diary 2_01_020, he spent the turn of the year 1866/1867 in Aleppo.

¹³ Diary 2_07_015, entry from February 21, 1868.

zig, *Bazar insignificant*. He stayed¹⁴ in the city for a few days and met, among others, the officer of the British East India Company, Colonel Lewis Pelly (1825-1892), before embarking on an excursion to Basra and Baghdad on April 19, 1868. In Basra he found accommodation in the house of the quarantine inspector Julius Asché (d. 1870), with whom he also made a few short trips. After a subsequent ten-day stay in Baghdad, he ended his trip to the Ottoman Empire and traveled by ship via Basra back to Bushehr and then on to Bandar Deylam.

From there he rode to Behbahan, where he hoped to meet the governor of Fars, Sultan Uwais Mirza (1839-1892). However, he was not in the city, so Haussknecht travelled further west to the village of Galbur, where the prince and his entourage had set up camp. A friendship developed between Haussknecht and Sultan Uwais, which is also clear in the diary entries: *At the Emirsade I found one of the most educated Persians, who was free-thinking on religious matters, coupled with an extraordinary kindness of heart.*¹⁵ Haussknecht also recognised him as a Freemason, to his great joy .

of the governor: [...] *he immediately held out his hand to me in front of everyone and shouted: you are my brother, whatever you want is at your disposal.* 16 Sultan Uwais

invited the German botanist to accompany him on a hunting trip to the Zagros, which Haussknecht gladly accepted. This gave him the opportunity to travel to an inaccessible region that only a few foreigners had reached before him. In addition to botany, the trip also gave him the opportunity to get to know the Lurian tribes, whose way of life and customs he documented with great interest.

The paths of Haussknecht and Sultan Uwais finally parted on August 28, 1868 in the valley of Dalun, where Haussknecht began his return journey.

After a ten-day stay in Isfahan, he reached Tehran on 30 October. Little is known about his second stay in the city, as he was confined to bed with a fever. However, his presence did not go unnoticed and was heard by Nasreddin Shah. At the monarch's request, a meeting with Haussknecht, accompanied by Tholozan, took place on 1 November in his hunting lodge east of Tehran. Haussknecht's description of this meeting testifies to the interest the Shah showed in him: *Immediately he [the Shah] asked in Persian: how many years and where I had travelled around, how I had found his country, whereupon I told him about the Lurs and Bakhtiars, and did not forget to give Owais Mirsa the highest praise;*

¹⁴ Diary 2_07_058, entry from 8.4.1968.

¹⁵ Diary 2_08_034, entry from 5.7.1868.

¹⁶ Diary 2_08_034, entry from 5.7.1868.

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'so he governs well', Excellent, Your Royal Majesty. He was mainly interested in the two lakes of Malamir, about which he knew nothing, as he did not know anything about the whole country there. I then showed him my map, which interested him greatly, [...].¹⁷

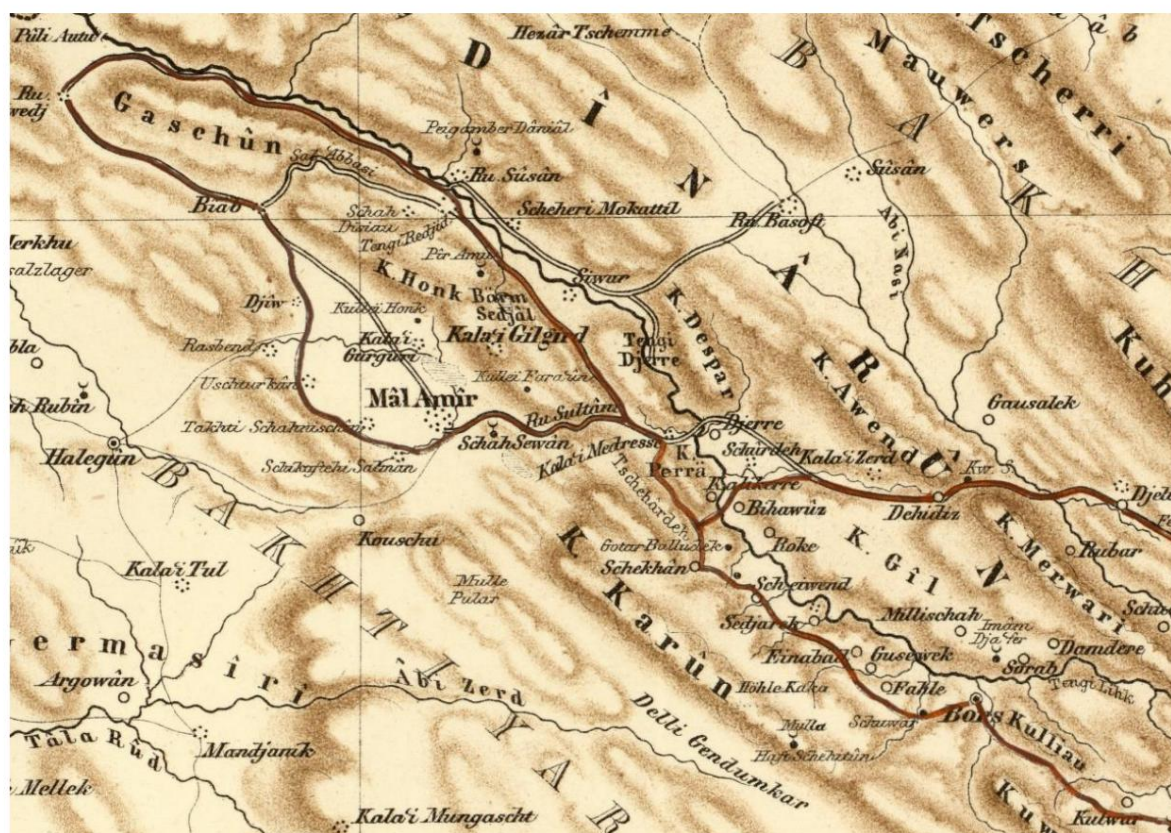


Fig. 3: Detail from Kiepert (1882), Sheet IV: Surroundings of Malamir (Izeh)

Shortly after the meeting, Haussknecht continued his journey home, which took him from Teheran first to Kaswin, about which he wrote favourably: *If one can call Istanbul the cypress city and Ispahan the plane tree city, then Kaswin deserves the name of the elm city.*¹⁸ He continued north-east via Rasht to Bandar Anzali and from there by ship via Lenkoran to Baku, where he docked on December 10, 1868. Here, too, he quickly made contact with the European community, although his one-week stay only allowed him a short trip to Yanar Dagh. From Baku, Haussknecht continued quickly on to Georgia, reaching Tiflis on January 2, 1869.

After a stay of 20 days, he finally travelled on to the port city of Poti, from there he boarded a ship to Batumi and finally to Istanbul, where he arrived on February 6, 1869.

¹⁷ Diary 2_09_141–2_09_142, entry from October 30, 1868.

¹⁸ Diary 2_10_003, entry from November 26, 1868.

He only stayed in the Ottoman capital for a few days, and on February 13 he boarded a ship for Trieste, not without taking a last look back, which he noted in his notes, not without sadness: *Once again I saw the tip of the Seraglio with its mosques and plane trees, and soon after the turn one can see the vast sea of houses of Old Istanbul with the ring walls by the sea, which extend far and wide. One more look at Pera and the entrance to the Bosphorus, and the wonderful panorama has disappeared, only Old Istanbul and Scutari with its large barracks capture one's attention, until these too disappear and the Princes' Islands now draw one's attention. One's gaze is dreamily fixed on the slender minarets of the old cathedrals of Christendom, and one would be reluctant to say goodbye to them, if the secret thought of a reunion did not arise, for the proverb says: He who has once drunk Taksim water will come back!*¹⁹ Having arrived in Trieste, Haussknecht finally boarded the train to Vienna on February 21, 1869, which not only marks the end of the diary, but also the end of his journey.

Haussknecht's route in Persia was based on the routes of the mounted couriers, and he spent most of his nights in relay stations or caravanserais. In some cases he found accommodation with private individuals, rented a room or even a house. The records of his journey provide a multifaceted insight into Persia under the rule of Nasreddin Shah. The broad spectrum of information corresponds to Haussknecht's diverse interests, which extend far beyond botany and geology, and is drawn from a route that crosses both urban centers and rural regions.

In cities, especially in Tehran, Haussknecht witnessed political events. His diary contains entries on the Persian economy as well as on the foreign and domestic policies of the Shah and his ministers. These observations provide valuable insights into the social changes that Persia went through in the 19th century. Haussknecht also noted the activities of foreign embassies and their legations.

which were probably communicated to him first-hand. His interest in pharmaceutical medicine and specifically his work as a doctor in the country also provided him with information about the illnesses and treatments occurring in Persia. His notes on this also benefited from the knowledge of the European doctors who taught at the newly founded Dar al-Fonun Polytechnic in Tehran.

¹⁹ Diary 2_11_011, entry from February 13, 1869.

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In rural areas, Haussknecht also paid attention to regional agriculture and its products. He also visited archaeological sites, often comparing and discussing their condition with the reports of earlier travelers. He copied numerous inscriptions and reliefs, adding a visual component to his report. He paid particular attention to the tribes: he noted not only their names and numerical distribution, but also customs and myths as well as vocabulary lists.

And last but not least, in Persia, he also wanted to expand and correct the maps created by Kiepert. To do this, he meticulously documented the distances between various places and their geographical locations.

Even though Haussknecht never returned to Persia during his lifetime, he continued to maintain contact with his European and Persian acquaintances. During the Shah's trip to Europe in 1873, Sultan Uvais Mirza even visited him in Weimar, and Nasreddin Shah honored him with the Order of the Lion and the Sun, an award given to foreign citizens who had rendered special services to Persia.

Christine Kaempfer

The diaries: From experiences to manuscript Haussknecht's

travel diaries are also among the archives associated with the plant collection of the Jena Herbarium. The 15 notebooks, written in cursive and provided with sketches, document the course of his two journeys on almost a thousand pages. Nine

Field books in DIN A6 format, which Haussknecht had quickly to hand on horseback or in the tent, and in which he made notes about the trip in pencil. He later copied these into his diary books 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 urged him to forget the memories of

He felt that he did not want to let his memories and impressions fade, as he had travelled to countries that were unknown in every respect up to that point and could fill in the gaps accordingly, and that now was exactly the right moment to start working.²⁰ However, boxes containing his manuscripts and map drawings had been lost during the shipment. This made Boissier all the more insistent on collecting the memories that were still fresh, which were evidently still very structured and clearly present to Haussknecht. In a way, he owed such

a work to the public.²¹ But even when the manuscripts were rediscovered,²² Haussknecht first devoted himself to producing the topographic maps - in addition to the plant material. Further travel plans also seemed to be coming to the fore,²³ but we also learn that Haussknecht gave lectures on the experiences and experiences he had gathered during his travels.²⁴ 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*

²⁰ *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).*

²¹ *There is also another job that should not be neglected, which is collecting memories of your travels while you have a fresh memory of them and don't let them get 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).*

²² *I congratulate you again on having found one of your boxes, [...]. The important thing is that your manuscripts and cards are saved. (Brief 136, S. 4).*

²³ In addition to Turkestan (letter 142, p. 2), the main topic is Persia (letter 140, p. 1). Boissier does not want to take responsibility for a repeat trip to Persia, but is interested in the many regions that have not yet been explored and is again offering financial support for the coming year. *That is certainly not the case.*

not me who will urge you to return to Persia, I do not want to take this responsibility but in the event that you go to make a trip there I will have next year [...] a thousand francs to put at your disposal to help you in your botanical explorations. [...] There is undoubtedly still many interesting regions still unexplored in Persia, not only Zerd Kou and Elvend but also the whole country to the south is from Chyraz. (Brief 140, S. 2; his Brief 143, S. 2).

²⁴ *I see with great pleasure that you are still busy holding conferences on Persia and the Orient. (Brief 143, S. 2).*

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*Journey [...] A detailed description of the more interesting areas to which I have been
For many reasons I have not yet found the time, but I hope to follow up soon.* 25

Kristin Victor, Hanne Schöning

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²⁵ 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 March 28, 1885. Boissier died on September 25, 1885.

Archival materials

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, [s].

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.

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Orthography or transcription²⁶ 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. An adaptation of the orthography to modern spelling was also deliberately avoided in 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 "Freemasons' Lodge") were largely dissolved.

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.

Shortening

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 by the following abbreviations in square brackets: [Building] detailed description of buildings and archaeological sites, some with inscriptions that were not specifically 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

²⁶ 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 (partially) with plants [Txt] unclear

passages or texts without reference to the context or to other identifiable passages; repetitions;
other lists; parts of the text by another hand

[Drawing] Drawings

[Zit] quotation, paraphrase

[Zit?] recognizably quoted text (e.g. based on French or English text passages/words), source
not yet identified If different types of text are omitted

consecutively, these are mentioned in only one bracket in the order of omission, e.g. [Zit,
Orte, Spr, Orte].

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

SECOND TRIP

I Iraqi Kurdistan–Sihna (13 August–5 September 1867)

(2_03_069) *Tuesday, August 13th.* Behind the village [Pendschwin] the path leads upwards, sometimes up, sometimes down, on a not particularly good path, because we had left the caravan road and turned right. The path led ever higher until, towards midnight, we arrived at a high mountain, Chrisian, which was also densely covered with oaks, etc. The fires of the Kurds camping there glowed in the valley, which is bordered by the high rocky mountains of the Hauroman, which begin here. Riding down to the left, we come through the village [Busau?], now nothing but huts built out of branches.

Down in the valley we rode through a stream that leads to the Tschakan?. The path now leads up to the left, where there was a Kurdish tent camp at the beginning of the Hauroman. We rode around this Hauroman mountain, passing the springs (2_03_070) of the Tschakansu, which flows down the wide valley to Soisach. From now on we continue downhill in a flat valley along the Hauroman, with many Kurdish camps.

After about 3 hours from the Tschakanquelle, the village of Piran was on the left, with flat roofs, in a valley cleft, surrounded by some gardens and millet fields. The latter is often cultivated here, as are durra, barley and wheat, the latter still in ears. To the right, the Hauroman Mountains rise steeply, dense at the foot, lightly wooded at the top; everywhere, the bare, grey limestone rocks stand out, their surface appearing as if it had cracked; in places, plate-like and then covered with many claws. 2 huge peaks rise above the ridge, called Dalamehs. The main range continues to the side, and lower mountains lie in front of it, up to Deka Shechan 3 foothills. Opposite there rises the high Saraba with many peaks, behind which lies Wäslihe; its foothill opposite Deka Shechan is called Kawakatsch, well covered with oak bushes, although everything is just rock. [Places]

The valley floor [of the Sirwan] is completely [smooth?], with dense oak forests in places. [Pfl] After ½ hour from Piran, the village of Eskol is also on the left, surrounded by willows and a few poplars. After ¾ hour, the village of Waise. Here the valley begins to become hilly, with a transverse dam descended from the limestone mountain range on the left, called Puliani. Several good springs rise from the ground here and form a stream, which after about 3 hours' descent flows into the Sirwan. On the peaks of the Hauroman mountains everything appeared yellow from the jinn clock; caves often appear in the rocks. Below the village of Waise we rested for 2 hours so that the horses could eat. [Pfl]

Next to the villages there is almost always a group of old oak trees, under which the cemetery and the graves are marked only with 2 rough, foot-high stones. Here

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we now ride off to the left (2_03_071) in the valley, where the mountain range makes a small bend, there is the village of Tutunterr, where people immediately came to me and asked me to dismount, as there was a blind sheikh here. But I didn't stop and went to the next village 20 minutes away, also to the left of the mountain, called Deka Schechan, about 20 houses with old oak groups above them. [Places]

We rested under an old morus when we arrived here around midday. Soon the sheikh and many people arrived, which again caused long scenes. But he brought lots of cucumbers and beaten eggs, bread and ayr, as well as barley. [Places] (2_03_075) [Places] (2_03_071) We slept until 2 a.m. Water boils at 94 ½°. The night is cool.

Wednesday, August 14th. Departure at 2 a.m. The slopes of the mountains reach down into the valley to the stream that separates the steep slopes of the Hauroman Mountains. The path leads continuously between these slopes, sometimes steeply downwards, sometimes upwards; streams trickle down into the valleys, mostly divided into many parts to irrigate the fields of the small villages, which all lie fairly high above the valley in the mountain valleys. The village of Selka follows soon after, and half an hour further on is Dere Nacheh with a stream that joins the Kakor Sekria, which we ride through half an hour further on. Dense bushes and tufts of *Carex stricta* line the banks of the ca. 30 paces wide stream, the water of which almost reached the horses' bellies; part of it was diverted to a mill on the way. [Pfl, Places]

Before the Derbent Sirwan there was a Derbent, between which the Schahu could be seen stretching out in the background. From the Derbent Sirwan there is a very wooded mountain which stretches upwards, which is located in front of the main section of the Gosalan (2_03_073) which forms a curve. The river bank is densely lined with willow trees; it goes up, or rather down, along the Gosalan. Dere Chwada lies to the left at 5, where the Schahu can be seen through the Derbent. Now the path goes down and up again, where the small village of Namangir lies on the mountain slope; lush tobacco fields surrounded the village; also a few gardens with peaches, figs, thick Pali-uru hedges along the path, which gave us a lot of trouble. A rushing stream with dense bushes of plane trees. Cucumbers and melons were cultivated here. *Morus nigra* trees are also often seen. On the opposite foothills you can see the huts of a summer village. [Pfl] On the slopes, *Pistac. mutica* trees are very common, the trunks of which had been cut down, and underneath them there were basins made of earth, similar to swallow's nests, into which the turpentine flowed; often 50 such basins on one trunk. [Places]

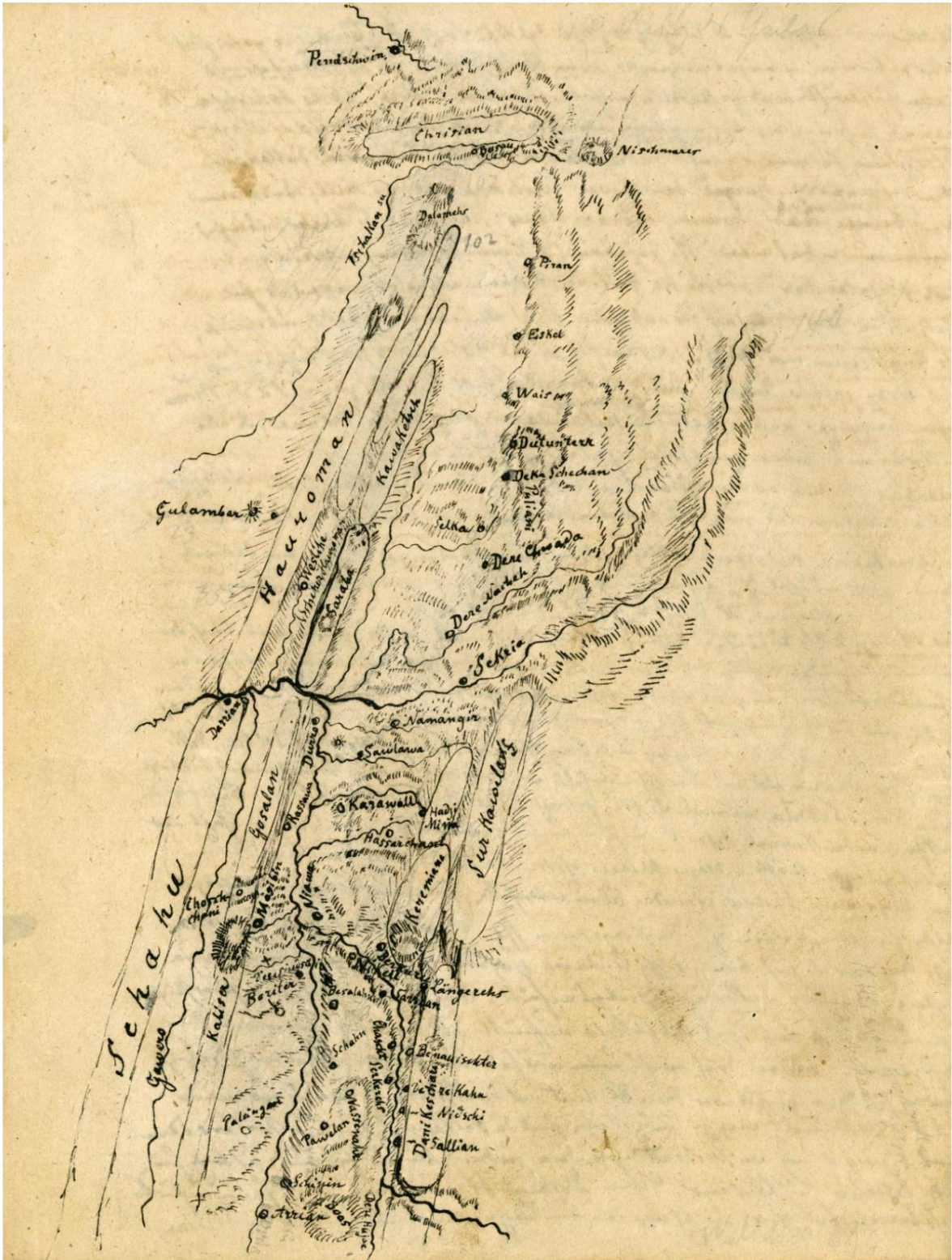


Fig. 5: Map of the Persian-Kurdish border area (2_03_072)

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At 8:30 we came to Sawlawa, where a small plain is formed, in which a tree-lined valley, the village lies upstream [the?] entrance to a side valley, behind whose foothills the high mountain range Surgaur [Karwil?] rises up to the same height as the Gosalan. Much rice was cultivated in Sawlawa and irrigated by a stream; it lies opposite Durro. A mountain range now closes off the plain of Sawlawa in front of us, to which we now go uphill until we ride downhill to Karawall at 9:30; also forming a small plain with a lot of cultivation with the stream of Surgaur, where barley and wheat still lay in heaps in the fields and were trodden out by oxen and cows. [Places]

We now ride down to the Sirwan, follow its course for a stretch and then ride through it, where a small branch bridge leads over it. At a place shaded by large juglans, shepherds camped with their goats, which were just being milked by women. We ride further up between oak forests and then camp for a few hours on the mountain slope. [Pfl] (2_03_074) [Pfl]

In the shade 38° at midday, water boils at 95°. [Places] We follow the course of the Sirwan flowing below, along the Sirwan old trees of *Populus Euphratica* and *P. alba*, and ride over a mountain range that takes us after an hour to Masi-bin, on a small plain above the left bank of the Sirwan. We rode through a group of *Morus nigra* with magnificent, large fruits, whose old trunks spread out on the ground in various twists and turns.



Fig. 6: Group of *Morus nigra* near Masibin (2_03_097)

Group of *Populus ital.*, *Morus alba*, pears, green, still unripe greengage near the village. The forest is close by. Below the village, on the other side of the Sirwan, lies the village of Niawä with vineyards. [Places] We set up camp near a spring with excellent [light?] water; a man brought us a large basket full of pears, for which I gave him medicine. The village is very large, perhaps 150-200 houses, and lies below the peak of the Kaliser, which from afar from Deka Schechan looks like a broad pyramid, which rises from there on the right edge of the valley, where the valley closes, as it were, but in reality it divides there, in the area below the Kaliser, which [at?]

Nickel pours into the Sirwan. [Places] (2_03_096) [Character]

(2_03_074) *Thursday, August 15th.* We set off at 4 o'clock; the path goes through the village until, after 10 minutes, we cross a small stream with a branch bridge that comes down from Kaliser in a small valley densely covered with walnut trees. After 10 minutes, a second small stream comes

in valleys thickly covered with trees, both of which flow into a larger stream, which flows further downstream from Niawa into the Sirwan. We ride a short distance along these banks, which are covered with very old juglans, then leave it to the left and ride up a steep rocky slope, on the other side of which we set up camp for today.

From the path we had ridden up to the right below the top of the Kaliser. Here the slopes were covered with Juglans, quinces, *Morus* and excellent pear trees, with oak bushes in between, with *Acer monsp.*, *Salix frag.* trees, *Rosa canina*, wild vine, *Lonicera nummulariaefolia* between individual grain fields, etc. Good wine is also cultivated, but not fully ripe yet. The pear trees are densely (2_03_075) full of fruit, 1–1 ½' tall, mostly 20–40' tall trees with an oval shape. Our brave man had come here for the pears, now to load his empty horses with them to Sihna. [Places] Down in the valley to which the local plantations belong lies the village of Dera sendschir, watered by a stream that runs down here, the small valley of which is densely covered with Juglans and *Fraxinus*.

Blackbirds and redstarts enlivened the trees. [Pfl, places] In the afternoon and towards evening there were some sudden, strong gusts of wind coming from the valley of Pendschwin. [Pfl] In the evening 25 °C.

(2_03_076) *Friday, August 16th.* Early 21 °C. Since Muker had not yet paid the money for his 2 horse loads, we had not yet set off, so I climbed the Kaliser in about an hour of steep climbing. *Campanula virgata*, [Plant], rice, millet, cotton are also common; sesame was cultivated in the valleys and slopes. [Plant, places] The rocks around the summit stood out vertically. A magnificent view is offered, unfortunately I could not go any further to see the south and west sides due to lack of time.

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To the north and east alone there is a wonderful panorama: [Places]. (2_03_078) [Zeich]
(2_03_077) [Places]

Unfortunately, the nomenclature of the natives is too confusing to be used; everyone only knows their own surroundings. At 4 p.m. we left our camp and rode down the mountain in windings, leaving the village of Dera Sindschir and its tree-lined cemetery on our right. Here we come to a wide main path that leads from Boriter down to Sihna; but in places it was so steep that the laden animals had a lot of trouble carrying their pears. Below the village, a tributary about 12 paces wide flows to the Sirwan, which comes down from Arrian. A bridge leads over it here, where the path now goes up a mountain again. Yellow-brown gum was often found on *Eryngium multifl.*, especially on damaged branches. [Pfl]

Some strong gusts of wind here too. But calm in the evening. The bridge consists only of a few branches, covered with little earth, so that the horses could not pass over it and therefore had difficulties on the slippery, steep bank. A little further down lies the small village of Assiau on the left bank, where the Arrian and Nikelle streams converge a little below.

(2_03_079) *Saturday, August 17th.* We set out at 12:30 in the bright moonlight. The night was wonderful for travelling, even very cool. After crossing the Arrian arm, we went steeply up the mountain that separates the first arm from the Nikelle arm. Everything here is still well covered with oak bushes, with a lot of pear trees growing between them. [Places] The mountain that we are riding over was described to me as Wenauschkemmelle, it consists mostly of crumbling, grey-blue marl slate; its height must be around 8,000'. From here you first see the Schahu, a real royal mountain range that lies like a long wall, filled with snow fields, stretching out in the background, forming a continuous rocky ridge that drops almost vertically almost everywhere. All the other mountains no longer had any snow, only it alone surpasses them all in height and power. The vegetation consisted of [plants]. From Serkerehs onwards the bushes become increasingly rare until they finally disappear completely and the marl slates become more and more prominent. [plants, places]

The path now leads steeply downhill, on the bare mountain slopes, until we come down into the valley at 5:30 (that is, 5 hours from Dere Sinshir) to the river, which was described to me as Dere Huyae; here it receives the river of Awiheng as a tributary, which emerges from the valley on the left; this river is the same that bears the name of Nickelle further down. A poor branch bridge leads over it; its water volume is not as great as that of the river of Arrian; its banks are thickly covered with *Elaeagnus* trees, *Lythrum toment.*, *Tamarix*, etc. Wine was cultivated on the slopes of the lower part of the mountain, as were pumpkins, cucumbers, etc., and a lot of castor oil plants. Dere Hujae lies upstream of the bridge.

We now ride uphill along the Awiheng stream, which flows into it on the right bank, in a narrow valley which is, however, densely filled with orchards, namely slender poplars, apricots, plums, and Morus. The hedges mostly consist of Rosa canina, which often looks monstrous; Celtis, Juglans, etc. We ride in the shade almost the entire time. [Pfl] (2_03_080) [Pfl]

The town of Awiheng has about 1,000 houses with flat roofs, built of earth with a few stones in the walls, and is terraced on the slope of a foothill below the pyramid; almost next to every house you can see a vegetable garden with cucumbers, pumpkins, badlidschan, and also some ornamental plants such as blue convolvulus. Up from the village, a number of [...poor?]

Springs with excellent water that form the stream that leads to Dere Hujae. Next to the village, a small valley leads up to the left to Perkirmes Awiheng, the mountain that appears as a pyramid from afar. [Places]



Fig. 7: The Perkirmes over Awiheng (2_03_081)

Acanthophyllum parviflorum is found on it. [Pfl] Above the village rise the ruins of houses, which from a distance look like an old castle. The cemetery is covered with slabs of this red stone, and the graves are often completely covered with them. An old castle, called Gaura Kala, lies beyond this mountain on the way to Sihna.

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We set up camp further up from the village, where we found few gardens and the trees stood alone. The pear trees often had a small-leaved Loranthus on them. Barley and wheat had only just been harvested and were still lying in bundles in the fields in the side valleys. The Kurds wear brown felt caps wrapped in colorful cloths and usually a long skirt made of green material that reaches down to the knees, as do the Hauroman Culoshen. Their language is only Kurdish, the Hauroman language is limited to the Hauroman and Schahu. Here too, the small foot-long Tschibuks are fashionable, their heads made of sheet iron surrounded by brass below. The women wear large, black turbans. A blind sheikh besieged me with requests for help, fell to his knees in front of me, grabbed my clothes violently and pressed them to his mouth and forehead.

Sunday, August 18th. We set off yesterday evening at 9 o'clock, although Sihna was only 5 hours away. In the valley of the river, the path gradually winds up between the slate mountains. [Orte, Pfl] After 20 minutes, a valley with a well-trodden path branches off to the right, and another 20 minutes further on to the left in the valley, at the end of which a high mountain protrudes, with skerry-like, protruding rocks, at the foot of which we ride uphill on the right side, always along the stream. High mountains surround us on all sides, almost all of which have rounded peaks in the upper part, from which the red rock emerges in massive, steep cliffs on the ridge, while steep [sign] (2_03_082) slate cliffs extend along the lower slopes. [Orte]

The rocky path leads along a steep slope, probably 150' above the stream, until the valley widens out a little at 12:30, where the village of Saiwer, consisting of around 80 houses, is located on the left side of the slope; here the gardens end, as the location is very high; an old, beautiful Juglans tree spreads its branches far out here. The main valley continues further up in the same direction with the stream; but we ride up to the left in a side valley, also with a stream, where a single old Juglans tree rises. [Pfl]

We climb higher and higher until at 12 we come to a place where there is a mighty, vertical cliff on the left, the summit of which looks like a dome and is overlooked by a high mountain, one side of which it forms. At 1:30 we leave this valley again and ride left again, where a stream also comes down. The high location made it very sensitive due to the extreme cold, so that I had to wrap myself up tightly in my fur. Often there was a 4' high, red, small-headed chamapeuce by the streams, and an umbellifer on the mountain slopes that was new to me; these mountain slopes were richly covered with vegetation, but at night it did not yield much for me; nowhere, however, except in the valleys of the streams, can one see a tree or bush; everything appears bare. On a small plain the wheat grew

still in ears of corn, the path now leads up to the right, where the valley appears completely alpine; no bush, only thistles by the small, swamp-forming stream. The cold became more and more acute. The stream had often been channeled into deep holes, like ponds, to irrigate the fields lying downstream. At half past one we finally arrived at the highest pass of this mountain range, called Aschkann. [Places]

The path led steeply down in windings into the valley of Kertscho with a small stream that runs east. It climbs a mountain again, the Shanishin, from where the path then leads down into a valley that runs east, so that the high ridges of the valley remain on the left. The valley then turns again to the northeast, where we come to the village of Nawserte, which lies on the right on the mountain slope above the stream. The stream is densely covered with bushes and gardens, namely a lot of vines (2_03_083) are cultivated and the stream is covered with willows, juglans, etc. The wheat was partly still in ears, partly it was trampled by 5-6 cows hitched together, which were driven around in circles over it, called dök, the much faster method of tearing it up using a sledge-like frame covered with flint is unknown everywhere here, called duwänlen dewerler harmane in Anatolia. [Places, Pfl]

Below Nawserte we rested for 3 hours, the Ketirtschi's also left us here, whose home was here. The village had about 150 houses. From here to Sihna is 3 hours at caravan pace. [Places] We ride between low hill slopes until, after an hour, a view opens up of a valley about 15 minutes wide, in which the village of Kemmehs lies, densely surrounded by vines. The valley floor now widens more and more, through which flows a stream that has its sources on the way near Kemmehs.

Elaeagnus trees line its banks, here called sindschuk, Turkish iteh, whose reddening fruits are enjoyed. To the right, ten minutes away, stretches the high, rounded Aviter mountain, on whose slopes lies the village of Kosrubad, the summer residence of the Vali.

Now we see Sihna, which stretches in a long arc on the plain around the Seraglio. Two blue minaret towers, albeit low, are the first thing that catches our eye, as there are no other minarets. We soon ride into the town, where we dismounted for the day in the Hadji Ali Khan. We found our friend Abdul-lah from Sulimanie in the bazaar, which we rode through and which led us straight into the Khan, a large, square building with a water basin in the middle. A crowd of people immediately crowded around us, in the Persian manner and with Persian intrusiveness.

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(2_03_084) *Monday, August 19th.* Early in the morning the Patriarch of the [Latin?] Chaldeans, who had arrived here from Kirkuk only a few months ago, sent to come to him. His house at the [...] end of the city is spacious with a large vestibule. He served us tea, which was prepared before our eyes in a large tea machine called a samawar. Only green tea is drunk here. The patriarch Halife was a strong man of about 60 years with a full, white beard, in red silk robes and a violet cloak, and always carried a large silver-studded stick on the street.

The Chaldean church is near where we were quartered, in the Konak next to it. We had a room with a spacious vestibule, which was accessed by a staircase; in the courtyard there was a water basin; in front of us we had a view of the nearby vineyards, behind it the bare Awiter with the three village groups Amanie, also called Aman alla Chan, who built it, below that lies Tacht Katscher, and below that Kosrabad. The houses in the town are mostly built of earth, the more elegant ones of fired bricks, many of them decorated with pointed arches at the doorways.

The streets are all unpaved, but fairly spacious; namely several large squares, such as at the Seraglio. 1 [Agach?] = 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hour or Pharsach. Menzil = 1 [Konak?] or 1 day's journey, the Turkish lira 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ –23 Kran (= 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ Piasters).

The Russian lira 20–21 Kran, the English lira 24 Kran. French ones do not occur. White [Medschidiye?] 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Kran ([Prasi?]); 20 P. in gold, [Menduhi?], 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, but usually more expensive, as the women wear a lot. Local work consists mainly in making light carpets, called sitschata, all with small patterns. A light, grey-white material serves as sleeping blankets to cover against flies, called bubbleschnin. Many horse blankets were also made in the same way as the carpets. The water from Sihna comes from the Sary Kamish, then flows below Fakir Suliman into the Gauero, the latter being the main source of the Sirwan.

In the afternoon the Wali sent some of his cawasses to accompany me to him. The seraglio is a large, spacious building situated on a hill, from which one has a splendid view of the town, which is arranged in a semi-circle around it. One goes up to a high, arched gate, which is decorated with colourful glass and porcelain work, and passes through a courtyard, on the sides of which the guards and servants live; a second door leads into the garden, which is well laid out, with a large, spouting water basin, the stone border of which is very decorated with the most varied flourishes. Sunken, square garden beds, bordered in stone, extend along two sides, in which Syringa, Malvaviscus Syriac., elms and plane trees are planted, although the latter are almost all diseased. The colourful Mirabilis was the main decoration here too. A wall of the garden leads to a courtyard that was filled with guards,

through which a narrow corridor leads into a second courtyard, at the end of which the Wali lay in his bed in a high, spacious room. The walls of the hall were filled with life-sized, colorful pictures of [sheikhs?] and singers, the wooden ceilings were also gilded, and there were small birds and animals on the sides. A wide, splashing water basin in front of it.

The Wali Aman alla Khan has been the Wali of Kurdistan for 17 years, honorary title Zia ul mulk, equivalent to [Müschr?]. He has the right over the life and death of his subjects. He was a tall, strong man with a full, round face and a long, drooping black moustache. His mother is the sister (2_03_085) of Shah Nasredin. He suffered from the stone, which had been cut; but now his entire left side was paralyzed, his foot had completely collapsed, so that he had to stay in bed all the time. I found him surrounded by his doctors, who, dressed in colorful robes, gave him tea. A long discussion ensued about his illness and the way it was being cured, which bored me to the extreme, because the impudent manner of these Persian doctors is really unbearable. He gave Bujuruldu Omar Pasha of Sulimanie all the honor he wanted, and he would carry out whatever he ordered. He did not open the letter from Melkum Khan and the Pasha, as he was still in mourning for a few days because of the death of a member of his family. His family, [Momui?], inherited the Wali seat; his father, Muhamed Ali Khan, was not at all popular because of his tyranny, whereas he was universally loved and respected, especially because he protected the Christians, with whom he even traded together; therefore they continually asked me whether he was strong and healthy so that they could settle accounts with him.

His grandfather was Khosru Khan, who built many buildings. After taking the tea, I set out again with the promise of sending him medicine.

Tuesday, August 20. Early ½ hour after sunrise 21 °C in the shade.

The vegetation around the city consists of: on the [...] side of the city a number of vineyards, separated from the town by a moat, shaded by Italian poplars, willows and Morus; in the vine plantations, which are water-sprinkled and therefore furrowed, one sees Reseda lutea, [Pfl]. Almost all the vineyards are bordered by hedges of Rosa Eglanteria, which, however, bear no fruit, as well as by a common Rosa canina, both frequently covered with Cuscuta monogyna as well as Hyperic. crisp., [Pfl]. Often hedges of Elaeagnus, Berberis crataeginus with frosted, flesh-colored fruits, which are called sirish here and are enjoyed; they are paid for dearly.

I took a walk to the gardens of Kosrabad, ¼ hour from the city, at the foot of the towering Mount Aviter. They took

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a (2_03_086) wide area, consisting of grassy areas and groups of fruit trees, all of which are crossed by a number of poplar avenues in a square; a lot of water trickled through them. In two places the ground had been raised and planted with elms, which had flourished splendidly and formed beautiful crowns. On one of these a large, square water basin with running water had been set up, as was the case in front of the house of the vizier who is now staying there and who is taking care of the sick wali's business in place of him. The house is in Persian style, with a high, wide vestibule in which the vizier was currently holding an audience. Above this, near Tacht Katscher, lies the summer residence of Amanie, completely hidden behind poplars.

Wednesday, August 21st. Early in the morning 20°C. The women here wear a strange costume; many of them wear wide, short skirts, as if they were wearing a crinoline, without stockings or trousers, so that everything can be seen at all times. On top of that, a short jacket is completely open at the front, so that everything hangs out here too; with most of them, you can see their whole stomach and even more, as the skirt is often tied up at the pubic area. A disgusting sight! The men generally wear black, tall hats, made of fur (20 Kran) or cloth (6 Kran). Christians and Muslims wear exactly the same. In the evening, the Wali sent me a sheep as a kurban, at least because I had not yet come back to him.

Of the few snow mountains in this area, I was told: the Dalacha-ni near Songor, 2 days from Sihna to Kirmanshah. The Mahinpulach near Soll-kuz, 3 days from Bindjar. 30,000 tents of the Kalhor are registered as giving tribute, namely living near Kirmanshah. The inhabitants of the village of Kischlach were called Susmanni. Boiling water in Sihna at 94 ½° at 21° in the morning. At midday mostly 30 °C in the shade.

The Christians, of whom there are 60 to 70 houses here, of the Catholic-Chaldean rite, have their own bath next to the church, since the Muslims do not allow them to wash in theirs. If it happens that a Christian goes into one of these baths as a Muslim and something comes out, the whole bath must be washed again; it has already happened that the dome under which a Christian had bathed was torn down and rebuilt.

Thursday, August 22nd. 9° in the morning. Visit to the Wali. As I came unannounced, the servants tried to make me believe that he was asleep and that I should come in the evening; but when they saw from my gestures that I was not coming at all, they asked me to wait a little. I therefore went into a side building, where I first smoked a nargile. Then I was called. The reception was much better than the first time; he shook my hand and looked at me pleadingly; he had read the letter from Melcum Khan and told me that he would be happy to help me.

I would give him another letter before my departure. His doctors had advised him to rub himself with the fat of a hyena, so that one of these had been brought alive from Juanro; a wild animal, called a kautar here, was chained up and dragged there, always trying to hide and banging her head against the walls, raising her long, shaggy hair on her back; she bit everyone.

A row of stone slabs covered with sculptures runs around the house, mostly depicting hunting scenes (2_03_087), 2 such as fights between lions and snakes, eagles and cows, stags and snakes, etc. The seraglio must have been very beautiful in the past, but now one could see decay everywhere, the colored windows were partly broken, the colored glazed panels had half fallen off the walls. Sihna has around 10,000 houses, of which 200 are Jewish; 3 caravanserais, 10 baths, of which 1 is for Christians; [...] mosques.

2 synagogues. Fortunately, duans do not exist in Persia, only exceptionally in Kirmanshah.

Friday, August 23. Headache in the morning, so the planned trip to Kischlach was cancelled. The Hamawand Kurds near Sulimanie have only been subjugated by Takietin and Omar Pasha for four years. Although they were only 500 horsemen strong, they were the terror of the caravans, because all the robbers joined them, which is what made them powerful. They lived mainly in the Karadagh mountains around Derbent Basian. Driven out from there, they fled across the border to Persia, but were also defeated there, so they retreated again and have now settled in villages between Erbil and Kirkuk. The Tiyari have also only been subjugated for four years. A strong wind blew today, coming in gusts, similar to that in Sulimanie, which is said to have the same climate as Kirmanshah, while Sihna is said to be the same as Hamadan.

Saturday and Sunday, August 25th. Plants arranged.

Monday, August 26th. At sunrise we set out for the notorious village of Kischlach, accompanied by Abdullah of Sulimanie, the [secretary?] of [Arabagassi?], a Turk from Mosul, and several other servants. The sheep had been sent ahead. Within the town, a strong spring rises from the rocks, which joins a small stream, both of which flow down to the river Sirwan, [while?] they still irrigate the numerous vineyards that extend for an hour to the river. Once you have left the town, you ride on hilly terrain, consisting of slate with cultivated areas in between, in places the barley has just been pulled out. Now, where you come into the river valley, to the right of the road is the village consisting of about 30 houses.

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Village of Kischlach, houses built entirely of earth with flat roofs, but many are in ruins. The river flows a little further down, where a 6-arched brick bridge was built by Khosru Khan, the father of the current Wali. Between the arches there were smaller passages for larger waters; ice breakers were installed between each arch. The river bed was about 50-100 paces wide, but the river itself was now only 20 paces wide with lots of fish and turtles. As soon as we rode into the village, the inhabitants came towards us with requests from girls and beggings to come to them. We continued our way further up for 15 minutes, where dense orchards provided wonderful shade. They consisted of apricots, plums, apples, quinces, sour cherries, poplars, willows, but everything was already over. [Pfl] (2_03_088) [Pfl]

It was not long before five women rode up, dressed in the best clothing they had, along with a few men with violins and drums. The girls' features were rough and clumsy, but they were all of a strong build. Their hair, hands and feet were red from henna, and a ½' thick strip of antimony ran across their eyebrows. Their cheeks were also stained red; their hands and chests were tattooed and covered with chains. They all wore European skirts that only reached to their knees and were raised by a bulge at the top. For three of them, the skirt only held together below the stomach, which was exposed, as were their breasts. Their singing was a shout, the content of which referred to their [vagina?], which was said to be very small, etc. Their dancing consisted of walking back and forth, making the most voluptuous positions and gestures, lying on their backs and stomachs, etc. There are said to be 25 such girls in the village. Nothing is known about the origin of this bad habit, but they themselves say that they come from a royal family. Two princesses of a deceased king were forced to emigrate, came here and gave in to their lusts, which later gave rise to the town of Kischlach, which has preserved this bad habit to this day. [Places]

Tuesday, August 27th. Water boils in Sihna at $94 \frac{3}{4}^{\circ}\text{C}$ at an outside temperature of 32° . Heavy gusts of wind, just like those in Sulimanie, suddenly filled the air with real clouds of dust, which fell like a thick rain. Here too, you can see the woven reed mats on the roofs to [reinforce?] the beds. – Every morning and every evening there was a church service in the courtyard, a senseless shouting without any devotion. All day long the shouts of the vineyard guards rang out, who, in order to scare away the birds, had [fur?] with an opening, which produced the most horrible sounds when compressed. – On Saturdays a horn was blown to call the women to bathe. I wrote letters from here to Kiepert, to my parents and Brodbeck and Bischoff and Boissier. I sent 1 child from here.

ste with plants and 2 carpets to Sulimanie. – Bobeshnin are white, woolen blankets, 4–6 Kran, Khalidscha carpets, similar to the Killim, but finer, also work from Sihna. (2_03_089) [Spr]

Wednesday, August 28th. The caravan heading for Sulimanie was held back by the news that the route [1?] day's journey from Sihna was blocked by a 50-man band of robbers. After waiting for 4 days, they finally set off on a different route. They are said to be Jahf Kurds who had been chased across the Turkish border. Nothing was done against them from here, and the sick Wali was of course unable to take care of anything. [Txt]

Thursday, August 29th. Early in the morning I rode with the servants to Hassanabad, two hours away. After riding through the vineyards of Sihna, which were everywhere covered with hedges of Rosa Eglanteria and canina, and also with Berberis crataegina, we rode on the so-called Dschuanru path, always along the slopes of the bare mountain Awiter, whose summits are all rounded and broad, and its slopes gradually sloping; its direction follows the general line of all mountains. Several small streams emerge from its slopes, which have been carefully used to irrigate the vineyards and grain fields. After an hour, to the left below the path, lay the village of Chaneka, surrounded by vineyards, and half an hour further on the village of Kaladian, already situated more towards the river, which winds down in a valley about a quarter of an hour wide.

The path then makes a small bend to the right, and the castle hill with the village of Hassanabad finally appears before us, which had been hidden by the hills. A large building built in a square immediately catches our eye, surrounded by gardens; it is a summer house of the Wali, who still has a wife here. The village, crossed by a rushing stream, consists of 100 houses with flat roofs, all built of earth, except that of the Wali, made of fired bricks. Vineyards surround the village; we stopped in one of them to refresh ourselves with delicious grapes. The men were busy flattening the ground to dry the grapes. In almost every vineyard there is a deep hole into which the turtles are thrown; often there were around 50 of them gathered; they were supposed to cause great damage to the grapes. Above the village rises the natural, probably 800' high, high, rounded, bare cone, on the top of which rise the ruins of the castle. The path leads gradually upwards, up its north side.

[Pfl] (2_03_092) [Pfl] (2_03_091) [Character] (2_03_094) [Character]

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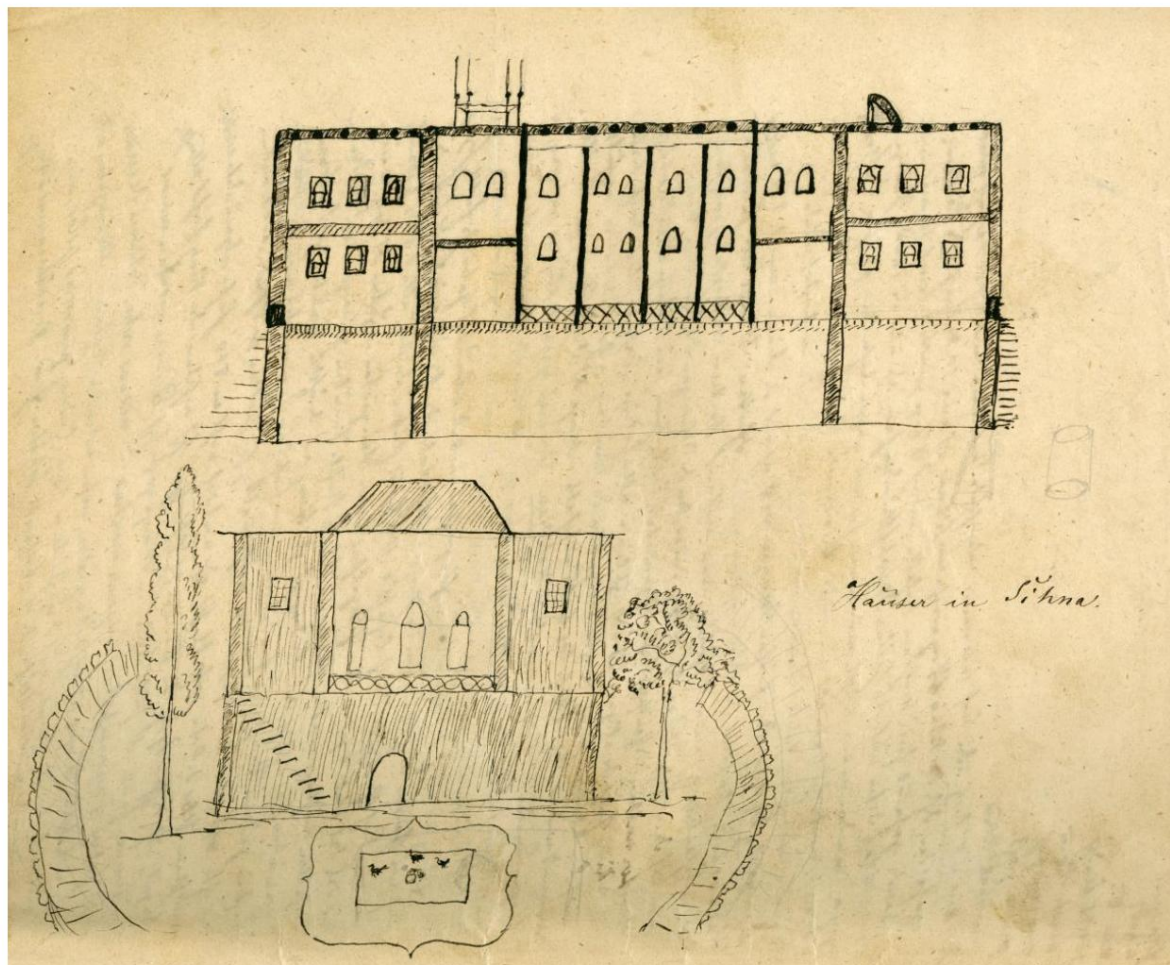


Fig. 8: Houses in Sihna (2_03_090)

(2_03_092) From Sihna, Hassanabad Kala is 28 $\frac{1}{2}$. There is a wonderful view from the top of the mountain, but because of its width, you can only see one side of the landscape at a time. To the west, the view falls on the high mountains that I had crossed from Awiheng, and I could clearly see the path over the highest pass on the Ashkann at 106.

[Places] To the south stretches a mighty mountain range, the Andalan, from 10–30.

[Places] To the east, the view falls on the valley of the Sirwan. [Places] The Sirwan is said to have its sources a day's journey from Sihna near Duweisa, which high mountains are clearly visible from the summit of the castle hill. Kiepert's map of the course of the Sirwan is completely wrong, in that the river does not flow west, but one hour east of the city. Remnants of the foundation walls of the castle ruins still stand, built from roughly put together small stones; but the castle was very large. [Construction] (2_03_093) [Construction]

People say that from this castle a commander ruled all of Kurdistan as far as Mosul, but was defeated by Shah Abbas. A group of trees is located on the east side below the castle. Entrances to buried vaults were visible on the side.

Friday, August 30th - Tuesday, September 3rd. Early in the morning, the thunder of cannons announced the victorious return of the Shah to his residence from an expedition against the Turcomans of Asrabad, where he was said to have taken 1,000 prisoners. However, no one could give me any information about this; the bazaars were to be illuminated for three nights. The more insightful thought that this was because of the Wali's illness, who was about to die, and to disperse the people and prevent revolution. His uncle, now Kechia Ali, will become Wali in his place, as the Wali's children are still too young. But the illumination showed nothing unusual apart from burning lights; it was also very quiet, with no music or singing by the Karagös, who plays a major role in Turkish cities. Only the soldiers brought some life into the place, armed with sticks, and mercilessly beat the crowds of people as they drove on. These soldiers were a real gang without any discipline, they did not even have special clothing, everyone went about in whatever rags they had at hand; there was no question of weapons; only a few had guns, most of them exercised with sticks. I only saw guns leaning near the castle guards.

Wednesday, September 4th. Today I hired a katirchi with 4 horses to Kirmanshah, 7 Kran per horse. Today I sent a letter to Abdullah Chalaf in Sulimanie, asking him to send me the 2,000 Kran, plus 10 ½ Kran in real money, where he had given me counterfeit money. Among the Krans, many are counterfeit, sometimes too light, sometimes out of stock. There are also many in circulation made by people who are distinguished by incorrect writing; they consist of an amalgam of Hg, Su, Sb., this is called Kimmia Gümüş. - I am very much plagued by a cold today. I bought 2 carpets, one for 162 Kran, the other for 115 Kran.

Visit to the Wali. [Places, Characters, Language, LanguagePfl] (2_03_098–2_03_100) [Language] (2_03_101–2_03_102) [SprPfl]

II Sihna–Kirmanschah (6.–26. September 1867)

(2_04_001) *Friday, September 6.* We were supposed to set off yesterday, but the mukhtar could not be moved because of the Juma; and so it remained today.

At 12 noon we left Sihna and took the path below the Hassanabad road. At 1 o'clock Chaneka is on the right. Across the river are the villages of Kahr, further upstream Dussahn and on the river itself Gireseh, which is reached half an hour after crossing the river. Its 150-200 paces wide riverbed was full of rice fields; pasta was also often pulled. The people were busy digging up the wheat. In the mountains above Saghatsch towards Narran there are said to be the ruins of an old village called Hedschere.

Riding along the river, we come to Kischlach Kaiser, consisting of about 20 miserable earth houses, at half an hour, the latter being the name of a Kurd who founded it. [Places] We ride past Schillik, with about 40 houses, only half an hour from Serindschana; below in the river valley you can see large poplar plantations that belong to the Wali and are used to build the houses; the place is called Kischlach Sowhan. [Places] Along the river, Alhagi forms a pleasant green, with the yellowish green of Glycyrrh. violac. [Plant]

The sedges had been dried by the river and piled up in large heaps, which were now being trodden down by cows to serve as winter fodder.

Donkeys laden with tragacanth bushes were brought down from the mountains to be burned in the town. [Pfl] The road now curves towards the river, and in front of us lies the village of Dschinu with about 50 houses in a small valley, with black slate rocks on the right and rounded, grassy hills on the left. Up from there, behind a hill, lies Little Dschinu. In the [few?] gardens, apricots were often cultivated; large fields of watermelons can be seen along the river.

We were not given a good reception in the village, they did not even want to give us accommodation, although I had the Wali read the Bujuruldu. The sheikh was still absent and did not arrive until later in the night. Finally we were given a courtyard enclosed by low walls in which we camped. With great effort we got some barley from the sheikh for money, but he gave us nothing to eat, because he said that it was not on the paper and if it was on it he would send the (2_04_002) Wali the bill for it; he would pay 4,000 Kran for the government and that was it. A spring of excellent water rises near the village and forms a stream that flows off a river half an hour away. The low houses were covered on the outside with large piles of manure to dry. In the evening 25 °C, but very cold at night. [Places]

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Saturday, September 7th. We set off at 2 a.m. and rode down to the river in half an hour. The valley was 10 minutes wide in places, just between slate mountains. At 3 a.m., on the left of the road by the river, lay the small village of Serkenä, and to the right above the river rose the high, bare Serdesir Mountains, which stretched along in long ridges. (2_03_095)

[Zeich] (2_04_002) [Plants, Places] In the background of the valley stretches the high Andalan and Genman range. Here you say goodbye to the so-called Kischlach river and climb quite steeply up a slate slope until you see the village of Kuschdeh on the right, on the slope of the pointed mountain that the river flows around, lying in a mountain crevice. [This?] village pays no taxes because its inhabitants are the Wali's hunting companions, but in return everyone has to bring him a falcon.

[Plants, Places]

We take the so-called Gawero route. [Places] Before us on the right now the high, multi-peaked Andalan Mountains appear, lightly covered with *Q. Vallonia* bushes up to $\frac{1}{2}$ of the height. To the right, from the village of Hawaskarahn, a stream comes down, divided into several arms for [irrigation?], rushing down to join the Schinä water. It is not until 5 that we ride through the 6 paces wide Schinä water and up a low hill until suddenly the strong Gawero roars at my feet. We rested here until I had my tea. The river flows very slowly here, perhaps 15 paces wide, but in places I found no bottom at 6' because it had been dammed by a dam. Its banks were densely covered (2_04_003) with willow bushes and *Popul. Euphrates.* along with *Carex stricta*; Wild vines grow between them, which in places are literally covered by *Cuscuta monogyna*, so that they die in the first year; in Kurdish they are called meochurka = the plant that twines around the vine. [Pfl]

Water boils here at 95 °C. [Places]

At 7 o'clock we set off again and rode up the Gawero, where a high peak soon appears on the left, but is still hidden by the mountains in front of us; it is called Duwrä after a village; the millstones for this area come from there. [Places] To the left of the path there is a row of slate peaks, even before the Duwrä, which continues upwards; in these foothills lie the 2 villages of Sirwan and Boreban, the first on the left, the other on the right. [Plant], *Populus Euphrat.* but always as bushes, no trees; even the oaks only as bushes; rarely do you see pistachio bushes. On the left there are 2 small streams coming down and [grow?] 2 on the right, at the top there is a small village, above it surrounded by orchards a village; near the first lies the village of Dulukuru on the river, which curves here. Half an hour further up the river lies the mountain-

slope village of Nishur, where the Andalandagh now stands freely [...?] with its bushy foothills, from which small streams descend. [Pfl]

After climbing another hill, at 9 o'clock we reached the village of Fakir Suliman, which consists of about 100 houses and is 6 hours from Sihna, about a day's journey. It lies on the right bank of the Gawero, this must be the Garu shown on Kiepert's map, a mutilation of Gawerud, on the slope of a gently sloping range of hills. Its houses are built of earth, covered with roofs of reeds and earth; all doorways face the river, since the back of the house is level with the earth. A small caravan coming from Kirmanshah stopped here to rest. Here we ride across the 30 paces wide water of the Gawero, on whose left bank we now climb.

(2_04_004) From here on, the beautiful *Borago macrocalyx* often appears; on pastures, *Cuscuta monog.* with yellow threads. After half an hour, a strong stream emerges from Andalan, which flows into the Gawero nearby. [Places]

Behind the Andalan stretches the high Geminan Mountains, which can be seen at 11:30 between a valley up [in the?] background with their high peaks. A strong stream flows down from them with cold water.

After this, we left the main road and turned left, after a few minutes we rode through the Gawero again, which was only 2' deep here, and after passing watermelon and grain fields, we reached the camp of the Milliliwan Kurds, where we stayed for the day. The inhabitants received us very warmly and immediately gave me one of their huts, which were built from branches and surrounded by woven reed mats.

The huts were set up in a square, surrounding a large area that was used as a place for the animals to stay in the evenings. They are known as thieves, but we had no complaints about them. Their taif has about 300 families who live in the villages further down. One of the Kurds shot a chicken, which was brought to us in the evening; fresh butter and pillau strengthened me and soon made me forget the inhospitable reception in Jinu the day before. Water boiled at 94°. [Places] Often one sees a lot of corn fields, called surrahd (*Durra misri* Arabic), but it remains low, barely 2' high.

Tulipa = Haftuhk. *Cuscuta* = Meochurka.

Sunday, September 8th. We set out again at 3 a.m. in the morning. Heavy gusts of wind came during the night. We climb up the right bank of the Gawero until we cross it after an hour near the high Knirrä, where we now bid farewell to the Gawero, which is now coming from the east and stretching along its foot. We now ride up through a small, well-cultivated plain inhabited by [Sirsir Kurds?] whose herds grazed here.

(2_04_005) At the northern foot of the Knirrä upstream of the Gawero the path leads to Kulliaï and Sungur. The [vegetation?] on the banks of the river ends here, only

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In places, low bushes still give some life to its banks, Paliu-rus is common. Ricinus and cotton, which is barely ½' tall, are often grown, barley has been trampled out. From here we now make a large curve and describe a semicircle, in which we now ride uphill to the right along a strong stream along the northern Knirrä slopes. [Places] The stream is covered with bushes of Fraxinus, Rosa canina, [Pfl], and wild vine in between. [Places]

Between two mountains of the Assaule, you can see the road to Alik going up the valley towards the southwest, but we turn more to the right and stay in the main valley. [Places] We (2_04_006) ride left up the valley, where a stream also comes down [how?] [also?] from the main village. To the right of the path is the village of Massan with groups of poplars and vines. [Places] Everywhere you can see water pipes on the grassy mountain slopes, which then create lush fertility. Kurds were now busy sowing wheat seeds, flooding the terrain. The valley towards Kirman-shah, also flanked on both sides by high mountain ranges, is closed after about 6 hours by a saddle mountain of Merwari. – ½ 8 Arrival at Massan, which stays to the right, the path now leads more and more upwards until after about 1 hour a steep climb has to be mastered (probably 7,000' high). [Pfl] The rock so far consisted of slate, in various colors, sometimes dark and flattening into needles, sometimes light and [darker?] blue in slabs, also red (from Awiheng) often in large slabs, especially often visible in the cemeteries. The descent leads into a valley with a stream, with many old juglans and apricot plantations. [Pfl]

After a good hour of continuous, gradual descent, we finally arrive at Schaini at 11 o'clock, located at the fork in the valley. Water boils at 94°. From the top of the pass, there is a view of the high Schahu peaks with snow, while opposite us the (lower) continuation of the same is called the Lon Mountains. 200 houses. Gardens with blue plums, apricots and wine with wonderfully dense grapes with large berries. In the vineyards I heard a shoving noise, without knowing what it was until I saw that it was turtles: the male kept shoving the female. [Pfl] The servant of our absent host wanted to remove us from the house by force, he feared the anger of his master, who was a Shiite (shia) and would not tolerate his house being defiled by Christians. But I stayed, and when the host came in the evening, we were already asleep.

(2_04_007) *Monday, September 9th.* Departure at 3:30 riding down the valley of a stream, which then flows off to the right. Riding initially between low mountain foothills, we soon reach a 30-minute wide, uncultivated plain, at the end of which we reach the rather steep, bare mountain of Kalada at 4:30.

which, however, bears low bushes of Walloons, *Acer monsp.*, *Daphne oleifolia*. The village lies on the northeast slope to the left of the road in a small side valley. A number of Kurds, called Rachmed Begi, had set up camp here, but they soon intended to set off for the plains of Baghdad and [Gernian?]. To the left, in the continuation of the Kalada mountain, there is a long mountain range with steeply sloping rock formations, among which a steep, arched, dome-shaped, large rock stands out. Today we will ride around this mountain range of Nalashgir all the way to Rowansir. Riding along the Kalada [Orte] up the valley towards 43, we soon reach the pass in half an hour. [Orte] The tragacanth-producing astragalus with white flowers is beginning to become common here; some bushes were full of it. The *Col-chicum* is also often visible here. The pass now offers a magnificent view to the right over a plain about half an hour wide, in which the village of Lohn, consisting of about 200 houses, can be seen to the right below. [Places] Lohn was formerly a very feared den of robbers, so that it was impossible to pass through here.

(2_04_008) The government then established a tekie and appointed sheikhs. Since then things have improved and the inhabitants now all call themselves sheikhs. [Places]

We now describe a large arc, as we now ride to the left along the slopes of the Kalada, getting closer and closer to the Schahu range and then going down parallel to it. A path from Schaini leads over the steep and difficult Naleschgir mountains to Rowansir, but this is not possible for laden animals alone. The ridges of the Kalada now show the solid limestone that is so characteristic of the Schahu. [Places] The mountains of the Kalada get closer and closer to the Schahu, between which we now climb, where the terrain was covered with large, square slabs of this limestone; the worst part of the path. Having climbed a climb, one suddenly sees a long valley deep down on the left, ending in a wide plain (from Mahidescht).

Here the path goes downhill between isolated bushes of walloons, pistachios and maples until you come to a narrow valley where the vertical rocks stand steeply against the path; there you can see a small hut made of branches on the left side of the rock face, shaded by a *Crataegus*; in it you can find two large earthenware jars filled with water for the passers-by, which is brought here every day by the sheikhs from Lohn; for you cannot find any water for 3-4 hours, which is doubly tormenting in the narrow, hot valley, especially in summer. I was also delighted to find the water. Fig bushes filled the cracks in the rock walls, *Amygdal. orientalis*. These mountains are full of robbers.

The soil of the mountains is red clay. The stony path leads down quite steeply until you finally reach the valley, which is about 5 minutes wide and has a flat

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Valley floor, which widens further down. [Orte, Pfl]

(2_04_009) On the right, the mountain range that has been drawn along ends, and only now do we see the Schahu's route about 15 minutes away over the widened plain, until we continue downhill right along it, covered only with a few bushes. Where the mountain ends, there are strange windings of the limestone layers on the slope, with a cave at the foot of it. [Signs, Places] At 9:30 we reach the small Kurdish village of Khradschan, which lies on the plain but is not visible from afar, where the Kurds were busy giving their herds water from a well. They refused to give it to our animals, but we took it by force. The houses are real dens made of earth and built very low. [Places] At [11?] the plain is crossed, and as if through a wide rock gate we now emerge from the mountains into the plain of Mahidescht. A wide view now opens up, in the far distance the mountains of Sahau, Dalaho, Serpil with their high peaks, in front of them the wide plain; to the right, hilly land, barely trodden, one can already see the stacks and grain of the village of Rowansir.

(2_04_010) The village of Rowansir has a little over 100 houses, which are located at the foot of a steep limestone cliff, which is the source of the Karasu. The water springs up from the foot of the limestone cliffs in 4 large parts; namely the one at the north-west end of the village, where the water collects in a pond about 200 paces in circumference, or rather, which itself forms the source, because everywhere you can see bubbles rising from the bottom to the surface. [Places]

A number of small white-breasted diving ducks enlivened the water, and there were plenty of smaller fish in it. A large millstone-like stone made of the local limestone rock, 19 spans in circumference and 4 spans thick, lay on the edge of the pond and served as a place of prayer. In addition, a number of smaller springs flow directly from the limestone rocks, which all immediately join together to form the Karasu, which flows down the plain in the direction of 23, leaving the village of Meskinabad, 45 minutes away, on the right. The water emerging from the rocks also gave the village its name. The pond was filled with Spargan. ramos., [Pfl]. There were only a few trees to be seen, except for a few willow trees and on the opposite bank a vegetable garden surrounded by young poplar avenues and apricot trees. The reason given to me was that the many robberies of Aschirat, such as the Hamawend, Geschki and others, from which they had suffered a great deal, had not been stopped. In the limestone rock above the village, on the east side, one can see a square carved entrance to a small cave, with a vaulted carved ceiling inside, but nothing else in it. People say that it was carved by Ferhad.

The fact that the place is on the site of an old place is also proven by the tell on the other bank near the Baumgärten. 7 rich people live in the place, the

made an agreement among themselves to host the passing strangers one after the other. We were received very kindly, although the man was absent, but his wife immediately slaughtered chickens and brought everything she could find. The only money circulated here was Kran and half Kran, [Pul's?] were not accepted here. [Places] (2_04_011) [Places]

Tuesday, September 10th. We set out at 3 a.m., initially along the Jalaur, until the steep chain of the Schahu emerges magnificently. From Rowansir, a plain stretches for an hour to the west, but this stretches along the Schahu for 2 hours through hilly country running across the plain. [Places] All the houses in the villages were now covered with large cow dung flats as fire material for the winter; near each of them the inhabitants camped in huts covered with branches. (Rustam is said to have thrown his riches into the water of Serau lilufer). At the village of Tesafek we went around the limestone hills, which then expanded into a wide hilly country, but which gradually turned into a plain in the half hour ahead of us, but was accompanied by hills on the right and left $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour away. At $\frac{3}{4}$ 5 Schalä with groups of huts is on the left. The plain is uncultivated with rich grass growth for the herds in winter, only around the villages is there any cultivation. [Places]

At 5:30 a.m. the small village of Aliabad with 20 houses is on the way. (2_04_012) Lush durra fields surround the place, next to which several cold springs rise on the right of the road in a small riverbed that still leads to the Karasu. Immediately after this the path leading from Pawa to Kirmanschah is cut through, from where you now ride downhill; the springs of the valleys descending from the foothills of the Schahu now flow to the Semkan. [Pfl]

After crossing a second train, the village of Kalaschir lies on the left in the valley with springs. At 7 we had ridden over another such ridge of hills, and we went down into a larger valley with springs that come down from the foothills of the Schahu. The village of Sofiabad with 20 houses lies on the right side of the slope, with branch huts next to it; Juglans and Morus surround the place, and the stream is also covered with bushes and willow trees. A large, square, chan-like building, not yet quite finished, draws the eye; it is a government building, called Amaret. Tobacco, castor oil plants, cotton, and watermelons were cultivated around the place. We rode over another ridge of hills, which finally leads us into the valley with the village of Dschuanro.

The main building is the government building, a large, square, but dilapidated house, surrounded by vineyards, plums, apricots, poplars and willows, including a beautiful weeping willow. Above it is a large, square water basin, shaded by willow trees, the prayer hall.

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place of the inhabitants. The village, consisting of 200 houses, lies on the right bank of a stream that rises 15 minutes above, along which sparse orchards stretch upwards. Water boils at 95°. It is the seat of a Naib, called Sepul, with about 160 villages and in summer with about 6,000 tents of wandering Kurds such as Hemawend, Sertui, Jahf, etc. An excellent white honey is obtained here in the villages. The women wore large, black cloths wrapped around the red fez like a turban, with a hanging [Hauran.?] colorful skirt with a kind of long overcoat, and a long cloth on the back. The language is Kurdish. Sakkis and tragacanth and manna from oak are obtained here in large quantities.

I found the Naib, a stocky, well-built man [Sinali?], holding his masjid under a tree. There, we dismounted and immediately brought the food: honey and fish, excellent sheep's butter [sow's milk?], [Kor.us?].

He employed the inhabitants to build a water pipe to a place of prayer next to the village, but unfortunately he was not successful in draining the water away, as the [source?] sank deeper and deeper due to the sandy shoreline. At the end of the gardens, upstream next to the source of the stream, on a natural hill, is the ruins of an old castle, with a small watchtower next to it. The place Dschuanro is usually called Kalaa by the Kurds. The steep chain of the Schahu rises high above the town above its foothills. From here to Pawa it is 6 Pharsach, to Rowansir 3.

From here I made a second excursion to the Schahu and set off in the afternoon to the group of tents, which was three hours away, near the village of Akhmetabad. Riding up past the gardens, you now climb the chain of hills that run parallel to the Schahu.

A good mule track leads up the slopes covered with *Quercus infectoria*, *Wallonia*, *Pistac. mutica*. The former had almost ripe, fully developed acorns and was densely covered with young, still red galls, and frequently (2_04_013) a metamorphosis of the acorns into prickly heads was also evident. The fruits of the *Wallonia* were not yet fully developed.

Only bushes cover the slopes, and only further up, away from the villages, are all the slopes covered with trees. Here too, one could see all the pistachio trees covered with small clay vessels for collecting the saki.

Pyrus Syriaca is often seen as a tree, densely covered with fruit. Those towards the plain have usually become completely bare, as everything is cut down district by district without any care, which naturally causes the young shoots to dry up and the area to become increasingly devoid of forest. [Pfl] A small village lay to the left in one of the mountain valleys. *Gundelia Tournef.* common, in spring its shoots are eaten with sour milk etc., similar to asparagus, called sissi in Arabic, känkär in Kurdish. [Pfl]

On the Pawa trail we ride over several of these wooded foothills, all with dark red earth, and after about [9?] hours of walking we arrive at the camp of the Dschuankärrä Kurds, where we slept until midnight and left the horses behind. Accompanied by two Kurds to carry paper, we set off and after two hours we finally reached the rocky foot of the Schahu, which is wooded up to this point. [Places] We enter through two protruding rocks that form a kind of gate and climb steeply up to the Pirchirre peak. [Pfl, Places] After about two hours of steep ascent we reached the ridge of the mountain, but only on the other side of the slopes did we find vegetation; the southern slopes were completely dried out by the sun.

The Artemisia Bersalin was often seen in beautiful bloom in the mountain basin and valley ravines. [Pfl] (2_04_014) [Pfl] Boiling water showed 88 °C on the back at 15° outside temperature in the morning.

Despite the great abundance of water in the interior of the mountains, we suffered greatly from thirst, as there is no stream or spring anywhere on the rocky ridges; all the water seems to have retreated inwards, only to emerge in caves or at the foot of the rocks, as for example at Gulambar, at Rowansir. As there was no wide view from the ridge, I climbed one of the peaks and left a Kurd to guard my things, who emptied my sugar bowl in the meantime. The view back into the mountains is magnificent; at the foot of the Schahu, which is much wider here than at Darrian, the valley of Lohn stretches along, in which Lohn itself can be seen to the right in 287. [Places] (2_04_015) [Places] There was now only a little snow on the slopes of the Schahu. We reached our camp again via steep slopes, after which I visited a cave, Guran Kala, in a valley half

an hour above the camp.

It lies on the left above the path in limestone rock with a small but wide entrance, which then gradually widens; after about 50 paces it turns to the right, where you can hear the water of a stream rushing in the darkness. Unfortunately I had no light with me, but people assure me that it goes unfathomably far away and goes under the whole Schahu.

[Places] After about 3 hours we reached our camp again. There are said to be about 4,000 tents of the Dschuan Kärrä Kurds in the mountains here. The water in our camp boils at 94°. Yesterday evening 10 men came after us, thinking we were merchants; they were planning a robbery, but this was prevented by our staying here. [Places, Pfl]

Thursday, September 12th. Early in the morning we set out on a different, closer route. After crossing a range of hills, we come to a valley, surrounded on both sides by limestone rocks with frequent claw formations where the rock protrudes in solid masses. Many caves can be found in

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this valley, which I unfortunately could not examine more closely; in one of them a stone formed by calcareous sinter has the approximate shape of a man, in whom one can see the petrified holy Suliman. [Places, Pfl]

(2_04_016) On the previous route we reached Dschuanro again, where I was very much harassed by the curious people who were constantly gathering in masses. We also had a dispute with the Katirdschi. Our host had to entertain 40-50 travelers every day, so that his wives only had to bake bread all the time. The muezzin called his prayers from a roof, but he pronounced them terribly wrong. In the evening the horses' food bags were stolen.

Friday, September 13th. We set out at 2 o'clock in the morning, following the same path we had come, until, after 2 hours, the path turns right at Mirabad Kischlach, past the village of Bani Schalä. Groups of villagers' tents everywhere, sometimes with flat roofs, covered in brushwood or with reed mats and dressed in the same way. Airan was not the custom here. At dawn, we had a wonderful view of the brightly lit mountain peaks to the east, while the Makwan Mountains behind us appeared to be shrouded in night. We rode between low, uncultivated hills. [Places] At 4 o'clock, on the right on the hillside, is the village of approx.

Kanibeg, which consists of 40 houses, where the hills become narrower and a long plain about 1 hour wide is formed on the right, which then merges with the Mahidescht plain. [Places]

(2_04_017) [Places] The Karasu remains to our left, sometimes closer, sometimes further away, in countless bends with bare, flat banks. [Places]

Before the entrance to Nauderbent, on the other side of the Karasu, lie the villages of Seridschia and Hassanabad. The latter was to be our Konak for today, but I insisted on going further. At 9 we reach the small village of Yebelda, after which we ride through the Karasu after half an hour; it was about 20 paces wide and 3' deep, its water of a murky, whitish color. [Places] On the left, along the mountain ranges, are the 2 villages of Tepe Koike and Lorreke. Behind them, in the distance, are the steep, wild Parrau Mountains. We ride through the Karasu for the second time, here 4' deep. On the other bank lies Kurdawan, whereas previously on the left bank was Kalawei. After 45 minutes we arrive in the village of Ismail Kelle, with 20 houses and a large khan, called Kala, where we dismount, built by a Juzbashi Ismael from Kirmanshah.

We wanted to stay in another Konak, but were received roughly and directed to the Kala; as soon as we got there, the gentleman came and got us everything we needed; the building was built in a square, surrounded by 20' high earth walls and provided with semi-circular porches on the corners of the outside; the battlements at the top [... wavy?]. A lock at night-

A large gate leads into the large courtyard with a water basin, (2_04_018) rooms on the sides with stables behind them. A special type of watermelon, elongated and much sweeter, was cultivated here; pomegranates were brought from the Dschuanro district. The roof terrace offered me a wide, magnificent view, partly over the plain, which is full of villages, and partly over the nearby mountains. Rowansir 2 Pharsach far in 165. [Places] A broad ridge extends from the Chorinberg, on which a grave monument of a Sheikh Wai, who was highly revered by the locals, stands, visible from afar, and who was therefore highly revered by the locals and who was therefore placed on his grave after his death. A village of this name does not exist. [Places] The town of Ismael Kelle was surrounded by vegetable fields that produced excellent watermelons, melons and cucumbers, the former two very sweet. Our host Ismael Khan, a very friendly man, offered to accompany us to Kirmanshah, as the area was very unsafe due to Kurdish migration.

(2_04_019) *Saturday, September 14th.* We set off at 4 o'clock and after half an hour we had ridden through the water that comes 8 Pharsach from the side of Kirrind, which flows towards Kasmabad and flows into the Karasu. [Places]

To the left, beyond the Karasu, a series of lower foothills stretch out before the high, steep ranges of the Gaujar and Amele mountains. On one of these stands the monument of Sheikh Wais, to whom many pilgrimages are still made today, and sheep are then slaughtered and eaten in his honor. It is said that every time the grave was opened, the Sheikh was found unharmed. Large herds of horses and sheep grazed on the grassy slopes of this hilly country, and we encountered long trains of Sinjawi Kurds migrating towards Baghdad, providing a colorful picture.

Cows and oxen were loaded with the necessary tent equipment, chickens were tied to the top; mules with carpets and waterskins at their sides, 2 women on one animal; young women had their children tied to their backs, sometimes leading a sheep or young donkey in front of them by the hand; boys dragged young dogs behind them, while the older dogs marched needily beside the procession. The men on horseback, equipped with lances, moved behind the procession. Around 1,000 of these Sindschabi Kurds usually camp here. [Places]

To the left, half an hour from Sibisch-tschecha, and now, after passing Heiderberg, the Seraulilufer water basin appears before us. To the left of it is the village of Ke-schawan. The name Serau is said to mean water that bubbles forth and lilufer comes from nenufar, the *Nymphaea lutea*, which covers a large part of the basin. [Spr] The water is located (2_04_020) in a wide, round basin with a circumference of about 4,000 paces, at the southern end of which the springs emerge from under the limestone, which only protrudes slightly. [Places] Its outlet

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The river flows into the Karasu near the village of Deh Neft, half an hour below Wais. [Pfl, Places] (From Ismael Kell to here, 2 strong farsach are counted.) A number of birds enlivened the surface of the water, divers and various types of ducks, black vultures, while fish and eels of a yellowish color were frequently seen. [Pfl] On the other side of the Karasu, near Chidr Elias, there is said to be a very similar water basin, only smaller, which flows into the Karasu like the one that rises further at Tak i Bos-tan. [Places]

A spring rises near Denglian 6 Farsach from here on the way from Kirmanshah to Baghdad. If you throw straw into it, it is said to appear here in the banks of the Serauli. There are many legends about the banks of the Serauli. Khosru's son, called Schiruhk, is said to have sunk all of his father's treasures here. The legend of Ferhad and Shirin was told to me as follows: Khosru had a beautiful Armenian woman called Shirin as his wife; Ferhad, a famous sculptor and architect, was mortally in love with her. To cool his love, he was given the work on the Bisutun and was told that if he could make a spring emerge from the rock in 20 days, they would give him Shirin as his wife. After just 3 days he reported that the spring had been found; but he received the answer that the deadline would not expire until 20 days had passed.

Khosru, in order to deceive him, sent out a crowd of old women, screaming and wailing that poor Shirin was dead. When Ferhad heard this, he cut the old woman who told him to pieces, then took his large iron stone-cutting tool, swung it in the air and let it fall on his head, then took it and threw it high into the mountains, where it penetrated the rock and is said to still be visible today. He himself died immediately afterwards. When Shirin heard of the sad end of her lover, she persuaded Khosru's son, called Shiruhk, to murder his father, whereupon she would offer him her hand. Shiruhk did so, but was suspicious that Shirin would harm herself and so had all the cutting tools removed from her; She had, however, secretly hidden a small knife under her hood and now went to the bath and then to the grave of her lover; there she pulled out the hidden knife and stabbed herself three times. (Rustam is a mythical hero, playing with large iron balls etc., killing the monster in Mesenderan (2_04_021) etc.).

To the right, after a half hour's stay, there is a plain surrounded by hills with the villages of Karatepe on a small tepe, Simene, Daischi and behind the hills Dereke, while to the left lie Tschecha Kasim and Gurketja. Here begin wide vegetable fields with watermelons, pumpkins, melons and cucumbers, among which the Phelipaea appeared very frequently. These fields extend far up to the mountains and are divided into small fields surrounded by channels for irrigation. The villagers sat along the way.

Buyers of the fruit and loaded donkeys, sending them to the city. [Pfl] The next village, Tschecha Kawud, is completely surrounded by it. Continue to the left about 100m.

1 hour away from Gumr with gardens and further on Schaini, while we ride along the right side of the hills of Dahrwessel, very close to the Serau river, but the path leads past the village on the right and behind which another hill rises, blocking the view of the plain on the left, thus forming a valley almost ½ hour wide, along which we ride, to the left after about ½ hour the village of Babachan is on the way. From here it is 2 Pharsach to Kirmanschah. [Plants, Places]

At 1 o'clock we arrived outside the town. Riding along the north side of the town, which is surrounded by earthen walls that have fallen into disrepair, including the governor's gardens, we rode through part of the town and went to Mustapha Khan, which was not particularly good, but where we were at least not so bothered by the people. The Muckar soon followed, and so I was able to pay a visit to the telegraphists, who invited me to stay with them.

(2_04_022) *Sunday, September 15th.* Kirmanshah. Procession from the Khan to the Telegraph Office. 3 young Englishmen, R. Collins, [I.?] H. Peattie and J. [S.?] Hughes, were employed here, and another, J. Fowles from Hamadan, had come to visit them yesterday. The telegraph for Persia is separate from these and is managed by Persians. 2 [wires?] were in Kirmanshah.

I took one of the upper rooms in the house. The house was [nice?], with a courtyard and water basin as well as small beds for the residents' favorite plants. The house itself consists of two parts, in the middle the large, high hall with many niches, everything painted white; on both sides of this are the rooms that can be closed off with windows. Two staircases led to the upper floors on both sides of the hall. The roof, which is not surrounded by a protective wall, offers a wonderful view of the wide plain and the nearby mountains. The table was very good, which did me doubly good after this trip. As for Sunday, they were not at all English-minded, we spent it talking and sleeping.

Monday, September 16th. Wrote and arranged the plants. Visited by Ismael Khan, who familiarized me with the names of the surrounding area.

Tuesday, September 17th. An Armenian who has converted to Islam, Mirza Mohmin, who lives here, is serving as an interpreter for the English. With him and Mr. Hughes, I visited this afternoon His Royal Highness, Governor Emaneddaule, uncle of Shah Nasredin. He lives in the large, spacious palace on the Maidan, which is accessed by steps from the Maidan. Long, arched corridors lead to several rooms filled with servants, guards and

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other people, until you finally enter through a curtained door into a square courtyard paved with flagstones, completely surrounded by high walls. A garden had been created around a water basin, full of blooming roses and mirabilis. From here you get to the room of the governor Emadi Daule. As I entered, he immediately stood up, came to meet me and had me sit down on a chair opposite him, immediately handing me his Kallian. He understands a little French and immediately called out his bon jour Ms. to me. After asking how he was feeling, we talked about cholera (carbolic acid), the war between Prussia and Austria, the inscriptions on Tak i Bostan, etc. He is about 58 years old, tall, rather slim, dark black, close-cropped hair with the 2 [bundles?] on the back of his head, face yellowish, but very red from drinking. On the chest hung the large medal with the Shah's portrait, surrounded by diamonds, as well as two diamond settings on the sides. Reception with tea and nargile.

Kirmanshah has about 12,000 houses, built of earth or bricks. The streets are not as narrow as usual, but only partially paved. In every courtyard, which is surrounded by high walls, there are water reservoirs. (Many tumbler pigeons can be seen here.) Paper kites are also known here. The English telegraph office is separate from the Persian one, but a new building has now been erected next to the governor's palace on the Maidan, in which they are combined. (2_04_023) 4 [wires?] were active here. - The price of the mules, which are of excellent quality, size and strength, had risen greatly, as they were all bought up by England via Baghdad because of the war with King Theodore. The import of the duanes in Kirmanshah is 22,000 tumans annually.

In the evening, three Susmamis were invited, after we had previously spoken to the [A...sin?] who came from Baghdad. The former is of a high standard here, for 100 Kran you can buy very young girls for an indefinite period of time; for the Europeans, Hamadan in particular supplies many young Armenian girls from 10 years of age. In the evening, the Parrau Mountains, two hours away, rising steeply from the plain, glow in the deepest purple, creating a magnificent picture with the dark shadow of the rocky reefs. Mild breezes blow over the wide, long plain, and in the evening you feel quite inclined to sit on the terrace of the roof, listening to the melancholy sounds of the Persian instruments, accompanied by bright singing, and thinking of your beloved distant homeland. The wide plain with its many villages lies clearly and distinctly before the viewer, but little by little the rays of the sun disappear here, while the rocky mountains initially glow in yellowish tones, which become more and more intense as the sun disappears and finally turn dark purple.

glow. [Gleaming?] then the valleys and crevices in the rocks, shrouded in deep shadows, emerge, a light mist then rises, which makes the mountains appear as if wrapped in a blue veil. Now life begins on the roofs, beds and blankets are brought up, and soon here and there the melancholy song of a bard, accompanied by instruments, can be heard singing of Ferhad's love for Shirin, the most beautiful woman.

Wednesday, September 18th. There are no communal baths for Christians and Muslims here; Christians can only enter in secret at night by bribing the bath attendant. Minarets for mosques are not common. Muslim women wear black horsehair braids over their faces when they go out and are very devoted to lust. The Muslims differ from the Turkish in that they are very devoted to drink, especially arack, and they also love wine very much.

In the afternoon I visited His Highness Naib el ejalé [...], the governor's son. Like the other two brothers, he lives in his own well-furnished house and is the governor of Neabend, although he always lives here. He is short and has a full face, is dressed in Persian costume, richly decorated with gold; he is about 28 years old. I found him to be very well educated for a Persian. The conversation turned to medicine, then philosophy, the creation of the world and the origin of man, and the deciphering of the writings of Tak i Bostan. His 5-year-old son, in a splendid, loose-fitting gold robe with a small dagger at his side, had the clap, which he had also infected his sister, who was almost the same age. He has 4 wives, but spends more time with the Susmanies. He speaks a little French, but mostly only when the numerous servants standing around him are not supposed to understand him, such as when it is about drinking wine. Magnificent Kallians (2_04_024) were served, made of gold or silver; but all with short wooden tubes, which is very inconvenient, as you always have to hold the heavy vessel in your hand; the Turkish snake tubes are unknown. Everyone takes three puffs, then lifts the top, draws all the smoke out of the vessel and then passes it on. I was handed the same one four times, a sign that my company was pleasant to him; otherwise it is customary to leave when the third Nargileh has been smoked.

Tea was also served four times, which was prepared in the room itself in a large, silver samovar.

Thursday, September 19th. In the afternoon I went for a ride in the company of Mr. Collins and Peattie to Tak i Bostan, but in such a hurry that I could not pay attention to the road; we covered the two hours' journey in half an hour. After riding through the Karasu, which is about 4' deep here [by?] 40 paces wide, there is a village on the left on an old tell, near which I can see old ramparts that once surrounded a square place.

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A long, young poplar avenue with some old elms leads to the village of Tak i Bostan, usually pronounced Dagh Bostan.

Two years ago, the governor had a large summer house built near the rocks where the strong spring emerges to the right of the two grottos. The water flows into a large, square basin, which was created by building a high brick wall, from where it flows past the village.

Tree-lined avenues run along the sides. On the other side of the water basin stands the crude figure of a naked man, but barely recognizable, which used to stand above the grottos; from a distance one thinks one can see a woman wrapped in a white veil. Next to the water basin on one side were 2 beautiful column capitals with [flower garlands?] and 2 figures. The water basin was filled with *Ranunculus paucistamineus* and algae. I will skip the description of the 2 grottos here as it has already been described many times, only to note that a long crack runs through the rocks from top to bottom (west-east) across the marble rock through both of them. At the place where the [stripped?] figures of the family of the previous governor, father of the current one, are placed, there were previously no figures. Girls came from the village offering themselves to us. Work was underway to enlarge the water basin, or rather to create a second one.

(2_04_025) *Friday, September 20th.* Morning visit to Prince Serama daule, the governor's eldest son. He lives in a splendidly furnished house with large rooms and halls, full of pictures, including many very ordinary ones. I found his younger brother, Merdasa Kule, with him, who invited me for the next morning. He is stocky, with a full face and no beard, but nowhere near as educated as his brother Naib el ejale, and does not speak French, which his younger brother speaks fairly fluently. They were very interested in the translation of the inscriptions of Tak i Bostan, which he is very similar to his father. To my surprise, very good, fine cigars were offered. The room we were in had wallpapered walls, and in the middle there was a square water basin in which a lot of apples, pears and cucumbers were lying to cool. Glass candelabras hung from the ceiling and were attached to the walls. Rich, woven cushions with aubergine lay along the walls on [splendid?] carpets. His favorite activity is photography, in which he has not achieved European skill, namely he lacks the ability to work neatly, but it is nevertheless remarkable as a sign that they are not blind and deaf to all innovations. He presented me with a large number of such photographs, and he also had a plate prepared to record my picture. A Persian trained for this purpose takes care of everything else, he only counts the seconds and closes the eyepiece. If the preparer then comes with the plate and the prince does not like it, he responds.

If he says, yes, it is not good, and if he looks at it and does not find it good, the other replies, no, it is not good; if he finds it good, the other also finds it so; he cannot express his own opinion. He invited me to go hunting, but I declined due to lack of time. Lions are said to be found in the Mahidesh Plain.

Saturday, September 21st. Visit to Prince Mertessa Kule Mirsa. He also lives in a spacious palace in two sections, one for women, the other for receiving his visitors. He is of small stature, slight, with black hair, no beard; he usually wears a black European coat, trimmed with cords similar to Polish coats. The inner courtyard was covered in a magnificent display of roses, but I was particularly interested in two magnificent rose trees, called nastaran, densely covered with simple, white flowers in formal panicles; with a fine aroma; it is very similar to the *R. phoenicea*. I took seeds from them for cultivation. As this prince is less intelligent than his brother (2_04_026), although he speaks good French, he had sent for him to conduct the conversation. He began by asking for my apology for finding him here, but he had heard that I was coming here, so he wanted to take the opportunity to benefit from my wisdom, as he had been convinced of it by my large supply during the previous conversation. After taking nargile and tea, he began an astronomical topic about the illumination of the earth by the sun. Then about the divinity and the survival of the soul after death; he also quoted passages from Rousseau that were unclear to him. He showed me some carved stones with Pahlavi script to read; I asked him to let me take the copy and also the one from the governor's collection so that I could send it to Europe for deciphering. The nights, especially in the mornings, are now starting to get very cold. During the day there was a violent storm that raised such clouds of dust that one could not see a step ahead; the rooms were also densely filled with it.

Sunday, September 22nd. Arrival of Mr. Chambers from Bagdad, whose appearance reminded me quite deceptively of Mr. von Munchausen in Smyrna.

Spent the day at home talking and in the evening after an excellent dinner beer and wine, brandy.

Monday, September 23rd. Visit to the British agent Hadji Chalil, a tall, strong man in Turkish costume with a white turban. He told me that near the mountains of Shirvan there were figures and writings that were over 2,000 years old, but many of them were destroyed, three days' journey from Kirmanshah. Towards evening I met the governor, who had ridden through with a large entourage, behind him the princes etc., in front of him a crowd of soldiers who were driving the people aside with wild shouting and shooting. When he saw me, he immediately sent three servants to

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to enquire after my health. A telegraphic dispatch he sent to the Shah reads: to his Majesty to the King: The petition of the humblest of slaver in the dust before the feet of his Majesty. May our souls be his sacrifice. As long as his Majesty is well all misfortunes are inparable for me and my family. We could even wellcome death if his Majesty continues his favor towards us. The Bagdad line will probably be finished today or tomorrow. The inhabitants of this country enjoy the most complet peace and are engaged in blessing your Majesty. Emadedaula. Another dispatch from April 1865 to Namik Pasha in Bagdad is about the Hamawend Kurds who wanted to settle in Zohab; in it he speaks of driving them out as quickly as possible and clearing the area of them.

(2_04_027) *Tuesday, September 24th.* Governor Emanedaula asked me to come to him to speak about medicine and translations from Taki Bostan. I found a lot of antiques in his possession, namely many gold and silver coins, the latter all Kufic. Of the cylinders and stones, a stone in the shape of a small turtle with figures and Greek writing was particularly notable. I took copies of it. As soon as I arrived, he showed me the photograph taken by the prince in his album, which looked more like a Moor. In front of his window lay a magnificent ibex that had been shot in the mountains of Parrau. When he saw that this animal interested me, he sent it to me immediately (which required 10 Kran baksheesh). I had it removed. As I was leaving, the eldest prince took me by the hand and led me into a semi-dark domed room with a running [water basin?] and seats in niches around it; after smoking the nargile, he asked me to give him a testimony that I had found in him one of the most learned men of the Orient; he wanted it as an introduction to scholars.

In the evening we were all invited to the English agent's, but I had previously acquired a headache from the Hamadange smoke, so I preferred to sleep.

Wednesday, September 25th. Visit to the Turkish Vice-Consul Seyad Dschewaht, a Baghdadli who has been here for 10 years. He lives in a large house, formerly belonging to the governor, with a large flower garden and water pipes, where the best water in the city is. He likes to hold his head a little high, which is why I did not accept his first invitation to a certain hour and only came when I wanted to. Kurds of the Ali Tlafi stood guard in front of the doors and presented their guns. He told me that the number of houses in Kirmanshah was 4,000, since a census had taken place 10 years ago and found 3,000. The governor's figure of 12,000 was exaggerated. He said of the nomadic peoples of the Kirmanshah district: The strongest are the Colhor with 12,000 tents, who live along the Mahi-

descht, Harunabad–gen Mendelli. They pray to their own sheikhs. The Sindschawi with 4,000 tents from Mahidescht-Zohab. The Sen-genne 3,000 tents, who live scattered around, among them are also the Bakhtariwend and Osmanavend. The Guran from Gawerre-Zohab with 3,000 tents. The Akhmedavend [Bakhtai?] 1,000 and the Kushderbent. The Nani Källi around Sahene 1,000. The Kulliai 6,000 around Sungur. The Dschellewend 500 around Dinewer and Harsin. The Pairavend with 300 tents scattered around. The Feili in Pushti-kuh with 5,000. The Chizil number around 800 Kengawer. There are 50 Hamawend horsemen in the Zohab district alone.

– The districts of Kirmanshah are Zohab, Kirrind, Gauwera, Sungur, Sahene, Harsin, Kuschderbent, Aiwan, Hulleilan, Pushti kuh (with Wali) and Nehabend.

(2_04_028) *Thursday, September 26th.* Visit from the Turkish Vice Consul. Preparation for the excursion to Kinnisch = Fire Altar.

III Excursions to Kinnischt, Parrau and Tak i Bostan (27 September–6 October 1867)

Friday, September 27th. We set off early at sunrise, keeping to our right the stream that rises above Kirmanshah and irrigates the town and the gardens below, and joins the Karasu at Amadia. After 2 hours we reached the village of Murad Hassel, which is on the left of the road. Next to it, to the east, old ramparts extend in a square with a circumference of 1 hour. The rampart is about 15' high and 95' wide. These ramparts extend along the east, south and north sides, the west side of one of them ends with a tepe, on which the village of Murad Hassel is located, with about 50 houses. This fortress lay entirely on the plain and could be irrigated by the spring runoff of Tak i Bostan flowing on the east side, as could the entire surrounding plain. This is probably the reason why the fortress was not built on the nearby ridge [sign]. On the north side, the gardens stretch for a good half hour to Tak i Bostan. Could the old Bagistan have been here? The locals call it Scheher Khosru.

After $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour you reach the entrance to the valley, which is about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour wide. On the right rises a sharp, vertical rocky mountain, which extends further to the east and whose line runs parallel to the Parrau line, between the two a narrow valley runs along. [Orte, Pfl] If you enter the valley, on the right rises the high, steep Parrau, which, however, does not appear nearly as high as it really is, and if you climb up again so that you can see its northern slopes, you can clearly see the patches of snow in the steep clefts that remain there all year round. In front of us rises the steep, bare, massive mountain range, exactly like the Schahu and of exactly the same geognostic nature, which rises above Kinnischt and is called Lolan.

A number of caves are visible from afar. Then you finally see the garden group of Kinnischt at the foot of the mountain; half an hour before arriving there, the village of Kischlach is on the right and the village of Naubert is on the left. Black tents were pitched everywhere in the valley crevices, flocks of sheep were grazing on the slopes, often colored red.

Finally, Kinnischt was reached. The village consists of two sections, miserable earth houses, on the west side the dense poplar and willow gardens. A little way away, above the gardens, Emad edaule built a large, square water basin 100' long and 70' wide 15 years ago, in which there are a lot of geese and ducks. It was formed by building a high wall on the south side, which was filled in just like those of Tak i Bostan. Above it, towards the mountain side, rises a terrace made of bricks, similar to a house. But the most beautiful thing here is an old group of plane trees with 16 trees.

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(2_04_029) which form a magnificent green dome of leaves; from one root, 5 old trunks grew in 1 [place?]. The [most?] trees were 20 spans in circumference; a group of 9 trees, 30 paces in circumference, growing from one root, stands out in particular. [Zeich] (2_04_030) [Zeich]

(2_04_031) After a little rest, we set off for the famous cave above the village, which is located $\frac{3}{4}$ hour uphill to the left. A stream flows down from there, which also supplies the basin with water. After climbing the first low foothill, which consists of limestone, on which red claystone has accumulated in places, we then climb up between Querc. Vallonia bushes and then come to a small side valley or crevice in the rock. Climbing a little higher, we see the entrance to what appears to be a small cave, made entirely of hard, white marble, but which has often been metamorphosed reddish or bluish on the outside, probably by water trickling down when the snow melted. Here we lit the lights and climbed about 8' up, following a long, low passage, so that we had to crawl on our hands. Going further in, you can see that the cave is a crack in the rock through which the trickling water has formed the most varied stalactite figures further inside. In some places, different paths lead on, but all of them have the same formation. We wandered around for about an hour, finding bones in some places, deep inside. [Places, plants] On the return, the [Kutechude?] had bad food. Mr. Collins rode back in the evening. Snipes, falcons near the village; large numbers of pigeons and partridges in the rocks. Water boils at 95°. In the evening, the local magistrate, who arrived later, pitched a black tent on the terrace and brought a better evening meal. The village has about 30 houses, inhabited by Pairawend Kurds, to which belong 4 more villages: Pirchaib, Kara Kajun, Kulassa and Kuskalla, together 500 Tuman in annual taxes paid by the 100 families. [Places] (2_04_032) [Places, drawing]

(2_04_033) *Saturday, September 28th.* We set off at sunrise and rode to the left of the village across the valley basin, which was about an hour's walk wide, where the black Kurdish tents were pitched in many small groups on the mountain slopes. In winter, the owners live in cave-like houses with flat roofs, barely rising above the ground and therefore not easily visible from afar; each is surrounded by a stone wall. All communication is then inhibited and the inhabitants have plenty of time to philosophize. The name Kunushta is said to refer to the church of the Jews, who are said to have come here from Shuschter under Ackschiras (or Cyrus?).

After eating something in one of the tent groups and having stocked up on enough butter for torches, we set off to visit the so-called Atashka or Fire Temple. This is located high on a

Foothills of the Parrau on its northern side. We climbed up a narrow valley, which soon narrowed considerably and then ended completely; high, steep cliffs made of hard, white-grey, crystalline limestone with a rough surface stared at us, and we climbed steadily upwards through the cracks. An aromatic *Satureja*, new to me, with blue flowers was common on the cliffs; yesterday's *Silene* was also here; on the cliffs there were lots of low fig bushes with small, hazelnut-sized fruits, which were very sweet; I had previously found this species (*F. Carica*) in the wild with withering fruits. [Pfl]

Finally we reached the famous grotto, which the Kurds regard as Ateshka. On the slope of steep rocks I saw a round hole with a circumference of about 10', into which we lowered ourselves about 8'. Immediately a wide vault opened up, into which we now descended. One of our Kurdish companions tore up his already tattered rags, dipped the rags in butter and wound them around sticks, which we lit to serve as lamps. There was of course no talk of an ateshka; the Kurds' imagination saw in the most varied stalactite formations the columns of a temple with stools to sit down on, cathedral vaults, etc. From the high vaulted ceiling, in some places about 100' high, hang a large number of long stalactites, which often merged with those growing from below to form columns of 2-3' diameter, often at very regular (2_04_034) distances; low ones, all rounded at the top, were thought to be seats. On the walls there are often broad, multiply twisted [shells?] similar to the so-called leaf-baked. Some rocks were densely covered with incrustations on the outside and then densely covered with long stalactites at the ends, often taking the shape of a beard or a radiant crown, etc.

Narrow passages lead off in many directions, which then widen again more or less. [Places] After spending an hour there, we climbed back down to where we had left the horses below. [Places]

After 2 hours of riding, the pass was reached, where Emadedaulé had built a square water basin surrounded by young willow trees some years ago. Here I found a nice white tent for myself and a black one for the servants, sent here for me by the governor. A good meal was immediately prepared, 2 sheep were slaughtered, a good pillau with poultry, etc. A cold wind blew here in this passage, and in the evening the thermometer dropped to 7°. Water boiled at 92°. The small spring that fills the water basin showed 10°. [Places] A number of Keklik partridges came close to the tents, so that they were easy to shoot; the call of the males could be heard all night long. A mighty fire was lit in the evening.

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in front of the tent, because a piercingly cold wind was coming down from the mountains.

(2_04_035) *Sunday, September 29th.* We set out early in the morning to climb the peak of Parrau if possible; we took a few Kurds with us to carry water and paper. [Pfl, Places] After an hour of climbing, we had overcome the gradual slopes, but now we went steeply uphill, climbing from rock to rock, sometimes over loose scree, until we reached a pass after a second hour. Unfortunately, time had advanced too much to climb any further up the peak that rose vertically above us, as it would still take several hours to climb the upper peak. [Places]

(2_04_036) [Places] After returning to the tent, after eating a good pillau, eggs and meat, we set off for Tak i Bostan. In 2 hours we had covered the same route down again and in 45 minutes I reached Tak i Bostan, where I took up residence in the governor's empty house. The village of Tak i Bostan has about 30 inhabited houses, built in the cemetery of the old town; a number of gravestones with old Persian writing have still been found through digging; several such stones can be found in the small tomb dome of Ibrahim Shah Sade, who used to live in one of the grottos; as well as several in the house of the local judge, including a Kufic inscription.

(2_04_037) The place is now in decline, as the governor wants to live here alone. Three years ago, he built a large, square brick house with a flat roof over the Shirin spring, to the right of the grottos; a dome arches over the square walled spring, while openwork vaults run around the sides, which can be illuminated at night by hanging rings with lanterns. From here, the view sweeps over the newly built, 350' long and 335' wide square water basin, at the south end of which stands the colossal, rough figure of a warrior that used to lie in the water. On the west side, the house is built close to the rocks, only a narrow path leads to the right [first?] to the so-called 3 [calenders?] and then to the small, and finally to the large grotto. The upper floor of the house contains a number of small and large rooms for the governor's residence, in front of which is a corridor covered by a protruding roof with a view of Kirmanshah. A staircase leads to the roof. [Construction]

Behind the house, around 100 steps carved into the rock lead up the mountain, but they do not lead to any place; it seems as if this is the beginning of a new work; there is also a rock behind the house, a grotto that has been started. Two transverse dams lead diagonally through the crystal-clear water basin, which is filled with *Batrach. paucistam.*, *Zanichellia* and algae, and is alive with numerous fish and diving ducks. Willow trees planted in regular rows surround the basin on two sides. The same can be seen from the south.

side, built with brick walls about 20' high; a second basin should now be built. [In front of it?] the orchards with rose hedges spread out, refreshed by the numerous springs. The first sculpture are the so-called 3 Dervishes. [Construction] (2_04_038) [Construction]

In the corners of the vault on each side are the well-known Pahlvi inscriptions, according to which Shapur II and Bahram's brother, Shapur III (385-389), erected these monuments next to the old Bagistan, where today the poor village of Murad Hassel, also called Khosrobad, stands, before Kirmanshah's construction. The large rock hall, probably from the same dynasty but only later built, is the highlight. Between the water basin and the grotto, a flattened rock ledge has been carved out. [Construction] It is said that a Turk wanted to blow up the whole grotto with gunpowder when he saw the Byzantine princess Shirin here, but his (2_04_039) plan was only partially successful. However, it does look as if this rock was blown away by gunpowder. Unfortunately, two large cracks run right through the whole grotto. The interior of the hall is divided into two sections by a cornice decorated with vine leaves, the lower section contains in the background the colossal equestrian statue of Khosru on his famous shebdis, on the right the flat but masterfully worked out deer hunt, on the left the boar hunt.

In the background above the rider are three colossal figures, one of which is Shirin, in the middle Khosru, next to him his son Shapur. [Building] The rider is believed by the people to be Rustam, but he has all the symbols of a Sassanid king, a ball with flying ribbons, therefore certainly representing Khosru with Shebdis. The old inscriptions on the horse's hindquarters are completely unrecognizable, only the [race?]sign is still preserved; the tail is masterfully crafted. [Construction]

(2_04_040) Mounted camels are also not missing. The boar hunt opposite is also a masterpiece. The carved figures in the upper field, richly painted and gilded, represent the former governor of Kirmanshah, sitting in a gilded chair, with a long, black beard; in front of him stands [...], his hand on his chest as a sign of submission; further away stands the Chadscha, the beardless eunuch chief.

To the side of the chair stands the youthful Emadedaula, with a real girlish face and no resemblance to him now. The Persian inscription extending in an arch above it bears the year 1237. On the east side of the water basin are 2 large (4 spans high and wide), beautifully decorated column bases, which were brought here 3 years ago by Emadedaula from Bisutun (with 200 men employed in the work). Unfortunately, they are so close together that one figure, holding a ring in front of him, is not clearly visible, with a Sassanid symbol. One has a half-man figure on 2 sides. [Construction] The figure is completely reminiscent of the figure of Shapur

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in the large rock hall. Both sides contain the same figure. The second column base shows a very similar figure, but holding a ring. The sides of the column are decorated with beautifully worked flowers. At the top end there is a row of small, deeply worked grottos.



Fig. 9: 2 column bases of Tak i Bostan, from Bisutun (2_04_041)



Fig. 10: Decorations on the reverse sides of the column bases of Tak i Bostan (2_04_042)

(2_04_043) *Monday, September 30th.* Set off early in the morning for Amadia, a summer palace of Emadedaulé, which is located on the plain on the left bank of the Karasu, a good hour away. On the right lies the village of Kir Kona with the old walls that mostly surrounded the old Kirmanshah. A path laid out a few years ago with willows and poplars on the sides leads from here straight to the castle, which is surrounded by a large garden full of trees. Unfortunately I was unable to visit the castle, which is very beautiful from the outside, as Emadedaulé and his entire court were on a trip here. He himself arrived in a European carriage. As we crossed the Karasu, the water of which was up to the horses' bellies, another night party arrived, namely Saramadaulé and his entourage. He called out his welcome from afar and we stopped until we smoked a nargile together. Emadedaulé, who has been in power for 18 years, lived here before he came to power. The area owes most of its tree plantations to him, all of which are watered by the Shirin spring.

A large number of threshed grain heaps lay on one side of Amadia, which is said to produce 2,000 local [shumbul?] of them annually. Very close to the northwest of Emadia lies a pond which flows into the Karasu in a swampy bed thickly covered with spargan and typha. Several brick kilns are installed here. [Places]

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Finally, the gardens of Kirmanshah were reached, at the beginning of which lies the village of Bachene; the gardens are watered by a stream that rises above Kirmanshah and flows in several branches into the Karasu, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour away. The latter flows too deep to be used to irrigate the town. The governor here pays the Shah a very indefinite sum, which he is always asked to do. For example, the bazaars were closed yesterday because the governor (2_04_044) wanted to extort money from the merchants; of course, when the bazaars are closed, people can go away and the governor can do nothing. He is considered the richest man in all of Persia. Every time he speaks to the Shah, whether verbally or by telegraph, he has to give him a gift ranging from 300 to 1,000 tumans. He usually leaves 20-30 tumans in the telegraph office. It was not until 1864 that the telegraph was established from Baghdad to Kirmanshah via Hamadan to Teheran.

The Persian Bureau can only receive local dispatches from Baghdad to Teheran, while the English line does not receive any Persian dispatches. Each Bureau has only one line. Because of the frequent snowfall in winter, many poles break between here and Hamadan, so that iron poles have now been sent from England. Very few dispatches have been received, and in fact none should have been received here; only when the line between Baghdad and Teheran is interrupted does Kirmanshah receive them.

Tuesday, October 1st. Visit to the Governor. Discussion about Tak i bos-tan and Persian history.

Wednesday, October 2nd. At the bazaar I bought an old sword for 40 Kran, which was only worth 30 Kran. It was taken back, but the owner did not want to give the money back and smashed the scabbard on the servant's back. As he was a Said (descendant of the Prophet), he thought he was a great [man?]; but we forced him to hand it over to the English agent, and only at the request of Hadji Chalil did I not have him beaten. At the bazaars you can see a lot of fruit, large yellow plums, very few and small figs; large, good pears and apples and a great deal of excellent grapes; few almonds, but very large. The high, vaulted bazaar halls are on the south side of the city. On the south and north sides are the extensive gardens, mostly vineyards, interspersed with avenues of fruit trees; Walnuts and pomegranates are very rarely seen, hazelnuts not at all; the hedges mostly consist of Rub. sanct., Rosa canina, Elaeagnus ang. In the gardens [Pfl]. Of cultivated plants one mainly sees Aster chinensis, Ocimum, Mentha piper., Tagetes yellow, Polyg. orientale, Mirabilis in various colors.

(From Baghdad to Bombay 25 English lira, from there to England 70 lira, the route through Russia via Rescht and Astrakhan about 50 lira.)

(2_04_045) *Thursday, 3rd - Sunday, 6th October.* I received news from Sihna through a man from Arabagassi that the caravan route to Sulimanie is still occupied by robbers, so I cannot receive any letters yet, nor any money. - The governor pays the Shah 260,000 Tu-mans annually in taxes for the [province?] Kirmanshah, apart from the tips mentioned. Soldiers in uniform are hardly seen here, although there are 4 regiments of 1,000 men each, which take turns in pairs every year. The Duane pays the governor 27,000 Tumans annually in taxes, which are auctioned off to the highest bidder. The reason given here why the Shah did not travel to the exhibition was his uncivilization; Perhaps a king would dare to sit down before him, or even speak to him, before he gave him permission; perhaps he would not always be able to sit at the top at table, etc. In a word, he would not be shown as much subservience as is the custom in this country, so he preferred not to go at all.

He would never be able to pay homage to a woman (Victoria). No one is allowed to sit in his presence, and the same is true of the governor here. In the past, the latter would not even allow Europeans to do so, but it was explained to him that if he did not ask them to sit down, they would not ask him and would find a seat for themselves. Now, the first thing he does when you visit him is to point to the chair, and he is full of politeness in the Persian manner.

We are to set off tomorrow, Monday. Unfortunately I cannot set off early as I cannot say goodbye to the governor today. I paid a farewell visit to Prince Saramadaule, the governor of Sungur, who told me that there were 360 villages there. Dinawer is said to have been the capital of the district after the Arabs conquered the country. Today he also presented me with several photographs. The transfer to Bisutun is said to have taken place about 40 years ago. He treated me to his Manilla cigars and gave me two letters, one to Sungur and one to Chem-tschemal for the journey. Above the water basin in the room hung a nightingale in a cage, while ducks swam around fearlessly on the water basin. The Turkish vice-consul also provided me with a letter for the journey and to Hamadan. From here today I wrote letters to Dr. Bischoff and to Roggen in Baghdad, to whom I sent 2 boxes, one for safekeeping there.

IV Kirmanschah–Hamadan (October 7–November 16, 1867)

(2_04_046) *Monday, October 7th.* I set off at 10 a.m. after saying goodbye to the governor. He received me in his dressing gown as a sign of friendship. I met Saramadaule there, who did not let me go until I had given him a qualification certificate. A number of broad paths branch off from the town, all of which come together again at Bisutun.

After an hour, the villages of Bidschane lay on the left on this side of the Karasu, and Emadia, which takes its name from Emadedaula, lies on the other side of the river, belonging to Shahbad on the right bank. The small village of Mirabad lies 15 minutes away between the two. On the right, the village of Kähris appears with its gardens and in front of us an old, dilapidated khan, built of bricks. A 6-arched brick bridge, in good condition, leads over the Karasu here. I shot a beautiful, large kingfisher, and there were also white and black spotted ones here.

The bridge was restored by Hadji Ali Khan and built by Shah Abbas, as was the caravanserai. On the right is Suwar, set in gardens, while Bachene is half an hour away at the beginning of the hill to Kuh Sefid.

1 hour after crossing the bridge, 15 minutes from the village of Siabid, on the left, in front of the village is a large, square building with semi-circular towers, with houses inside; the village belongs to the Kadir. Here in Kirmanshah, the Segtians were not paid by the governor, but each receives a certain number of villages, which then have to comply with his requests. [Places] The Kirmanshah plain continues completely flat here in the Bisutun valley, which is about 1 hour wide. [Places]

My Segtier told me (2_04_047) about the Lurs, who are known as good riders, but also as robbers and who often make excursions here.

Their trade was somewhat hindered by Emadedaula, who had their hands, feet and even their heads cut off without further ado. Feth Ulla Khan in Alischter is their sheikh, there are said to be only a few villages, everyone lives in tents. Before the entrance to the Bisutun valley I rode through a ruined site with large, hewn blocks of stone lying scattered about. In particular, there are two mighty column bases lying along the road, which probably now have their capitals in Taki bostan. I saw six smaller bases of this kind lying around; broken pieces of columns were also lying around or protruding from the ground. Several clear springs, which immediately form a sizeable stream of the clearest water, rise below the ruined site, flow past the village and go to the nearby Bisu-tun river; Perhaps there was a Sassanid palace here, because the capitals found here and now in Takbostan are of Sassanid origin. Half an hour further on we reach our Manzil, Hadjiabad, a village consisting of 25 houses. The Ketchuda invited me to his place for dinner; I met

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with him a man who wanted to go to Saramadaule because he had taken his pretty wife with him, having met her on the way. Here too I was offered women for the night. Dinawer is said to be entirely inhabited by Susmanies, similar to Kischlach near Sihna. In the past everything here was full of robbers because of the proximity of Luristan, but it has been quiet for 22 years now, since the governors concerned are responsible for all thefts and have to pay. Caravans cost 6 Pharsach from Bisutun to Kirmanshah.

Tuesday, October 8th. A kind of valley basin is formed on the left bank of the river. [Places] On the right a chain of hills extends further out, after riding around these, a view opens up again of a basin that also extends upwards, and four villages are visible, this is the district of Chambatan, where Karawelli, Bilwerdi, Chambatan and Kasmabad; to the right upstream of Bilwerdi, at the foot of a rocky, jagged ridge, lies the village of Cheher, where the border of Luristan is. The Gamashab comes very close to the path on the right; its banks are bare, then joining the Karasu in many bends. On the left the vertical cliffs of the Bisutun Mountains rise steeply, which after riding around a while, suddenly reveal the Khan of Bisutun. The village, consisting of 50 houses, made up of miserable, low earth huts, cannot yet be seen, as the large, square khan built by Shah Abbas completely obscures it.

(2_04_048) The Khan was teeming with pilgrims to Kerbela, namely a number of Russian subjects in their black, high felt hats; almost all of them understood Turkish. There were also many women among them, some in baskets on either side of a mule, some riding their own horses; they wore white, knitted cloths with wide stitches around their eyes; they were wrapped in wide, blue robes. Each of the large groups that followed was preceded by one with a small, red flag, until they stopped at the group of trees at Bisutun, camped around the Shirin spring. Everyone was very worried about possible quarantine. Many Susmanis were staying near the village, often asking me, unashamedly in front of the others, to come to them; they used random holes in the ground or the banks of the river as places to stay. This whole district up to Dinawer is rich in them, and one can find them in every village. I got off at the village ketchuda, where I rested a little and after dinner set out to explore.

The place is located about 500 paces from the vertical sculpture rock, which rises vertically above it as a huge mass of rock, rising directly from the plain; it looks as if this side had been carved away by art. A number of large and small rocky peaks rise up along the entire side of the mountain as the ends of vertical slabs. The layers of the mountain are all horizontal and consist of a dense, hard, dark limestone. At 400 paces away,

In the distance, its summit rises at an angle of 50°. From afar, one can see the mighty, artistically carved, sunken rock face, perhaps once the back wall of a palace. [Building] One would almost believe that the side rock walls here formed rock chambers similar to the one above Orfa, or that the two served as supports for a floating garden located on top. [Building] (2_04_049) [Building] Continuing east, one soon sees the famous sculpture of 12 people at a considerable height in a valley cleft on the left. A king, towering above the others in size, with a full beard, curly hair, diadem, wrapped in a wide cloak, steps onto a recumbent man, leaning on the arch with his left hand, his right hand raised towards a woman kneeling in front of him. [Construction] There are very long cuneiform inscriptions on both sides of the sculpture, as well as underneath and above it. A smoothed rock wall above the sculpture wall is also densely covered with cuneiform inscriptions. Due to its protected location, everything is excellently preserved, only in 6 places is the inscription somewhat weathered by water melting out of the rock in winter.

It is difficult to climb the rocks up to it. A farvar hovers above the prisoners, which, when seen from below, almost looks like a cross.

A little further on you come to the Basin spring, which emerges in several springs at the foot of the rocks, above which is the third sculpture: 7 rough, colossal figures, but almost completely destroyed and weathered, all with mighty beards. Above this runs a Greek inscription in a kind of frame, but this has disappeared due to a very long Persian inscription carved only recently by a certain Sheikh Ali Khan; only 2 lines remain above it, in fragments. On the right the figures are smaller: 2 riders running towards each other with their lances, above them a floating figure holding a wreath. The new inscription with the year 1202. After a short distance the spring joins the Gamashab, or rather the Chemtschemal Arme, which joins the others coming from Garus near Sahnā. Up from the village you can see the remains of a Sassanid bridge over the Chemchemal, a newer one built by Shah Abbas, well preserved, made of bricks with four arches is located a little further up. [Places] (2_04_050) [Places]

Next to the springs at Bisitun, the old cemetery spreads out, covered with large hewn blocks as gravestones, some of which showed Syriac writing. A broken white marble column was also still visible. Finally, they set off and rode northwards up the plain, always along the foot of the Bisutun mountain and the river of Chemtschemal, which descends in many windings. [Places] All villages belong to

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Chemtschemal with 20 villages, whose chief is Ain elli Khan of Barnahdsch. [Places] (2_04_051)
[Places]

Finally I saw the large group of gardens of Barnahdsch, located in the valley cleft on the left on the way to Kinnisht. Magnificent orchards, surrounded by tall rows of poplars, fill the valley, which is traversed by a stream, and in which wonderful apples and wine grow. Emadedaule's castle, situated on a hill, can be seen from afar. (The Chemtschemal district produces about 1,000 tumans annually). The large castle was built by Emadedaule 17 years ago. A large house was built on a hill, all in a square with walkways all around. On the top of the hill is a small, square garden with pomegranates and rose bushes; a square water basin in it; a suite of living rooms surrounds it on all sides, which are usually occupied by the governor and are always kept ready. In addition, a second section contains the rooms for wood etc. and a deep brick-lined well full of the freshest water; in times of unrest, the castle is its refuge. The water is drawn up in a large hose by winches. The flat roof runs away above the rooms, surrounded by a wall, with 3 extensions to the rooms. I took up residence in one of these. 8 corner towers, semi-circular, each contain a small room with 8 windows, each offering a different view. On the south side of the house, stairs lead down through 3 well-paved terraces to the lower rooms for the bathroom etc. A large wall made of bricks and earth runs around the hills in a square; the stables are located on the south-east side. The south-west side contains the dwelling of a Kawass of Emade-daule. 2 gates lead into it on the east and west sides. The village, consisting of 60 houses, also stretches out within the wall on the north side, and its hustle and bustle, seen from above, makes for an interesting picture.

The local Kurds belong to the Dschelilewans, in 50 villages with about 1,000 families. Their leader is the resident Ain elli Khan, who is also the leader of Tschemtschemal. [Places] (2_04_052) [Pfl, Places] Kinnischt is said to have been called Potparrei in the past. The Dinawer district belongs to the Saramadaule with about 30 villages of Ain Ali Khan, which bring him about 4,000 Tuman, plus 1,000 Tuman for the Shah. The whole district has about 100 villages. I stayed in a room with beautiful carpets and large glass windows. Good hospitality, tea and excellent food.

Wednesday, October 9th. We set off early at 7:00 a.m. At the entrance to the Barn-nadsch valley, we see the remains of a destroyed bridge over the now empty riverbed, which cannot be small in spring. [Places] Where we enter the main valley, about an hour downhill on the other side of the mountain slope of the Kuh Ho-dscher lies the village of Marantui with gardens and opposite us, also with gardens, As-

sanvassan; very close to it lies the large village of Naslia with Tell on the right bank of the river, which is now densely covered with bushes, the higher up the river, the more trees; consisting mainly of willows and tamarix. [Places]

We found a gypsy camp on the road, without tents, just small reed mats pitched, in the shade of which they sat and made linen for sifting flour in the mills. The women came and asked for a little powder; they regretted that they could not offer me any pretty girls. Their costume was the same as the Kurdish costume. We left the main path here because it was too warm, rode across the river, which was divided into several branches for irrigation purposes, but which was very deep and rich in fish in places; and rode up the left bank near the mountains. [Places]

The steep vertical rock mass of the Pirkasm rises magnificently to the west, just like the Bisutun rock, but higher, in multiple winding layers. Here, on the right, the magnificent mountain gap opens up, called Teng Dinawer by the Kurds, stretching uphill for an hour, with the river rushing through it, the banks of which are densely covered with bushes. The valley is about $\frac{1}{4}$ hour wide, the main path goes up the right bank (2_04_053); however, we ride on the left bank, where the path is shady, and now, as we enter the Derbent, we find ourselves in the territory of Dinawer; many wild boars live in the bushes; kingfishers, called arukapenn, as well as wild pigeons, kawuterr, and large roe deer, durrahdsch, are often seen. In the river, full of green algae, Potamog. natans, [Pfl]. Between the willow bushes, wild vines with their red, autumnal leaves grow, and fig bushes grow on the rocks, where Artemisia, the beautiful Campanula serotina and Silene viridis also grow. [Places]

On the right bank there are remains of the old road, for there the path is hewn into the rocks. Direction of the valley east-northeast. [Places] In the distance the high mountains of Dalachani appear before us at 230. Here we ride over to the right bank again, where we immediately notice the entrance to a large cave above the path. A little further up the path we see the rocks hewn out close to the path as if sculptures were to be placed there; at the foot of it there is a low, syclopic wall, just like that of Bisutun, on which a terrace has been built in front of the rocks; but nowhere is there a trace of writing or sculpture, although the whole narrow pass with its springs emerging from the rock slabs seems to have been made for this purpose. Here I could have had bad luck, a cartridge would not go into the small gun, I tried to force it, it went off and hurt my eyes and turned my face black with powder, which penetrated so deeply that it will never completely disappear. I was so blinded and stunned that I had to lie under a tree and sleep for several hours before I could think about continuing.

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At the exit of the Derbent (2_04_054) a brick bridge leads over the river, which is formed here from 3 tributaries, very similar to the Sirwan at the entrance to the Schahu. [Places]

At the exit from Derbent, the village of Kulladschu is on the right and to the left, a little way up the plain, is Mianrian, while the village of Shamar is on the left at the foot of the mountain range. Further on, we ride through a village called Kullidsche tepe (vagina hill), inhabited by nothing but prostitutes who are not tolerated in other villages and who have therefore been given their own village by Saramadaule. We were immediately surrounded by them with hostility.

Half an hour later we reached our Konak Siwadschu, where I was immediately received by the Vice-Governor of Barnahdsch and Governor of the District Chemtschemal and Dinawer Ain Ali Khan, as well as Mirsa Taki, Overseer of the Kawasses of Emadedaule, the brother of the first Wais Ali Beg. We descended next to the village, where there was a small water basin surrounded by willows and carpeted all around. Unfortunately I was so blinded by the shot that I could not see, so after tea and nargile I went straight into the Konak and slept. Our host was more accommodating than I had ever seen before, and the smallest wish was immediately fulfilled. The village of Siwadschu consists of around 100 earth houses, and is watered on the north side of the village, which lies on the plain, after it has irrigated the gardens on the west side. A few minutes to the northeast you can see a dilapidated earth fort with about 15 houses, the last remains of a former village called Baladschuhb, still surrounded by gardens. The village of Dinawer no longer exists, the whole district now bears the name of the former old town.

The headman here was Wais Ali Beg, who lived in Siwadsch, and in whose house I stayed. In the evenings he had four Susmanis come to entertain them, along with a few musicians. The girls wore short, wide skirts that reached down to their knees, a loose, wide jacket on their chest, and a small, stiff cap on their heads, which was covered by a long, white scarf that was held on the head by a black band and covered their back and chest. The chest was often tattooed with various symbols. [But?] their hands were dyed red with henna. No trousers. Their hair was cut and not braided; their feet were bare and surrounded by glass chains. Their complexions were dark brown, their eyes lively, their hair black. (2_04_059) There was of course no shame in their case, but neither was there any shame in the male audience watching. They sang the most lewd songs and danced in the most voluptuous positions, with their bellies facing forward, waving their arms up and down, moving their feet in three steps. The music consisted of hand drums and three-string guitar setar, 2' high, with a bow that passed through the hand.

had to be kept in check first. This tribe of whores has its home in the Sihna district, most of them come from Kischlach. They have no religious customs at all, in fact they have no religion at all; the man happily gives his wives and daughters for any price that pays well, even his undeveloped 9-10 year old daughters for a few tumans. The families also live in the greatest community among themselves. Our musician was the husband of these 4 very young women, whom he encouraged more and more to please the audience. Their general name is Felendschi, from which they derive their origin.

They are divided into 3 tribes: 1) the Susmani, who are still considered the best, 2) Duhm, who are again divided into Kiwekesch = shoemakers and Duhm, 3) Kauli, the worst of all with the 2 branches Karbilbend (that is, those who make things for sifting the flour in the mill) and Dschubterrasch, that is, those who make wooden articles such as spoons etc. They have no leader among them, but live scattered around. They number several thousand families.

Thursday, October 10th. Spent the whole day in bed because my eyes could not stand the sunlight. The Dinawer district with about 100 villages, 30 of which belong to Ain Ali Chan, is said to have a circumference of 12 Phar-sach; borders on the south with Tschemtschemal, east with Sahna, north with Sungur, west with Känulä, properly Kent-dulä, belonging to the Bilaward district.

The Dinawer district is inhabited by Kurds of the Nanakelli and Dschellilewän tribes with a population of around 2,000 Konack. According to Sahna, there are 3 Pharsach, according to Kemmehs, 3 Pharsach, belonging to Kentdulä. According to Sungur, 3 Pharsach. – Frequent whirlwinds were seen in the valley, which is one hour wide here, forming high columns of dust. [Places] (2_04_060) [Places] (2_04_061) [Places]

In the evening the Susmani were brought again, who spend the day along the main roads and do their business in holes in the ground or on river banks. Some of the seal stones found here were black and had old Arabic writing; no money has yet been found.

Friday, October 11th. Early in the morning I set out to inspect the old ruins, which extend for an hour on the north-east side. Part of the town lay on the hill where the village of Schechan now stands, and extended to the low rubble mounds of Jengidsche and Baba Kalam lying on the plain. But everything is covered with rubble and nothing remains, although by cultivating the ground and various excavations many gravestones from that Arab period have been found, which serve the present inhabitants for exactly the same purpose. They lie in very large numbers on the hillside next to Schechan. Most of them are from

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excellent white marble, some carved from yellowish alabaster, others from the usual dark limestone. Remains of some broken columns are also noticeable. The gravestones are almost all in the form of small sarcophagi, but so far only their lids have been found, with the writing carved into them with many decorations. (2_04_055–2_04_058) [Insch]

(2_04_061) The whole rubble site is covered with fired, square bricks and pottery shards. On the slope of the hill rises a square brick building, the siaret of an Imam Sahde. One of the inscriptions was thought to be that of an imam's grave, so it was surrounded by a large pile of stones, which was surrounded by the small oil lamps that are common here as a sign of a siaret; rags were also tied to the stones here and there. After a good, excellent meal, we set off. Beforehand, I distributed various medicines to my very friendly host and his wife. I had a lot of fun with the head of the Kawazzas, who was completely obsessed with women and kissed them quite unashamedly in front of everyone. But no one took one of them, because I stayed away from them; if I had taken one, the others would all have pounced on her. (2_04_062) We set off at 1:30 a.m. and climbed the hills near Shechan, always in a northeasterly direction,

towards the western end of the steep Dalechani Mountains, which are irregular in shape. The sky was very overcast all day, with small rain clouds appearing, heralds of the coming rainy season; whirlwinds were very frequent, especially coming from the southeast. Alhagi covered all uncultivated areas. [Places] A cold northwest wind now made itself felt as we unexpectedly looked into an open valley full of vineyards surrounded by poplars and elaeagnus, on the eastern slope of which lies the village of Jawarabad. [Places]

The [Mehmeder?] entertained me with stories of Emade-daule's expeditions when he conquered this Kulliai-Sungur district 17 years ago; previously it was impossible to pass through here because of the robberies of the inhabitants; 7 men were once shot into the air by him with a cannon. But now everything is quiet. Here a wide view opens up over the plain inhabited by the tribe of the Kulliai Kurds, crossed by low hills and surrounded on all sides by a low ring of mountains. [Places] (2_04_063) [Places]

A low range of hills is crossed here, which rises higher further to the west. [Pfl] After crossing this range of hills, the plain opens up, bordered to the north by low, undulating mountains, from which the Pendsche Ali protrudes; only to the northeast is a high, jagged mountain range, the Bäter, visible. Many villages lie on the plain, [in front?] very close to the left, in wide gardens

envelops, Gensele is located, Kurba next to it, further Nochatepe and Geidasawad. The others were unknown to me. The pass where the river flows through to the west, approx. 1 hour away. At 3:30 am we ride through the spring, which flows down through Genselä after 15 minutes; 2 mills are on both sides of the valley, where the spring, surrounded by trees, emerges from the rocks on the right, immediately forming a sizeable stream of the clearest water. A 3-arched brick bridge crosses it. Genselä is an old village, with a spring in the village. Many Sus-manis camped along the way. The Dalekani mountains glowed magnificently in the purple of the setting sun, and soon the waxing moon shone in the sky. Dusk is very short in this country. [Places, plants] Finally arrived in Sungur at 5:30 am, where I stayed in Dscherachalibeg's house.

(2_04_064) *Saturday, October 12th.* Water in Sungur boils at 94°. Spent the day writing. The Kassaba Sungur has about 1,100 houses; the district includes 200 villages, inhabited by the Kulliai tribe with about 6,000 Kon-naks. They pay 10,000 Tumans in taxes to the Shah. Sungur is said to have been founded by Genghis Khan. The Susmanis of the district live around Genselä.

Sihna, Hamadan and Tabriz are the Serdesir of Iran because of the great cold.

I was offered magnificent falcons for sale, ranging from 10 kr to 20 or 30 tuman. The reception here was not as courteous as in Dinawer, and the customs were more crude. The local language is a dialect of Turkish, mixed with Persian and Kurdish, the latter two being commonly spoken. The inhabitants are Turks, very different from the open, hospitable and more truth-loving Kurds of the district in that they have the opposite of the above-mentioned characteristics. This Turkish race is said to predominate from Sahadabad to Teheran. There were about 10 Jewish families living here. - The sky is very overcast today too. The districts of Sahadabad and Kongaver are inhabited by the Afshar tribe and are administered independently by their Hakims, i.e. independently of Kirmanshah and Hamadan. In the former, Khan Baba Khan is, in the latter, Memdelli Khan. [Text, places]

Around midday I wanted to set off for Husseinabad, which is 2 Pharsakhs away, but I was not able to speak to the Hakim until the afternoon. Mirza Hashim Khan is of a gaunt build, with a sunken, yellow face and black moustache and sideburns; he has been here for 3 years; he has a gloomy appearance and speaks very little.

He immediately ordered tschai nemtsche and Kallian; but he is very stingy; he said that I really should have stayed with him, but his konak was so small that he could not accommodate me *comme il faut*; but he would provide the food for that evening; but as it later turned out, it was just empty talk, my host had provided the food; he is much too stingy for that.

In the moonlight I set off for Husseinabad accompanied by two Cawassens to climb the Dalechani the next morning. The route first goes over the

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Plain, from whose eastern background (2_04_065) the water of the Sungur springs about 2 hours away, which mixes with the Genselä su. After 1 hour the first range of hills is reached, the foothills of the Kara Kaya (Black Rock). [Places]

Riding up and down several times over the undulating hills with buildings on the sides, we reached Husseinabad late at night, where we stayed at Kätchuda's house. A spacious room served as a place to sleep, while the residents slept on the terrace in front of the house, namely the following [white?]: a square wooden frame with a charcoal fire in the middle, completely covered on the outside with carpets and cloths, in this box the lower body was put to keep warm. The night was very cold, but the sky was overcast, and once a fine snow fell.

Sunday, October 13th. Husseinabad has 20 houses, which lie in a narrow valley, which opens to the west as a narrow valley towards Chearan.

The high Dalechani rises steeply on its south side, sending a [short?] spur northwards as far as the Kara Kaya, which borders the north side, so that the valley is closed off to the east. The slopes around the village are well cultivated, partly green with young barley crops. A rocky valley leads from the foot to the summit of the Dalechani, which is said to have received its name from the abundance of vultures and falcons (dal). According to another interpretation, it comes from dalda and chani, from the asylum of the Khan, because one of them is said to have retreated here following a dispute. The water here boiled at 93° with an external temperature of 8° in the morning.

The climb began at sunrise. The path led along the valley that stretched from the foot to the summit and presented no difficulties at all, not to be compared with the Schahu. The mountains consist of bluish, very solid limestone with wide, gradually sloping pastures and small valleys, so everything was full of grass, which was now mostly dried up, but the vegetation was far fresher than in the Schahu, and also much richer. In summer this mountain must be a true paradise for the botanist. After about 2 hours of climbing, the first patch of snow was reached, in a side valley surrounded by rocks, but apart from the snow there was nothing to be seen, just solid, dried-out earth. But further up everything was thickly covered with grass, as in summer small (2_04_066) streams trickle through the pastures. The lower hills showed the usual Shahu flora, especially a rose-red Colchicum and a single pale blue Crocus. Of more or less faded plants, in addition to the oriental occurrences that are common everywhere, there were particularly: Euphorbia tinctoria, [Pfl].

Further up near the snowfields everything was filled with Artemisia Ber-

saline, which spiced the air with its scent. [Pfl] In the upper half almost everything was frozen, especially the open places, and we had very cold all day long.

At the top we lit a fire of the Astragic and Acantholic species, our Kurdish companion took pleasure in setting fires in as many places as possible to warm the air around the mountain. The fire had even been seen in Sungur. A magnificent view extends from the top of this mountain because of its isolation from the lower or at least equally high position, obscured by no nearby features. Water boiled at $88 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ on the upper snowfield. A multitude of white snow finches and partridges enlivened the slopes. [Places] (2_04_067) [Places]

To the east, beyond the hills, the wide Leklek plain stretches out, belonging to Sa-hadabad, inhabited by Afshars, in which the places Kawane, Kala tschecha etc. are located. This is bordered by the high wall of the Elwend Mountains as far as Sahadabad in the northeast. A single mountain, called Khan görmes, is striking because of its shape like a broad tooth. It got its name from the wife of a Khan, who was copulating while the Khan was on this mountain; he saw it through his telescope. The woman had said: Khan gürmes = the Khan does not see it. [Places]

(2_04_068) [Places] (2_04_069) [Places]

The descent took place on the western slopes, where everything had been dried up by the frost. The evening was spent talking and telling stories, and the Kutchude sang and played the guitar. Everyone complained a lot about the cold in winter, when the whole village disappears under the snow.

Monday, October 14th. We set out early in the morning for Sungur, where we spent the day writing and arranging the plants. In the evening the conversation turned to many different things. The name of the old Dinawer is said to have been Khawarsemin, where a great deal of old money was once found. A large coin was also found near the village of Adschin, 4 Pharsach from Sungur, which is said to have been bought in Baghdad for Sultan Mahmud for 40,000 tumans. In Tschecha Kawud stones like those in Dinawer were also found (tschocha or tschia = Tepe). The present Sungur is said to have been built 500 years ago by two brothers, Hadir and Kadir, of Turkish descent from Urumia; their descendants still exist today, around 500 families who call themselves Hadire. According to others it is said to have been built by a certain Sungur.

In the Amrule Mountains, there is a hole with running water near the snowfields. If you throw straw into it, it will appear in the spring near Gensälä; it is called tschawane. Near the valley of Ölludere, to the left of the road to Husseinabad, there is a cave, the entrance of which forms a large stable, in

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which the animals are brought, a hole then leads to a large stalactite cave; it is called the Messid Hole. - The figures in the large grotto of Tak i bostan are thought to be Rustam and Rechs, and the one above them is thought to be Kai Kosru. At Si-min, 4 Pharsach of Sungur, near Tschermala, the snake king is said to appear in a cave, called Shah maralan, 3' high coiled snakes of a blackish appearance; he also comes out of the grotto.

[Tobacco stick?] is supposed to immediately kill the snakes and make them stiff.

The mountain behind Sungur is called Mianku (ie the single one), which bears the ruins of an old fortress on its broad peak; the rocks all around it fall vertically, so that it was impregnable. Only two paths cut into the rock lead up. To the west of it, on the hill, one sees a whitish (marl?)-place, with black stones, [her...chen?] in a row, which from afar looks like black tents appear; the place is called Karachadyr and the following story is told: Once there were 10 black tents here, (2_04_070) the wooden doors exactly like those of the catacombs of Wiranscheher, when Ali came here and asked for water or airan; but this was refused to him, whereupon he cursed the tents and they turned into stones. In any case, a volcanic phenomenon. - (Nocha tepe, correctly Nochuttepe = Linsentepe.)

Next to Sungur, on a hill, you can see a round chapel containing the underground grave of an Imam Sade; there are the graves of Sungur. Among the gravestones, you can see a number of old Arabic ones from the same period as those in Dinawer, especially many at the chapel; the small sarcophagus lids are also beautifully carved and the writing is decorated with many flourishes; one is dated 174 (1 9). I copied several of the writings in part. A man was praying in front of a large, 1 ½' high and 3' long, blackish, carved stone; it is said that if someone has a good heart and holds a small stone to it, he will stick to it for about an hour. A mountain in the western continuation of the Miankuh has the Kurdish name Kendim kuh = Turkish bochtatepe or grain hill, because of its color. A very sick man goes to a doctor who cannot help him; in his despair he goes to the mountains; he finds a shepherd who offers him milk; but he does not drink it and leaves it standing next to him. After a while a poisonous black snake comes and drinks the milk, but spits it out again. In order to die, he drinks the milk and falls asleep; but when he wakes up he sees himself healed. - There are supposed to be many black snakes in the valley of Barnadsch.

The houses of Sungur are built of earth bricks, surrounded by high walls that also enclose and surround the courtyard; nowhere is there a window facing the street, everything is built inwards. The flat roof rests on poplar trunks; in the middle of the house is an open terrace, on both sides are the rooms; a staircase

pe leads up from the outside; the ground floor contains the passage and the stables. The streets are regular, mostly in a straight line; the main street is crossed by a stream and planted with willow trees. There are 200 bazaar shops here, which are kept very clean, shoemakers, blacksmiths, etc. –

Next to the chapel lies a large, carved sandstone block that once had an inscription; on it you can see many small holes into which people put small stones to see if they were good.

(2_05_001) *Tuesday, October 15th.* At 6 a.m. we set off in an easterly direction. Next to the village you can see a number of mills, around 30, all with high, round towers. The valley all around is well cultivated and furrowed with many water trickles; after half an hour we reached the gardens. Vineyards, which had frozen, surrounded by poplars and elaeagnus trees. To the left you can see the remains of a crumbling khan at the foot of the Miankuh, which is surrounded by a low row of hills, on which a horizontal layer of limestone is also placed. [Places] The farmers were now busy plowing the seed, which they did with cows, which were coupled together in pairs by a beam that they carried on their necks; between the two is a log with the plough. In front of the villages, everyone was busy cleaning the dust from the threshed grain (wheat), which they did by throwing it into the air. We stayed in Marangos for half an hour to eat some excellent, very sweet watermelons; the Kutchude provided everything; in general, I must praise the inhabitants of this area for never having found such courteous people; they are also very generous in giving; they give what they have willingly, without thinking about payment. [Places]

At 9 o'clock we reach Karatepe, still part of Sungur, in the valley next to the stream, surrounded by hills where the black rock also emerges. [Pfl] (2_05_002) Next to the village, young vines were planted; the vines were planted in deep ditches, with water running through them. Riding between hills, after an hour we reach Kelliabad, also on the stream, still part of Kulliai. Here a different type of house begins; each one surrounded by a wall, each one standing alone, an arched doorway leads into the courtyard; the flat roof with many small domes. A small group of gardens next to the village. The cotton grew poorly on this hill plateau, barely ½' high, mostly not yet ripe; around the fields either castor oil plant or cannabis (beng) was planted. In front of us to the east, the mountain Chan görmes now appears prominently over the hills. Here we ride off to the left, across the hills, where first Tepe Resch and a little further up Deh Hamse are located, both located between the hills and belonging to Kulliai.

[Plants, Places] At Kuh Mian village Deh Elias visible. The hill chain becomes steep-

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We rode away and soon reached the valley of the Gavero. The village of Chuar-tscheschme lies in it, inhabited by Afshars, like the whole district of Tulan.

The hill range is circumnavigated and after half an hour we reach Tulan, the main town of the Balluk Tulan, which belongs to Assadabad. The village has 40 houses, each one standing alone, surrounded by an earthen wall, the flat roofs with many domes. [Places] (2_05_003) [Places] Assadabad includes 300 villages, all inhabited by Afshar, who were planted here during Shah Nadir's time. Their origin They derive their name from Makuli Khan, who was beheaded by Shah Nadir; they come from the region of Urumia. A spring in the Bater Mountains, called Shahpasan, 4 Pharsach from here, was very famous for its cold water; if you put cucumbers in it in summer, they turn black from the cold. - From here to Bäcklul 8 Pharsach, Babagurgar 10 Pharsach, of which there are many stories.

Here too I found the most courteous reception at Khan's, whose large, spacious house on the hill dominates the place. At every meal a sweet and sour sharbat is served and another made from raisins; excellent cheese and pleasant-tasting yoghurt; poultry roasted on a spit [always?]; pillau with mutton; meat broth with chickpeas or beans in it; flour with honey and butter; thin, round bread like in Sulimanie, while in Kirmanshah the bread is baked thick; grapes from Ajin and melons and watermelons. Before every meal a preparation is made, consisting of arrack, cheese, watermelons and bread. –

This evening bitterly cold, strong north wind. - Very few trees planted around the village; the plateau is too exposed to the cold winds. Water boils at 92° with an outside temperature of 7°. [Places]

(2_05_004) The Khan's house is on the top of the hill, divided into several sections, one of which we occupied, with large arched windows made up of small, coloured panes. We ate in his room. When you enter the house you first come to a vestibule, with large arched doors with glass windows on both sides; a cross-shaped water basin is set in it. Through a second glass door you enter his room, which is lined with expensive carpets. He spends the whole day drinking raki without getting drunk. He kept two susmanis for his and his guests' entertainment. He is considered to be one of the richest people in the area. I can only praise him highly for the reception he gave me; he wanted to keep me here for a long time with all his might and he wanted to fulfil whatever I wanted. He even kissed my feet.

Wednesday, October 16th. In the morning everything was covered with ice and a cold north wind blew all day. After an excellent meal we set off for Asadabad, 3 Pharsachs away. Between the hills upstream

Riding further on, after about 45 minutes we come to Upper Tulan, also a village with about 40 houses and dome-shaped roofs, with streets and generally very clean; there is a tepe next to it. After riding up the valley for ½ hour, two villages follow on the left, situated on a higher, black hill, the closer one is Dschaschakuli, the further away is Rustam-abad. Here are the sources of the Gawero, = Ga - cow and rud - river, consisting of a number of small springs. Riding through the hill, you suddenly see the plain of Sahadabad below you, above which the Khan Görmes towers. [Places, plants] The village of Tschinar with about 100 houses, all spread out widely, with lots of vines and elaeagnus hedges and trees whose fruit has been picked. The grapes were dried on the ground. The roofs of the houses now had no domes. [Here?] the water now flows to the [Sahana River?], the watershed between Sirwan and Kercha.

The flat plain, more than two pharsachs wide, is bordered on all sides by hills and mountain ranges and is occupied by many villages. However, the streams of water coming down from the slopes cannot be seen flowing through the plain, for the Afshar have the fashion of digging underground ditches with open holes through which they channel the water, called kähris.

(2_05_005) [Places]

To the right of Assadabad lie the gardens of Sirkan. The Tepe of Chakris showed remains of earthen fortifications, walls, etc. at its foot. The east side and the top were densely populated with houses. Next to the town were extensive gardens with amarat belonging to Khan Baba Khan, the governor of Assadabad; all surrounded by high walls. To the east stretches the plain, in which the river flows at the other end. (The Kulliaikurds are said to have been brought from the area of Shiraz by Nadir Shah, and their ancestor is said to have been called Kurdamin.) [Pfl]

After an hour, Assadabad was finally reached. I sent one of the Segtiers ahead to Hakim Khan Baba Khan, who had me assigned a room in a Khan; but it was so airy that I could not accept it; all the baggage was then taken to a second Khan, which was so full of pilgrim caravans that all I had left was a small, dark hole, full of fleas, with the bad smell of carrion, horses next to it, etc. Then the Khan's clerk came to ask who I was, what I was doing, etc. I complained that I had been assigned such a room and said that I had not expected such a thing from Khan Baba Khan, who had been described to me in a completely different light (2_05_006); that helped, he went away and came back immediately afterwards with the opinion that he had found a good room. For the third time, we moved out into a spacious room, but also very airy, as there were no windows, only wooden decorations.

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By then it was evening, so I could no longer visit the Khan.

The town of Assadabad has around 1,500 houses, all of which are mostly spacious, with many walled gardens and squares. The telegraph runs through it. The district provides 500 horsemen and 500 foot soldiers. 112 villages belong to the district, which are divided into 4 balluks, namely Assadabad with 56, Tschardaule 30, Tulan 14, Farsina 12 villages, together about 6,000 families. The Kongaver district with 12 villages is also entirely inhabited by Afshars. The Afshars come from Khorasan. The town of Assadabad has a bazaar, blue dyers, coppersmiths form the main part. 2 old elm trees shade part of it. Nearby is a large water collection, similar to a cistern, with small domes on the roof level with the ground; from here the water is channeled into the houses. The whole place was teeming with caravans heading for Bagdad and Mesched Ali, coming from Hamadan and Tabriz; so I found it very understandable that everything here was much more expensive and the reception was not at all like it had been before with the hospitable Kurds. Khan Baba Khan's secretary had indeed ordered the people to give barley to the animals on his account, but it was not until late in the evening that it was taken by force rather than given. The streets of the town are wide, mostly with water flowing through them; there are four mosques, without a minaret; only one in Sungur. Cold in the evenings, fire from tragacanth bushes and vines.

Thursday, October 17th. In the morning I visited Khan Baba Khan, who swore by his eyes that he would do anything for me that I wanted; he was my servant and if I asked for his head he would give it to me. He was a man of about 40 years, tall and wearing Persian clothes and a cap. He was entertained with Kallian and tea. After having breakfast in the house, I set off for Agatschanbulach, about an hour and a half away to the north-west, accompanied by a septarian from here; those from Kirmanshah and Sungur now returned; I gave the former a letter to Emadedaule. (Bakhram Gul's castle is said to be near Kyzyl Arsalan).

Via Chakris and Buschin we reached the range of hills, which we rode up above the last village. On the east side, this range of hills consists mostly of dark-blue slate, in which large blocks of shiny quartz are scattered in nests. In between there is greenish, very solid rock with black spots; the western slope and the hills and mountain slopes behind it consist of the most beautiful, (2_05_007) dazzling white marble (this range of hills probably provided the stones for the graves of the old Dinawer), which appears faintly bluish in some places. [Places, Plants]

After crossing the first train you reach a valley where you can see the two villages of Ibera in about 1 ½ hours on the higher mountain slope.

and Karabulach, one above the other. After a short ride you come to a roaring stream that flows southwards in a narrow rocky gorge. [Places]

In the vertical rock walls you can see the entrance to a cave that is said to be immeasurable. From here you can see a plateau to the north, behind which individual mountain peaks rise in the distance. [Places]

Riding down the hill, you come to a small basin surrounded by low hills. The stream flows past on the west side and now pours down as a waterfall about 20' deep into the rocky gorge. [Building] On the east side, on the low mountain slope, you can see a rough-hewn white marble wall with a powerful old Persian inscription that takes up a space 7' high and 12' wide. It is surmounted by a protruding boulder.

It is said to have been carved by Hussein Khan Surach 430 years ago.

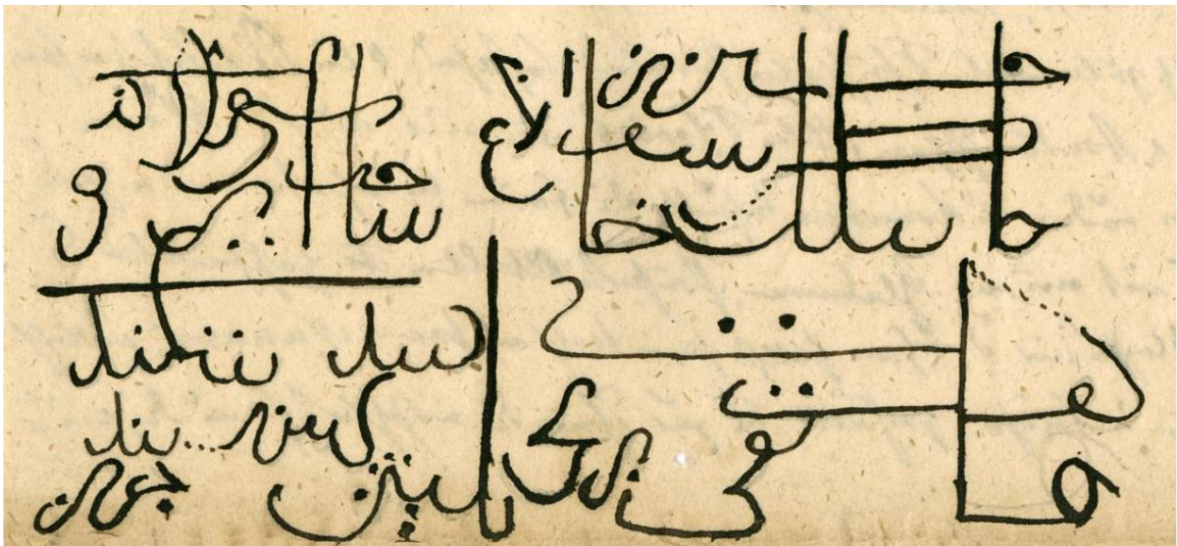


Fig. 11: Persian inscription at Aqa Jan Bulaghi (2_05_007)

(2_05_008) I returned the same way, but had to cross very muddy terrain, as the plain was flooded for sowing. A lot of black, white-spotted starlings around the villages; I shot 8 at once. I had hardly arrived at the house when I received a visit from Khan Baba Khan, whose relatives live at the court of Teheran and hold high posts, Khanler Khan of Kullintepe and other great or much richer men.

A lot of very nice but empty words were said; I should stay here, etc. The latter begged me very much to come to him, his wife was ill; he also immediately paid for the barley for the horses that had been left without fodder that evening, so that I had no choice but to say that I would come tomorrow. Water boils in Assadabad at $94 \frac{3}{4}^{\circ}\text{C}$.

Friday, October 18th. Muckar is going to Hamadan today, I to Kullin-tepe. The Khan sent me a bucket of sugar, tea and 2 bottles of wine. In the morning we set off for Kullintepe, $1 \frac{1}{2}$ Pharsach away, approx.

Located 1 ½ hours from Tschinar in the wide plain. The place is now called Hösamabad because the father of an innkeeper received an honorary sword from Mehmet Shah, hence it was called Hösamabad, the sword place. The village with over 200 houses is located around the castle hill, surrounded by a high wall, the castle was built by Feisulla Chan around 1000 years ago.

40 years. A gate on the south side leads into the courtyard, which again contains a number of buildings, some of which are still being rebuilt. Semi-circular towers protrude from the four corners of the surrounding wall. On both sides of the gate, stairs lead up to the rooms, which were furnished with glassware, pictures, etc.

The innkeeper, Chanler Chan, did everything he could to make my stay as pleasant as possible, which included food and smoking.

First, large bowls of all kinds of delicious grapes were brought, then all kinds of sweets, arrack, melons, watermelons, pomegranates. An hour later, the meal arrived, consisting of 3 differently prepared bowls of pillau, 4 kinds of meat dishes, pickles and bedlidzhan, 4 kinds of sharbat, etc., and I was served wine. Then the sick were visited. The women lived in their own house, also tastelessly decorated with European glassware, presentation plates, etc. First the khan himself complained to me about his plight with his nanasir, and finally the woman. She appeared, wrapped in cloths, to the door, which was locked, only (2_05_009) wanted to hold out her hand to me through the crack. But I explained that I was not Persian, and if he wanted me to examine her, I would do it in the European way, but not in this way at any price. This helped, but I could barely see her dry face. She was suffering from bleeding in her urine.

After that was over, the guns were shown; he brought two new, ordinary guns, carefully packed in boxes, which he never used but only kept to show. He had bought one for 200 Kran. He thought it was much better than my needle gun because it was his English work; but I explained to him that if he wanted to give me three of them, I would not give him mine. This really offended the rich, conceited Persian that someone else had something better than him. For dinner, a large, awkward table was brought out with chairs of the same kind, and I had to sit down on it. The style of the meal was a peculiar mixture of European and Oriental style; he asked me to eat in the European style, but there were no serving plates, forks and knives, so I was forced to eat from the bowls with my hands. Very long, uncomfortable wooden spoons, very ornate, [were?] [the?] [only?]. The view from the windows, consisting of 6 small, colored panes of glass, was beautiful, all around over the wide plain, where the farmers were busy sowing and flooding everywhere.

were busy. [Places] The Persian custom of eating late, around midnight, is unpleasant, which I did not like at all; then in the evening a small evening meal is served.

(2_05_010) *Saturday 19th October.* We set out in the morning during the night. A relative of the Khan dressed me to bring the medicines. [Places] The path up is good, not at all difficult, and offers nothing special; the view is the same as from Sahadabad, which you can see lying at the foot all the way to the summit pass. [Txt] Finally, when you reach the summit, you can see the Bäter Mountains on the left, part of the Elwend on the right, and in between only a small piece of plain, as the mountains on the way down obscure them. A stream rises here in several springs, which we follow down to the valley; a small, black and white kingfisher enlivened it; *Veronica Anagalloides grandifl.*, [Pfl] were in bloom.

An old khan, but small, stands on the left side of the road. I met many hundreds of Kerbela pilgrims here, forming hour-long processions, with one in front carrying a small flag, and behind the procession the dead, lying in wooden boxes about 6-7' long and wrapped in felt, 1 ½ feet wide; one hanging on each side of the horses. On one horse I noticed a man holding a woman in front of him; this caught my attention, but as I came closer I noticed that the woman was dead.

Not a pleasant situation!

Finally, further down, cultivated fields with groups of trees became visible, and soon the small village of Tschutasch lay next to me on the left, completely surrounded by mountains, after which the Passberg is named. Nearby, heading downhill, we pass a single-arched stone bridge, on the north side of which there is a white marble tablet about 1 ½ square high with a Persian inscription. Black, slaty rock emerges here again in abundance. From here, we ride along the foot of the Elwend as far as Hamadan, which from here also shows patches of snow on its north side; but even from this side it does not make the impression that one would expect, too many foothills obscure it with their rounded ridges and long, wide slopes; but this, along with the abundance of water, is what causes its wealth of vegetation. From here, a wide view spreads out over the wide plain to the north, from which only long, low mountain ranges emerge. But the view of Hamadan (2_05_011) is obscured by the foothills of the Elwend that protrude near Mariaune. [Places]

In front of us lies the sprawling, large village of Mariaune (correctly Merwane), completely surrounded by gardens, in front of which a single-arch brick bridge leads over a stream. The cotton and wine had already frozen here by the time we reached Hamadan. The place, which consists entirely of earthen houses, with wide streets and many gardens, is inhabited entirely by Turks, but they speak their own dialect of the Turkish language; they mostly wear the round felt cap of the Kurds. It is said to have around 1,000 houses.

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The women here wear a white, knitted veil with wide stitches in front of their eyes; when they go out, each one wears a dark blue cloak that covers the whole body and is held on the head by the veil band. They are very strict in their marriages; I saw many pretty faces with healthy, strong builds here. [Places]

I spent the night in the house of a horse rental company, as it was already too late to reach Hamadan, which was still 1 Pharsach away.(2_06_001) [Txt]

(2_05_011) *Sunday, October 20th.* We did not set off until around midday, as I had sent a servant ahead to rent a house. The village of Heiderabad is on the right; you can see the gardens all the time, through which you ride, until you finally see Hamadan itself with its old castle hill. I spent the first night in Mr. Fowles' house, but the room was too small and too cold, so I sent out another one to rent; my things had already been taken to the Armenian quarters when Mr. Johnston, another telegraph operator, urgently invited me to come to him.

Monday, October 21st. Moved to Mr. Johnston's house. I found letters here from Boissier and Brodbeck, but nothing from Sihna or Sulimanie. Hamadan is said to have 500 Jewish houses with 2 synagogues, 300 Armenian houses with 2 churches and about 15,000 Muslim houses.

(2_05_012) *Tuesday, October 22nd.* In the evening, a visit to the governor, a brother of the Shah. He has his apartment next to the telegraph office, but he is not on good terms with its officials. The telegraphers' servants were often bastinadoed by him without sufficient reason, and when Mr. Fowles once met the governor in the street and greeted him, the governor turned his head to the side and the people threw stones at Mr. Fowles. The English ambassador in Teheran, who was immediately informed, spoke to the Shah, who ordered his brother to make peace with the English immediately and pay a fine of 7,000 tumans, or if not, his head should be brought to Teheran. The governor preferred the former, invited all the English to a dinner the following day and sent beautiful horses as a gift, which was not accepted, however. He is a very small person, both in body and mind, and is not particularly well-regarded by the Shah. One of his brothers even lives in exile near Kerbela, because he once hired a man to shoot the Shah in the street; the shot failed, however, and the man who was shot identified the Shah's brother as Dinger.

The only thing that interests him is Persian history. He understands a little French, but speaks very little. He received me in Persian costume, but still without decoration. His apartment is not at all like that of the

Emadedaule. In the morning he sent me 3 large sugar loaves and 2 packets of tea as a welcome. The interpreter was the inspector of the Persian telegraph office, a Persian with all the bad qualities; he always kept 3 boys, and if he is not satisfied with them he has them bastinadoed in front of the office. - A few days ago several robbers were executed here; their heads were cut off in the open street and the bodies were left lying openly in a square for several days. -

The sky was overcast all day, and towards the evening there were thick layers of clouds with rain and heavy thunderstorms, the first thing I saw again.

Wednesday, October 23rd - Wednesday, October 30th. Very fine weather, glorious autumn days, the leaves of the trees are rapidly changing color. On the south side of the city, on a path, lies the remains of a lion, carved from limestone, but completely mutilated, only the body and head are still there, but crude work. The mighty body is [...] long and [...] high. The ruins of the old city surround it; in any case it still lies in the same place where it was once thrown down from the gate.

(2_05_013) *Saturday, November 2nd, 1867.* Departure for Ganjnameh, 2 Pharsakhs away, to the southwest. The west side of the town, which we ride out to, has 2 large earthen forts. Houses line the area, forming their own quarters, with graves in between, where we also find many remains of old, decorated gravestones, drinking troughs, etc. from the Arab period.

The graves of the Persians differ from the Turkish ones in that the gravestones are all flat, not standing; the slab is usually surrounded by rough stone slabs. A kind of box with 4 handles, about 6' long and 1 ½' high, is available in many places to transport the dead.

The path initially goes over the plain and then turns left towards the mountains until you reach a stream coming down from the Elwend, along which you now ride uphill. It is enlivened by poplar and willow plantations, many mills, gardens, vineyards; the mealy fruits of the *Elaeagnus*, called iteh, are also a favorite food here; also apricots, plums (yellow, large), sour cherries. A good path leads up through the gardens, always along the rushing stream, which is [strewn?] with large blocks of heavy, black stone and granite. I met numerous caravans and pedestrians on this path, which leads over the mountains to Tusirchan (4 Pharsach) in 8 Pharsach to Nehawend. The town of Tusirchan has a great wealth of orchards; the telegraph gets its poles from there. From there to Kengawer 6 Pharsach.

Numerous small springs flow down the slopes of the mountains, which are used as water pipes along the slopes, covered with willows;

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the river is also used for such water pipes further up. The black rock breaks out wildly in some places, as if it had been burnt, in mostly rounded blocks, but it does not form high protruding rocks. On the right you come to a place where the rock has been lifted up high, causing huge blocks to fall down, one in particular [showing?] its colossal size, consisting of granite; on all of these blocks you can see smaller stones, two at a time, standing up against each other, as a sign of a siaret. The people say that these stones used to be soldiers who worshipped fire; then Ali came and wanted to convert them; but because they did not follow him and remained in disbelief, they were turned into stone as punishment. A stone near the large block is notable for its shape, 3 thick slabs lying on top of each other, completely rounded on the sides, with 3 grooves between each; the people see in them bread turned to stone.

The gardens end here; the mountain on the right ends here, and you enter a small valley basin in which the stream descends to the left of the pass from the broad, now completely snow-covered mountains; this receives an equally large inflow here on the right, which descends from the Elwend proper. (2_05_014) A few minutes upstream, where it emerges in a narrow rocky valley, you can see the famous cuneiform inscription Ganj nameh, the treasure book of Elwend, above its right bank. The gently sloping foot of the mountain has been transformed by art into platforms, of which you can still clearly see three terraces rising one above the other, created by leveling the mountain slope. A fourth platform next to it still shows a loose stone wall made of rough stones as its foundation; this is certainly of more recent date, but no one could give me any information about it. These platforms show that this place was once very popular with the nobles who came here to spend the cooler summer months. I often saw the same platforms around Kirmanshah, built by Emadedaule, and on the Parrau. Tents were pitched on them. In the city of Hamadan, too, you can see many of them, mostly built around a tree-lined water basin, on which the people hold keif and also say prayers.

On one of the large granite blocks, a little upstream, where it emerges from the rocky valley, you can see the two cuneiform tablets above its right bank from afar. The right one, containing the homage to Ormuzd by Xerxes, is carved a little lower into the rock so that it can be easily reached, about 10' from the ground. The other, containing that of Darius, is next to it, 2' apart. Both are carved into 1 ½' deep niches in the hard, fine-grained, black-white granite, and are 9' long and 6 ½' wide.

wide. Each of them has 5 round holes all around, 2 inches wide and 4" deep; they

were used to hold sticks to hang lances from. The Darius inscription unfortunately has a crack, which makes some parts unclear; the characters are all very sharply carved and well preserved, as the lichen cannot, or only very little, take hold in the solid granite. I stuck blotting paper over the Xerxes inscription to make the impression, which was a lot of work and took me a day and a half. [Construction] Despite all the research and searching, nothing more could be found here.



Fig. 12: Copy of the Elwend inscription of the Persian king Xerxes (486–465 BCE) (1.90x1.90 m, detail) (to 2_05_014)

The stream comes down from the Elwend itself, which rises above the ravine with its snow fields; it roars in small cascades through the narrow rocky valley, after having taken in several smaller ones; its water is clear, cold and very pleasant to drink, light. Warm during the day, but very cold at night. Wolves howled around the camp, but did not come close enough; the wolves had recently eaten a cow here. Foxes and badgers are not rare here, the former being an export item to Russia.

(2_05_015) *Sunday, November 3rd, 67.* Very cold in the morning, water boiled at 92 ½ °C at 6° outside temperature. Climb to Elwend. The actual path of the Hamadanians turns off to the right about halfway between here and the town, which is climbed by horse. We went to the left bank, however, climbed the spur, which consists of fine-grained granite, alternating with narrow layers of white quartz that breaks out in between; at one point

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of this mountain you can see an upright outcrop of it, which looks like a tower from afar. The back of this spur forms a small plain, on which an old aqueduct carries the water to the village of Ferchabad near Hamadan. Climbing up this, after half an hour you reach a wide valley, surrounded on all sides by mountains, [above?] which the Elwend towers. The whole valley is covered with a thick carpet of grass and is flowed through by a river, which receives a large number of small springs that trickle down all the flanks. Where it leaves the valley, it has only a narrow exit and then plunges down over a rock face; here part of the water is diverted to the aqueduct. In the middle of the valley there is also a large platform, with stone walls as a foundation; my companion attributed this to Nadir Shah, who spent his summers here. My companion was a good-natured shepherd who had his sheep grazing at the foot. Could this basin on the east side of the El-wend be the place where there was once a lake that flowed through a river and carried the Semiramis to Hamadan? People only say that Hamadan used to be without water and that all water came through pipes; the Armenian quarter still has no running water and no springs, and the latter are also lacking in the city. As a result of the decay of the vegetation, aided by the long-lasting snow, a deep layer of peat had formed in this basin, which burned excellently; but it is not used.

A violent thunderstorm surprised me here, accompanied by heavy snowfall, so that I had to seek shelter behind rocks. A bottle of Hamadan wine, however, did not let the weather bother me; it was bitterly cold, as I now had to march up to the summit in the freshly thrown snow. The path still leads up the stream, which comes over a rocky section from an upper valley basin, which opens up to Mariaune. From here it goes steeply up the summit, which is thickly covered with granite rubble; the mountain was climbed in $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. A mighty granite block of about 50' high, pointing upwards, forms the summit. Stones, laid together in the form of steps, lead up to it; On the right side of a small, square platform, a hole marks the Siaret of Arwand ebn el Soliman ebn el Nua: a number of copper implements made of thin sheet metal, wrapped in rags and threads, were hung on poles, as was a hand made of sheet metal, called Ali's hand. These are votive offerings from pilgrims from all over the area, and many city dwellers also walk there to pay their respects to the saint. There were also a few wooden tablets with Persian writing on them. My companion (2_05_016) pressed these symbols respectfully to his forehead and mouth. Below it is a second Siaret, made of loose stones. This Siaret on the lofty summit of Hochmedien may well be ancient, and in any case it is a fire altar. The view from the summit is

wonderful, unfortunately the storm and the cold were so great that I could not make any observations. With much effort I was able to prepare some boiling water, which boiled at a little less than 89 °C. [Places]

A main road runs from Kongawer to Nehawend in 6 Pharsach, and Tusirkan is just as far from there, and the same from Sahadabad. Tusirkan is made up of about 2,000 Persian houses. Nearby on the southern slope of Elwendab there is a spring called behescht ab = paradise water; in summer the inhabitants of the area go to it to drink water; it is 6 Pharsach from here. The direct route to Nehawend leads past the Ganjnameh, winding its way up the valley gradually to the top of the pass; to the left of it there are mighty, broad, snow-covered ridges. This was Alexander's route from Ecbatana to Susa; a second route leads in 8 Pharsach further east through a lower mountain passage of the Elwend to Nehawend.

The weather was not conducive to a long stay, so I set off back to my tent as quickly as possible. On the east side we descended steeply as the shortest route, until finally, after about 1 ½ hours of descending, we reached the stream again, which cascades down between the narrow crevices. On the granite rocks there are only a few lichens, a greenish-yellow *Parmelia*, [Pfl] (2_04_071) further up a small *Primula auriculata*, tuti of the natives, whose dust they sprinkle in their eyes; [Pfl] the upper basins reminded me of parts of the Alps; in summer there must be a rich vegetation there.

Soon we reached the tent again, but it was bitterly cold and there was a lot of storm all night long. On the mountain above the inscription there used to be a castle, called Kys Kalessi by the locals.

On Monday I arrived in Hamadan again after a three-day absence. Hamadan is said to have received its name from Haman, Grand Vizier of Achshiras (Ardeshir, King of Schuschter and husband of Esther), who was hanged there on the latter's orders. There is still a round building in Nehawend, with seats all around it, called Tacht Haman, where Haman once held his court sessions.

As regards the lake of Elwend, I was told the following: When Alexander's general came to take Hamadan, he found the city so well defended and strong that he despaired of it. Then Alexander asked his general for a plan of the surrounding area; when the latter noticed the stream coming down from Elwend via Hamadan, he ordered the river to be blocked off from the city by a high wall in the valley of Ganschnameh, so that a huge accumulation of water was formed. Having done this, he then released the waters against the city by suddenly tearing down the wall, which did not fail to

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to take effect, whereby he could now easily take the city. However, there is no trace of such a wall there.

(2_06_003) Hamadan, the old Achmetha in Judith and Esra, only partly lies on the old ruins, the new town was moved further north into the plain, while the ruins to the southeast are now being used for cultivation. On the east side it is bordered by the Castellberg, but to the south the mighty Elwend range rises above it, from which the snowfields glitter all year round; its actual peak, however, rises to the south-southwest. The streets of the town are mostly all unpaved, the houses are all built of earthen bricks, a few only of fired bricks, closed off from the street by high walls; the houses of the nobility have water basins and small gardens, in which mainly Mirabilis, Tagetes, Ocymum, [plants]; often surrounded by corridors shaded by vines. Each house consists of 2 compartments, on the right for the men, on the left for the women; between the two is the hall, the popular summer residence.

Hamadan has 65 baths, but these are inaccessible to Christians; they are all half underground; one descends to them by stairs; their domes are usually level with the street. Caravanserais 25, 60 mosques, all without minarets, inaccessible to unbelievers. Madrasas 3. The Shiites here are divided into Allawi, Musäwi, Hasseni, Rässäwi and Hosseïni, whose names derive from sons of Muhammad. Persian houses 15,000. The governor of the city, Abdul Semat Mirsa, is the brother of Shah Nasreddin, who has to pay 5,000 tumans in annual tribute to the Shah for his place here, while Hamadan gives 75,000 tumans annually.

There is no actual duan here, but a rachdari, that is, the taxes are paid according to the horse load, without the bales being opened; it pays the Shah 11,000 tumans annually. Duans are only found in Kirman-shah, Ispahan, Tabriz, Khorasan and Shiraz. The Jews have 200 houses here and 70 boutiques in the bazaar; 3 synagogues. They pay 600 tumans for the Shah, 300 tumans for the governor, 500 tumans for the bazaar, 600 tumans for gifts and the like. The Armenians have only about 40 houses with 1 church in the city, while nearby Sheverin has 100 Armenian houses with 1 church. There are said to be about 1,500 bazaar boutiques here. The area around Hamadan is inhabited by Karagozlu, whose chief has his seat in Sheverin; they are divided into two tribes, Ashiklu and Hadschilu.

The former provide 5 battalions of soldiers, each with 800 men, the latter 2 battalions. The Karagozlu are said to have 400 villages here. Their chief is the Mirbensch = Colonel, followed by the Serdib and the Sirheng. The Shahseven live around Kum and Sawah, none around Hamadan, and there are no Kurds here either.

(2_06_004) The once beautiful Tscheher bagh (= Tschuar bag 4 gardens) is now completely overgrown, people like to plant it but not to maintain it. – A tribe called Zend, living around Tabriz, Döwletabad, Hamadan etc.; from them came Nebi Khan, who once made himself the ruler of Hamadan, but he was beheaded by Muhammed Khan along with other greats of the Zend tribe such as Sheik Ali Khan and Ludfäli Khan at the end of the 18th century. –

1 Pharsach of Hamadan lies the pasture, called Chemend or Kuruch; the meadow Rek or [Karatagin?] were unknown; likewise no warm spring was known here, but there are stories of a 3 Pharsach far away on the Ispahan road, called Tengele Kähris, which flows into a basin whose water turns to stone. The division of the districts was given to me as follows: Serderud, Derdschesin, Mechraban, Dere Alusidschird and Merwane, usually called Mariaune. – I could not find the Hamadan name here, only the Jewish rabbi had heard of it, but had not seen it himself. –

The name Motagal of a sect was unknown.

The grave of the gazelle Bahram Gours is said to be in the town of Nescher, 7 Pharsach from here, to the left of the Ispahan road; from here one can see the mountains lying there, from which a pointed tower-like tower stands out. - The stone lion still exists today, although very mutilated. It is on the south-east side of the town, lying by the road, all its feet missing; in any case it has been lying in the ground for a long time under the rubble that is spread out here.

The terrain of these ruins is terraced, one above the other. Whether this was done earlier is an open question, but it is also possible that it was built later for irrigation purposes. The lion is 12' long.

and 5 height and is made of a [...]. Here too the plain is covered with granite and black blocks of stone. Every Wednesday in the month of Saffa, girls who want to get married walk to this lion statue. – The Castell mountain is called Musellah because the men gather there to pray. The bazaars of the city, located on the north side, are spacious and well stocked with goods, all high, vaulted corridors in which the sellers have their boutiques, each trade separate, of which leather work is particularly notable, namely horse blankets. European goods are becoming more and more popular.

Of the Muslim pilgrimage sites, the following are worth mentioning:

1) the tomb of Baba Taher, covered with a dome and guarded by a dervish; it is said of Baba Taher that he spent three months every winter at Elwend, wearing only (2_06_005) a felt jacket; in any case, he was one of those sheikhs, many of whom one sees walking around naked in Turkey; but he is held in great reverence here,

2) the tomb of Avicenna and his son Abu Said. This is located in near the telegraph office on the right bank of the small mountain stream that runs through the town, but which is raging in the spring, as the many large rolling blocks attest. It consists of a brick dome under which are the 2 graves, each covered with a 6' long, 2' high and equally wide gravestone, covered with Arabic, half-obliterated Arabic characters on the sides. A number of those round, old gravestones were placed here. Dirty dervishes lived in the dome, 3) Kumbet Allawian in [...] of the town, consists of a large dome made of brick, but is completely in ruins.

The dome has completely collapsed, but the walls show a very exquisite fine plaster work, in imitation of columns, floral garlands; not a spot of the plaster-covered walls is without decoration, everything is dotted; it makes a strange impression. There are no inscriptions at all, but it takes its name from the Allawi sect. The building stands in an open space, completely isolated, without gates, everything open. A number of earthen oil lamps and round old gravestones were stored here on the sides. A staircase of six steps, to which a narrow hole leads, leads into a dark vault with three compartments, located under the dome. In the middle rises a rough, square, white-painted structure, under which is the grave of Said Abul Hassan. A wooden tablet with Persian writing is supposed to contain his life story; old torn-up Korans, votive stones brought from Mecca and round grail stones as well as earthen lamps were lying around in abundance. The old priest did not have the courage to refuse us when we wanted to buy some of these things, so the English took the Koran with them along with the inscription tablet. after a few hours he sent a request to return the objects to him, which was done. Two hidden paths are said to lead from this tomb, one to Mecca, the other to India, but no one has seen them, 4) the tomb of Alexander, on the left bank of the stream that runs through the city, at the beginning of the Armenian quarter. Unfortunately, no tomb can be seen anymore, as it is hidden by a house built over it; only a square hole has been left in the wall, which was full of small stones that the people had thrown in as a sign of reverence.

More interesting is the mausoleum of Mordecai and Esther, located in the [...] part of the city, now completely free. A domed structure made of brick covers the tombs. The first chamber contains some new tombs with the corresponding inscriptions, one of which is above the entrance to the second chamber.

(2_06_006) Through a 2-foot wide and high door, closed by a stone door, just like the one in Wiran Scheher, which are also made of wood everywhere and are quite common here, one comes to the 2 graves.

over which the dome arches. 2 black wooden frames, very ornately carved in the shape of a sarcophagus, cover them; wooden characters from the Talmud run all around. The floor is covered with blue glazed tiles. The white-painted walls are also covered with large Hebrew characters, formed in plaster. A small side panel in the wall on the right states that the tomb was restored by 2 Jews from Kashan, Elijah and Samuel, in the year 4474 (= 1713). A small, empty side chamber is on the right. The Jews were very pleased that I took so much interest in them, in particular the rabbi with his long, black beard and large, round turban, in silver-embroidered [meslach?], distinguished himself by his talent, about 45 years old.

They complained greatly about the pressure of Persian rule.

The Armenian church does not offer anything special. [Building] Here too, the women are behind a wooden grille. The Armenian who showed me around was considered rich; he often goes to Russia with fox furs and brings back European products; he also works in shoemaking and winemaking. The courtyard of the Armenian church is quite large, containing the graves, all covered with long, very beautiful, white, almost translucent plaster slabs, with well-engraved writing and figures above them. There are few and poor pictures in the church, depicting Gregory's torture; most were from Russia, some even from Berlin.

In almost all streets, on the sides, especially on the platforms, one finds a number of old Arabian relics, partly remains of decorated facades, partly gravestones, all of which are designed like sarcophagi. [Construction] But one often finds round, decorated stone heads on all graves, similar to the turban stones of the Turks, which also probably come from gravestones. At the entrance to the Armenian quarter one notices 3 large, rough, conical columns, of which 4 others lie nearby; they date from the time of Feth Ali Shah, who(2_06_007) built a mosque, but it remained unfinished. I owe most of the information to the Persian Abdul Kasem, our neighbor, who also owns the telegraphists' house; he had an eye for everything and was nowhere near as fanatical as the rest of his kind. - A very popular place of pilgrimage is the grave of Imam sade Möhhsen, situated above Merwanne in the valley above. - There is said to be an intermittent spring in the town, but I have not yet seen it. (To Burudjird 3, to Koromabad 6 days from here). Susan near Derdschesin, 10 Pharsach from here towards Teheran, is said to be an old place.

Friday, November 8th. Afternoon ride to the gardens above the town, where we shot several hares, which were exactly like ours, as well as finches, starlings, millers, small snipes and other smaller ones, unknown to me.

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knew birds, also goldfinches, robins and pigeons, but the latter more in the mountains.

Saturday, November 9th. There are very few coins left here and they are at outrageous prices; the small, tiny copper coins of Darius etc. are common, Alexander's are common, Antiochus's less so, but silver coins and Cu of [Dacianus?] are very common. Today another execution took place; a man had shot [another?] in a fight.

The order from Teheran was to kill him. With his hands bound and a rope around his neck, he was led into the square, whereupon the executioner took his short, curved hip knife and with four cuts [luckily?] sawed through his neck. The body remained on display in the Meidan for three days. As I was walking through the streets, past the house of one of the government officials, I found a crowd of women gathered who were making a demonstration against him to take the body away; they threw stones at the door and shouted insults at him.

Sunday, November 10th. During the night Mr. Johnston left Hamadan to go to Kirmanshah, as did Mr. Fowles. Strong wind, but clear weather. 3 p.m. 20 °C. The freshly fallen snow two weeks ago has mostly stayed on the ground. [Places] (2_06_008) [Places] Yesterday evening around 8 p.m. a violent thunderstorm began with several showers, which lasted until the morning; then came isolated very strong thunderstorms with rain.

The view of the nearby mountains was completely obscured by thick layers of clouds. It was not until midday that the weather cleared up, the clouds broke and suddenly the Elwend Mountains appeared in all their majesty, seemingly covered from summit to foot with thick masses of snow that shone in the sun's rays. This view reminded me of some of the Alpine landscapes of the Mont Blanc chain, as the snow-capped mountains appeared to be sharply separated by low foothills.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the Jewish Rabbi Lalasar, where I found the entire Jewish elite gathered. The entrance to the house was more like a cave, leading downwards and low. I found with him a Rabbi[...] from Constantinople, who spoke fluent Italian, and another from Jerusalem. They complained a lot about the pressure exerted by the Persians; their Rabbi had recently been taken to prison in Teheran.

because he was said to have used insulting expressions against the government; but he was released again with English protection. The Jews were very flattered by my visit and offered all kinds of hospitality, excellent coffee, tea, mastic, arrack, callian.

I saw here an old Hebrew Talmud, or rather an explanation of it: the Jews here recognize the books of Moses as holy. Here in the city only about 100 houses with 200 families. - I was told of a cave near (2_06_009) Tafridschan on Mount Chorsennä, in which there are supposed to be figures and writing, if it is not perhaps a stalactite cave. A water pipe is also said to lead from there to Hamadan. - The village of Sirkan on the other side of the Elwend, 6 Pharsach from here, is said to have been an old town, where many gravestones with, as they say, Kufic inscriptions have been found; but there are said to be no ruins left. - 1 Pharsach from the village of Kuschkek, on the way to Tehran, there is said to be a remarkable spring, and ½ hour further on there is said to be an old place where the village of Ismael Piramber now stands. – There are no warm springs in Hamadan, but there is 9 Pharsach from here near Ispan-abad on the Sihnaweg, called Babagurgur, which rushes noisily from one hole into another and then disappears; its water is said to be warm. There are said to be ruins nearby. – A remarkable spring is found in Hamadan, called Tschar Hawas, in which all the skins are washed for dyeing; this is said to be the reason why leather manufacture is so popular here. – 8 Pharsach from here on the Teheran road there is said to be another remarkable spring in Hamakasi near Dertschesin, which also disappears underground; it is said to be very rich in fish; there are also ruins there. –

Saffron is not produced in these regions, the saffron used here comes partly from Russia, but the best from Yesd. The place Rudbar is said to be 3 days' journey from here on the Tabriz route, but no saffron is produced there. - 3 Phar-sach from here in Surchabad on the Tehran route there is said to be an old, ruined castle, called Kis Kalesi, and another in Simankuh, 5 Phar-sach from here. - The grave of the gazelle Bahram Gours is said to be the place now called Tacht Arde-schir, on the castle hill. - In the village of Haidere, 1 Phar-sach away, to the right of the road to Ganjnameh, at the foot of the Elwend, there are said to be 2 royal tombs, marked by 3 pillars, as an Imamsade is now called. - In the village of Sistane, 3 Pharsach from here, to the right above the mountain of Ganjnameh, carved inscription stones are said to have been found when digging deep holes, but they were buried again. - Near Tusirkan, 2 Pharsach away, there are the remains of an old castle, where the Siaret Imamsade Saïd is now; could this have been the fortress of Emir Saïd?

(2_06_010) Baba Taher is said to have been a dervish who always went around naked, only wearing a short felt cloak in winter. He claimed to be able to perform many miracles and to have received special powers from God, such as raising the dead, etc. Because he made many converts, he was beheaded by his opponents. – Today is Ali's birthday, which cannon shots announced in the morning; all Persians walked the streets dressed up. –

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In the evening the view of the snow-covered mountains in the moonlight was magnificent, there was not a breath of wind, but the air was moist, but not cold. - In the city of Hama-dan there are said to be many springs, it is said that there are 1,200, but the city is also said to receive water from the Elwend through canals, because it is better.

The springs of Behesht ab are on the spot where the terrace of Nadir Shah was built under the Elwend peak; the Hamadanians go there to drink water. One of the Jews had the book of Josephus, from which he read to me. The Jews here spoke the Persian language of the country, only the scholars spoke Hebrew.

Monday, November 11th. Pleasant morning, but after midday a heavy storm with rain, which threw even more snow onto the mountains, which look down quietly and solemnly in their virginal white robes. Today I arranged the dried plants for dispatch. 2 Jews brought coins and cut stones, but the price was so outrageous that I refrained from taking them. There were some very beautifully cut stones among them, but they had only been made here, because 2 men here also work on them. He had a cylinder made of white, translucent stone, depicting Dschemshid hunting, and he had already been offered 5 tu-man for it, but he did not give it up. I bought some of the rough, old idols made of brass, with legs, etc. The legs, which one often sees, are gifts from sick people to one of the idols: sick people promised their idols that if he got well, perhaps his sick foot, he would give him another foot. Not long ago, during the construction of a house, a large find of such things had been made, but out of fear of the government, he had everything secretly melted down.

The Armenian priest Keschisch Ara Kell also visited me again today. He told me that in Bahar, 2 ½ Pharsach from here, a lot of antiquities were found, but out of fear they kept most of them secret or sent them to Baghdad and Istanbul. I think this Bahar is the old city [Barene?] mentioned in Ritter. In addition to the approximately 100 (2_06_011) Armenian houses, with 1 church and 1 priest, Scheverin currently has around 300 houses of the Karagozlu, whose chief is Aman alla Khan, in Teheran. - The cave of Chorisennä is said to have been a hiding place in earlier times of war, for which purpose it was dug out at the time; water can also be found in it. - Magnificent moonlight again this evening. I am writing to CB, as I cannot arrive in Teheran before the mail arrives there. - The telegraph lines to Teheran and Kirmanshah were interrupted by the storm; the line stations are too long here.

Tuesday, November 12th. Heavy storm with alternating rain showers and sunshine, while in Tehran the weather is still expected to be mild. The mountains

constantly shrouded in thick clouds. The Armenians pay 600 tumans in annual tribute. In the evening, mulled wine is made with empson and hakey. A large wolf appeared in the street, but we could not find it again, although we stood guard for a long time in front of the outer city gate.

Wednesday, November 13th. Storm before noon. Sky clearer than yesterday, but changing. The many round, long stones with various kinds of decorations, which are very often seen at the sacred tombs of the Sancti in Hamadan, serve the Muslims as a kind of talisman. Many keep such stones in their houses as protection against illness, and if someone falls ill, he takes one of them and sleeps on it at night until he is well. Out of gratitude he then ties an old rag to the siaret, or he puts two stones facing each other, or he gives one of those copper lamps like on the Elwend. In Kum, however, the gifts are made of silver and gold. In the evening, mulled wine while sitting by the fire.

Thursday, November 14th. Very violent storm throughout the night and in the morning. Clear sky. South-easterly storm. Calmer in the afternoon, but towards evening starting again from the north-west. Walk up the castle hill. This rises on the east side of the town, forming an elongated, natural ridge; the dark rock is visible everywhere, but not very prominent. On its ridge lie the ruins of the castle destroyed by Mohammed Khan, forming a square of 200 paces each, which extends down the western slope. The walls consist of earthen ramparts, with earthen brick walls inside, filled with earth inside and out; 4 round earth towers flanked the stables, the latter 20 paces in diameter. In many places the earth was removed, revealing some gravestone tablets bearing the following inscription: [Insch].

The ramparts are 20 paces in diameter. To the south-east of the fortress rises a mighty remnant of an isolated round tower 80 paces in circumference, with several courses of fired bricks, one side of which has been demolished so that one can easily climb up; it is often used as a place of prayer.

From here you can enjoy a wonderful view of the city of Hamadan, which stretches along the western foot with its slender groups of poplars between the grey houses, from which the domes of Mardachai and those of a mosque of the same age as the former protrude. (2_06_012) The city lacks minarets altogether. The view stretches far along the broad plain: to the left, to the north-northwest, it is bordered by higher hills that can be regarded as foothills of the Ispanabad plateau, which lies higher than Hamadan, forming broad, rounded, bare hills without any particular rock formation; these then stretch further to the west and form the plateau plateau, which is crossed on the way to Sihna. [Places] Looking west, the view falls on the furthest protruding foothill.

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fer of Elwend near Mariaune, in the valley above which is the much-visited grave of an Imamsade. [Places] (2_06_013) [Places]

Friday, November 15th. Early weather calm but cold, ice frozen. Preparations for departure. A katirji to Ispahan 2 animals 30 cranes. 1 crate of plants to Baghdad, to Kirmanshah 6 cranes; an animal to Teheran 25 cranes.

Saturday, November 16th. The caravan is to leave for Teheran this evening, but I am travelling during the day because of the cold. During the night everything was covered with ice, which did not disappear during the day despite the great warmth of the sun in the shade. The irregularly intermittent spring is called Dobachre ab, lies in Ispahan Mahalessi, where it emerges through a water pipe, its source is at the northern foot of the Musella mountain. It often fills a space 40 paces in circumference. - The 2 large, round cathedral towers of the city, one belongs to the great mosque, the other neighboring one to Imamsade Hussein. The 4 valleys that supply water [from?] Elwend are in the southeast the valley of Äweru, whose water goes to Sheverin; 2) the valley of Muradbeg, whose stream runs through Hamadan; 3) the valley of Abassabad, whose water comes from the Ganjnameh; 4) the valley above Mariaune. The Behescht ab is on the other side of the Elwend, not 2 3 3 the Kesselthal of Nadir Shah. - A man has just brought an iron antique, a finely damascened iron rod with a sword stick in it, a bull's head with horns, all finely damascened and inlaid with au; on the head the inscription Feridun Shah 2 3 3, price 15 tumans, but too expensive for me. [Places] Very warm today during the day.

V Hamadan–Tehran (November 17–24, 1867)

Sunday, November 17th. We set out from Hamadan at about 10 o'clock (Bakshish 15 Kran). After finally passing through the walls on the east side, we come to the main road, until after half an hour the village of Chidr is on the right of the road with a dilapidated burial chapel on a hill next to it. It is surrounded by gardens in which the farmers have buried the vines because of the frost.

To the left, about half an hour away, the gardens of Kasmabad spread out, along with the many other villages further on the plain. A cold north wind was blowing, the streams were covered with ice. The views of the Elwend were magnificent, thickly covered with snow; the 7 valleys of the Elwend were clearly visible, of which the Ganj-nameh and Mariane are the largest. All the rivers join in the Bahar region, then flow in an arc around the (2_06_014) [sign] (2_06_015) Hill range from Robot to Kum near Bibikawad. [Places, Pfl]

For about 2 hours we rode in a northeasterly direction, then soon easterly, finally east-northeast to the Shurab plain. [Places] A round earth tower lay on the way to protect the caravans from robbers. A camel caravan was camped here; a small spring gushed from the ground here. The treeless village of Achdsche Charabe lay half an hour to the right between the foothills. On the left of the hill range lies Kascha Kischlach without trees. The air became colder and colder, and in the afternoon the wind suddenly changed to an easterly wind, which blew with piercing sharpness. The Elwend became increasingly covered with clouds, which were also driven over the plain towards evening. After a long ride I finally arrived [frozen?] in Bibikabad in the night under a thunderstorm. The Hakim Mirsa Hadji Luftulla did not want to take me in, so I stayed in the telegraphists' lodgings, but very poorly. But I found a fire to warm myself up under, which I immediately hid under. The village with 400 houses is inhabited by Karagöslu, to which the places Sarai, Samowei and Milagird belong, the first $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 Pharsach away. [Places] (2_06_016) [Places] - Barley was very expensive, was weighed. Some bread and eggs were in the evening meal; it rained a little in the evening.

Monday, November 18th. Baksheesh 3 Kran. Set out early in the morning, everything was covered in frost, but the morning was splendid, bright and friendly, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the Elwend peak stood out in a virgin white robe, from the base to the top, as it had snowed heavily during the night. The long chain of the Dergesin and Kani Kerin mountains was also white, whereas yesterday there had been no snow. Very close by, i.e. about 6 Pharsach away, stood the pointed mountains of Kiptschach, whose shape reminded me of the Schwyzer myths. (There are villages of Achdsche charabe, Gürgühs etc.). The water from Bibikawad comes from the Elwend; near the village they were busy cleaning the bed of the stream, which created wide earthen embankments. [Pfl, places]

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A deep moat leads to Sarai, about an hour away, a fairly large village with dome-shaped roofs, as is the custom everywhere here, but also here in abundance ruins of crumbling houses, garden walls, etc.; not a single road in this village, everything is uneven, with moats in between for cultivation; isolated bushes and pastures, etc. in between. [Places] (2_06_017)

[Places] The wide plain is uncultivated, only a few villages around. Everything is covered with *Hulthemia berberifolia*, which was collected in large quantities as fuel under the name Werrek. Fertilizer cakes are not burned here. [Plants, Places]

Each of the villages along the way has moats coming from the Dergesinzuge. All fields are square because they are surrounded by ditches for irrigation. Cold [north wind?] all day, but bright sunshine. Next is Koschridsche with a crumbling earth fort on a tepe next to it, on the right of the path, further away Chumain turns off to the right. Here the terrain becomes a little hilly, but insignificant. From here comes Zere, our quarters. The place consists of 100 dome-shaped houses, with a fort on a tepe next to it, lies in a depression in the plain, near the Achdagh, about 2 Pharsach away from it.

Water boils at 94° at an external temperature of 8°. 12 small springs rise in the village and after half an hour they rush to the Hamadan water. [Places]

Very good reception. Dark room, with a fire in the middle. Rice and eggs. – Mill next to the Konak. Here is a Tschepper chane, pretty house.

(2_06_018) *Tuesday, November 19th.* After giving 7 kran baksheesh, we set off at 7. The Karachay flows close to the village, about 10 paces wide to the east in a valley about 1 pharsach wide. [Places, Pfl] After ½ hour the path turns left, where the Duchan plain appears, surrounded by mountain ranges; the Karachay flows in this to the northeast and then flows through the narrowing between the Ach and Dergesin mountains.

[Places] 1 small stream comes down from the train and goes to the neighboring Karachay. Soon the crossing is reached, and one now rides down into a basin, which shows a hill with a layer of limestone on the left of the path; on it a round tower to protect the caravans from robbers. Several

You ride for hours in this solitude, crossing several small streams with slightly salty water. [Places] The path goes off to the left to avoid the higher ascending ridge; this forms a small plateau, along which you ride first in a southeasterly direction, then in an easterly direction. [Places]

Riding downhill, one comes again into a valley where numerous camel caravans are camped, which march at night despite the cold in order to let the animals graze during the day. The remains of a ruined village lie along the way. Several small streams flow down here, which then merge with the Meslechan tschai further down. [Places] On the left bank [of the Meselchantschai] was

the Hamadan customs house, but we were not stopped. The night had surprised me, so I could no longer recognize its surroundings.

The village of Kälä lies on the left bank of the river. Riding over low hills, you arrive in Novaran after half an hour. I dismounted at the house of the absent Mr. Chatten.

Wednesday, November 20th. Novaran consists of 300 houses with flat roofs, irregularly built on the hilly terrain. [Places] (2_06_020) I cannot reconcile the location of Awa with Kiepert's map, nobody knows of a place of the same name upstream, but all statements agree that it is near Kum. Novaran pays 100 Tu-man in money and 100 Charba (Kantar) in grain to the Shah (100 Batman for each Kantar). A Kätchuda lives here, the Hakim Dschamed Khan resides in Sawa, the head of the Chaladschistan living here, of Turkish tongue. –

Pomegranates do not grow here, they come from Sawa, where they attain an extraordinary size; but wine is very much cultivated here for raisins.

Wine and arak were not to be found here. There is no bazaar, only individual boutiques in the houses. - In the village next to my lodgings, a spring rises which then expands into a basin; it is teeming with dark fish that are not eaten here; drinking it is said to kill or at least drive people mad. A house is built over it which serves as a mosque. There is also another mosque here. - Wood is very expensive here too, it was weighed for burning, even though the coal is nearby, which is found in the plain 3 Pharsach far away near Chemerin. -

The mountain passage from here to Hamadan is often interrupted for long periods in winter because of the snow; every winter people freeze to death here. – Today was another glorious day. A long procession came from Posta, playing music and shooting; they came to pick up a young woman. – Water boils at $93 \frac{3}{4}$ °C. A second spring rises on the east side of the village.

Thursday, November 21st. After giving baksheesh at 9 o'clock, we set off at around 7 o'clock under a somewhat overcast sky and cold northern air. After 15 minutes we rode through a small valley with gardens and vineyards, scattered with juglans, elaeagnus, apricots and almonds. [Places] The path splits at Meslechan, we ride left now and then soon cross the caravan path leading to Kum. A small range of hills runs through the plain on the right, where, against the river, the village of Terkabad, with its gardens, lies beyond the range of hills of Alterti. The Achdag chain shows three colours. [Places] We gradually ride into the low hills, made entirely of metamorphosed rock, namely dark black slate, very heavy. [Places, plants]

Soon you will see the large village of Biberan, situated entirely in the hills, built from the red earth that stands out everywhere around the village. The village

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stretches from west to east, covering a hill in the middle, with an earthen fort on the west side; in front of the village the lands spread out well watered, while the vineyards, (2_06_021) [sign] (2_06_022) with some plane trees and juglans in between, stretch along the valley. [Places] The road leaves the village on the left [near?] and winds up and down between the hills, where you can see the large village of Tschemerin on the right half an hour below. [Places, Pfl] Once again you ride through a small stream, which drives a mill here and flows downhill past Tschemerin for half an hour. After a monotonous ride you come to a small stream again after about an hour, on the hillsides of which gypsum can be seen in places. From here you gradually climb up a valley behind the Serb [...], past

from whose mountains you can see the village of Turschek to the right. A few vineyards with a few trees along the way; red carrots were just being ploughed up by the farmers using cows. Magpies, ravens, almond crows, a few small snipes and stonechats enlivened the wasteland. Ascending in a northeasterly direction, you can see only a little cultivated land on the sides; jumping rats are common. [Places]

Finally I arrived over Ebne [in?] Kushkek. The darkness made me wander around the ruined houses for a long time until I finally reached the burning fire of the Tschepperkhane. To my delight I met Mr. Chatten here, already in bed, but soon awake. A splendid milk punch soon warmed me up, for the evening was very cold and at night it was icy. Robbers had stolen 10 telegraph poles and wires nearby, which is why Mr. Chatten was here; he demanded 50 tumans compensation from the Kätchuda, which a captain had to collect. The conversation continued until late into the night.
we met.

Friday, November 22nd. We set off before sunrise, as did Mr Chatten, to return to Noveran. The sun rose magnificently, shining gold over the wide, immeasurable plain, which extends to the northeast. [Places] (2_06_023) [Places] The vegetation of this plain is now changing, the salt steppe flora *Artemisia mari-tima*, [Plant] is now more prevalent. Jumping rats also run across the path in large numbers, stopping in front of their hole and looking around boldly; at the slightest movement, however, they disappear into the hole; but soon they emerge again, standing on their hind legs and reconnoitring the field. Many types of larks, vultures and falcons enlivened the paths. Here the warmer climate of the plain begins, which descends ever further towards Teheran; Black tents of nomads can be seen scattered all over the wide plain, reminding me of the Arabs. The weather was incredibly beautiful, a true spring day. Everywhere in the wide plain you can see long rows of small mounds of earth, which mark the underground watercourses that flow in all directions.

The canal is open every 15 paces, forming a deep, narrow well, often up to 80' deep, into which you can see the water running. Unfortunately we had no rope to hand to pull water up, because I was very thirsty and there was no water anywhere else.

The sources of the line are said to be near the village of Kush Kerri or Chosh Kerri, located on the Dekellikdagh. [Places]

Finally, you come back to an area with lots of villages, which are also in a line; in front of them, one of the water pipes emerges like a stream for a stretch, full of 6' long fish. The water was a bit salty, though. On the left are the villages of Kellabad, Husseinabad, Jafrabad and Berber.

(2_06_024)

To the right of Asiabeg lies the large town of Amarabad, and a little further towards Gökdagh rises the large tepe of Mamie, on one of the hills to the right an old tower rises in the distance. Here several parallel mountain ranges form again in the normal direction, bearing the name Gökdagh. Asiabeg, opposite Berber, is ridden through, where there is a lively traffic of caravans resting here. The large town was crossed by a stream of thick, murky water, where sellers of pomegranates and other fruits sat. The roofs are all domed; only a few gardens can be seen around all these villages, whose fields are usually still surrounded by long earthen walls, which gives the towns a great prestige. No tells can be seen on the plain. [Places] Next to [Desgird] on a low hill a tepe had been raised, but it had been completely washed away by rain. All these artificial hills, which are more frequent towards Teheran, do not show the solid construction of Mesopotamia, as the rain cannot harm the latter. Towards Kum the whole landscape became a blur. The terrain is now well cultivated and irrigated. Ruins of ruined villages can be seen everywhere. In the lower plain, which is well watered by springs, lies the village of Achmetabad, below Desgird, and behind it rise low, rounded, more or less isolated volcanic cones of a dark appearance. Kasimabad follows on the left after a quarter of an hour, and soon the large town of Sawia spreads out to the left with 400 houses and

a hakim, surrounded by fruit and other trees. Next to it lies Chadrabad, which the road leads past in half an hour to the present-day Konak Chanabad.

Arrived around 4 p.m. After noon, about 23 °C. The salty water boiled at 95 ¼ °C. I got off at the post house, a square, dark hole, without carpets etc., but full of fleas. The place has 60 houses, inhabited by Bayad Turkomans, who are said to number 5-6,000 in the area. According to Kushkek, the Cherchids live there. Chanabad paid 50 tumans annually. The earth houses all have domes, but there are no gardens here, you can hardly see a tree. Small prayer houses

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There are water springs in almost all villages. There is no spring water here either, only brackish water from the Kähris, which flows through and is 15–20' deep and which are often connected to each other. [Places]

(2_06_025) *Saturday, November 23rd.* 8 strong pharsach to do today to Robad Kerim! We set off 3 hours before daybreak with a new moon; bright and calm, not cold weather. After ½ hour we heard the clatter of horses' hooves behind us and many voices asking who we were and where we were going. They were soldiers of Emadedaule of Kirmanshah who were going to Teheran, and with whom I was now travelling. We soon rode through a large village whose name remained unknown to me. Rasmidjan. We continued on a flat surface until after about 4 pharsach Salmanabad, lying lower down, appeared on the right.

The sun rose again magnificently. The path climbs very gradually until the low hills on the left extend into a plain that slopes down on both sides; but nowhere can you see a village, it's all desert. [Places]

After some Pharsach the Abi Schur was finally reached, a now approx.

A stream 20 paces wide and only about 5' deep, the water of which was pure brine, with an intensely salty taste, just like the brine at Artern. Its 15-minute-wide bed was covered with thick crusts of salt, even the tamarisk bushes that people had just collected as fuel were covered with it. The heaviness of the water was already apparent when riding through it. Over time, its bed has cracked about 120-200' deep. [Pfl] The north bank forms a number of small, rounded water cracks, between which you climb. Here it is oppressively hot. A large, square caravanserai, built of stone but in ruins, stands on the left side of the path. A low, volcanic, black range of hills stretches along the left side of the path. After a few more Phar-sachs you see the present Menzil, Robad Kerim, which you had seen long before, but which seemed so close because of the plain. To the right of it begins another range of hills, where the village of Suderchan is located; to the left of Robad Kerim is Asrabad. Before Robad Kerim you ride through a river which is very deep in places and flows away quickly; two of its branches flow through the place. Its sources are said to be at Allart and Pärentek, 1 Phar-sach upstream; it does not flow into the Abi Shur, but is said to be used several Phar-sachs downstream for irrigation and rice cultivation, which seems unlikely to me, as the river is too large for that. Its water is sweet, although the ground next to it is full of salt efflorescences.

I got off at the post house, a small, square, dark room was my accommodation. The place has 200 houses, all with domes, inhabited by Daktschik Turks, of whom there are about 400 families here. Next to my quarters was a chapel of an imamsade, on whose round dome there was a stork's nest about 12' high. Next to it were burial grounds and 2 very beautiful

old plane trees, one of them 28' in circumference, women everywhere wearing thick white veils. The Demawend appears here in 240. (2_06_026) [Places]

Sunday, November 24th. After giving 3 ½ kunas of baksheesh, we set off at sunrise. From here it is another 6 good pharsach to Teheran. To the right is Nasirabad, surrounded by gardens, and from the path to the left it is ½ hour from Atran. A low, volcanic hill range runs out ½ hour from Robad Kerim on the path here, from where the view now sweeps over the wide Teheran plain with its many villages and earth forts, all with gardens. However, the plain does not form a horizontal surface, but descends further and further towards Teheran, the lowest point of it, which is why you only see the city a few hours before it. Now and again you also see a few groups of tents belonging to the Shahseven. On the left on the path is Kala Saïd, a square earth fort with a few houses and gardens; ½ hour away behind it lies Atran. To the right of the road, ½ hour to Mämurabad.

After passing the Kala Said, there is a river valley right next to it, the water of which now only forms swamps. To the right, the plain descends towards a range of hills where the water is used for rice cultivation. The view of the Teheran plain reminded me of el Amk, where the Cassius, which stands out from the other mountains, is represented here by the Demawend. Further along the road is the village of Sultanabad with 2 old plane trees with stork's nest. A washed-out tepe rises up from the river valley, once an old fire temple. [Places]

The path now passes countless places and earthen forts until one finally arrives in front of the city [Tehran], which does not make the impression one expected. There is no slender minaret or high cathedral rising above the sea of houses, only the 2 (2_06_027) domes of [...] stand out from the crowd.

From afar. The path leads between long earthen walls of gardens and caravanserais, up to the gates. Here the most colorful picture developed, soldiers, caravan leaders, camels, mules, buffoons, sellers of all kinds enliven the picture. I had to ride through the numerous bazaars

and finally checked into the [Gäbern?]-chan for today, for 1 room 1 crane per day, for the horses ½ crane.

VI Tehran (25. November 1867 – 14. January 1868)

Monday, November 25th. The weather was lovely again today, but yesterday I caught a fever which weakened me so much that I had to stay in bed for several days. The caravan from Hamadan had not yet arrived. The trimming maker Mr. Grünert from Saxony visited me and did his best to find me a suitable place to stay, but there was not a single empty house anywhere.

Tuesday, November 26th. In the morning Mr. Grünert picked me up and took me to [Prevot?], an Alsatian and confectioner to the Shah, who always has a room ready for friends to stay in, and you can also find a good table there, for 2 ½ Kran. Many Europeans come here to eat or drink, such as the director of the glass factory [...], the English telegraphists, etc. The house is friendly and quiet location.

Wednesday, November 27th. Today I spend the whole day in my room, sometimes in bed, sometimes strolling a little, but very weak, because I haven't eaten anything since arriving here, but have taken magnesium sulphate and [Cu?]SO₃.

Thursday, November 28th. A little better today, but no appetite. General von Gasteiger visited me and invited me to his place, which I gladly accepted. I set off there today. Heavy rain during the night.

Friday, November 29th. It rained almost all day today; I have been writing and haven't finished yet. I was very attracted by the conversations of my good and well-traveled host, who also wrote [true things?].

Saturday, November 30th. Today I turn 29 years old, oh, how people will think of me back home! The weather brightened up towards morning after it had rained all night. I bought a lot of items today, such as a pair of earrings with pearls 4 tumans; a mallet with an ox head 3 tumans, a battle axe 3 tumans, 1 sword 4 tumans; 1 long, foot-cutting knife 18 kran; a short knife with a gold-plated sheath 3 tumans, as well as layers of silk from Yesd at 32 kran; 1 waterproof fabric for [a coat?], coming from Masenderan 17 kran. - Paid a visit to Mr. Pierson, who was busy with an auction. There I met many other telegraphists, with whom I wandered through part of the bazaar. I didn't return home until the evening with a heavy head.

Sunday, December 1st. In the morning I visited Heise in the Russian Embassy Palace, where I met Mr. Siemens, Prussian Consul of Tiflis, and also Mr. Göpel. From there I visited the English ambassador, Mr. Allison, then Dr. Dikson and Mr. Thomson. Invited to dinner by Allison.

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After the stiff meal, we played billiards. There I found Mr. Pierson and the French ambassador's secretary.

(2_06_028) *Monday, 2nd - Sunday, 8th December.* Alternately plagued by fever, general weakness, loss of appetite, cold. The Turkish and French chargé d'affaires, as well as the two Dicksons and Thomsons visited me, as did Siemons, the Prussian consul of Tiflis. On Wednesday I was invited to dinner by the Russian embassy; young Sinowief had just arrived, and with him the secretary of Grand Duke Michael. - The weather was consistently clear, cold at night, frost. Today the ceremonial inauguration of the expansion of the city took place. Towards midday countless people moved onto the wide plain north of the city, as did soldiers of all kinds in their colorful uniforms, some blue, others red, with wide, tall caps, the carpenters with horse tails on them. The tents of the great men were pitched in a wide space, as was the Shah's red silk tent with its golden globe, surrounded by curtains that encircled a large area.

The European representatives assembled in the large tent of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, where we found a large table with fruit and sweets. The roar of cannon announced the Shah's departure, as did military music, which reminded me of the music used in ordinary horse circuses.

After everyone had assembled, we all set off to greet the Shah. The entrance curtains were pulled back and we entered a large room at the end of which was the Shah's tent. At intervals we bowed to him three times, and with each bow he beckoned us to come closer. He was alone in the tent, but behind him were the ministers, etc. When we arrived, he immediately stood up. He was wearing a black Persian robe, but his chest was covered on both sides with large pearls and diamond ornaments. After the usual greetings and inquiries, we set off again immediately, always moving backwards, as one must not turn one's back on the Shah; which was not easy, as there was a small stream in front of the tent, which only a very narrow footbridge led over. Once back in the minister's tent, we had a snack, while the Shah performed the ceremonies and so the entire European delegation came around.

With a silver spade he had dug the first spade for the expansion of the city, which also meant that the fortress walls of Teheran would be removed. This was the first time that a Shah of Persia had carried out such an act. In the most colorful disorder, everyone returned home as they had come - soldiers, people, etc. - along the beautiful road laid out seven years ago by Mr. von Gasteiger. The king and his son rode in six-horse carriages.

(2_06_029) In April 67, various executions and punishments occurred in Teheran, which were carried out for various reasons. Some individuals belonging to the religious sect of the Babi were dragged to the place of execution and hung upside down or, depending on the aggravating circumstances, split alive into two parts. On such occasions, one can see for oneself the blind fanaticism of this sect, in which everyone is assured in advance, with full pardon, that they will immediately publicly pronounce a curse on their sect and the head of Bab and renounce its teachings; but no one could be persuaded to do this; on the contrary, they courageously preferred death, expressing aloud the certain conviction that in 3 x 40 days they would rise again with renewed strength and judge their judges. –

10 other individuals had their hands and feet cut off for robbery and the dismembered were dipped in hot oil to prevent bleeding to death and to promote healing. A young black slave had his right hand cut off in public and his left breast cut out. Finally, the following incident may speak for the indolence of the highest rulers, who support the Shah with their wise counsel and deeds and consider themselves the pillars of the eternal empire.

A pretty Persian woman, who lived [almost?] next to the English mission and was the wife of a French renegade (Barriet), who until recently had been in Alison's service as maitre d'hotel, had long attracted the attention of the police because of her illicit nightly intercourse with Europeans, as the police had also undertaken procuring for prominent people, in which even ladies of the imperial harem and princesses were compromised; therefore this person was suddenly picked up overnight and dragged before the court, which she could have happily escaped this time if she had had the necessary sum at her disposal. The Shah wanted to give her pardon, but had to accept the [required?]

[Resolution?] of some mullahs and other leaders and ordered the poor person to be wrapped in [...] and strangled by [...]; however,

An act of brutality was carried out on her beforehand, in which the executioners quenched their lusts on her. An accomplice was tied in a sack and thrown into a deep well. About the English Mission. The British government, which had hitherto been

guided by the idea of seeing Persia one day divided equally between itself and Russia, which was advancing ever more from the north, has recently come to the conclusion that the expansion of its Indian empire from the east would be more convenient for it, since the terrain to be conquered there would offer a more coherent complex of lands, which [one day?] could advance from India against Persia, whose southern part was too far from the motherland.

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and, because of its too low capacity for culture, inspires no desire for its possession. In view of these circumstances, the previous policy of letting the Persian Empire disintegrate and then extending the eager hand has been abandoned and now attempts are being made to pull the all too badly administered empire out of the (2_06_030) mire by means of good advice and tendencies of progress and to lead it towards a happy future.

In addition to the fact that the English mission occupies an observation post opposite Russia, it also has in mind the aim of maintaining the connection between India and Europe by land via Persia, either by means of the telegraph or by courier. However, the English embassy has never understood or not given enough thought to the promotion of the country's commercial interests, since apart from the Greek company Ralli, which has been established in Tabriz for more than 30 years, no English trading house has yet settled down or undertaken direct business from England and India. It is therefore understandable that the number of British subjects here is not large and is thus limited to the local telegraph staff, the small Nestorian community in Urumi, and finally a few merchants and professionals. In addition to the embassy, there is also a consulate in Teheran, a general consulate in Tabriz, a consulate in Rescht, a resident dependent on India in Bushir, and finally a skirmisher chain of agents in Shiraz, Ispahan, Jesd, Kirman, Mesched, Hamadan, and Kirmanshah, who are lying in wait as forward posts. The personal prestige and greater presence of the English mission is indisputably of paramount importance, but the Persian government cannot avoid a certain distrust of it as a result of its experience, and its local influence is therefore more moral than lasting, since the predominance in armed force is felt.

Russian mission. The position of a border government is of a completely different nature. It is taking a long detour but is making sure progress towards its goal. It is primarily concerned with bringing the centre of the monarchy into closer contact with it through all kinds of communication. It is using everything, trade and industry, which have recently taken off even in the Georgian capital, and the government is granting every possible facilitation through privileges to direct transit over its mountains to Persia. From Astrakhan there are posts all over Siberia, while military posts have been set up along the Tartar border as far as the Chinese Empire, which hermetically seal off the enemy country and facilitate the advance of Russian weapons, whose latest achievements are thereby having an impact on

Persia states that the various Turcoman tribes, urged by the Persian governor residing in Meshed, have made offers of friendship and submission to the Shah.

Russian trade with the neighboring provinces of Aderbeidschan, Ghilan and Masenderan is constantly increasing and is at least in the hands of Russian Armenians, whose community at Djulfa near Ispahan is also under Russian protection; because of the number of subjects, it is easy to understand that influence in Persia has become predominant and mutual business has expanded greatly, so that people are becoming more and more familiar with the idea that sooner or later the Nordic colossus will stretch out its hand and devour Iran and until that point, which (2_06_031) is left to God in the Muslim way, the rusty government machine will continue to work growling and sluggishly without any system. The official sphere of activity is limited, apart from the embassy in Teheran, to the General Consulate in Tebris and the consulates in Rescht and Asterabad. For a long period of years, all Austrian subjects who have been in Persia up to now have been under Russian protection and enjoy Russian protection in the broadest sense.

French Mission. Even if Russia, as a neighboring state, and England, because of its Indian possessions, are able to maintain embassies in Persia, it still does not seem a priori justified that France should place itself in the ranks of those states where it has no business. Recognizing this fact, the French Mission believes that in order not to be left without work, it must assume the role of mediator and initially tried to prove its friendship to the Persian government by occasionally whispering to it and thus to indicate its presence. Whenever one wanted instructors, artists, professionals or other industrialists, one was always ready to offer them from France, and there was a time when people were of the opinion that one could only be served with advantage from there, but the result did not at all justify the expectation and, with a few exceptions, turned sanguine sympathy into open antipathy. No wonder, then, that trust has waned and mutual indifference has now set in, since on the other hand there is no need to fear any moral superiority and therefore the French influence is very subordinate, if not completely nil. French trade in Persia is of no importance. Nevertheless, the French government, more in order not to be beaten out of the field than out of necessity, has established, in addition to the embassy in Teheran, a consulate in Tabriz, [...] and Rescht, neither of which, however, finds the necessary employment.

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Turkish Mission. While Persia, in its innate pride and arrogance, considers the existence of the Turkish Empire to be more shattered and helpless than itself, and on the other hand there is the inextinguishable hatred of the religious sects, since Shiites and Sunnites, although both Muslims, oppose each other more harshly than they oppose the Christian peoples, the principle has been adopted to regard the Turks as completely safe neighbours and to overlook them in their [conservative?] innocence. Since [...di.t?] international trade is of no great importance and the number

of the Turkish subjects is not considerable, the business of the mission is largely limited to border disputes and encroachments, which are always dragged on indefinitely without results. The sphere of activity of the embassy in Teheran was recently expanded by the establishment of a General Consulate in Tabriz.

If one reviews the above considerations once again in one's mind and considers that Persia is one of the unheard-of things in terms of geography and ethnology, that it lacks both capacity and business-minded men [in general?], that instead of patriotism and a sense of progress only corruption and blind fanaticism of the priestly party are the driving force behind the actions and that systematic, sophisticated exploitation from above is the principle, then one can hardly imagine the helplessness of a government that finds itself at the center of the most diverse demands that each of these four European embassies makes on it according to their reciprocal position and interests and supports with more or less emphasis depending on their influence in order to assert its dignity. If we add to this the innate laziness and apathy of the authorities, the mistrust peculiar to the Muslims, the indecisiveness in upholding the legislation, the government decisions neutralized by the influence of the clergy, then one will understand that under such circumstances one is always kept waiting in the settlement of the smallest matter and is put off until the future. Under such circumstances the Persian Empire can

cannot last in the long run, especially now that there is a financial shortage.

Monday, December 9th. Early in the morning I visited Dr. Dikson and Thomson for recommendations. The weather was splendid, like in spring. In the evening I was invited to dinner at Dr. Tholozan's, where I found the secretary of the French ambassador [Gueri?], who denied the decipherment of cuneiform writing; a great chatterbox, but all empty straw in the French way; his young wife had once run away with a Persian in Paris, [whereupon?] he married her.

Tuesday, December 10th. Weather warm, sky somewhat overcast. Last Saturday I sent letters to Geneva to Boissier about money; to my elders and to Köhler.

Wednesday, 11th - Thursday, 19th December. Weather mostly warm, no frost at night either. The Elbruz Mountains are becoming increasingly covered with snow. Yesterday during the day it was even very warm, but today it was cold and stormy. Letters written to Boissier about a change of 2,000 Kran; to Weber in Baghdad and to Dr. Bischoff. Visit to Prince Dschelaledin Mirsa, one of the 400 children of Feth Ali Shah, where I met the Shah of the Bakhtiari; both promised me a recommendation.

Friday, December 20th. Wonderful weather, but frost at night. Visit to Malcolm, an Armenian from Bu-shir, whose father is an agent for a local English shipping company; a ship arrives in Bu-shir every 14th and 28th of the month; the freight is cheap, but the trip around the Cape of Good Hope usually takes 5-6 months. To my surprise, I recognized him as a brother who had been admitted to the Bombay Masonic Lodge. He gave me the names of Brother Mirsa Mohamed Risa and Mirsa Agha Mar in Shiraz and Brother Sultan Hussein Mirsa in Ispahan.

The Masonic lodge in Teheran was founded by Melcum Chan and attracted a large number of people; the Shah considered this dangerous, as several of his opponents had made a name for themselves in it; he therefore abolished it, banished many of the princes, and Melcum Chan himself had to flee. The local one is his cousin, and he also has a brother here. He lived in the house of a certain Hadji Abbas, who has been dead for 10 years; his wife comes from Orleans. I visited her, but it took a lot of detours, as she had become completely Persian, having been in the country for 36 years. I found her in an elegantly furnished salon, her feet in a warm shawl, wearing a green velvet jacket, trimmed with a shawl, everything Persian, even the scarf around her head, but unveiled; she is a matron of about 60 years, but also full of life; She must have been pretty once.

She had no desire to return to her homeland, as she had all her friends here, namely in the Shah's harem. Her daughter is married to a Persian, but lives with her; she even has a piano. She told me that the Shah had 60 actual wives, each with a salary of about 3,000-6,000 tumans per year; each of these had 20 servants, who were also paid by the Shah. In addition, the many gifts he gave them in the form of jewels, shawls, etc., indicate how much money was wasted at court.

Whenever the Shah goes out, his entire harem follows him in carriages or [takhtarawans?].

The Minister of Accounts, Mustofi el Memalik, has to spend 1,000 ducats in income every day, and has no children; of course, after his death everything will go to the Shah. His wife is a certain Petite, daughter of an Austrian-Polish emigrant Borowsky and is the sister of Mrs.

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by Dr. Fagergreen in Shiraz. Her husband is a declared enemy of all Europeans. The minister who has remained in office the longest is Mirsa Said Khan, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with 16,000 ducats annually.

The Teheran highway, built by Mr von Gasteiger in [...] years over the mountains to the sea via Hassar tschamp (= 1,000 obstacles), a distance of 21 Pharsach, cost 28,000 ducats, including a tunnel of 33 meters and 36 bridges. For this construction he had the money in his hands, but for the short distance of 2 ½ Pharsach on flat ground to the Niveran pleasure palace, the money went through several hands, so this construction came to 3,000 ducats. (Silver value per miskal 1 crane; for the smallest Ag coins, however, such as Alexander, Antiochus, etc., one gives 2–2 ½ crane per miskal; for large Ag coins one gives 2 crane for the miskal, so double the value.)

Saturday, December 21st. Wonderful weather. Visit to the Dickhoff brothers from Petersburg, also with two women from there; very good people, one of them draws.

Sunday, December 22nd. Visit to Dr. Schlimmer, who had arrived here with the Shahzade of Ispahan. He did not make a good impression with his staring, sinister look, and was also an opium smoker and a former spy for various governments. His wife is a not bad Armenian woman from Hamadan, but she is said to be not very faithful. The doctor was busy compiling a dictionary of scientific and technical terms, most of which are still unknown. He found Polak's work to be very disadvantageous for Europeans, as he says too much about the Shah (2_06_034) because the work is said to have been translated; he is said to have thrown the book aside in anger, but since then he has been even less able to tolerate Europeans. The same was said to have been the case with Gobineau's book. During my absence I received visits from Piersen, Thomson, Prince Dschelaledin Mirza and Brother Reymond.

The fact that the Babi's endured the most terrible tortures without any sign of pain is attributed to fumigation with *Anacardium orientale*. Babis were taken to the bazaar in Teheran with their chests opened and lights [put in?] that were burning to the end. But they showed no sign of pain; they greeted every European or Christian who passed by respectfully. *Peganum Harmala*, fumigated with it, is also said to produce strange hallucinations. They are said to retain the thought that is given to such asphixiated people for months, as is the case with the Babis, who claim to come back to life within 15 minutes of their death.

The military hospital founded by Dr. Polak has been closed for four years now, as the administration had passed into Persian hands, whereas previously under Dr. Polak it had been run for 15 Tumans per month including

Medicines were administered, the expenditure under the Persians rose to 300 tumans a month. When the king visited the hospital one day and found only 13 patients instead of the 25 he had calculated, he decided to put an end to this fraud. 20 soldiers were paid to guard it; however, he only found 1, and when he had the others investigated more closely, it turned out that they had made themselves comfortable on the beds, and that there were no patients at all. Now the idea of setting up a new one is being considered.

On Babism. [Quoted] (2_06_035–2_06_038) [Quoted] (2_06_039) [Quoted]

Tuesday, December 24th, Christmas Eve. A wonderful day. We had invited the Swiss Reymond for the evening so that at least we wouldn't be alone. Oh, how often I thought about Weimar!

Wednesday, December 25th, first holiday. A lovely day, very warm. I visited Dr. Schlimmer and Schreiber. In the evening we were invited by the English embassy, where 33 people attended. Everything was splendidly decorated. There were also 2 ladies there.

Thursday, December 26th, second holiday. Stayed in room all day because of fever. Rainy weather. Severe attack of fever in the evening.

Friday, December 27th. Very weak from fever; confined to room. Rain during the night.

- 1) The Baluchis use water pipe tubes to administer enemas, to which they attach a mutton or camel intestine. The tube is inserted into the anus and the 1-1 ½ meter long hose is held up, into which the liquid is poured, which then penetrates easily.
- 2) The universal medicine of the Baluchis is gunpowder, called derman; they say that because gunpowder is the best remedy against the external enemy, it, taken internally, also drives out everything harmful from the body.
- 3) The Baluchi gun bullets are made from clay which is kneaded and worked throughout the winter, that is, during the winter the women knead it three times a day for about an hour, cursing the enemies of their tribe. At the beginning of summer the paste is formed into balls which are dried in the sun and then covered with rancid butter. The pain from these balls is great; the wound is washed with plenty of water to ease the pain and to remove the ball, which is transformed into a soft pulp by the blood. They then bandage the wound with honey.
- 4) A very useful medicine in the south of Persia (Jesd, Kerman, Shiraz) against secondary and tertiary syphilis is arsenic. alb. in the following form: [San?] ul farre sefid (Acid. arsenicos.) 2 Miskals, sulphur 12 Miskal; Aghurghura (Pyrethri.)

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12 Miskal and mercury 12 Miskal. All turned into a fine powder, (2_06_040) which the patient is allowed to consume in 7-10 days, refracte [dosi.?] milk diet and milk to drink instead of water.

5) Another formula against syphilis, renowned in Teheran: [Menig?] (black raisins with seeds) 30 Miskal. Crush them with the seeds and then boil for 2 hours with the appropriate amount of water, [m.?] filter and evaporate to a thick syrup, into which you mix: 5 Miskal of sassaparilla (ushbi), freed from the shell and turned into a fine powder; this dose is taken on an empty stomach for 3 days in a row. On the other hand, take henna (fol. Lawson. inermis) 10 Miskal, [Mage?] sebz (gall apples) 10 Miskal; mercury 10 Miskal.

Using rice water, make 6 pastilles for 6 fumigations; the first day the fumigation is in the afternoon, the second day one in the morning and one in the afternoon; the third day as the second and the fourth day one last fumigation in the morning. On the fourth day in the afternoon the patient goes to the bath, which is absolutely necessary for every Persian cure. During the four days of treatment the mouth is constantly washed with vinegar and sumac shechi (*Rhus Coriaria bacc.*). The only food consists of ram's foot jelly. To prevent a relapse, no acids are to be consumed for three months after the cure.

6) Choose. exciting von Feth Ali Schah. [Nimm?]: Aghurghurha (rad. Pyrethri) 4 Miskal; Kebabi [Gshini?] (Pip. Cubeb.) 4 Miskal; Dartscher (Court. Cinnam.) 10 Miskal; Caranfil (Caryophyll.) 4 Miskal; Ode Kham (lign. Aloes) 4 Miskal; Kand (Sugar) 20 Miskal; Narghile (Coconut) 20 Miskal. All finely crushed and mixed with 80 Miskal of uncooked honey (ie from which the wax has been separated). Give 3 Miskal in the morning and 2 in the evening before going to bed.

With these you can tire out 10 women in one night, says the author of this formula.

7) To delay the emission of semen during coitus and to prolong its duration, the Persians use the seeds of Temri hindi (tamarind), freed from the shell by maceration in water for 2-3 days. The seeds are crushed and taken in miscal with a little sugar, 2 hours before breakfast.

8) The young roots of Phonix dactilif. are considered abortifacient.

9) Roasted date stones prepared like coffee, taken cold in a 1 ounce can daily throughout the day, are considered a good remedy against chronic dysentery.

10) Treatment of the scab. Horse hoof shavings are burned until completely carbonized. They have been turned into a fine powder and mixed with fresh butter to make an ointment. The head is rubbed with this daily and washed every 3 days with soapy water. The author recommends that the carbonization be carried out on an iron

To achieve this, use a hoe, surrounded on all sides by glowing coals. This has the same effect as yellow prussiate of potassium hydroxide; given the good results I have noticed, the Persian formula could be replaced by a coating of yellow prussiate of potassium hydroxide or a solution.

11) Purgatory pills. From Kertschekke hindi (sem. Cataputia) 6 Miskal; they are digested in vinegar for 4 days and then freed from the blackish shell.

(2_06_041) The peeled seeds are turned into a paste and the following mixed powder is gradually added, always pounding: Dschellep (Rad. Jalapp), Sabbre iskoteri (Aloe succ.), Semch arabi (Gum. arab.) and Zerumbet (rad. Zing. Zerumbet), au 2 ½ Miskal. [Mfpil.?] p. [griii.?)

Dosage: 3-4 pills in the evening before going to bed, 4 hours after eating.

12) Purgative syrup. From Sennudschi Mekki (fol. Sennae) 3 parts. Güle sork (red roses) 1 part. Macerate overnight with 25 parts water, then boil for ½ hour and filter. Add 1 part sugar to the colature and boil again to a syrup consistency. Can: 1 cup. It is remarkable that Persian roses have a laxative effect, while in Europe they are astringent. Their purgative properties are confirmed in the so-called rose preserve (ghül kand), prepared in the rose season from the fresh leaves in sugar syrup, which is exposed to the sun until the mass thickens.

This preserve, well prepared, is one of the easiest purgatives to take.

13) Against poisoning by opium, commonly used as a means of suicide among negroes who are badly treated by their masters, stercus human (gho e adam) mixed with water is used with great success. The name and smell of this simple preparation induce violent vomiting.

14) Treatment of Salek (Aleppo knot). From Katte hindi (Cupr. sulf.) as a fine powder mixed with the yolk of the egg quantum satis to make a soft paste, which is applied to the Salek and left for 5-6 hours. Then it is bound with fresh butter for a few days, and after 5-6 days the application of the paste is renewed.

15) Maintaining the fontanelle without peas. Fresh spinal cord from mutton is placed as a paste on the fontanelle, which prevents scarring.

16) For whooping cough, Ol. nuc. Jugl. is given, which is made into a sweet dish with flour or starch and sugar or raisin syrup, which is given as daily food, as much as the patient wants.

17) In order to remove bad-tasting powders, etc., the Persians use pitted raisins, into which they stuff them.

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18) Ungt. Neapolit. Hg 25 parts, sublimate 2 parts. Rubbed with saliva until it becomes a grey powder; then mixed with 25 parts of fresh butter and melted with 2 parts of wax. This ointment is made in 1 hour and is not inferior in effect to the European one.

19) To treat angine laryngé (tanning), Persian physicians use an infusion of Stercus canin (Gho e sek) as a gargarisme. The powder of this drug mixed in equal parts with sugar serves to remove the spots on the cornea.

20) To adulterate essential oils, the Persians use petroleum from Baku, which they remove the bad smell from by distilling it with fresh herbs such as Origanum Majorana or Basilicum.

(2_06_042) On the import of gunpowder to Circassia in

1851. It is known that neither salt nor saltpeter is found in the entire territory of the Circassian, so that the [powder?] was imported from abroad. The only import routes were limited to the Black and Caspian Seas and the borders of Turkey and Persia. In order to put an end to the protracted war, Russia took the strictest measures to prevent imports; even the death penalty was imposed. But it was all in vain, the Circassians were always well supplied with [powder?]; hidden behind rocks, they shot the Russian officers away. The consul in Rescht was ordered to be very careful, but could not discover anything. It was through Dr. Schlimmer that it came to light. He went to the province of Talish, where there was no duan supervision at all, because no trade took place there. By feigning friendship with the khan's overseers, he succeeded in discovering the route from whence and how the [powder?] found its way to Circassia, pretending to be an enemy of Russia. The [powder?] came from Kaswin. In order to deceive the duans, small 1 ½' sacks, well waxed, were filled with powder, which were then hidden in rice or raisin sacks. The Russian duans used sharp irons to examine the sacks. Of course, they were never able to discover the [powder?] in this way. As soon as Dr. Worse, the [powder?] cargoes were intercepted everywhere along this coast and the war was soon brought to an end. About Persian trade. In Persia, to be exported to Constantinople, one finds tombaki (Nicot. Persicum Lindl.), raw silk from Ghilan, mainly intended for the Lyon factories and mostly exported by the Ralli company, and opium. Russia also receives a lot of raw silk, cotton, tin from Banca, fresh and dried fruit, rice, butter, grain, grape syrup, tragacanth, saltpeter, olive and sesame oil, linseed oil, Persian silk

and cotton fabrics (mainly intended for the fanatical Moslems of the Russian Empire, who do not yet want to dress in fabrics, manufactured by unbelievers); also ox hides, which are tanned and prepared by Russian manufacturers and mostly returned to Persia to be sold there at a good price; wolf skins and jackals for furs; a little castoreum and a lot of timber. In southern Persia, exports to India consist of wine from Shiraz and Ispahan, sesame oil for the Hindus, who only

feed on vegetable substances, goat hair and wool for the English cloth factories, dried fruits, borax, salted shrimps and in recent years even cotton. There is no real export (? Tomba-ki) to Baghdad, for Baghdad itself supplies the adjacent provinces of Hamadan, Kirmanshah and Schuster, which are already too far from the Caspian Sea, with English iron in bars and supplies a large part of Persia with dates.

(2_06_043) Tin worth 100,000 Persian ducats (10% less than the Dutch ducats) comes from India to Persia every year from the Dutch Company to Banca, more than half of which is exported to Russia, where, as it comes from Persia, only 5% entry duty is paid. In addition, many quinquery goods from England, cotton and iron in bars, oil, coconuts. Russia supplies Persia with a considerable quantity of iron in bars and cast iron, raw and processed copper, crystal, porcelain, stearin candles, paper, quinquery. Via the route from Constantinople, Trebizond, and Erzerum, Persia is supplied with all kinds of cotton from Manchester and beet sugar by Greek houses in Tabriz, which have large capitals. The less wealthy traders import from Constantinople European cloths and all kinds of haberdashery, mostly of German origin, which are in great demand. The Armenians of the country and some Europeans of various nationalities supply the Persian markets with various European goods bought in Constantinople, mainly wine, liqueurs, [cheese?], macaroni, cigars, gloves, boots and shoes, guns and Belgian pistols, etc.

Small shipments from Europe are not profitable. Thirty-five years ago, the trade in English cottonades was in the hands of countless Persian merchants who went to Constantinople with their small capital, made their purchases and returned. Then the House of Ralli established itself in Tabriz, with a capital of 2 million Liv. [Strelg?] at its disposal, and through the strength of its colossal enterprise it took away from Constantinople the prerogative of supplying the Persian markets with English goods, so that the local merchants could count themselves lucky to now find in Tabriz at the prices of Constantinople the goods which they had previously bought with much more money.

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effort and expense from the capital of the Ottoman Empire.

Now the Ralli house stands on an unshakable basis and enjoys, so to speak, the monopoly for English manufactures in Persia, without fearing competition for years to come, because anyone who wanted to gain more than that would have to start with at least double the capital and would in any case have to suffer considerable losses before he could thoroughly, like the Rallis, current articles and the nature of the Persian markets.

Something similar could be done for all European products: brought to Persia in large quantities and sold in retail to Persian merchants and Armenian and European boutiques, but cheaper than they can get them from third or fourth hand in Constantinople, and it would then be possible to concentrate all of Persia's retail trade on Persian soil at once, the real profit of which is now in numerous houses in Constantinople.

European trading houses and mainly trading companies could, with large capital, skilled people and perseverance, do much more in Persia than the Compagnie Neerlandaise (Dutch Trading Company) (2_06_044) once did in Jarus and exported and imported into the other Dutch companies, but mainly cultivating the uncultivated areas and increasing the already existing culture of the colonies through its capital, for Persia is still a natural culture country, capable of producing everything through the diversity of its terrain and the different elevations of its mountainous plateaus, already rich in agricultural and mineralogical products, a wealth that could be doubled and multiplied by good administration, which is unknown, so that Persia is behind in all respects, especially in terms of political economy, but its current sovereign is well inclined towards civilization and progress, and he would be even more so if the various attempts which he has made during his reign, but which were managed by incompetent people or by those who only thought of enriching themselves at the expense of the enterprise, have not all failed in the most lamentable manner.

Persia is a country which does not need the constant importation of European goods, by means of large, well-placed and well-managed capitals, to encourage the production of the country by export, to meet the needs which Persia constantly has for European goods by manufacturing them in Persia itself, since it possesses all the basic materials in abundance in the country itself, to establish factories on a European basis in order to open up an invincible competition for imports, this would be the purpose of a company, in order to have the enormous profits which are now being absorbed by other countries and mainly by Constantinople, and to create more and more a still barbarous

to civilize the country, which would be well worth the effort. It would have to begin, for example, with the establishment of large entrepôts with all kinds of European goods that sell profitably in Persia, by obtaining them directly from the sources themselves, in order to sell them cheaper than they are now bought second- or third-hand in Constantinople. Then, right from the start, for example, the import of English and Russian iron would have to be neutralized by setting up smelting works and furnaces in the north and south of Persia, for whose supplies the richest mineral is found everywhere in abundance. Russian bar iron is now sold on the Caspian Sea for 1 ½ cranes of the batman; in Teheran, 6 caravan days away, it costs 2 cranes; the same price for English iron imported via the Persian Gulf and Baghdad. (1 Batman has the weight of 853 Dutch ducats and 24 gran medicinal weight).

The annual iron import according to a Duan list is as follows: (2_06_045)

| | | |
|--------------|---------------------------------|----------------|
| English Iron | (via Baghdad) | 60,000 ducats |
| | (via Persian Gulf) (via | 140.000 " |
| Russian Iron | Caspian Sea) | 400.000 " |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | 600,000 ducats |

If one considers that various ferrous minerals exist in abundance in Persia, that the government would gladly agree to the construction of factories at the expense of others and without having to spend money itself, that it would give up the land, minerals and water, and fortunately for the country, that coal and wood are worth less than in Europe, that the hardy workers are only paid $\frac{3}{4}$ [franc?] a day, that the price of iron produced directly here is lower than that delivered to the place from Russia and England, that in any case, apart from the transport costs by sea, a furnace and smelting works could be established in Persia itself, paying the 5% for export to Russia and gaining the 5% for the Persian duane, that the current consumption is already very considerable and would at least triple, namely that it would become cheaper as a result, then there is no longer any doubt what an enormous profit such an enterprise would yield.

Something similar. Russia imports annually about 100,000 Tumans of crystal of various qualities and about 20,000 Tumans of porcelain of inferior quality. Persia, however, has all the materials necessary for the production, but the people capable of doing so are lacking. The Shah did indeed have people come from Europe, but one could only blow and the other could only turn, but the actual technical knowledge to create the necessary compositions was always lacking. So this failed, and the workers, with great

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They had brought in the cost and paid for it richly, and had nothing to do but to realize their salaries; so they lived idle and enjoying their lives until their contract expired. But the Shah, who wanted to do everything for the welfare of his country, while he lacked devoted and capable advisers, lost the courage to succeed, constantly seeing the great sacrifices, not only without any profit, no, completely lost.

Very durable Persian cottons are still produced in almost all of Persia today in a very imperfect manner; the cotton is cheap because it is exported; the workers are cheaper than elsewhere. At the beginning of his reign the Shah of Moscow had complete English machines for cotton spinning brought in at a cost of 100,000 tumans, but the machines were used and old; the machine and the factory were built and put into operation by a German (2_06_046) engineer, but jealousy persuaded the Persian government that the young local children who had been entrusted to the German engineer were sufficiently advanced to manage the factory, so that the foreigner, who was only too well paid, could be dispensed with.

The advice was accepted and the factory was entrusted to the Persians. But after barely two months the steam engine broke down, after having been in continuous operation for two years under the Germans. At great expense a new engine was brought from Russia, which broke down again fifteen days after it was installed because the Persians, convinced of their strength, believed they had to heat it with all their might to make the whole thing run better, but instead the whole factory had to be stopped and due to lack of supervision the engine was increasingly destroyed. It had been installed by a Russian for 2,000 tumans.

This factory, built according to the rules of European manufacture, could easily be bought or rented by the government, or arrangements could be made to the advantage of both parties. It is certain that the thread from this Shah's factory, under the direction of the German, was bought by the Persians at the same price as the English product. If no intrigues had been made against the German director, it was foreseeable that he would have made the import of English cotton impossible in a few years; they would not have been able to compete with the equally well-produced product in the country, even with English machines, since the raw material was cheap. If one considers that the local weavers with their miserable trades already compete with English cotton, one can understand what a factory managed as well as an English factory could achieve. Imports into Russia with English manufacturers via Persia have been made almost impossible, among other things, while the Persian

ian manufactures have free entry into Russia with 5% Duane, and their exports to the Muslims in Russia are already quite considerable.

An establishment of copper factories, a mineral that is available in abundance, the mines of which are abandoned or unknown due to the fear of the Persian government, which has seen its best hopes continually betrayed by adventurers or incompetent people, a well-managed company with the disposal of artists and skilled workers could not only supply Persia with copper, which it now imports from Russia for around 100,000 tumans annually, but Persia could export its own copper to neighboring countries, perhaps as far as India, because the wealth of the mines would certainly make Persian copper cheaper (2_06_047) than English copper, whose mineral is very poor and requires a lot of fuel and labor. A paper factory would also do excellent business. At the beginning of the Shah's reign, the government had a paper factory built at its own expense by manufacturers brought from Russia at great expense. For several months it produced good paper, but soon the work was stopped, because three of the directors died one after the other from Telirium tremens. One of the greatest difficulties was the procurement of rags, which, when glued and beaten together, are used in Persia to make very durable shoe soles. But barley straw and rice straw, tragacanth bushes, flax and hemp stalks, which rot in the fields after the harvest or are used as fuel and are therefore cheap, could be an advantageous replacement for the rags under the supervision of an expert. All the paper used in Persia comes from Istanbul and Russia; its import is estimated at 100-150,000 ducats.

Cane sugar, imported from India in small quantities in its raw state (30,000 ducats annually) and very imperfectly purified in the country itself, is at most 5% cheaper than the French beet sugar, which is imported via Constantinople and is usually sold at 5-6 [francs?] a batman. The country's beets cost only 2 ½-3 francs a hundredweight (100 batman). Wouldn't that be a good deal too?

The oil seeds, sesame, hemp, flax and castor oil are widely cultivated, but the extraction of the oil is still so imperfect that a few good hydraulic presses could yield a good profit. The flax and hemp stalks, instead of being used for making paper, lie rotting in the fields or are used as fuel. According to the calculations of the German director of the spinning mill, who was well aware of this, the small province of Simnan alone could export 100,000 ducats worth of raw flax and hemp to Russia each year, while at present the destruction of the stalks and the lack of everything necessary for the advantageous pressing of the oil only amounts to an export of 8,000 ducats.

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A European-Asian trading company would nevertheless have to endeavour to establish factories in the country to process natural products, several of which would also have to supply articles for export to Russia, India and Turkey through its connections, which would have to be universal. From the first year of the constitution onwards, it would even be able to supply the arsenals of Persia, which now buys annually very indirectly about 100,000 ducats worth of guns, ammunition, soldiers' clothing, Fe, Cu, Sn, Zn, hemp rope, linen, paper, etc. It could supply the Dutch Indies with S, saltpeter, grain, butter, wine, wool, etc., and bring back tin from there by bank, which now reaches Persia through the third or fourth hand, etc.

(2_06_048) Considering this, as incomplete as it is, one might be surprised that none of the Europeans present in the area has ever dealt with similar matters. But apart from the European legations, a few military instructors and people employed at the arsenal in Teheran, as well as 3-4 small European merchants, there is no one in Persia who is interested in this. The 2 legations (English and Russian) usually only stay for 2-3 years, usually do not understand the language and hardly have time to settle in and gradually prepare for departure again; no one has the opportunity to know Persia, and although there are some among them who have written works about Persia, these testify to how little they knew Persia.

(2_06_049) Malcolm's classic work on Persian history is one of the best works ever published on Persia. In complete contrast to him, a Frenchman in diplomatic service, Le Comte de Gobineau, first secretary of the embassy, then plenipotentiary minister, believed he had to take a stand against Persia. His work, (2_06_050) "Trois ans en Asie, Paris, chez Hachette et Compagnie 1859" is full of poorly understood things. The only half-truth (i.e. applicable to foreigners in Persia) can be found on page 436, "la morale de ceci est qu'en Perse tout le monde

est disposé à se mêler de ce qui ne le regarde pas". Is it not a disgrace for a first secretary, who was always received in the most friendly manner by the Shah out of respect for Napoleon, to meddle in the household affairs and the Shah's harem, to say that the king pawns his jewels and his women's finery?

The painter Flandin also published some articles on Persia in the *Revue de la Monde* and later also a work. He was a painter and as a painter one must forgive him for certain fantasies, but he says (*Revue des 2 mondes* September 52), "pour comprendre les intérêts qu'a la France à faire tomber les barrières which separate it from Persia we only have to put before our eyes the attempts persistent that England & Russia have always pushed for him

'close the routes [of the country?] [in?] the country', this is, I think, a simple, pure idea. What proof, in fact, did he have of the existence of these attempts? The sum paid by England to Persia not to allow a French army to go to India by land? But that was in times of war between France and England, that was not [some?]

Politics. France has almost always had as much opportunity as England and Russia to open its eyes in Persia. For 25 years in a row, the first person at the court of the Shah, the Shah's personal physician, is he not French?

Was it not [Lebet?], Cloquet, and now Tholozan? Did not France have the high prerogative, in the time of the late Mohammed Shah, and at another time during the reign of the present Shah, to send military missions to Persia for army instruction, which had the means, much more than any English or Russian mission, of influencing the mind and knowing the diplomatic and other details of the court and the capital? What, then, were these barriers? The translation into Persian of the work of Gobineau, by order of the Persian government, greatly diminished the good general opinion of France. Such works do more harm than good, in which they took the trouble to make Persia ridiculous and contemptible in many respects.

(2_06_048) The Europeans in Persian service are generally people who consider it superfluous to learn the language for the short period of their contract, except at most to command a battalion or to direct the works of the arsenal; their language is more mimic than glottic, and once they can put aside a few hundred ducats, they simply begin to lend their small capital in tokens against collateral at 24%.

The small merchants, or rather boutiquiers, have no capital and little credit; they are happy if they can keep horses and servants in order to have at least the prestige of negociants.

In terms of agricultural wealth and production, Persia seems to me to be one of the happiest countries in the world. Although it has no known Au or Ag mine, but rich mines of Cu, Fe, Sn, Zn, which remain unused and are imported from outside, Persia has enough agricultural products to counterbalance the import of foreign goods, so as not to become impoverished from year to year. - As for the factories that were started and not finished, or finished but whose work was stopped, one could write books about their causes, here are just a few: 1) Persia lacks good administration in every respect and has become too distrustful for certain reasons to never give a European employee sufficient authority,

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2) the lack of good administration makes the workmen not pay on time, and as they are never paid in full on time, they go away, thus putting the European director in the sad necessity of suspending work. It has even happened that the Shah announced that he would come on such and such a day to inspect the spinning mill; the German director informed the Minister of Trade that there was not enough coal by the appointed day; the Minister gave orders that it should be brought, but orders without money and the camel drivers, who knew from old experience how they would finally be paid, did not bring any. The day before the Shah's visit, the director had purchases made on his own account in order to keep the machine running for at least a few hours longer, in order to give a convenient representation. The director did this in order not to compromise the Minister under whose orders he was. Similar cases of negligence are seen all the time in administration.

3) The people to whom the Shah communicates his intentions have no doubt that, for example, all the necessary materials for a glass factory are available in the country. So they hired a glassblower in Paris for 700 tumans a year and 800 tumans for the journey there and back. He arrives in Teheran, asks for the necessary materials and utensils, but no one knows them; he needs pure soda, but no one knows it or is unwilling to prepare it; he needs refractory earth, which exists in abundance in Persia, but no one is able to distinguish the earth to which it belongs; the worker declares the earth that is brought to him to be bad, the good Shah orders that 500 loads be brought from France; the French earth arrives, but there is always a lack of skilled worker to work it, and the venture fails. The Shah loses patience and will not hear anything more. Of course, in order to establish such a factory, one would have had good technicians examine the various materials which Persia itself contains, learn how to purify them, how to mix them, etc., and have the blower accompanied by other special workers on whom he depends and who depend on him to complete the enterprise. The Frenchman clamored and shouted that there was nothing he needed.

So then nothing can be hoped for from the Persians themselves in terms of administration; everyone would have to be Europeans to get the job done; then everything would go well, because once the smallest undertaking is carried out, no one like the Shah would be prepared to give all possible help to honest people who would not have to steal his money, who would not have dissatisfied his self-love as a sovereign, now unable to bring about the smallest undertaking because of his environment. - In order to remove the various obstacles, insurmountable for the Persian

To establish itself in the government, which will for a long time keep poor Persia behind what it could be, a European-organized company, led by Europeans and with large capital at its disposal, would have to take the initiative to form a kind of association with the Shah himself, or it would have to commit itself to giving the Shah a certain share of the production (for the Shah is not stingy, but very interested); in a word, it would have to come to terms with the Shah and not with the government in order to establish itself. A Russian company would be the best suited to this.

(2_06_050) *Saturday, December 28th - Tuesday, December 31st.* The weather was always lovely, but the nights were cool. People were skating in front of the New Gate on the water reservoirs that were built to form ice and are surrounded by a high wall facing south so that no sun could get to them. Ice forms very easily. People here are surprised that no snowflakes have been seen in the city itself and are therefore afraid of a dry year with typhus or cholera. - On New Year's Eve, I was invited to dinner with Gasteiger at Mr. Reymond's, where we welcomed the New Year ourselves. Of course, it didn't feel like New Year's Eve at all when I thought of my beloved homeland, which often happened, and I'm sure I was also being thought of today. I had spent the previous holidays in Istanbul and the current ones in Tehran, in other words in the two capitals of Islam.

(2_06_051) 1868. *Wednesday, January 1st.* A wonderful day, very warm, but frosty at night. All day long, visits were made and received by the Europeans, a constant coming and going. In the evening, the two of us were again invited to dinner by the English ambassador. Oh, how often I thought of Weimar, where everyone is enjoying themselves at the ball today; how lonely and abandoned I felt! For what can the Orient offer the

Europeans offer?

Thursday, January 2nd. Clear weather as before. In the company of Mr von Gasteiger, the 2 Dikhoff brothers and Mr Schreiber we set off at 10 a.m. to Rhages, 1 ½ Pharsach away. Once you have ridden through the town gate Abdul Asim, a wide, good path leads to the famous pilgrimage site and asylum of Shah Abdul Asim, built on the ruins of Rai. To the right outside the gate there is a whole row of houses, between them the cemetery, in which there are a number of built-over graves.

Numerous people and caravans camped here comfortably in the warm winter sun, the former holding their keifs, while numerous pilgrims coming and going enlivened the road, which, despite the ditches on the sides, cannot yet claim to be called a highway. The plain that the road cuts through is similarly desolate and bare, with numerous water cracks.

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furrowed; to the left of it the railway was to lead to Abdul Asim, which was to be built by a fraudulent company founded in [Paris?] by a Persian. But when the Shah, who was the target, did not participate, it was of course not built. To the right the view disappears over a wide plain, enlivened by a number of small, fortress-like walled villages with a few orchards; above it the horizon is limited by those long, mostly volcanic hills that are passed on the way to Hamadan; the thickly snow-covered Novaran Mountains appeared particularly beautiful in the glow of the sun. Very close to the left, steep, bare limestone mountains rise in the normal direction, as outcrops of the mighty Elburz Mountains, at their southwest foot lay the once highly famous Median capital Rhages.

The Elburz, covered in snow from the base to the summit, rises like a mighty wall above Teheran, partly covered in clouds that only parted around midday, until finally the giant cone of the Demavend, like a sentry of the land, appeared in all its majestic beauty. About halfway there, a young, vigorous man suddenly jumped out of his earthen dwelling with flasks in his hands to sprinkle us with rose water. We harshly rejected the idler, who found his expectations bitterly disappointed.

Finally, the gardens of Abdul Asim appear, from which the golden dome of the mosque shone like rays of sunlight. The plain slopes down here and is watered by numerous watercourses, whereas previously only underground tunnels carried the water further. The large village, in which about 300 people were currently in asylum, is surrounded by walled gardens, which is why it is often visited by townspeople. A second mosque is located at the entrance to the village, with a dome made of blue-glazed bricks.

[Places] An isolated, 16?-cornered tower with a vaulted entrance is still well preserved, built of fired bricks, but without an inscription. Another tower appears at the foot of the mountain range. [Construction] Remains of another such tower lie nearby; in general, the entire mountain slopes seem to have been well fortified, because the outer mountain range also shows remains of a fortress at its foot and above it a smaller, still preserved stone tower. [Far?] on one of the mountain slopes further back in the valley, one can see four of them very close together.

In this valley, on the right side of the mountain slope, lies the round, tower-like cemetery of the [Guebern?], whose dead are laid on poles so that the birds come and eat the flesh until finally the bones fall through to the ground. If you go up the valley from the inscription tower, you will see the large tomb of a woman on the mountain slope [...]. From these mountain slopes over

Looking out over the wide plain, one first gets an idea of the size of the city, because everywhere one looks, one sees the remains of walls, forts and the like. In particular, a huge earth fort stands out, built in the middle of the plain. One of these mountain ranges was converted into a complete fortress, by massive earth embankments on the (2_06_053)

Sides and the back, where you could still see some entrances. On this side you can still see most of the remains, namely thick, well-preserved ramparts and walls made of earth brick. From here you can also see the sculpture of Feth Ali Shah in the neighboring rocky mountain, an imitation of the sculptures of the Sassanids. The whole area is crossed by numerous small streams of water, but deep water tunnels also run through it. A mill had now settled among the ruins. - Due to lack of time we were unable to visit the nearby Tscheschme Ali spring, which is often used as a place of entertainment, nor the village. We arrived back in Teheran towards evening.

Friday, January 3. Visit to Dr. Schlimmer to discuss the origins of various Persian druggists. Clear weather, but cold.

Teheran is estimated to have 120,000 inhabitants with 10-12,000 houses, of which 3,000 are Jews, 4,000 are Guebers, 800 are Persian Armenians [and?] Chaldeans, and 80 are Persian Europeans. 1 batman = 640 Miskal. 1 batman = 5 /10 [ducats?] – 1 Miskal = 24 Nochut. Gold costs 14 Kran per Miskal, silver 17 Shahi per Miskal. Pearls 4-100 Tuman per Miskal. – The regular army consists of 70,000 men, 7 Tuman per man. 33,000 irregular cavalry, who only receive pay when serving. – The state budget costs 7 Persian million Tuman annually (1 Persian million = 20 ½ European million). – The Generalissimo of the Army, Serdar, is the Minister of War, Aziz Khan, with an annual income of about 40,000 Tumans. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mirza Said Khan, with 16,000 Tumans, has been in the service for 16 years. The Minister of the Interior, Feruch Khan, about 16,000 Tumans.

But for all of them, one can assume three times more through their side jobs, gifts, etc. The one who has a daily income of 1,000 Tuman is called Mirsa Yusuf, Mustofi el memalik. - The Minister of Finance, Duhst Ali Chan (Duhst = friend), with 150,000 Tuman. - The Minister of Culture, Ali Kuli Mirsa (Kuli = servant), = 12,000 Tuman. - The last of the 400 children or 136 sons of Feth Ali Shah is Prince Dschelaledin Mirsa, who fell into complete disgrace with the king through freemasonry and lived for a long time in asylum in Shah Abdul Asim.

Saturday, January 4th. Wonderful weather until *January 10th*. Very cold for a few days, but clear. Today the sky is overcast, the snow on the mountains seems to be melting, while thick clouds cover the backs of the mountains. A light rain fell towards the evening. The evening before yesterday we were invited to Allison's again.

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A very well-known individual is the Ali-caller. He runs or sometimes rides around the streets of the city all day, especially in the bazaars, with a stick in his hand, constantly calling "Alijen." This has become such a habit for him that he has a cramp in his jaw. He is always wrapped in a wide, white robe. He receives a khan from the Shah [5?] every day.

(2_06_054) Continuation of the story of the Babi's [Quotation] (2_06_055–2_06_063)
[Quote] (2_06_064) [Places]

Following the example of the Russian embassy, which has been building a new palace for two years, the English legation has now also been granted the sum of 50,000 tumans for the same purpose. The English legation, on behalf of its government, recently donated numerous gifts of precious gold vessels and jewelry to the Shah and the most influential persons in order to persuade the Persian government to renew the expired telegraph convention, and achieved its goal, although the line to Bushir, maintained by English personnel, swallows up enormous sums and its administration has long since proven its total [in..tity?].

At the same time, the Prussian titular consul Siemens, head of the Siemens and Halske company established in Vienna, Berlin, London and Petersburg, is here to obtain ratifications for a Prussian-Russian-English convention with Persia, according to which the operation of the telegraph line from the Russian [border?] at Julfa to Bushir is to be transferred entirely into his hands for a period of 25 years, in return for which Siemens will cede the third wire to the Persian government free of charge and will also pay them the annual amount of 12,000 ducats, according to the above time period, but the line will become the complete property of the Persian government. – According to the principle that is observed everywhere, but especially in Persia, that he who does not bribe, does not lead, Siemens has here and there helped his concerns with money and aid and also presented the Shah with several [splendid?] rifles and other valuable gifts, so that he reached his goal at a brisk trot.

(2_10_019) Addendum to Teheran. The Shah's high state officials are as follows: Mirza Jusuf, called Mustofi el memalek, with unconditional authority from the Shah, who has held this position with interruptions for 20 years and succeeded his father in the same rank. He has 40,000 ducats with free allowance for his officials and free table for his people. 2) The Minister of War Eschmededaule with 40,000 ducats, previously Governor of Schuschter, recently elected in place of Serdar Asis Khan, who was previously a private soldier and was the first to rise so high from this position. 3) Minister of Foreign Affairs Mirsa Saïd Khan with 15,000 ducats for 17 years. (All Mustofi

will be no Khans, just as the military cannot use the name Mirsa as a first name). 4) Minister of Culture and Commerce, also Director of the military school founded in 1850, Ali Kuli Mirsa, son of Feth Ali Shah, thus uncle of the current Shah, with 10,000 ducats. 5) Minister of Justice and Fer-rash bashi of the Shah, Kazim Khan, for 1 year. 6) Minister of Finance Dost Ali Khan, also Private Treasurer of the Shah with 10,000 ducats, for 10 years. 7) A Chairman of the Council of Ministers, who reports to the Shah, Pescha Khan, who is currently under house arrest because of 10,000 ducats, the inheritance of the former Minister of War.

Every minister has his substitute and an army of scribes, mirza.

The ministers meet once a week, just as everyone has a private audience with the Shah once a week; but since the Shah has appointed a prime minister, everything is thrown at him, who now has so much to do that he does nothing at all and lets business go as it will. He represents the Shah in the summer when he is absent. - The total income of Persia is 7 Persian millions = 3 ½ Europeans, the unused surplus goes into the Shah's private coffers and never goes back, where it remains without any interest; since Mohamed Shah, 38 European millions in gold have been lying there without any interest.

The taxes are distributed according to the productivity of the provinces, but the governors levy three times the amount, because he has to recoup the rent paid to the Shah when he took office. The richest provinces are Fars, Ghilan and Arabistan, but Ghilan has declined due to the silkworm disease. In every place with a Hakim or governor, money is minted, which then goes back to Teheran to the finance minister as taxes. The latter then pays it according to the berat's or money sheets, which the Shah used to audit himself; before one of these is paid out, it must first be sealed 14 times in the various chancelleries. In the past, silver from India and Russia was added to this, but now that has stopped, since there is no export, so the krans are becoming increasingly deteriorated; While the Ag Tuman used to cost 11 francs, 65 centimes in Europe, there it costs only 10 francs, while the Au Tuman gives 12 ½ francs.

All money is struck, not minted; machines were ordered from Paris, but they are scattered around on the beach at Rescht and on the road, and will never be installed unless a new one (2_10_020) is brought in. For three years, a Frenchman named Dawus and his two sons have been receiving 2,000 ducats annually as Minister of Mint, but this expires in March 69, when he will return. The fact that the same has not been installed is due to the Minister of Finance, who makes more profit under the current system. In general, the entire state machine is rusty and worn out due to complete

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Lack of industry; all money goes out, nothing comes in, so the country becomes more and more impoverished because the sources cease, only the worse [in?]- The deficit must be covered up to some extent by the minting of coins; when this too ceases, the country must pass into other hands. If privileges were distributed without suspicion to companies that exploit the country's treasures, the country would soon [rise?]. Most Europeans say that there are no springs, that the country is a sterile desert; this is indeed the case at present, but it was not so in the past under a better government.

In Persia, everything can be created by the distribution of water, as can be seen very clearly around Teheran itself, where villages with gardens and avenues, etc., have existed for ten years; but irrigation by means of canals is too artificial and laborious, because no pipes are known; but siphons have been known here since ancient times.

The pleasure palace Yauschan tepe = hare hill has existed for 12 years, where initially only a Chinese kiosk was built on the isolated rocky hill; but in the last 8 years it has been gradually enlarged so that the eastern slope is covered from top to bottom with houses, stables, etc. (also pronounced Zeltanied-abad or usually Sultanabad, from zeltanied = dominion).

At the foot of the city are large orchards, where the Shah channelled a small stream from the mountains at great expense, thereby creating a paradise in the middle of the desert; the desert bushes around it must not be collected in order to attract the game that the Shah hunts here. - The expansion of the city, which began last winter, began much too large and was far too fortified, which then required a pointless, large garrison; its 12 gates were under construction, and work was continuously carried out on the new city moat, which would then have a circumference of 3 pharsachs. The expansion of the city was necessary, but even now no account is taken of the general welfare, and no drainage of the excrement; everyone can build as they please because there is no unity; the Shah may mean well, but the work is in the hands of the city governor, who thereby has a large source of income that he alone puts into his own purse.

The most beautiful gate in Tehran is the derbase Nasriye on the north-east side of the Ark, with a double wall, in which the guards are stationed; it is made of brightly coloured, glazed bricks, decorated with paintings of Rostam and other heroes. A wide, paved road leads from here along the Ark (2_10_021) to the bazaar, with trees on both sides. The Shah now had Gasteiger design a monkey house for the zoo, in which there are some bears, lions and deer. The glass, paper and candle factories as well as the cotton and silk weaving and spinning mills have all closed down in the same way they were built, and the people have all left. The machines have been stolen.

or thrown away or lying around in the junk room in fragments. The arsenal produces only a few, but good, guns; the cannon foundry and turning shop has produced very few since Rous' departure. - The large cannon captured by Nadir Shah in India is now set up on the Maidan in front of the water basin in front of the Ark. The road there leads between beautiful gardens on both sides, which were only planted three years ago; they were now covered in the most magnificent floral decoration of *Pyrethrum indic.*, which is thriving beautifully.

The sun building, *Schems el Amaret*, with two towers and a clock tower; built in Chinese style. The road to *Niaveran*, planted with trees, was built by *Gasteiger* seven years ago. The road from *Teheran* via *Hassar Tschamp* along the river *Tschalus* to *Aliabad* to the sea, which flows halfway between *Lenkerud* and *Balfurusch*, leads through beautiful mountainous regions, but the road is of no use for trade, but only a hunting route for the king; the side facing the sea has already become impassable again, as nothing is being done to maintain it. The port of *Balfurush* cannot be considered as such, as the sea is too shallow at $\frac{1}{2}$ *Phar-sach*. - Uniforms of all kinds have now been ordered from *Paris* for the soldiers for 100,000 francs.

For the last six months there has been a Turkish ambassador here again, *Riza Beg*, a hypocrite, fanatic; he left the house occupied by the former mission because it was Armenian, and moved into a Persian house. The other ministers keep their distance from him. The Turkish mission has no influence whatsoever and is nothing more than [Hall?].

The French mission was respected until 1861, but then it fell into disrepair under *Gobineau* and is still in place today, due to the lack of tact on the part of the ministers; the present minister has made his position impossible through avarice; it seems that the Oriental conditions have been ignored or not sufficiently understood. In 1858 the first telegraph was

introduced on a trial basis under *Kozisch* and extended 2 *Pharsach* to the *Niaveran* summer palace. Then it was built from *Teheran* to *Tabriz* under *Ali Kuli Mirza* of the Persians, but so poorly that it did not work until the English telegraph was mentioned. In 1864 it was built from *Kuhrud* to *Murgab* by *Gasteiger*. In 1866 both English lines were ready for traffic; but it is expensive and impractical to operate, too many superintendents etc.; the Persians have learned nothing more than the introduction of the *Mursay apparatus* (2_10_022), whereas the Persians previously worked with a sign apparatus. – The influence of the *Mullah* was much more limited by the former *Emir Nizam*. In Persia, two laws, the *Inodal* or customary law, *urf*, hence *urbar* and *urbarium*, are exercised by the *Whitebeards* and *Kätchudas*, the second, the religious law or *sheriet*, based on the *Koran*, is exercised by the *Mullahs*; they have civil jurisdiction; they must sign purchases and sales, etc. –

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Marriages are only performed in the home. – The Russian mission since 1828, the English in 1812, the French in 1845, the Turkish is new. – Photography was introduced by Karllian in 1858 to the detriment of photographers, because now every prince, as well as the Shah, takes photographs, but it is certainly not the case after that.

VII Tehran–Ispahan (January 15–30, 1868)

(2_06_064) *Wednesday, January 15.* Today we are supposed to leave Tehran.

Last night I dined with the English Minister.

In the afternoon I made the acquaintance of Mirsa Mohammed Arab, a native of Kirmanshah, but who had lived for a long time among the Bakhtiari, where he was a leading figure as their chief. Thirty-five years ago, when the Bakhtiari were striving for the throne in the time of Mohamed Shah, Matakhi Khan was defeated by Menichel Khan, whereupon he too was robbed of all his considerable property and taken to Teheran, which he has not left since. He was of small stature, with a long, black beard, but bent by (2_06_065)

Misfortune and old age. He recommended me to his close friend Mirsa Kelb Ali Khan, governor of Shuschter, who also knows the language of the four Walis very well. Aslan Khan, chief of the Bakhtiari, is also a friend of his in Shuschter; also Mehmud Taki Khan and Ali Naki Khan, his nephews. - The day before yesterday there was heavy rain all day, but yesterday it was fine again, and the same is true today. The 13th was the Russian New Year, when I was in the Russian embassy. - The farewells never seem to end.

At midday we finally set off, after 9 tuman of bakshish had been donated, in the company of Mr. von Gasteiger. We went out of the gate of Shah Abdul Asim. The path from 1 ½ Pharsakh to the village has already been described; at the ditches along the path, greenish lava slag often appears in pieces. The street was constantly busy, with several carriages belonging to some of the greats, as well as the company wagons with a canvas covering, belonging to a defunct Tiflis company, which transport the pilgrims back and forth. The village seems to be growing; at least there is now a new, high-vaulted, airy brick bazaar, which is well stocked with goods. A mighty, hollow plane tree rises up in the market place. I got off in a well-furnished caravanserai, the courtyard of which was full of camels. In the evening I had a severe headache that kept me awake at night.

Thursday, January 16th. We set out at daybreak and rode through the sprawling village, where in many places there are still fairly high, thick earthen ramparts. The gardens of the greats who have to eke out their lives here in the asylum stretch around the village. The high, gilded dome, next to which another one in blue enamel rises, gleamed in the rays of the morning sun.

We continued in a southwesterly direction, so that the old Rhages, which stretches from the village for about 1–1 ½ Pharsach to the west, remained to our right. [Places]

After ½ hour from Abdul Asim, Baitawad, with its tree gardens, is on the left side of the road. After about 2 ½ hours, the plain suddenly drops by about 30', the end of which

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like a wall appears on the sides; it now forms a deep valley about 1 hour wide but infinitely long, completely flat, greenish marl stands out on the sides. Where you ride downhill is the post office of Kärisek. (2_06_066) ¼ hour away on the left on the slope is a burial dome that seems to stand on the ruins of an old village, but I was unable to determine this. This plain is crossed by many small streams, which now make it a difficult passage, because the water can only flow slowly. It was teeming with lapwings, snipe, herons and individual geese. This too was well cultivated, now full of green fields. [Places] The telegraph always stays close to the path. After about 1 ½ hours we had ridden through this plain, and now we went up the mountain range very gradually. A village lies at its foot, in whose khan a group of women were fighting, quarreling and screaming. [Places, Pfl, Places] Soon the ridge was climbed, from which one can enjoy a magnificent view. [Places]

After 1 hour we reached our Konak for today, Kenaregird, after having ridden through the Keretsch Rud, which flows alongside, about 4' deep and 30' wide. The place is a caravan and post station, and I got off at the latter. The village has only about 20 houses, but a lot of ruins. The river itself flows just south of the village, and is crossed by a 100-pace-wide brick bridge; it is built high in the middle; the river was now full of water.

Friday, January 17th. We set out early in the morning, still in the moonlight; all the water had been covered with ice during the night. After crossing the bridge, half an hour later we came to the village of Issun, the last thing we saw today on our journey from 7 Pharsach. We continued on the plain until, after a few hours, we came to a valley about 1 ½ hours wide, called Melikman daressi, which was a remarkable sight. At several points, namely at the foot of the two mountain ranges between which the path leads into the plain, there were extensive groups of low (up to about 80-100' high), completely conical, round hills made of sand with marl and river rubble (2_06_067), which, by standing close together in groups or long lines, gave the wide, open valley a peculiar character. Their sides are riddled with water cracks all around; only now and then do thin, [mostly?] up to 1' thick, greenish-grey layers appear in them, rising towards the north in this angle [sign], of easily crumbling sandstone, often washed out on the sides like caves and interspersed with thin veins of gypsum; even marigold appears in thin layers. Efflorescences of NaOSO₃ cover the barren, bare ground everywhere, only here and there a few Artemisia, Atrapha-xis, Ephedra. There is no doubt that these hills got their shape from water; they are almost all the same height, namely in some places

you can clearly see how the water has formed them by washing them away from the plain.
[Construction]

Strong, cold west wind all day. A new, isolated caravanserai built of stone follows. We ride for a long time on this gradually rising plain until we finally see the house of Sultan, our destination for today, in the distance in the depression on the other side of the plain. We could not be mistaken, because as far as the eye can see over the vast, immeasurable plains that float in mirage, it does not see any human habitation; gazelles can be seen in the distance. [Places]

At about 3 o'clock I arrived in Hawas i Sultan, so called after the large cistern, which is vaulted with a brick dome. Next to it is the caravanserai and the Chepperkhane, in the latter I got off. A heavy eight-wheeled wagon brought from Yesd some magnificent, greenish translucent gypsum, a stone 9' thick, 10' long and 4' wide, which was destined for Shah Abdul Asim. [Places]

(2_06_068) *Saturday, January 18th.* We set off at sunrise; the whole sky was covered, only in the east was a narrow strip clear, through which the sun sent out its bright yellow rays. Today we walked continuously through a sad desert, without any vegetation. [Places] One stretch was very difficult to travel through because of the soaked, tough, salt-soaked clay, from which the horses could only pull their legs out with difficulty. After 4 Pharsach we came to the Sadrabad caravanserai, also consisting only of the Chepper-chane, the Chan and a vaulted cistern, surrounded by a sad desert. Here the ground, which takes on a dark appearance, changes to [rapillen?]-like plutonic rock, which in a crushed state covers the plain on both sides of the mountain range we now have to cross. This range stretches far to the west and east and also has the general character of the earlier one. Against the mountain range you can see the black tents of the Shahseven. The transition is very gradual, imperceptible, but there is no view, as the whole area is enveloped in clouds of mist, which soon emptied into thick snowfall. From the top you can look down again into a plain. [Places]

A broad silver ribbon runs through the wide plain; it is the river of Hama-dan, rushing towards its sad fate of being lost in the desert.

Another Pharsach into the desert and we have reached our destination for today, Pul i Delack. We were accommodated in a dark room in the Tschepperkhane. Next to it is the khan and a cistern, and the river flows past it, which was now about 60 paces wide; a stone bridge with 14 arches leads over it, but some of them have collapsed. It is snowing constantly.

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Sunday, January 19th. It snowed all night long, so that in the morning the snow covered the plain several inches deep. At sunrise we set out to reach Kum, which is only 4 Pharsachs away. A little below the stone bridge that we had to cross, the river from Khonsar flows into that from Hamadan, but the former always stays to the left near the road to Kum. [Places] Little by little the mountains behind Kum revealed their shapes, while the gilded dome of the [holy?] Fatmeh shone far and wide in the rays of the sun. The mountains to the south of the city with their conical shapes and the mountains of Sawa, which extend like a semicircle to the west, give the area around the city a certain charm; from a distance, however, it makes no impression (2_06_069), as it is spread out flat on the plain.

Near the town, you can get very close to the river, which is now roaring down and foaming; its bed is often more than a quarter of an hour wide and filled with boulders.

Finally we reached Kum; we rode past a small mosque with a pointed tower made of blue bricks, the outer walls of which were filled with small stones as a sign of a holy place. We dismounted at Tschepperkhane, which is located outside the town. Next to it a ten-arched, straight stone bridge leads over the river to the town. The surrounding area is full of green fields, but there are no gardens to be seen, at least not large ones, as the trees in the farms between the houses in the town are not counted. The weather is still glorious today, the sun is shining brightly again from a cloudless, blue sky. Nevertheless, I decided to spend the next day here.

Monday, January 20. A strong, cold east wind blew today, so that one could not warm oneself even in the open houses. The town of Kum has about

3,000 houses, a large part of which are inhabited by people living in asylum.

The domed bazaar, built of brick, stretches like a long vein through the middle of the city, but the eastern part of it, probably half of the whole, is unoccupied and therefore left to decay.

Shoemakers and coppersmiths make up the largest part, while the cloth sellers of European goods mostly offer their fabrics for sale in the adjacent caravanserais. There are also spice merchants, confectioners, bookbinders and fruit sellers, the latter in particular being well represented, for whom Sawa, only 10 Pharsachs away, supplies most of its fruit, as well as Kurud and Nathans. Wine is not cultivated here. The most beautiful caravanserais of the merchants is called tiandschah, a beautiful large brick dome with Saracen decorations in the corners.

Kum has a great abundance of mosques, there are about 500 of them, both large and small, and just as many baths. The main mosque, however, is the mosque of [holy?] Fatmeh, located on the west side of the city, with 2 large,

Paved courtyards, decorated (in enamel) portal and gilded Byzantine dome. You can also see a few mosque towers covered in blue enamel, built like a sugarloaf. There are only 2 minarets, which stand next to each other, called meidan minarah. Otherwise there is nothing special to notice in the town, whose houses mostly have small domes on their flat roofs. The streets are dirty, unpaved, with the exception of the cleanly kept bazaar. Drinking water is brought in through deep water tunnels, to which deep flights of stairs lead down and the water is let out through taps. There are about 50 schools. 400 caravanserais, some of which are very pretty and magnificently laid out. It is the seat of a Shahsade, under which about 1000 people live.

1,000 villages stand, which together bring in 30,000 tumans in annual contributions to the state treasury. The Iliats wandering around Kum are: Shahseven, Kaini, Send, Arab, Leschini, Calhur, Abdul Meleki, Karchunein, Chaladsch and Kelleku. I could not find out anything about the names [Mugda?] [Kahn?], Karachahn and Karahamzali. The district of Ferachahn, pronounced Feraohn here, is said to be 20 Pharsach away. [Places] (2_06_070) [Places]

About $\frac{3}{4}$ hour west of Kum, a low, black hill rises in the plain, isolated from the mountain range rising a little further south; it is called Gidahngelmes, meaning gone and not coming back; it is said that whoever climbs it should not return; it is said to have salt on it. Perhaps this legend is not without reason; volcanic gases could easily have caused something like this. [Places]

Tuesday, January 21st. We set off at sunrise and rode in zigzags through the winding streets of the city, full of ruined houses, to the east end of the city, where there are two burial chapels with conical towers, only partially covered with blue enamel, with stork nests. Here are the city gardens, full of pomegranate bushes with Fraxinus trees in between; they also serve as arable land, which is now covered with fields of crops. [Places]

Today the path leads along the mountain range on a continuous flat surface; on the right you can see a few houses or at least the remains of them, and further on to the left you can see several small villages, all without trees.

Several small water diversions from the river near Kum are crossed, which serve to irrigate the fields. However, one does not pass a stream flowing to Kum, as is erroneously stated on Kiepert's (2_06_071) map.

All along the way I was delighted by the magnificent view of the Demawend group, which only shows from a distance how huge it is above the Elbur mountains, which appear like dwarfs compared to it. After 4 [hours?] you arrive at the former, now ruined village of Lengurud, already recognizable from afar by its orchards, from which 2 large, beautifully grown

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Pinus (like those in the Ark of Teheran) amazed me; I would not have expected to find this tree here, which I had not seen for so long; but it proves that the soil in this area is not at all incapable of cultivation. How wonderful a pine forest would look here, where now there is only arid desert (similar to Beirut). Salt efflorescences are very rare here along the mountains and only in places; hence also more vegetation such as Hulthemia, [plant]. All that remains of the village is the caravanserai, where a camel caravan from Hamadan was now camped.

From there, another 1 ½ Pharsach we reached our Menzil, Pasengan, lying in the middle of the desert and consisting only of the stone caravanserai, the Tschepperchane opposite and 2 cisterns. A lot of black-breasted reptiles, as well as a few flocks of white and brown spotted geese, were visible; but there were ravens everywhere, one of which I shot; a strange, tough life, even when it was being pulled away it lived until its throat was cut. Since there were still 2 hours until evening, I took advantage of the wonderful, warm weather to go for a walk to the mountain range, which was ½ hour away. [Places]

Closer to the mountains, sand deposits spread out. There I found many shells in the quartz limestone, four types, some of which are similar to those in Lebanon near Beirut. Unfortunately I did not have time to search for long, but this discovery gave me the certainty that once this entire large desert, in the middle of which Yesd and Kerman lie, was covered by the sea or at least by a lake, which then disappeared due to the volcanic elevations of the mountain ranges. Just a glance at the map shows that there was once a lake here, into which all the rivers of the surrounding mountains flowed, which now disappear in the desert. [Places, Plants]

(2_06_072) *Wednesday, January 22nd.* Another lovely day, only a little easterly air in the morning, but then very warm. Set off at sunrise. Half an hour to the left, on the plain, lies the fairly large village to which the Khan belongs. After a few hours of monotonous riding, you arrive at the hill itself, which you had previously always stayed away from. [Places] Individual herds of goats were grazing on the mountain slopes, eating the few dry herbs that they disdain when green, but which become brittle in the winter due to the rain. To the left, a vast desert, not a single human settlement. [Places] Through a wide, about 30' deep torn river bed, in which only a little salty water was now flowing, you reach the Schurab caravanserai = salt water, kept clean and even with a small pasture plantation next to it. Here is the boundary between Kum and Kashan, and the higher mountain ranges which one now sees, known under the general name of Kuh Fihn, already belong to the latter.

Their backs are all sharp, but not long, and look as if they were broken. For about 1 ½ Phar-sach you ride between the hills, which in their hollows

show a lot of salt weathering, hence also here such vegetation as *Salicornia*, [Pfl].

Going downhill, you come to a dilapidated caravanserai, called *Bache schah*, whose field or garden walls have mostly already fallen apart. Little owls nest in them. After half an hour, the hilly terrain ends and you can see a mighty desert to the south and southeast, with a mountain range still lying between them; wide, white salt efflorescences cover the ground in it; but along its edge you can see individual settlements and villages along the mountains. The intertwining [6?] ranges of the *Kuh Fihn* rise directly above the edge of the desert and extend far to the south, until they are no longer visible to the eye. A clear stream flows out of a water tunnel here, filled with *Nasturt. offic.*; a number of such water tunnels can be seen here on the hillside, which supply the invigorating element to the plain. Next to it are the ruins of a ruined village; here the slopes were green, [Pfl].

At the foot of these hills, a little way away, lies our present-day *Konak*, called *Sensen*, consisting of a *khan* and a *chepperkhane*; several settlements belonging to it can be seen nearby. A clear but warm, very salty stream flows alongside, channeled from afar by the hill range; in it there are many fish; *Potamogeton*, 3 algae, small snails. On the edges a [new?] *Sonchus* and *Arenaria salina* were blooming. (2_06_073) The village of *Masch-kun* is located south on the mountain slope about 1 *pharsach* away, while *Nathan's* is located southeast. Our march today was 7 *pharsach*.

Thursday, January 23. We set off at sunrise under a slightly overcast sky, but warm. The *Alborz Mountains* were brightly lit with sharply defined shadows from the valleys. The *Demavend* was magnificent. We continued on a continuous plain to *Kashan*; after 3 *Pharsakh* we reached *Nasirabad* with a large brick caravanserai; the village consisted of around 200 houses, which in this area of *Kashan* all had domes on their otherwise flat roofs. Near the village, as in the area around *Kashan*, a lot of *Eruca sativa* was built, called *Mandan* or *Mandap*, from whose seeds fuel oil is made; it was now in bloom on the sandy ground. Very warm day today, southerly air.

Water tunnels run through the wide plain in all directions, almost all of which come from the steeply rising mountains, whose foot is surrounded by a gently sloping slope. To the right, towards the mountains, one sees a number of small villages or walled settlements, while the larger towns are free of such walls. To the right, half an hour from *Murdabad*, then to the left, a quarter of an hour from *Aliabad*; further to the left is *Nuschabad*, a large village with around 200 houses and blue mosque towers. This village stands on the site of the old *Kashan*, which was destroyed by an earthquake. To the right

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¾ hour away is the large village of Rabend with the 2 villages of Chosak and Scherchabad; these belong to Lessan el muk in Teheran, the historian, who draws his income from them. Nuschabad has 50 Messe-reh or springs, ie small settlements for the cultivation of the soil, whose inhabitants mostly live in the city in winter. [Places]

About 1 ½ Pharsach from Kashan you can see a minaret tower of the city, while to the right of the mountains the large town of Fin stretches out with its beautiful garden and magnificent water; its cypress trees can be seen far and wide. When you arrive in Kashan, you ride into the city on a very wide, paved road, where on the left the pretty, new telegraph house with a water basin in front of it immediately catches your eye. Following the road, you ride through a dome-like gate into the bazaar, but I turned left to the Tschepperkhane. It is very spacious, with high, vaulted, large, white-painted rooms on the sides. I was immediately visited by the telegraphist Mr. Orford, who invited me to his place, but I only partially accepted, i.e. the meal. I spent the evening at his place, where I met a student who had just returned from Paris, a ferrous smelter who had spent seven years there.

Friday, January 24th. Very little was done, as I planned to ride with Orford to Fin after midday, but this was foiled. My friend was ill and could not go any further and wanted to accompany me to Ispahan via Kurud, his home. But as the mountains there were full of snow, I did not consent, and so he sent for his father to accompany me. I must therefore spend tomorrow here too.

(2_06_074) *Saturday, January 25th.* Mr. Orford left Kashan early to go to Kum. I inquired about the cobalt mines, which lie towards Kurud, 1 Pharsakh from the village of Chamsar. They belong to an association of 50 men, mostly Saids, who work them out once every two years and then wait until everything is used up. Now, of course, the pits were covered with snow, so I could not visit them. The earth that can be bought, called la-dschewerd, is grey in colour, balled up in oval lumps and sealed. There are two types: Ladschewerd abi and ladschewerd Kirmisi = blue and red Ladschewerd. The substance from which these lumps are formed is like earth that is dug out of the mountain in tunnels. The earth is broken up by beating in buckets of water and then allowed to settle; the mud that settles at the bottom is formed into these lumps. This is used to produce the blue glaze by applying the mass, which has been finely divided in water, to the dishes and then firing it, which is how the blue first appears. I could not find the earth itself here, and the mass is sold at high prices.

buys à Okka [...] crane, yet the annual profit is only 200 tuman, which seems incomprehensible to me.

The district and town of Kashan belong to the state minister Amin edaule or Feruchan, who bring in 65,000 tumans in taxes. The [import?] of the duane amounts to 18,000 tumans. The governor who resides here is Ismael Mirsa. - The town lies on a completely flat plain, bordered to the southwest by the long mountain ranges along which the road to Nathans runs. The town has many beautiful buildings, to which Feruchchan has added many new ones, such as the enlargement of the bazaar, on the right as you enter it, where he converted an entire street into one that is distinguished by its height, hall and spaciousness, in which Cu blacksmiths now work, whose hammering can be heard from far away. The bazaars take up a large part of the town and show the industrial industriousness of the inhabitants; mainly Cu and silk are worked, as well as beautiful red velvet. Mulberry trees for the cultivation of silkworms can be found almost all around the town. If the copper workers were not to work for one day, they would lose 500 tumans, and they process 500,000 man of raw copper into bars every year. The Jews are mainly involved in the silk trade, they have a synagogue here and are far more numerous than the Armenians; they also manufacture wine and arak, but the former is said to be not excellent, but to be heavily mixed with tobacco. Opium and tobacco are also cultivated here. In many places I saw camels turning large round stones in circles to pulverize the henna leaves, the indigo fera and the pomegranate bark.

Kashan has beautiful khans with elegantly decorated, large domes, the skillful execution of which must be admired, especially the new one built by Feruchchan, which was not yet completely finished. Here too, the houses have these smaller domes on the roofs. The most beautiful building, perhaps apart from a few mosques, is the royal college, in which only Arabic is taught, and a large, paved courtyard with a water basin, all around (2_06_075) are the rooms of the students and teachers, above which are beautifully executed portals and entrances with colorful enamel, but which are forbidden to non-believers. [Places]

To the west of the city lies Fin, from whence comes the water coming down from the Korud Mountains, famous for its clarity. It has been calculated that this water, which supplies Kashan, brings the city 1,000 tumans daily. [Places] To the east are Aruhm and Bidgol, both close together, almost forming a small town, where silk and good fruits such as melons etc. come from; 1 Pharsach far from Kashan. Each of them has 33 Messereh or springs. Places that do not pay taxes to the government, but to individuals, such as ministers etc., are called Tojul villages. Thus Nuschabad belongs to Isaac

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Khan, Beglerbeg of Teheran, Rahak to Hadji Mirsa Seman Khan etc. – In Kashan there are 100 Muschteheds and just as many Pischnamas = prayer leaders. Kashan has 13,000 houses and 7 gates. Around the city the fields were in abundance, and *Muscari racemosum* was already blooming in between. Today is another very warm day; many memories back home.

Sunday, January 26th. We left late in the morning with the father of our sick Katirtschi, who had arrived yesterday. Before the town the roads split, the one on the left leads through Busabad to Nathans in a continuous plain, but I chose the one on the right. A wonderful, warm day. The plain is cut through in all directions by numerous kerises.

[Places] After about 1 Pharsach, there is a new, covered cistern or rather a water source on the right side of the path, to which a flight of stairs leads down. [Places]

After about 2 ½ Pharsach you ride into a low hill range, consisting of alluvial gravel and plutonic rubble masses from the nearby mountain range; this forms a wall several Pharsachs wide, furrowed by many now dry torrent beds, so here you are constantly riding up and down. [Places] (2_06_076) [Places]

We had barely joined the train when Khoremtash suddenly appeared before us, a village of 50 houses with dome-shaped roofs. Two old cypresses stood in front of the caravanserai, and, just like ours, willow and ash trees (hollow) mutilated by felling surrounded the village, which was traversed by a clear stream. The ruins of an old stone khan were next to the village. Barley had to be bought here, as there was nothing to be found in our current konak. Fields of crops surrounded the village, which had a mosque with a small, blue tower. [Places] The Demavend was also visible from here, as was part of the Elbur Mountains. There was no salt soil on the current route, but there was vegetation of Artemis, Noea species, etc. [Places] We rode through a dry torrent bed, a long stretch of it was densely strewn with mostly rounded granite blocks on both sides.

You ride down into a valley through which a stream rushes and reach

On the other side, one suddenly came across the Khan Robad, which one had not previously noticed. Here one is very close to the mountain range, whose snow reached down to the Khan. It is built of rough stone with a pretty portal, but is in complete disrepair, as it is uninhabited. I found a party of Katirtschis from Nathans in it. There were no doors; I camped overnight in a place open on all sides. Arrived here at dusk.

A few houses are located a little further up.

Monday, January 27. We set off before sunrise. The sky was blood red and overcast. Below the Chan, in the plain, lies a small

Village; a dry salt river bed stretches like a silver vein in the valley-like plain to the east, formed by an isolated, rising volcanic mountain range, the sides of which only slope down very gradually to the wide plain; only in its middle is dark, plutonic rock thrust out. [Places] (2_06_077)

[Places] To the east, an endless desert stretches out, from which only the salt flats shine out. You now ride through a slope covered with granite blocks (very light, only a few black grains), which have been gradually exposed by wild winter torrents or rainstorms from the rapids and sand masses that had buried them. [Places] After 3 Pharsach you reach a wild, clear, cold stream, called Hendscheng rud, in a valley about 100' deep, which brings its vitality to the villages of Childabad and Mechabad below, whose fields of crops gleam. A small village lies there (Hendscheng), where it emerges from the mountains, only 15 minutes uphill. 1 Pharsach further, and you find yourself directly under the steeply rising mountains, on whose northern slope the governor of Nathans has built a summer house. Clear, cold water comes down from several sides. Collapsed walls are evidence of earlier settlements, as are the beautiful, slender pines that cover a slope with their pine-shaped forms. Next to the stream, a wide, underground space had been created for winter sheep sheds. Plane trees were also not lacking here, although they were stunted by felling. From here the path now climbs upwards, leaving the mountains on the right. [Places]

Straight ahead you can see a wide, flat basin full of orchards, fields and scattered houses. It is Natans, whose main group you only notice when you stand in front of it. Here we met a group of sieve makers who did not look at all like gypsies, and the natives also distinguished them from them. (2_06_078) The gaunt men wore [grey?] Kurdish felt caps and tight-fitting dresses; the women wore blue skirts, like those of Arab women, with a blue scarf over their heads, but without a veil. They told us that they had previously lived in Kashan, but they themselves do not seem to know anything about their true country of origin. – The Natans basin is again surrounded by low mountain ranges, particularly to the southeast, where a steep, light-coloured limestone mountain range protrudes massively. The town stretches from the northwest to the southeast along the Bachesun rud stream (named after a village above it), to which several smaller streams flow. The fields are divided into terraces for irrigation, while everything along the stream is full of trees, namely Salix and Fraxinus and plane trees, the first two of which have also been cut down here; the gardens next to them are full of fruit trees, namely large pears, gulami, which are shipped from far away and mainly come from the nearby village of Tahmes. The houses are all very high, one-story, with flat roofs without domes; but many are in ruins,

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which in some places have collapsed and blocked the road; but one can walk over them without clearing away the rubble. Above the town, on a steep rocky summit, there is a kiosk with a view in all directions, similar to the one in Diarbekr; it is said to have been built by Shah Abbas.

A brightly painted mosque stands isolated on the low mountain to the northeast. But what is most interesting is the beautiful minaret made of brick, decorated with colorful glaze, as well as the portal next to it, beautifully lined with enamel and decorated with Koran motifs. The mosque itself is mostly in ruins, but the very tall, round minaret is very well preserved. The people attribute its construction to Kai Kaus. The place is said to have 1,000 houses with 10,000 inhabitants, and the district includes 72 villages, most of which are in the mountains; a Shahzade [g..u..it?] es. 4 mosques, 4 baths, 3 caravanserais. I got off in one of these, from where the view falls directly on the steeply rising Kärries Mountains opposite, which are said to have little snow.

Jews and Armenians are absent. Language and clothing Persian. In front of a dwelling there is an open space with large plane trees and Celtis, both of which are common. [Places] The streets are winding and narrow, with a few bazaar shops. The inhabitants are mostly engaged in processing cotton into coarse fabrics for their own use, cotton is widely cultivated.

Tuesday, January 28th. Very cold morning, ice frozen, as Nathans is higher than the desert. Set off at sunrise and rode across the small, half-hour wide plain until we reached a small pass. [Places] Salix sygosto-mon was already in bloom in places. From the [mentioned?] pass we ride (2_06_079) a long stretch, always up and down in the plutonic ridges, which end here to form a basin valley on the left. [Places] Beyond Nathans towards the southeast, at the foot of the steep limestone ridge, we see a number of small, black elevations in a straight line, which reminded me of the 10 transformed tents at Sungur. [Places] After about 2 Pharsach the plutonic mountain masses rise higher with shiny black rocks that break into square pieces, but there is a fair amount of vegetation, namely frequent ephedra on the rocks. The path leading upwards now allows a view of a small plain, through which the aforementioned stream flows, surrounded by mountain ranges, but without villages, only a caravanserai lies downstream on the left of the main path. [Places] Moving up the stream, we soon reached our Konak, only 4 Pharsach today, an isolated Khan, called Hamsa, since the Serdehan, the old quarter, which is 1 Pharsach away, lies in ruins. [Places] Here we had to buy barley again for tomorrow.

(2_06_080) *Wednesday, January 29th.* We set out at dawn; a cold north wind froze our limbs; it was as if we were being pricked by needles; the sky was clear. [Places] The path gradually climbs

more and more uphill between the hills until you reach Serdehan, 1 Pharsakh away, which lived up to its name, because the cold was very severe on this open plateau. [Places] To the right you can see the much lower plain, on the edge of which the Bakhtiari Mountains rise steeply as a long chain, from which the Elwend stands out clearly in the northwest with its broad peak. Mudschachar lies about 2 Pharsakh to the right in this plain.

Once again we pass a caravanserai that is in ruins, and the plateau sinks more and more until we finally reach the flat plain near the lonely Khan Tumbi, our present Konak, 5 Pharsachs away. A salty stream has been dammed up to form a basin nearby, so it was a good idea that we had stocked up on good water from Hamse this morning. The Khan is very spacious, with a formerly pretty portal with enamel lettering. The stables are spacious, high-vaulted, with domes, all made of brick, the substructure of rough stone. I stayed with the horses in the stable in a raised niche, as the sections intended for rooms all had no doors. The Khan is in complete disrepair, uninhabited, although there are a few trees by its side. The same fate has been met by an earthen Khan opposite. [Places] (2_06_081) [Places]

Thursday, January 30th. Since it was 8 pharsachs to go to the city today, we set off in the night 1 ½ hours before sunrise, always on a barren, flat road, until after about 4 pharsachs we saw the caravanserai Turmian on the right. From here on, the ruined villages are increasingly crossed by countless water tunnels the closer we get to the city. A type of reptile with a black breast, [Djerboas?], appeared in great numbers.

After 1 ½ Pharsach we reached the large town of Scheherabad, visible from afar because of its three large dovecotes. The town is surrounded by an earthen wall and has about 300 houses. A strong, deep stream flows past the town, where very pretty girls were sitting to wash their clothes.

Next to the town, the ruins of the old town spread out to the right, several groups of which were visible from here. Although built of earth, these ruins withstood the effects of the weather for a long time due to the dryness of the air. The farmers were busy plowing their fields with oxen; they wore long, grey felt hats, like the black Persian lambskin hats; others wore the same shape, but made of ordinary, colourful material. From here I first saw the town, shrouded in mist. The area becomes increasingly built up, many villages appear on both sides, for example Aminabad and Nermin on the right, each surrounded by fruit trees and with a stream flowing through it. The mountains beyond Ispahan come ever closer and individual minarets become visible. Many deep moats are crossed on bridges; a stretch of ¼ hour leads through a low-lying

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Swampy ground with stagnant, deep water; a wide, elevated road leads comfortably through it. Snipe in great numbers, lapwings, and ducks enlivened it. After 2 hours I finally arrived outside the town, in a terrible storm that blew up immense clouds of dust in the great plain, roaring from the west. The nearby mountains to the right had completely disappeared from sight, so that the air was filled with thick dust.

You ride through a gate into the suburb until you come to the actual town gate, guarded by a pair of Persian granite lions standing on the ground. A duan guard made it difficult for me to go without a tip, but my whip saved me. I would gladly have avoided the bazaar, but the Katirtschis love to go through it so much that I had to follow them whether I wanted to or not, knowing no other way, although there is one through the Cheher stream, to get to Julfa.

They went through it, banging and screaming, (2_06_082) swarming with people, soon stopped by a caravan whose boxes were rubbing against each other, screaming people in between, pushed by the boxes, etc.

Finally, after 45 minutes, I reached the King's Square. I passed through a long, empty, very high bazaar and came to the Tscherbach and finally to the bridge that leads over the wide Zarin Rud, built 200 years ago by Shah Abbas and still remarkably well preserved. After 45 minutes, I crossed fields and entered the Christian town of Julfa, from whose church domes small crosses looked down everywhere. Walking through the long streets, criss-crossed by water canals and densely planted with trees, I went to the Catholic church, the former Jesuit monastery, to Father Pascal Arakelian, to whom I had been recommended by Father Clement. I stayed here for the morning, but as there were no heated rooms or stables for the horses, I rented a house nearby for 2 tumans a month.

VIII Ispahan (31 January–22 February 1868)

Father Pascal spoke a little French, which he had learned by self-study; he was a native of Trebisonde, an Armenian, but who had adopted European manners very well. With him I met a Chaldean who had previously been a teacher of French with Saramadaule in Kirmanshah, but who had resigned because of a strange illness. He had previously drunk a lot of arak, and then had fallen, which disturbed his brain. Since then he has stated that a multitude of voices, sometimes very deep, sometimes very high, as if from heaven, have been calling to him without ceasing: Pierre, you [will?] become a saint, you will become Pope; and others again: Be careful, you will be torn to pieces and devoured by dogs. This made him so afraid of dogs that when a voice once called out to him: Pierre, kiss the paw of the dog that is next to you, otherwise it will tear you to pieces, he actually kissed it, etc. He believed that it was devils who were tormenting him until they convinced him that he was ill. But he was not at all crazy, but a very good-natured, reliable person.

(2_06_084) Isperek, Reseda luteola, for yellow dyeing silk and cotton in Ispahan and Herat. Henna around Shiraz and Kerman, also uncrushed roots. Opium around Yesd, Kashan and Ispahan. A gum called Birzund (Benzoë?). Tokmi [Kaswin?], a black seed for preparing green shagreen leather, tirma namah, a fashioned silk fabric with a shawl-like weave and drawings of the pattern, 1/4 wide, from Ispahan, popular fabric for women's dresses.

7

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Darmstadt 1843 at Leske. [Txt] (2_07_001) [Txt]

(2_07_003) *Saturday, February 1, 1968.* I received the following notes in Ispahan via Luristan:

As far as the division of Luristan is concerned, the provinces of Ispahan, Arabis-tan, and Kirmanshah have a part of it: the Armenian villages of Feridan belong to Ispahan, where Feis ulla Khan and Abdullah Khan speak the Wali language in Nanadikan. There the Dalankuh is famous for its vegetation, where a lot of gesengebin is collected from July to August, and in fact there is a three-time harvest, the first yielding the best. The villages of Chuhar-Mahal supply the Attars in Ispahan with most of the medicines. (The place Puaschisch was not known here, the name means pea.) Nehawend belongs to Kirmanshah, the son of Emadedaule, Naib al ayala. - At Choromabad, next to the gardens, there is a large stone with inscriptions. At Bebehan there is [Mumiaí?]. The language of the Bakhtiari is said to be closer to Persian, that of the Lurs to Kurdish. In Bebehan there is also a very different dialect. In Shuschter there are many Jacobites, called Sahabi, who speak a language very similar to Chaldean; they have books but no churches, they immerse themselves in water,

Do not eat anything received from others.

The chief of the Haftleng is Hussein Kule Khan, to whom belong Gothavand, Tschellekun, Kuschkek, Assere, Messilän, Schaweli, Felledschabad, also the Serde Kuh, known for its vegetation and its altitude. The chief of the Tschuarleng (= 4 limping people) is Ali Reza Khan in Kalai Tol, 5 days from Shuschter. – From Choromabad to Shuschter the Lak language is spoken. –

In the vicinity of Nehawend near Tschil Imam = 40 graves, on the Gamasab, with a remarkable grotto above the spring; many pilgrims walk here. 5 Phar-sach from the Gamasab is another spring, called Serau i Gihan (from Keihan, a king?) where Mehmed Khan and Hussein Khan are governors, their father Hadji Ismael Khan. - The import from Nehawend is 29,000 Tuman, Choromabad 60,000 Tuman, to be paid to the Shah by Emadedaule.

From Ispahan to Kirmanshah it takes 15 days, via Anushirvan, Chalesia, Dehak, Tor, Guge, Khumein, Feresbe, Hassar, Dowlet-abad, Kengaver, Sahna, Kirmanshah.

Julfa lies at the northern foot of the Kuh Sufa, in the plain that overlooks the city with its bold shapes, which from afar appear almost like a giant sphinx; to the north, the city is separated from Ispahan by the Senderud.

The town has 450 Armenian houses, with 100 Muslim houses, which live in a separate quarter. 12 churches and several more empty churches, which are falling apart due to a lack of people. (2_07_004) The streets are mostly very narrow, unpaved, each one crossed by a moat, which is planted with ash trees, willows and also plane trees. Julf is divided into [...] quarters, which are closed off at night by gates. Due to a lack of work, more and more families are moving away from here. 1 large, straight road runs through the whole town.

The Catholic church is in the former Jesuit monastery, colorfully decorated in Catholic style. Father Pascal complained a lot about his fellow believers, only 25 families here, who were Catholics only out of interest and as long as they were supported. In the cloister corridor is the grave of Borowsky, who died in the war against Herat. The grave of poor Aucher-Eloy is in a corner of the courtyard, without any sign or stone. The school is also in the monastery, where French is also taught. The library was in great disarray, but it was to be put together. - Because of the telegraph, several English families [such as?] Clarks, Walton and wife, MacDonald and wife, Dr. Cuming, Höltzer and others are here, the latter unfortunately currently absent. Due to their harsh behavior, which often borders on brutality, they are generally not popular, shooting dogs and cats in the street is their main amusement. I was invited to their house every evening to play billiards. [...]

In the Tscheherbagh many of the old plane trees were cut down without being replaced; most of the water basins were empty and the slabs of the borders were scattered about. The plane trees were mostly mutilated by cutting off the large branches. The palace of Tschilsitun is magnificent because of its mirrors everywhere; however, there are only 20 wooden, very high columns, which are reflected in a water basin next to it, hence the name 40 columns. [Building] Painters have settled in the upper rooms and sell their graffiti at high prices. - In the large King's Square, the gallows rises in the middle. 2 beautifully decorated mosques with enamel form the main decoration of the square. A scaffold leaned against one of them, intended for repair, but this never happens. The bazaars are extremely spacious and full of goods, kept clean and constantly crammed with people. I bought a complete suit of armor here for 25 tu-man, an embroidered tablecloth for 9 tuman and many drogues, which are much cheaper here than in Teheran, especially Chuarmahal and Feridan deliver a lot here.

(2_07_005) Another beautiful palace with wide gardens is located on the right bank of the river Sendai, Haft dast = the 7 buildings, in which the king usually stays, this one too full of paintings and mirror decorations. (this also means hand,

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(but here building) In the summer, anyone who wants to host a party can rent it. There are two similar buildings next to it in the wide garden areas. Since it was Thursday evening, a lot of people rode to the graves on horseback to say their prayers. I went for a ride to Kuh Sufa, which rises above Djulfa. At its eastern end, a kiosk is built quite high, which shines from afar with its white color. But this too is in ruins, because the former rooms and stables have fallen into disrepair, only the kiosk is still standing, from which you can enjoy a wonderful view of the entire city, which fills the entire plain in front of it with its wide gardens and villages that blur into one. On the right you can see the wide plain with the road to Shiraz, which leads along a mountain range with jagged ridges. [Places]

The rock of Kuh Sufa consists of various limestones, interspersed with quartz; mainly, however, a dark, very solid, fine-grained limestone, which is used for the gravestones of the Armenian cemetery at its foot. [Gravel?] and salty weathering were visible in places. Two old plane trees were only eking out a miserable existence, as a small spring that used to spring from the rocks had ceased to give them the necessary element. From here I rode along the mountains a little to the west, where on a second mountain range on the top of the Tacht Rustam rises a new wall in the form of a tower. [Places] We rode through the village of Desgird, which lies on the broad road to Feridan, where a mighty plane tree stands on a rock, surrounded by a small terrace where the people hold their prayers. In the opinion of the people, Ali once planted it. After riding through the vast orchards, crossed by numerous streams, I came to the banks of the Sende-rud, which I rode through in three arms with the help of a guide.

Once again through wide gardens, we reached the village of Kuladun, which consists of 100 houses and is where the swinging minarets are located. After crossing many deep, diverted (2_07_006) moats next to orchards, we finally see them. They are located on both sides of the flat roof of a mosque, which, like the mosque, has a young appearance, as it is always maintained. It is not a real mosque, but only the half-built tomb of a Sheikh Abdullah, who is buried here in a large, stone sarcophagus, with the year 566.

The grave is surrounded by metal candlesticks like the one on the Elwend. A man climbed into each of the approximately 20' high minarets, setting them in a swinging motion, which then spread to the entire building. The resident mullahs explained it as a miracle of the saints, but I believe the elastic mortar is the cause; there is no moorland here, as many claim; even if there was, the minarets, which have their swinging motion, would not be able to keep up with the moorland.

The vibration should first be transmitted to the lower parts of the building, not to make them vibrate; in the case of moorland, the vibrations should come from the ground, or the minarets should vibrate first, then after a while the whole building.

A quarter of an hour west of the village, in the middle of the plain, rises an isolated limestone rock called Ateshka, from which the Guebers are said to have once thrown fire over Alexander's army. [Places, Building] On the top rises an earthen kiosk with 8 viewing points, which offer the most magnificent view I have seen around Ispahan. All around the green fields, crossed by numerous bodies of water, the wide gardens with their trees and the hundreds of dovecotes; the view of Ispahan, the beginning of which cannot be fathomed through the many villages, ruins and gardens, in it the wide plain up to the Natans Mountains, the Kuh Sufa with its changing shapes, the Lendschun plain with its many villages, the Senderud to the right a broad, blue band, and the blue sky from which the sun shines down on the smiling landscape, offer an image that will remain deep and indelible for the viewer. – *Salix sygostomon* were blooming everywhere in the gardens, but only male specimens, the flowers of which are carefully collected in about 14 days as bidmisk, (2_07_007) partly for distilled water, partly to pack the gesen-gebin in. Hazelnut bushes can also be seen partially in bloom; *Ulmus campestris* is often seen as a tree that will unfold its flowers in a few days; ash and poplar trees are budding, the latter is a different species, probably *P. alba*, called Kawude, with white trunks that are usually bent back and forth. Plane trees can be seen everywhere, often very old trunks. I saw one trunk on the way back to Djulfa, in the Serun district; on the way there is a mighty colossus, from whose hollow interior mighty trunks have shot up again, a real phoenix that is rejuvenating.

Pigeon towers can be seen everywhere, all round and very thick, but not high; on top of them rise smaller structures, completely pierced by square holes; they are not decorated on the outside with flowers in bright colors, because pigeons like to be shy, it is said. A tower like this brings in about 100,000 pigeons annually.

50 tumans, through the manure, which is well paid for fertilizing the melon fields; [they are called?] *Kebuterchun burtsch*. Poppies are grown everywhere in the gardens, the fields are divided into square beds for irrigation; everywhere I saw the young plants that produce white poppies. - Over a stone bridge with 30 arches, which leads smoothly over the Zenderud, called Pul Marnun, to the village on the left bank, I reached Djulfa, where there is a now empty church.

February 10th. The weather was wonderful all the time, but there was a heavy frost at night and in the shade during the day. The English went ice skating. Several small springs rise from the sandy banks of the Senderud below Djulfa.

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in salty soil, the salt of which forms a crust on all plants. In the pools formed by this I found a lot of algae, among others a beautifully fruiting *Nitella*, the first I had seen in Asia. [Plant]. At the bazaar I met a government official with numerous servants. He asked me whether I had seen the old castle beyond Ispahan and then turned the conversation to America, which he was very interested in, then he said that the Americans are Muslims and speak a language very similar to Persian. He believed this because the books of knowledge printed in Persian in America flood into Persia from there.

Ecbatana = Hamadan. Espadana of Ptolomeus = Ispahan. According to Persian historians, Ispahan was founded by Tamuras, the demon slayer, who founded 4 villages that were united under Kei-Kobad, the first monarch of the Keikanian dynasty. It was Shah Abbas who first made it his residence, laid out the Chuharbach, Tschilsitun, etc. (2_07_008) The empty bazaar near Chuharbach is called Basari Bulund, built by Shah Hussein, similar to the Wekil Bazaar in Shiraz, only smaller. If you ask why it is in ruins? you get the answer: there is no one who wants to live there. –

The great bridge of Khan Allaverdi is well preserved, but one pillar has now half collapsed. With 33 arches, with 99 smaller arches above, completely paved. Dyed fabrics are spread out on the bank. In the middle of the bridge are alcoves in which fruit sellers and callian preparers sat. The gardens of Hasht are the entrance to paradise, each with a palace, but ruined. The European figure on the wall is a certain Mr. Strachey, attaché of a former English embassy.

Wednesday, February 12, 1968. Accompanied by the English agent Aginur and several cawass, I went to the governor around midday. The path again led through the Chuhar stream past the Madrasa Matr Shah until I entered the uppermost gate, all of which are elegantly built over with open houses, but now very ruined, and on the right I rode into the orchard of Heschte behescht = 7 Para-diese with its elegant, open palaces. A dark corridor led from these into the larger gardens of Tschilsitun with the most magnificent palace in Persia. Adjoining this is the governor's palace, to which an entrance leads here. Above the gate you can see several figures, painted life-size; the one on the right, sitting on a chair without a beard, is the eunuch. Manujer Khan, called Motammed Eddaule, an Armenian from Tiflis, one of the best governors of Ispahan, and at the same time the most powerful and important person in Persia. He even put on royal insignia when he appeared in public, so that the king asked him by what right he called himself Shah, and his answer was: if you have no Shahs in your country, how can you

Otherwise you would call yourself Shahin Shah! Despite all the Prime Minister's intrigues, nobody could depose him.

Another arched corridor leads to an open space, where you turn right to the governor. The paved square courtyard with flowerbeds, surrounded on all sides by unsightly buildings, appears very poor after what we have just seen; the governors prefer to stay here than the other palaces, however, as they are more secluded here and have the harem in the same building or at least close by. The reception room was very small, with clerks and other officials sitting on the floor all around. When I entered, he rose from his chair, and after we sat down, the usual conversations were exchanged again. He was an old man, black beard, very worn out, he seemed half dead to me, yellow in complexion. Therefore he has absolutely no influence on the people. The Prussian war had to be used again this time, and the Siemens telegraph convention.

After seeing my firman and the letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, he ordered his clerks to draw up a letter for his entire province. After taking coffee and tea, we set off.

(2_07_009) Next to his apartment, separated by a corridor, is the actual palace, which was built by a prince Seffid Eddaule, who is now in Teheran, around 40 years ago; the builder's picture is on the walls several times. It consists of 2 sections, a larger hall with large water basins made of white-yellow marble with 4 pillars, the feet of which form 4 boys with a lion's head between them, both spouting water. The whole thing is again covered with crystal mirrors, as is the room next to it. In the summer, when it is oppressively hot, this must be a wonderful place to stay. The name of the palace is Sarpushide. Unfortunately, it started to rain, so I set off in a hurry. Early in the morning, the sky had been completely covered with fog, which now came down as a downpour, but after just an hour everything was over and dry.

It looked strange when the clouds surrounded the Kuh Sufa and gradually descended to the plain. It reminded me of the Salève near Geneva, both of which are similar in their location to the cities.

Thursday, February 13, 1968. I went to Ispahan around midday to do some shopping at the Attars. The weather was lovely and warm. The ma-dress of Shah Abbas' mother, which we ride past, is a magnificent building, all covered in colorful enamel, and the walls around the building are covered with yellowish-white marble slabs. The entrance doors still show their chiseled marble slabs. Unfortunately, the cathedral has been almost completely stripped of its enamel.

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I went to an attar, Saïd Hussein, where I found large quantities of the most varied substances, all mixed up in no order; on his floor the herbs were kept in large, open earthenware vessels, full of dust, with no name; arsenic, mesenderan, sugar, herbs, tabashir, all mixed up in a variety of ways, and a wooden spoon was used for everything! Very often there were around 30-40 objects in one pot, bark, gum, wood, etc. Everything was wrapped in very loose rag paper and surrounded by bad, white threads to hold it together. I found the drugs much cheaper here than in Tehran. I bought a sample of opium from an opium dealer, which he spread on a wooden plate in front of my eyes with a knife about five times to mix it well, as he said. Prepared in this way, pills of various sizes could be rolled directly from it, which is not the point here.

It is strange that there are not more poisonings here!

(2_07_010) *Friday, February 14th.* Wonderful weather, but we stayed in our room. The evening was in the Catholic monastery, where Father Pascal, an Armenian, argued with Pierre, a Chaldean, about whose nation was the oldest. In an Armenian dictionary by Jamdschian, Venice among the Mechatarists 1769 in 5 volumes, 6 Armenian Isaacs were mentioned. [Quotation] - As for the so-called Sultan Isaac, whose tomb is venerated in Hauroman, it could well have been the above-mentioned Isaac Sunni, who made war against the Yazidis in Kurdistan and died there. Sunni refers to a region near Kars. Nothing is known about a transplant of Armenians after the Shahu, if not perhaps under Nadir Shah, but if at this time, it is inexplicable that the inhabitants should have completely forgotten their language.

Saturday, February 15th. Early in the morning I set out for Ispahan, accompanied by [Aga-noor?], Pascal and several servants, to accept the invitation to dinner from the Imam Juma Mohammed Said Hassan. He lives next to the oldest mosque in Ispahan, called Meschdschid e jumah. The route led us through a number of bazaars until we finally arrived there. Narrow, winding streets, often with dark passages, led us first to his brother Mullah Said Hussein, who lived next door. He received me in a small but richly decorated room. Chairs were already ready, and soon the large Russian tea machine was in operation, as well as the Kallians and Manilla cigars that he had received as an inheritance from Herat. He was of small stature, with a long, red beard, in very simple clothing, wrapped in a black abbas and a white turban. He spoke and walked very calmly, as he was constantly plagued by asthma and asked me for medicine for it. The room was completely covered with mirrors on which flowers and bouquets were painted; windows with colored glass, doors and spaces between the

Gilded mirrors. Next to it, a staircase leads to the cool, underground summer ruins with a water basin, all vaulted. This gave me a view of the old dwellings of Nineveh. Corridors led to a 2nd and 3rd courtyard with rooms all around, one for the women. (2_07_011) The building was still under construction.

He talked to us about Persian history, in which he was very well versed; he recommended the history of Rosat ol Saffa, which I bought for 6 tumans, and he also wanted to get me several books in Pahlvi, etc., but I doubt this.

After about an hour had passed, we went to his brother, the Imam Juma, the most influential person in all of Persia, who does not pay great compliments even to the Shah, for as a hereditary [colonel?] of religion his influence is immeasurable. His family has had this title and rank hereditarily for about 400 years; but now he is worried about the descendants, since his only son has no children. We passed through several courtyards full of servants into the inner courtyard, which was not large, but very decorated all around the walls of the rooms. In a room full of gold decorations on the walls, he received us just as everything was laid out for dinner. He and his brother, son and nephew ate alone, while we also ate alone, sitting on the floor in the Persian manner and grabbing food with our fingers. There were probably around 20 dishes served on a large cloth, all of them prepared with great fat, the pillau and the meat dishes were particularly good; sharbat and other sweets, grapes, etc. were not missing. But there was no wine, which the head of the religion is said to be secretly not averse to.

He is a man of about 60 years, tall, but does not make such a good impression as his brother; black, short, thin beard, clean-shaven head, covered by a long, grey Persian cloth cap. He asked the priest whether it was not a festival, which the priest replied in the negative, obviously very happy about it, because he was very good at all the dishes. Then he had various religious customs explained to him and showed us the framed pictures of Jesus, Moses, and Aaron, but very poorly executed; he pressed the one of Jesus against his forehead. When I asked him why the Muslims wash their hands before prayer, he said that it was not part of prayer at all; Mohammed only combined it with religion in order to keep his people clean; a similar thing happened with the drinking of wine, to which people were said to have been very devoted in Mohammed's time and as a result of which much dispute and disagreement arose. He could only prevent them from doing so by means of a religious prohibition. He is regarded everywhere here as a saint even during his lifetime. Every nobleman who arrived respectfully pressed his forehead several times into his hands.

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After another hour had passed at the table, (2_07_012) we visited his rooms. In the bright courtyard there is a magnificent house, a hall full of crystal and paintings, namely window frames with very fine woodwork. There is not the smallest space that is free, everything is full of gold and mirrors, and I particularly liked the ceiling with its large mirrors and an orchestra-like top with two mirrored columns. Next to it is a room decorated in the same way with a white marble water basin. The Koran inscriptions are all made of mirrors. The reflected new moon with the star and lion figures look very good. The harem is said to be decorated in the same way. The decoration of these rooms cost him 12,000 Tuman, but someone else could not have done it for less than 40,000 Tuman, since most of the work was done for him by his own people. It is not the taste, but the immense work that is to be admired. – Then, in order to flatter him, I asked to see his decorations. One was a gold box with diamonds and inside a portrait of the Emperor Alexander of Russia. The other was a white alabaster figure, representing Athens, received from Pope Pius. He is very benevolent towards the Christians, not at all bigoted. Several sick people took the opportunity to ask me for advice, including about impotence. The fact that he invited me to dinner was interpreted as a great favor.

From there we went back to his brother's house, where we smoked a few more Kallians and then rode home again. From the King's Square we rode through the quarter that had been destroyed by the Afghans, where we rode through the old, very high bazaar, called bazar boland (= high bazaar), full of dust, but completely deserted and empty. A gate now [walled up?] leads from it into the Madr Shah matriarchate, where only a few students are now present and only to learn the usual prayers and formulas. Nothing is left of the former activity.

Wednesday, February 19th. At night there was constant noise, shooting, singing, music because of the carnival. A lot of weddings were taking place now. Today Mansur left me because he wanted more pay, and because of that he had a fight with Father Pascal.

The Armenian population of Persia according to authentic sources in 1851 was as follows: Peria (near Feridan) 21 villages, 893 houses, 2971 men, (2_07_013) 2581 women, 5552 total. – 2) Chaharmahal 4 villages, 1653 total. 3) Kasas 29 villages, 832 houses, 2726 men, 2384 women. 5110 total. – 4) Hamadan 110 houses, 265 men, 254 women, 519 total. 5) Teheran 118 houses, 281 men, 251 women, 532 total in 2 districts with 2 churches. – 6) Julfa 355 houses, 1159 men, 1323 women, 2482 total in 8 districts with 12 churches.

chen and 45 priests. 7) Shiraz Total 20 people. Bushir 72 people. –
Total 54 villages, 2308 houses, 7402 men, 6793 women, 15940 total.

The bishop, called Aradschnord, Moses (Thaddaeus his predecessor) is in a very difficult situation here because of the Persians; but he is perfectly able to cope with it and tries in every way to protect his community, which is easier against the Persians because he is a Russian subject of Etchmiadzin. He is universally loved and respected. Julfa is now in a more prosperous state than it was 20 years ago; many have now acquired fortunes, since they are no longer so oppressed by the Persians.

The quarter or village next to or connected with Julfa, called Husseinabad, on the southwest side, is inhabited by former Guerbers, hence also called Gabrabad, who, however, converted to Islam under Shah Hussein.

Thursday, 20th and Friday, 21st February. Argument with Mansur, who had run away. In the next few months he will receive 30 Kran per month. I hired a ka-tirtschi to Shiraz with 2 animals at 1 ½ Kran per day, the journey to that point taking 14 days. Departure is set for tomorrow. The weather has been wonderful all the time. Daffodils can be seen everywhere in the houses. As for the so-called Hauromanli's, I am inclined to no longer consider them Armenians,

but should be considered to be Georgians who were settled in Persia at different times. There are also 3 Georgian villages in Feridan that have completely converted to Islam. It is not known whether there is an entire village of Armenians that has completely converted to Islam; but the Georgians did this very easily. If one compares the Armenian women of Julfa and those of the Hau-romanlis, one cannot unite them: here the women are mostly small, of a plump figure, with expressionless, red, round faces, even more disfigured by the tied-up cloth that covers the mouth and often nose. On the other hand, the Hau-romanli women with their free demeanor, unveiled, with expressive faces, sparkling eyes, and slender figures reminded me more of the settlers of Ras el ain. The tattooed cross on the chest and arms is common among the latter.

Saturday, February 22nd. The Mukar didn't come, so we didn't leave until tomorrow.

The total tax of Julfa is 1,075 Tuman, but Husseinabad is not included. Of this, 324 Tuman are for the Muslim quarter; 150 Tuman are given by the government to Archbishop Moses of the Armenians.

945 Tuman gives the same to the Armenian nunnery, where 20 nuns run a girls' school.

(2_07_014) In the province of Feridan there are 7 Georgian villages, now very fanatical Muslims, previously Greek Christians; but they are said to have retained many of their customs even today, such as the tattooed cross on their chest, etc., and their own language. [Places]

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The name Föleutscha in Ritter, 8th part, 3rd book, p. 719, (volume 5, p. 290, 676-682) perhaps a tribe of the Belluds. This name was unknown in the rest of Persia, only mentioned by them as a general name for all these tribes. Among them are also the Duhm in the Dalahu Mountains near Zohab, the latter usually called Sahau there. – The name Susmani here means from suse = pull or suck and man (ban in Turkish) = me, so something like “suck me dry, exhaust me”, at least in terms of her prostitution. The name Kauli means = without honour, but is a derivation of this tribe. The name of the Karachi, a similar tribe, has the meaning of the obstinacy with which they demand alms and cannot be persuaded to go away, they cling to each other like burrs, the name actually means the black society, or the blacks. Both of the latter names are often used in everyday life to designate such individuals. The Mutriff are the dancing boys.

Julfa consists of 150 Muslim families and about 400 Armenian and 25 Roman Catholic families. Of the 24 former churches, half are in ruins or are empty and facing ruin. The Catholics used to have 3 churches, now only 1 in the monastery. - The income of Archbishop Moses, who is dependent on the main monastery in Echmiadzin, receives his income here in the form of food, fruit, bread, flour, eggs, wood, etc., but no [Zold?]; he also owns gardens and fields from which he draws revenues; his income from India is about 20,000 rupees; in Batavia he owns a house, the income from which belongs to him. His total income may amount to 20,000 Kran. I could not find out anything about an ear house near Ispahan, only about a so-called Bach gush chane, the so-called falcon castle of Shah Abbas. Julfa 7 quarters and 12 outer gates.

This evening I was invited to dinner by the telegraphist Greves.

At around 10 o'clock we all set off for an Armenian wedding.

First we visited the bride's house, but did not see her. The rooms were full of guests, especially women. Various musicians on drums, fifes and zithers made such a hell of a noise that my ears hurt, and the wild shouting of the drunken men did not make a good impression; drinking and making noise was everything. Finally a tall person wrapped in a white cloth came in dancing with a frame, then lay down on the floor, while others lay on top of them in the most immoral manner.

The women all behaved very quietly in the other half of the room.

They seem to love the Russian red cloth very much, many of them wore their wide fur coats trimmed with fur. They had coloured scarves wrapped around their heads, which also wrapped around their necks. Almost all of them had the white cloth.

in front of the mouth. (2_07_015) A lot of sweets and roasted salt peas were presented, finally a large bowl full of henna paste for coloring the nails. Shooting and fireworks in the courtyard. Around midnight we set off for the groom's house, where things went the same way as in the other house, only here the men predominated, so there was even more noise despite the presence of the 2 Armenian priests. The groom was a young, scrawny lad of 18, who now played the role of a servant and forced his guests to drink in every possible way. I soon got bored of this and so withdrew at around 2 o'clock, but the others stayed until daybreak, when the ceremony took place. This went on for 3 nights. What a difference between civilized and barbaric peoples!

Beautiful day today. Dinner at Dr. Cumming's in the evening. [Places]

IX Ispahan–Shiraz (23 February–12 March 1868)

Sunday, February 23rd. Just as the sun was rising, I rode out of the gates of Djulfa, and soon I had ridden through the long, now half-ruined walls that reach to the foot of the Kuh Sofa, where you now gradually climb, for a short stretch through undulating terrain that is connected to the elevation of the Sufa, after which you gradually ride down on a gradually sloping plain. Another view of the long stretch of Ispahan with its gardens and villages, namely to the east of it a high minaret with a village and further on Ispahanek, where innumerable pigeon towers flank the plain; the Senderud runs through the wide plain like a vitalizing artery. [Places] The plain is crossed towards a mountain range, on whose flat back a steep, isolated mountain tooth rises, reminding me of the Pierre à voir in the Valais. [Places] A number of villages with gardens and many dovecotes stretch along the mountain. [Places] Like Marg, they belong to the Imam Juma of Ispahan, who is said to own around 50.

Riding continuously on the plain, after 3 hours we reach Pharsach Marg, where we rest for today (2_07_016), in accordance with the oriental custom of not walking much on the first day. Marg is a lonely little khan with a chepperkhane in the desolate plain full of prickly plants, the only fuel. On the right is the mountain range, which I took a walk to, within 20 minutes. [Places] Black grouse and stone clappers, black and white, on the rocks. Stone enclosures for herds that camp out in the open all winter. The plain is a little lower than Ispahan. On the left, the above-mentioned villages stretch out in a long row, about an hour away from here.

Today is a very cold day, the sky is a little overcast, and there is a cold westerly wind blowing from the mountains of Luristan. I thought a lot this evening about home, where people are sure to go to a ball as the last Sunday before Lent, while I am camping here in the miserable caravanserai in an open lumber room full of wood and straw, all alone. Oh, you beautiful Orient!

Monday, February 24th. We set off at sunrise; not as cold as yesterday, in fact after a few hours it was warmer than I had experienced this year. Crossing the plain, after an hour we reach the mountains, which form a wide valley here, but only briefly, because soon grey limestone mountains appear in front of us, the foothills of the Kuh Ordeschin (or Pierre à voir), which is no longer visible in this form. A herd of gazelles fled as we approached. Here the path now leads quite steeply up the dark marble walls, which had to be blasted away to build the path; in places like this you can see a large number of layers of quartzed shells in the solid, dense limestone, which is good polish.

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and which would make excellent columns, as the layers are very thick. At one point, steps have been cut for pack animals, while the path that leads upwards at the north-west end is supported here by a stone wall. In 10 minutes, the short pass is crossed, where the path now descends again into a wide valley. On the left of the mountain stands an isolated stone tower, a former guard station. A built-over cistern along the path.

There is no water anywhere, everything is desolate. The path leads between vertically sloping rocks until, after half an hour, you turn into the wide valley plain (2_07_017), where you ride uphill to the left. Uphill to the right, about 1 ½ Pharsach away, several groups of villages, called Deh Surch, appear, but uphill to the left you see nothing but a few ruined houses. The mountain range to the right is of exactly the same nature as the one to the left, all mountains about 600' above the plain. (The Kuh Urtschin shown on Kiepert's map is too dark in comparison to its height and the others.)

After a few Pharsach the valley narrows to a width of ½ hour due to a mountain on the left, on which the ruins of a dilapidated caravanserai stand. Riding around this, you can see the village of Mayar, our station for today, which appears larger from a distance, 6 Pharsach from Marg, where we got off at Tschepperchane. The village lies on the plain, but very close to the foot of the Kuh Ordeschin, which rises steeply above it. The valley here is only ½ hour wide, and the village stretches lengthways along it. The actual village consists of just 100 houses, starting next to the Tschepperchane. Both are surrounded by a high earthen wall, and the walled fields and ruins extending on the east side give the place a larger appearance. There are no gardens, and only a few trees can be seen. There is no running water either; just a large puddle of stagnant water next to the village. Towards midday the cold west wind rose again. Above the village was a dilapidated tomb of an imam, on whose walls hung copper candlesticks and baskets of rosaries.

How is it going in Cologne today on Shrove Monday? How monotonous oriental life is! Mayar delivers his taxi to the Shah, so no Tujol village. Large caravanserai of Shah Abbas. Towards evening Dr. Cumming appeared here, going to Shiraz with Tschepper.

Tuesday, February 25th. Very pleasant in the morning, even warm, but then the wind started again all day with such intensity that the horses stopped and turned around. [Places] You ride for about 4 Pharsachs without seeing a village, along the wide valley (about ¾ hour wide), until you see a mill on the left, but without water now, which lies at the foot of a beginning range of mountains. [Places] (2_07_018) [Places] The area here is crossed by a few water channels, but there is no actual stream. This plain is crossed again, where you get a view of the Siya Kuh mountains.

The mountain range that was previously on the right ends where we then ride around it, and Kumeschah now lies before us. The wide, level valley is crossed by many underground water tunnels that come down from the mountains on the right. A number of dovecotes and some gardens with fields can be seen; two stone bridges over ravines that are now dry and torn into the loose soil are crossed, and in front of us at the foot of the mountain we see the blue dome of an Imam Risa, with an orchard next to it and Amaret under construction. Several houses with earthen domes have settled next to it. A very large cemetery stretches out near the Imam, many stones carved into the shape of a sarcophagus, others surrounded by bricks and covered with them. A very crude animal figure also lay on the path. From here you can see the actual Kumeschah, which from afar appears quite stately due to the large number of beautifully decorated pigeon towers, which from afar look like fortress towers and are a true ornament of the area.

After half an hour, the small town is reached, which you enter through a gate, where I got off in the Tschepperchane. The town has 4 caravanserais, is surrounded on the outside by a very high earth wall, through which 4 gates, closed at night, lead to the outside; a dry ditch surrounds the same, but this was probably only created when the wall was built. The interior of the town shows sometimes wide, uneven [spaces?] due to the removal of earth, sometimes ruins, sometimes very closely packed masses of houses made of earth with small, round domes. It is said to have 1,400 houses, and is administered by a Hakim dependent on Ispahan, to which 20 villages belong. The inhabitants are busy making rag shoes (2 kran for a pair) and carving spoons. The brown, long, pointed felt hat is generally worn here instead of the black lambskin hat. The ruins of the old town are partly

on the way to Shiraz, also an inscribed stone. All around the place are well-cultivated fields, with many underground water tunnels running through them; the gardens are half an hour away from the place. [Places] At night, howling of jackals on the road. Today is carnival day!

(2_07_019) *Wednesday, February 26th*. Set off at daybreak for Maksudbeg, far from Pharsach. [Places] Today there was such an ice-cold wind, which penetrated the body so sharply that one hardly dared to look out of the covering, although the sky was clear, but towards midday thick, heavy clouds settled on the mountains on the right, which were already covered in snow right down to the foot, which in the afternoon enveloped the entire mountain range and in the evening extended to the train on the left. Frequent whirlwinds blew the dust into mighty columns, while in the mountains the snow. Today until

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now the coldest day. 10 days ago, 11 people froze to death near Dehbid. Here too, the villages display the aforementioned pigeon towers.

Completely frozen, I finally arrived at the Tschepperkhane of Maksudbeg, which is not in the actual town, which is a quarter of an hour further up the mountain, but next to the village of Beschare. A high wall encloses the square of 300 closely packed houses with dome-shaped roofs; a salty stream flows alongside, in which Chara and *Ulva intestinalis* are common. There was no vegetation yet, everything was dusty from the hard frost; finding galbanum was therefore out of the question.

Asa foetida is said to be common in Siyah Kuh, which lies 6 Pharsachs from here, behind Kuh Sureh, which is 2 Pharsachs away and borders the plain on the right. Panthers, wolves, foxes, jackals and 2 types of ibex are common there, the latter in large packs. Two ibexes were brought that had been killed there, and I took the heads from them, as well as the horns of a similar animal, unknown to me, called Kuhtsch Kugi here, while the former are called pazer. In summer the Gashgai, a Turcoman Iliat tribe, graze their herds there. Beschar-re pays 300 tumans annually for the Shah and, like nearby Maksudbeg with only 200 houses, also walled, belongs to the province of Ispahan. Since the rooms of the Tschepperchane could not be locked, I spent the night in the warm stables on a raised platform specially built for this purpose, where the servants usually sleep. Wood and barley are very expensive here. The ice-cold wind roared all evening. Expenses up to now 14 Kran, for which I actually had nothing; what can you get for that in Europe! Today is Ash Wednesday!

(2_07_020) *Thursday, February 27.* Set off after sunrise for the [...] Far-off Jesdikast. It seemed as if it was going to get warmer today, and indeed, after 2 hours it was very pleasantly warm, but I shouldn't count my chickens before they hatch, because as soon as it had warmed up a bit, the storm started blowing down again with such force from the ever-approaching snow mountains that I didn't know how to warm myself. The air was so piercing that when I looked out of my wrappings, my eyes immediately filled with water, which froze as it dripped down.

This cold wind lasted all day until evening. Around Maksudbeg you can see several villages walled like fortresses to protect them from raids by the nearby Bakhtiari. The plain gradually rises, about 2 Pharsakhs wide, from now on, but without villages. [Places] The dry plateau is almost entirely covered with thorny plants, especially *Astrag. vesic.*, [Pfl].

After 3 Pharsach we reached the place Aminabad, also surrounded by a high wall, to which only a low door leads. Because of the storm the Muckar wanted to stay here, but when I told him that I did not want to pay for that day, he immediately moved on. [Places] Without a place

To see the valley, you continue for 5 Pharsach on the same level, which now becomes somewhat undulating, until you finally see Jesdekast after half an hour. The place lies in a deep, about 300 paces wide water gap, on a rocky ridge made of conglomerate, which rises almost in the middle of this valley.

On the sides of the valley, wide caves have been dug between the layers of rubble to protect the herds, as has the rock beneath the village. The village lies from south to north on the narrow, vertically sloping ridge of rubble, which makes a remarkable appearance. The houses, built of earth, have flat roofs with lots of hatches to the outside, something that is otherwise always missing in oriental houses, and often have 3-4 balconies one above the other on the same house, i.e. protruding (2_07_021) beams covered with branches and earth, used as storage areas. Very airy balconies, but they don't seem very safe to me to keep a keif on. Some of the houses are very nicely furnished, with a porch with a view. The village is said to have only 100 houses, but 2,000 inhabitants. It belongs to the Shiraz district. On the left edge of the valley there is a small mosque with a dome, which, seen from a distance, is on the same level as the village, as one then does not notice the gap in the valley.

At the north end of the town lies below the Chepperkhane, where I got off, while the Khan, well preserved, built of brick with a pretty gate and blue enamel lettering above it, lies on the right bank of the river; the latter was about 15 paces wide here, but not deep, and frozen in places. I shot a snipe and a lapwing. Downstream there are a few gardens, while low willow bushes, tamarisks and a prickly bush with leguminous fruits were very common, which provides the usual fuel (the same also at Hamadan). [Plants] filled the river, which is said to have its source on Mount Merwari 8 Pharsakh away. (Felat 10 Pharsakh from here). Towards evening the mountains in the southwest were again covered with thick clouds.

Friday, February 28th. In the morning the Muckar declared that he could not march; thick clouds covered the entire horizon, and the same cold wind from yesterday. Soon it was snowing, so heavily that the area was covered with snow up to a foot deep; the snowy weather lasted the whole day, so I was glad I had not gone. In this cold and with a constant snowstorm in your face, it is no small feat. I passed the time by shooting larks, emeralds and snipe, which make a splendid roast in the evening.

I also visited the interior of the city. On the south side of the city there is a bridge made of logs, which rests on a porch on one side and leads to the narrow gate on the other. The drawbridge was missing now, however, because the current

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The whole area consisted only of logs roughly laid next to each other. The interior showed only a very narrow, winding street, on the sides of which the houses were built of earth. In the corners the men sat around a fire, while the veiled women looked down from the stairs at the Firengi.

Each row seems to form a house, so that everything is wedged together; often the street is even built over with them. There are said to be 200 houses with 1,500 inhabitants; the place sends 200 tufenkshis to Shiraz and pays 3,000 tumans in taxes. Employment with rag shoes.

The Kutchude led me to an old mosque with a dome, the interior of which showed nothing but the four bare, white walls, on which a staircase for preaching was attached. In front of the entrance is an old wooden grille with Persian writing, which is said to be very old. There is also a bath here, built of stone, with two domes. Nearby is a well that supplies the whole town with water. Truly an impregnable fortress for this area. It was said that the place (2_07_022) was built in ancient times by the Guebers and that an Ateshge once stood here; the name is actually Issid Kast (Kast = good). The river, coming down from Merwari or Kuh Däna, is said to disappear into a large salt flat after 8 phar-sach below, but then reappears 40 phar-sach further on at Gabchuni and joins with the Senderud. [Places]

In summer, the tribe of the Gashgai, a Turcoman tribe with about 40,000 tents (exaggerated), camp around Bender Abbas in winter, is on the Kuh Däna or Merwari; their chief is Sultan Mahmud Khan. The following old ruins in the vicinity were mentioned to me: Shah Lator 1 Pharsach with very large, carved stones; Kala dapu 1; Deh Koi 5, Arun 8. Kala Sengi 8. The [rubber plant?] is common on the Merwari. The whole river valley is now full of fields, but the hills are uncultivated.

Saturday, February 29th. Because of the cold I decided to ride Tschepper to Abadeh to spend a few days there with the English telegraphist Brock. A strong, powerful fellow from Schemachi joined me here and so we soon set off for Shulgistan, 6 Pharsakhs away. From Yesdekast the path leads initially a little way down the valley, then steeply up the 150' high bank, which was very difficult because of the ice on the stones. At the top the wide, mirror-smooth valley plain spread out again, on which the wind had piled up the snow in thick drifts. But the weather changed now, for from here on I had the cold wind at my back, while the sun shone down from the blue sky.

To the right and left against the mountains, you can't see a village anywhere until you finally reach Schulgistan, with about 100 houses from which a blue chapel dome protrudes. A Kanat river flows next to the village, which supplies it with water.

Once here, the horses were changed and we continued on the same monotonous plain to Abadeh, 5 Pharsach away. [Places] After a few Pharsach from Shulgistan, the widening plain becomes more pleasant; numerous walled gardens with fruit trees that have developed their blossoms now appear, especially closer to Abadeh. Villages and ruins enliven the plain, furrowed by numerous water tunnels that supply the fertile principle to the fields.

Here I met Mr. Höltzer, but it was so cold that our thoughts must have been frozen; he spent the night in Shulgistan, while I took up quarters in Abadeh. When we arrived at Tschepperchane, Mr. Brock came straight away and took me to his house, where I took up quarters for a few days. He is the longest-serving telegraph operator in all of Persia. In the evening the mail arrived from Teheran, I received letters from Brodbeck, Roggen in Bagdad, Streiff in Aleppo, Blanche in Tripoli, Dr. Schlimmer in Teheran, Reymond in Teheran and also one from Mr. Höltzer.

(2_07_023) *Sunday, March 1st.* Answered the letters to Reymond in Teheran and sent back a bill of exchange for 2,000 Kran; also wrote to Gasteiger, Schlimmer, Höltzer.

The Kassaba Abadeh lies in the middle of the completely flat valley, which is about 2 hours wide; a high earth wall surrounds the whole place, which is only accessed by a large gate on the south side, cut through by a main road. Semi-circular earth towers flank the wall. The interior shows nothing worth mentioning and forms a conglomerate of houses, of which there are supposed to be [...]. The inhabitants here are divided into 2 tribes, Aragi and Harandi, both with Persian language; but also Turcomans live scattered in the villages, who wander around with their camels. Here too, the brown, thin, tall felt cap is generally worn instead of the black lambskin one, which only the nobility wears. The Turcomans have the low, round, brown felt cap. The women of the lower class only have the white [chedyr?] over their heads and bodies, while the nobility wear the blue silk chedyr with a white, thick veil. Next to the village on the south side, outside the Chepperkhane, there are two caravanserais. There is no regular stream here, only kerises run through the ground, led down from the mountains.

In the afternoon I visited Serheng, the local governor, who received us in fine Persian costume; very rich, but poor in words. There we met an old doctor, usually called Hakimbaschi, who himself stated that he knew nothing about it. He knew the area very well, in particular he was good friends with the Gashgai tribe, whose number he also estimated at 40,000 tents.

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stated that they are said to be skilled thieves and to occupy the entire high mountain ranges of Kuh Daena, Kuh Pul etc. in summer. He wrote me a recommendation to them. These ranges are rich in plants. [Places]

Behind the Kuh Pul lies the town of Schermian, while the large town of Eklid lies in front of it in the valley on this side; there, too, much woodwork, spoons, kalamdans, etc. are made, as in Abadeh and Kumischah. The mountain range north of Abadeh was given the general name Schie Kuh = female mountain; it is considered germesir, because the snow does not stay on its dark limestone mountains; there is a lot of *Asa foetida* on it. [Places] The district of Abadeh pays 20,000 tumans in taxes annually. In the morning, a number of men went hunting with wind chimes towards the Chan gol Kuh: in the evening they brought 3 argali with bent back ram's horns, which are common here.

Also common here are ibexes, antelopes with very large, straight horns; gazelles; hares, foxes, jackals, leopards, hyenas, wolves and wild donkeys in the Batumi plain. Porcupines.

(2_07_024) *Monday, March 2nd.* Visit to the Hakimbaschi in Edrisabad, which is said to be 600 years old; like all the others, it is surrounded by a fortress-like wall. He told me that the Bakhtiars once caught a batch of tea; but since they did not know how to prepare it, they boiled it, poured away the water and ate it as a vegetable.

At night we went on a hunt. An old caravanserai was our hiding place; some holes had been made in the wall and a dead mule had been laid about three paces away. We did not have to wait long, two hyenas soon came, first circling the carrion in wide circles, then settling on it. A shot struck down one of them. The wolves never came to the carrion together; they always went alone, while the others kept a respectful distance. We had wanted to go hunting today in the mountains of Shieh Kuh, but the Persians delayed our departure so much that it was too late for today and we postponed it until tomorrow.

Tuesday, March 3rd. Early in the morning, 20 men set out, along with 3 donkeys for the effects. After about 1 Pharsach, we reached the mountains, where we continued to zigzag for 5 Pharsach. [Places] After 3 Pharsach, we set up camp for breakfast next to a water tunnel, which provided us with some salty water. Here, in various, mostly vertically raised layers, black, slate-like rocks emerged, very heavy and rich in iron; also molten iron slag; furthermore, a fine mica, which the natives thought was Ag; also granite in places, with yellowish mica blocks, which was supposed to be Au.

[Places] The mountains mostly rise steeply, without humus, and therefore without vegetation; not a single refreshing source of water in the wide mountain plains. [Pfl]

Finally we had ridden through the mountains and came to a wide plain, over which the view to the north again falls on high mountains covered with snow, but especially to the northeast stretches a wide, unlimited desert, which is crossed on the way to Jesd. We travelled along this for an hour along the mountains to the west to a place called Chadscheven, where we set up camp for today. On the mountainside there is a small well with good water, hence the usual stop of the thrifty pilgrims. This plain is only rarely visited, even the Iliads avoid it because of the total lack of water; (2_07_025) in addition it is also very exposed to mountain bandits, namely the Bakhtiars, who pass through it on their way to Ispa-han. At the foot of the mountain there was a small wall with a lot of fuel piled up. Here the carpets were spread out, and soon powerful fires of saltpeter-rich artemisia were blazing, around which we now grouped ourselves. A cup of tea refreshed our tired limbs, while the companions entertained themselves with songs accompanied by a tambourine. The stars sparkled brightly from the clear sky, the waxing moon illuminated the vast desert and made the ghostly snowcaps of the mountains of Jesd appear in the distance. Such a night has an indescribable charm, in the middle of this desert. A fire also blazed in the distance, and since one distrusts one another in such places, after a few hours four wild-looking fellows, Bakhtiari, appeared to ask whether we had good or bad intentions. When they noticed our large company, they soon disappeared again. The night was very pleasant, not cold.

Wednesday, March 4th. In the morning Mr. Brock set out for the Kuh Gule Batumi, further to the northwest and rising on the edge of the desert, which is said to be rich in game of all kinds. However, I preferred to return to Abadeh, and I was completely alone. The plain here is full of vegetation, [plant], *Amygdalus spinosus*, which developed its small, red flowers on the outside; a lot of *Artemisia fragrans*, often with a white woolly outgrowth, which could well be the so-called moxa, of which I collected a batch; I also noticed a lot of plants here that were previously unknown to me, [plant]. The plain descends to the northeast, from which only low parallel hills rise up with wide valleys in between. [Places]

Thursday, March 5th. Today the sky is overcast, even a few drops of rain. I am waiting for Brock, who is still absent. - Roots of anguseh and uschek were brought to me, but all broken, the former thickly covered with hardened milk.

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Friday and Saturday, March 7th. Brock had only returned yesterday evening with 8 ibexes, which are said to be in large numbers on the Kuh Batumi mountain; wild donkeys were just as common there. I was only able to set off from here around midday. (2_07_026) On the left you always stay close to the mountain range, where there are a number of walled villages with fruit trees, while on the right, in the plain that widens ever further to Surmeh, there are no villages. No stream runs through it, all water is brought in through underground tunnels. After 3 Pharsach we reach Surmeh, where we change horses. The place is quite large, on the west side there are many burial domes made of earth, next to an old wall, like a large pile of earth, consisting of 2 sections, a lower, larger, round one with holes all around it like doors, a smaller, round one as an extension. It had rained in the morning, but by midday the weather was clear and warm again, just windy, but the same at my back. [Places] It was not until late at night that I reached Chane Chore, where I rested for a few hours by the fire.

Sunday, March 8th. There is no village here, just an octagonal khan built of stone, with a chepperkhane next to it. 2 springs rise here on this plateau, the khan still belongs to Surmeh. Equipped with a new horse, we continued on again at night, completely alone, although there was talk of wolves etc. [Places] Snow covered the plain everywhere, but I let the horse run free, and so it was impossible to go astray. Fortunately it was a windless night, otherwise the cold here must be extraordinary. The night prevented me from observing anything. At dawn I rode to the slightly sloping plateau [after?] 5 Pharsach to Dehbid, consisting only of a stone khan and chepperkhane. There was no snow now, but deep pools of water had collected in places due to the rainy weather of the previous night, while on the other side of the procession it had been very insignificant. (2_07_027) Here I unfortunately got a very bad horse, which could only be brought away with great difficulty, which is why I only arrived in Murgab, 7 ½ Pharsakh away, towards evening.

[Places] From Dehbid 2 Pharsach southwest lies the village of Kuschk in the plain by the stream, while behind it to the west the Kuh Pul chain borders the high valley. [Places]

The dilapidated stone chan on the right bank of the roaring stream is uninhabited. A new, pretty stone bridge, 100 paces wide, leads over the river with 5 arches, each with 2 round pillars at the end. From here another 4 Pharsach to Murgab; in constant zigzags the path now leads through the mountains, whose slopes are covered with *Daphne virid.*, [Pfl]. Partridges, bulbul, let their voices ring out in the valleys, which were now getting warmer; in places *Iris persica*, *Iris unguicularis* often bloomed there. [Places] Beyond the mountain range the

The path continues through narrow rocky valleys until you finally reach a large spring basin, which immediately joins together to form a strong stream, which again forms a basin full of *Phragmites com.*, but then flows away in a rush. [Places]

A gentle descent leads to the Murgab plain, at the north-west end of which lies the village of the same name with 200 houses, built on the slope of the hill.

Unfortunately, my people had left the village this morning, so I had to send a man to bring them back, because there is no train to Gamabad, which is 8 Phar-sachs away, nor to Mesched i mader Saloman, which is 2 Phar-sachs away.

(2_07_028) Monday and Tuesday, March 10th. I am waiting for the messenger to return about the servants. He only came back this evening with the report that he had not found them. The area around the village of Murgab is well watered, a deep swamp had formed next to the village with [plants]. The plain from Murgab to the mountain pass near the village of Mater Soliman is 2 Pharsach wide, but then stretches out very long along the mountains, previously crossed and bordered by low limestone hills, which mostly show the black, solid limestone. They reminded me of the area northeast of Aintab, over which the view sweeps over the same wasteland as here. Most of the area here is covered with bushes, but sparse, with pistacia fruits. Next to the village there are walled gardens with vines, surrounded by willows and poplars. Murgab includes 5 villages, Murgab, Katir-abad, Dehno, Mater Soliman and Kurschu, which together pay 1,000 tumans in tribute to the Shah. The spring above the village is called Tscheshme Bonnoh.

The bridge at Khan Kerian was built by Hadji Mesadik Ispahanli two years ago. (Dehbid belonging to Chunguri). In the morning 20 deserted soldiers from Teheran were brought through here to be transported to Shiraz; they were people from Ardebil, with wild faces. They were tied together by a chain around their necks, which reminded me of the sculpture of Bisutun. Weather today very changeable. Sky heavily overcast and stormy.

At midday I set out for Mater Suliman, as my journey tomorrow will not take me past there. The path continues on a level path towards the south along the Murgab stream until, after about 1 Pharsach, you come close to the hills on the left, between which the streams of Katirabad and Chane Kerian come together and flow through the plain to the pass of Mater Soliman. [Places]

After 2 Pharsach you reach the famous ruins of ancient Pasargadae.

The remains can be seen from afar, namely the beautiful, round column of a temple. This is the most preserved of these. It is located on one of those

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built on a small hill, which was then removed so that the solid, dark stone could be used as entrances and as column bases. [Construction]

(2_07_029) [Building] – A few minutes east of it was a small building, also built on the foot of a former small hill, which was perhaps connected to it. The connection between them is no longer visible, as everything around it has been converted into fields, and only where there used to be hills, i.e. where there is still stony ground, have these remains been preserved. [Building, Places]

(2_07_030) The most remarkable thing is the tomb of Cyrus in the village of Mater Soliman or the tomb of the mother of Soliman, as it is called here. The current village with about 120 houses is built on the ruins of the old town, and in the middle of it you can still see the remains of the walls made of white marble like a pearl in the dung.

mor, surrounded by the miserable huts of the Shiite Arab inhabitants.

The women all crowded around curiously, not at all like the other villagers, who shyly retreated or hid their faces. They were busy making black tents. The grave, once surrounded by pillars, of which only the light ones are now visible, is surrounded by a miserable earthen wall; entrances made of white marble through the rows of pillars. The interior is full of the remains of pillars and blocks; now also a burial place; one pillar with a Pahlvi inscription, another Pahlvi inscription on the grave itself on the north side. Stairs made of mighty blocks on the west side, a small door leads into the dark interior, where on the south side a kind of qibla with an Arabic inscription has been erected. Koran pages are stuck in the corners. A bush grew over the roof above, another one further below, hung with rags. Lamps hung inside. At first they did not want to let me in, but when they saw that I did not even ask whether they wanted to or not and went straight up, they let me in. Above the entrance door, Rich and Hyde 1821 were inscribed. I have no doubt that this is the grave of a Persian king, namely Cyrus, who was buried in Pasargadae. The inhabitants of the village are of Arab descent, but dress in Persian style, especially the women, just like in Sihna. In the evening I was back in Mur-gab, to set off during the night to Seytun, which is far away (8 Pharsach), then to Sercha (8 Pharsach), and Shiraz (5 Pharsach).

Wednesday, March 11. Once again we rode through the fertile Murgab plain.

[Places] A wonderful, clear day. After about an hour you reach the foot of the mountain range that you now have to cross, over which the path climbs up and down without seeing any water, on easy paths. The dwarf *Amygdalus spinos* with its small, rose-red flowers, often covered on the outside, and in between a species with larger flowers and larger bushes of the same color, decorated all the slopes and reminded me of

our Daphne Mezereum. In places there was also a *Amygdalus scopar*, which was not yet in bloom. Everywhere, however, the mountain slopes are covered with bushes of *Acer monspes* and trees of *Pistacia* in the shape of our plum trees; but the trunks are nowhere near as thick as in the Taurus near Marash. Sakkis does not seem to be collected here, for I saw no old cuttings anywhere, but its fruits are eaten frequently and willingly by the inhabitants under the name *bennae*. This is the same tree that Le Brun gives a picture of under the name *Sakas*. Almost nowhere do significant rock formations occur here; the range consists of rounded, broad mountains. From it, one can see a broad, flat valley to the left with a large caravanserai in the continuation of the Murgab plain; in the distant background, with snow-capped mountains. Gradually descending, the ground becomes rocky, leading over smooth limestone. [Text]

(2_07_031) Here you can see a flat valley about 1 ½ hours wide, bordered on the other side by higher mountain ranges, between which you can clearly see the road to Shiraz in a depression. A stream of clear water flowing to the northwest, part of which is immediately diverted to a *kanat*, runs at the end of the valley to the nearby village of Killik, which with its wide garden walls appears much larger than it really is. A path leads left in the narrow valley from the village to the aforementioned caravanserai. 2 beautiful cypresses delight the hiker with the tree that has not been seen for a long time; there are also individual plane trees and fruit trees. The wide road leads through the middle of the village between long walls, and you now cross the flat, fertile plain from which several *kala*'s can be seen.

But only a small part is cultivated, the rest is densely covered with green plants similar to ragweed. There was no salt here, nor at Murgab. The earth fort of a Hadji remains to the right; after about 3 *Pharsakhs* the view to the north-west is closed off by snow-covered mountains in front, while to the left the plain rises slightly and is narrowed by a mountain in front of the ridge that has been crossed. No stream flows through the plain. When you reach the ridge, the path leads up to a low pass with snow-covered ridges on both sides, the right one was called *Kemmin*, the left one *Arundschun Kuh*, *Arsendjan* or *Kuh Paru*. The path now leads along a desolate valley, but full of pistachio and flowering almond bushes, with steeply rising rock masses on the left.

Gradually climbing again, after a few hours (from *Kellek*) you come to the pass called *Teng Paru*. The path now descends more and more, showing how high you were without realizing it.

A stony path, often over smooth limestone walls, leads further and further into the narrow pass. The rocks on both sides rise wildly up several thousand feet, often leaving only enough room for a rider to

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can pass through. The path is impractical for pack animals. [Places] I had not seen such a wild pass for a long time. Everywhere, especially at the entrance and exit, high piles of stones were stacked up, erected as a vow by pilgrims who had made it through safely (see Moses). Here in these cracks in the rocks I noticed many plants that were unknown to me. [Plants]. After climbing gradually down this pass for about 45 minutes, the valley widens, with several caves visible on the right, and suddenly, as the valley bends to the right, you see the wide gardens of the village of Paru, after which the pass [is named?]. Peach and apricot trees were in full bloom here, offering a delightful sight; above them the lovely blue sky, the warm air.

(2_07_032) From here the path leads along the mountains for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour towards the northwest to the large village of Seytun, located at the foot of the mountain range and surrounded by an orchard. A lot of wine is also cultivated here, apricots, almonds, peaches, poplars, willows, ash trees; a lot of pomegranates, juglans, plane trees. Again a flat valley spreads out, about 2 hours wide, full of culture, bordered to the south by a mountain range, Kuh Rachman, behind which lies Persepolis. You can see 15 villages in it, crossed by many kanats. In Tschepperkhane I did not find my people here either, so with a heavy heart I had to decide to continue my journey. Night fell, but I rested for a few more hours until the moon rose. The town, which consists of 200 houses, is spaciouly built, with an open space in front of the post office; many houses have an extension like the post offices. 250 villages belong to its district, which together pay 2,000 tumans in taxes to the Shah. Steep limestone cliffs rise above the town, where one can see entrances to caves, one of which is very large, right above the town, and is said to extend very far, 10 pharsach. A number of Kutti Arabs had pitched their black tents on the slope, but many lived in reed huts [Zeich]. [Places] Dark myrtle bushes, called murt, surrounded the village in large numbers. Here too, the inhabitants wear tall, grey felt hats instead of black ones.

I continued my journey with a postman who was returning to Sergun.

Although the moon was shining, I was unable to make any observations, and I was so tired that I slept almost the whole way. [Places]

We rode for a long time on the [Merdascht] plain, past several deep water channels; on one of them I noticed a otter very close by, while ducks and marsh birds flew up in alarm. Here I killed a splendid flamingo that was lying asleep on the bank. Soon after, we reached the mighty Pul i Chan, beneath which the foaming stream roared its water. Again on a wide plain, until I finally

to a mighty (2_07_033) accumulation of water, comparable to a wide lake, at the end of the mountain, through which, however, a raised, very long stone path and bridges lead, several thousand paces in diameter. After $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, Sergun was reached, located at the foot of a mountain range that towers steeply above the town. From here, after changing horses, I set off alone for Shiraz, 5 Pharsakh away.

Thursday, March 12th. [Places] The route continues between mountains, of relatively low height, until finally, through a gap in the mountain, you suddenly see the city of Shiraz at your feet, the Teng Allah Akbar. The view from this height is magnificent, with the densely planted cypresses in the foreground. The river from Roknabad cascades foaming down the rocks to the left, where a small villa was built. A villa to the right of the rock. You ride out of the pass through a high gate and enter a long avenue, bordered on both sides by gardens with villas, through which you can see the blue dome of a mosque. When I arrived in Tchepperkhane, to my surprise I found that my people had not yet arrived. Fortunately, Dr. Cumming soon arrived and took me to his house with Mr. Lovett, where I spent the first evening. The English agent, the Nabob, immediately offered me the house next to the Prince's for my residence, which I gladly accepted. At the same time I sent a man to look for my lost servants, who arrived the following morning.

X Shiraz (13–28 March 1868)

Friday, March 13. Busy arranging my things to settle down.

I visited Lovett, [superintendent?] of the local telegraph, a very nice man, not at all comparable to Walton; he was also interested in botany and geography, as he was a member of the Société Asiatique in Calcutta. And Hamilton, who was also interested in geography. The houses in Shiraz mostly have the same layout as in Isfahan; paved courtyards all around with square garden beds, in the middle a water basin, over which wooden frames are often built for sleeping in the summer. But what gives the courtyards a special charm are the tall orange trees in them, now richly covered with fruit, now without blossoms. The ever-blooming red roses everywhere, Mentha piper., plane trees and elms are also often in the courtyards. The roofs are flat, usually without walls; in the summer a terrace serves as a place to sleep. The water is [not?] bad, it has to be filtered first. There are 8,000 houses in Shiraz; the whole province of Fars pays 1 Kurud in taxes. – Today again the most wonderful warm spring weather, especially beautiful mornings, already hot at midday.

(2_07_034) *Saturday, March 14th.* Visit to Dr. Fagergreen, a Swede who has been here for 22 years in the service of the Persian government. His age of 60 is not apparent, he is still in full manly strength. His house shows his former profession, everything is full of pictures, painted and [pasted?]. His 45-year-old wife, a daughter of the Pole Borovsky, who fell at Herat, is full of life.

Both have become so accustomed to Persian life that they speak this language better than European languages. I spoke German with both of them. This evening an invitation to dinner at Lovett's, which the Nabob and his brother, who serves as an interpreter for the English, will also attend. [Places]

Sunday, March 15. Horseback ride to the gardens of Afivabad, southwest of Shiraz. The first has been redesigned with water basins and beautiful cypresses, apricots and vines on both sides of the main path. In the middle of the garden is a small pavilion and a tacht for smoking water pipes. The second, located on the mountain slope, Bagh e tacht, has a terrace full of orange trees on the south side of the palace, which had suffered somewhat from the frost, within 7 walls; in front of it is a large, square water basin. The Schirasli gather here to [keif?], as all the gardens are public. Right next to it at the foot of the mountain is the burial chapel of Minutoli, built at great expense by Dr. Fagergrén, who died here in 1860. Further up the mountain is a dervish chapel surrounded by cypresses, next to which is a former artificial waterfall through a sloping wall. - The vegetation around the city is lush; The seed is already being sold at the bazaar as fodder for the horses that are ½' high in the fields

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was, but there was no great variety of plants in between. [Plant] Of the trees, the almonds are fading, but the peaches, apricots with small whitish blossoms as well as a kind of greengage with stalked blossoms, called gardsch, are in full bloom; pomegranates are frequently cultivated. In gardens, Hyacinthus orient., [Plant] Apples are in bloom. Daffodils in all home gardens.

(2_07_035) *Tuesday, March 17th.* In the morning we set out in glorious weather, accompanied only by Mansur, to visit Persepolis. The path led me out of the [...] gate until, after half an hour, we reached the mountain slope, continually between green fields of crops in which the blue Muscari racemosum, [plants] etc. were in full bloom. The broad riverbed, densely filled with boulders, was now completely dry, but was surrounded on both sides by a low stone wall to protect the fields; an arched bridge leads over it on the broad Ispahan road. The path gradually leads upwards in the teng allah ökbör. [Places]

Once at the top, the path continues between hills until the mountain in front of you diverts the path to the left and you soon come to the place, Kalaat Pushch, where the governors have to meet the robes of honour sent by the Shah. Several small, half-ruined stone houses and a morus mark this place. The clear stream is crossed here, along which you ride steadily uphill until you come to the customs post, where duan guards are stationed along the path. 5 old plane trees a little further down the stream, which emerges from a rocky valley on the right here. There must have been more cultivation here in the past, because wild pomegranate bushes surrounded the customs post. A white erythronium bloomed along the path, which now climbs over a small pass, the descent of which leads to the isolated stone caravanserai of Badschgar.

A plane tree and a morus shade a small platform in front of it, in whose shade the travelers can rest a little, while a clear stream flows in front of it. [Places, plants] I often met the villagers, bringing their chickens to the town in woven wooden baskets, which hung down on either side of the donkey. The men all had dark complexions, with tall, gray felt hats. The valley widens to the right, but soon narrows again by two outlying ridges that reach as far as Zergun and close off the valley there.

Sergun is now reached on a completely flat plain, at the foot of a limestone mountain rising vertically above it, with about 1,000 houses with flat roofs made of layers of reeds and earth. The place pays 3,000 Tumans in taxes to the Shah, without any villages belonging to it. From here to Shiraz 5 Pharsach; is a post station. (2_07_036) Without touching Sergun now, I turned left straight towards the end of the mountain and cut through the wide valley, which continues far to the west through a mountain range about 1 Pharsach away, which rises again there. The path now leads around the Sergun mountain, at whose

At first, you walk along the vertically sloping northern side until you reach the end of the swamp that now covers the entire wide plain. Numerous small springs flow into it. But it is mainly formed by the melting snow water from the surrounding mountains; in summer it is mostly dry, but now it flows down to the village of Bendamir. It is now home to all kinds of water birds, black ducks, flamingos, shovelers, snipes, gulls and many more.

Phragmites com. filled it, which is used for roofing. The vertical rocks stare up wildly here. [Places]

The town of Bendemir, which consists of 500 houses, is reached towards evening. The village lies on both sides of the river. [Places] On the south side there is a deep, wide ditch, completely built of stone, which flows into the wide basin of the main river. A branch bridge, covered with earth, leads over this to a small island surrounded by water, on which is the small caravanserai where I stayed, along with several other houses and a number of mills, of which there are 22 here. The town pays 400 Tumans in taxes and belongs to the Kurbal district, to which 40-50 villages belong; the tribe was called Kurbal Pui. - 3 Pharsach downstream is said to be Bend Feisabad, 6 Pharsach Bend Tu-leki and 9 Pharsach Bend Choschke; 6 Pharsach of the latter the river is said to disappear into the earth near the village of Sulfa, but then to reappear after 6 Pharsach and flow into the salt lake, called deria nemek.

The musical rock of Dschemshid, called nackara chaneh, is nothing more than a protruding rocky peak from the nearby mountain range, the vertical rock walls of which are often smoothed by nature. It is more than doubtful whether Dschemshid's musicians ever sat on it to entertain their ruler with music in the palace 3 Pharsakhs away; but I was astonished when I walked through the palace there to hear wedding music coming from Bendemir quite clearly, which reminded me vividly of this legend.

Willow bushes line the banks all around the village. This dam was built by Asadad-dövlet, a Dilamite, in the 10th century († 983).

Assad el daule, who also had the large water basin on Kuh Istachr made.

I couldn't find any arrowheads or coins here, just as I couldn't find them in Persepolis. You can't see the colonnade from here with the naked eye. (2_07_037)

[Places] I slept wonderfully that night, lulled by the roar of the thundering waterfall. There are plenty of big fish here.

Wednesday, March 18th. We set off early in the morning in the most beautiful, clear weather. The path leads continuously along the plain, which is far too sparsely cultivated, towards the mountain gap, where Persepolis lies to the right. The three mountains in the west take on a different shape from here, as one can now see each one individually, namely the cow Shahrek, which is behind

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the Miankuh stands out due to its vertical rock walls all around. On this one can still see the remains of buildings, deep wells; once the plain on it was well cultivated, similar to the Königstein in Saxony.

[Places] Arrival in Kenareh in 3 Pharsach from Bendemir. From here another half hour to Tacht Dschemschid, whose columns rise at the foot of the mountain.

The houses in the villages were all flat, covered with a layer of reeds and earth. I rented a room in one of the houses and immediately set off for Persepolis, which can be reached in half an hour. [Places]

One is amazed at the massive blocks used as building blocks here, hence their good preservation, where they were not broken down by force, as can be seen in almost all the figures. The rock, light grey, dense, ringing limestone from the mountains above, is so solid that even the destroyers of the figures' faces had a lot of work with it. Around the approximately 40' high ring wall, at right angles [recessed?], a lot of rubble has been piled up, from which several capitals of the column terrace protrude. The stairs are well preserved, made of massive blocks, not much worn down, as the rock is too hard. Of the columns, only one is still complete, of the other 6 (2_07_038) tops have more or less fallen off, namely the top one. No stork nests here. [Construction] There is no doubt that the pillars supported an airy wooden roof, similar to the Chilsutun in Ispahan, which was certainly burned by Alexander. Trying to find traces of fire from that time as evidence of the fire is impossible, because the main structure could not have collapsed as a result, which has so far withstood all earthquakes. There are also no traces of fire on the stone, because only the roof burned, without touching the stones, and even if there were any in the past, they must have soon disappeared due to the effects of the weather.

Very little of the rubble has been preserved on the terrace, as it was soon swept away by the wind. Only a few small mounds can be found there, such as in one of the royal residences. The open niches are beautifully polished, and contain many Kufic, Persian and Arabic inscriptions; they contain most of the names of Europeans, many of whom are now covered in glory. (It reminded me of the poem about the Strasbourg Cathedral). The fact that in the 10th to 15th centuries the terrace of Persepolis served as a residence for royal persons and as an army camp is no proof of the full existence of the buildings, as they all camped in tents. As for the grottos carved into the rock above the terrace with the sculptures, Gobineau considers them to be water pipes, because one of them has pomegranate bushes in front of it. I am convinced that this is a completely erroneous view. Their perfect correspondence with the 4 Achaemenid tombs at Nakshi Rostam allows

there can be no doubt that these were not the same. The fact that the three grotto sections behind the sculptures are not decorated is no proof, as they were sufficiently and truly royally decorated on the outside. Perhaps this was done intentionally to demonstrate the contrast between life and death very vividly and to show that after death, king and beggar are equal in the grave. [Building] In one of the graves, water does drip through the rock, but there was never any mention of a spring, as Gobineau says. The rubble piled up at the entrance, like a small wall, holds back the moisture, hence the vegetation here. From here I returned to Kenarah, where I met Mr. Hamilton and spent the night with him. [Places, quote?] (2_07_039) [Places]

Thursday, March 19th. Set out for Nakshi Rostam in the morning. After half an hour we reached a brick building, called a talar, which stands isolated on the plain and was built by Sheik Ali Khan, a brother of Kerim Khan. It is two stories high, with a pretty arch, stairs to the right and left lead to several rooms, but it is completely dilapidated. Persepolis remains to the right for half an hour until we finally reach the foothills of the mountain, where we now enter the valley of Hadjiabad. The first mountain we come across is in front of the main route, at its eastern end it forms a semicircular valley (to the [north?]west of the terrace) which is filled with rubble; two pillars of a gate entrance have been preserved there. Perhaps the city was located in this corner of the mountain. In the plain facing the terrace, no remains of old houses can be seen, not even in the deep trenches of the Kanat, neither shards nor stones, so that I believe that the actual town lay further in the valley of Hadji-abad. In any case, even then the majority of the houses were made of earth, and only the most excellent main buildings were made of stone, just as in Pasargadae, today's Murgab (= Enten), both from the same period.

Once you have passed the first corner of the mountain, you come to a second parallel ridge, a few hundred steps along it, and you come to a place on the right where the rocks recede a little and form a small valley, on the rear wall of which are the sculptures of Nakshi Redscheb, although not noticeable from the path. This depression in the rock, forming a natural, open rock chamber, shows 3 sculpture fields in relief with colossal human figures from the Sassanid period. [Building] Thomas Moore's veiled

Prophet of Chorassan in Gedicht Lalla Rookh.

A quarter of an hour below Nakshi Redscheb, you can see a square (2_07_040) platform made of white marble blocks in the plain, but you can only get to it from this side by a detour, as it is separated by a deep canal bed that begins from the river where you cross it. A few minutes' walk along the rock leads to the Pulvar river. Here,

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you can see several small, artificially carved depressions in the rock walls, and immediately after that the Ispahan path itself is cut through the rock. The Pulvar, which is about 20 paces wide here, now reached up to the horses' bellies when they were being driven. A number of small water channels run through this plain, which was largely planted with *Eruca sativa*.

Half an hour from the river, the mighty rock face of Nakshi Rustam is reached, from which, half an hour up the valley, the village of Hadjiabad with its orchards and the large rampart that runs across the valley can be seen.

The rock face appears to have been smoothed by human hands almost from the top to the bottom, but it is natural. At its southern end are the famous sculptures of the 4 Achemenid tombs and the Sassanid sculptures below. [Construction] The rock of this rock face is lighter, often reddish. The mountains here form a wide plain in which a village is located. Beyond this, the path leads to the narrow passes of Main.

Towards the afternoon I left here again, after having visited the Kaba of Zoroaster, as it is called; outside with many small niches, inside a dark room, the entrance about 12' above the floor, made of massive blocks of white marble. [Places] The path leads continuously along a branch of the [Pulvar] river, forming a stream, (2_07_041) until it finally divides into a number of kanats on the plain. Now and again I came to tent camps of Gashgai-Turcomans, with beautiful horses, which had only just arrived here; the same also happened next to Persepolis. It was not until the evening that I reached the beautiful Pul i Chan, rising on both sides, but in the middle smooth and made of brick, while the other arches were made of rough ashlar stone, 2 large pointed arches and 3 smaller ones. The eastern part of it had been newly repaired. The Pulvar flows into the valley on the right. The Araxes now rolls its waterfalls majestically downwards, roaring. From here it is about 10 km to the south.

2 Pharsach to Sergun, where I arrived at night and slept there.

Friday, March 20. Departure for Shiraz, 5 Pharsakhs away.

Saturday, March 21. Evening with Lovett, who left Shiraz the next day.

Monday and Tuesday heavy rain with thunderstorms at night, which brought out the sluggish vegetation as if by magic. – No cholera in Shiraz for 7 years. Common diseases here include: typhus, intermittent fever, a lot of hydraphy, gangrene, a lot of eye diseases, but not as common as in Turkey, almost no stone disease; salek is also common here. –

Heavy frost in mid-March, so that ice appeared on the streets, so that the oranges froze a little. - 10 days before my arrival, a small earthquake, which is very common here; all the inhabitants are afraid of it, namely a terrible one on the 3rd Easter holiday 15 years ago in the month of Redjeb, in which 13,000 people died.

came from the collapse of houses, almost every one of which was damaged. For 5 to 6 days the dead were dug up and tied 5-6 of them in a bundle for burial; then the second plague was the robbers. In particular a strong blow at midnight and the following day at midday. All blows always from north to south, but they do not seem to extend beyond Sergun, but then as far as Kaserun etc., where they are very strong. On the mountains around Shiraz, for example over Bagh Dilkusha, you can still see their effect where the rocks fell down. It is said that they announce themselves by the rising or falling of the water.

Sunday, March 22nd. Spent very pleasant hours with Dr. Fagergrén, I even lived halfway in his house, his wife was very cheerful, spoke German, although she is French. Wants to go to Germany in 3 years; earns 600 ducats here. We went for a family walk today to Dilkusha.

The path leads through the inconspicuous gate of Saadi, in front of which is a tacht with trees, where beggars and dervishes gather. Soon after, you cross the wide, dry wild river bed, over which the Ispahan bridge crosses a little below. Here, too, there is a bridge called Pul i Saadi with five arches, but it is in such disrepair that it is no longer passable, so the caravans often have to wait 10 days until the wild water has receded.

After an hour's walk through lush fields, you reach the garden of Dil-kusha, the heart-expanding one; with many fruit trees and oranges, planted regularly, with water basins and long, open water pipes in between.

(2_07_042) In the middle is a large salon with rooms and a water basin. It lies at the entrance to a valley through which the road to [Darab?] runs; a few minutes up it you come to the grave of Saadi, with a walled garden with cypresses. Next to it is the village of the same name with around 60 houses; next to it is the tent camp of Kauli, who make sieves and blacksmith's work. A clear stream with fish emerges from the Kanat here. Above it to the right rises the mountain Kala Bender, with natural caves at the foot and deep wells carved into the rock on the north side. [Places] Only small remains of old, but Muslim, walls are still visible; but the deep well on it is remarkable, carved into the rock in a square, to the count of 12 [?]. A week ago a prostitute had been thrown into it, alive but bound, [surrounded?] by large crowds of people; she fell down with the cry of ya Ali. On it Sideritis etc.

Monday, March 23. The Qashqais were brought from Turkestan by Emir Timor; now over 40,000 tents, according to the statement of Nobab Jafer Kule Khan, who is a relative of the Ilkhani. They are Shiites and used to pay 9,000 tumans to the government, but since the old man is dead and his son is still very young, they now have to pay double; the former, that is, the dead man,

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was called Mehmed Kuli Khan, his son Sultan Mehmed Khan. Now Surab Khan is the most influential among them, a relative of the old man. In summer they are in Kuh Batend. The Nobab gave me 3 letters to them. – Attar designations: [SprPfl]

In the bazaar you can now often find the young shoots of Gundelia Tour-nef., called Känker here, which are a popular dish when boiled and mixed with sour milk. White sponges are also coming to the city for the first time today, the same kind in Teheran. Only 1 date palm can be seen in the city; cypresses are now being planted again. Shiraz has 7 gates, no more fortification walls, which were torn down by Agha Mohamed Khan.

14 city quarters; 85 baths, 3 large caravanserais and 150 small ones and a large number of smaller ones; 1 large madrasah; 4 large mosques. Only 4 Armenian families, with around 30 individuals, but with a new church; in it a picture of Christ was sent by the wife of Baron von Minutoli. The Prussian embassy is not remembered well because of greed, namely Grollmann, but there is only one opinion about Minutoli (2_07_043) that he was the bravest man. Fagergren spent a lot on it, and only sent him 15 ducats, which was not even enough for the priest to pay for the funeral. Every Easter the Christians gather there on the mountain, where the priest says a mass, and the Fagergren family lays the rosary sent on the grave. Despite much effort, trees have not thrived there due to a lack of water.

Tuesday, March 24th. Very few old coins are available now. I bought 2 mosaic boxes, 3 leopard skins for 18 Kran, 3 pairs of stockings, 1 female veil, 1 pair [of women's shoes?], wooden spoons, 1 type of flute; a silver Nar-gileh for 13 Tuman, which is worth 11 Tuman Ag here. Smoking tobacco is not available here at all; I was glad that I found a little powder of it. [Hussein?] Kule Chanstoff can be found more here with the Guebers in the Khan. - Dirty Jewish quarter, stinking. Persian women very bold and free; mean conversation among themselves. Rain today.

Wednesday, March 25th. Beautiful, clear weather, fertile; this was the first rain I had seen this year.

Saturday, March 28th. Early morning walk with the Fagergrén family to the Bach e no gardens, very beautiful, large, with large pavilions, next to it the Bach dschehannama, also with large pavilions, in which the telegraph was to be installed, so it was repaired a lot with 300 ducats, but afterwards it was not given away. Magnificent view from one of the rooms over the valley of Shiraz. Beautiful, thick cypresses, but not as old as in Istanbul. Nearby is Chiltén, in which 40 dervishes are buried, hence the name; in it a kind of coffee house for tea and kallian. - The grave of Hafis in the

Nearby, surrounded by many other graves; by stones of magnificent, translucent Jesd marble. Another [point?] is called Heften, situated on the mountainside, appearing as a white house, in it the portraits of Hafis and Saadi.

We spent a long time in the Jehanema stream, which was very large and had many portraits of Feth Ali Shah in his large robe and large pools of water in front of it.

Here I received letters by post from Boissier, Reymond, Weber, Brodbek, CB and from Carl and Robert [brother-in-law?] and Höltzer. - I wrote to Höltzer, Reymond and Brock in Abadeh about Asa foetida. I also found a Katirtschi, so that the departure was set for tomorrow, who will take me to Buschir in 10 days for 50 Kran for 2 animals.

XI Shiraz–Bushir (29 March–18 April 1868)

Sunday, March 29th. In the morning we said goodbye and made preparations. Long conversation with the Nobab, whom I first got drunk. Wonderful weather. In the afternoon we set off after giving a tip of 60 Kran. The path was continuously flat, fields and gardens with villages in between on the right and left, Kuschk on the right, until finally after 2 Pharsach we reached the isolated caravanserai of Tschinaradah, [places] (2_07_044) [places] built by the sister of the deceased Ilchani of the Gashgai; because it is new, it is in good condition, high rooms, clean, but no doors, large courtyard. Strong wind at night.

Monday, March 30th. We set off before sunrise and immediately crossed the 90 paces long, new, flat stone bridge, where we now ride uphill on the left bank, covered with Nerium Oleander and Typha. [Places] We climb up again until we come to a place with many piles of stones, a Tepe Salam on the way, from where we see Shiraz for the last time. Here the view opens up to the right over the long mountain range on the left, also called Kuh nahr. In the wide valley we ride on towards the Khan Senjun, which can be seen from afar, and come to a wide river, called Karagatsch, clear, green water, rushing, now deep and wide, but its bed is about 500 paces wide. When we arrive in the Khan Sendjun, there are many caravans. [Places]

All the mountains had a grey appearance due to the abundance of *Astra vesicaria*, which was still quite dry here, while it was in bloom around Shiraz. (2_07_045) I was also delighted by a large number of small, white tulips, related to *T. Clusiana*, with very fragrant flowers with bluish-grey stripes underneath. [Plant]; on the river bank a strong-smelling plant called Kändäll, *Salvia hypoleuca*, was growing. Herons and very often cuckoos, which were constantly calling. (I saw swallows again for the first time near Murgab). I ate boiled gundelia sprouts with sour milk, very good; reminiscent of artichokes, which is why the latter are also called Känker frengi.

Tuesday, March 31st. Continue on the plain until, after an hour, the river Karagatsch bends and must now be crossed. There is no bridge, as the rushing water cannot tolerate Persian construction. Pack animals and people often die here. Even now the water reached the horses' bellies, rushing wildly over the bed covered with boulders; it now stays to the right at first, until it turns off to the very right. Between the bushy slopes of the left chain, the path now turns left, and one comes to the Kotel Suhn sefid, over which the first range of mountains is crossed; small streams emerge from the valleys, while at the entrance the stone ruins of a khan can be seen, which was never replaced. [Pfl]

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After half an hour we had climbed the pass, which now offered a lovely view of the wide, hilly valley of Tasek, which stretches out to the right and is lower and from which the river Karagatsch flows. [Places]

(2_07_046) The path descends to the flat, elongated plateau of Desht Ardschun, where on the left you can see the reed lake, which is very rich in fish; we encountered a whole caravan loaded with fish here on the way to Shiraz. The path gradually leads to the village on the right at the foot of the mountain, which only consists of about 30 inhabited stone houses, but three quarters of them have completely fallen into disrepair. It is said that the inhabitants were forced to leave as punishment for having killed a Persian officer who was in charge of collecting taxes. A large cemetery stretches out nearby, where you can see some crude lion figures, but these are modern Persian creations. The side of the mountain above the village falls vertically and shows a number of natural hollows, which do not, however, extend into grottos. But above a chapel surrounded by trees, there is the entrance to one of these, which is called the Bastard Cave, Harumsade; it is said that if you want to see whether someone is a bastard or not, you let him crawl through; if he can crawl through here, he is not one, but if he does not succeed, he is considered to be one.

A number of strong, clear springs of the best water rise here at the foot of this rock face, rushing quickly through the middle of the plain towards the lake, which is about 2 hours away. They drive a mill, in front of which women dressed in cranes. A waterfall tumbled foaming down from the rocks, immediately disappearing into a hole to reach the lake underground. A second such waterfall appeared on the opposite left rock face; this one reminded me of the Pissevache. The green plain full of cows, about 3 hours long, 1 ½ hours wide. The plain is crossed, always along the southern part of it in a semi-circle, where the isolated Kala Muschir, an earthen structure crumbling into ruins, is located. After about 2 ½ hours, the gentler ascent to Kotel Pirasan, meaning old woman, is reached, where the path now leads upwards through a dense oak forest, Q. Vallonia. Large, thick tragacanth bushes appeared, with Euphorb. rubra in between, Fritillaria in great abundance and in full bloom; Keklik were frequent, blackbirds, tits and pigeons cooed in the trees, while the cuckoo also let out its call here. [Places] Descending in this great staircase of Iran is much less arduous than ascending, this Climax mogale of Pliny.

The path now leads steeply downhill for 2 hours on a stony path to a rocky valley, where on a peak you can see the telegraph that runs boldly from cliff to cliff, with a span of 1,000 yards here. Fritillaria and Corydalis on the rocks. [Txt]

Coming out of the valley, you suddenly see the khan, called Kotel Mian, built on a green rocky outcrop. A stream of clear water runs past the khan. There are two such khans, a new one and an old one; I got off in the first one. I sat on the roof for a long time in the evening, looking around at this wonderful valley; at my feet a long valley full of oak trees, with the green grass in between making the valley look like a garden, through which a (2_07_047) dry riverbed flows, coming down from the mountains to the southeast, whose snow-capped ridges, called Kuh Dischk, glitter in the glow of the setting sun, a mountain mass that can be clearly seen from Bushir. [Places] The caravanserai seemed to be the meeting place of all the house martins, which nested here in their many thousands and had stuck their nests all around. A number of almond trees were in bloom and gave life to the rocks, among which were Medicago species, [Plant].

Wednesday, April 1st. Lions are said to be seen quite often in Desht Ardschun. Last year, Mr. [Sindschen?] was attacked by one, and the Kutchude of this place still shows everyone the marks of one on his backside where it had grabbed him. We set off early in the morning and soon reached the flat valley, about ½ hour wide, filled with closely-packed Walloons, which we rode through in an hour. The sky was overcast, but warm. The two villages of Kalluni and Abdui lie on the right-hand side of the mountain slope in a romantic location, one with a cypress; behind it stretches a rocky gorge. The valley closes after about 1 ½ Pharsach to the north-west, while a higher ridge protrudes behind it. We encountered herds of Allahkurdi changing tents here with women and children, etc. The path now leads southwards without climbing in an open valley full of flowering amygd. scop. and magnificent Astragal. vesicarius in the most beautiful development, a real ornament. Passing the customs house, called rahdar, one then comes quite unexpectedly to a steep descent, called Kotel Dochter, to whose almost vertically sloping rocks a path leading down in a zigzag has been cut. From here one can now overlook the entire wide Kaserun plain. I left the main path and climbed down from rock to rock, as the richest vegetation greeted me here: the rock walls were all covered with a yellow Echium, [Pfl].

After having overcome the rocks with difficulty and reached the foot of the pass, I soon reached Nakshi Timur, where I stayed for a few hours. The sculpture of the Qajar prince is very crude, [also?] mutilated; it is placed at the foot of a rocky corner and surrounded by the walls of a small khan. Groups of tents had settled next to it. (2_07_048) [Plants, Places] Now the path goes uphill to the right in the valley, partly green through the grassy areas.

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places where numerous caravans and herds of cows grazed, partly from the number of fields of crops on the lush soil, which no longer lacks moist rainfall. But here too one can see a number of underground canals. *Matricaria Chamomilla* in great abundance everywhere. [Pfl]

The barley sprouted ears.

After 2 ½ hours you finally come close to Kaserun and ride through the ruins of the old town, now completely hidden by fields, but many old but poorly built remains of walls and houses with arches still stand out. On the left you can see a large, square artificial hill, on which a castle once stood; it is called the Jewish cemetery. In front of it you can see some large gardens with date palms, oranges and pomegranates in the middle of the plain. I got off at the telegraph chane on the west side of the town, where I found Mr. Thompson and Mr. Norman-Harrison from Buschir stationed there, the former also married to an Armenian woman. - The telegraph voltage in Kotel Tochter is 800 English yards.

Thursday, April 2nd. Kaserun. Arranged plants in the morning. Seen from afar, the sprawling Kaserun, a Kessebe, which the locals call sheher, is a pretty sight, because here you can see the slender date palm for the first time, which can be seen in all the gardens and courtyards. They were now producing their flower sheaths, only a few of which had opened; here too, artificial fertilization is used, by placing a small branch of the male flowers in the female flower sheath before they are dusted; without this, there are said to be only poor dates. The houses with their flat roofs are all built of stone, with several cathedral domes rising between them. The interior of the town is full of ruins, and when walking around you always have to be careful not to sink into one of the numerous holes. At most 2,000 houses

with 3-4,000 inhabitants. A nephew of the governor of Shiraz, called Emir Sade, was governor here, and people complained about his greed. There is now no trace left of the horse market that once flourished there.

The most beautiful thing in Kaserun is the orange garden (2_07_049) on its south side, right next door. A magnificent avenue with crossing paths of dense orange trees, whose foliage provides a dense shade and from which the golden fruits of the Hesperides shine, runs through the middle of it, but its fruits are sour; but sweet ones are also grown, such as pomegranates, apples and a beautiful group of date trees; in the middle of the avenue the square widens out into a circular area with a water basin. A wonderful garden for concerts! At the back end there is a house with many rooms, in which Europeans usually gather.

settle down; a lot of European names in it on the walls. The garden was created by Timur Khan. Several other gardens can be seen nearby.

Along the northern part of the mountain range runs a small chain of hills, on which the remains of some towers can be seen. The southern chain presents a remarkable sight, in that it is torn from bottom to top into a large number of more or less parallel cracks, probably caused by earthquakes, which are frequent here. - Drinking water is also brought here by kanats. - Very warm; storm clouds in the southeast.

Towards evening I set off with Mr Norman for Dehris, 2 Pharsachs away. Riding north-west in the valley, you can see the village of Kasekun as well as several date gardens on the left at the foot of the mountain. You ride through a vast ruined site of what was once a large town, with remains of walls, water basins, etc., and you come to a section of the village of Dehris, which consists of many scattered groups, hence its name = torn village. We arrived there in the evening, where we found everything already prepared by the servants sent ahead in a private house. The town, with only about 15 houses, is a pile of stone rubble in which the poor population lives, and on which lush vegetation grows; in the surrounding area, the barley was also 4' high. [Plants, Places]

Friday, April 3. We set off in beautiful weather, but [just?] too warm. On the somewhat uneven plain here we are riding towards the mountain gap of Shahpur, about 2 Pharsach away, until the plain then descends a little to a completely flat plain, in which several streams rise and which is crossed further to the west by the Shahpur river. [Places] Large bushes and even old trees of Zyzyphus Lotus, wild fig trees with Ephedra graeca in between made up the plain, while Astrag. vesicar., Gentiana Olivieri and above all Ranunculus asiaticus (sometimes also the variety with flor. aurant.) flashed out from the green carpet of grass. Salix fragil. was in bloom along the streams, while Myrtus communis filled long stretches in herds. We rode along a stream, near which a ruined fort, called Burtsch Muladen, appeared. Black tents of the Iliad were scattered in small groups on the plain.

Arriving at the mountain corner, one can see the extensive rubble masses of the Kala Tochter (2_07_050) made of rough, small stones; the remains of towers and small, vaulted cells are still visible; but these rubbles also extend to the other side of the mountain, where their walls, stuck to vertical rock faces, arouse admiration. At the foot of this castle, a strong spring rises, which now forms a swamp filled with Phragmites, whereas it was once a favorite meeting place.

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was the place of residence of the inhabitants, for one can still see its surrounding walls, of which decorated stones still lie at the edge. A deep moat ran from here around half of the city outside along the city wall until it flowed into the Shahpur River; the ruins of the city now spread out before the eye, whose stone houses may once have stood quite widely, judging by the isolated but row-like piles of rubble, between which straight streets led. [Construction]

Once you have walked along the mountain and reached the end after $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, you suddenly see a crack in the mountain on the right, from which the river erupts foamingly, which then immediately widens out into an oval plain, until it closes again after $\frac{3}{4}$ hour by a narrow crack, behind which a high, broad mountain range stretches away, where the cave with Shahpur's statue is located. The sculptures on the right bank of the river can be seen from afar. The

The visible remains of the walls of the Kala Dochter also stretch along this side of the mountain. If you follow the left bank uphill, you will see a very damaged sculpture of two horsemen right on the path. [Building] The rushing stream is densely covered with *Salix fragil.*, *Tamarix* and *Nerium Oleander* (probably the *Rhododendron* near Morier, but they do not grow here), while on the rocks large bushes of *Ceratonia Siliqua* are distinguished from afar by their dark green color. If you cross the stream to get to the right bank, you will come to a square building on a river peninsula, called Burtch Sassan, but only built 15 years ago by the owner of the Shahpur Valley, a Said Mir Abdul Wafa. Immediately afterwards (2_07_051) you come to a mighty, clear spring that flows from the foot of the rock face and rushes out as a stream, soon joining the actual stream; a large cave appears above it in the almost vertical cliff face. The horses now have to stay on the island; only below the corner of the rock can they climb up to the right bank. If you now follow the right bank downwards, you soon come to a water pipe, partly made of brick, partly hewn into the rock in a square shape, through which you have to crawl to get to the sculptures.

[Construction] The sculptures of Shah Bahram are to be 8 Pharsachs away, on the way to Bebehan, in that great valley which is seen north of here; the figures are to be situated above a spring.

(2_07_052) From here I wanted to visit the cave of the Shahpur statue, which was still 2 Pharsakhs wide, but a violent thunderstorm surprised us here, so that we had to give up. The city was mainly spread out on the right bank of the river, of which more remains can still be seen; a number of deep kanats run through the city, many of which are still filled with water, the

Caution is required when moving through the rubble, ashlar walls, arches, etc. still today. A strange, sudden noise was heard, as if the peaks of the mountains were coming down with a rattling noise, a whirlwind, whirlwinds that struck against the high, vertical rock walls like a hard body and moved on quickly, rattling. I had never seen it like this before as in this narrow gorge. The former Mame-seni robbers are no longer here, they now live around Shulistan. Excellent hunting grounds here, namely lots of pigs.

The storm broke out, so that we could only with difficulty take refuge in an old house, which owes its preservation only to the rubble surrounding it; but as the entrance led downwards like a cave, it was not long before the water was flowing down towards us from all sides. After we had ridden through the river again and reached the left bank, we rode through the ruins on what had once been a city street, which led to a gate, of which the remains of an arch were still visible, while to the left of it were fortress towers of the city wall. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled incessantly, amplified by the echo in the mountains. A second downpour broke out again, which we luckily escaped by taking refuge in an old, dilapidated stable near the river. The village of Mirsa dakeh appears above the right bank slope, full of bushes. Making our way through the plain, the village of Mulladahn remains on the left, and soon after we reach the village of Shahpur, situated where we climb up into the mountains again. As a third thunderstorm threatened, we took refuge for an hour in a stone caravanserai situated on a hill. The village may have about 50 houses, mostly made up of huts made of reeds. The flora of Shahpur consisted of yellow ferula flowering on the rocks, [plant]. Black reptiles.

(2_07_053) From the village of Schahpur the path soon climbs up a hill [from?] a valley, through which a now strong mill stream runs, in whose bank bushes there are a lot of nightingales; which joins the Schahpur river a little below. [Places] The path narrows more and more, on the left, mighty, steep rock faces rise up, while on the right a low stretch covered with earth stretches along, both full of vegetation, namely lots of pistachio trees, which here developed flowers and leaves at the same time. The beautiful *Salvia hypoleuca* in groups and [plants]. This valley now presented a lovely sight after the refreshing rain, but the path was bad, often over limestone ledges smoothed by the caravans. Soon, however, the high valley widens more and more, and busy cultivation can be seen across the whole plain. [Places]

We have reached Kumaredsch, where we arrived during the night. This is the halfway point between Shiraz and Bushir, but only from Rahdar do we continue our journey into

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Continue in the same direction to Bushir. The village consists of 150 houses with approx. 1,000 inhabitants, of which the village of Kaetchuda stands out. 16 date trees give the village a little life, while the stone walls of the houses, covered with moss, betray the approach of a humid climate. We stopped at the caravanserai, where we occupied a large room. Thunderstorms and heavy rain all night long. From Kaserun to Kuma-resch 6 Pharsach.

Saturday, April 4th. At the village, a short climb begins to conglomerate hills, which then soon drop down to the Kotel Kumaredsch. [Pfl] The path drops steeply down to a stream, which you ride along; in places you can see walls on the steepest rock parapets, probably of Sassanid origin, or at least built in the same way as the Shahpur walls. The rock is made of gypsum and an ash-grey, hardened marl limestone. Gypsophila Singara is on the gypsum walls. [Pfl] (2_07_054) [Pfl] Everywhere the vegetation was in luxuriant development, while Nerium Oleander and Tamarix adorned the banks of the stream. A rahdar on the Kotel. Riding down into the valley, you can see the pointed Kuh Surch on the right, which you had seen yesterday, and further on you come to a valley basin through which the foaming, wildly roaring Shahpur River now winds its way, its salt water spreading an unpleasant smell. At one point the path leads close to the river, but now under water, and when we turned the rocky corner, the small village of Khan Kawar, consisting of reed huts, lay next to us, already abandoned by its inhabitants, densely covered with *Salvia hypoleuca*. [Pfl] In the washouts of the sandy marl there are many beautifully preserved pecten. [Pfl] You ride between mountains, and as the river turns to the right, the path then descends a little, and the great plain of Chisht lies before us, filled with date forests.

The hut village of Dschefferdihn soon follows and half an hour further on, between lush fields, we reach Konar tacht, our destination for today. 1,800' above sea level. Next to the village is a large stone caravanserai, where we settled down. From the roof there is a lovely view over this beautiful plain, which takes its name from the numerous *Zyzyphus Lotus*. The village consists of nothing but triangular palm huts, under numerous palm trees, as does Beneki, just a few minutes away; the houses are made of earth or stone walls, but covered with palm leaves. [Places, Pfl] (2_07_055) [Places] 14 bundles of telegraph wire had been stolen in the Khan, so the Kätchuda of the village could not be found and had fled.

Sunday, April 5th. After riding across the plain in $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, we arrived at the Kotel Mallu, which leads in steep steps on horrible paths to the Dalaki River. This was so swollen, however, that there was no possibility of

to force through it. The caravans waited on both sides, while some men ran about the bank, lamenting the death of their father, who had been swept away by the river a few hours earlier. The ruins of a stone bridge, with two arches, stand on the bank. It was built 60 years ago but only lasted five years. On the right bank of the river we walked for about half an hour downhill along the foot of the mountain until we came to a place where a new bridge was being built by the Mushir of Shiraz. The construction was supervised by a Hadji from Ispahan, who had broken his leg this morning; he therefore sent to me immediately to bandage it as a gift.

Mr Norman pitched his large tent here and we were quite comfortable. The four pillars of the bridge had been erected, but the tension was still missing. Unfortunately this will not last long either, as the stone used for it is much too soft. The English suggested to the Persians that an iron bridge should be brought from England, but this was rejected. Just a little further down the road, at the entrance to a ravine, you can see the remains of a third bridge, which was built 45 years ago, but which lasted just long enough for only one muleteer to cross it. The river is a wild torrent in spring, especially when thunderstorms break out in the mountains, and the water from the mountain ranges that slope down directly to the river swells the river very quickly. In the morning the water level had reached 12'. The right bank consists of shattered gypsum mountains, sloping steeply, but with a lot of vegetation: [Pfl]. (2_07_056) [Plant] The sandy river banks were full of Tamarix, [Plant]. Today was the most plant-rich day, but I didn't have the paper. [Places]

The afternoon was spent botanizing, but in the evening I paid a visit to Hadji, who treated us to good tea. Next to his house, the bridge workers had built some 20 reed huts. Ku-kuke here too. Here we met the Kätchude from Desht Ardschin, who showed us the lion's claw on his backside. At night we sat in front of the tent for a long time; a beautiful night, the almost full moon in the cloudless, clear sky, the roar of the river at our feet, the fires on the mountain slopes of the caravans and bridge builders reflected in the river, the solemn mountain peaks above, the mild, warm air, etc. Today is Palm Sunday!

Monday, April 6th. At 8 o'clock we crossed the river after riding uphill for another 15 minutes; the water was still very rapid and only reached the horses' bellies. On the other bank the path climbs up the steep hill of Kotel Bakerchani. [Places]

(2_07_057) [Pfl] After crossing the mountain on flat rocks without any effort, the path turns left and one can now see the nearby Dalaki, at the foot of the

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mountain range, all dressed in vibrant green but bushless.

Here you can see the characteristic huts made of palm wickerwork that make up the village, with the exception of the spacious caravanserai, built of stone, where we descended for half an hour to have breakfast. Dates are the main food here and replace bread. A number of about 10' tall bushes of a broad-leaved *Asclepias* covered the wide plain, while thick, very old *Tamarix* trees rise around the village next to date palms. *Physalis somnifera* formed real hedges here, *Peganum Harmala* was already in bloom and the barley in the fields was ready to be mown.

Half an hour after Dalaki, where the rocks come closer, you come to a clear stream, eight paces wide, which polluted the whole air around with its strong smell of HS, while large, round eyes of black naphtha floated on it; it rises close to the left, at the foot of gypsum rocks, and immediately drives a mill. The naphtha is not used, however.

Two paths lead from Dalaki to Borasdschun. We chose the so-called winter path on the left, as the one on the right often has to pass through a lot of water.

The Dalaki River always stays away on the right for a few hours. Soon after, the route passes another HS spring, and a second strong HS stream is interspersed with many springs. Salt plants are noticeable here along this entire stretch. [Pfl] The entire foot of the mountain range seems to be very rich in salt, because the path leads past many swampy HS springs that pollute the air, always half an hour away from the mountains, until 2 Pharsach before Borasdschun the path turns straight ahead, first through a somewhat uneven area, but full of vegetation. [Pfl]

The path leads past the small hut village of Saribische = the beginning of the forest, until finally Borasdschun is reached, far from Dalaki 4 Pharsach.

Here is a telegraph station, where an Armenian, who spoke English, was on duty. We stopped there for the day. The place consists of stone houses with flat roofs, with a few dates in between, but further on there is a large forest from which a lot of arrack is made, so it is cheap. The barley is almost ripe. Gazelles and antelopes are common on this plain; the latter make an excellent roast in the evening; for dessert we had Konar fruits cooked with sugar, which had a somewhat bland taste. [Places] Norman telegraphed from here to Bushir, in order to find a boat in Tschief the next day. The dates here had already set small fruits (On Sindschan's map, Borasdjun is too close to the mountain, as is the road.)

(2_07_058) *Tuesday, April 7th.* We set off early in the morning, but it was exceptionally cold for here, to the Tschief, which is 7 ½ Pharsach away. On a very well-cultivated plain with numerous villages, surrounded by groups of palm trees, the road leads straight to Borasdjun through a palm forest, then a plain with villages.

far away to Nogall, where the soil is now becoming increasingly salty and only small salt plants cover the soil, which often does not support a single plant for long stretches. The mirage conjured up all sorts of shapes for us here; we first mistook 4 donkeys for a village, then for camels, then for men, and only when we got closer did we realise our mistake. Little by little the terrain became swampy without vegetation, until finally the whole long stretch, almost 3 Pharsach, was covered by several inches of water, brought about by spring tides and floods.

Finally we reached the customs house, called Schief, which was located alone on the shore, where we found the boat we had ordered, but because of the low tide it was so far away that we had to wait until the tide came in towards evening. [Pfl, places] Many caravans to Shiraz have their goods shipped here, as this saves them a day, as the route via Chaketak makes a large arc and they can walk from Buschir to Borasdjun in a day on the first route. From here we saw Buschir as a dark spot in the sea. A little before sunset.

By sunset the tide had risen so high (which here is 7') that the boat could come close to the shore, to which we were carried. The route then runs along a small, low island called Djesireh, which had a village, but whose Arab inhabitants had left it a few days before and gone to Bassra because of the governor's vexation. When they had rounded the tip of the island a strong wind blew, the three-cornered sail was hoisted, and the sailors, dressed only in a long white shirt, sailed bravely on, amidst the constant communal utterance of "ela hilla hilla lak", alternating with e stafrulla.

After a few hours, in bright moonlight, we finally reached Bushir, where we got out even though it was forbidden. I found the best accommodation in Mr. Norman's house.

Wednesday, April 8th. The town of Bushir, which consists of around 600 houses, is nothing special from the outside; its houses are built of stone, consisting of hardened shell sand of recent formation, but nevertheless durable, with flat roofs. The streets are narrow and dirty, the bazaar is insignificant. The heat is great in summer. All around the town is a desolate sandy desert, only the west and south sides are washed by the sea, which is constantly adding more sand. Only half an hour to the south side are several villages with individual groups of palm trees, surrounded by a few fields of grain, wheat and barley, both ripe; the salt is everywhere on the plain, so all the water is bad; cisterns can be seen scattered all over the plain, recognizable from afar by their walls on the sides, with a crank to pull them up. (2_07_059) [Pfl]

Colonel Pelly's residence is at the western end of the town by the sea, marked by a flagpole, as is that of the governor at the opposite end. A gunboat with 3 cannons is permanently in the harbor

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to protect the English. The Resident sets the tone here, everything in European society is based on him. Under him is the Vice-Resident, Mr. Edwards, an Armenian who lives in a large house next door.

The European society, which consists of the telegraph and cable people, is very separate from each other, one observes the other, so that no one can do anything without the whole city knowing. Most of them do not communicate with each other at all. There is very little shipping traffic; a Dutch sailing ship coming from Batavia was at anchor, unloading sugar. The Persians themselves only have barges, not ships, but they do have a fleet admiral who lives in Shiraz. Fishing keeps many of the inhabitants busy, whose barges enliven the sea with their triangular sails. The harbor is also not a pleasant sight, everything is desolate, as if dead; there are no stored goods, no winches rattling. The remains of a machine lie on the shore. An Armenian and a Jew are the only ones who sell some European articles, but their shops are almost always closed.

There is plenty of beer, a bottle for 1 ½ cranes, sherry for 7 cranes, manilla cigars; but here too there is no Turkish tobacco. The language is Arabic or poor Persian. Several parts of the town are full of palm huts, right next to our house, inhabited by dirty people, with nose rings and unveiled.

Thursday, April 9th. Maundy Thursday. I paid a visit to Vice-Resident Edwards, a small but fat man; his four daughters, adorned all over with thick gold chains, were stationed in front of us.

(2_07_060) Good Friday, April 10. Heavy rain showers with strong thunderstorms, also the following day.

Sunday, April 12th. On the first Easter holiday there was a heavy thunderstorm; I wrote letters home. On the second holiday the weather was beautiful again. Oh, how often I thought of home; I would have preferred to go to the ball than to stay in miserable Bushir. I visited the resident, a man of about 45, unmarried; I had breakfast with him. Usually he is on his estate 6 miles away in the summer, so he is not here much. After dinner we played billiards with Dr. Hojer, Edwards and Patten. Indian soldiers stood guard in front of the gate, wearing dark, short coats and trousers, red turbans and dark skin. In the evening we were invited to dinner at Röschten's, who is about to marry an Armenian woman, which Armenians are very fond of doing. But the young people are very stupid, because these young girls have no education at all, very few can speak a few words of English, and for the house they have

she has no sense at all; dressing up and having children is what she loves most. – I definitely sent my servant Mansur away from here, because his [obstinacy?] and his stupidity had become unbearable.

Thursday, April 16. Terrible storm with heavy thunderstorms in the afternoon and evening.

Friday, April 17th. In the evening I was invited to dinner at Mr. Gutbun's, while yesterday I had breakfast at Mr. Patten's, who is married to an English woman. The steamer is due to arrive for Bassra tomorrow.

Saturday, April 18th. A wonderful day. In the morning I received a visit from Colonel Pelly, followed by his dark-skinned soldier. After having some sherry and coffee, he invited me to breakfast, where Edwards, Dr. Hojer and the captain attended. After dinner we played billiards. In the evening we were invited to dinner. We talked about his book and his journey to the Wahabis and through Bel-udjistan; he believes that a European can now travel anywhere. The steamer arrived late in the evening. In the evening we had dinner again with Colonel Pelly.

XII Excursion to Basra and Baghdad (19 April–31 May 1868)

Sunday, April 19th. Breakfast at Pelly's at 9 o'clock, lunch at 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock I went to the boat. Pelly had put his boat at my disposal for the trip to shore, accompanied by an officer, [Preatt?], with 8 sailors. The mail steamer Comorin was anchored half an hour away next to the Dutch sailing ship and the English gunboat. Of the passengers I found only an English telegrapher, Superintendent Keating, who was going to Fao, a nice man. The weather was good, only 85 °F.

The anchor was not raised until 6 o'clock; soon one sees a one-masted sailing ship, half sunk, which the English had taken from pirates in the Bahrain Islands a few years ago. The copper on it had been stolen everywhere, but the large rope was still on it. As we left Bushir, two earthquakes struck in quick succession, but these were not noticed on the ship. Soon the island of Karak follows on the right, where most of the Europeans went during the Persian-English war. Their houses are still there; good spring water and all kinds of fruit grow on it; it only rises about 284' above sea level. Kharg with a grave on the top. - Europeans must all travel in first class on the ship, as there is no second class, and one cannot be expected to lie together with the dirty natives. Above the first class is the pool, covered with a tent, for the first class passengers to stay. The food is very mediocre, but the crossing is still very expensive; no wine or beer; tea is very bad. No piano, (2_07_061) like the Messagerie used to have, not at all comparable to this.

The British India Steam Navigation Company has a monopoly here, so it can do whatever it wants. Soon the sun set beautifully, and after dinner and tea we too went to rest.

Monday, April 20th. At about 9 o'clock we saw the land, narrow, long, flat strips, and soon we saw clearly the flow of the fresh water into the sea, probably the saltiest of all seas, both clearly separated by a sharply defined line. Birds had previously sought refuge on the ship, so exhausted that one could touch them, they were sparrows, redstarts and yellow wagtails. We covered 8 miles, although we had a constant headwind. Here at the entrance to the river is a very bad place because of the sandbanks, in one place only a narrow passage. Bordered by the Khor Khafgeh between the Maidan Ali on the right and the Abadan Bank on the left. Turkish gunboat with 4 cannons; Turkish flag on the station. Floating boys mark the course for the ships, only built by England four years ago. Next to Maidan Ali a course leads into the Shat el Arab, we go around

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but sailed the Abadan Bank and moved upstream between it and the Abdallah Bank.

After seeing the flat Ras el Bische on the right, you can see the Fao telegraph station in the distance. Fao consists only of the two telegraph houses, built of wood in European style, with the stairs on the outside reminding me of Swiss houses. Next to it is a miserable village of huts, but a magnificent palm forest with grenades, etc. We only stopped here for half an hour. Mr. Keeting got off here and I was left alone. The banks upstream were densely covered with palm trees, with a few huts in miserable villages in between. The deck passengers were constantly busy drawing water up to quench their thirst. A little further on to the right is the village of Kusbeh, while on the left the telegraph poles seem to be floating in water because of the mirage, which is visible not only in the afternoon but all day long.

Here by the sea, the mirage is of course even stronger than on land. Méamer on the left, Manyuly on the right with less date palm forest on this side.

To the left [up?] Ed doureh with an island in the river, and further up lies Duasir, surrounded by dense date forest; diagonally opposite it on the left bank you can see a single grave, [from?] which up? lies Shat eyt. [Places, quote?] (2_07_062) [quote?] At 32 ½ the ship Aneroid was at Mohammera and at 29 ½ the mercury

barometer was at 85° Fahrenheit. The sky was slightly overcast all day. Trip from Bushir to Basra 35 rupees (2 ½ kran each), previously 50 rupees, very expensive for 25 hours. You don't see Mohammera until you are close to it, because it lies off to the right in a river arm densely lined with palm trees on both sides. You can still see the earthen ramparts that the Persians built during the bombardment by the English. On the left, on the right bank, there are several flat islands, which are well cultivated and watered everywhere. You can see the two funerary chapels of Tubbe, one conical and very high, covered all around as if with tiles. There seems to have been an old city there, at least there were numerous hills, like piles of rubble. Up the left bank, very close, as the ship is only a few hundred paces away, you can see another large building with three small towers; it is the harem of the chief of Mohammera. Up the road, the palm trees grow ever denser, mixed with grenades, with villages in between, until you finally see Basra, only 20 miles from Mohammera.

Arriving there towards evening, we stopped in Ma-kill, the landing place for Basra, which is half an hour away. I got off here and landed at the quarantine, but as I could no longer find Dr. Asche there, I crossed the canal again and went to the city. In the meantime, it was night before I finally found his house. The former quarantine doctor, Dr. Asche, was

and went to Bagdad, and his brother, who was not a doctor at all, took his place. I was received very kindly, although I had no recommendation for him. He is a Prussian, married to a woman from Bucharest. I found with him the wife of the deceased Dr. Duthical, a very pretty young woman of 25, without children, also from Bucharest; she was about to go to Dordogne to see her brother. The evening was spent very cheerfully.

Tuesday, April 21st. As the steamer did not leave until the evening, I had enough time to look around a little. But I stayed in the house and talked to Madam Duthical. She had sent her husband's manuscripts off to be printed, only partially prepared by her husband. The large coin collection of 2,000 pieces, not including the stones and cylinders, had been sent to London for sale. For 30,000 francs. It was not until 3 o'clock that I said goodbye and went to quarantine. The journey there was very pleasant as I took a boat on the canal. On both sides there were date trees, all green, while the mulberry trees were thickly covered with black fruit, but of the smaller variety, the *Morus alba* aff. The pomegranates were in bloom, as were all along the bank before arriving in Basra, with lovely country houses in between. [Pfl]

After spending a few hours in quarantine, I crossed over to the ship with my friend Asche. These ships from here to Bagdad have a very nice exterior, were built in Belgium and belong to the Lynch and [Antor?] company in Bagdad. Here too I had to take first class, although there are second class cabins, but these have no food. Everyone in first class gets a cabin, but without a bed, so you have to bring something with you; to Bagdad it costs 70 kran without food, which amounts to 12 kran per day with beer or sherry as you like. There is only a small part of the rearmost ship for walking, next to the small dining room, which is also upstairs; the ship only goes 3' deep because of the shallows of the river. The deck was full of passengers, namely Jews, who were going to the grave of Esra; the Abyssinian muleteers also sailed on; yesterday morning they had a real fight with bottles, knives, etc., several had deep wounds on their heads. A [Beylerbeg?] was on the ship in second class, who complained that they would not let him go for a walk on the first seat; he, who had seen Napoleon, the Sultan, the Shah, was they trying to stop him?, but it was of no use to him, he had to stay in his seat or pay for the first seat, which he did not do. Several Turks were there, who passed the time in the evenings playing music on a kind of violin. The journey did not begin until 11 o'clock at night.

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(2_07_064) *Wednesday, April 22nd.* On the left bank of Mohamera upstream lie: Kozonar, [Salclien?], Girdelan, Schech Rathi, Abu Kelab, Nahr Istaban, up to here and from there full of dates; further on follows Neschud, up to this point without any, then follows the mouth of the Sueib river, further Mezairah in palm trees, then opposite Kurnah lies on the right bank. On the right bank of Mohamera upstream lie: Dabber, Alm [Fasi?], Hamdan Jahudi, Sera, then Bassra with the landing place Mahgil. Opposite the village of Neschud lies Sahibeg Zemare, Aedra, the tomb of Soliman, then Derberiyek, and one comes to the mouth of the Euphrates, between the two lies Kornah, the old paradise; on both sides of the river full of dates, pomegranates, etc., located below 34 degrees longitude. Here the beautiful date forests end, barren and flat banks now mark the course of the Tigris, only groups of gardens can be seen around individual villages.

From here on, on the right bank, inhabited by El [Ou?] Mohammed Arabs, there are a number of wide swamps, the mouths of which with their clear, blue waters [descend?] sharply against the murky, muddy waters of the Tigris. They are thickly covered with Typha, while *Batrachium aquaticum* makes them appear as if covered with snow. Wild pigs abound, and in the morning at daybreak I saw a lion walking majestically very close to the bank. We amused ourselves from the ship by shooting the pigs. The large number of birds is striking, namely beautiful white and black Alcedo, pelicans, divers, ducks, white-necked almond-crows, black cranes, gulls, and many more. The two banks are full of reed huts of the Arabs [sign], united in many groups. Children, young and old, ran from all the villages, screaming and making noise, begging for presents. The boys were completely naked, throwing themselves head first into the river; the women were dressed in blue, the men in long white shirts.

On the left bank of Mezairah upstream lie Burbukh, Um el Jaradiyah, Kubber el Sadjr, Abdullah ibn Ali and then an earth tower built a few years ago, together with numerous reed huts in a place called Sheikh Kala Sheikh Sala after the current Sheikh. It is very difficult to draw a map of such places, because the wandering Arabs constantly change their names according to their Sheikh or other events, such as the death of an old woman, the killing of a lion; they also give the Europeans such names, for example our captain was called "the lion of the river" because he was the first also sailed the river at night, he was also called the captain with 2 chimneys, because his steamer had 2 chimneys; another was called "the Father with 2 beards", because he wore whiskers; many names are also given according to his clothing. Further along the left bank are the ruins of Um Simsim. The river was 6' above its usual level here, while further upstream it was between

between the higher banks at Ali Ghurbi it is 20' higher. The many water outlets into the marshes mean that it ends less deep here, rice and grain everywhere along the banks, but hardly a tree anywhere.

(2_07_065) Numerous herds of cows, mostly brown or white, enlivened the areas, while black buffaloes made themselves comfortable in the swamps; flocks of sheep were seen less frequently. On the right bank upstream from Kurun lie El Setschia dschedid, Kiragra, El Setschia antik, Abu Thor, from here one can see the blue, enameled tomb dome of Esra's grave from afar.

A stop was made here to set off several Jewish families who were coming here on pilgrimage and had to stay here for 20 days. They found a lot of Jews who greeted them happily on the bank. A high brick wall encloses a large courtyard; in the chapel a Talmud richly decorated with Ag is kept. After Easter every year large groups of Jews set off here. Arab huts hung with woven blankets surround the place; all the women wear nose rings, mostly with blue stones in them. The river has a lot of bends, which make navigation difficult. [Places] The whole right bank is inhabited by the El bu Mohammed Arabs, who have buffalo and cultivate rice, and therefore camp here all summer. From here upwards Beni Lam Arabs live on both sides. [Places] - The night was wonderful, but mosquitoes were very annoying. The Arabs' fires lit up the night. [Places]

Thursday, April 23rd. During the night we stopped for several hours at the mouth of the Hud River near the place called Orti by the Arabs, or Elamara by the Turks, on the left bank. There was so much shouting from the new Arabs that we could not sleep. This is where the territory of the Beni Lam begins, who live in black tents; the reed huts have disappeared here. At 7 o'clock on the left bank there was a half-ruined earth fort, called Kala Sultan, built by the Beni Lam a few years ago, which was erected when Namik Pasha set out against them. One of the rebellious chiefs, Masban, fled to Persian territory, but the Turkish troops crossed the border in the area of Haweisa, plundered his family, but Masban himself escaped and now lives in Haweisa on Persian territory. The Turks deny having invaded Persia, they have only been in territory where it is not known who it belongs to. This was the main reason for the dispute between Persia (2_07_066) and Turkey; as a result of which the Shah gave the order to stop the pilgrimages to Kerbela; even now the disputes have not been settled, although Namik Pasha has been transferred to Constantinople; he has advanced in the Turkish manner, namely as Minister of War, which he probably only held for a short time.

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If he stays, he will receive his resignation and his power will be gone, because in Constantinople he is no longer trusted.

Now Takiyin Pasha of Kirkuk had taken his place as [interim?] Kaimakam, who will not be confirmed as Pasha. Under Namik Pasha the country is very impoverished because of the heavy taxes, half of the products had to be delivered to the tribe by the sheikhs; he was in Baghdad for 8 years, it is said that he is descended from the Janissaries of Constantinople; he speaks French fluently, as he was ambassador in Paris, knows European manners perfectly, but hates all Europeans, of whom he is jealous because he believes that we will take Turkey. He opposed all imports of machinery, even river shipping, and when that failed, he acquired 2 Turkish steamers in order to ruin Lynch's company. Although a man of talent and energy, he made many mistakes in administration. 16,000 regular soldiers in the province of Baghdad, on which Bassra, Sulimanie, Kirkuk and Mosul depend.

The banks of the Tigris appear flat everywhere here, while further on the land lies even lower. On the left bank appears the group of trees of Ali Schergi, consisting of Populus Euphrates, surrounded on all sides by tents of the Beni Lam. At 2 o'clock there was a fort on the left bank, begun four months previously by the Turks to control the Beni Lam. The mountains of Luristan, which had already appeared in the morning, show no special shapes, but rather uniform, elongated lines. [Ttxt] Up the right bank you can see a small hill, which once supported a bridge built by Alexander; the Arabs say that it was built by Fläfli, a princess who was in love with a certain Surat. He swam to her across the river every evening and did it 52 times; but when the cold season came, she had the bridge built for him, but lo and behold, he could now only do it 10 times.

The banks were covered with tamarisk bushes and pines. The sky had been cloudy since midday and it was raining lightly. At 5 o'clock on the right bank there were groups of people from the Euphrates, heading for Ali Ghurba, where we stopped to buy a sheep. At first the shepherds ran away, thinking we were trying to steal them. A burial chapel between the two groups of people from the Euphrates, called rorab in Arabic, all low, of irregular growth, now all in fruit. They are considered sacred by the Arabs, whoever cuts a branch will lose his arm. Ali Gerbi = western Ali, Ali Schergi the eastern one, passed in the morning. Wide tent camps were spread out on the left bank.

Bad, slow travel, because it is against a strong water course, whereby the ship, which only dips slightly, is easily driven onto banks. A little further upstream is an earthen fort for a Turkish mudir to collect the tax.

Further up the right bank is the Magese group of trees, where rain

The weather was surprising; the night was so dark that we had to stay here until midnight until the sky cleared up again. The general wind direction is northwest-southeast. Lots of stinging flies and mosquitoes.

Friday, April 24th. At midnight we set out again, as the sky had cleared. The banks were flat all the time. At 8 o'clock we reached Um el hen-na, halfway between Basra and Baghdad, on the right bank. Here the river is a quarter of an hour wide, looks like a lake, very deep, with a very rapid current that often throws boats onto the bank. The peculiar direction of the watercourse towards the very low right bank often causes extensive flooding of the coast, hence a dam made of thorns and earth has been built there, which is repaired every year by the Turkish government. The banks are covered with tamarix. Further up the left bank is the Nahrwan, a canal with high, old dams, but much wider at its beginning than here at its end, mixing the water with the Tigris as far as [Digela?]. Heaps of rubble indicate an old city here. It is said to have been built by Alexander.

At 2 o'clock we reached Kut el ahamhra, situated on the left bank, built by the Turks 4 years ago with the residence of a Mudir. The local population was planted along the bank, watching us curiously, offering chickens, eggs, etc. for sale. The town, consisting of around 350 earth houses with flat roofs, stretches along the bank, surrounded by fields behind them. The Hei River separates from the Tigris here. A bazaar with around 40 boutiques contains the necessary needs of the inhabitants, who are a very mixed population, consisting of Arabs from various tribes, with Kurds from Luris-tan, and a few Persian merchants. The town is growing more and more due to shipping, as is the town of Orti = tent camp, because previously 5 years ago this was the only thing there; now it is 3 times as big as Kute el ahamhra. Orti is also called Dufas, after the bushes on the right bank, while the new town, which has a bazaar, is on the left bank in the angle between the mouth of the Hut River and the Tigris; our ship stopped here last night at midnight to disembark passengers. 18 hours from Kutelamahra towards the mountains lies the town of Bettrawa, which is said to be old.

I went ashore here and paid a visit to the Mudir, who treated me to coffee. We stopped here for 2 hours to take on coal, for which there is a reservoir here. They tried to heat with bitumen, but gave up because the flames destroyed the iron. The sky became increasingly cloudy, and in the evening there was rain and thunderstorms. Suddenly, around 7 o'clock, there was such a strong gust of wind from the southwest that the ship had to stop immediately. There was also such thick dust that one could hardly breathe. Where did the dust come from, now that the desert was damp everywhere (2_07_068)

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by rain, is not explained to me. A terrible gust of wind surprised the ship on March 26, 67, from the west-southwest near Esra's grave, combined with thunderstorms and hail, at 6:40 p.m.; the gusts, which lasted for four seconds, tore the tents on the rear deck and flooded the ship. We stayed here until 2 o'clock because of the darkness near Kala Shech Dschehad, so as not to end up on a bank, since the ship was only 2' in the water, but now 3', because it was very heavily loaded.

Above Basra to Shukh el Shukh, Yachiani, so-called John Christians, live in places. The Selaib Arabs are attacked like other Arabs; they are sanctified, so to speak; they live by hunting and serve as good guides in the desert; theft is not common among them. The Montefik and Beni Lam are not counted among the Bedouins; the former are Shia, but their sheikh family is Sunai; they may have about 30,000 tents.

Saturday, April 25th. A beautiful, clear day, but then very warm. The banks were always flat, and on the left bank wide, incalculable areas were often flooded. Around midday we reached Hussein, where the river makes such a bend that after a three-hour journey we came back to the [same?] place, separated from the river only by an isthmus about two minutes wide.

Ruins of earthen forts. A canal that dries out in summer connects the two places. It only needs to be widened, and a lot of money would be saved every year on coal for the steamer. But the Turkish government is not willing. Towards evening the sky became dark again, stormy; but we continued on our way all night long.

Sunday, April 26th. In the morning, the mighty brick building of Ctesiphon was on the left bank, very close. The river makes such a curve here that after an hour and a half you are just as close to it again. The mosque above the grave of a woman [...] with four date palms towering above it is further back, as is the smaller mosque with the grave of Mohammed's barber. Today the weather is splendid. From here it is another 8 hours to Baghdad. The two mosques are then on the bank. Continuously flat banks until Baghdad finally appears. The palm trees now appear again, increasing in number towards Baghdad. We stopped at the pretty facade of the houses near the English consulate and got out at the Duane. I got off first at the Weber house, which is inhabited by Mr. Jäger.

Monday, April 27th - May 8th, 1968 my stay in Baghdad. Since Mr. Jäger had meanwhile left for Damascus and Europe, I took lodgings in the house of Dr. Asche, who lives with his pharmacist Eksar. I was only able to see Mr. Roggen a little, as he was now alone in the business and his wife was in childbirth. I took the 3,000 Kran from him, in addition to

the letter to his (2_07_069) agents in Basra and Bushir. I bought paper for 890 piastres, which I sent to Bushir in 3 boxes. I also prepared a long box for sending around the Cape, containing 2 carpets, collections of duthical, snakes, etc. On *May 8th* I took on the servant [...], 30 kran a month, food and return to Sihna.

The weather was always pleasant, never rained; it was cooler this year than usual. The French consul Pelissier had made thermometric and aneroid observations for two years, which were published in Paris. He also listed the scorpions he had caught in his house, around 500 in one summer. The English consul Colonel Campbell is a very educated man, but unfortunately I was only able to enjoy his interesting company a little, as I had too much to do; I was invited to dinner by him for the rest of my life, but was only able to accept it twice. From him I learned that a few months ago a Persian prince Ferchad Mirsa went to Bailo near Bena near Hauroman, where he invited Hassan Sultan to his tent, served him tea and then had him strangled; a certain Achmed Beg is now in his place. Hassan Sultan was more on the side of the Turks when I was there, which may have been the reason for his strangulation. Mohammed Said Sultan is said to still be in his position, but completely devoted to the Persian government. Another reason for the Persian-Turkish disputes was the robbery of a certain Hamsa Agha in Soukbulag, who is said to have lived there in a terrible manner.

I had initially intended to visit Babylon, as I had 8 days to spare, in the company of Dr. Millingen, a quarantine doctor and a coleopteran who had recently arrived from Constantinople, but finding a suitable servant held me back. I spent the most pleasant hours in the house of a Belgian, engineer of the Turkish steamers, Mr. Van Medding, with his fat wife and her 2 sisters Elisa and Rabka = Rebekka; several trips were made to the gardens, where the oranges and cedars were in bloom, [mostly?] [many?].

According to the thermometric observations of Swobodah on the steamer Tidschle, the greatest heat was at 4 p.m. in 1866: January 70°, February 77°, March 89°, April 95, May 102, June 104, July 115, August 112, September 111, October 100, November 93, December 79°. The prevailing wind direction is northwest. - I found a few packages of plants from Dr. Duthical, along with stones, and also a package that Swobodah had once collected for Kotschy, which an Armenian in Buschir (Röschten's father-in-law) and Swobodah in Baghdad remembered; the latter told me about the traveler Mrs. Pfeifer. [Places] I went on a tour de plaisir of the city with Pascal. I also met Mr. Paduani, Inspector of Quarantine;

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[Williann?], telegraph clerk with pretty Greek wife. – Antiques are very expensive now, especially the cylinders, as everything is being bought up by their own buyers.

Baghdad is surrounded by lovely gardens, full of oranges and palms. (2_07_070) Very old trees of Zyzyphus Lotus can often be seen, whose yellow-reddish fruits are eaten, reminiscent of cherries from afar when the fruits are ripe. Lycium europ. is everywhere; a beautiful, tall tree of Popul. Euphrates at the south end of the city next to the city wall. In gardens Delphinium hort., [Pfl]. The roses are in bloom everywhere, which are used to make rose water, the whole bazaar now smells of it from the bouquets; but no Nastaran roses. Ajuga chia vill is now blooming in the fields. [Pfl]

The talk of the day was the change of government. Namik Pasha, who had been arrested for his system of exploitation, had been called to Constantinople as Minister of War; his deputy was Takietin Pasha of Kirkuk, who was then appointed as Mushir and commander of all soldiers; he is a creature of the former, so people are not very happy about it; but they hope that both will not remain in their posts for long, because Namik's appearance

will soon incur the hostility of the ambassadors, thereby making his fall inevitable, which will immediately bring about the fall of Takietin. The Turks now sent troops from Diarbekr and Mosul into the desert against Abdul Resak under Ferchan's leadership; Abdul Kerim is calm.

Saturday, May 9th. Yesterday evening I boarded the steamer Didschle, accompanied by Dr. Asche, Dr. Mellingen and Eksar, which leaves Baghdad at 4 a.m. I took a second class cabin, for which I paid 30 kran and 10 kran for the servant. I brought my own food. Ctesiphon was the main scene of the morning, where something was stopped, as Indians got off to pray at the grave of Muhammad's barber. We also had about 300 Jewish passengers on board, mostly women with their children, who were going to Esra's grave; adorned with their thick gold or silver necklaces and rings. We only stopped for one hour in Kut el amara. Namik Pasha had been at war here with the Beni Lam, who fled to the mountains; the chief's son did not accept the chief's position offered by the Turks. In the evening we stopped at the place Mamla = salt marsh, where we took wood that was freely stacked on the bank. We found 2 young wild cats and 1 hyena. There is no village here, just a small guardhouse made of earth. [Pfl]

Sunday, May 10th. We set off again at 4 a.m. and only stopped again in the evening at Amara or Ortu, a place that had only been developed eight years ago by the Arab fights. After the death of the old Sheikh Fesi, the two brothers fought over his position; the Turks took advantage of this and sent soldiers.

(2_07_071) the Arabs had 9 cannons, but soon had to give way to the Turks; since then the town has been founded, which is growing rapidly; the sheikh has been confirmed by the Turks and lives in the town; he receives a monthly salary of 600 kunas to control the Arabs and collect tribute for the government. A mudir also lives here. The barracks with hospital, built from fired bricks, stand quite imposingly on the banks of the river; now there were only 500 soldiers here, who curiously asked me about the political news in Baghdad. A straight bazaar contained the necessary necessities; inhabitants of all religions live in the town, mostly for trading interests with the Arabs, very important in this respect and the town will certainly become important one day, if it is not affected by floods. A minaret of a mosque overlooks the cassaba. – On the other bank Arab huts, rounded at the top, were pitched everywhere, whose fires were reflected in the river at night, while further down a beautiful group of trees of Popul. Euphratica and some date trees adorned the banks.

The whole evening the population, known as thieves, stood crowded on the shore; we were able to get so close to the shore that one of us could look out from the ship onto the river. The river is still high, its bed cannot be seen, very often everything is flooded. Today 36 °C in the shade.

Monday, May 11th. At 9 o'clock we reached Esra's grave, where the Jews left us; they were greeted with colorful silk flags and with loud, shrill cries from the women. Esra's grave, over which there was a blue

The church, which rises above a dome, is surrounded by a wide khan, in which most of the pilgrims live. The area above is new, painted with gold Hebrew writing. The interior shows an 18' long wooden sarcophagus, triangular, like a coffin, covered with carved Hebrew characters; outside covered with blue cloth and surrounded with silk flags. The Jews walked around the coffin, constantly kissing it. The floor is covered with glazed tiles.

Next to it are a number of reed huts with flat reed roofs, while the interior is supported by pillar-like reed temples tied together. All of them wore nose rings set with blue stone. In the swampy terrain next to the village there was often Lemna, [Pfl]. From here downwards, vast swamps spread out on the left bank, [Pfl]; buffaloes lie in them up to their necks and feast on them.

(2_07_072) Towards midday, the palm groves of Korna appeared in the distance, floating in a mirage, and were reached after an hour. The water of the Tigris was thick, muddy and murky, while the water of the Euphrates was greenish but clear. Both banks were thickly covered with dates, as was the triangular headland on which Korna lies, completely hidden in palm trees. Only a few minutes' stay

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stop. Sky a bit overcast today, pleasant, 30 °C. Arrived in Bassra around 5 o'clock. I checked in again with Mr. Jul. Asche, the quarantine inspector.

Tuesday, May 12th. I visited with Mr. Asche the Kaimakam Suli-man Beg, a native of Baghdad, a man of good-natured appearance, short grey whiskers, blue dressing gown, European yellow waistcoat, white trousers, etc. He was just informed that someone had tried to smuggle salt into the gates. There is only one English consulate here, the French one was abandoned [...] years ago, since when it was administered by a native, [Riscalla?], in such a way that he hoisted the flag on the flagstaff every Sunday. But for [...] years now he has also stopped, only the flagpole still reminds us of it.

With Mr Asche I took a walk in the gardens of [...]. The path led through the straight, shady bazaars, which, however, do not contain much, as everything is concentrated in nearby Baghdad. Then follow wide, desolate squares full of rubble heaps of sunken houses from several quarters; only the occasional arch remains here and there, under which shopkeepers have set up their boutiques. After quite a walk, one arrives in front of the city wall, now completely ruined, but whose earthen walls were once quite thick. Gardens spread out inside and outside the gate, where customs guards sit. Several bridged, deep canals supply the gardens with invigorating water, which is distributed in the square by many smaller ditches. It is hard to imagine a more charming sight than that which the gardens now offer: wherever the eye looks, it falls on the slender date palms, whose panicles have now been tied together in the shape of a bouquet.

Figs and pomegranates, which are still in bloom, are growing among them; here and there, individual roses (*R. acutifolia* v. *simplicior*) can still be seen, the petals of which are used to make rose water, but the buds are dried and used to make strings, etc. Myrtle bushes are sprouting everywhere; apricots, a small variety, are full of ripe fruit, which can now be found everywhere in the market. There are now white and black *Morus* here, the latter seeming to be just a variety of the white, with exactly the same appearance, including the leaves; but in Bassrah they are very bland; they are both ripe now. Along the canals, one can see groups of *Musa paradisiaca* stems, up to 20' high, which, with their broad leaves, which split open as they age, sway dreamily in the sultry air, giving a tropical impression. Some of them had faded, because everywhere you could see the drooping, green (2_07_073) fruit panicles, at the end of which a second series of fruits usually develops, with closed, conical cones hanging down from them. [Pfl]

In the orchards between the dense lawns of withered *Imperata cylindrica* I collected: *Foeniculum dulce*, [Plant].

Wednesday, May 13. Spent at home and wrote to Blanche, Bischoff and Boissier.

Thursday, May 14. The following types of dates are distinguished here: 1) Samaran, yellow, not very sweet in taste; these are sent mainly to Europe, India, and also to the Bahrain Islands in exchange for pearls. Here they make raki from them, and they are also called seier. [Pfl]

(2_07_074) [Pfl] There are also three varieties of pomegranates here: the very sweet one, the sour one and the neither sweet nor sour one, which is the most pleasant.

(Could the Hauroman Mountains have their name from the wild pomegranates (rimon) that grow there in great abundance?) But these are not as good in Basra as those in Baghdad. Three varieties of mulberries are mainly cultivated here, which are varieties of *Morus alba*, namely one with black, red and whitish berries; but here they are small and bad, with a bland, watery taste.

For silk cultivation, trees without fruit are preferred, whose leaves are thinner but of a firmer texture. [Plant] The following varieties of grapes are mainly distinguished: 1) Schami, dark blue, round or long. 2) Dshir-schi, small seeds, very sweet, yellowish. 3) Sultani, long, yellow, thin-skinned. 4) Achmar, reddish, poorest quality, mostly used unripe for cooking. Of apricots, the Kaisi is distinguished as the best quality, with a sweet nut; but here only a little; on the other hand, the smaller variety, the mixed variety, is the most widespread, whose kernel is bitter. The latter appears to be the semi-wild one.

Friday, May 15th. I could only go out a little because Madam Duthical had accidentally taken laudanum, which made her very ill; so I mostly stayed in the house. The heat in the rooms was now unbearable, mostly 35°C, so we stayed in the cooler Serdab, where it was mostly 29°C. Now people are starting to sleep on the roof at night, but last night towards morning we were startled out of our sweet slumber by a heavy thunderstorm with rain and forced to retreat. Mishmash, cucumbers and almost ripe small apples were on sale everywhere in the bazaars.

Sunday, May 17. Mr. Jul. Asche told me about the subjugation of the Montefik Arabs: A certain Mansur beg, sheikh of this tribe, had

He managed to ingratiate himself with the trust of Namik Pasha, as a result of which he became a member of the great council in Baghdad. He tricked the Pasha into subjugating his tribe, whereupon he was appointed governor of the tribe with 30,000 piastres a month, while the revenues went to the Turkish government, as is the case everywhere in Turkey. Once he reached the tribe, he revolted against the government, which now rebelled against him.

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sent troops; there were several battles on the Hei River, in which the Montefik were defeated with the exception of one. The sheikh fled and wandered around the desert for a year, but was then pardoned and now lives in Baghdad, which he is not allowed to leave; part of his confiscated property was returned to him. His brother (2_07_075), who had previously been a Chek, called Nasr, with the title of Pasha, is now a Chek with the title of Pasha and now pays the government a certain rent. This administration by Chekhi is much less advantageous for the Arabs, since they take them out; only when they have been administered by the government for a longer period do they see the advantage.

The Beni Lam, who are said to be a division of the Montefik, are under another Chech, who pays the government a rent. In an emergency, the Chechs are supported by the government with troops. Two and a half years ago, the Beni Lam had a quarrel among themselves, two brothers against each other; the government [sided with?] one part of them and sent troops against the other, the latter then fled to Persia and is still staying between Hawesa and Disful in Nebi Daniel. They are in conflict between Turkey and Persia. Of the Arabs from Baghdad to the Persian-Turkish border mountains, probably three-quarters are Shia; the Arabs under Persia love this regime even more than the Turkish one, for example the Bauwiya, who have lived around Achwas near Schuster since ancient times.

For 7 years the steamship company of Lynch & Cp. in Bagdad has been sailing the Tigris to Basra; it is an English company with some members in Bagdad. It owns 2 steamships, the City of London and the Didschle, the latter only for 3 years; both are now almost fully paid off, as there was no competition and the company has the privilege of the post office; one of these ships arrives every 10 days and meets up with the mail arriving from Bombay in Basra every 14 days. The English government pays the company so well for the post office that its expenses are almost covered by it. – Lynch had long been preceded by an English government steamer, the Comet, which made the trip on the Tigris and Shat el Arab and maintained the postal connection between Bagdad, Basra and Bushir. The mail from Buschir was delivered by a sailing boat that made the trip once every 6 weeks. Passengers were only accepted as a favour, money transfers against payment of ½%. After the Comet came the Turkish government steamers Bagdad and Bassra, built in Belgium since 1857; three new steamers have now arrived from there to compete with the Lynch; they are better equipped for passengers and also offer cheaper prices. Bassra is a Turkish naval station with a resident commodore; they have 2 steamer corvettes, one of which has been under the red flag for 1 year.

seas and is now expected to return; the other is at Kut el frengi or also called Maghill; both made the journey from Constantinople only to Cap. Both were built in England, each with 14 cannons, and paid for from the Baghdad Treasury, called Brussa and Ismir. At Fao there is a third, but failed corvette, built here, from tek wood, which replaced an English corvette that had already been stationed there to protect the station. In addition, there are 8 smaller gunboats on the Shat el Arab. In the Aschar Canal near Bassra there was now a wrecked corvette, named after Omar Pasha [Ludfie?], which had passed away and was awaiting redemption. (2_07_076) The ships coming from the sea (ie Arab sailing ships) amount to about 3,000 annually, which contain about 45,000 tons. In addition, there are 3,000 ships from the north (Euphrates etc.). These ships were used to import from the south and north: [Zit?].

(2_07_077a or 2_07_077b) Dates, the main product of Bassra, usually amount to 1,500,000 baskets (each at 50 Constantinople okka). In 1866 the harvest was only 600,000 baskets, as the locusts had devastated everything. The consequences were therefore sad for trade, which became nil. The income of the government, which derives from dates, also suffered and amounted to 4,500,000 to 5,000,000 piastres. One third of the dates remain here for consumption, ̈y are exported. The revenues of the dates without the above sum for the government amount to: [Quotation?].

The soil of Bassra is very fertile, cotton has been cultivated with great success, but there is no spirit of enterprise here, so it has been almost completely abandoned. Indigo cultivation was abandoned for the same reasons, although the local indigo is good. Recently, silk has also been cultivated, with success. [Zit] (2_07_086–2_07_080) [Zit, Zit?]

(2_07_087) Captain Jones in the Transactions of Bombay. Tribes of the Arabs.

Around the world: Journey to Babylonia p. Guill. Lejean. 1866.

Travels in the Orient by H. Petermann. Leipzig. Veit & Cp. 1865.

Memoirs by Commander Felix Jones (Bagdad, Nahrwan, Frontier of Persia & Turkey, Median wall, Opis, Niniveh etc.). Bombay. Gouvernements records.

7 Rocks.

The universe. (Chaldena Assyria, Media, Babyl., Mesop., Phoenic., Palmyra) by Ferd. Höfer. Paris, Didot brothers.

Review of 2 worlds, March 15, 1868, on Nineveh & Babylon according to recent archaeological discoveries. [News]

(2_08_001) *Monday, May 18th.* In the morning I went on a trip downstream accompanied by Mr Jul. Asche to the garden of a certain Mohammed el Seir Tschelebi, who came from Nedsched but was involved in a revolution.

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When he was involved in the fight against the government, he fled to Aleppo and later returned here. The route there led down the Canal Aschar, which almost dries up every 24 hours as the water recedes; further upstream than Bassra, the ebb and flow of the tide is no longer so noticeable. The vineyards on the banks full of flowering *Rubus sanctus*, flowering pomegranates with fruit, a yellow legume bush, hedges of *Mimosa Julibrissin*, etc., make for the most delightful journey. The wine was full of grapes everywhere, although it was hardly in bloom when he left for Baghdad. He passed the quarantine, then went down along the bank, offering lovely vegetation scenes, overlooked by dense palm trees [serious?]. A number of canals lead up through the dense gardens, such as the Canal near Saradschi, named after the gate of the same name. The nobles of the city now withdrew to their gardens, where they have erected on the banks date-trunked porches, called *mohaule's*, which project into the river and are covered with *morus* and other trees. Under their shade are nice, elegant reed houses, built in an airy manner, the most pleasant summer residence. Next to them are the beds covered with gas, covered with glasses, tables, etc. The banks are covered with *Salix dracunculif.*, [Pfl] while *Phragmites*, [Pfl] form green patches along the banks in places, which are full of holes from small crabs, called *abu dschenehf.* [Pfl]

After a $\frac{3}{4}$ hour's journey, with the approaching water in front of us, we finally reached the garden. Unfortunately, the father was not there, only his son, who was busy spinning silk. In airy palm huts raised a few feet above the ground, the silkworms were on *morus* branches stacked on top of each other; they were fully grown and partly already spun. He cultivated two varieties, the so-called Baghdad and the Basra varieties. He has only been doing this for three years, so not on a large scale yet, because he has only just planted it. He is, incidentally, the only one here who grows silk. Last year he produced 13 okka of fine silk and 36 okka of coarser silk; this year he has already produced 30 okka. The worms from Basra are longer and thinner than those from Baghdad, and the butterfly from the latter is also larger, producing yellow seeds, while the one from Basra has brown eggs. In the last half of April the worms crawl out of the eggs into the palm huts, where they now pupate. The cocoons intended for seeds are then kept in the shade on the upper floor of the house, where everything is now full of butterflies in large, rough, flat earthen vessels, while the cocoons intended for silk are spread out in the sun to kill the pupae.

The emerged (2_08_002) cocoons produce less silk because they are no longer submerged in water.

The cocoons of Basra are thinner, longer, pointed at both ends, while those of Baghdad are much larger and more cylindrical; both are available in white or yellow. Cocoons in Arabic are *johs*, *Cossack* in Turkish. The outside of the cocoon produces a small amount of silk. In a few days it is all over, the eggs then remain until the following year, which are sold here by the weight of chicken eggs at 1-1 ½ piastres per [...?]. They can also be fed salad, in Anadolia also mallow. The unwinding of the cocoons was done in a very simple way: the cocoons were stirred into a large, walled-in kettle of hot water, a board with several hooks on top, into which the threads were hooked, which were then guided over rotating rollers to a winch that was trodden with the foot. One man was then able to deliver 4 Constantinople *okka* silk in [1?] days, which is admittedly coarse, as it is so in demand here; it looks yellow. He willingly gave me samples of all of them.

He has tried to introduce a number of plants into his extensive gardens, and in particular he is also involved in indigo cultivation, which has already cost him no less than 30,000 kroner. Much depends on the terrain, with a lot of water; it must not be planted between dates, as it damages them; on one piece of land he once got only 2 *okka* of indigo from 54 *okka* seeds, but on another piece of land he got 2 *okka* of indigo from 4 *okka* seeds. The best indigo, called Nile, is said to come from Bengal, but the so-called Persian seed gives more. Anyone who wants to cultivate indigo here with paid people would lose a lot or it would have to be done on a grand scale; he does it with his slaves. To obtain the indigo he has several connected reservoirs in the garden, in which the plant is pressed, etc. The seeds are not sown until the end of May.

The long-established Cotton American, *Gossyp. fruticos.*, thrives here very well; he had three French and one American cleaning machines brought in. *G. herbac.* is not cultivated here. He also cultivates potatoes; although they grow very large, they remain watery and are generally not popular as a new plant. I saw a large number of clothed *physalis* with green calyxes in his garden, called *Muschiri*, as it was introduced by a *Muschir* a few years ago. The fruits are very pleasantly sour. He also cultivated sugar cane, brought from Muscat and India; *Kassab sheker*; but he was still in the process of planting it, by laying stalks in the ground, without having yet produced sugar. Nothing to be found in *Schuster* now.

(2_08_003) He also cultivated opium, but the poppy heads were very small.

He tried to grow coffee 30 times, but never succeeded. He also grew a fair amount of henna bushes, whose leaves he gave to the Persians living here.

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Mangos were not yet fully grown, imported from India. Bananas in very large quantities in his garden. Only the first three rows = most of the flower cone usually develop into fruit, the others all fall off, so the rest of the flower is removed after the fruit has set.

Many of the ones he gave us were almost ripe. The whole stem was cut off, so that it would no longer bear fruit. Instead, many new shoots would grow, which, on good soil, would bear fruit in the second year. They seem to have been introduced here a long time ago. But you don't see any at the bazaars, as there aren't enough of them. Juice is very rich in tannins. A low shrub with white, jasmine-like, but full flowers with a fine jasmine scent is often cultivated under the name Raski = Jasmin. Sambac., from which a water is distilled that is even more valued than rose water.

He cultivates the woody, shrubby variety of Bedlindschan frengi. There are now a large number of apples on low bushes, a type of French fruit, green and small, often growing in panicles on the stems. The roses had finished flowering. *R. centifolia* var. *simplicior*, the preserve of which also has a purgative effect here.

Artichokes are also cultivated here as in Baghdad, called artischok in Arabic, enginar in Turkish. The *Althaea rosea*, called chatmi, in bloom, are looking very beautiful. The quinces are not special here; the figs are small but sweet.

Palm trees (date, coconut) are called nachl, in contrast to ordinary trees, sidschar. *Melia Azedarach* = sahur. *Zyzyphus Lotus*, very common here as a tree = nabuk; *Salix* = gharab. *Ficus Lotus?* = bombar, whose small fruits are eaten. *Rubus sanctus* = alga. *Phragmites* = Kassab. *Carduus marian.* = schok, very common here wild instead of *Notobasis syriaca*. *Carduus Estralonicus* common. Clover, *Medicago sativa*, is often cultivated, called dschedd, here lasting 4 years.

Basra has about 1,200 houses with about 6,000 inhabitants. There are 10 Jewish families and 18 Christian families, 3 of whom are Armenian. The latter have a church with 1 priest, the others have 1 Chaldean priest and a church that was built when there was still a French consulate here; they have houses and gardens as revenue.

(2_08_004) The following products were mentioned to me from Disful: Indigo, opium (100 Miskal 10–12 Kran), writing reed, tombaki, white naphtha, [terle?] gawsaban, wheat, barley, ordinary carpets and felt carpets, red [jes?] for Arabian women's shirts, abbas, Persian kalemdans, sweet lemons and narindj, mere kawad.

Tuesday, May 19th. Today the sky is finally clear and deep blue again, after several days of hazy, oppressive atmosphere. The mail is expected from Bushir today; it arrived around midday. Although the slave trade is prohibited by treaty with England and Turkey, it is still very public here. Every year around 400 slaves arrive here, mostly in the dates, because they are exchanged for slaves by Arab ships from Bahrain. The price of slaves has risen considerably compared to before, initially 100, now 500 Kran. Since there are slaves in every family here, the population of Basra is very mixed, and the Abyssinians are very sought after and therefore much more expensive; they are more refined, more intellectual and more loyal than the Mumbasi who come from near Muscat, with their broad, pursed lips. The Christians, including Europeans, buy slaves, but give them freedom when they move to another place, which is not always to their advantage. In the bazaar here you can often find a plant used for washing, called schnahl, = the shrub-like Anabasis, on the banks of the Tigris; this plant is burned, baked together in lumps under the name gillu, used by housewives to save on soap. - Pleasant at night.

Wednesday, May 20th. Deep blue sky, airy. Strange that there are no scorpions here, which are so common in Baghdad, but there are plenty of snakes in all the houses. Small, grey lizards on all the walls of the rooms. In large numbers here are the large, yellow wasps, which often have their nests hanging from a stick in the rooms. A black fly sticks its nests of earth into the corners of the rooms. Rats are also the norm here.

Common rats are very common, as are musk rats. Date rats [munjo's?] are not rare; pigs, porcupines, jackals, hyenas, lions and wild cats are found in the desert. - The tide is at its highest in April when the snow melts and it rains, but it is usually 9' here, and is noticeable upstream as far as Esra's grave. - There are one large mosque in Basra and about 10 smaller ones, 2 large public baths and about 15 khans. - The date trees may be up to 200 years old. - The departing boatman greets the arriving visitor with salam. The soil in Basra is very salty, so there are no wells and only a few cisterns in the houses for baths. There are no water basins in the courtyards because there is no water supply.

(2_08_005) *Wednesday, May 20th.* Spent time in quarantine with J. Asche and only returned home in the evening with Pascall.

Thursday, May 21, Ascension Day. This evening I must board the Mail for departure to Bushir. Weather splendid, clear, early 29 °C. [Time?]

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The grain export from Bassra to the Red Sea is 10,000 tons annually, and also to the Persian Gulf. - Oil is not produced here, neither sesame, castor oil, nor olive; all sesame oil comes from Persia. - In Bassra, roses are very cheap, 1,000 blossoms cost 1 piastres; rose water is prepared in large quantities, and oil production has now begun.

The age of a date tree is estimated to be a little over 100 years. Last year a new variety was introduced here from Lachsa in Nedsched, which is excellent. Dates are usually propagated by shoots that grow from the roots. Those grown from seed produce poorer fruit, and the variety is not propagated in this way. However, if you cut off the whole panicle when the dates are ripe, cut them up and place them in the ground with the wood, they will produce the same variety; they will germinate in the second year and be planted in the third year. The date palm loves soil mixed with sand, moisture and a little salt. The slightly salty soil does not require fertilization, but date trees that are near water do. Artificial fertilization is necessary; without it they develop into a small, stoneless, tasteless fruit. A well-bearing date tree produces up to 4 batman fruits, which, depending on the variety, can yield up to 35 piastres per tree annually; on average, the annual income from 1 tree can be estimated at 15 piastres. The fragrant flower sheath is used to make distilled water, used against stomach ailments; it is also mixed, called nekach, with a washing clay or greenish marl, called [til-hane?], which is brought from Bahrain, and with roses to wash the hair.

(2_08_006) There is little fishing in the river, which is salted; the dried fish come from the Persian Sea. Smaller sharks, called kosedsch, have been observed several times, attacking people as they swim through.

The former governor of Baghdad, Namik Pasha, who was now transferred to Constantinople as Minister of War, was one of the few Turks who loved his fatherland patriotically and tried to help it in every way, even though the means were not always the best. He held the post of ambassador in London and became governor in Jeddah, where he is said to have had a hand in the massacre, although he was in Mecca when it broke out. He was then Minister of War for three months and then came to Baghdad as muschir, where he remained for seven years. His main virtue was that he did not steal, although under his administration the employees stole as before. Although he found the province in a bad state when he took office, he nevertheless sent a lot of money to Constantinople every year, something his predecessors did not do.

The Tresor of Baghdad also bought the 3 steamers and 2 corvettes; he restored the Tigris bridge at Mosul last year, and now he is busy building the large dam at Jesair, which was repeatedly destroyed by the Montefiks, as they were then less vulnerable in the swamps. This caused a lot of water to be lost from the river for navigation; it is the basis of the vast swamps at Bassra. The soldiers, of whom the province maintains 20,000 regular men, were paid regularly. He is very fanatical towards Europeans, like all Turks who have seen Europe with their own eyes; he is stubborn and cruel towards those who do not immediately follow his orders, generally too strict, lacking in capacity, but honest. Speaks French. His successor, a supporter of his regiment, Takietin Pasha, has the functions of a muschir (marshal), but cannot have this title as he is not a military man; he is now Nasir = civil and military governor of the province. Previously he was Mufti in Aleppo, where he is said to have had a hand in the persecution of Christians, was called to Istanbul, then came to Orfa, Kars and Kirkuk, from there to Baghdad. - Namik Pasha had 120,000 piastres a month. The local governor Suliman Beg only has 10,000 piastres a month. But due to the March decree of last year, a sixth part of all salaries under 10,000 piastres is now deducted, a fifth part of 10-20,000 piastres, and a fourth part of 20,000 and more. A year earlier, all employees had their wages deducted for the month of August.

Friday, May 22nd. We set off at 5 a.m. in clear weather and stopped for a few minutes in Fao at 11 a.m. A breeze made the heat less noticeable; however, it was unbearable in the cabins, so Abdullah and I took a place on deck for 25 kuna, both on board the Penang. As we entered the sea, the air (2_08_007) became much cooler and more pleasant; a lot of dragonflies had taken refuge on the ship, soon dying of hunger and thirst; also a few birds. A lot of apricots and apples on board, so the officers always stayed close to them. The ship had brought mule drivers back from Abyssinia, as the war was over. Now we had a lot of Hindus on board, returning from their pilgrimage. They were all small figures with dark skin, small, round faces, shaved heads, covered with a small, light, white cap, mostly thin, black sideburns and a narrow, developed moustache. During the day they were busy reading their religious books or praying, as were the women, who could all read; but all of them were ugly, wrapped in long, blue or red robes. They wore wide nose rings. There were also black women from Muscat on board, mostly small in stature; a band in front of the nose and forehead, held together by a central band.

In the evening I talked for a long time with some officers, namely with Brother Alfred Hemschir, to whom I gave 45 Kran to procure a chair for

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Ashes in Basra. The evening passed with music and stories, especially since the captain and first officer were also [brothers?]. A pleasant breeze blew during the night; but I dreamed and once fell from my bed among the frightened Hindus.

Saturday, May 23rd. We arrived in Bushir early in the morning, where I went ashore with an officer. Unfortunately, Mr. Norman had left for Kaserun six days ago; the Baghdadi had taken a Khan. Sent letters from Rye to his agent here: Hadji Abdullah Nebi, Riskalla's

The agent in Mohammera is called Agha Molla rida. The climate here has changed a lot since then; pleasant in the mornings, but very hot at night, without the slightest breeze. In the morning the temperature in the room is 29 °C, in the afternoon it is 36 °C.

Sunday, May 24th. Morning 28°C. Midday 31°. Evening 4 p.m. 33°. The Resident's flagstaff was heavily hung, as today was the Queen's birthday, but there was no dinner, preferring to spend the evening out.

Monday, 25th - Thursday, 28th May. Busy packing up the effects; I will hand over my things to Abdullah Nebi in 2 boxes, packed with iron sheeting on the inside, to be sent to Bombay; from there by sailing ship around the Cape. A third box with plants also to Bombay, from there by steamer to Marseille. I visited Pelly, where I dined several times; I met a captain of the newly arrived Cygne with him, who, along with his officer, was a brother of [Aden?]. Pleasant breeze yesterday and this evening.

Cucumbers, a long variety of cucumber, can be found in the bazaars. [Places] (2_08_008) [Places]

Friday, May 29th. The prevailing wind here is the northwest wind, called schu-mahl; in the morning it blows from the east until about 10 a.m., then it changes to the northwest, in the evening it is mostly a westerly wind, only exceptionally a southeasterly wind blows in the afternoon. The northwest wind is the hot wind in August, very dry; at 105° you still feel quite comfortable and in the mood to work, while the south wind, called baht chohs, at 97-98° has such an energizing effect that you feel incapable of any work; the air is humid, it brings a lot of dust and blows about 9 days a month in the months of July to September. In December to February there are violent thunderstorms with heavy downpours almost every day. There has been no snow here for 40 years, except this winter, when the water in the streets was covered with ice.

In Fao the northwest wind blows at 110-120° with sandstorms, but it is not uncomfortable and one feels moderate, but when the south wind blows at 85-89°, everything becomes rotten and sick, namely intermittent fever; it is called the date wind because it ripens the seeds in a few days; it blows for 16 days from the end of August to the beginning of September. There has been no cholera here since 1851, but in that year 300 people died here in 2 months; it is called wawä. –

Guinea worms, called bejuk, have only been native here for two years, previously they were only introduced. This is due to the fact that cisterns have been dug for rainwater; only in the month of Moharram are the poor allowed to drink the water as a blessing; but they have to suffer afterwards because the water is full of small worms that can even get stuck when washing. One woman here had 12 of them at once. - Remitting and intermittent fever, diarrhoea and dysentery are the predominant diseases. Bushir has 6,000 houses with around 15,000 inhabitants.

(2_08_009) *Saturday, May 30.* Preparation for departure.

Sunday, May 31st. Mail arrives. First Pentecost holiday. Lots of work preparing for departure. I sent 3 tins of jam to Asche in Bassra. Consulted with Hadji Abdullah Nebi and sent letters to Bebehan. Norman arrives.

XIII Buschir–Dilem–Bebehan (1.–25. June 1868)

Monday, 1st June, 2nd holiday. Up before sunrise and everything ready for the bachla, 5 boxes and the 2 horses, for which I have to pay 50 Kran to Bender Dilam. I had some trouble with the Duane when boarding because of the horses, but then a pass sent by the [Residency?] helped me out. It was not until 1 hour before sunset, when the tide came out and the wind changed, that we set off. The air was fresh and refreshing. The mountains beyond Dashtistan were wrapped in a fragrant robe, while Station Schief appeared on the northern shore. What a sad 2nd day of Pentecost; oh, how painfully I thought all day about my beloved homeland, how must things be there? There will definitely be a ball this evening, while here I am a plaything of the waves in a miserable Arabian boat. If only I could get back to work so I could forget! Hopefully the next Pentecost will find me in different circumstances.

Tuesday, June 2nd. In the morning, to my surprise, we were still near the steamers; the strong northwest wind had prevented us from moving on. We only moved slowly, as the sea was very rough and the little Bachla danced back and forth, which caused Elias and Abdullah to be seasick all day. The effects of Bassra appeared to me in two ways, which made me very embarrassed. Nothing was visible all day, neither the shore nor a ship.

Wednesday, June 3. In the morning we saw close in front of us the several hundred rocky coast of the small island of Chari, completely naked. The sea appeared black because it was deep. It was not until midday that we arrived in the small bay of Chari, where several bachla's and a 3-master were anchored.

The small, flat island of Chweri opposite appears like a white salt field from a distance. The town, consisting of 200 houses, some of which stretch along the shore, owes its existence, or rather its prosperity, to the Anglo-Persian war. The low stone fort still stands here at the tip of the island. A few palm gardens give the town some life, while a few other gardens can still be seen further up on the flat shore.

The middle of the island is crossed by a rocky ridge on which a chapel appears, under which another grave appears in (2_08_010) the form of the [Eobeide?]-

Grabs at Bagdad. We stopped here for a long time, partly because of the strong wind, partly to drink sweet water. Cucumbers and barley were to be found here.

There is also a small bazaar here.

My captain of the bachla, Salehh, a native of Bahrain, was a lean, muscular, dark-brown figure with a short, [cleaned?] beard, his head wrapped in a white cloth without a stripe, the ends of which were tied on both sides

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A long white shirt covered his whole figure. He spoke very enthusiastically of his island, which was the garden of the Persian Gulf, everyone there was Sunni Arab. They seem to have mixed with blacks, because the sailors were not known to which class they belonged to, complete hybrids between the two. The Bahraini Arabs belong to the tribe of Mohamed Chalifa. My place of residence in the bachla was in the stern of the ship.

half of the steering wheel, but only high enough to sit down; crawling in and out was no less difficult; everything was full of suitcases, so that I felt like I was literally boxed in. There were two openings in the deck for the horses, so that they could stand upright without being able to move; they were pulled up by winches. A fire made of earth was in the middle of the deck, on which a black man was constantly busy making coffee and smoking the simple nargileh, which consisted of a bottle with a hole in the side for the pipe to be inserted.

Thursday, June 4th. In the morning the wind was blowing with all its might from the same direction, so that there was no prospect of progress. I climbed to the Land to visit the town, which consists of 200 houses. The sea side was once surrounded by a wall, now collapsed; on the promontory is the Kala, built by the English 28 and 8 years ago. The population, which once consisted of Arabs, pays 30 Kran per house annually, with other taxes around 14,000 Tuman. The island consists of mussel shells reduced to powder or sand, which harden again and form a porous building stone, from which all the houses are made; in the walls you can also see large pieces of coral. Along the shore there is a 3' thick layer of oyster shells, well preserved, and in general the only species that can be seen in the rock are those that are still alive today.

Individual pieces of a dark, heavy, shiny stone lay scattered over the surface, probably rolled down from the ridge. A number of cisterns and about 20 springs of fresh water supply the island and the gardens.

The gardens have a wall on the side; a rope hangs over it with a leather hose; the water is drawn up by humped cows, which is emptied into a trough and distributed in the gardens for the cultivation of cucumbers, especially the long variety here; for watermelons and some corn. The (2_08_011) beautiful-leaved fig tree, called lulek or rohl, is found in abundance, reaching a height of 40' with upright branches; small, reddish, inedible fruits. Ficus Carica only appears singly, and Narinj is also rarely planted; the yellow mimosa from Basra was only recently introduced here from India, called jungle. The bombar tree here was full of fruit, which turns yellow when ripe and is eaten. Two varieties were distinguished, one with small, the other with larger fruits, sebestuni

kutschuk and sebestuni buzurg. Oranges thrive [quite?], as do dates. On the sandy soil I spotted Alhagi camelorum, called chahr shutohr. [Plant]

The high tomb on the mountain is that of a Shahzade Mohammed, who died here on a pilgrimage. In some places in the town you can see pillars in the shape of a penis, at which the people say their prayers [sign]. It reminded me vividly of the idea that the shape of the pillars owes its origin to the cult of Priapus. The island belongs to Bushir. We did not set off again until the afternoon, but spent the evening on the open sea again.

Friday, June 5th. Set off in the morning, boring journey.

Saturday, June 6th. Finally the coast appeared, a long, bare mountain range called Kuh Benk, stretching out close to the sea. The village of Sini lies to the left of it. Around midday I finally arrived in Bender Dilem.

About 10 bachla's were anchored here. The village, consisting of 200 houses with houses built of earthen bricks with flat roofs, is nothing special; without gardens, without greenery, the village lies flat on the beach. At Kätchuda, which depends on Bebehan, I disembarked, where I was given a stable, which was one of the four towers of the Khan. I felt very bad today, feverish and with a headache, made worse by the oppressive heat. The drinking water is brought from far away, but it is still brakish and

cloudy. There are no Guinea worms here, but there are scorpions in the houses.

Sunday, June 7th. Calm in the morning. The view of the mountain ranges stretching away behind the town, several Pharsachs away, brings the landscape to life; a number of hills rise up from them. The Kuh Nur gen Bebehan is said to be very rich in plants, as is the Kuh Chawis, 2 Pharsachs from Bebehan.

The mountain Dinnah Daena 30 Pharsach. Near Teng i Serwek, 3 Pharsach from Bebehan, old sculptures. The Shah Bahram is said to be 12 Pharsach from Bebehan.

Unfortunately, I heard that the Shahsade is now not in Bebehan, but in Serhad, in the Kuh Desudsch mountains in the Kuh Daena chain, three days away from Bebehan. Gold stones are said to be found on the Kuh Sefid.

The people here are very fanatical, Shiites; for when I looked out over the sea from the Khan, but the collapsed wall allowed me to look into the house next door, (2_08_012) the neighbor was beside himself with rage. The shepherd called out salam aleikum to me in the evening; others immediately told him, you don't have to say that, just salam. The aneroid stood here 75 ½. Mules were not to be found today.

I was constantly visited by sick people, and in particular a terrible number of watery eyes and many skin ulcers. One example was the sister of my Sheikh Abdullah, whose body was completely covered. The women were all very afraid not to be seen; they wore their cloaks over their heads. The Sheikh

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had a Baluchi as a cawass, who looked funny [enough?] with a large pistol, damask knife, powder horn and damask saber in his belt and at his side; long hair, with a nest on the back of the head [in?] braids, parting in the middle; small red fez without tassel. Aneroid 76.6 at 34 °C.

Monday, June 8th. At sunrise 24°C. At midday 35°, in the evening at sunset 32°. Aneroid evening 76.4.

Tuesday, June 9th. At sunrise 25°. Aneroid 76.5. Today I am hiring 5 mules for 30 cranes to Bebehan. Noon 37°C. Aneroid 76.4 ½.

Wednesday, June 10th. We set off in the moonlight, one hour before sunrise, at 27°C. The Lirawi district has 3 divisions: 1) Lirawi, 2) Tuyul Hadji Abbas, 3) Chisri, all 3 together with 32 villages. Only 5-6 date trees are visible in Dilem, but everything around is a sad wasteland, white with salt in crusts in which no plant can grow. After half an hour it gets better when you reach the dilapidated earth fort of Kala Saïd, or rather Kala Tunup, surrounded by a few cucumber fields and many reed huts. All the drinking water to Dilem comes from here, as well as from the neighboring Bender No. In one place, around 30 wells have been dug, the water from which comes from springs. Women wanted to prevent us from filling our water hoses so as not to contaminate the spring. The water is murky, but not brackish. The Saïd himself came out, a good-natured old man with a red beard and a white turban. A number of heaps of grain around the castle, which have been freed from the chaff. From here begins abundant salt vegetation: *Salicornia radicata* and *fruticosa*, [plant].

After 2 pharsach from Dilem we reach our Konak Daudi (2_08_013), where I was warmly received by Sheik Kerim Khan. The 50 houses are half made of earth, half are huts. The Khan complained that his village had to give 300 tumans annually. Only a few trees and zzyph. Lotus and a tamarix surround the place. 2 pharsach to the west, near Sheik Abdullah (ibn Mohammed Baker) near Hindigan, the Chaab Arabs begin, whose Sheik Fares resides in Fellahiya. The inhabitants of the district call themselves Lirawi after the district; they wore brown, round felt caps, had full, dark beards, sparkling eyes and were tall and strong. In the afternoon, a strong northwest wind blew, scorching hot, raising huge clouds of dust. In the shade 38°, in the sun 50°. Aneroid 76.2 ½ at 38°. Arak is distilled here from chicory herb, called chasni. [Places]

Thursday, June 11th. We set off at moonrise, continued through the same plain until, after half an hour, we reached a slightly higher, undulating sand terrain with many individual sand tepes. These low, undulating sand hills, which extend from Maschur to Buschirdistrict, from Shapur onwards, are called

Mahur Meiladi, where no one can find their way, hence a refuge for robbers. Soon after, you ride into the pass, at the entrance of which there is a pile of stones where the [Tscherveders?] first performed their prayers. [Places]

Once at the top [of the Kotel Sevel], the view suddenly spreads out over the pleasant valley of (2_08_014) Seitun, about 1 Pharsach wide; through the middle runs the invigorating land of the Zab river, surrounded by bushes, while the plain itself is covered with old Konar bushes. The caravan stops for today 15 minutes before the river; I settled down under an old Konar. At night a large snake came into my face, so I changed places. The vegetation is very similar to the rise at Dalaki, so here were: the remarkable Legum bush, [Pfl]. The cooing of the numerous turtle doves and the hooting of the reptiles fill the air. [Places]

The high mountain range to the right was called Chansi, where the Mameseni are located. Morning aneroid here 75.1 at 37 ½ in the shade, suddenly around midday a strong, hot northwest wind came, glowing like an oven, so that Thermometer rose to 42°. At 4 p.m. at 44° in the shade the aneroid was 75.1. The date trees of Tscham immediately catch the eye, located to the left across the river.

Friday, June 12th. Yesterday evening, Tufenkchi's joined us to guard us; but I explained to them that I did not need their help, as we were only after a tip. In the morning we set off just before sunrise and immediately reached the fast-flowing Zab River. [Pfl] At the village of Eskerri on the other bank, we crossed the river, the water of which reached up to the horses' bodies and was about [190?] paces wide. [Pfl] We then went down the right bank to the village of Tscham, an hour away, surrounded by date fields. Some of the barley and wheat were still in ears; the fertile plain was well cultivated. Caravans of buffalo oxen, which were used partly for carrying loads and partly for riding, were camped here.

In front of the village of Tscham, which consists of only 10 earthen houses, I found a large hut made of branches, with water basins, carpets, a raised place in the middle for sleeping, etc. Without knowing who it belonged to, I stopped in front of it and a crowd of servants immediately came over and invited me in, as if they had been expecting me for a long time. It was the leafy tent of the governor Hadji Mohamed, a Teheranian who had heard from the governor in Bebehan about my impending arrival. He came over immediately and made everything available to me; tea was brewed in the large samovar, cucumbers were put in the water basin and a good breakfast was soon prepared with roasted reptiles, etc. Kallian was even offered, which they would never have given me in Dilem. [Places]

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The Seytun district can provide 1,000 tufenkchi and pays 3,000 tuman in taxes. Several imamsades can be seen in the wide valley. The district is about 6 pharsach [long?]. From midday to evening, hot wind 44°; Aneroid 75.3. [Places] On the banks [of the Sochre], pigs in unheard of numbers. After dinner, we set off at about 10 o'clock.

Saturday, June 13th. In the darkness of the night, of course, nothing could be seen, but after about an hour we came to the mountains between which the path initially leads, to a Kotel, which, although low, rises steeply.

This was soon followed by a second, much higher one, called Kotel Bebehan, which took us to a wide plateau, which was undulating with numerous small valleys. In the morning we came to an Imamsade Tscha Hasreti Ali, where there was a well of excellent water. The Katirtschi stopped here, but my ulcer hurt so much that I decided to set off in one go to Bebehan, which was still 2 Pharsakhs away. [Pfl]

(2_08_016) [Nuser?], a son [of Manusheher?], a weak prince, who, after a 7-year reign of Persia, was dethroned by Afrasiab, king of Turan, who ruled Persia for 12 years.

The wheat harvest was just in progress, and reapers were running up everywhere, holding bundles of wheat to their horses to receive a gift. The plain gradually descends, and soon after one can see the town of Bebehan in the distance, spread out in the wide valley. Once again one passes an imamzade, and soon the town is reached. The Ferrasch bashi had already been informed by messengers sent ahead; several servants therefore received me at the gate and led me to the seraglio at the east end. The governor was in [Serhad?], but had given all orders to receive me as well as possible. I was assigned an airy, vaulted room on the upper floor; here I immediately sat down to lie for a long time until the ulcer got better. The deftardar immediately sent me three hats of sugar and ice, which I did not accept.

Sunday, June 14th. At sunrise 31 °C, calm, aneroid 73.9. Around midday the hot wind begins and lasts until evening. Night calm, pleasant.

June 15. Before noon 38° at 73.9.

June 16th. Sunrise 31° at 73.8. Afternoon 37° at 73.9. At sunset 35° at 73.9. No hot wind today, just occasional strong gusts.

June 17. Sunrise 32° at 73.8, no wind, same for the night.

June 18th. Early 32° at 73.7 ¼, pleasant breeze.

June 19. Midday warm wind, 44 °C. Ulcer opening.

June 20. Early 29° at 73.8 ½.

June 21st, Sunday. Sunrise 30° at 73.8. The mornings were all very pleasant, no wind. Midday 39°. In the evening at sunset 36° at 74 aneroid.

The Amarat of the governor Sultan Owais Mirsa was built by him four years ago. It is a square with a courtyard, on both sides garden beds planted with mirabilis and clover, and individual Konar trees. Through a corridor, above which I lived, one reaches the equally old garden with dates, Konar trees, rose bushes, especially the small, richly flowering gul e reschti. Many visitors came, but I could not pay any attention to them, as I was very ill myself. Carpets with a red background and pretty patterns are made here, as in Sihna.

Someone brought me a small leather bag full of mummai, which I bought for 3 kr. It comes from the mountains of Nasikun, 12 Pharsach east of here, where it emerges with water. I was told of old places: the neighboring Araghun; Dehidescht on the way to [Serhad?] Teng e Saulek, 2 days' journey, where [protective towers?] and inscriptions. Teng Saulek is the trivial pronunciation, the correct name is Serwek, because the narrow pass is named after the cypresses that grow there in great numbers wild = serw; they are said to be of great size, of the same kind as in Shiraz. Shah Bahram 12 Pharsach from here, also sculptures and inscriptions, there the Imamsade Said ala, who is greatly revered; lies on the way to Kaserun. A short route to Ispahan was given to me: Teng Tekab 1 Pharsach, to the end of which 3 Pharsach. [Places]

(2_08_017) [Places]

The following Iliat tribes were mentioned to me between here and Kaserun: Dschoi, Bekesch, Geschin, Mamesenni, who speak the Lur language. In Kuh Kiluyeh the following Lur tribes were mentioned to me: Taiwi, Bahmei, Nui, Tuschmensiari, Poyir Achmed, Bauwi. (2_08_031) He told me about the Lur tribes in Kuh Gelu: 1) Babui in Bascht, Bawi or Babui, 1,500 tents, 2,000 tumans in taxes. 2) the Bower Achmed, usually called Pairami, who are divided into Germesiri and Serhadi. The Germesiri with 250 tents, 500 tumans in Kuh Dil; their governor has several other villages under him with about 150 houses, which also give 500 tumans, but are not Powir Achmed. The Serhadi with 800 tents and other families below them pay 1,000 tumans; Sadat and Tschinar belong to them; they are separated from the Bakhtiars by the Khyrzan River.

3) Dushmensiari 200 tents, 450 tumans, in Kelaht against the Bakhtiars.

4) Tayibi, namely Serhadi in Tscharuse with 600 tents and Germesiri in Lintä behind Kala Pellik with 600 tents, paying a total of 1,150 tumans. 5) [Bah-mei?] 2,000 tents, 3,000 tumans in Kala Dischmuk, Kala Allah, Dalun. 6) Nui 300 tents, 550 tumans [um?] Kala Pellik. 7) Dschurumi 950 tumans in Tullegird with tents and villages, a total of about 250 families.

(2_08_017) [Places]

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I received a visit from the son of the former governor here, Mirsa Sultan Mahmud Khan, who at that time did not want to pay taxes; but the governor of Shiraz dissuaded him and brought him to Shiraz, where he is still a prisoner; in his place came Sultan Owais Mirsa, the present Emirsade, whose father is now governor of Kurdistan in place of the deceased Wali.

Of the animals found here, I was told: lions, quite a lot, pallenk, (yüs pallenk, small spotted and small head, but not here;) ahu gazelles in Lirian; pasan ibex, guhdsch with [grey?] horns. Wild pigs, not bears, but in the cow Gelu.

Monday, June 22nd. At sunrise 24°, at 73.9. No dew is falling here. Storks are nesting on the square towers of the Amarat. I didn't notice any mosquitoes here, but a small sand fly was very annoying, especially in the morning.

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24th. Afternoon 2 o'clock until evening hot wind, up to 42° at 74.1. Today concluded with a [Tscharveder?] for 7 animals at 1 ½ crane each and 5 days to [Serhad?]. Coins were not to be found here.

The Tombaki, *Nicot. rustica*, which is widely cultivated here and is now in flower, is not as good as that of Shiraz.

Rengalli, a bluish-greenish dye, is prepared here, and fabrics dyed with it are exported in large quantities. A red dye, called guli, is *Carthamus tinct.*, which is used for many dyes. Grain, cheese, butter, tombaki and dates, the latter from the places Kalin, Kardistan and others, are exported via Dilem, where caravans are constantly going. 3 caravanserais, 5 mu-hallas with 1 katchude each. Many mosques and 5 imamsades, of the latter the one in Jafer is distinguished by its blue cupola, 10 baths. No Jews or Christians here, all Shiites. About 100 bazaar boutiques. 20,000 tumans annual contributions from the Bebehan district.

(2_08_018) *Thursday, June 25th.* [Places] Before the town of Bebehan existed, there were supposedly only black tents on the site, which are called Bobun in the Lur language; when houses were built and the town grew, it was called Be Bobun, which is said to have given rise to the name Bebehan by contraction = better than black tent. The town of Bebehan, which stretches lengthways in the broad, well-cultivated valley, consists of only about 2,000 earth houses, which are surrounded by a crumbling earth wall. Around the town are the graves, which have a peculiar shape in this area. The grave is surrounded by a [approx.?] ½' high, square layer of limestone, in the middle of which there is an elevation in the shape of an elongated pyramid-sarcophagus, about ½' high, all painted white, which gives it a clean appearance; Usually many graves are united by the wall; the elevation is filled with small stones

filled; few inscriptions. Graves of notable people with a square wall around 4' high all around and closed at the top. - Patrols went through the streets three times a night, drumming; by the third time everyone must have retreated. The drinking water is not great, as most people drink cistern water, which is why there are guinea worms. People are too lazy to fetch water from the river, which is half an hour away; there are water pipes that bring the river water to the square water basins in the courtyards, but for that to happen the river has to be dammed first. Today they brought blue grapes for the meal for the first time, which came from Teng Tekan. Departure tomorrow morning.

XIV Bebehan–Kuh Daena–Malamir (26

June–2 September 1868)

(2_08_019) *Friday, June 26th.* [About?] Half an hour before sunrise we set off for Mansuriye, 1 Pharsach away, as I wanted to visit Aragon from there. Before the town we rode past a date bush and then continued through fields where the wheat was still growing in places.

Between Bebehan and Mansuriye, for 1 Pharsach, is the Narcissus Square, called narkis [...], which is thickly covered with them in spring, with 4 varieties, [double?], filled, larger or smaller. Everything was also covered with the woody Crucifere. [Plant] In the direction of a date garden, property of the former governor, who had also planted pomegranates there, which grew well.

Immediately afterwards we reached Mansuriye, which consists of 100 earthen houses, where the Katchude put me up in the mosque. It was very simple, with Kybla; it was just a vault with a few straw mattresses. After resting a little, I set off for Aragon, which lies $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to the northwest. The city is said to have been called Aradschun in the past and to have been built by Kobad ebn Firus ebn Sassan. (1_03_060) Kobad, the 17th of the Sassanid rulers, is mentioned in Tarich Djihan Ara as the founder of Ardjan Gareh in Giluyeh. In Tarich Djihan Ara, on the other hand, Kobad, the 17th of the Sassanid rulers, is mentioned, who is said to have left his work to Ardjan Gureh in Giluyeh as the remains of his deeds, which city he probably [but?] expanded and fortified.

(2_08_019) A bridge in ruins, called Pul Bekan, led from the town over the river, near which was the town of Tambur, whose rabble are said to have brought the town to its downfall. The three-arched bridge was built by Ardeshir Babegan; the road is still called ra Bakan. A Sheikh Abul Hussein Schirasi has his grave here. A second bridge was built ca.

1,000 steps further down. The people tried to prevent me in every way by telling me stories about the Iliads etc., but I went there alone, and soon Kätchude and others followed. The ruins stretch far into the valley

out, probably 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in circumference; the rubble is piled high, namely it forms a number of rubble hills, but nothing is left, only the remains of walls and houses can still be seen, whose rough, small stones are put together with lime mortar. Numerous kerises ran through the city, one of which still channels the water from the river; they are made of brick like those in Shahpur. A trench-like incision still indicates a row of bazaars, otherwise nothing can be seen. The places between the walls were used for cultivation, namely excellent melons and cucumbers now thrive.

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It takes about half an hour to reach the mountain range; the town is on the left at the entrance to the Teng Tekan.

In the afternoon I set out for Teng Tekan, 1 Pharsach away. Tall, grey felt hats are common here; the people are less fanatical and are not so afraid of our contact. In the afternoon we set out again in a northwesterly direction from Mansuriye on a gradually rising plain until, after an hour, we come to the first low mountain range, made of gypsum and limestone, which leads [on?] a steep, short descent to a small valley basin on the river (2_08_020) that roars out of Teng Tekan. We set up camp here for the night on its bank next to a vineyard. An old ruin, a former [Rahdar?], with an arch, built in Sassanid style, dominated the entrance to the narrow pass.

The river, which is covered with *Scirpus lacustris* on the banks, is about 150 paces wide here, with blue water, steep banks of river rubble, while steep rock walls rise above it. Its water is sweet. Flowering, sweet-smelling oleander and the occasional tamarix, and further up also trees of *Populus euphratica*, line its banks. On the river bank, the aneroid showed 73.6 at 29 °C in the morning.

Saturday, June 27th. We set off before sunrise, and with the large boxes I was making very slow progress. The path leads steeply uphill until you ride along the river about 200' above the valley, with vertical limestone cliffs on both sides. At Bebehan the river is called rudchane Kurdistan, in the upper reaches the Luren call it ru Marun. On the right, high up under the rock face on a protruding terrace, the village of Teng Tekan appears with vineyards and date trees, the latter making a strange impression here on this rocky terrain. Opposite on the right bank above the river, the small village of Peschker appears, also surrounded by dates. When you reach the top of the plateau above the river, which soon slopes down more or less, you notice several old remains of fortresses, such as a kind of gate right at the entrance, through which the pass was closed, as well as several rough remains, all dating from the time of the Kajanians, who built this road to Ispahan.

Looking back to the river, I saw two places where the kanats had been exposed in the rocks on the left bank of the river, right by the water. Old water pipes, reaching very deep down, made of bricks, in the style of Shahpur near Kaserun, run along here, leading the water to Mansuriye. Vegetation: Centaur. Squar-rosa, [Pfl], *Ficus longepeduncul. fol. [Iacin. ?]*, whose small fruits are sweet and are collected in large numbers by the inhabitants and pressed into round cakes and sold. [Pfl] Above the village, a spring [Mamiaee?] springs out of the rocks. There is also a cave about 200' long with petrifying, dripping water, with stalactites inside, called shekaft Kuh Chawis. [Places] (2_08_021) [Places]

Descending, one comes to a place with towering rocks, from which water drips into a trough below; a prayer-tacht is next to it and a new Persian inscription is carved into the rock. The inscription states that the path was improved by Nadschef Kuli Mirsa, Wali of Bebehan, 40 years ago. Since then, the path has only been repaired again by Uais Mirsa so that he can easily reach Serhad. A very pretty place, which gave the narrow pass its name, for the name comes from Tok = drip and ab = water, because the water drips from the rocks into a trough. Tok in Lur language. Ricinus Palm. Christi grew rampantly on the damp slopes, [Pfl]. Above them tower high, vertical rocks on which barn swallows have built their innumerable nests; also tower swallows. Young date bushes grew out of the rocks. Again a steep, paved climb leads high along the river, the path through rocks often so narrow that the boxes could not get through. [Places]

We had caught a young gazelle between the rocks, but when we arrived here it was claimed, which led to a lively argument; to end it, I had it returned, but the Tscherveder took away two of these people's young goats and slaughtered one of them, which we used to prepare our evening meal for that evening. Here we leave the river, where we turn right, past an old stone caravanserai, around the steep, fortress-like mountain, to which a very bad, steep path led up; the loads had to be taken down and carried. After much effort we finally came to an overhanging rock, where there was a small cucumber field and a spring down in the valley. Here we rested, called Des. [Places]

Our stopping place consisted of hardened marl full of mussels, namely pecten. The aneroid here shows 71.7 at 41 °C in the shade. [Pfl] (2_08_022) [Pfl]

Sunday, June 28th. After a few hundred feet the path leads up to the pass, which took at least an hour and a half, as the loads fell at any moment. On its broad summit there are still four old water basins hewn into the rock; robbers or pursued people used to stay here.

[Places] There were guard stations on both sides of the crossing. [Places] Here the path goes downhill again until the path goes uphill to the right along the river Chashab. Its water was brackish, its banks white with efflorescences of the gypsum region, which appears everywhere. Oleander, called charsale, was in beautiful bloom, sometimes dark, sometimes pale red, sweet-smelling, but poisonous.

After riding for a few hours, as we made slow progress, we came to a place where on its right bank a small spring of fresh water came down from the slope, thickly covered with tall Phragmites. Here we rested to avoid the heat. Aneroid 72.4 at 40° in the cool shade by the water. Further down the banks were thickly covered with Populus Euphrates.

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stood, [Pfl] etc. A lit fire spread with such speed that in an instant the whole mountainside was on fire, namely the Phragmites and Sacchar. Rav. sticks crackled like pistol fire. Immediately afterwards the natives appeared to fight the fire; they belonged to the Taifa Gibe dschermi, whose village lies upstream to the south about 1 hour. Young date bushes along the river on the rock, which had been planted here as protection against robbers. At about 4 o'clock we set off and moved along the Salzbach, which takes in a tributary from the left, which we now went along. [Pfl] Its bed was densely filled with Phragmites, which in some places reached the unusual height of 20'. After about 1 ½ hours I passed a small, dilapidated caravanserai, where there was a lot of Achillea lutea. Immediately afterwards you come to the foot of the steep Kotel, called gedsch derbase = gypsum door, which got its name from its gypsum. The path leads uphill extremely steeply here, but I went ahead (2_08_023) because the Muckar had stayed behind.

At sunset I reached the crossing where the path had been widened by the Emirsade. A long plain now spreads out before us, which only slopes down slightly, until after an hour it is bordered by a lower range of hills, on the left of which lies the village of Buba (Buak on the map) with a stream of fresh water of the same name, the plain full of Konar bushes, but cultivated, night caught up with us here, but I continued on the way; after crossing the train, we continued on a gradually until slightly sloping plain, riding through several dry riverbeds full of Vitex, where we again rode through a stream covered with Phragmites, called Tschahr-me. [Places] The path leads over a range of hills again, on the top of which there was an old building, a Chidr ebn Musa Kasim, with many other smaller vaulted halls next to it. Suddenly a wide plain spreads out at the foot of the hill.

of the Dehidescht hills, whose ruins stand out ghostly when illuminated by the moon. I reached the house of Katchude through arched streets, where I set up camp on the terrace. An egg dish satisfied my considerable hunger, and I soon fell asleep.

Monday, June 29th. The place Dehidescht (= village of the plain, in contrast to the surrounding mountains) used to be a town with about 5,000 houses with 6 quarters, one of which was for the Jews. It is said that the town was founded by a Yahudi ebn pisser Jacub and that it later became a town of the Sassanids, after whom the district is still called belad e Schapur. Under Kerim Khan it was partially destroyed about 100 years ago, until it was rebuilt about 60 years ago by plague? [and?] by invasions of the surrounding Lurs under Kasim Khan dscherumi, Nahmed dschafer Khan Powir Achmedi, Ka Abdul Risa, Ali Mehmed Khan dscherumi, Kerim Khan and Abdul-

lah Khan was completely destroyed. The governor of Dehedescht at that time was a certain Mirsa Mansur Khan. The inhabitants all left the place and retreated to Ispahan and Shiraz. 363 villages once belonged to the district, almost all of which are now in ruins. The town was surrounded by a fortress wall, with 25 strong towers and 4 gates; 2 large caravanserais; 3 bazaars, 9 mosques, 10 baths and 1 madrasah. Only 7 years ago the governor of Bebehan began to bring the town back to life by appointing my host Mir Abdul Hassan as ketchuda (2_08_024) and sending people from Bebehan with him to settle there, 60 families of whom are now engaged in agriculture. Opium grows well, but is only cultivated for personal use. The taxes are not in money, but in kind, namely 100 charwar (1 charwar = 3 horse loads) of grain and straw per year.

The houses of the city are mostly still intact, so that one can clearly see the life of the former inhabitants. All built from rough stones, which are connected by a very durable gypsum mortar, which hardens like stone. All the walls and floors of the houses are covered with a thick layer of gypsum; in those of the great ones, one often sees flower-like threads and decorations pressed into the gypsum layer, but nowhere are there inscriptions; only a few imamsades and mosques, the former distinguished by their white cupules, have their own inscription stones, but they are in New Persian. Since no stream or river ran through the city, almost every house had its own brick well (= tschah), but the water in these has become brackish over time; only 2 still had fresh water. Water was channeled through kanats into the square, stone-hewn water basins, as in the mosques and houses of the great ones. The streets are quite narrow, mostly arched, so that one walks as if in a vault; the houses are high, with low entrances; above the ground floor is the balacane, below the first the serdab. The first two communicate with double rooms running all around, all of which have a number of small niches in the walls. Each house has its vaulted vestibule on the balacane, where one can enjoy the fresh air. I had also set up camp in it, from whose flat roof the view stretched out over the entire city. Over time the streets and courtyards have filled with rubble, as have many of the lower rooms, but everything is vaulted. Only now and then do you see a few fig or pomegranate bushes among the ruins. [Pfl]

For a long time I wandered around the deserted streets with the ketchuda, whose desolation and eerie silence is only broken by the appearance of owls or pigeons, with bats inside. Snakes, scorpions, large spiders, phalanx, are there in abundance; Solpugo; a man was attacked by a snake 4 months ago.

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Naten bit her hand, and her fingers were completely eaten away by pus. Lions are said to have lived here a lot in the past, but have moved on since the place has been revitalized by humans again.

(2_08_025) The Lur living in the area all speak a poor Persian and have no language of their own; they know nothing about religion, they do say that they are Shiites, but this is only superficial. I was given the name of 6 of their taifahs: 1) Taibi 2,000 tents, 1,500 tumans in taxes, 2) Dushmensiari 500 tents, 500 tumans, 3) Nui 100 tents, 500 tumans, 4) Pairama, from Puir Achmed, 2,000 tents and 2,000 tumans, 5) Jeruhm 300 tents, 1,000 tumans, 6) Bahmei or Bobi 4,000 tents, 3,000 tumans. Chizil = Chizr, the name of Elias among the Kurds.

On the south side of the town stretches the hill range already mentioned, on which one can see 2 imamsades; the first, which lies on the road and is overshadowed by an old Konar tree, contains the grave of the son of Imam Musa Kasim, the other, which is adjacent to the west, is called Chidr Elias, namely the one who watches over the country, = Prophet Elias Chidr = Kazar El = ever-living. [Building] Below this Chidr one can see a small, octagonal burial chapel, in which two long gravestones with mixed Persian writings lay; the people believe this to be the grave of Shahpur, which is of course nonsense. Further down one comes to burial chapels that are now isolated; one contained 2 burial places, each walled about 4' high and 8' long; one was open, the other closed off by a layer of wall laid over it. ¼ hour west of the city you can see an isolated part of the city, also in ruins.

In the afternoon a hot wind blew here, 42° at 69.6 aneroid. There are no gardens left around the town, but you can see large, round water tanks with brick walls inside that had been used to water them; now some of them were empty. As I wanted to move on at night, I set up camp under the palm trees, but I couldn't sleep because there were lots of vermin on the ground; I caught three scorpions next to my bed. A dervish who accompanied us from Bebehan told me his life story; he had a wife and loved her very much, but she was impotent and he left her; but he couldn't forget her, (2_08_026) his love for her consumed him, and so he became a dervish. His coconut drinking bowl on a chain, pointed cap and a long robe were all he owned, along with a kallian. – From the roof of my house in Dehidescht lay: Teng Tokab 85, from where the Kuh Chawis stretches towards the southeast, famous for its abundance of figs. In 335 to 315 one sees a mountain mass through which a passage leads, called Teng Arend; the first is called Kuh Dil and contains the sources of the Seytun River. The second is the residence of the Bawui-Luren. In 290 one sees the mountain mass of the Dschurum-Luren, which adjoins the mountains of Teng Bir Resa to the east. In 265–215 appears, behind the

other mountains stand out, the snow ridge of the Kuh Nur or also called Daesi, in front of which lie the mountains on both sides of the Teng Bir Resa, and on the right live the Puir Achmed, on the left the Nui. [Places]

In spite of the difficult climb up the Gedsche Derbase, the muleteer arrived towards morning, as he had clearly seen that I had seen through his thoughts of taking a few more days. So I decided to leave for the night and spent the evening under the palm tree group until midnight.

Tuesday, June 30th. We set off in the moonlight and after about an hour we reached the ruined village of Desgird, which dates from the same period as Dehidescht, with an imamsade with a dome on the way; after about half an hour we came to a vineyard called Bindalek, where a few groups of Italian poplars and pear trees reminded me of home. Several of the Emirsade's employees had joined us and decided to rest here until morning. At dawn they fell like locusts on the very green, unripe grapes, filling their cloths despite the screams of the guard who had woken up too late. The area is only hilly, but the mountains of the Dscherumi appear far to the right. A descent soon leads to the garden of Dimbi, also an old village in ruins, which rises between vineyards, pomegranates and figs. A few minutes on the left along the path you can see the tower of Kala Pellik. Here you enter (2_08_027) the Teng Bir Resa, initially along the Zabflusse upstream in the 15-minute wide valley; but soon you enter the narrow mountain gap full of horrific, vertical cliffs, between which the Cheirabad stream rushes roaring through. [Places]

After about 2 hours of slow riding or walking, the gorge finally widens, the narrow, vertical rock walls suddenly stop, and you enter a small plain surrounded by mountains moving to the side.

Here on the river bank we rested until the afternoon in the shade of Querc. Vallonia trees. A warm wind blew today, so that the thermometer showed 42 °C, Aneroid 68.6. The valley and the slopes are well covered with Walloons and pistachios (bennä), one variety with broad leaves, the other with narrow ones, but too sparse to be called forests. The leaves of the latter were covered with drops of sakkis, and resin, which is not collected here by the Lurs, oozed out of the trunk in many places. [Pfl]

Nui Luren live here on the left, the Dschurum on the right, but no tent was to be seen anywhere, as they were all high up; the mountain on both sides of the Teng is called Siyah Kuh. To the left, behind the former, the long, gentle back of the Kuh Nur stands out with its snow. Large, grey locusts, called [melläck?], occupied all the bushes in great numbers, namely Vitex,

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but without causing any damage; the small, red-winged locusts were also common. [Places]

(2_08_028) We set off again and rode south-east along the river, full of Walloons, full of boulders and river debris that had filled the valley to high ground. We soon came to a dilapidated imamsade, surrounded by a cemetery, which showed various types of gravestones. [Building] This is the cemetery of the formerly important town of Safariab. The place was called Kurukur. We rode straight through the river, so that we went up on its right bank, and after about an hour we came to Serfariab, located in a widening of the valley. The town, which consisted of about 20 houses, was completely empty, no one was to be found. The houses, or rather huts, had walls made of roughly stacked stones, with twig roofs and low entrances. All around you could see the remains of the old town, such as the site of a Kala. Water is distributed all around for irrigation of rice and chickpeas.

Here we spent the night in the [open?] field, without bread, our only meal was roasted wheat grains. A fly stung my hand, which was caught in rice, which swelled up into a large blister full of water, which probably took [11?] days to heal. [Pfl] Aneroid 66.5 at 20° in the morning. The town of Safaria lies just below the Kuh Nur, with only a low range on either side. Cold night. Glow of the fires on the mountains.

Wednesday, July 1st. The path leads up the valley to the left along the stream, which takes in another stream near Safaria, both separated by a mountain, the foothills of the northwest end of the Eschker, with steep slopes. A lush vegetation developed in this valley: myrtle bushes in bloom, pomegranate bushes, [Pfl]. The path climbs ever higher to Teng Nali. [Pfl] (2_08_029) [Pfl] Arrived on the plateau-like ridge, everything in excellent development. [Pfl] I rested for a few hours by a small stream to put the plants in. Unfortunately, the aneroid was spoiled. To the west, very close are the snowfields of Kuh Nur. Unfortunately, the Emirsade had left here a few days ago, so the direction was changed. Since we had nothing to eat with us, we soon set off again and rode down the mountain on its north side, where there was plenty of vegetation. [Pfl]

Riding down the mountain to the north, we turned right again up the valley, called Ronkek = rapid descent, and then riding down again between two high mountains, of which the one to the right of Kuh Eschker, the one to the left of Kuh Sawers, we reached the tent camp of a detachment of the Powir Achmed, usually called Pairami, whose camp was under the peak of Kuh Eschker, where a stream flows out of a ravine nearby.

which flows through the whole valley to the southeast. The night was very cold, in the evening only 14 °C. The men all wore tall, grey felt hats with Abbas cloaks. The women wore small nose rings and whole strings of agate and amulets. (2_08_030) They wore blue skirts with blue cloaks over their whole bodies. Some of them were very beautiful with regular features, a slightly crooked nose, strong figures and sparkling eyes. Most of them, however, were small in stature, just like the men, slight but strong. At night they camped around a large fire, and everywhere on the mountain slopes these glowed through the night.

Thursday, July 2nd. Everything around our camp was full of ammonia plants in fruit, here called bidschell, Smyrniopsis Aucheri Boiss. [Plant] In the morning the camp also broke up, the procession of which reminded me of the desert. The children with the kettles on their heads, bowls, dogs, etc. After about 1 ½ hours you come to a former place called Daesi in common pronunciation, but properly called Daesuktsch. In the slightly widening valley, through which the cold, clear river rushes, you can see a group of Juglans trees and several mills. The wheat fields here were still green in ears, while fields of millet, called ersenn, are being sown. Linum perenne is now common.

Riding further along the same valley, we reach our quarters after about an hour; on the left side of the mountain slope we see an imamsade and behind it the remains of the former fortified village of Gulbar, above which the Emir Sade Oais Mirsa had set up his tent camp. Here I found everything ready for me, a spacious white tent, next to it a large, square leaf hut to stay in during the warm day. Water basins had been dug in front of all the tents, filled by small streams of water that had been diverted there; all around the slopes there was lush vegetation, while very neglected vineyards with old juglans trees were in abundance in between. The tents were scattered all over the mountain slope, with grazing horses and mules in between.

The whole court of Emir Sade was here, including the Hakim Bashi, who did not understand anything, Mullahs, Shah Sade's and others as well as his whole Haram, the was covered with canvas all around. Towards evening I paid him a visit. (2_08_031) He has been in Bebehan for 5 years and is the son of [...] in Teheran, as is his wife from Teheran, daughter of Hussein Sultan. He is tall, with a wonderful face, and about 35 years old. He always wore a short coat, thickly trimmed with gold cords, and a black fur hat.

Friday, July 3rd. The Shahsade Haidr Mirsa, relative of Emad el daule, gave me a lot of information about this area, as he had travelled a lot. He gave me the Ma-mesenni in 4 Taife: 1) the Rustami 1,000 tents in Dehdi, Dascht,

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Sarabsia, Rustam and Faliun, permanently settled in the latter place, the others nomadic. 2) Jawi 500 tents in Juwun and Tengi Chas.

3) Bekesch 1,000 tents around Nurabad (= Naubindschan), 4) the Dushmensiari 600 tents, together they pay 7,000 Tuman annually, which is increased by the governors to 16,000 Tuman. In total, around 7,000 tents of Kuh Gelu.

Mungasht belongs to the Bamei and is under Bebehan; however, as the Emirsade wanted to depose the local governor and no one else had been sent there, he advised me not to go there, as it was too unsafe. The Emirsade of Bebehan sends 22,000 tumans to Teheran every year. The province does not supply soldiers, but in case of need it can provide around 10,000 men, Atli, or horsemen, armed with rifles. The tribe of the Sheban Karre-Luren lives around Darab, Fassa and Schehrum in Fars; there is also a village of the same name near Buschir. The province of Bebehan is divided into 11 districts, each with a small governor, namely 1) Bebehan, the surrounding towns and mountains belonging to it are called Huma, a town of the same name does not exist.

2) Lirawi 3,500 Tuman, (2_08_032) plus Bender Dilem, 3) Seytun 3,000 Tuman.

4) Belad [e?] Shahpur, also Dehidescht, 5) the district of the Bamei, 6) the Tayebi, 7) the Powir Ahmed, 8) the Jurum, 9) the Nui, 10) Dushmensiari, 11) and the Babui.

Saturday, July 4th. [Places] The nearby slopes provided me with plenty of work for a few days to dry all the plants. In wet places everywhere *Juncus glaucus*, [plants], along the streams in abundance an *Epipactis*, an Orchis with a 5-part root, which, together with an Orchis from the dry slopes with a tuberous root, provides the two types of Salep that are collected in great quantities from these mountains. The roots are simply boiled in milk and dried.

Epipactis grows in large numbers along the [water streams?]. [Pfl] On the slopes, whose valley depressions are mostly occupied by low vines, which grow wild without the slightest care, one sees *Daucus persicus* with large, white umbels. [Pfl] (2_08_033) [Pfl]

In the morning around 10 o'clock there are usually several strong gusts of wind from the southeast until midday; then calm until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when gusts of wind come again until evening; the nights are always calm. [Text] - Several grey snakes were caught here, and I also often saw greenish scorpions digging up roots. The Lurs have the habit, like the Persians around Bebehan, of often making a lot of expenditure on the dead; for example, if someone dies in a foreign place and is buried there, a stone grave is then built for him in his homeland; the lamentations are then made over it just as if the dead person were really lying here.

Sunday, July 5th. In the morning, the Emirsade summoned me to his harem, which was surrounded by a tent wall and covered a large area with cucumber beds, water reservoirs, tents and leaf huts. His wife had not had any more children after a venereal disease, and now medicine was supposed to help her have them again. She was covered from head to toe in a thin cloth so that nothing could be seen. I suggested iron amine to strengthen her, but she would not hear of it, as she had become very religious after the pilgrimage to Karbala; she had consumed it very often in Teheran. The Emirsade then sent me three bottles of Shiraz wine, which I prepared, but she still recognized it as wine and would not drink it. The Emirsade then threatened to marry another woman, as he did not want to remain childless. That worked, and she immediately asked me if she could drink more than the prescribed amount, because if she exceeded the limit once, it would be all the same. When I told him that in Styria people eat arsenic and are florid and strong, she immediately expressed a strong wish that I would prepare her a medicine that would make her strong. When I then asked her if she could show her face, she stubbornly refused, despite her husband's requests; in the meantime (2_08_034) I continued calmly with the Emirsade on the map of the surrounding area and completely gave up on wanting to see her. Then she asked if she could close her eyes, and then she would do so. I agreed, but it was still an effort to persuade her, then with a hasty movement she opened the cloth, her eyes tightly closed, and when I said that was enough, she ran away like a madman. She was not at all pretty, by the way, thin and yellow, hence the resistance.

At the Emirsade I found one of the most educated Persians, one who thought freely about religious matters, coupled with extraordinary kindness of heart. He showed me his photographs, which he had taken earlier in Teheran, and gave me some of them as a present. He also had a drawing of the figures in the Teng Ser-wek, of which I took copies. He was very well informed about his province, so that I was able to draw up a map based on his instructions, and he helped me with great enthusiasm. Other governors of Persia were often unable to give information about the most common things in their province.

When I showed him my photographs and saw, among others, those of Melcum Chan, which he looked at for a long time, I asked him whether he had known him well. He replied that he was his [best?] friend and that he had often met him in Teheran. As I concluded from this that he was a Freemason, I gave him a sign and he immediately held out his hand to me in front of everyone and called out: *vous êtes mon frère, tous ce que vous desirez est à votre disposition.* However, he was not informed of the true purpose of Freemasonry.

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all he knew about it was that certain symbols exist and that one calls oneself a brother. But I can give him testimony that even without [protection?] he was a freemason in the true sense of the word. When the king once asked him if he was a mason, he said yes, and when he asked how many times he had been there, he said once; but if the king wished him not to go there again, that would be an order that he would obey. In this way he did not fall into disgrace. Yechia Khan is said to be solely responsible for the closure of the lodge, the Faramush Khane, because he whispered to the king that it was a conspiracy by Babis, the sect that the king so feared.

When the Hakim bashi entered a public Salam one evening with the greeting salam aleikum and I replied to him, aleikum salam rachmet allah el baraket, he burst into loud laughter (2_08_035) and called out: comment, mon cher ami, vous êtes musulman? I replied that this was not the case, I had been offered the Muslim greeting and so I returned it. A long religious discussion then ensued about God and his alleged saints. They all agreed happily about God, but when it was the turn of the saints, things changed, because I denied all the miracles of the saints of all religions. They immediately asked me whether I did not believe that Mohamed and Ali had performed miracles. I explained to them that it was not true at all, because if such things had ever happened in the world, our earth would no longer stand. Their faces twisted, because they could not give me any evidence to the contrary, but the governor laughed and was pleased that I had cornered the others.

Every evening at sunset a cannon shot thundering into the mountains announced the Mogreb. I found the late meal unpleasant, which was actually the case from Dilem to here. In the morning tea without food, then lunch, which was brought in on a large, round tin bowl, consisting of [fried?] chicken with sauce, pillau, beaten eggs, kebab fried on a spit, sour milk and sharbat. The second meal was not until 10 o'clock in the evening, after which you went straight to bed. The Emirsade often sent me dishes from his table, sometimes fresh butter with ice cream or cutlets of gazelle or ibex. The departure for the highest ridge of the sawer is set for the next morning.

Sultan Owais Mirsa was previously governor of Koromabad for two years; his father Ferhad Mirsa Modamededaule is now governor of Kurdistan in place of the deceased Wali. When, during the period of the [interregime?] after Shah Mehmed's death, about 21 years ago, a detachment of soldiers, about 250 men, of the Ferachani tribe, wanted to go from Schuster to Buschir, they were stopped in the Teng Pir

Risa was ambushed by the Luren of the tribe Duschmensiari, Nui and Powir Achmed Germasiri (2_08_036); they had positioned themselves behind rocks on the heights and fired at the soldiers so that they begged for mercy; their Serbas, a certain Hussein Sultan, was shot while standing on a hill and cheering on the soldiers. The Luren did not understand the sign of pardon and fell upon the rest of the soldiers, plundering them. –

Even later this attack was not avenged, for Nasreddin had enough to do with Chorasun and the Babi. The predecessor of Owais Mirsa could hardly obtain any tribute from the Lurs, since most of the Lur tribes of Kuh Gelu were united under a certain Kerim Khan. By dividing these tribes among many smaller governors he weakened them so that they are now completely powerless and have to obey the orders of Bebehan; rebels were beheaded and other offenses punished by cutting off ears, etc. The latter had happened to one of the Kätchudes from the Bawui tribe of Bashti; in order not to let it be seen, he now wore his hair long over it. He now intended to divide the Bamei between several Hakims in order to render them harmless forever and put an end to their robberies. – I found Owais Mirsa busy working out a plan for a stone fort for the Shi-reli settled in the Bulfaris Plain, to protect them against the Bamei.

There are no Gashgai Turkmen in Kuh Gelu; they occupy the north side of Kuh Daena. They are divided into many smaller taifahs, such as Keschkuli, Dere-schuli, Farsimerdun, Schischpuluki, Karachay, Sefidchani, Dedekehi, etc., all of which belong to the Shiraz department. In the department of Choromabad are the Feili or Lak, who are divided into 2 large tribes, Selsele and Delfun, each of which is again divided into 10-13 taifahs; for example, Bairanawend in the Horru plain, Sekwend in Tschinarkol in the summer, etc. The ending wend means something like family. The former group lives towards Burudjird and Nehawend, the latter towards Kirmanshah. In winter they retreat around Seimarrah and Pushtikuh, in summer in Alischter, etc.

In Bebehan there are frequent earthquakes, in the period of 5 years the governor noticed 15. In Bebehan and Dehidescht there is no snow in winter, but last winter it came for a few hours, even in Bushir snow fell, where many people did not even know what it was. (2_09_002) [Quoted]

(2_09_003) *Monday, July 6, 1868.* After everything was prepared, the Emirsade's tents and my luggage, consisting of a load of paper, were sent ahead, we set off with a large entourage around midday. The path led straight up to the southeast from the camp, where the steep path between oaks etc. led us, along the edge of a ravine formed by the foothills of the Kuh Sawyer on the right. After 1 ½ hours of steep climbing with the horses

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one comes to a lovely valley full of trees, between which the Prangos Üchtrizii af. was in full fruit development. The Hakim baschi called it baret and said that only the [young?] plants exude gum when the stems are cut off; but I could only see a little on the stems, and now there was no milk in them either. There was plenty of Fritillaria imper. in fruit, which he called gule sernegun. Also Smyrnum cordifolium B., whose young shoots are eaten like Gundelia; in Kirmanshah they are called Kunur, in Luristan Painameh, in Persian awendul. Also a yellow Verbasc. fol. angustis, which is called mehi sahhre, thrown into the water, it is said to stun the fish like coal grains; in Greek it is also called Kalu-mes after Dr., also gusche berre and in Teheran charkuschek. Climbing up the valley, above which the rocky mass of the ridge now rises almost vertically, I found an 8' high ammonia plant in fruit.

After about 1 ½ hours the steep climb was over and on the plateau of the Sawer we rode a little to the west to a depression where there was still a snowfield, whose drainage provided us with water. The tents were already pitched and everything was ready for a meal for our hungry stomachs.

Here I found myself in my element, with a magnificent view of the mountains, magnificent flora and fresh, cool air. Unfortunately I couldn't do anything today as I was suffering from severe colic.

Tuesday, July 7th. In the morning I made a short excursion to the plateau of the mountain. There were large numbers of umbelliferous plants here, 2' tall, which the doctor described to me as Kuma; also the jinur of the Schahu, called dschewil here, in full bloom, but just like the former, only just sprouting leaves on the snow fields; their stems were covered with a red-brown, aromatic gum; the tragacanth Astragalus was present in large numbers, loving the dry slopes; it is the same species as the one in the Schahu, but not yet in bloom here. [Pfl] (2_09_004) [Pfl] Two types of Tulipa were often in fruit in drier places between the bushes, one with red flowers, the other with white, smaller flowers and non-fibrous roots, probably the same as those in Shiraz. Colchicum dried up in leaves, it did not even show itself in the snow. The south side showed a lot of bushes, while not a single shrub appeared on the plateau; for example Lonicera nummulariaefol. in bloom, of which I saw a trunk 3' in diameter on a rock. Interesting is the occurrence of Cupressus depressus, which has settled on dry rocks of limestone; its branches lying down and rising, quite reminiscent of knee wood; where a tree about 20-30' high appeared, the tops had been broken by the frequent storms; it is called wors in Persian, but the Lurs probably do, and abhal in Arabic. The one found in Teng Serwek is said to be the same species as the one in Shiraz, called serw; there

Tribes of large size and completely wild. The first type also on the ascent to the Kuh Nur; in Khorasan it is also said to be very common as well as in Masenderan. [Pfl] Under sisalius, of which there are said to be 7 types, the doctor named the Kuma as a type that is said to be for horses, mules and donkeys. The second type he described as dschewil, which is for sheep. On the dry plateau there were scattered [Pfl]. (2_09_005) [Pfl, SprPfl] (2_09_006) [Pfl]

Here, the luxuriant flora is not like that found in Switzerland, where the glaciers are next to the lake. The melting snow is immediately absorbed by the dry air and the earth, without being able to form any real drainage. Only in the afternoon did a little water flow down in a few places, but it soon disappeared. Towards the evening, all the water had dried up again, and during the night the ground there was covered with ice.

(2_09_007) *Wednesday, July 8th.* The most magnificent and extensive view of the mountains is presented here from the neighboring peak. As if on a map, one can see the long mountain ranges, all of which run in the same direction. Above all, however, the mighty giant wall of Kuh Daena in the northeast demands attention, its long range extending from 204 to 267. It is divided into two parts by the narrow Mulle Bischeng pass in 246. It is said to be here where Kai Kosru, attacked by a snowstorm, got lost in a grotto and did not emerge again, while his companions were killed in the storm, as the Shahnah[h?] told, after he had handed over his royal insignia to the Lorasp at the foot of the mountain and erected a large hill there in memory of it, which is still called Tolle Kosro. Strong storms are said to break out suddenly there, and only two months ago three men and their donkeys were thrown into the depths by such a hurricane. The mountains appear so close that you think you can reach them in one day, but because of the lower mountain ranges, it always takes four days. [Places]

The warm, deep valley at the southern foot of the Kuh Daena is inhabited by Powir Achmed Luren, with a few villages, while the northern foot is occupied by the Gashgai Turkmen. Kiepert's map is completely wrong, because it does not form a mountain range like the Gotthardt, for example, but is a longitude mountain range running in the same direction, and it is also placed much too far south; on the map I should have already passed it, but it is located north of here. [Places] East of Ardekun, in a teng halfway between Bahka, a large spring rises, called abi Scheschpir, which flows into the river of Pul Murt; under Mehmed Shah, the local Hakim Hussein Khan Nisam eddaule spent 20,000 tumans to channel the water from this spring through a kanat to Shiraz; but before Chuler the water disappeared into the ground. [Places]

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After crossing the Cheirabad stream coming from Dilegun in Cheirabad, on the left of which the old Shah Solimon madrasa lies at the foot of the Kuh Surck, a little above the madrasa is a large, approximately 400-year-old bridge in ruins with a broken Persian inscription stone; nearby are the remains of an older bridge from the Kayaniner period, you enter the Lischter plain, namely Upper and Lower Lischter = Lischter olia, where there is no water, and Lischter sofla, where there is little drinking water, and in 6 Pharsakh from Cheirabad you reach Kala Dogumbesun, after having passed the Schemsedin Arab stream 4 Pharsakh before. The Babui live here. In 8 Pharsach the path leads to Bascht, in 2 Pharsach to Tschalemure over a mountain ridge, from there 2 Pharsach to the Sarabsia river, where an Atashka stood, but its fire is said to have been extinguished by water breaking out when Mohammed appeared. Many ruins of old villages are said to be found on its banks, now only 3 are still inhabited; it has its sources in the mountains around Ardekun, flows near Pul Murt to Kala Sefid, Sarabsiya, then flows downhill through a wide hilly area, Mahur, which is taken by the Gashgai Turkmen in the spring, in it the Imamsade Babamunir; downstream it is called the Sochre river, until it joins the Cheirabad river below Kala (2_09_009) [SprPfl] (2_09_010) Gulab and thus forms the Zab. [Places]

Looking towards the Kuh Daena, from the Sawers, one sees at the foot the valley of Dilegun, from which the Salzbach flows, which flows around the Sawers, or rather the Kuh Payar separated from it, on its left bank the Kuh Neremo, until it joins the stream coming from Ronkek in front of the narrow gorge Serastane between Eschker and Albus, flows around the high Kuh Dil and the Kuh Aru, between both mountains the Powir Achmed Germesiri. [Places]

From Sadat, located on the north side of the southeastern end of the Kuh Nur in 137, a road [Orte] leads in 3 Pharsach to Sakawa. [Orte] Sakawa forms a plain surrounded by hill country, mahur, inhabited by Powir Achmed Serhadi. Along the Kuh Daena flows the Rudebeschar, which rises at the southeastern end, [Orte] until it receives the Khyrsan coming from the north side of the Kuh Daena at [...], flowing towards the mountains of the Bakhtiari. [Orte] (2_09_011) [Orte]

Looking northwest along the north side of the Kuh Nur, whose bright width appears from here from 121–134, the view first falls on the valley of Sadat, behind which a pointed but low ridge protrudes, until the horizon is bordered by the snow-covered mountain masses of the Bameï over mountains in 137. [Places] Looking along the south side [of the Kuh Nur], the view falls on a broad mountain pyramid of the Kuh Sefid in 121, belonging to the Dushmen-siari, behind which lies Rumes or Ram Hormus. [Places] In 350, at the end of the Eshker, separated by the Teng Serastane, rises the broad

basal pyramid of the Elburz?, on the steep southern side of which there is supposed to be a natural cave, called Kai Kobad, which can only be approached by long ropes. Its course extends to 326, running parallel to the Sawers, but from the Teng the well-bush valley rises slightly. At its end at Dehti begins the territory of the Mamaseni, who occupy the plain from Deshti Rum to Bascht etc. [Places] (2_09_012) [Places]

Today we were to start the journey back, but since I still wanted to collect a lot of things, I asked the governor to excuse me if I stayed here today, as I would only be back down tomorrow. He immediately said that he would stay then too, and people immediately set off to replace the used-up provisions with new ones from below [up?]. At my request, the governor made a drawing of the cow Daena. In the evening it was so cold that no one knew how to warm themselves; huge fires were blazing everywhere, around which everyone camped in groups. [Places]

Butterflies and beetles in great numbers, unfortunately I lost my glass. A lure brought a half-living ibex, which he had just shot below our tents. The lures' powder is pure blasting powder, without any grain. Keklik in great numbers with swarms of young. The Kuh Sawers shows limestone everywhere, in which the same mussels are found as in the earlier mountains of the southern Persian mountain wall. I did not notice a single conch here, the climatic contrasts are not favorable for them. [Places]

At noon at 25° in the shade, aneroid at 66.6 ½. Gerdennä means a mountain pass in Persian, akaba in Arabic, mulle in Lurian. Teng is a mountain defile, a narrow pass. Kotell is the mountain ascent to a plain.

(2_09_013) *Thursday, July 9th.* After lunch, the tents were taken down and soon everyone was ready to set off. We chose a shorter route for the descent, so that in half an hour we reached the uppermost valley, in which a dense bush, consisting almost exclusively of *Lonicera nummulariaefolia*, stretches along the foot of the steep ridge; above it you can see the Cypress trees growing alone on the bare rocky slope. The Aneroid showed 68.5 ½ in the valley here, but in the 2nd valley it had fallen to 71.5 and in Gulbar to 74.6. [Pfl] A cold, clear spring rises here on the path. Riding along the valley a little to the east, where some of Powir Achmed Luren's tents are, a second descent follows, where the Walloons now begin. [Plant] The ammonia plant in fruit, while it was in bloom in the upper valley, called billeherr, whose young shoots are eaten. I dug up a mighty root and sent it to Buschir. [Plant] A sweet-smelling dianthus with fringed flowers decorates the rocks above the ravine on the left as well as a new stipa. After ½ hour of arduous descent and

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We arrived back at the camp. The aneroid, which was set at 66°, remained stationary with some deviations.

Friday and Saturday, July 10th and 11th. Busy arranging the plants.

Sunday, July 12th. A box with 3 umbells, roots and seeds, ready to be sent to Bushir. The tour on the Kuh Nur is set for tomorrow; the governor actually intended to go hunting in the Kuh Eshker, but so that I can also take part in it, he is postponing it until my return. Prince Haider Mirsa is to accompany me, as is Abbas Khan, the chief of the Luren there.

(2_09_014) *Monday, July 13th.* We set off at around 8 o'clock accompanied by the Shahsade Haidr Mirsa. Once in the valley, riding upwards, we soon reached the place Ser-Kortae, from Ser = origin, head, and Kortae the source in the Lur language. Here the stream that irrigates the valley rises under some old willow trees, while walnut trees spread pleasant shade all around; a tributary stream coming down from Eschker and one coming down from Ronkek join here. A mill with a tower next to it. A former governor, a son of Feth Ali Shah, once moved here to Serhad.

Millet (ersenn) was grown as a young crop, while pastec also covered large areas to meet the needs of the governor. [Pfl]

Riding up the valley, after about 2 ½ Pharsach we gradually climb higher and reach the place Ronkek, which in the Lur language means something like a sudden drop or slide. Here we rested for about 10 minutes.

1 hour, during which the ketchuda of the Jerum-Lurs, a detachment of whom had pitched tents here, prepared a pillau, slaughtered a goat and brought yoghurt. The tents of the Lurs cannot be compared at all with those of the Arabs or Kurds. Tree branches pushed into a square, hung with a black piece of goat hair, that's all; most of them live only in huts made of branches. Their clothing is the same everywhere, white rag shoes, wide trousers and usually a brown ablas as a cloak; brown, high felt hat [sign] over the mostly long, hanging, black hair, often curled. The women wear a blue cloak over their whole body, with a nail with a broad head made of silver [and?] colored glass in the right nostril.

After riding up the higher valley for about an hour, we turn left, up the gerdennä or crossing, while the valley leads straight ahead to Sadat. The ascent no longer showed the colorful carpet of flowers as it did 14 days ago. [Pfl] (2_09_015) [Pfl] Riding a little further down, we come to the cold spring Tscheschme Dschisek, the source of the stream flowing near Safaria. It got its name, which means vagina, because the water used to come from a rock opening of the above shape, which later

was destroyed by women. Now nothing remains of it except the very cold water, 10 °C at midday, gushing out of the earth. [Pfl]

After riding for a long time in the valley, rounding the mountain connected to the Eschker and climbed, the path turns right and over a small hill one suddenly sees a broad valley plain, over which the path leads to the gradually rising Kuh Nur, whose snow fields gleam down from its broad back. The plain, covered with various prickly *Astragalus* species [Pfl], leads down to Sadat on a well-trodden, comfortable path between Kuh Nur and the continuation of the Eschker.

After $\frac{3}{4}$ hour of riding, the foot of the Kuh Nur is reached, full of Walloon trees, *Lonicera* num., also called *Pyrus Syriaca* by the Lurs, whose small, round, inedible pears contain large seeds, which are very popular under the name *andschudschek*, roasted with salt. The pears are dried and then crushed for the seeds. [Pfl] Without a footpath, we ride uphill between often long stretches of grey, solid, shattered limestone rock rubble. After $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of further uphill, the Walloon disappears, and after *Lonicera* has also fallen behind, only *Amygdal. oriental.* covers the broad back in places with small leaves; due to the frequent southwest winds, the bushes (2_09_016) were all bent to the north, probably by the masses of snow brought from there and piled up on them during the winter. From here on, only sparse vegetation is visible, as the ridge is densely covered with small scree, often colored by dark red marl. The path leads to the left past a grassy ravine called *Teng Hätenna*, which descends vertically to *Safaria*.

[Places] You ride along a small valley between low rocks, with patches of snow in their ravines. After a small climb you reach a second valley, full of small Luren tents with snow fields on the sides.

Our path leads upwards again over a snowfield and we reach our camp. The tents that the Emirsade had sent ahead for me were pitched next to a mighty snowfield, probably 20' thick and [800'?] long, whose melting water collected in basins. The tents were thickly covered with jewel leaves inside, which gave off a pleasant, aromatic scent. After the 6 pharsach ride, I slept very well, but it was a very cold night, as the wind was blowing hard, 12 °C in the evening. The aneroid had fallen back to 76.6 at 15 °C. A meal prepared by Abbas Khan, the Lur chief, tasted excellent.

Tuesday, July 14. Early in the morning I set out on an excursion, the results of which were far from what I had hoped for, but I did find several species that I had not previously observed. The horses must have been the ones most affected by this.

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ter suffer, because they literally had nothing to eat. The earth next to the wide snow fields was bare, only a small *Ranunculus* liked the cold water; a single *Corydalis nivalis*, but in large numbers *dschewil*, which literally filled all the valleys; as there is a *Teng dschewil* nearby, this mountain could be called *Kuh dschewil*. [Pfl] (2_09_017) [Pfl] Climbing further upwards towards the highest peak over many saddles full of snow masses, I came to a snow field, the outflow of which forms a small stream. Here I found several new plants: a plant similar to *Potentilla*, [Pfl]. In places the surface is covered by a wide, flat layer of lime, broken up into square blocks; The lack of humus is to be attributed to the relatively small number of species, despite the large masses of snow, the runoff from which is mostly lost in underground caves, only to emerge as a spring at the foot. *Keklick* in great numbers, [dolen?] let their cries be heard in flocks, otherwise only a few rock birds.

The Emirsade had given me some knowledgeable Lurs for the map, with whom I went to one of the hills and measured the following angles: Northwest beginning of the *Kuh Daena* 232, where the villages of *Derra*, *Schaulis*, *Tumenek* and *Meiman* lie behind *Maregun*. *Mulle Bischeng* 267. *Bischeng* was a servant of *Kai Kobad*; he came from [Gio?], who was the son of [Gutars?], son of [Goschwad?]. (2_09_018) [Places] Looking down into the valley of *Sadat*, located in 284, one sees the *Luwa* cultural site at the foot of the *Kuh Nur*. [Places]

Further on is the *Kuh Shurom* with *Taife Sadat Dschain*, behind which is the valley of the *Khyrsan* with *Nui Silai Luren*, who are separated from the *Bakhtiars* by the river. On these mountains *Seler* and *Shurom* there are many *Anguseh* and *endjedan*, called *Kendebu* and *enkeduhn* in the Lur language. [Places] On the south side of the *Kuh Nur*, deep down at the feet, one can see the valley of *Serfariab* in 50. The name, not *Safaria*, comes from *ser* = head, beginning, and *Fariab*, which means cultivation through spring irrigation, in contrast to [bachs?], where cultivation depends on rain; here, cultivation is not done in the rainy season. [Places]

(2_09_019) [Places]

In the evening, a magnificent view of the mountains of *Kuh Daena*, reddened by the setting sun, while to the south the sea appeared like a broad golden band. In the evening 10 °C. *Abbas Khan* asked for medicine for his childless wife; I asked him to send a man to *Anguseh* and *endjedan*; which according to him, not as the doctor said, are 2 different plants.

(2_09_020) *Wednesday, July 15th*. A few hours after sunrise, the return journey began in the same way as the outward journey. At *Ronkek*, however, I took a different path, which always led along the slope of the *Sawer* until one reached *Däsutsch*. It is only a 60-year-old stone *Kala*, half in ruins, inhabited by the *Kätchuda* of[...]. He treated me to fresh

Butter, bread and yoghurt. The mountain slope was once well cultivated, in particular the now overgrown vines reach far up. A stream rushes down from the mountain, in the valley of which there are juglans, some pomegranate bushes and maha-leb; almond trees and apricots, now appearing wild. From there to Gulbar $\frac{1}{2}$ Pharsach. In the past, more effort was put into cultivation, probably when Kala Gulbar, surrounded by 10 towers, still existed, of which the surrounding stone wall with some square and round towers as well as the ruins of the houses within are still visible; the place was on a hill on a rise above the valley, surrounded by juglans and a stream nearby.

I didn't arrive at the camp until the evening.

Thursday, July 16. Busy arranging the plants.

Friday, July 17th. Charvadars had come from Ispahan for the governor and were about to return; I therefore quickly arranged all my plants and sent them in three iron-sheet boxes to Aganoor in Djulfa. Letters written to Aganoor, Reymond and the elders.

Saturday, July 18th. Plants packed up and sent away. Below the camp I collected [plants]. - In the evening again in the governor's tent; conversation about history; he told that Gustasp, son of Lorasp, became king after Kai Kosru. Isfendear was the father of Bachman, the king of Persia; the latter mated with his daughter Homa and produced Darab. Homa became queen. After Darab came Dara, then Alexander. In Gulbar the aneroid went back to 64.3 at noon and 64.1 in the evening. In the morning we set off to hunt in Kuh Eshker. The Khyrsan River takes its name from the brown bears, chyrs, which are particularly common there, often around Tschinar, Maregun etc.

(2_09_021) *Sunday, July 19th.* At about 7 o'clock we set out in a large company; once we reached the valley, the path led upwards through a dense oak forest. [Pfl, Orte, Pfl] [A?] Part of the slope was thickly covered with rubble from the steep limestone cliffs that protruded above it, caused by an earthquake. We now entered a small plateau. [Pfl] Here the Lurs collected a large number of round iron kidneys between the broken limestone, which they often used as shotgun bullets. [Orte] The slopes here show very old cypress trunks, about 2' in diameter but only about 15' high, well-named, their branches resting on the rocks and climbing up. [Pfl] The path was slippery over stone slabs, my horse fell and hit me against the rocks, which paralyzed me so much that I spent the whole day in bed, as my foot was very swollen and my bouton was badly bruised. I sent Elias out to collect from the rock that rose steeply above the camp: [Pfl].

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The governor went hunting in the afternoon, but brought nothing back; the lures brought some ibexes, which are called pasan, the female boos with smaller horns; the young are called kähre. They love the rocky ridges of the high mountains, [sign] the ones called guitsch have bent sideways (2_09_022)

Horns [sign], the female is called misch, the young bärrä; they love the lower mountains. - The ahu or gazelles with straight, small horns [sign] only inhabit the plains like Lirawi. Deer with large, jagged antlers, common in Masenderan and Choromabad, are called marahl, in Persian gewes.

Not found in Kuh Gelu. Two types of wild donkeys are distinguished: gur cher, similar to a donkey, and gur aspi, similar to a horse; both with a black cross on their backs, of pasan color. The doctor brought the conversation to [pahzer?], which is said to only occur in the mountains of Schebankarre in Fars like the pasan. Then came the Elect. Mithrid., of which the governor took a teaspoonful because he was not feeling well. He said it was also good for my foot, but I refused; for which 60 different substances are [processed?], including meat broth from boiled snakes. It is said that a man was once bitten by a snake. As he felt very thirsty, he drank from a nearby water and lo and behold, the snake bite had no consequences. On closer examination it was found that there was a dead snake in the water. similia similibus curentur or in Arabic "däf y faset be äfsät." Hence the snake broth in Elect.

Aneroid in the tent camp 78.5 evening.

Abbas Khan, the Lur chief of the Bawui, who lives in Basht, was now very zealous for service. He had previously been a feared bandit chief, so that Basht, where he resided in a fortified kala, could not be visited by anyone without being plundered. Sultan Ovais Mirsa besieged his castle three years ago and captured him, after which he remained in prison in Bebehan for a year; the Shah sent orders to cut off his head, but the governor spared him, but had his ears cut off, a rope pulled through his nose and led through the streets of Bebehan on a donkey. Then he reinstated him as Hakim of Basht over the Bawui, after he had destroyed part of his castle. He now has long, hanging black hair and a 1 ½' long black beard to cover his missing ears.

Monday, July 20th. Early in the morning, the drovers were assembled in large numbers and soon set off to drive the game from the mountains into a narrow pass where the Emirsade [..te?] [took hold of?]. Unfortunately, I was prevented from taking part in this because of my foot, but instead visited the rock masses towering vertically above the camp. [Pfl] (2_09_023) [Pfl] I was most pleased by the old cypress trunks, which have grown to an astonishing thickness on the dry rock. [Pfl, Places] In some places where the footpath

leads, the rocks were as if polished by the passers-by. When I arrived back at the tent camp, which was pitched under willow trees, I found the Emirsade already back from hunting with 10 ibexes. I asked for a 9-year-old and a 5-year-old hide, along with a few heads. According to Dr., Gundelia is called Känker, but the seeds are called ul Horschoff, and the milk that has turned to gum is called Kenker sätt, which causes vomiting and laxity. (2_09_024) [SprPfl]

In the morning the aneroid in the camp was at 78.2. The name Mahur means low mountains without rock formations; the Mahur Meilati extends from Shahpur to Maschur; consists of nothing but gypsum with brackish water. - 5 years ago Dilem belonged to Bushir, now to Bebehan. In the northeast the border between the Kuh Gelu and the Gashgai is formed by the Gerdennä Maho Parviz, further down to the southeast the Tschalemure range. In the west it is the Bulfaris plain and Ram-Hormus and further down the place Gergeri borders the Chaab Arabs and Seytun. To the north it is the Kuh Daena and the Khyrsan river. - 1 Har-war = 1 donkey load. - For 10 years the Mamasenni have been under the Gashgai, the latter occupying the entire stretch from Bender Abbas to Bebehan in winter. They are said to have come here under Genghis Khan. – In artificially irrigated land, $\frac{1}{3}$ of the crown is owned by the landowner, $\frac{1}{3}$ by the owner or tenant. In the case of crown property, the state receives $\frac{1}{3}$ of the yield. In the case of land without artificial irrigation, called deim, the Divan receives only $\frac{1}{3}$ of the yield.

A southwest wind brought lots of clouds in the evening, cold. I could hardly write because of all the small butterflies etc., everything was buzzing, especially the chestnut bear. Near Kala Sefid is one of the four paradises of Persian geography as in Jam Jschem; namely the following 1) Chude near Damascus, 2) [Eiyelle?] near Bassra, 3) Sochd near Samarkand and 4) Scheb Bäwun near Kala Sefid; there are said to be many gardens there. Also near Kala Sefid in Teng Tir Kemman, high in the rock in a kind of depression, there is an arrow with a bow stuck in it; but no one can get to it, it is too high from below and you cannot succeed from above with ropes either, as the rock overhangs; the = door; the base large door or gate.

Tuesday, July 21st. We set off at about 8 o'clock and rode eastwards along the flat valley, in which there are now a few wells filled with spring water, but no springs. The valley was full of Thymus serpyllum in full bloom with the smell of thyme, and Artemisia fragrans in abundance, the former is called merse kuhi in Persian or keklik oty in Turkish, used in soups and pills. [Places] After half an hour the valley is suddenly closed off by a (2_09_025) rocky ridge that begins here and runs in the same direction, which we now climb up to the left. A detachment of the Dschurum Luren, called [Guschtasp?], had settled here.

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whose women greeted the governor with shrill cries.

The left rock face ends suddenly, showing the wide, sharply cut-off end. The low ascent is soon climbed between bushes, covered with large boulders, and one enters a second similar valley, full of Barzet, while cypresses grow out of all the cracks in the rock. [Places] On one of the boulders in the valley, a Lur chief, Kaid Abdul Shah, immortalized himself 110 years ago, stating that he had dug a well here, which still exists. After about 20 minutes, one suddenly finds oneself on the edge of a gruesome valley basin, in the depths of which the Teng Seras-tane, while to the right and left of the descent vertical rock masses, probably 2,500' high, stretch along, while between them a valley sloping down in terraces full of Walloon trees spreads out.

The footpath now leads steeply downhill until, after a $\frac{3}{4}$ hour's descent, you come to the first valley plateau, where the governor was delighted by a vineyard planted earlier but now restored to a small extent, full of still unripe grapes. Before him, no one could think of cultivating anything, the Lur tribes were constantly at loggerheads; but now it is different, the blood feud that once existed has ceased, because the governor would immediately cut off anyone's head. Little by little, people are thinking of cultivation, as the vineyards that have long been abandoned prove. On the steep slopes covered with limestone rubble, I found the Umbellifer, *Haussknechtia Elymaitica* Boiss., which had not yet developed in Teng Pir Risa, with budding flowers, but leaves dry; stems covered with brown resin. *Cerasus Hellaluk*, which produces the Tschibuk tubes, is very common everywhere in the lower regions of the mountains, and *Amygdalus orientalis*, called ardschen, whose brown-yellow shoots are often carried as sticks by the Persians, and *Cotoneaster*, in Persian siehb, called *Celtis-täk*, which forms large, stately trees further down. Descending into a second valley, you come to a clear spring, which we ride down for another half hour. Its banks were covered with tall fig bushes, [Pfl]. [Pfl] (2_09_026) [Pfl]

We set up camp for today under an old plane tree, which provided plenty of shade, as it was too hot in the Teng. The stream was immediately dammed to form a water basin, in which we bathed. The Aneroid showed 66.9 here at 35° in the shade next to the stream and noon. I've had a headache all day today. Shotgun broken. The view straight ahead falls on the broad ridge of the Elburs, which appears pyramid-shaped from a distance and is covered with bare rubble in the upper part on the south side. From there, lower mountains, but full of vertical cliffs and wild ridges with often vertically erected layers, extend in an arc around to the valley of Bidschau.

On one of the steep rocky peaks there once stood a castle, called Kala Kalaat,

Now a detachment of the Bawui, the [Geschin?], is staying there. Deh buzurg lies behind the mountain range.

The Lurs are capable, fearless warriors; they go to war completely naked, without shoes, with only a cloth wrapped around their loins, a rifle on their back, a wooden powder horn hanging from a leather belt. Last year, when the Qashqai came to the area of Kuh Gelu, 1,000 Lurs fought against 8,000 Qashqai. They never cut their hair, which usually hangs down in curls; their beards are black, usually curly; they wash their hair with sour milk every 14 days. Polygamy is very common among them, more than among the Persians; one of the chiefs, Choda Kerim Khan, had 36 children. The wedding customs are the same as among the Shiites; they go to the Mullah, of whom every Taifa maintains several, whereupon he asks them whether they want to marry, the dowry is determined and with a quote from the Koran the matter is settled. The celebrations are then just like those of the Shiites. Most of the Lurs, actually Loren, pray in Arabic. The circumcision of boys between the ages of 3 and 5, but not of girls, which is the case in Khoromabad, for example. In winter they eat bread made from acorns. The acorns are soaked in water for 10 days, dried and made into flour, which they use to make their bread. Grapes from Aru and Bidschau, the unripe ones for Sharbat. When the tent was being pitched, several black scorpions were found while clearing away the leaves. The Qashgai are said not to pray at all, although they claim to be Shiites. The women of Jurum are considered to be particularly beautiful.

There is no written material in the Lur language. - The protective spirit above the figures in Persepolis is called melläk or ferischta in Persian, not to be confused with mellek, the king, melläch locust. Eryngium with a lot of gum, which is not used, its root causes vomiting, in Turkish it is called bochanak, Persian kenker cher - donkey thistle.

(2_09_027) *Wednesday, July 22.* To the left, the path climbs over rocks that protrude in slabs. [Pfl] The path descends steeply to a small spring, around which the Luren's branch huts have been set up in the shade of ben trees. [Pfl] The view of this mountain theatre, which forms a valley basin, is magnificent, surrounded on all sides by enormous, vertical rock masses. [Places] On one of these steep peaks lie the ruins of the Kala Kalaat, where the Geschin detachment of the Bawui lives. On the vertical south side of the rocks is the cave of Kai Kobad, but nothing in it; it is a natural grotto. Behind the mountain lies the village of Dehdi. Riding a little uphill in the valley, now and again passing by branch huts that are now abandoned, it soon narrows so that you have to ride upstream in the river; the valley appears closed because of the rocks that almost touch each other; Large, fallen boulders narrow the

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River, which is in places above Mannstief. We stopped for a while on its left bank, where a strong spring of 15 °C breaks out from under the rocks.

I rested here in the shade of the rock face and many Celtis trees until the Emir-sade returned from hunting. The rocks on the shady river bank showed *Aretia lutea*, [Pfl] while *Asplen. Ad. nigr.* grew rampantly on damp rocks, called in Persian [perre?] Siawush, leaf of Siawush, son of Kai Kaus, who was killed by Afrasiab in Turkestan; this plant is said to have sprung from his blood. [Pfl]

(2_09_028) Aneroid in the Teng 67.6 at 27° in the shadow of the spring, river 16°, somewhat salty due to the Dilegun water. When the Emirsade arrived, we swam to the other bank, to the entrance of the Teng, where several springs of 14 °C emerge from the rocks [or?] under plane trees, one in particular stands out, emerging from a canal in the rocks a few feet above the river. We rested on the right bank, I retreated to a natural, cool grotto, above which there is another larger one.

[Pfl] 3 hours before sunset we set off again for the 2 ½–3 Pharsach Gulbar. When riding out of the Teng we come to a small plain, from which the salty Dilegun arm joins the larger Daesut stream coming down from the left in front of the Teng. We now ride uphill, sometimes in the shade of the plane trees that line the banks, sometimes on a very stony, difficult path along the slope, where the overhanging branches of the Walloons etc. were very uncomfortable. This is a favorite place for lions to stay. [Pfl] After about 1 ½ Pharsach the plane trees end, and lower willow bushes border the banks. [Places]

We passed low hills, in whose valleys small springs gave rise to some vegetation. [Pfl] Here we found the whole of Gulbar assembled, who had come to greet the governor. The wheat harvest was in progress, and the reapers held out bundles to the Emirsade, who gave them presents. After ¾ of an hour we arrived back at the tent camp of Gulbar towards evening. The Lurs of the Bawui were already in the

Teng had stayed behind and started their journey home to Basht.

Thursday, July 23. Aneroid 64.2 at 31 °C in the shade in the morning. The morning was always calm, and therefore warm. Busy arranging the plants today. Around 11 a.m. a strong southeast wind. The Emir-sade sent me watermelons from Bebehan, the first this year. The evening was spent in the Emir-sade's Enderun, who gave me the following information about the Teng Serwek. At the entrance to the Teng, from which an insignificant stream flows, there is a stone on the right that was once square and has a few male figures on it, but nothing can be recognized anymore due to the influence of the atmosphere on the limestone that makes up the mountain. The stone is 8-9' high, and in its upper part it is covered with a moss.

It shows a square hole about 1' wide and about 1' deep, as if the stone had served to close the gate. On the right, a path made of gypsum and stone, similar to that of Teng Tokab or Kotel Tochter, leads up to the rocks, about ½ Pharsach, where one can see a large, square-hewn rock, about 10' wide and 16' high, (2_09_029) which on its front side depicts a half-reclining figure on a kind of throne. [Building] Below the throne or bed, in a separate section of the same sculpture, one can see 7 male figures without head coverings. [Building] - On the right side of the stone there is a building made of square stones, laid three times on top of each other, on which a kind of flag rises. In front of him stands a man with a conical cap, [Building]. The first inscription is above the head of Mobad. On the back of the stone you can see a hunter who is hunting a lion with bow and arrow, but very weathered; above him is the second inscription. About 3-400 paces in front of this carved stone you can see two male figures carved into the rock face in [frontispiece?] without head coverings, [building], see Fig. 1.

(2_06_085) [Character] (2_09_029)

A second sculpture in the same rock face nearby, two men on horseback holding the ring, similar to those at Nakshi Redjeb. - The path built up the rocks only leads as far as here, and it is clear that these sculptures owe their creation to a religious celebration. The slender cypresses that grow wild in great numbers here among the Walloons were perhaps the object of worship, because the Guebers considered the cypress to be a tree brought from paradise by Zoroaster (Serduscht). Unfortunately, the faces of all the figures are almost unrecognizable due to wind, rain, snow, etc. There is no old road leading through the Teng here, and the route is completely impractical for caravans.

Behind the mountain is the territory of the predatory Bamei-Luren.

(2_09_030) *Friday, 24th - Sunday, 26th July.* Sky covered with thin clouds in the evening, and this morning as well, but no rain, which does happen sometimes in summer. Every night a lion came to the camp, always strangling a donkey. We rode out to look for him, but did not find him.

Next to the devoured donkey stood a young donkey, sadly looking at its dead mother. Last night it even attacked a man who had stepped aside from the tent. Last night donkeys were tied to trees in various places, on which luris were stationed.

I occupied myself with the map drawing. According to all the statements of well-versed experts on the country, Faliun is not located north of Kaserun, but west. I cannot reconcile the entire Kiepert map drawing of this province, because from Shahpur the route is supposed to lead directly west via Tschinarschayegun through the plain of Nurabad, Faliun to Basht [via?] Bebe-han. The shortest and most convenient route to Shiraz leads via Pul

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Murt, Pul Dusach via Shul and Guyom; Shah Abbas once built 3 caravanserais between Pul Murt and Shul, which now lie in ruins. This was also Alexander's route to Persepolis. [Places]

The Gerdennä Maho Parvis leads over a mountain range which is not a rock formation but is probably 1 pharsach high, and the descent is the same; it is very wooded, namely with ballud, Pyrus Syr. and Crataeg. Azar., the last two, andjudjek and salsalek, supply the market of Shiraz. - In the Puschtikuh of Choromabad there is a mountain with burning sulphur deposits; the fire only comes to light when the earth is disturbed. The inhabitants often use it for roasting meat. Nothing of the sort is known at Ramhormus, which is called Rumes everywhere here. - The small mountain Kuh Bigäs near Dilem means something like "the one that stands alone" because it rises alone from the plain.

The clothing of the Lurs consists of the conical, brown cap, called Kullä, which is pressed in on one side. The foldless upper garment, called Kawa, which reaches down to the knees, and the undergarment, called dschuma, with a diagonal slit on the chest like the Persians. The trousers, dombuhn, are usually blue and wide at the bottom, not tied together, and held together at the top by a cloth belt, called schahl. The nobles wear a mostly light grey Abbas, called dschika, over this. They usually go barefoot, and call their rag shoes giwä. They always go armed with a long gun or at least with a stick with a thick iron button on the top. The women's long cloak (2_09_031) is called meïna, their headscarf is called desmal, usually blue. Tattooing of the face and neck is also a custom among them. The nose-

The ring of the same, which looks more like a nail with a broad head, is called chalek, guschewar the earring, chalchal the anklet; mennagihri the bracelet, anguschterin the finger ring. - When the man dies, the woman and her daughters cut off their hair. A Lur had to write down his folk songs for me, which they found very strange. All Lurs are thieves; after a visit that the Kätchuda paid me in my tent, asking me for medicine, I was missing a large silver drinking bowl and several other small items. The local Kätchuda of the Jurum readily gave me information about everything.

The governor was waiting for 500 soldiers from the Erdebil Regiment to arrive from Shiraz, whom he then stationed in the newly built barracks in Bebehan. Previously he had received them from the Qashqai Regiment, but despite all the punishments they could not stop stealing, so the governor asked the king to send him others. In Teheran, soldiers from the southern provinces are not popular because they desert en masse during campaigns. They can only be used in their own provinces when it is necessary to defend small taifes.

On the other hand, the soldiers of Azerbidjan and Hamadan are very good and can be used anywhere. There is not yet a battalion of the Lurs.

A previously unmentioned taifah southeast of Bebehan are the Aghadscheri, who are divided into Karabaghi, Bekdilli, Dawudi and Geschdil, together about 100 km from the city of Bebehan. 800 tents. They are of Turkish origin, but have partly forgotten their language and have become like the Lurs. As the name of the Kara-baghi suggests, they come from the region of Karabagh, probably transplanted here by Nadir Shah. Their leaders all call themselves agha, which has given them the name aghadscheri, = dscher = blaguers.

I had also forgotten the Lurtaif of Schereli and Jusefi in the Bulfaris plain. Cultivation of the soil was foreign to the Lurs because of their pennies and general insecurity, but many of them do not seem to be averse to it after seeing the melons and fields below Gulbar. As I was eating a watermelon today, a Lure asked me for the seeds to sow. - A violent gust of wind around 2 o'clock, which almost tore down the tent. Around 11 o'clock the wind began to blow regularly until the afternoon, evening and night were mostly calm. Aneroid 64.1-64.2. Phalanx spiders, called rodehl, were frequently caught.

Monday, 27th and Tuesday, 28th July. The lion has not yet been killed; it mocks the watchman, yesterday it killed 2 oxen and today a lur. Aneroid 64.3 towards evening at 26°. From afternoon to evening regular northwest wind, often with strong gusts. In the morning the sky is mostly covered with grey clouds, which usually disappear 1-2 hours after sunrise.

In the afternoon, however, the northwest wind usually brings new ones, but without rain.

I took a short walk (2_09_032) above the tents, but found nothing new; almost everything is dried out and has withered, but I did collect the dry leaves of the tall, white-stemmed, aromatic-smelling umbellifers, which I made suitable for collection by soaking them in water. [Plant] The wine is still far from ripe, in about 14 days. - The governor gave me some heavy, round stones that look like FeS, but which leave almost nothing but ash behind in the fire, giving fire to the steel. They came from the mountains of the Bameï of Dischmuk. He thought it was Hg; it is said to be frequently found there in the mountains between the rubble. - The governor's father wrote a Persian geography, called tscham tscham. [Places]

Wednesday, July 29th. Warm day, 36° at noon. I talked to the governor about the burning springs of Baku. One of the Suids told me that 3 Pharsach of Dehmullah and 2 of the village of Kalenderabad in the continuation of the mahur of Bend Bebehan had a similar phenomenon.

One of the

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Hills made entirely of gypsum constantly emit smoke, but without fire. If you stick a piece of wood into the ash-like earth, however, it ignites. The smell of sulphur is very noticeable. It is a round place about 100 paces in circumference. Salt springs are found 1-2 Pharsach further away. The place is called Seyid. At least that is the place that the knight is talking about (2_09_033). This would be the 3rd place, the first in the Mahur of Kerkuk, the 2nd in the Pushti Kuh of Choromabad, the 3rd here.

The fortresses of Kala Gul and Kala Gulab, which lie close together, rise above the surrounding mahur on a hill about 1,000' high. Only one path leads up on the east side, but this is impractical for animals, because at about 200' steep limestone or sandy rocks begin, through which the narrow path leads upwards. At the top there is a plain, and on Kala Gul there is a hot spring, while Kala Gulab only has cistern water. Kala Gul is now inhabited again, with about 100 houses, with a ketchuda, which is under Seytun. The value of the fortress sinks to zero, however, if the besieged do not take possession of the rock, which is only about 40' to the north and is somewhat higher than the castle itself; this rock has no water, however, and only offers room for 10 men on its peak, hence it is called Tã merde = 10 men. Through this rock, Owais' father, Ferchad Mirsa, managed to capture the Mammassenni chief Welli Chan, who had locked himself in. He was forced to surrender by the cannons placed above it.

The Mammassenni were under the government of Bebehan twice, but for the last 10 years they have been under the Gashgai. 27 years ago a certain Ali Wais Khan, chief of the Mammassenni Rustami, caused the government a lot of trouble, and Feth Ali Shah had already had his eyes gouged out. He committed the most unheard-of robberies, no caravan could pass; he took a robe of honour sent by the Shah to the governor of Bebehan and adorned himself with it. For a long time he evaded the persecution of Ferchad Mirsa, governor of Shiraz, until he fled to Sadat in the winter 27 years ago. Then all the Kãtchudas and Kalendars of Kuh Gelu (correctly Kuh Kiluyeh) were held responsible for handing him over. As a result, he was caught and beheaded in the Sarabsiyah plain. – [Places]

In the Kajanian period, a canal led the river water from Kala Gulab through the Mahur to the present-day village of Schech Abdullah, the border of Bebehan with the Chaab Arabs; but now it has fallen into disrepair and its water no longer reaches there. The Lirawi District is considered to be extremely fertile, 15 times as much grain is harvested, which the traveller passing through in the summer would hardly want to see on this sun-scorched plain. But in winter, due to the frequent rains, 5-6 streams form in the Mahur, which are dammed and then flow over

the land. This type is called deim or bachs, in Lur language bättsch, in contrast to artificial irrigation fariab.

(2_09_034) The small district of Cheirabad used to be rich in villages, 15–16 whose ruins still extend along the river as far as Aru, and is only inhabited by Iliats of the Poyir Achmed Germesiri, who have created small cultural oases in some places. From station to station, the Taife living between them are responsible to the government for all thefts that occur; if they do not find the thief, they have to pay.

The plateau of Deshti Rum, surrounded by mountains on all sides, is now the serhad of a division of the Gashgai and Mamasenni Rustami, whereas formerly the Bawui were there, who now have no such land and must remain in the Germesir.

A stream rises in it, which probably flows into the Salehun. From here to Tell Chosrowi 4, to Rudebeschar 5, Ardekan 5 Pharsach. The ending kann, usually pronounced gun or kun, means something like [mines?], e.g. goher = gemstone and kann, a village behind the Elburz.

A peculiar disease of horses, called randsch, often causes great harm in the province of Bebehan, which also occurs in Choromabad and Pushti Kuh, but only in Germesir, not in Serhad, and is said to only occur in places where there is water. The dry areas such as Lirawi, the left bank of the Seytun River, and Alischter are free from it, but it is very common in Bash, Jurum, Seytun, Pelli and Deschun. A small species of mosquito, called bashy, is considered by many to be the cause. The disease is extremely contagious, so that even a rider who rides such a sick horse can transmit it to another through the sweat of the horse adhering to his trousers, by mounting another horse, by putting on his saddle, etc. Dogs that eat the flesh of such dead horses are said to go blind. The disease only affects equines such as horses, donkeys and mules, and those with cloven hooves are free from it. On the day the horse gets the disease, it does not eat, but then, without anyone noticing the disease, it eats until it dies; after 1-2 months, the disease is first noticed; the feet swell, the mouth becomes hot, and the urine turns red. Such infected horses are said to die instantly if they drink rainwater. The plateau in front of the Kuh Nur is called Tschuchuny, where there is a small spring full of leeches, which are also often found in the Serab tawe spring in Tolle Chosrowi. The name "huhmy" refers to the villages belonging to a town; there is no Huhma Kuh in Bebehan.

The governor received news from Shiraz today that the Shah had granted another 10,000 tumans for a water pipeline from the Kurdistan River to Bebehan. The same amount had already been granted earlier, but the money was

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but was pocketed by a man sent from Shiraz without him having started the work (2_09_035). Now the governor was instructed to send him away and take over the work himself. With gifts to the ministers etc. everything is possible in Persia, said the governor.

In the whole of Lirawi, fresh water is only available at Kala Tunup and the ruined village of Bender no, where there are wells. Perhaps only for 2 months do people drink the sweet rainwater collected in cisterns, then Brackish water. 2 Phar-sach from Dilem, 1 from the sea and 2 from Kuh Bigäs, lies the village of Boherat. Near it, the sea forms a long, narrow inlet that reaches here, which is called schekare kissy = key of the hunt. Here

The gazelles that are common here are easily hunted in large numbers by driving them into this corner, which forces them to enter the water. fall.

Thursday, July 30th. Worked with Nedjef Kule Khan, son of the former Hakim of Basht, who had been put in a rack by the governor two years ago, on the map of the roads around Basht, which he knew well as far as Kaserun and the Mahur. From him I learned that the spring of Seran Shah Bah-ram does not flow into the Shahpur River, but into the Faliun River. In Basht itself there are only springs. – The narrow pass previously written as Teng Pir Risa must

Biresa can be written from bi = not or the prefix un and resa joyful, i.e. the unjoyful, because of the bad road. - The number of ruins in the entire Bebehan and Chusistand districts can be explained by the ravages of the disease taun (plague?), which devastated everything under Feth Ali Shah about 60 years ago, most places died out and what was left fell victim to the looting of the Lurs, so that the few who remained were forced to emigrate. - Dehidescht had already sunk to nothing 100 years ago, its merchants, who once made up the entire city, had [once?] turned away to Teheran, Shiraz, Ispahan, where they are still known today for their wealth. The place was completely desolate due to Lur invasions and the plague.

The remarkable formation of many of the mountains of the southern mountain wall as isolated cones with horizontal walls on top and vertically falling steep walls on the sides was used by the Lurs as fortresses. For example, Kala Gulab, Kala Sefid and the 2 Desekuh near Dehidescht. In Kala Gul there are 2 doors carved into the steep wall through which the way was completely blocked. Animals can only get as far as the foot of the rock wall, which rests on a round tepe. This is also where the robber Mamasenni Cheh Welli Chan had retreated when he was besieged by the father of Sultan Ovais Mirsa, Motamed el daule or Ferhad Mirsa, with 3 battalions of fused infantry and 500 horsemen and 3 cannons, who had taken the 10-man rock. Welli Chan

but had fled to the Mahur, where he was found and finally beheaded, but his family was brought to Shiraz.

(2_09_036) On the Desekuh at the foot of the Kuh Badjak there is a flat plain that can produce 300 Batman of grain, as well as many springs of water and a wealth of trees, grapes, grenades, and walloons. 25 years ago, when the Tayebi Ger-mesiri and Serhadi were still united, they paid no tribute; here they had a safe refuge; they were besieged; but during a sortie the chief's magnificent horse ran away, right into the soldiers, and he was easily captured. On the smaller rocky cone called Kuh Dis on the way to Teng Biresa you can still see 3 water basins for collecting rainwater and about 10 destroyed houses from the same period as at Dehidescht. Similar are Kala Sefid and Kuh Istachr near Per-sepolis, on the latter a very large water basin was dug out by Assadedaule, so that the Persians say of him that he created a mountain in the lake (Ben-demir) and a lake on the mountain. – The local Lur horses are good climbers, but not race animals. Above Teng Tokab in the gardens small-fruited lemons are grown, called limu ab, the juice of which lasts a very long time at Sharbat, while that of the large-fruited ones, limu torsch, hardly lasts for months. At the foot of Desekuh the chief of the Tayebi now lives in a Kala, of which every Kätchuda or chief has one; every night about 10 men have to keep watch. – The local Lurs live mostly in leaf huts in the summer, only in the winter in the gemesir do they pitch their black tents; whereas in Choromabad winter and summer are spent in tents.

Friday, July 31st. Excitement among the population: people come from Kuh Merrä near Basht to say that Shah Bas Khan had shot 10 of their men from the Ali Shahi detachment of the Bawuis. The son of Shah Bas Khan, who happened to arrive here, was immediately arrested and beaten in front of the governor until the people could no longer take it; his companions had fled, but were caught by the horsemen and irons were put around their necks. A letter also arrived from Sharif Khan of the Qashqai, who asked for a few thousand lurs to fight against the Mammasenni, who were in revolt; 3 Katchudas and 8 men of the Qashqai had been killed in the feud. The governor, however, refused, as Sharif Khan of Hossam the Sultan was appointed governor in Shiraz. In Desht Arjun the Imamzadeh under willow trees is the place where Salman, who came from here, was attacked by a lion (2_09_037); the name of Ali protected him

but, whom he called upon in his fear, holding out daffodils to the lion, which the latter accepted; after some time Ali gave him back his daffodils, and the latter recognized that Ali had then turned into a lion.

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Above it is the cave of Harumsade, whoever cannot crawl in is considered to be one.

The Lurs have no concept of time and Pharsach; if you ask about a distance, you usually get the answer "hidsch, ye risch dschumban" = nothing, a beard length if there are still 2-6 pharsach. - The small piles of stones that one often sees on the roads, built up in groups of 4-6, are called chane kiamet; they are built when one first sees the grave or the place of a sanctus, and by this one means that one would have a house in paradise after the resurrection. The large piles of stones are usually Tepe salam, from which the travelers first see their destination or a holy place. A third type are the Kademga, where either a saint has prayed or slept, or his footsteps in stone, such as the footstep of Imam Risa at Mashad and Behbeban. The trees or bushes hung with rags are called nasr kerdä, which means that a saint pays respect to this tree; they mostly come about because people sleeping underneath them saw a saint in a dream.

Two years ago there were thunderstorms with rain almost every day in Kuh Gelu, all coming from Kuh Daena, which caused a lot of illness. Today towards evening the sky was also heavily overcast, but without a thunderstorm. Next to Aradschun is the small village of Imam Risa with its Imamsade, where he is said to have once slept; next to the village is the old bridge. 1 Pharsach from Kai Kaus is the so-called Filchane = elephant house, in which Kai Kaus is said to have kept his elephants in the winter; near Deschun is the Shirchane = lion house; near the former is a large, ruined village. - The mountain south of Schuler supplies the whole of Shiraz with its charcoal, as the mountains there are very wooded, namely Walloons.

Saturday, August 1st. Working on the map.

Sunday, August 2nd. From a mullah from Dashtistan I learned the following about this part of the province of Fars, and I tried to put the map together with him. 5 Pharsach of Borasgun lies the high mountain of Gisekun with the garden-rich village of Chawis at its foot. The rocky mountain rises steeply; only a narrow (2_09_038) footpath, which can easily be defended, leads up to it, and is therefore often a place of refuge for those persecuted by the government. The wide surface offers plenty of space for cultivation, and there are also very deep wells, it is said to be 3,000 ardschin deep, through which the water is drawn up. The Kala is said to consist of very large, hewn stones with Pahlavi writing high up on the rocks, built by Hormus' son. It takes 2 hours to climb up, much bigger than Kala Gulab.

Culture through bachs = rain. No city remains exist. In Firusabad there is said to be an old Kala with very large stones and Pahlvi inscriptions, built by Shah Firus, son of Shahpur. Apparently there is no more! - Furthermore, at the present site of Deh Kona = old village, half an hour away are the ruins of the Kalai Schobankarre, which is said to have been built from large, hewn stones held together with Fe and Pb and has Jewish inscriptions that could be read by Jews. It is said to be 2,500 years old. The name of the whole Bul-luk Chobankare is said to have its origins in a shepherd who settled here, cultivated the land and became rich, so that he founded many towns, which have now grown to 47. – In the village of Kalai Sirä there are the remains of a Kala built with gypsum and small stones by Mahmud Khan Darabli 850 years ago, which was destroyed by Shah Abbas Khan.

The Cheshme Ali is said to have been created by Imam Ali, who stuck his lance into the ground there when he made all the Jews in this area into Muslims (1230 years ago?). It cannot be denied that the so-called Dashtistani have a lot of Jewish features in their physiognomy; they are a different race from the Iranians. In the Bender Deir and Berdistan, which lie 8 Pharsakhs down from Bushir, the population's language is said to be very reminiscent of the Jewish language, namely they have a hissing sound, for example, instead of schismek they say sismek with a tongue-tapping sound. The now Muslim population of Bahrain, Katif and Lachsa are said to have this sound in the same way. In Bebehan, too, everyone is said to have been Jews in the past, and they also have a hissing sound in their pronunciation, for example, instead of "birawin chuna" they say: bischim mene serai = go home.

The Lur language of Kuh Gelu is also said to contain some Jewish words. [Prov]

In Bebehan, Jews (2_09_039) do not settle because of the similarity of the language. It is known that a large part of Dehidescht were Jews. Nothing is known about former Kurds in this area; they all now speak the Lur language and count themselves among them, as does the whole of Dashtistan.

The name Lirawi is said to come from lir = not and ab = water, because of the lack of water. The Bulluk, usually called Heye Daud, is actually called Heyad Daud, from Heyad, son of a Daud of Hindian, who settled here and established villages 80 years ago. [Places] Yesdegerd, called Amir [Lirau?], is said to have been in Kala Gulab; Shah Abdullah, son of Imam Baker, went to war against the former here, but the latter died here. The Imamsade Shah Abdullah near Dilem is said to be his grave, as the inscription states, around 1205 years ago. Imam Hassan Ali is said to have killed the former in revenge. - The Imamsade Bibi Hakime contains the grave of a daughter of Imam Risa of Mesched, who died here on the way from Medina to Mesched to visit her father's grave. In Bebehan is the grave of Sheikh Fessl, a

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Brother of Imam Risa, who died here; above him is the blue dome. In Dehidescht is that of Hamse ebn Hamsa, also brother of Imam Risa; the latter had 8 wives and fathered 21 daughters and 18 sons with them.

Monday, August 3rd. The Filchane at Kai Kaus is a square building with a dome, built of gedsch, about 35' high, with four arched entrances; in it, the people say, Kai Kaus, the founder of the place, kept his elephants.

Many gardens around the village. The Shirchane is built in the same way, with many graves inside, so both are probably just funerary chapels. Next to the Filchane, large quantities of asphalt are taken from a space about 600' long, where it is 4-5' deep underground in alternating layers, stretching along the foot of the Mahur. All the asphalt, called gir, that is transported to Ispahan, Shiraz, etc. comes from here, over 1,000 tumans annually.

From Kai Kaus the path goes through plains to Deschun, then in Mahur to Teng Serwek. The pointed mountain Kala Nadir, visible from afar, is said to have received its name from Nauser ebn Duhs, a Kajanier, from which the Luren changed Nadir. At the top of the mountain there is a small plateau, around which the houses, now in ruins, were built in terraces; with water basins. (2_09_040) Daffodils above. A natural cave served as a stable for the animals.

That the inhabitants of Bebehan speak like Jews has been confirmed by all, and they also have their own Persian dialect. [Spr] Are they descended from Jews? If you ask them, they get angry about it, but even now Jews are not tolerated in Behbehan. – Djingischan conquers Hamadan in 1221.

Under Archun Shah, Argun Aga, the Mongolian governor of Syria in 1258, a relative of Genghis, a certain Sad el daule Bagdadi, a Jew, was the first minister, who then provided all provinces with Jewish governors, possibly Asad ed daulet, son [of Rokneldullah?], the Buiden Sultan, who resided in Shiraz and Istakhr, the builder of the Bendemir and the walls of Shiraz. As a badge of being a Jew, one wore a blue ribbon on the chest. At that time, the Persians were persuaded to convert to Judaism by saying that the sky was also Jewish (= blue like their badge). Cherduhs = Serduscht? Zoroaster and Jusfer are said to have brought the Jews here out of shame.

In the history of Ebn Challakan of Erbil he lists 3 cities under the name Scheristan, comparison by Hammer WJ 1833, 63, p. 25, one in Cho-rassun, the other in the plain of Shahpur in the province of Fars. Which Shahpur is meant here, Shahpur near Kaserun, which would then be Scheristan, or Dehidescht, whose district is still called Belad e Schapur. – The best Mumiai comes from the mountain near Nasekun, at which point the governor

He has set up guards who must deliver it to him; however, it is said to be accessible only with ropes: the place yields about $\frac{3}{4}$ \ddot{y} annually. The robbers let themselves down on ropes, scrape it off the rock and put it in their mouths to prevent it from sticking together in their pockets. Some also comes out of the rocks above Teng Tokab, but perhaps only 2-3 ounces a year, where there is also a guard. It used to come out there with water in large quantities, but an earthquake caused part of the mountain to collapse and it disappeared. Good mumiai is only found in the province of Bebehan and near Darab in Persia, and it is so highly valued by the Persians that the mumiai of Teng Tokab and Nasekun seems priceless, since it is not sold on the market; the two governors send it to their friends and to the king as gifts. Mumiai is also said to occur in Pushtikuh.

Tuesday, 4–Friday, 7 August. In [Djehhrum?] a date tree is said to produce about 150 Batman produce fruit, while in Bebehan, for example, only 12 Batman. In many places in Lirawi and in Laar they are said to grow completely wild. Juglans grow wild near Dalechan near [Alamat?]. The Persian Fündük = hazelnuts are mostly grown in the gardens of Shiraz and Ispahan. The Alu Buchara with red fruits is also often found in the gardens there. - Yesterday around midday there was some thunder, but no rain. Yesterday I received a young 4-year-old Arabian stallion from the governor, 2 [hares?], [from?] [the?] woman [one?] [Emerald Ring?].

(2_09_041) *Saturday, August 8th.* I received the following information about Choromabad: Luristan refers only to this province, whose inhabitants are all called Feili, only the wandering hordes, the Iliat, are called [Läk?]. They are divided into many Taifas, of which the Sekbend (or Wend) have 2,500 tents, Papi 2,400 tents, Saki 300 tents and Tschuteki 1,300 tents, who speak the Persian Lur dialect spoken in Choromabad. The following tribes speak the Lak language, which differs slightly from Persian: Pairanawend 3,000 tents, [Ba-tschulewend?] 800 tents, Hassanawend 1,700 tents, Jusufwend 1,000, Kuliwend 2,800 tents, Derrikawend 2,000 tents, Mellidschawend 800, Schechalewend 1,200 tents, Keremali 1,000, Kakawend 700, Achmedwend 300, Makawend 200, Hellalwend 800, Selsele and Delfun together 2,000 tents, Sehniwend 800, Kerkutwend 300, Telmitwend 900, Farrasch 200, Samanawend 600, Fulatwend 700, Kursebur 1,000 Tents, whose regular contributions to Teheran amount to 35,000 Tu-man annually, but which in all increase to 100,000 Tuman, such as for food for the soldiers, gifts for the governor, etc.

A district of Choromabad is formed by the Pushti Kuh, which is again divided between 4 small governors, namely the Taifa Ahmed Khan 2,700 tents, Haider Khan 1,500 tents, Ali Khan 2,300, Abu Katara 2,700 tents, whose taxes amount to 30,000 Tuman. The border of Pushtikuh near Bateriai, 3 days' journey

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from Baghdad, while the Choromabad district extends between Kirman-shah, Nehawend, Burudjird and Disful. In Pushtikuh the Kurdish language is said to be spoken. [Spr]

(2_09_042) In Yaftekuh, a day's journey from Choromabad, in the district of the Chute-kitaife, there are several caves carved into the rock, called ghare kaugun, which are said to have originated from Kaik Kuhsad. Figures and writing. 4 columns. Another cave, about 200' long, is in Kuh Desht, 15 Pharsach from Cho-romabad near Hulilan. Sultan Owais Mirsa once had the rubble cleared away from it, and found ½' long silver nails, which are now in Teheran. Later, a stone with Jewish writing is said to have been found in it. It is called Botkädä; it is said to be whitewashed inside, without sculptures, in any case a burial place. - The first caves are seen as prisons, to which the prisoners were lowered on ropes; A cave near the village of Chawis is also believed to have been such a prison during the time of Kobad. In the former there is said to be a footprint of Ali in the rock.

The taifas between Choromabad and the Pushtikuh are Badschulwend 800, Bidschenewend 600, Kakulwend 400, Kasheref 500, Söhri 900, Amrai 1,800, Tschekani 800, Tulawi 650 tents. - The place where fire breaks out of the depths in the Pushtikuh is called surwatiyeh, 5 menzil of Choromabad. - In the Choromabad district there is sulphur, naphtha, salt, asphalt, gulkhaf for tanning, masu from oak, ges, schuka = manna from oak, saadsch, for black dyeing, from acorns. The names among the Lak are many old, as in all of Persia, e.g. B. Ajub, Junus, Isa, Musa, Jacub, Iskender, Afrasiab, Kobad, Karun, Chosro, Kaus, Jusuf, Dawud, Chodai; women's names are e.g. Sulaicha, Merjene, Beysade, Dawus, Mahperri, Nasperri, Nasperwer, Korsum etc. The Delfuntaif is divided into 2 parts, one is Saids, the other Atashbegi or Ali Allahi, who dance naked around a large fire, only with a belt around their loins containing powder. They say they do not burn themselves with the fire; they share their fire with strangers and encourage them to take part in the ceremony. There are said to be around 1,000 tents of these Atashbegi who perform their ceremonies around Kirind. Nothing is known of the [tscherach?] kushan in Luristan, but it is said of Kurdistan. - In Choromabad there are many Jews who speak their own language; they have a large synagogue and about 1,000 houses. They wear their hair like Persians, not long and hanging down in front. They call God Elianai and direct their prayers according to the beit el mukatos.

(2_09_043) This afternoon, with a strong north wind that tore down the tents, there was a thunderstorm with some rain. All the thunderstorms are coming from Kuh Daena. In Kuh Desht, 12 Pharsach of Choromabad, there are said to be a lot of scorpions and at the local Imamsade there are a lot of snakes, which used to be a way station, but

was therefore abandoned. Choromabad formerly belonged to a hereditary Wali family of the Yusuf [Khans]?

Sunday, August 9th. Two sons of Feth Ali Shah distinguished themselves in particular, one of the Naib Sultan Abbas Mirsa, designated as heir to the throne, the other is Mohamed Ali Mirsa, who as governor of Kirmanshah, Choromabad and Shuschter advanced as far as Baghdad. He is the father of Emadedaule.

The boy figure in Tak bostan is not Emadedaule, but Heschmededaule Mohamed Hussein Mirsa, father of the Shahsade Haidr Mirsa.

About 30 years ago, when Mehmet Shah was in Herat, Hussein Sultan, the Bakhtiari chief, was captured. Since then, everything has been quiet except for Djafer Kule Khan, who was a relative of Ali Risa Khan. Ovai's father was governor of Shuschter at the time, and he invited him there; he came and stayed there for 3 years, as the government paid him. But when Heschmededaule became governor, the government had him strangled in Burudjird. Before the Wali Nedjef Kule Mirsa, governor of Behbahan, son of Ferman Ferma, son of Feth Ali Shah,

The Mirza family had been in hereditary possession of the Behbahan government for about 100 years. But since they always knew how to act more or less independently and only paid taxes as they pleased, Ferhad Mirsa under Mohamed Shah besieged Behbahan, its kala was destroyed and Mansur Khan, the then governor, after whom the village of Mansuriye was named, was sent to prison in Teheran until he died in Shiraz. The family still exists in Behbahan, but poorly; the Mansuriye village belongs to them.

Two years before Sultan Ovais Mirsa, the Bahmei paid no taxes at all, because the previous governors could not do anything against the still powerful Lur chiefs. At that time, Choda Kerim Khan owned the Peyir Ach-med Serhadi and Germesiri, the Dschurum, Nui and Dushmensiari. But when Sultan Ovais came, three years ago he invited all the Lur chiefs and their greats for one day and distributed the taife to various chiefs. The absent Choda Kerim Khan, who had not heeded the invitation, only kept the Poyir Achmed, and in this year he also lost the Poyir Achmed Germesiri. He offered several thousand tumans in money if he kept at least one of the taife, but his offer was turned down. (2_09_044) This Choda Kerim Khan is an enemy of Shah Bas Khan and the entire Bawui.

When Shah Bas Khan did not comply with Sultan Ovais Mirsa's request and did not pay any money, he secretly sent several cannons, a battalion of soldiers with the lurs of Choda Kerim Khan and about 1,000 Gashgai to Basht on a certain night, where they surrounded the kala of Shah Bas Khan. In the morning he found himself captured, he came out with a Koran and a saber in his hand and surrendered after his nest

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shot to pieces. In Behbahan his ears were cut off, his long beard and hair; a rope was pulled through his nose and he was led backwards through the city on an ox. He remained in prison for a year, then he was reinstated.

Fifteen years ago, Choda Kerim Khan had attacked Shah Bas Khan, but the latter was supported by Sheriff Khan, chief of the Mamasenni, so that Choda Kerim Khan had to retreat with losses after a bullet was shot into his foot, which he still has there today. Scorpions and rodehl are common here; when I was with the governor, I found the woman busy reciting a magic formula which is common in the Orient: aus so berabbe sa soha wä äs so heiye, wä men schärre kulle akragen, wer ro teilen, wä heiye, schättsche, schättsche karaniyen karaniyen ja Nuho, ja Nuho, ja Nuhh. Then they clapped their hands three times in groups of three and repeated the same thing three times. A cantharides sitting on the plant, called ala ko-lenk, is said to kill horses instantly if they eat one, such as the horse's scorpion. B. at night. A type of scorpion that is common in Achwas and has a tail that lies flat on the ground is called akraub dscherrare and is said to be very dangerous. They also occur in Aru, where several people die from them every year. It is small and greyish-yellow.

Monday, August 10th. The road to Kaserun: [Places]. (2_09_045) [Places] Around 12 now ruined villages lie along the shore, belonging to the former district of Cheirabad. [Places] Dagumbesun is located on a small plain in the hill country, where there was once a large village with a large caravanserai; both have almost completely fallen into ruin, inhabited only by around 150 men of the Ali Shahi, a division of the Bawui, who were placed here by the governor to guard the road and protect the caravans. They are responsible for all robberies that occur here. [Places]

After crossing the [Gendschegun], one comes to the small plain of Chuna-mad, which connects to the left with the valley of Kuh Merrä, which lies between Kuh Chamei and Dil. Once again, one crosses a mountain range in front, called Kuh Baschti, the descent of which leads to the plain of Bascht, with the residence of the same name of Shah Bas Khan, the chief of Bawui. The place, which has only about 50 houses, is of no interest, has no ruins, and is only watered by small streams.

(2_09_046) The path leads through the plain surrounded by mountains to 2 Pharsach to the Tschalemure mountain range, which is accessed through a small valley; low but rocky passage, the right-hand section of which is called Kuh Bimurtä. One now enters the plain of Serabsiyah, territory of the Mamasenni, and after 2 Pharsach comes to the river of the same name, the source of which comes down from the mountains of the Elburz continuation about 2 ½ Pharsach upstream. Where the

Spring, there used to be a large fire altar, which was extinguished by the rising water when Muhammad appeared; it is still visible today. After crossing the river, you can see a 40' high tepe with a kala, where the blind Ali Wais Khan was once beheaded. The path climbs over a very difficult rocky corner, which 3 Pharsach further on forms the so-called Senger with the range to the left. Here the valley is closed off by a long wall, 5' wide and as high as a man, which stretches up the rocky ridges on both sides to the mountain sides. It was built by Mohammed Khan Afghan when Shah Nadir, coming from Baghdad, passed through here. The Khan lost the battle, and Nadir then had the wall destroyed. [Places] On the way, in the [mountain range of Kala Sefid], lies the Imamsade Dere aheni (= Fe thür), on the rock high up there is said to be an inscription, which got its name from the custom of the local inhabitants to store their belongings in it when they went to Serhad. They then locked it with

an iron door and were sure that they would find everything there when they returned, because the robbers did not dare to rob the Imamsade.

Riding through a stream, you come to the small [stream?] Seran Shah Bahram, whose source is just a little way up the path. There the sculptures are set in a large rock face. [Places] (2_09_047) [Places] From the [Teng [Fir?] Keman] the path now leads upstream between mountains, sometimes in the river, sometimes on the sides, to the Pul Murt, about 3 ½–4 Pharsach from Kala Sefid, but without any special rock formations. The myrtle that grows frequently here gave the bridge its name. The path now turns left from the river over a straight line rising to the plateau of Aliabad, where a path leads off to the left in about 4 Pharsach to Ardekan, a Kassaba with 1,000 houses, a bazaar for the Lurs with many Tscharweders, probably 2,000 Katirs there. The other path leads to the Pul Dusach bridge with the Ardekunstromme flowing in a narrow but high crevice in the rock; then it crosses a low range of hills and comes to the stream of the Scheschpir spring, which is said to have taken its name from six old men who called forth the springs through their prayers. Via Shul, Mullah Gulam and Guyom the path leads to Shiraz, about 18 Pharsach from Ardekun. At Ar-dekun the path leads through the Beisa plain to Merdasht. I consider this path to be the route taken by Alexander when he came from Susa via Bebehan, Basht, Kala Sefid, from there the narrow passes of the Uxians to the Pul Murt.

Tuesday, August 11–Friday, August 14. [Locations]

Sunday, August 16, everything was ready, and two hours after sunrise they set off, accompanied by 200 soldiers and numerous servants. Gulbar see Knight IX, 44. [Places] (2_09_048) [Places] Walloons cover the slopes everywhere with pistachios and Fraxinus, on the latter they find

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a silk cocoon-like web, but larger. At the rocky spot, one first sees Sadat on the opposite mountain range between trees above the valley. Stones were therefore piled up along the path in pyramids like tepe Salam. The path descends somewhat to the valley, where the path now leads uphill along a not insignificant but somewhat brackish stream. [Pfl] Choda Kerim Khan came towards us on foot on the poor stone path, while his riders had stayed further up. We rode past a camp of Luren huts, where the men greeted us with guns and the women with shrill cries. The path led past a mill, then immediately after that past an old caravanserai, of which only the foundations are still visible, dating from a time when the mountains were more lively than now with caravans to Ispahan. Several excellent springs trickle from the ground. Along the path there is a lonely, old plane tree. Riding up the valley, after about 2 Pharsach it is blocked by a mountain covered with gypsum and a thick layer of earth, which separates Sadat from Dile-gun. In its small valley to the left towards the Kuh Dilegun we ride straight up, where there is abundant vegetation. [Pfl]

Here we were greeted by the Lurs on horseback, who had formed a long line and played their music as we approached, a large drum and wooden shawms. One after the other fired their rifles in quick succession, and at the same time the head of a cow fell from its body and was rolled to the feet of the Emirsade, while the cow was immediately chopped into pieces and distributed. Amidst colourful shouts we went up the small gerdennä, called mulle mum, on the other side of whose slope our tents were pitched by a small spring. The Aneroid showed 64.2 in Gulbar. At the midday camp at Ronkek it was 62.7, while here it was 62.1 at 18° towards evening. Today around 100 Kecklick were shot on the way, which enlivened the bushes in large groups. At night a picturesque sight of the Lurs gathered in large numbers around the fires. The Luren chief Choda Kerim Chan, at whose expense we now live, said that there were 4 large bears here in the mountain. [Places]

(2_09_049) Only a few cypresses were seen here, [places] the frequently occurring *Loranthus parvifol.* on Amygdal. etc., [according to?] the Hakim baschi keschmisch kawliun Persian or mäwisedsch Arabic, and Nasturt. offic., which is also eaten by the Persians with pleasure and in large quantities, = bärmek or terradisek abi, [plant] low and high keklik oty or serpong.

The governor received a letter from the Ilkhani of the Gashgai, in which he informed them that his taifa had deserted him and had joined forces with the Ilbegi, a relative of his, whom they wanted to have as their Ilkhani; they had assembled at the foot of the Kuh Daena, about 3,000 men strong. The Ilkhani was staying at Guyom, along with 400 soldiers sent by Shiraz and some canoeists.

The Ilchani is said to be very devoted to wine and hashish, and is barely 20 years old, so he has no experience, which is why everyone uses this to extort money from him, as he is very rich, about 1 million (European)

Tuman owns land in Barem and surrounding areas, as he owns many villages between Isfahan and Bender Abbas. He was confirmed as his father's successor by large sums of money and gifts sent to the Shah and the Governor of Shiraz, but with the difference that he must pay heavily. The Ilbegi would now like to take his place and is therefore offering everything, supported by the Mushir of Shiraz. If the Shah were fully informed of the situation, now would be the best time to force the Qashqai to settle permanently; but as long as they are nomadic under their own chiefs, the rivalry will not end. The Governor of Shiraz, however, who only derives great advantage from such circumstances, does not inform the Shah of this and makes it too difficult for him.

Choda Kerim Khan has 4 wives and 36 children, who are constantly feuding among themselves, although the oldest are barely 16 years old. The father often cries about this, because he knows very well that after his death one will kill the other. He is estimated to be worth about 30,000 Tuman. The richest tribe, however, are the Gashgai, whose 40,000 families are each estimated to be worth an average of 1,000 Tuman. Since the Wali of Behbahan, none of the governors had come to Tschinar and Maregun in the Serhad; Ovais Mirsa was the first to start doing so. I asked Choda Kerim Khan whether he had seen any Europeans in Shiraz, which he said he had, but none had ever come here.

(2_09_050) *Monday, August 17th.* We set out again early in the morning and rode up the mountain opposite the valley to the north, which we climbed after half an hour. The path leads northwest along the side of the mountain between bushes of Lonicera, Cotoneaster, and Walloons, between which the Prangos (formerly called barset), called dschauschir by the Lurs, now covered everything in great abundance; while bidschell is only found singly, but it fills the wetter valleys. [Plant]; Djinur is now in fruit here too, but not ripe. At the end of the mountain the path leads through a small valley, where the path descends to the small plain of Deschte rak. A stream flows through the plain, which here takes its way to Luwa. [Places, Pfl] The plain Deschti rak is only a long valley, but enclosed by hills surrounding the valley on both sides, but to the north the range of the Thalle Kelle rises with its rocky ridges.

Here the Lurs had gathered, watching two bears on the mountain to the right. We rode at a gallop up the mountain, the Lurs came towards us, driving the bear before them and screaming wildly, while we had positioned ourselves in a line to receive it with dignity. Then a loud

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Cries for help came from the bushes, because one of the bears had got in his way and he immediately knocked him down, scratching his face with his paws and tearing his feet and bottom with his teeth. This caused the line to get out of order, because everyone rushed to the bear's aid, shouting loudly. The bear immediately took off and fled upwards between the steepest rocks, so that we could not go any further with the horses. But a large ibex was shot. [Pfl]

In Ebne Deschterak Aneroid 78.8.

After the valley, which is only 15 minutes wide, the high, gentle Thalle Kelle must be crossed, but not rocky, as almost all of these parallel ranges consist on their south side of mountains, mostly rounded on the sides, washed up by the sea, mostly made of sandstone, which, however, does not protrude anywhere; these slopes are rich in vegetation, but unfortunately all of it is already over.

[Pfl] (2_09_051) [SprPfl] On the pass crossing the aneroid showed 77.3. Here a wide view opens up over the Kuh Daena and part of the

Bakhtiari region; but the mountains do not have any distinctive peak shape. [Places] When we reached the foot of the mountain, we stopped for dinner in the shade of *Salix fragilis* trees. The Aneroid here is 62.6 at 30 °C in the shade. 2 streams come down from the mountains on the right, which flow down to Tschinar after passing through a narrow valley. [Plants, Places]

Riding along the stream, after passing the narrow rocky valley, [Pfl], one enters the plain of Tschinar, and after half an hour the Konak is reached. Here, too, we were received by the assembled Lurs, who showed us their horsemanship skills and mock battles with shooting. There is no village, only a Kala built by Choda Kerim Khan four years ago, as well as the Kala built by Hussein Ali Khan under Shah Nadir, which is on the way but completely destroyed; it has been completely ruined for 30 years. Here the aneroid showed 63.6 at 39 °C around midday.

Tuesday, August 18th. Did not notice the solar eclipse that took place today, as the hour was not known. The Lurs also believe that a snake lies in front of the sun; they try to drive it away by shooting and making noise. Today we went lion hunting again. A number of excellent springs flow from the Tschinar area, which join together to form a stream that flows into the Salechun. We initially ride along it, which immediately turns right, while we then ride straight ahead over the back of the Kuh [...]; on the caravan path, the descent of which leads to the Sakawa plain. [Places] (2_09_052) [Places]

Numerous springs flow from the plain through which the Ispahanweg leads north; however, the springs do not now unite to form the stream, which flows into the

Spring flows into the Maregun or Kurdistan stream. Thick, sandy layers of mud had formed in it, from which the springs emerge through funnel-shaped openings, whirlpools of sand. I took samples of the mud with me for infusoria. [Pfl] We rode along the Kuh [...] northwest to a small valley, where the Luren drivers showed us 2 bears and several pigs. Riding uphill, we soon found the bear, which tried to save itself, but surrounded on all sides, it wanted to pounce on the first one that came along, which was the Emirsade, who was chased in the other direction by the Luren's screams, charging at it with his sabre, until 8 bullets struck it down. I got its skin. Another, smaller, lighter bear was shot by Choda Kerim Chan. He is also said to have killed a completely white one earlier. [Pfl] We returned the same way, after collecting *Batrachium paucist.* and *Potamogeton obtusif.* in the Tschinar stream.

Wednesday, August 19th. Sick people were brought to me in large numbers today, people with bullets in their feet, old ulcers, cataracts, etc. A young girl with a pretty face was also brought to me so that I could treat her and then take her with me. I made the following enquiries from the Lurs: the Mülle Bischeng is also called Bisend, on it there is a spring called Kortä Tschubgenun, after the story of the lost Kai Chosro. There is also a deep cave there in which treasures are said to be hidden, in which Kai Chosro got lost. At the north-west end of the Daena, often called Dina, dine, daena = fides religio in [Pahlwi?], lies the place Meimen; an earlier town of which the Lurs say it was perhaps built by Hassan Meimendi, minister of Sultan Mahmud, the [Gaznavid?], who [christened?] it after the place of the same name in Khorasan. Silver coins found there, the size of ½ Kran (2_09_053), are said to have Kufic writing on one side and Persian writing on the other. [Places] (2_09_054) [Places]

The name of the Lurs, previously written Poir Achmed, comes from Boweïr, who was the son of an Achmed, hence Boweïr Achmed. The Lurs here give me the impression of the ancient Parthians, all gaunt figures with expressive faces, mostly curved noses, dark sparkling eyes, full, long sideburns, long, hanging black hair. The women tattoo a cross between their eyebrows with powder, the latter also tattoo with powder and on their arms and breasts; eyebrows blackened. The disgusting dyeing with henna can only be seen individually. Here too, the women wear a wide, dark blue cloak over their heads and upper bodies. [Spr]

(2_09_055) [Spr]

Tschinar seems to have taken its name from a lonely plane tree that is located a little to the west. – Excellent white honey is produced here in

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the plain Sakawa; the bees are wild, but are transplanted from the rocks into earth baskets. - In the high plain Deshti rum, many Rumi are said to have been killed in a battle; there are no ruins there. Also at Cho-romabad, after passing the plain Kuh Desh, Madianrud, one comes, after climbing over a mountain, to a plain called Rumishken, where many Rumi are also said to have perished.

Thursday, August 20th. Aneroid 73.4 at 31 °C around 2 a.m. Thirty years ago a European is said to have passed through here, but not since then. Today I was brought seeds of endschedan, enkedun of the Luren, which smells like *Asa foetida*, but which is a different plant according to the Luren, called kendebeu. Both grow quite frequently on the mountains here. - The Luren mostly shoot with small, round iron stones that they collect on the mountains; they get their lead from the cities; they use a soft, yellowish stone, marl, as a ball shape, in which they cut the holes. [Places]

The name of the plain Sakawa is said to come from a saka = water carrier, who bought the land here. Every cultivator had to pay tribute to the Imamsade Bibi Chatun on his orders; some dervishes still live there, who are supported by the surrounding residents. (2_09_056) The western part of the Tschinar plain is called Sengi because it once belonged to a black man who bought it under an Atabeg. There is a lot of Endjedan at the Imamsade Bibi Chatun.

Today I visited the Kala, built four years ago by Choda Kerim Khan, on the plain from rough stones, surrounded by a high stone wall, whitewashed with gypsum, as were the upper rooms. In the courtyard he maintained a small garden with calendula, *Ipomoea tricolor*. The Kala was teeming with lurs who were just being fed; naked boys up to 10 years old, with shaved heads, only a long tuft of hair hanging down, just like Indians. Immediately they brought me all kinds of sick people, namely two boys with very large scrotums, into which the penis had withdrawn. The chief's 36 children alone enlivened the [courtyard?]. - Large lizards were brought to me today, called [bosmar?], from Dehidescht, not in the mountains.

Friday, August 21st. Morning departure for Maregun. The small plain of Tschinar is surrounded by low hills, [naked?], without trees or Walloon bushes, consisting of limestone covered with thick, reddish layers of earth. [Pfl] Only 14 °C in the evening.

Saturday, August 22nd. Departure in the morning. We took the earlier route to Sakawe again and rode across the plain northwards on the Ispahan route to Imamsade Bibi Chatun. [Places] No village here [in the Maregun valley], only tents of the Boweir Achmed. Numerous sources

enter this basin, which unite to form a stream, which then flows downwards between low, parallel mountain ranges from the left, taking in the stream of Sakawe and others, thus forming the Kurdistan River. The tents were pitched at a spring-fed spot where a group of tall willow trees provided pleasant shade. [Pfl] (2_09_057) [Pfl]

From Choda Kerim Khan I learned that the Qashqa'i are divided into 44 [tيره?] or branches; the chief of these are the Sheshbulluki 4,000 families; Dereshuli 3,000, Keshkuli 1,500 families, Farsimidun (= Persian-knowing) 2,000 families, Rahimi 1,000 families, Dscheferbegi 1,000 families, Detekahi 1,200, Ikter 1,500, Karaschuli 600 families, Ferhadelu 300, Behi 300, Lake kelessen 300, Karaguni 400, Kocha beglu 500 and many others.

In addition, in earlier times they were joined by several divisions of Lurs who had left their tribe because of hostility; for example, the Tayebi, now numbering 900 families there; the Sachmedin, who formerly belonged to the Boweir Achmed. The Ilchani are descended from the Djeferbegi. The Lurs of Kuh Gelu form a very mixed nation who no longer know their former, ancient language.

Choda Kerim Chan told us that four brothers from the Bakhtiari tribe once left their tribe because of tribal disputes and settled in Kuh Gelu. They were called Tayeb, Bachman, Jusuf and Chidr Ali. The first is the progenitor of the Tayebi, the second the Bahmei, the third the Jusufi, the fourth died early without leaving a tribe. These mixed with the tribes that had previously lived here, so that the original language was lost. The Boweir Achmed are descended from the Rustami Mammasenni; the Bawui from the Bawui Arabs who now live around Mohammera. The Dscherum are said to have come from Rum, dsche = like and rum. The descent from the Dushmensiari and Nui is unknown. Among the various Taifes there are branches that call themselves Taife Kadim and are descended from the original Lur population. Among the Bowir Achmed there were the Abassi, Badeluni and Serkaki. Among the Tayebi there were the Kurraï, Selle schehru. Among the Bahmei there were the Kemoi, Bonari, Kollacher and Chalili. (2_09_058) Among the Nui there were the Tschelaleï, Silai, Kemai and Kuscha. Their language was different from the current one. [Spr]

Note on Ispahan: the name used in Ispahan and Teheran for the octagonal house entrance is häscht because of the 8 corners; the correct or proper name, however, is Kerrias. Therefore Häschte behescht should not be translated as paradise entrance, but rather the 8 paradises, because in one of the houses there were 8 rooms that bore this name. – Fritillaria imp. in Persian gule sernegun.

The ruins of Meimen, located at the north-western end of Kuh Daena, are said to have once been a large city; all the houses were built of rough stone with gypsum; but all of them were individual and very large, like fortresses and not crowded together. Unfortunately I cannot visit it, as I am moving on the day after tomorrow.

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Sunday, August 23. At sunrise 11 °C at 62.6 ½ aneroid; calm.

Took an excursion to the Kuh Tschau, which rises steeply above Maregun. [Orte, Pfl, SprPfl] Once at the rocks, you had to be a good climber; for from rock to rock you now went upwards; here you could see lower, but newer djinur. [Pfl, SprPfl] (2_09_059) [Pfl] Once at the top, you find yourself on the horizontally running limestone layers, which suddenly end vertically towards Maregun, forming a small plateau; here you could often find *Arenaria junipera* aff., a beautiful, red *Dianthus* with brown, velvety midfield, which is also found in the Schahu. [Pfl] A wide view offered itself from its back, which I wanted because of Kuh Daena, which I unfortunately cannot visit, because tomorrow the governor is leaving for the Tayebi to see Fath Ali Khan. [Places] (2_09_060) [Places] (2_09_061) [Places]

A lure sent out brought me roots of kendebe and enkedun from the foot of Kuh Daena, both forming thick roots, unfortunately all broken; but 2 different plants and not, as the doctor said, both coming from one plant. *Asa Foetida* is not collected there, but in Khorasan near Tabes, near Fasa and near the village of Masaidschun near Laar, where it grows in the Germesir, between date trees, it is often collected. In spring, (2_09_062) when the stem has shot up to the height of a hand, it is cut off and the place covered with the 4-5 root leaves and weighted down with a few stones. It stays like this until mid-August, then the collectors come, make a small trench of gypsum around the root tuft and remove the leaves along with the dry [gum?] layer that has formed.

For 25 days a layer is formed every day by the milk coming out. The Lurs cultivate only *Setaria* germ., called ersen, for soups or bread, as well as wheat and barley; also rice, for example in Jerum, Serfariab and Tolle Chosrowi; in Behbehan and Seytun a lot of rice is cultivated. Their main food, however, is acorns, which they call bellid.

The mountain next to Kuh Daena is called Kuh Tschuarra because four roads lead from there, one from Shiraz to the Bakhtiari, the other from Ispahan to Kuh Gelu. (Semiran–Felat 8 Pharsach). The mountain Kuh Abu Isaaki probably got its name from King Abu Isaac, from the Indschu family, who was King of Fars after Genghis Khan. Or Emir Sheik Abu Ischak, who could not resist the weapons of Emir Mohamed Mozaffer, left Shiraz in 1353 and took the Schoulistan route to Kala Sefid. On the mountain Kuh Schahborna (borna = yellow) there is an imamzade. - The mountain Kuh Sikotä got its name because of the many points = 30 points, from koppe, the tip, called kottä in the usual Luran pronunciation. - The mountain Kuh Rihk perhaps from rihk = small stones or rubble. – In front of the Sebsekuh = Green Mountain lies the Chona Mirsa plain, behind it the residence of Hussein Kule Khan in Chagachor.

Monday, August 24th. Departure to Dalun to see Fath Ulla Chan, chief of the Tayebi. The path leads down through the hills of Maregun along the stream, whereupon one enters a small but well-cultivated plain, which is now crossed towards the northwest, while the stream branches off to the left and hides behind hills. Soon, however, the path leads over low, sandy hills, filled with [plants], in the depressions of which two streams flow to the former; Boweir Achmed Luren had set up their leaf huts here.

A third basin with a stream follows, which enters Delli girdu through a small teng, which is the valley behind it, where the streams join the Sakawa stream. In places, slatey, finely splintery, grey limestone with upright layers emerges, through which the path has been roughly cut. From this basin onwards, richer vegetation begins, the slopes to the right and left are densely covered with walloons, from whose young acorns a honey-like white juice with a very sweet taste exudes. Manna production does not seem to be as plentiful here as in Kurdistan, however, and is therefore unknown here. On the right, a mountain rises that slopes steeply to the east and continues to the west as a short ridge, at the foot of which the path now leads upwards; once you reach the top, a deep, narrow valley forms (2_09_063) between it and a mountain with a rocky cone rising to the left; From the latter, the path leads downwards between dense Walloon bushes, but to the right the view falls on precipices over which the narrow path, whose loose soil often gives way and throws the animals down, leads. [Pfl, Places] The marly mountain is now ridden down to a basin, which is named rische billucheri after a Lurtaif. [Places]

After 3 Pharsach from Maregun, the Teng Tschin is reached, at the end of the Kuh Tschin, where the Dschouwaka joins the Schinisbache. [Places]

Here, a midday rest was held at the Schinis stream, a little above the junction, in the thick shade of Salix. Aneroid here 67.3. Grape vines entwined the bushes above the silvery clear, cold, in places deep stream; while Ru-bus sanctus with its black berries grew in abundance. A few minutes further up, it bursts out of the Teng Schinis. [Places] (2_09_064) [Places, Pfl]

At about 2 o'clock we set off again in great heat; the path leads past the Teng tschin, from whose hill one can get a view of this dreadful breach. [Places] (2_09_065) [Places] When we entered the valley [of Dalun] we were ceremoniously received by the Tayebi and Dschurum Luren.

The women and children were posted on the hills, greeting us with shrill cries, while the men greeted us with drums and fife music as we arrived, and one after the other fired their guns in rapid succession; while others danced in front of us, hopping up and down on one leg with their swords drawn. Now the cavalry battles began,

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one charging at the other and firing their rifles and pistols at each other; also firing backwards, etc. Thick gunpowder smoke enveloped us so that one could believe one was in a battle. The Shefs came towards us on foot, bowing deeply; the same was true of the Lurs after firing their rifles. After half an hour we reached our camp at the foot of the mountain range rising up to the right; but everything was bare, only a small spring stream flowing down. The path from Maregun to here was about 7 Pharsach. [Places]

Wednesday, August 26th. In the morning we set out to visit the Seebärm abhar. The path led straight over the mountain range rising north of Dalun, a steep climb. [Places] - The aneroid was here 79 on the Dalun mountain. In the valley there are leaf huts of the Dushmensiari, but no village anywhere. Here we climb up an even higher mountain, the east side of which was called Sersure, the west side Kuh Riwen. On its back there is a wonderful view. [Places]

The valleys and crevices were now full of broken stems of *Prangos ciliata*, which is used as *dschouschir gusfend* as sheep feed in winter; the smooth fruit is eaten with milk. [Pfl] The north side descends steeply with rock walls to the deep valley, above which the much higher Kuh Shurom towers. [Pfl] The *Pyrus Syr.*, very common here (2_09_066), hung full of fruits, which are often collected, dried and crushed for the large kernels that are sent to Bebehan and Shiraz; the leaves and branches hung full of drops of a sweet, colorless manna, called *rassuhl* (from Persian *assal*), which were covered with a white mite. I climbed down the steep descent on foot, all alone, as the others had to make a long detour. The Lurs warned me about bears, but I didn't believe them and got to the bottom safely. Many springs came down from both sides of the mountain, joining together to form a stream that soon falls into the lake. The valley of the Kuh Shurom is about 3 Pharsakhs long. A dense, tall willow bush fills the valley floor near the lake. The view from the mountain falls on the lake, which reminded me of the sea eyes in the Carpathians. We sat down in the shade of the tall willow bush, from where the view covers the entire surface of the deep blue, clear lake. [Places, Pfl]

We had settled down comfortably under the tree with the governor [and?] were just preparing to take a bath in the not too cold water of the lake, while the lures had scattered in the thicket to hunt pigs. Suddenly a deep roar was heard and a mighty bear leapt out of the thicket into the clearing, only 12 paces away from us. He stared at us in amazement for a moment while everything scattered in the confusion; the governor took his rifle and shot him in the left thigh, and he threw himself furiously at us; I fled.

immediately climbed the first tree next to me, the doctor fled across the lake to a tree that was separated by a stream, while the governor, who could not climb, stood there confused. The bear tore his gold-trimmed garment, while Abdullah, my servant, who was just about to bring me the chibuk, ran past him; then the bear let go of the governor and threw himself at Abdullah, who was running away, who fell down in fright and the bear at him. Its four large teeth sank into his rear end, tearing off his headgear with its paws. Then the governor also fled, but also fell to the ground in fright. Fortunately, the bear ran away, as its foot was completely shattered.

(2_09_067) He remained lying in the thicket near us; none of the Lurs dared to chase him, we mounted our horses and sent some Lurs against him; he had hardly entered the thicket when he immediately threw himself furiously at one of the Lurs who came towards him with a sabre in his hand.

But he immediately fell down in fright at this tender embrace, while the bear lay half dead on top of him with its entire load, holding one arm in its mouth; then the other Lurs came down and chopped off its head so that it died. They wanted to pull the Lur, who lay unconscious beneath him, out by his hair until we convinced them to roll the bear away first. From the snout to the outstretched hind legs it measured 9', a real colossus, of a whitish, ash-grey color. We had it dragged to the camp, which required a full 25 men to drag the enormous load. They had stripped completely naked, wearing only a loincloth; that is exactly how they go to war. We now amused ourselves by testing the quality of the sabres on his hard, thick hide, in which the strongest sabre blow made only a slight incision, and most of the sabres bent over in the process.

This adventure was the entertainment for the whole day, and there was no lack of laughter at the comical situation in which everyone found themselves, especially at Abdullah. Soon after, the lures of the female bear

but no one dared to enter the thicket, so that it remained undisturbed. We then took a bath in the deep lake, while the Lurs continued to swim across the lake with inflated tubes under their arms. The bears now feed on fruit and roots, particularly the andjudjek or pears that are common here, whose trees they skillfully climb, and throw the fruit down to the young ones standing beneath them.

Often they also shoot some that are completely white. They pile up willow roots in caves as food for the winter. The bear stayed there and was then eaten by the other bears. We would have liked to stay here for the night, but we had nothing with us, so we went back in the afternoon.

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who set off. This time we rode about half an hour up the valley, which was cultivated here, but for the first time this year at the instigation of the governor. The Kuh Shurom rises high above it with its rounded peaks; only a few rocks protruded from it. [Pfl] The path led up almost to the eastern end of the mountains. [Pfl] From the Kuh delli Bau the Kuh Nur was 347–25, the western end of Tschaharra 40 in 47. (2_09_068) After riding through the valley, we went up the Kuh Dalun, not as high here as further down, but all the steeper for that. [Places] After an hour I was back at the tents.

Thursday, August 27th. Busy with arrangements for departure. There are two ways to Dehidescht, one via Kelat, the other via Lentä. [Places] The waters south of Kuh Karun are to go to Ram Hormuz, beyond to Khyrsan.

Kala Djildjird is perhaps Kala Djeryek, situated on the right bank, the former unknown. There is said to be a grave in the plain near the river, called Haft Schehitun. [Places] (2_09_069) [Places]

Friday, August 28th. Set out in the morning for Imamsade Shahsade Ghaleb, 7 Pharsach away. The farewell from the governor was warm; tears were in his eyes; he said to me: "Why have you come? I wish I had never met you," and he tried several times to persuade me to spend the winter in Behbehan. After tea and Kallian, we finally set off; he rode back to Maregun. We went along the hilly valley of Dalun, which often runs parallel to the mountains, until after about an hour we entered the very hilly valley by a descent from Tschindaliun or, as the Lurs also call it, Zirbiun.

The same mountain ranges line the valley as at Dalun, but further high mountains rise before us. The Lurs were busy here cutting the branches of *Pyrus Syriaca* covered with manna; these were put into a kettle of warm water so that the sugar dissolved and then evaporated to the consistency of syrup; they call this honey ghasul, in Persian assal.

Now and then they also collected the andjudjek, whose fruits they crushed and dried in the sun. The *Prunus Mahaleb*, also called Machleb here, which grows frequently, especially beyond the Kuh Tschuharra, is very profitable because of its fruits, which they sell to the batman for 3 cranes, which mainly go to India. [Places]

Lurs had set up their huts along the road; among the women there were many pretty faces. Descending to the descending valley of Teng Leiton, where the Aneroid 64.8, the two sides of the mountain suddenly drop vertically to the left, forming a narrow, high rock gap, which Teng

Leitun. [Places] The valley now narrows more and more, as a mountain range pushes in on the right. Walloon forests now begin, which appear increasingly lush towards the lower land as far as Bors. Here too, as far as Bors, they sweat out white manna in places, but only on the fruits, whose shells were always pricked by an insect. [Pfl] Ascending the Mulle tschirbiun. [Pfl] (2_09_070) From here you have a beautiful view of the increasingly sloping mountain ranges, which appear almost flat and give no indication of the mightiness they present. Here is half of today's route. A bad, stony path now leads down between Walloons to a small plain with a cold spring, called Kellach chertä, where there is a lot of Pyrus. [Places] In the valley we now ride to the left along steeply sloping marl slopes. [Places]

A mighty, vertical rock face, probably 1,500 paces long and 300' high, stretches along the left here, with water cracks washed deep into the limestone rock, which form magnificent waterfalls when it rains. [Places] Immediately after this, one comes to a small plain, populated by Luren huts, here on the left, from a narrow, dark crack in the rock, a fairly large, clear, bluish-green stream breaks out, which, for lack of another name, I will call the Adjem, which comes from the Kuh Adjem and now rolls violently through the vertical, dark rock masses of the Teng Pasengun. [Plants, Places] The Luren had leveled the area along the river in terraces.

[Orte, Pfl] The trail then continues across the river, which is about 20 paces wide and deep, where it now goes steeply up the left bank, surrounded on the right and left by vertical rocks, which also show the claw formation here, as is the case everywhere in these limestone mountains. [Pfl] All slopes are thickly covered with dry grass. [Orte] After riding down to the river and crossing it, [Pfl] the trail goes (2_09_071) along its right bank. Aneroid here 70.3. [Pfl] The path immediately climbs upwards and now leads high above the river, which now rolls through a narrow, dark valley, overlooked by the dark rock slabs of the Kuh Sentun. A gruesome sight seen from above. A few Luren huts along the path with piles of stored wheat, covered with branches. Here, a whole wide mountainside was in flames, spreading with great speed, and I had already noticed the smoke from afar. Deep descent. [Places]

The river is crossed to the left bank, where the newly built Imam-sade with chapel and dome immediately catches the eye. Imamsade Ghaleb. Ghaleb is the son of Imam Hassan, son of Imam Saïd, who once passed through here. Next to it is a mill. The place here is very pleasant. Old, thick plane trees line both banks, and one spot was planted with them in a circle, so that I pitched my tent here. Pomegranates, figs and vines everywhere along the river bank. [Plant] The boulders in this valley were all covered with small stones.

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nen is recorded as Salam for the saint. Pronunciation of the Tayebi Luren: the dsch like z, which I did not notice with the other tribes. The miller brought me half-unripe grapes that were cultivated high up on the mountainside.

The night was beautiful, clear moonlight, the roar of the river and the fire of the Lurs on the mountains. [Spr, Places]

Saturday, August 29. We set off at sunrise and walked along the left bank on a very poor, narrow path over the limestone marl layers. [Pfl]

The river flows off to the right through a high, narrow, dark (2_09_072)

Felsenthal, through which there is no path. The path now leads left at approx. Pass the village of Kulwar, built with 40 houses in 3 rows, on the right, where a long climb to the mulle Kuhmen with Walloons begins. [Places]

Down from Mulle Kuhmen, the steep slopes are quite densely covered with fig bushes and vines; the former were just being picked, and were very sweet, but small. [Plants] At some of the huts further down, we stopped for two hours to feed the animals. Cucumbers and tobacco were cultivated here [...end?] [on?] the entire slopes of the mountain basin; also grain, all fields protected by stone walls. Down towards the river, the mountain forms a deep crevice through which the rainwater has to force its way, along with a stream that will soon be ridden through further down; this too is full of plane trees and [Plants]. The path along the river is still not [level with the ground?], and once again the path leads up a very long pass along the stream that rises in this valley. The overhanging branches were very uncomfortable, the rocks scattered everywhere, the narrow path leading up high ridges of marl slopes, and the heat made this stretch not pleasant. Marl was red and greenish. Having finally climbed this Mulle Kulliau, the view back fell on many high ridges. [Places] At the top of the Mulle there was a small plain full of now empty branch huts. [Pfl] At the top there was a long, ultimately very arduous descent down between Walloons, the Karun to the left, with a lower mountain attached to it, connected by a mulle to a path where a small village appeared below. [Places] (2_09_073) [Places]

Very steep descent, vertical rock slabs on the left; the last part of the path was the worst, over long, wide, protruding limestone slabs, where the animals fell and had to be unloaded. [Pfl] Magnificent view of the valley of Bors below with the village, Kala and the velvety green rice fields.

Finally, having arrived in the valley, which is densely covered with tall myrtle bushes, pomegranates and plane trees, you ride through the stream that bursts out of a horrific cleft between high, black rocks, called Teng Beraftau. From the stream, you ride up a slope made up of river debris, and you have now arrived at Bors, the territory of the Djaneki-Bakhtiars. Next to the village I pitched my tent, which was immediately

called the whole population. Kätchuda, to whom my companion had letters of recommendation, immediately arranged for a pillau. The others, however, were suspicious and made all sorts of conjectures about what I was doing here. All the men had large, black beards, long, mostly curly hair; noses were very deep everywhere; women had pretty faces. [Places]

Snow falls a lot here in winter, lying for 3 months, but the inhabitants stay in the village. Aneroid here 73.7. Sultry nights. Small mosquitoes very annoying. Prosopis. [Places] The stream that comes out of the Teng Beraftau is used for large rice cultivation and immediately flows into the Chyr-san; its sources are at the Kuh Karun. The village, consisting of about 45 houses with flat roofs, stands on the site of an earlier place, as is proven by a still existing (2_09_074) round tepe that was used for cultivation; but nothing can be seen anymore. Next to the village rises the square Kala, built of earth, flanked by 4 towers at the corners.

Sunday, August 30th. We set off a little later than usual because of tiredness; we were therefore very warm in this hermesir. The path leads to the left along the mountain slopes and between hills, where gypsum often grows, hence the vegetation. [Plant] After half an hour from Bors, a second strong stream is reached, densely covered with magnificent, tall myrtle bushes and pomegranates in between; the small plain in front of it is densely covered with rice; an imamzade with a dome stands out between Walloon trees; the place is called Schuwar. After a short climb, you reach a small plain. [Places]

After riding through the plain that now begins, we stop at the large camp of huts belonging to Mullah Ali [...], whose place is called Fahlehh here. was only about 1 Pharsach away from Bors. I was told a lot about a cave in the neighboring mountain Kuh Belkush, about great treasures that were kept there; it is said to have been built by a King Kaka. In the afternoon I visited it. The path leads ½ hour further along the valley to the three groups of villages Eisch-abad and Gusewek, which lie at the foot of the range of hills rising up in the plain; between it and Kuh Belkush the valley is densely covered with rice fields, which are watered by a sizeable stream. The stream has its sources at Kuh Karun, which protrudes behind the Teng Heft shahitun. This too is densely covered with myrtles and pomegranates. We ride along it for a while, where three stone mills were set up on its banks.

Then the path leads up to the left over the slope and then up to steep rocks, over which one reaches the entrance. [Places] (2_09_075) [Places] At the entrance, walls made of lime mortar and fortifications were built into the gate. I believe this cave to be the fortress-like hideout of former bands of robbers, for which it is very suitable, thanks to the piled-up stones at the entrance.

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It had to bring death to every enemy, it was inaccessible due to the vertical rock face. [Pfl]

I returned the same way. The Lurs all thought I wanted the treasures and asked me in advance to give them half.

They were all very importunate; without the protection of the Emirsade I would not have been able to get through here. A path leads up the stream to the Mulle Haft Schehitun, where an Imamsade was erected at the top in memory of 7 Mullahs who, according to some, were attacked by snow and died up here, according to others they were killed by robbers. [Places]

Monday, August 31st. The same route is ridden as yesterday to the villages of Ein-abad and Gusewek, the rice plain is crossed and then up again along the hill slopes, which partially obscure the view of the river. [Places] (2_09_076) [Places] All rice crops are on the left bank, as the Kuh Gil does not form any plains and has no water. In this valley, one rides up along the stream, as the former one was covered with myrtles, etc. The small village of Scheiwend lies on the right in a mountain corner, which must be ridden around. A magnificent view is offered here of the nearby, steep mountains of the Karun, from which the stream cascades down, the last one about 50' high.

The wide valley floor is well cultivated, with Walloon trees in between, their fruit now ripening. [Plant] Another long climb follows in great heat, on which the Imamsade Haft Schehitun lies on the top right of the mountain slope between oak trees. The dome is built exactly like the tomb of the [Zabiede?] in Baghdad, inside there is a square altar with tin offerings; oil was poured on the stones outside. [Places]

[Shechan], our destination today, is close, but the many twists and turns, ascents and descents are very long. The path leads steeply down the mountain and continues over a very steep layer of marl, only 10 paces wide, where it zigzags down to the valley; the ascent leads to Shechan, where I pitched my tent next to the village. The approximately 50 houses are now uninhabited. The inhabitants were on the other side of the mountain and only the garden keepers remained. The bushes were full of still unripe sour pomegranates, with figs in between, small but sweet. [Places] A type of bean was cultivated in the valley on the other side, called maaschek. [Plant]

(2_09_077) [Pfl]

Tuesday, September 1st. In the morning we walked along the mountain and then made a steep descent with ascents and descents until, after about an hour, we reached a Dinarunis hut camp where we had breakfast, which consisted of sour milk and bread. The whole valley was called Rokat after a ruin made of small stones on a small plain on the other side of the river, but only the foundations are still visible. The same is located at the entrance to a valley, delli

Dehidis, named after the ruins above. The Kuh Gil ends here, behind it the valley stretches upwards to the northeast; the other side forms a steep mountain range, wooded, with 6-7 prominent peaks and small valleys in between, the springs of which join together to form a small stream and fall into the Chyrsan next to the ruins. In this valley lies the old Kala Dehi-dis and further up Kala Serd, belonging to Skender Khan, chief of the Dinarunis. A king Eredj is said to have once lived here. They soon set off and took a path leading off to the left, which initially led straight towards the Kuh Mungasht, where it then continues along the valley. [Places]

A terrible heat today, probably 50 °C, my greyhound, given to me by Choda Kerim Khan, had to be tied to the horse. The path between the mountains is said to be better than the one along the river; in places the rocks that are too close have been hewn away and rough walls have been built on the too dangerous precipices, but I do not think these are too old, as the houses of the Lurs are also built from the same rough, large stones. We suffered a lot from thirst here, as there was no spring along the whole route. The valley is basically well cultivated with barley and wheat, which were kept in piles surrounded by stones and covered with branches. It is called Tschardeh (4 village). At the end of it, we rested for today at a camp of leaf huts. I found 12 Kurdish families among the Lurs who were brought here from Kirmanshah under Kerim Khan; but they had almost forgotten their language and could no longer be distinguished from the surrounding Lurs. Among the Lurs I saw many faces that reminded me of the Shahpur sculptures, with expressive features, deep-set, black-brown eyes, high foreheads, deep nose bridges, extended noses, long, curly black hair falling in thick tufts on both sides; they still carried the club-shaped sticks. The hair at the back of the head was shaved off in the middle. They were (2_09_078) busy making large, long, round jugs out of earth, which they dried in the sun to store the grain. [SprPfl, Places]

The taifahs on this side of the Kuh Mungasht belong to Hussein Kule Khan, those on the other side to Ali Riza Khan, who resides at Kala Tul. In the mornings there is no wind, very oppressive. In the afternoon north wind, gusty. The local Kurds were formerly under Ali Riza Khan, chief of the Chuharleng; in a feud three years ago between the two brothers Ali Riza and Ali Mehmed Khan, in which the latter was shot, they were on the latter's side, after the former was victorious and seven of the Kurds were killed by him, they left the territory of Ali Riza Khan and are now under Hussein Kule Khan, whom they praise very much. For [your?] they say [go?], Thal = totu. Aneroid 73.8.

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Wednesday, September 2nd. The path soon turns right into a second valley, where the path climbs; a small stream flows down into it. [Places]
A new chara in the stream. From here there is no more water until Malamir. At the stream we found the two chiefs of Malamir, who had come from Hussein Kule Chan. They immediately looked very suspicious and the chief soon explained to me, when I asked him about the names of the mountains etc., that he did not know. Partly it was out of mistrust that I was looking for treasures, and partly he thought I would pay a lot of money to find out what he was asking. Unfortunately, 5-6 years ago there had been English people here too, who squandered a lot of money senselessly; now the people thought that every European had to do the same. In areas where no Englishman had ever been, it is good and cheap everywhere, but wherever they show up, it immediately becomes expensive and the people are spoiled by the untimely gifts. [Pfl]

After a short ride you come to the end of the long line, and now a paved road, up to 6 paces wide, called ru Sultani, begins, which winds up to a low but extremely rocky chain of hills. [Places] The pavement is arranged in such a way that every 4 steps higher stones are placed to hold the horses up. In many places, however, large boulders have rolled over it, partly washed away by rain or streams of water. Where it reaches the ridge, you notice a semi-natural depression or semi-rotunda hewn into the rock on the left, but nothing more, probably unfinished work. (2_09_079) Once you have climbed it, you find yourself quite unexpectedly on a long plateau, crossed by low elevations of the limestone layers that have risen up; everywhere covered with dried grass. [Pfl] The Mungasht Mountains have reached their end about 1 Pharsach away on the left, appearing from here as a high mountain range, with dense forests up to $\frac{1}{2}$ of the mountain. [Places] The paved path continues across the entire flat mountain range. [Places]

A broad, bare, conical mountain, the Kuh Gilgird, rises from the ridge we had ridden over, which was already visible from Bors; in one of its rocky crevices at the foot there are many sculptures. The flat valley thus formed reaches as far as the Mungasht mountain, separated only by the low ridge to the left in the background. We ride through it in a westerly direction and come to the end of the parallel ridge, where a cistern is set in the mountain. Here you can see the whole wide Malamir plain. [Places] The paved path continues in the plain, but mostly covered by earth. [Plant] Scorching, glowing heat, gusts of wind like fire; [Rails?] completely dry. No village visible anywhere, only light reed huts, but well-woven, served as the inhabitants' place of residence. We stopped in one of them and

We ate some cucumbers and a very long cucumber with red flesh, similar to adochuhs, which all grow excellently here.

Finally we approach the old capital, on the right the remains of an isolated fort in a square remain, very long, each side with 3 towers, but only the piles of rubble reveal it. Soon after, we ride through the city, but everything is covered with rubble, only on the left very high piles of rubble of an entire quarter protrude, at the 2 ends of which 2 new imamsades have been built and [outside?] domed buildings. Where you see walls, they are built in Sassanid style. The rubble, which is probably 2 hours in circumference, shows similar forts on all sides. [Places] We ride further to the foot of the mountain on the other side, where (2_09_080) we pitched our tent below the Schikafte Salman next to the chief's hut. But we were poorly received here, and there was great distrust everywhere in terms of gifts. Aneroid here 74.9 in great heat, at least 40° in the shade. [Places]

In the afternoon I set out [to the cave called Schikaft e Salman], accompanied by the whole population. On the mountainside, first on the right, there is a dilapidated building, built from small stones, now an imamsade, of which there are four here; immediately after that you come to the place where the dark rocks reach back on both sides and form a small valley with a large rear wall, with overhanging rocks; water appears everywhere at the foot of it, especially on the right, where the rock layers form a wide, narrowing crack towards the back; on the left side of this natural grotto there is a small, round water basin hewn into the rock, to which a small, now broken, pipe once carried water. [Places]

To the right of this grotto, high up in the rock face, there are two sculpture panels, but they are somewhat weathered and without inscriptions, unless there are any on the figures themselves. One depicts a male figure with folded hands under his chest, in a curved, smooth, short tunic, with his head turned towards the cave, a long, curly beard and a helmet cap. [Building] - The second sculpture panel shows an ateshga, in front of which a man wearing the same clothing as the short tunic is holding both hands over the fire. [Building] (2_09_081) [Building] To the left of the cave, you can see a third sculpture panel with the very weathered sculpture of a man, around 10' tall, looking towards the cave, wearing a helmet cap. [Building] To the left of this, in the same panel, there is a very long cuneiform script, the small characters of which are well preserved, only the left side of it is completely blurred by water dripping out. Above the figure is a round hole, just wide enough for a man to crawl into. None of the inhabitants had ever been in it. A few steps further follows the fourth sculpture: a man in a short tunic, with a helmet cap, with his arms raised,

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holding himself upright; his calves are very prominent, his tunic very curved outwards; he also has cuneiform inscriptions on it.



Fig. 13: Sculptures of the Shikaft Salman at Malamin: Sculptures of the right rock face by Shikaft Salman (2_09_107)

Water drips everywhere from the cave-rich rock, covered with Adiantum.

Some of these caves seemed to me to be designed to house the dead, exposed to the air. The largest cave, in a side arm, was completely filled with stalactites from top to bottom, only in places did short, but very wide, round stalactites with a stem hanging down, like an umbellifera flower. To the left of this large grotto, one climbs up over collapsed masonry, where traces of a staircase are still visible, and comes to a small tacht, behind which the grotto, called shikaft Salman, is located. It forms a natural, artificially expanded, elongated, vaulted grotto, similar to that of Kirmanshah; a modern construction in the shape of a gabled roof fills it almost completely, only allowing a narrow walkway on the two sides. This modern building, built from the remains of earlier buildings, encloses the site of the Salman, where an elongated panel [sign] is located in the background; They wanted to deny me entry, but when I took off my shoes and answered who Salman was, they finally admitted it; the board, however, only contained Persian inscriptions.

writings. [Construction] I examined several cave entrances; they led to extensions of the rocks and were also previously burial sites; bones lay in them; snakes crawled around in them.

(2_09_082) Below this Salman shrine, the buried remains of buildings are still visible, but in Sassanid style with arches etc., but the entrances were walled up. The whole valley below the grotto valley contains the graves of the former inhabitants, marked by stones laid out in a square, often very large; often such squares enclose very large areas like family graves. On both sides of the valley entrance there are remains of buildings that have fallen into disrepair and have been buried under the rubble; a cistern was also built over on the right with an arched house, but is now empty. There are no Sassanid sculptures, all of them belong to a very early period. A quarter of an hour below, on the plain, lie the rubble mounds of the old city. Unfortunately, the inhabitants were so fanatical that I realized that I could not do anything here without the company of Hussein Kule Khan's people. Although a large part of the valley is cultivated and barley is plentiful, I still had to buy it; I was glad that they also gave us bread and a kind of watery soup.

There are 5 more interesting places to examine here, one of which is said to contain very large sculptures with innumerable figures; in the eastern cleft of the wide mountain cone of Kala Gilgird opposite, which place is called Kul Pharoon, Pharoon's mountain Derbent, 2) the sculpture-less ruins of Kala Gilgird, 3) the sculptures of the Imamsade Shahsawar mountain range running through the middle of the plain, 4), 5) the place above our camp, called Tacht Shanischen.

Unfortunately, I cannot stay here tomorrow; I have been threatened with robbery, so I have decided to go to Susan tomorrow. The foreman asked me who I wanted to go with tomorrow; there was no one here, they all had work; when I told him that he would take care of it and that I would pay a man if necessary, he immediately replied: I am not [yours?]

Hamal, see how you get ready etc. In winter the whole wide valley is covered with water, which disappears underground through a hole at the western end of the Kuh Kala Gilgird and is said to flow into the Chyrzan near Susan. Now there was only a deep lake at the eastern end, the western one was now dry. All hope of getting news here had unfortunately turned to water. The heat here is unbearable. Prosopis covers the wide plain completely with a green cloak, the yellowish-white Malvacea of Bassra was cultivated in the garden, called schätann, from which ropes are made.

XV Malamir–Tehran (3. September–21. November 1868)

Thursday, September 3rd. We were supposed to set off early in the morning, but we were missing one horse and two mules, which had been taken to another village to work. I also visited the Tacht Schanischin. It is located at the entrance to a widened valley gap on the right-hand side, a wild stream flows down there in winter; but to protect the town from it, [it is?] [it?] (2_09_083) is surrounded by a stone wall made of thick blocks, which is still partly visible. A clear, strong spring rises here, which soon disappears as a small stream. [Construction]

Meanwhile the animals were found again and we started our journey. [Places] A teng leads there at the western end of the broad [Salman] mountain to Kouschu, while behind the Salmanzunge the territory of Ali Risa Khan, chief of the Chuharleng, extends, called Djaneki; Malamir also belongs to him, but is now inhabited by a taifah dependent on Hussein Kule Khan. On the 2nd, northern tract are the sculptures of the Imamzade Shabsawar. Between the two tracts, however, the lake extends.

The whole plain was about 4 hours long and 2 hours wide. Our route to Susan led along the foot of the southern range, with low layers pointing north. [Places]

Before Rasbend the path led past an isolated, steep limestone rock called Kuh Ushturan. A stream comes down from Rasbend and flows into the now almost completely dried-up 2nd lake, covering a wide area with cyperac. [Places] The wide valley gap that follows is called Kul Hong, in which there are also sculptures. I turned off the path, but found a camp of huts there, whose inhabitants refused to show me the huts no matter how much money I paid. Going alone was too risky.

(2_09_084) This Teng is located to the west, close to the broad Kala Gilgird mountain, which slopes very steeply to the west, while the east side forms a gradually sloping plain, which was crossed yesterday; on its eastern extension, near yesterday's path, lie the sculptures Kul Pharoon in a narrow valley cleft. The Kuh Hong forms 2 high neighboring peaks.

[Places] Where the path comes close to the mountain ranges on the left, one sees the remains of old walls and a flat rubble hill; the place was called Djiw; now there were huts woven from reeds, resting on 4 posts with reed mats laid over them. 2 grottos appear on the left of the path, the larger one in conglomerate rock, both natural and nothing in them. Soon after, one comes to the continuation of the plain, forming a ½ hour wide valley sloping down to the [west?], opposite the Kuh Hong. It was well cultivated; grain sheds reminded me of home, built just like in Germany, only

smaller. [Pfi] The valley soon widens out, forming a basin in which lie the ruins of an old village, now called Biab = no water.

We stopped at a camp of huts where a well provided water for everyone, and was swarmed with large horse wasps. The women were making thick carpets, spread out on the floor like in Anadolia; there were many pretty faces beneath them, with delicate features, especially among the 10-year-old girls. The leaves had infected almost all the children, but they ran around freely and naked.

Blocks of salt in the shape of long gravestones were piled up next to it, brought from Merchu, beyond the left-hand ridge. The valley continues on to the left. We turned right, however, always on cultivated plain with several depressions, until we finally reached the foot of the right-hand ridge, which had now become very low. (Next to the ruins there is a large cemetery with many crude lion sculptures facing west, like the one near Schechan on the way.) The path winds up the rocky ridge, mostly a cobbled road, partly hewn out and supported by walls; but now very bad, as the stones mostly loosely covered the whole road and only made walking more difficult. A deep, vertical crack runs along the left of the same, with fig bushes and pistachios. Once at the top, you find yourself on a wide plateau, initially hilly and forming depressions, about 1 hour wide, then becoming more flat. The path leads over it in the same condition; this ridge reminded me of the Karst or Aleppo formation, cracked on the surface, full of claws and holes; ringing, sometimes dull over caves. (2_09_085) No tree visible on the wide surface, but densely covered with grass. [Pfi] To the left, a higher ridge protrudes in the Gaschun district as a continuation of the southern ridges on the right. The path descends down a deep, steep valley gap in a zigzag, but extremely difficult; down below, in the rock crevices, everything is full of that Scilla.

Gradually climbing, you reach the back of the train and now have a view of the valley of Susan. Here stones were piled up; I heard a Luren companion of Malamir talking behind me; I asked who he was talking to; but he didn't let himself be disturbed; he kept beating his chest with both hands, saying salam aleikum ja Piramber, ja Daniiall, and finally he put one stone with the others. The descent is very long, only very gradual, but also very arduous because the once paved road is almost completely destroyed. Finally, when you reach the valley, you ride through low, mostly round hills made of sandy loam, a mahur, full of dry vegetation, and come to a strong stream that comes from the Teng Reschid from Kuh Hong, forming a deep, dark crevice in the rock where the plateau joins the western high peak.

Susan. In the valley full of leaf huts we ride a little way up to the camp of the chief Mullah Hussein Kuli, son of Skender Khan, where we were very well received. People immediately brought me cucumbers and melons so that I could get medicine. Apparently no European has ever been here. In Malamir I was told that about 7 years ago a European came there, stayed there for several days, but saw nothing; they said he was literally stripped naked through begging and threats; finally they beat him until Ali Riza Khan took him in, who wanted to kill him completely, until finally Ferhad Mirsa, then governor in Schuster, freed him. I don't know whether it's true or not. But it's possible.

Friday, September 4th. In the morning I unfortunately made the sad observation that the inhabitants here were also very suspicious; even for a lot of money they could not be persuaded to take me across the river, for fear that I might pay a visit to the Piramber Daniell. I gave one of them 2 tumans to draw the sights for me. First he led me on yesterday's path through the Mahur to a place up the stream where a pile of rubble from walls indicated the remains of a building, but now grave enclosures had been made from them. One place was a raised tacht, facing the stream that flows past below and here receives a spring emerging from 2 holes, resting on solid walls. Next to it lay an oval, dark limestone, smoothed on both sides, broken into 3 pieces that were laid together. On it, 5' long and 3' wide, is a figure with an unrecognizable face looking towards the front. [Building]

(2_09_086) [Construction] This place is called Shah Disiau.

There was nothing else to note here. I tried to persuade my companions to pay them to accompany me to the sculptures behind the Imamsade Sal Abassi, but to no avail; they didn't want to know anything about it.

[Places] I returned home disgruntled and then, accompanied by two Bakhtiari, went up the river, where they wanted to show me other sculptures. It was supposed to be very close, so I went there on foot in the blazing midday heat, [Places, Pfl] I thought I would faint, only a small spring full of leeches quenched my thirst a little, only to make me sweat all the more.

[Places] Finally, after a two-hour march, I was shown a stone on the road, which, however, only showed a very ordinary weathering in the shape of a snake. I was very disappointed; only the curiosity to find something new had made me take this route. I returned home disgruntled and decided to stay here tomorrow in any case, in order to visit the other side, where opposite the camp are said to be the ruins of the city of Shaher Mokatil, probably named after the Caliph Muktadil, from Baghdad's heyday, with the sculptures of a man and two animals.

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probably a city built there later, and Susan lying down next to it. Susan, or as it is pronounced locally, Sisanbul, refers to the very common Scilla with dirty whitish flowers, whose large bulbs protrude everywhere in rocky places; they are now developing their flowers. Kala Gil-gird here refers to Kala Gilyird, which dominates both the plains of Susan and Malamir; it has no sculptures, but its remains carved into the rock are still visible.

(2_09_087) The plain upstream of the river is called Siwar; looking from it [towards?] Susan, a very lovely view over the emerald green rice fields, behind which the long, straight limestone range of Gaschun stretches along the horizon, behind which a higher, straight range rises, where many sculptures are said to be found, but 4 Pharsach away from here.

[Places] The route from Susan takes four days on a paved road via Basoft, Dinarun, Kaatsch to Tschagachor, but there is no horse feed to be found on that route, so I have to take the longer route upstream. [Places]

The cobbler's path is very convenient, on the plain or between gypsum mahur. The bridge, which is a day's journey up from Susan, is called Pul autu. The four imamsades revered here are: Piramber Agha Däniall, Sal Abassi, Pir Amu, located on the plain opposite the mountain range, where there is a lake, barm sedschal, whose outflow irrigates the left side of Susan. 4) Pir Ahmed [rusbe?]. A mill canal opposite the camp, whose water cascades foaming down the rocks, coming from the lake outflow, served as my bath today. The two banks are connected by tube rafts; the Lurs were constantly seen swimming easily from one bank to the other with a tube on their chest, working only with their legs. It may have been like this in the past, or as in Baghdad, through small [belenis?], because the tengsir bridge was too wide at the north-western end.

The right part of the town lay on a very gradually rising terrace, a triangle narrowed between the mountains, at the upper end of which is the Siaret Daniels. Several mounds of rubble rise from it, namely a larger one with a flat surface. - Tobacco is not grown here, but a lot of sesame, in Persian Kundschi, in Lurian Kenti. [Plant] The rice sprouted panicles; when one of the inhabitants saw that I had taken some ears of corn, (2_09_088) he raised a great cry, for he feared that he would now get very little crops.

Superstition is very great here. [Plants] Cucumbers, melons and watermelons are very commonly cultivated.

Saturday, September 5th. The route to be taken was constantly being changed; in the morning a bucket was supposed to be ready to take me to the other bank, but its preparation was delayed until midday, as they simply did not want to show me anything.

After many words and promises of money, I was finally able to lie down on four inflated goatskins and begin the crossing. A man with a goatskins on his chest pushed me along the Kellek. The river was very deep, 200 paces wide, with popul in places.

Euphr. existed. A large boulder lying above the bank immediately draws attention: on its south-east side one notices two well-worked square holes, 2' high, over 1' wide, one above the other; inside the rock is hollowed out to form a grave, [at?] [the?] top was a rocky elevation, [facing?] south. A rocky spur of the mountain rising above it extends to the bank and, together with the mountain set back, forms a small plain sloping down to the river, densely filled with the stone rubble of the town of Mokatil. Everything is destroyed, only the foundations of the houses are still partially standing, the rest lies scattered about. The building stones often form large boulders, on which the smaller, only very roughly hewn stones were placed as a base, made entirely of [smooth?] P. bark like the stones of the cobbled streets. They asked for 2 tumans to show me a stone, which, lying under the rubble, contained only a few very indistinct Arabic characters. The coins found are said to be all Kufic, so it is not unlikely that it was a city of the Caliph Moktadil. Above the mountain above, you can see 2 prominent rocks, which are said to be where a man and his 2 cows were turned into stone by Ali, who had fled when he arrived. But I suspected only stone structures and not a sculpture, and so did not undertake the arduous climb. [Places]

I then turned more west towards the second mountain indentation, where the ruins of Susan lie, completely taken up by rice fields, so that nothing of the town can really be seen anymore. Almost in the middle of the mountain indentation rises a natural tepe, about 60' high, which bears the flattened ruins of a fort on top, surrounded by rice fields and lush gardens of pomegranates and figs. As I walked faster than my guides, who absolutely did not want to let me go to the upper end of the valley, I turned off there alone, crossed a strong stream of clear water, which was thickly filled with Arundo Donax, pomegranates, figs, etc. Here, beyond it, overshadowed by a group (2_09_089) of old plane trees, rises the sanctuary of Daniel, who according to the inhabitants is supposed to be the patron saint of the world. Unfortunately, it is covered with a large, flat roof. You climb up the steps and from the entrance you can see several new graves, behind which a corridor leads away, but I could not enter it because the sleeping men nearby woke up and heard footsteps. I stole out again unnoticed and lay down under the plane tree as if I were resting. When they saw me, they were beside themselves with fright; everyone ran over to me immediately, asking me with threatening gestures whether I had entered and

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agha. But I asked whether I had not known that he was here and asked them to go in with me. Then they calmed down a little, but still asked me whether it was true or not. Of course I was forbidden to try to go in. If I had been found there, my life would not have been safe. [Places, Pfl] As I now realized that I could not see anything here without Hussein Kule Khan's company, I returned to the river and crossed over. Aneroid 77.4. The heat was extremely oppressive in this deep valley. Tschachor 284. Malamir 8.

Sunday, September 6th. I left this inhospitable land three hours before sunrise, feeling disgruntled, where everything had to be paid for dearly, while in the Emirsade district everything was delivered free of charge. The path leads up the valley, then steeply along the river bank on a paved path, with the remains of a building on the side of a hill, then on a hilly plain with cultivated areas to the end of the plain, where once there was a large town, now only stone rubble, next to a cemetery with many lion sculptures, facing west. [Places]

The very stony path now leads gradually upwards in great heat, along the right side of the Kuh Kala Gilgird, with steep slopes, in the valley covered with light walloons. (In Malamir and Susan, large, oval vessels lay next to the huts; they were made from kneaded dung, from which sausages were rolled and laid one on top of the other; finally covered with earth, they are used to store grain.) (2_09_090) You ride along the valley, which is now completely empty of water, past a deep well, but now also buried, and you come back to the large caravanserai Kala Medresse. This time, however, we chose the better path along the north side of the mountain, where the stream from Kala Medresse falls into the Chyr-san. [Places] About 50' above the river, you can see the pillars of a bridge on both sides, over which a high pointed arch once arched; it is said to have been in disrepair for a very long time. The great caravan route once crossed over it to the right bank, from there up the valley to Shiraz and Ispahan, from Susan and Malamir. [Places] The path now continues upstream in the valley for a short distance, where we arrive again at the former Menzil Rokāt.

[Places] When we climbed up to the flat bank we found that the camp had been changed, only a few huts belonging to the poor had remained. We had to continue for another hour, where we arrived towards evening after a march of about 1000 m.

7 Pharsach arrived. Aneroid 75. [Places]

Monday, September 7th. In the morning we went down to the river, which had to be crossed to Kellek. [Pfl] After a long discussion, we finally found 6 hoses, which were tied together and then gradually carried all the baggage across. The horses had to swim. River approx.

100 paces wide, but very deep and rushing. On the other bank stands a dilapidated caravanserai from ancient times. The path now goes up the rockless foothills of the Kuh Gil, made of colorful marls, whose descent leads into the valley of Kala Serd. A stream that often disappears and reappears (2_09_091) irrigates several garnet gardens full of fruit, the guards' huts are placed on rocky outcrops. [Places]

Another 1 pharsach up through dense Walloon forests and we reach the Menzil, Kala Dehidis. Skender chan, the chief of the Djaneki, received us very friendly and was very annoyed about the Kätchudas of Malamir and Susan. The village, consisting of 30 houses, lies on the rising valley below the domed mountain range. A kala built of stone, surrounded by high walls and with 4 towers is the chief's residence. Next to it is a bath and a large garden full of pomegranates, with wine, juglans, and rose bushes. 3 large caves, natural, are in the rock wall above the village. Below the village lie the ruins of a large kala built of small stones and gypsum, which is attributed to King Iredj, but without inscriptions. In the evening everyone was gathered around a large fire in the square; people were amazed at me and made conjectures about the purpose of my journey. The people were very pushy, fanatical, I couldn't take a step alone, even when I went into the purgare garden, everyone was watching me. It wasn't until midnight that the food appeared, pillau with meat and sharbat. Although so much rice is grown here, there was nowhere left to find any for a pillau, so here [he...?]. [Places]

Tuesday, September 8th. One hour before the sun, we rode up Mount Merwari; the high mountains of the Karun range opposite glowed as if in fire. [Places] (2_09_092) [Places] The Kuh Rigk also appears here as a long ridge, at its northern foot stretches the wide, fertile plain of Lurdegan, now shrouded in mist, the great abundance of water is used diligently for rice cultivation, so that one can travel for three days between rice fields; its climate is said to be the same as that of [Schelik?]. (Aneroid 67.4).

The Serabfluss empties into the Korrend, which has received the latter above the Basoft, whereupon it joins the Chyrsan at Bors.

[Places, Pfl, Places, Pfl]

Once in the valley, a rocky limestone cliff stretches along the bank, through which the stream breaks right between vertical rocks. You ride around the rock at the eastern end, where the deep stream roars vertically below; the path here is only 5' wide and about 40' above the river, carved into the rock and supported by a wall. The mules had to be led across without their load. Turning around the rock, you suddenly find yourself in a basin surrounded by vertical rocks, in which the water flows like a

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Lake appears calm. A path carved into the rock leads to the bridge, called Pul A Maret. The stream breaks out of the narrow gap here; on this side, however, part of the rock has been cut away, over which the path leads. The bridge consists only of swaying tree branches covered with earth, 20' long, 4' wide, but several holes in it required the greatest caution. Beyond this, the path continues on the carved rock, 60 paces long, where steps have been carved into the rock, but these have become so smooth and polished over time that all the horses fell.

[Places] (2_09_093) [Places] Many roughly carved newer inscriptions on the wall, including a two-line inscription that contains the name of the builder of the bridge, Schemsedin. [Places, Pfl]

The rice fields of the village of Gausalek lie on the left bank. Once again, we climb up to the wide high valley of Djelil, where we ride through the cold stream, which is covered with dense plane trees and [vine thickets?], forming many small waterfalls. It now remains to the left in the main valley, while the path turns right, up a steep gypsum mountain in great heat; on the path there is a square grave carved out of the rock, like that at Susan; at the top it turns into a wide plain covered with walloons, on which the trees had been burned in places and cut down to fertilize the soil; everywhere one could see such cultivated areas with the young shoots, the inhabitants [were?] now busy separating the wheat from the straw by throwing it into the air.

to separate.

The Kätchuda had set up camp on the plain, where we were quartered. Skender Khan had sent a man to the innkeeper to serve us well. A relative of Hussein Kule Khan was here, but he could not hide his suspicions from me; even if you don't come now, then perhaps in a few years. All the talking was of no use, because why are you coming here when you have everything in abundance in Franzistan? Making gold from plants is always the favorite topic; since several plants turn the goats' teeth yellow, people believe there is gold in them. - The Djelil district belongs to Djaneki, but Susan to Dinarun. Pillau with yoghurt was dinner, along with dschillaus = boiled [umbel.?] sprouts. People with eye problems and a woman of the Kätchuda who was suffering from pallor asked me for medicine.

Wednesday, September 9th. Early in the morning, in bitter cold (Aneroid 67.4), the journey continued; the plain became hilly, consisting of marl and gypsum. Today only 2 Pharsach the Menzil, as there is no longer any village. The vegetation here in the light forests consists of *Convolv. alb. scop.*

[Pfl] (2_09_094) [Pfl] Again in the ascending valley, the dry Maregun Umbell appears very frequently. With yellow gum, along with Kuma and [Pfl]. But everything is dry. The descent led in several stages into the valley of Serchun, where we

stay today. Aneroid here 69.4. Very hot during the day. The valley is crossed by a strong stream, full of old, very thick plane trees. Rice is grown everywhere, which was almost ripe here in the deeper valley. [Plants] The slopes are full of leaf huts and a few black tents; in the valley there are 2 round, natural tepes, but natural ones with flattened backs. To the side of the back one there is an imamsade surrounded by a wall with a pointed dome by Said Schaudi Mohammed. [Places]

Thursday, September 10th. We had to change our route here because the bridge over the Korrengk River at the next station, Dupulum, where the main road leads, had broken down. We ride along the stream between rice fields and in half an hour we reach the end of the Serchun Valley, where the spring emerges at the foot of a limestone mountain that closes the valley. It immediately forms the strong stream that runs downhill through the old town of Alisat to the Correngk.

Tall elms, plane trees, willows and ash trees shade its banks. [Pfl]

A now dry bed of a stream comes down to it from the mountains above. [Places] (2_09_095) [Places]

Riding gradually uphill along the stream in the densely wooded valley (Chara Malamir), the area becomes flatter after half an hour, you come to an open valley basin, the Walloon trees suddenly stop. [Pfl] Very gradually the path now leads upwards towards the north to the Kuh Gerrä pass, which has a large green area on the left on this side, otherwise everything is bare and dry. A small spring, flowing into a hollowed-out tree trunk, on the path, where we rested. [Pfl] The Iliats, whose places of huts were visible everywhere, had already all gone to the warmer Germesir. [Places] The descent over marl-slate layers, into which the path had only recently been cut, leads into a valley full of vegetation, but dry. [Pfl] Rocks rise up on the side of the valley, which is closed off by a hill on the right. You ride downhill near the snowfields above and after an hour you reach a wooded valley, at the entrance of which stones proclaim an imamsade as tepe salam. On the side of the small valley rises the imamsade Shahsade Machmud, one of Kasim's descendants, built from rough stones with a pointed dome roof and surrounded by a wall. Opposite it you can see three rock tombs carved out in a square on the rock face, and several others are in the rock face behind them. They were now used as storage places for grain that was cultivated here by two dervishes who were camping here in a tent.

The path now leads down a very narrow valley, where a strong stream of cold water rises, rushing down between rocks and thick bushes of willows and elms. The descent is extremely difficult, although the dervish assured us that he had just repaired it. On the left bank

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it crosses a dangerous layer of rock, on the side of which the path was only 1' wide, but in such a way that the arch of the same led to the vertically descending rock face. A few tree branches laid beside it were only intended to serve as an apparent extension of the path. (2_09_096) The mules were relieved of their load, but the first of them fell and ripped the branches into the abyss with a clatter; only by holding the animals with ropes and laying carpets over the smooth rock did we manage to get over it without further accidents. Immediately after this we rode across the stream and climbed steeply to descend to it again on a bad, rocky path. [Pfl] The stream breaks through a narrow, rocky gorge and immediately breaks into the wide valley of Gauwend, whose village is surrounded by green rice fields. The path goes around the gorge, leads up the slope and then continues between Walloon forests with plenty of manna on the slope of the mountains as if on a plain, while the friendly, open valley of Gauwend remains to the right, where white [marls?] lie on blood-red marls. Between the Walloons with small-fruited, half-covered or elongated or rounded fully covered fruits, protruding or smooth, longer or shorter, with broad or elongated leaves, more or less serrated; *Viola odorata* in a place that I did not notice anywhere else. [Places] A short climb leads to Tschillau, our Menzil, located on a small plain on the wide hill Thalab, consisting of about 30 houses, whose inhabitants were now all camping in black tents next to the village.

Friday, September 11th. Climbing up from the village, you reach a large plain, well cultivated, as the Walloon trees here had all been cleared. The small village of Sermo lay in a depression, next to which many wells had been dug, as there was no spring water here. The path now becomes steeper, over a ridge called mochul Koschtae, from the back of which there is a wide view over new mountain ranges. [Places] (2_09_097) [Places] Down the slope, [Pfl] between Walloons, you reach a small valley with a dry bed of a stream, on the side of whose rock walls several rock tombs were hewn. [Pfl]

The ascent leads to the village of 12 Imam, which is situated on a small plain and has a lion sculpture, where we had the Kätchuda prepare breakfast for us. Immediately afterwards the path leads steeply down over light marl layers to the river. [Places] After half an hour you reach the bridge, called Pul Mellek, resting on two large boulders on either side, which narrow the river to 25'.

It consists only of branches covered with earth, and the view down to the fast-flowing stream is very dizzying. On the other side, the path is partly carved into white marble, but so slippery that all animals would fall on the protruding rocks. After a long climb, you reach the Ärdell plain,

which, by the way, is not a plain, but a region crossed by broad hills.

Mahur forms. A valley half an hour wide with gradual decline on both sides is crossed, without a stream, which however flows just below, where the village of Sheikh Mahmud lies in a small depression above the Cor-rengk. [Pfl] This hilly terrain is crossed transversely, at the large town of Ärdell, the winter residence of Hussein Kula Khan, with Kala, looks to the left.

Several spring-fed slopes unite to form a stream which flows south-east and is interspersed. This is followed by the village of Meryek, [Pfl] surrounded by a few trees.

(2_09_098) After an hour of climbing and descending, I arrived at the foot of the gerdennä Nachun, where the village of Nachun with its orchard of Hussein Kule Khan is located. We stopped next to the village and pitched our tent under a large juglans. All around the village, the people lived on men who worked the fields with cows and a very simple plough.

Everyone gathered around us at once, but the Kätchuda could not be found, and we were told that we should move on, as there was nothing to be had here. We ignored them, however, and told them that we would tell the Khan about it. After a long wait, the Kätchuda finally came in the evening and apologized for not having known anything about it; he brought us melons and grapes from the garden, and later a pillau and meat.

He gave back the money I had given him earlier. The night was very cold, made even colder by violent gusts of wind, especially in the afternoon with frequent whirlwinds. Everything wears low, round, brown caps, never high ones.

Beyond the valley, which is one hour wide, stretches the long, torn Kuh Basgerun, behind which flows the Correngk. Aneroid 64.1.

Saturday, September 12th. In the morning we climbed the Gerdennä, which rises above the town and, after a short descent, leads into a narrow transverse valley called Teng Nagun. [Pfl] A stream flows through the valley, then turns west of the Gerdennä, which forms the outflow of a lake full of ducks and storks, called Silegun, which is reached after half an hour. From the transverse valley we enter the Langenthal, which is closed off here on the left by a mountain, and we come to the road to Burudjird. [At the?] southern end of the pond, which is half an hour in circumference, Djefer Kuli Chan, father of Hussein Kuli Chan, built a wide stone dam, like a bridge, with two water outlets; the path leads over it to a Gerdennä. In the Längenthal, about half an hour wide, the path continues eastwards on a smooth plain, bordered on both sides by rocky ridges and mostly cultivated. In spring the lake almost completely fills one of the northern sides of the valley. Now it was full of numerous black tents, and we met large groups of Bakhtiari with cows, large black buffaloes, horses, dogs, chickens; the women on the

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Sitting on horses, behind them 2 children, next to them on the side the sieve, copper kettle, cradle, who were drawn to the hermesir.

After an hour's hard ride, the end of the valley is reached, where it passes the ruins of a former stone village with a large spring; several old, approx. 6' long, 2' high and wide square gravestones (2_09_099) along the way. The valley forms a sudden drop, a small Kotel, from which the Tschaachor plain can now be seen. A good, wide, newly laid path leads down to it, where a bare peak rises to the left and a strong, clear spring rises in the plain nearby, but its outflow remains in the plain and forms a swampy stream full of hippuris. On the completely flat plain, which is a dried-up lake bed, after half an hour we reach Kala Tschaachor, which rises up on a small hill in the middle of the plain, at the foot of which I found a tent already pitched for myself. Unfortunately the Khan was not back yet; I found all my effects here safe and sound. His son, Skender Khan, of good-natured appearance, paid me a visit immediately and put everything at my disposal. The Khan's mother sent me a basket of sugar and tea to welcome me and asked me to come to her in the evening. Beyond the low mountain range to the north lies a very deep lake called Dehno, with no outlet. [Places]

Sunday, September 13th. Spent in the tent tidying up. [Places] (2_09_100) [Places]

There was a lot of naphtha at Rasiun. A mullah told me that in Teng Mellekabad in Bulluk Kamfirus a stone dam was built along the river from large, hewn stones, which is attributed to a woman; there is said to be an old inscription on the rock with characters like those at Teng Serwek. The road there leads from Fatabad in 7 Pharsach to Durusen, from there another 1 Pharsach. The son of Ilchani told me that at Iwä, a short day's journey down from Susan (Andekan from Malamir 2 days), there are said to be many sculptures.

The large ruined city lies on the left bank of the river, has many gardens and a kala with an old bridge. A destroyed bridge over the Khyrsan, and another is said to have led over a wide riverbed that only carries water in winter and descends from the mountain, but nothing of this remains. One corner of the kala there is said to consist of a single large stone. It lies at the foot of the mountain that stretches out like a wall and is visible from Susan. The Ilkhani knew nothing of inscriptions or the like, as the Bakhtiars do not concern themselves with them. He called this Iwe Iwedj, as the former winter residence of the Atabegs, who camped in the summer in Zerdekuh near Jub e zerd = cold canal. The water is said to be so cold that one cannot keep one's hand in it. Between Susan and Iwedj there is a path cut into the rock, like that at Malamir. The Daniel of [Sarun?] is called the little Daniel, Daniel asghar, in contrast to Daniel akbar,

the great Daniel, who is worshipped in Susa, whose grave is between water. The Atabegs also ruled the Kuh Gelu at that time. The Mes-dschid Soleiman, only 2 days from Schuster, is said to be a large building made of enormous ashlars with inscriptions. A shoemaker told me that the alleged grave of Daniel in Susan is only a Kademga, the real grave is in Susa in the river. The interior of Susan is said to contain an ashlar stone about 6' long and 4' wide with an inscription and a lion or a cow.

Nothing was known about the fish basin inside, only the spring next to it on the outside. [Places]

Before the Teng Baba Achmed the ruined city of Bonawar and near Chemesur an old bridge, restored by the Ilkhani. – The lake above at Susan is said to spin in whirlpools and pull everything down. – At Basoft, which may perhaps be the [Eidedj?] at Ebn Batuta, everything is full of luxuriant gardens and a bridge leads over the river. – I was told here that the (2_09_101) whole area around Tschaachor once belonged to the Armenians, but they were displaced by the Gash-gai, who in turn were displaced by the Bakhtiars.

Monday, September 14th. In the morning we were supposed to set off on an excursion to Kuh Kellal, but it was not until midday that everything was ready to set off. Skender Khan gave me a servant to accompany me, along with instructions for the Kätchuda of Abergan to get me some food. The servant, a crazy fellow, had the exact physiognomy of an Armenian, of which one sees many here, perhaps descended from ancestors who became Shiites and then mixed with them. Because of the wide, swampy areas, a large detour had to be made, as a muddy stream running through the plain from the western end prevented the passage. Therefore, we first rode south, almost to the mountain range, where it rises on an isolated, rocky hill, from there the path leads east past many black tents of the Bakhtiari. [Places]

Next to the village of Desgird, at the entrance to the marl hills on a slope where a strong stream flows past, there is an old Armenian cemetery on a hill with very large, square gravestones made of dark limestone, the same formation as north of Ispahan, which now begins here.

The stones were mostly 6' long, 4' wide and 2' thick, some of which had inscriptions, but all were marked with a cross. The inscriptions were framed by [sign], and a basin-shaped depression was worked in under the cross. One had the following inscription: [Insch]. (2_09_102) Another with the following inscription: [Insch]. Next to the village, which consisted of around 100 houses, there was once a fort built of earth. Everywhere people were now busy cleaning the wheat, here a kind of spelt. After half an hour further up between the hills you come to the equally large town of Abergan. [Places]

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From the village to Desgird, everything was full of flax fields, called pesserek, whose seeds are used as fuel oil. [Pfl] Very often the yellow-threaded *Cuscuta Epithimum* appeared on the flax, called abrischumek. Also frequently *Avena sativa* grew between it, called sengel gia. In moist, springy places there was a large amount of iris in fruit, the brown roots of which were dug up by women, called genderga here, which are used as a decoction for purging. [Pfl] In the garden next to the village I spent the afternoon under a mighty, thick juglans. [Pfl] Several fields full of cannabis, melons and cucumbers, [Pfl]. In the evening I returned to the village, where I slept in the house of Katchuda. The inhabitants were very importunate, even the women all came to stare at me; many of them offered themselves to me for fun, but only the young girls could be called pretty, but they were covered in dirt.

(2_09_103) *Tuesday, September 15th*. In the morning, after much shouting for bread, eggs and meat, we set off very late, accompanied by three Bakhtiari; the effects were carried by mules, but the horses were sent back.

The path continues over the low hill range and leads into a small plain, which already contains the mountain flora, but of course everything is dry. Colchic = gul hasrett of the Bakhtiari were often in bloom. [Pfl] At the end of the plain, the path leads up a narrow, rocky valley, in which better vegetation was now appearing. It zigzags up a steep mountain, past snow crevices above, which now still appeared completely green. The plateau-like ridge full of hard, solid limestone is crossed and one descends to a green high valley, the opposite side of the mountain of which was covered in snow.

Here we had to look for a place to stay for the night, and luckily I found a rocky outcrop, the entrance to which the shepherds had surrounded with a stone wall. Water was found right next to it through the runoff from a patch of snow, and wood for the fire was provided by the *Acanthol* and *Astragalus* species. My companions could not find a suitable place and so told me that I should sleep outside and they should sleep in the grotto. I laughed at them, of course, but told them that they could sleep here with me; their fanaticism, however, did not allow me to sleep under the same roof as a Firengi; so they withdrew, I do not know where, and left me alone. Well wrapped up in blankets, I slept very well. [Pfl] (2_09_104) [Pfl]

(2_09_105) *Wednesday, September 16th*. In the morning I looked around in vain for my companions, I thought they had returned. So I climbed the highest peak above the cave all alone. Aneroid in camp 76.6, but above that the mountains rise by about 2,500–3,000'. The climb did not present any great difficulties, only the earthen scree smoothed by snow was arduous and required caution. [Places] On the uppermost snowfields,

not a single plant, everything bare. The view from this high peak, which rises only slightly above the ridges, is overwhelming: [Places] (2_09_106)
[Places]. The mountain ranges can be followed for a long way, rising up to 243 meters, all as if rising from a wide plain, but all bare and rigid, like skeletons, crossing the landscape. The Kellal and Sebsekuh are no longer covered in forest, while south of them all the mountains are densely covered. What is the reason for this? However, a change in the rock occurs here, as the Ispahan rock, sometimes dark, sometimes lighter, now begins. They were certainly not covered in forest before, almost without any earth cover. [Places]

Soon I started back again, and when I reached the cave, after a while my guides, who had set out to hunt ibexes, also came back. We took the same route back to the back of the first group, which we then climbed down into a green valley crevice with snow. [Pfl] There were bear tracks everywhere, deep holes [for?] digging out roots. Soon we reached the foot again, along which a small plain stretches with a strong spring, leading to Desgird. We reached the tent again on foot towards evening.

(2_09_108) *Thursday, September 17th, see later September 30th.* As to where the city given by Ebn Batuta as [Eidedj?] or Idhai as the residence of an Atabeg is to be found, I am of the opinion that it is not to be found in Malamir, but at the foot of the Daena in the ruins of Meimend. His three days' march over the Mungasht Mountains coincide with this locality, and even today this is the route from there to Ispahan, namely via Sadat, also called Shah-sade Ghaleb, the 2nd day to Buhle on the Khyrsan at the foot of the Kuh Shurom, the 3rd day to Meimen or today to Pelardt. Remains of two large bridges can be found over the Khyrsan, one above at Meimen, now called Pul Arusen, the other Pul Atabegi. 2 Pharsach below Meimen seems to have been only a strong fortress; one can now only see the Kasr-like ruins, every building surrounded by walls. The neighboring Lurdegan, more correctly written Lur tikan = market town of the Lurs, would then have been the commercial town; it is said to have had an abundance of gardens, lots of grapes, but the climate was bad, fever, dysentery, diarrhoea very common. From Lurti-kan to the Kuhreng stream about 3 Pharsach. The small town is said to have been destroyed by the Afghans. Now a lot of rice is grown there, it is the seat of a khan in a kala on a hill in the Djaneki Serhadi district, while Malamir belongs to Djaneki Germesiri. The ruins are said to no longer reveal much, just piles of stones, daffodils very common here, the neighboring round lake very deep, full of large water birds. I could not find out anything about the name [Eidedj?] anywhere, it was completely unknown, see later *September 30th*. [The?]

place called Asker [Makarram?]

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and [Lenkkur?] I consider to be today's Malamir and Susan, both 4 days' journey from Lurdegan, with paths carved into the rocks that were comfortable at the time and many caravanserais at the side, the ruins of which now stand alone as a sign of a past blossoming of the country that was so richly endowed by nature. Game and poultry are in abundance in the richly forested mountains. Honey is excellent; water everywhere, which is now used for a lot of rice cultivation in the valleys and valley plains. Lots of bears. An ore containing (whether Hg?) can be found in loose blocks in several mountains. [Places] (2_09_109) [Places]

Friday, September 18th. A Mullah, called Saleh, from Imamsade Ismael, who was staying here because he had been robbed of 800 Tumans, told me a lot about his area; he wanted to persuade me to come with him to look for treasures. The whole area of Kamfirus, Beisa, Maien is full of antiquities. 1 Pharsach of Maien is the mountain [Alev?], at the foot of which are the remains of a Kala, where inscriptions are said to be on the rocks. The river Shah Bahram rises near Main from 2 springs, half an hour apart; there are said to be inscriptions and sculptures above both springs (2_09_110). 2 bridges once led over the river, which still bears the name of the Bahram, who is so native here; the place where it sank near Assupas, called Gur Bahram, is still visible today. At the source of the river there is said to be a sculpture of a carved block of rock, probably that of an Ateshgada, but the Mullah thought it was a sign of recognition for the hidden treasure. (Main of Takht Dschemschid 8 Pharsach).

In Teng Mellekabad the river is said to have a mighty wall of large stones on both sides, with an inscription on the rock. At Kosro Shirin there are also said to be sculptures and inscriptions, as well as the remains of a Kala. I tried to put the map together with the Mullah, but it was impossible, he had no idea. If I drew the cow Daena on one side, he wanted him on the other, and if I drew it there, the tent wood had to represent the Daena. [Places] (2_09_111) [Places]

The Beis district with about 200 villages. Ardekun-Dussegard 6 Pharsach. Above Dussegurd is the Kuh Serawi or Rondj, where there are supposed to be sculptures above a spring. Kosro Shirin is 12 Pharsach from Kala Shehrek; the route goes via Main, Imamsade Ismael, Assupas. Much of this may be based on the Mullah's imagination, but some of it may be true. The whole area is highly worthy of close investigation.

Saturday, September 19th. The sons of Ilkhani helped me to draw up a map of the area, and they showed great skill in doing so. [Places] I was constantly able to convince myself that the Bakhtiari are born robbers. Last night, a chest full of silk fabrics was stolen from one of the Ispahan merchants in the night from the tent in which he was sleeping; it was possible

nor to find the scoundrel. During the night my washing utensils, comb, razor, etc. were stolen, which are of no use to them. During the day they came directly into the tent under all sorts of pretexts, taking the opportunity to look at everything, (2_09_112) and I was only able to drive them out by force.

Sunday, September 20th - September 29th, Tuesday. Constantly plagued by violent attacks of fever, which made me incapable of any excursion. The mornings were very pleasant, windless; however, around midday there were frequent violent gusts of wind. In the evening 15 °C. Aneroid 62.9. The nights were always very cold. Every morning there was thick fog over the marshy plain. At sunset the mountains were magnificently clear in color, and the same was true at sunrise; you could almost believe you could reach them with a stone's throw, the smallest details visible. [Pfl]

The Ilkhani only returned today, towards evening. As soon as the train approached the tents, the Ilkhani galloped ahead to my tent, and before I could even step out, he was already at the door, happily calling out his choshanat to me. He sat down in the tent, while his brother and everyone else had to stand in front of the tent. He recognized me immediately and told me that Mr. Loftus had traveled from here to Malamir 14 years ago and that he had described everything. He tried to talk me out of the excursion to Serdekuh, since all the Iliats had now moved to Germesir and it was freezing cold there. Instead, he suggested that I go with him to Schuster to travel through the mountains in the spring. When Malamir was mentioned, he was very happy that I had escaped so well, since the worst people in his entire district were there. Tomorrow the Iliats are also setting off from here to Germesir. It seemed a great thing to the people standing around that the Ilkhani came to me immediately before he had even set foot in his house and bowed so deeply in greeting me. In a few days his brother is travelling to Teheran to bring 500 soldiers there; I was to travel with him via Ispahan.

Wednesday, September 30th. Little of note emerged from the conversations with the Ilchani; he had no interest in them and it visibly tired him out. [Places]

From Tschagachor to Semiram the route leads via Gendemun, from there it is said to be another 12 Pharsach to Semiran on a plateau devoid of villages, crossed only by Gashgai Iliats, known as robbers; this route is rarely taken from here. The route to Yesdekast is therefore not taken in that direction either, but via Urudjen to Kumischah. The ruins lying in the valley of Basoft are said to have once belonged to 300 villages. According to the Ilchani, the Lurs are divided into Luri buzurg, namely the Bachtians and the Lurs of the

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Kuh Gelu. 2) Luri Kutschuk includes the (2_09_113) area of Choromabad. The Bakhtiars are divided into 2 large taifas, Chuhar leng and Haftleng, because they were assessed at 4 and 7, giving 1 for every 7 horses. The former are under a special Ilchani, Ali Riza Khan of Kala Tul, whose district is called Djaneki. A part of the Chuharleng, namely the Seleki and Memiwend taifas, together 6,000 families, are under Burudjird. - The Haftleng are divided into 4 large taifas, namely Bachtariwend, 2,000 families, once much larger, but weakened by quarrels among themselves; Dureki 2,500 tents, Babati 2,000 tents, Dinaran 3,000 tents. Each deep Taifes breaks down into many smaller Tirehs.

Unfortunately I have to give up my project for Zerdekuh. There is no one there anymore, so staying here is out of the question. Unfortunately I have to give up the route to Burudjird. The Ilkhani cannot give any animals until then, as he claimed not to be on good terms with those living there. So everything here has turned to water, and the only route left for me is to go to Ispahan. The Armenians of Tschagachor are said to have left here about 100 years ago, he said; the villages are said to have been destroyed by the Afghans. The old seats of the Bakhtiars were always Zerdekuh and Dinarun. When Ritter 9.3, page 133, says that a third communication between Chusistan and Fars does not seem to exist, he is mistaken; a previously convenient road leads along the Khyr-san up via Bors, Lurtikan to Meimen or Pelardt, where it splits. One goes along the southern foot of the Kuh Daena, the other along the northern foot of the Kuh Daena to Fars. Last night there was a heavy storm with rain, 10° in the evening. But this morning at sunrise it was 3°C.

Thursday, October 1st. Towards the evening 8 °C. The slowness with which the Bakhtiarians are getting my things ready for departure is unheard of, I don't know what to do for boredom. I visited the old Armenian cemetery nearby, where several stones stand out. [Construction]



Fig. 14: Grave inscriptions of the Armenian cemetery of Kala Tschogha-Khor (2_09_113)

(2_09_114) Aneroid 62.9 in Chagachor. The Bakhtiars all wear the small, round felt cap. Their music is the same monotonous melody as Persian music; I listened to it all day today, as the youngest son had a wedding. But nobody was allowed to do so.

As for the name of the Kuran River, this is one of those distortions that often occur in Persia. The actual name is ab Kuh reng, after the northern part of the Zerdekuh, called Kuh reng, so called, from which it flows down, joining with many other sources of the Zerdekuh opposite in a broad valley, open to the southeast, but closed to the northwest. In the upper reaches it is sometimes called Kohreng or Korend, further downstream Kuran and among the Arabs Karun. The Bakhtiari consider it to be the beginning of the Zerdekuh, but its natural beginning is the Kuh Daena. - I heard today of another Susan, an old village near Basoft. -

I could not learn anything about the original origin of the Bakhtiari, I was told that they descended from two brothers. The north side of the Kuh-reng gives rise to the Zendand, the south side of the Zerdekuh to the river of Basoft. - From Iwedj to Ispahan is 10 days, this is the way from Schuster via [Dastenä?].

Saturday, October 3rd. At midday, after much discussion, everything was finally ready for departure, after the Ilchani gave me a foal that he had just bought for 6 tumans. He did everything with his mouth, but in reality very little, and he made a lot of fuss about the mules in particular.

In the afternoon we finally set off, accompanied by 7 mules, 2 cherveders and a mehmender. The path first leads upwards on the plain, in order to ride around the moat that flows in the plain. [Places] The path turns right around the [Kuh Saldarun], where the Kuh Ahengeri now appears in front of us. It then turns left after ½ hour, and you come to a valley about ½ hour wide, in which the large village of Gerru, belonging to Hussein Kule Khan, lies right in front. An imamsade in front of the village. We dismounted in the Kala des Khans, with a balakhane. Opposite is a garden with vines. [Places] (2_09_115) [Places]

Sunday, October 4th. Early in the morning, we set off under moonlight for Deh Kurd, 6 Pharsach away. We rode across the half-hour wide plain between Kuh Ahengeri and Sochte, towards the end of the Ahen-geri. [Places] The whole plain was well cultivated, now only the chickpeas were left in the field, with water running through them; one variety with violet flowers, the other with white ones. [Plants, Places] Entering the transverse valley between Ahengeri and Djumbi, in the middle of it at the foot of the Djumbi lies the valley of approx.

60 houses, where we had breakfast. We often encountered the donkeys loaded with grapes, which were brought by the Bakhtiarians.

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were plundered by the horsemen, but the hunger was not great. A stream flows along the valley, coming from Herdschegun. Above the village a mountain rises steeply, dividing the valley into two parts, in which the village of Deschnis appears on the right, the path leads to the left along this mountain and the Djumbi, where the stream comes from. (2_09_116) [Places]

After passing Tschachonek, you enter a wide plain, about 5 phar-sach long, 2 phar-sach wide, in which the village of Ach-metabad, inhabited by Armenians, appears in the foreground. The women, all dressed in red cloth, were helping their husbands to clean the grain, something I never noticed with the Muslim men. The path splits here, leading straight to Gaweroch, but we turned left and rode across the plain towards the large village of Deh Kurd, about 1 ½ phar-sach away from here, on the other side of the low mountain range. The stream coming down from there is crossed several times, with the large village of Schehrek remaining on the right for ½ hour, with Gaweroch further east. Schehrek was once a large town and the capital of Chuhar-mahal; it is now inhabited by about 500 Turk families.

Finally, I reached the large town of Deh Kurd, which consists of 800 houses, where I went to the Hakim of 4mahal, Mirsa Hussein Khan. He showed me to the house of Kätchuda, where I settled in a well-equipped room. The place has more of an urban feel, with wide, clean streets, the earth houses in good condition, not falling apart like in most Persian towns. Towards evening, I paid the Hakim a visit, he sent me his magnificently harnessed horse and a number of cawass, who walked ahead of me and made the people stand up and move aside by shouting loudly. (2_09_117) The path led me past the large, newly built brick mosque. The Hakim lives in a large earth fort, but it was well furnished inside and even had chairs. He received me very friendly, stood up and shook my hand in a European manner. He was from Shiraz and had been here for a year. He was not happy with the climate, he had a lot of fever and heavy water. I was given three cups of Kallian and the same number of cups of tea, which the other greats did not do. He pressed the firman respectfully to his forehead and handed it to me standing up. 74 villages belonged to his district, giving a total of 4,000 tumans in annual taxes. Of these, 3 were Armenian villages and 2 were Turkish, the latter being Schehrek and Samun, the latter situated on the Zahinderud, 3 Pharsach from here. – [Places]

There is no village called Djumbi, only the mountain is called that; on it there is said to be anguseh, also gesengebin, which is obtained from a small, prickly plant, a species of astragalus, by shaking it off at the beginning of September. Ane-roid 64.8. Heavy dust whirlwind in the plain. The many servants reckoned

everyone was expecting a large tip, but they were wrong; here too they were spoiled by an Englishman who had just passed through.

Monday, October 5th. We were supposed to set off early in the morning, but as I had foreseen, it happened. The Hakim wanted to provide mules, and they finally came, but only small, weak ones that could not carry my heavy boxes. I therefore ordered the Ilchani's men to get their animals ready, but this again caused a long delay because of the various paperwork. So our departure was delayed until almost midday. The servants literally surrounded me, and when I finally got on my feet, they followed me for a long time, especially one of them, whom I had only asked a few village names. [Places] Riding out of the sprawling village, which is equipped with a small bazaar and is the main town of Chuarmahal, the path leads in a completely flat way always close to the mountain range on the left, crossed by a few kanats, coming from Gaweroch, (2_09_118) whereby the sprawling town of Scheherek remains ½ hour to the right.

After 2 Pharsach I finally reached the big town of Gýweroch, where I 1 hour to have breakfast. The clean village is crossed by a stream that rises above in the valley. Here the plain is closed, parallel mountain ranges continue in this direction, in particular a steep pyramid above the village stands out. Here you turn left and ride up a wide valley, where on the left in the plain you can see the village's numerous vineyards, enclosed by walls. The path continues on a completely flat level, past the village's excellent spring, and after passing 2 wide valley plains, separated from each other by steep ridges, you reach the Gerdennä Roch mountain pass after 1 ½ hours. On this side the ascent is short and very gradual, a wide, comfortable path leads over it.

At the top, on the left of the path, you can see a rock face, overgrown with some Celtis trees, which were hung with rags, and next to it are piles of stones, because here Ali, pursued by enemies, is said to have locked himself in the rock, and a boulder lying below in the valley is believed to be the petrified cow of a man who would not listen to Ali's words. On the ridge of the mountain, the path is paved, but has become very bad and patchy. At the top there is a stone hut belonging to a tüfenkdschi, who has to keep watch on the path. [Places] (2_09_119) [Places] The path now winds down to the lower plain. [Pfl, Places] The path leads past the villages [Kulli schahde-roch, Kala agha and Lahibit], always along the steeply rising Kuh Roch to the right, where the black, solid limestone now predominates, with white quartz veins running through it. [Plants, Places]

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Late at night we finally reached Tschermi, after which we wandered around for a long time in the ruined part of the village, surrounded by gardens, until we finally saw light. Tschermi, about 70 houses. We dismounted in the earthen fort of a khan who seemed rich, but had no manners and was very different from the previous ones. [Places]

Tuesday, October 6th. In the morning we passed the extensive walled gardens, and the path led straight down through the plain, which now bears the character of the deserts of Kum and Kashan. [Places]

Isolated rocky mountains dot the plain. From Herdeh the path goes up to Sefiddescht 2 Pharsach. In front of us, beyond, the approximately 5 Pharsach wide plain is bordered by the Kuh Surch and Gapisse, (2_09_120) at the latter the Zenderud flows through the mountains in an arc to Lindjan pain. Here the plain now appears as a broad, long valley. Soon after, the path leads down to the river valley, where the large village of Nogorun appears, located on the right and left banks. Large gardens spread out on the other side of the river, namely a large garden full of fruit trees and plane trees, called Bach e Shah, once planted by Shah Abbas. Many decorated dovecotes protrude from the trees, which can be seen everywhere from now on to Ispahan. The crops of the numerous villages stretch down the river like a green ribbon; both banks are densely filled with rice fields that have just been harvested; in between sesame, cotton grew excellently, cannabis individually. [Plants, places]

In Bisdegun I rested for two hours in the courtyard of the miserable mosque before the Ketchuda brought some grapes and bread. [Places] (2_09_121)

[Places] The path now leads along the mountains until the village of Bach e wesch is reached, where an earthen wall stretches around a square, about an hour long, enclosing a garden once planted by Shah Abbas, which is now a complete desert. Before that, Djusdan lies in the plain below. We got off at the Kätchuda in the village of Bachewesch, but at first he didn't want to give us anything until I showed him the firman. This place also has large orchards, namely lots of apricots. The place has around 100 houses. [Places]

Wednesday, October 7th. Set out in the morning for Is-pahan, 5 Pharsakhs away. [Places] (2_09_122) We rode through Karuwe, surrounded by gardens, to which an old, raised paved path, probably built in the time of Shah Abbas, leads through the low, often flooded plain. In front of Karu-we there is a stately plane tree garden, surrounded by a wall, the towers of which served as pigeon towers, which looked very good. Uphill, Gurudsche is very close and to the left, ½ hour from Mehmet. After ¼ hour further we rode through the village of Djeffre, surrounded by rice fields. Uphill from this, ½ hour, the Pul Baba Machmud bridge leads over the river. Numerous deep canals lead the water from this valley in all directions into the

wide plain. [Plant] The rice has only been cultivated in places. [Places] At the end of the rocky ridge above the wide mountain passage, Baba Saïd appears on the top of the rock of the Takht Rustam, from which a narrow, low rocky ridge extends even further into the plain, around which the river winds and then turns towards Djulfa. The villages of Bisgun, Toradsche and Pias lie hidden on the left in dense orchards (2_09_123), from where an unbroken line of villages stretches along to Ispahan. At the entrance to the wide Derbent, a strange group of light limestone rocks stares up on both sides, with rounded shapes on which some boulders seem to lie, appearing from a distance like animals. From here you can see the blue dome of the Madrasa Mater Shah rising out of the dense garden groves, while in front of us the extensive ruins of the former Julfa stretch out, still surrounded by a wall with towers. But everything is desolate and dilapidated, except for the presence of numerous jackals, who are very disturbing at night with their howling.

Finally arriving there, I stayed in the same building that I had stayed in before, which had just been vacated by two Germans who had come from India. Unfortunately, they were swindlers who did not do the Germans any credit. European society had changed somewhat. Walton and his wife had gone away, but Chambers had taken his place. Dr. Cumming had just returned from Shiraz, but was ill from drinking too much wine. Graves had gone to England, but MGovan, Kelle, Moland and Hakey were here. In the evening we had dinner at Chambers'.

Thursday, October 8. Sky overcast, calm, rainbow. Aneroid 68.7.

Friday, October 9th. Breakfast at MGawan. Storm with thunder and rain in the afternoon.

Saturday and Sunday, October 11th. Wanted to visit Dschelaledin Mirza, but he had left the day before. Aganoor told me that the local river is actually called Zayende rud, from zayende = to bring forth or to deliver, because it is formed from many small, converging springs. I found with him a Kätchuda from Kumbebab, 10 Pharsach from here, who had an invitation from the English from Bushir to take a steamboat to Mecca in February explained to him. - At the foot of the Tacht Rustam is a natural grotto, called Tschesch-me Meltani, from whose rocks water constantly drips down into a large water basin below; it bears an Armenian inscription with the name Amros all around. This is a favorite meeting place of the Armenians and in earlier times of the numerous Indians or Guebers here, who were also called Multani after the city there. The purpose of the brick building above, called Tacht Rustam, is unknown,

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Either it served as a beautiful lookout point for the kings, but the effort is too great and the path too bad, or it was a guard station. It is a square building with a view on all four sides, the former dome roof is now crumbling, without any inscriptions, whitewashed inside.

(2_09_124) *Wednesday, October 14.* During the summer a photographer stayed here who also took pictures of Ispahan. When the Shah saw them he was annoyed at the decay of the buildings and the disfigurement of them, especially the square Meidan Shah by the torn tents of the fruit sellers etc. He gave strict orders to clean up the square and to put the buildings in a better condition. A kind of tall hat had also become common here, made of ordinary linen material, which was very cheap compared to the expensive sheepskin coats. He gave the order to destroy them all. For 5 days the governor's farashens went through the bazaars, destroying them in the shops, and anyone who wore one had it torn off and torn to pieces.

Aganoor told me the following about the climate in Ispahan: January and February are cold, snow that often falls 1' deep, very rarely 3' deep, perhaps only once every 20-30 years. March is windy and rainy, the weather is uncertain, but it gets milder and milder, very pleasant; some blossoms appear on the fruit trees, and towards the end the leaves sprout and the grasses appear, namely a blue crocus, called eltschi Susan = messenger of the lilies, appears as a harbinger of spring. April, May and June are the most pleasant months; in April the whole area around Ispahan appears as if it were wrapped in a white dress, for the trees are in blossom; May then shows them in a green garment. In June cherries and cucumbers appear first, and towards the end apricots and plums too. July now brings the greatest quantity of fruit, because it is now warm. In September the fevers begin, whereas previously there were no illnesses, because the days are still very warm, but the nights become cold. There has been no cholera here since 1853. October is unhealthy, there are 1-2 thunderstorms with little rain; fruit in abundance.

November is pleasant, illnesses disappear, the day is not too warm, and in the morning and evening one begins to warm oneself by the fire; towards the end there is occasional rain.

December is cold, snow and ice. - In spring the hills around Ispahan never take on a green appearance, always grey and bare; the inner Persian plateaus are completely lacking in grass cover, only thorny plants exist there; in May even the little green in the valley cracks has dried up, only in the irrigated parts does the green last longer. - Of the fruits, mention should be made of 1) cherries, of which there are only a few in 2 types, one yellow and sweet, which ripens first,

(2_09_125) Variety, the 2nd black, of sour taste, lasting until the end of August.

Of plums, the Aluzerd = yellow plum [named?] variety is the most common here, it only ripens in September, and if consumed in large quantities it has a purgative effect. It is sent in large quantities from Kuhrud in skins as Alu Bochara, which is different from it. The latter is red, ripens in July with the apricots, and is pleasant when just ripe, but a few days before and after ripening they are sour like vinegar; there are very few of them here; in Teheran they were called Alu Kaissi. – There are many varieties of apricots, called serdalü. [Pfl] (2_09_126) [Pfl]

Sunday, October 18th. I undertook a walk towards the Kuh Sufa; but the vegetation had finished. [Pfl, places] A walk to the river bank did not reveal anything remarkable; but I collected Potamog. marin. af. in the ditches, [Pfl]. The leaves of the trees are discolouring in places. The cotton was collected, in between [Pfl]. Aneroid in Djulfa 68.9.

Monday, October 19th. Sky somewhat overcast, lightning without thunder, but in the evening storm with thunder and lightning without rain. In Feridan, in the village of Shurischgan, there is an old manuscript of the New Testament; many Armenians make pilgrimages there. (2_09_127) The name of the Bakhtiari can be derived from bacht = luck and jar = help or friend, but is that correct? Or perhaps from the earlier name of Zerdekuh = cow [Bakhtani?]. - The large garden Hassar djerib = 1,000 acres, once magnificently laid out by Shah Abbas, is now completely unrecognizable compared to Chardin's description, only 1 chinar has survived from that time. 25 years ago it was restored by the Armenian eunuch of Kerim Khan, Motamededaule, who was governor of Ispahan, but now it is completely ruined again; it is watered by Kanats, from which the one that flows past the Armenian cemetery still bears the name Djub Motamededaule. – Bidmishk blooms towards the end of April; the flowers are used for distilled water, which is often used for Sharbat. It is also used in layers to make sugar confectionery.

ing, cut almonds, which take on its smell, or between Gesengebin. The name Ges is the substance, gebin = honey, thus meaning Ges and honey. – In September, when the morning star, called sohu, appears, it is said that the cold now begins. – Only from June–

In August people usually sleep on the terrace.

There are about 35 types of grapes. The best known are: 1) jachuti, small, round, red, [the first?] to ripen. 2) Chalili, greenish, larger, elongated. [Pfl] (2_09_128) [Pfl] The wine disease also caused great damage here. All wine is only made in Julfa, in Ispahan in many-

The wine is only sold in secret in the houses. Djulfa produces more than 10,000 man (= 80,000 bottles) annually. The price of ordinary wine is 2 ½ Kran per man, but rises to 10 Kran [in?] better varieties. The wine is kept for 4 years at most, rarely 10 years. The preparation is very primitive, the grapes are trampled on a kind of threshing floor or large tub and the juice with the skins and seeds is poured into a large, earthen, semi-oval vessel called a kup (holding about 100 man), in which it remains for 3-6 days until fermentation; the whole is stirred well twice a day until everything has settled clearly after about 20-30 days; then it is filled into large glass bottles called gharabe (holding 12-36 bottles) for use.

A type of poppy is cultivated here with long heads without holes, white seeds and white flowers. It is sown in October, it sprouts in March and grows very slowly until June, but then, as the weather gets warmer, it grows noticeably. It flowers towards the end and in July the heads are scratched with a kind of iron comb; the juice that flows out is scraped off with a knife after 2-3 days and the head is scratched again after a few days. Depriving the seeds of the milky juice has no effect on the germination capacity. Around 1,000 boxes of opium are produced here every year, for 10 men each, at a price of 220-260 Tuman per box. The fresh, undried opium is sold for 12-15 tumans per man, but when it has been cleaned of the husks and malaxed, the price is half as high. Most of it goes from here to China via Java, but is no longer profitable, so that the merchant loses about 20 tumans on each crate; nevertheless, he sends it there in order to exchange goods there for it, and he would lose even more by sending money there. The transport makes it so expensive.

Cotton (*G. herbac.*) is now cultivated much less than at the time of the American war, because previously the man had 18 cranes, now only 4 ½–5 cranes. There are three qualities, the bolls collected first with long, white wool, the best; those collected after that are inferior, the last ones collected in October are small, wool short and yellowish, because it does not ripen as well, and rain also falls from time to time. (2_09_129) Ispahan cotton is always more valued and more expensive than that of Shiraz. Only a little is now sent to India and, exceptionally, to Russia; it is mostly for domestic use.

Of the oil plants, sesame, called Kundjed, is cultivated as cooking oil. *Ricinus com.* = bidendschil or genne gerdshchek, as [fuel oil?] mixed with other oils; also for purging. The seed epidermis is consumed in the Orient without any bad consequences. - Linseed oil, rughan pesserek, is only cultivated in 4mahal. Also rughan Mandap for [distilling?] *Eruca sat.* The barley harvest is finished at the end of August, the wheat 20 days later; chickpeas and beans are only cultivated to a small extent. The main export from Ispahan is the tombaki (*N. rustica*). In mid-April the

Seeds are sown thickly and then transplanted in May. The harvest must be over by September, because then rain and storms come. The green leaves are dried on the ground, where they turn brown and better through dew and sun. Often the storm takes all the leaves from the ground, the rain turns them black. The first leaves collected are the best quality; the last ones collected, called *churde* = broken, are the worst. Price [was?] cheap, 1 ½ Kran per man, up to 3–4 Kran. Everything is sent via Baghdad to Aleppo and Damascus for Syria, but in Baghdad they smoke *Schirasi*. It then goes via Tabriz to Constantinople. There are two kinds of quince: *Kewidj*, because it is grafted onto *Crataegus*, is the best kind; the second, called *torosch*, with a sour taste, is the unocultured kind. Potatoes are said to have been introduced by John Malcolm about 50 years ago, but they were not well known; only since the Europeans began to multiply have they been cultivated here and are eaten willingly by the Armenians; but they are still too expensive, 1 ½ cranes [per?] man, to be accepted as a general foodstuff. They are said to have been introduced by Armenians from India about 20 years ago.

Tuesday, October 20th. After I had paid my rent, [per?] day 1 crane, and after I had said goodbye to [Reymond?], everything was finally ready for departure at around 10 o'clock. I had hired 4 mules at 2 tumans each to Teheran, which were now cheaper as they all wanted to go to Rescht, where a lot of telegraph poles now have to be transported. We rode through Djulfa and soon after crossed the brick bridge Pul Marun, from where we went along a deep, wide canal arm along garden walls until we passed through the large bazaar [Tschukersa?], full of crowds of people. (2_09_130) A beautifully laid out mosque with a courtyard planted with trees, next to the water, is the main building. After a long stay there, as another caravan joined us, it finally became clearer; We passed many villages, all situated in gardens, others in ruins, on a completely flat plain, crossed by many open water channels, which descend from the valley of Lindjan.

Little by little, the more salty desert soil is reached. [Pfl] In some fields, people were busy digging up red dyer's sap, called *runas*. [Pfl]

After 3 strong Pharsach, the large caravanserai of Gez was finally reached, a new brick building with a high gate and a large dome. [Places]

(2_09_131) [Places] – Next to the caravanserai flow several canats, which have their sources probably 12 Pharsachs to the west near Alawi. A deep, diagonally dug path leads down to one of them. Barley and straw are very expensive. – I had sent Elias to Baghdad in Ispahan.

Wednesday, October 21. The Charvadar woke us up at midnight and soon after we were on our way. The falling shooting stars provided the only entertainment. A cold west wind blew cold until mid-morning.

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I could not see anything in the darkness, and did not seem to have much to lose, because everything was a wide, desolate plain. [Places] After 2 Pharsach from the Mater Shah caravanserai, after riding through a Djub, = open canal, with mountain water, the stately Murtsch e char caravanserai is reached, 6 Pharsach from Gez. It is built so similarly to that of Gez that one would not know how to tell it apart; it is also said to have been built by Shah Abbas. Immediately after our arrival, so many caravans arrived that the courtyard and many outside were completely full, all the rooms were occupied; nothing but mules, donkeys and horses, because the camels remain outside. The place has not insignificant gardens, surrounded by walls, with wine, alu, and melons. As soon as I entered, they tried to force tea and Kallian on me, but I refused because there is a lot of fraud and the price of food is so high.

A salty stream with [clear?] water flows past and irrigates the gardens, in which there are many fish, the largest with black spots. [Plants] In the plain, as in the past, gauschan is used for washing. [Places]

(2_09_132) *Thursday, October 22nd.* Today 7 pharsach to Sof, so we set out again at night in the bitter cold. I tried everything to persuade the Katirtschi to go during the day, but in vain, which is the custom here.

[Places] After 6 Pharsach you reach the garden-rich Kalhor, lying in a valley carved out of the plateau by water. The stream was now only small, as it had been almost used up by irrigation. A little above the village you cross the valley on a stone dam about 20' high that closes the valley, through which the water flows through a narrow canal that can easily be closed and then dams up the water in the valley. From here you ride up the valley, which is well cultivated everywhere, with fields lying one above the other in terraces, because of the irrigation. [Places]

Several small dams were built in the valley. Finally, after turning around a hill with the remains of a watchtower, the town of Sof, which looks quite imposing from afar, appears with its tall houses and numerous gardens, in which Juglans, Popul. ital. and alba stand out. There are also vineyards, Alu, etc. We rested in the imposing caravanserai on the right side of the valley, built by Shah Abbas. Luckily, I had ridden ahead, so I just found an empty room. Little by little it filled up so that one could hardly walk through the courtyard. The village, which consists of about 200 houses, is divided into two separate parts. One is the Kala, which consists of a conglomerate of very high earth houses resting on stone walls, which cannot be distinguished from one another, with numerous eyeholes and branch terraces in front of them, just like Jesdechast, to which it is deceptively similar, and it is also located in such a valley.

The other part of the village, also surrounded by walls, with gardens next to it, is flat. [Places] (2_09_133) [Places]

A lot of heavy slag was lying around in abundance, probably from former ovens for the brick kiln of the caravanserai. Next to the village you can see a pointed imamsade covered with blue tiles; in the mountainside there are many hollows dug into the ground that serve as stables for the animals in winter. Here too everything is very expensive, 1 ½ cranes per day for a horse. [Pfl]

Friday, October 23. Since today there were only 5 pharsach to Kuhirud and it was very cold, I had, although with difficulty, persuaded the Charveder to go a little later, but we set off during the night. It had rained heavily and new clouds were piling up on the mountains. In the morning the mountains all around were white with snow, so very cold. The path gradually climbs steeply and soon we have ridden around the first mountain range that rises to the east of Sof. [Places]

Here and there you could see a few cultivated areas along a small stream that has its source at the foot of the pass. Here I was surprised by such heavy sleet that I got completely soaked. When you reach the top you can see 3-4 other mountain ranges in front of you, the deep valleys of which were filled with dark rain clouds. [Pfl] In winter there is very heavy snow here, and people have accidents here every year. There is no more robbery now, as the chief of them is now the minister of the Shahsade in Isfahan. The path now descends more deeply, and you can see the first granite protruding on the right (2_09_134) of the path, in large blocks, with fine grain, greenish gray. The path turns right here, and you can soon see Kuhrud, which lies completely between mountains. Kanats carry water from here to the plain, which also appears deep below for a moment. Immediately afterwards the wide gardens and the village took up the attention. The village lies on the left side of the valley on the mountain slope, reminding me very much of Beilan, below the valley floor, from which springs bubble up everywhere, is completely filled with gardens with many beautiful juglans, apples and yellow plums in particular, also red, smaller ones, just like the red cherries in Germany, called aludsche, but somewhat sour and only used for cooking meat. Pears of several kinds, often Elaeagnus, which was still bearing fruit while the others had all gone; no wine here. Village about 350 houses, with a few free spaces under walnut trees. Tschepperkhane and the decaying caravanserai of Shah Abbas. [Pfl] 10° afternoon, aneroid 62.7.

Saturday, October 24th. We set out during the night to reach Kashan, which is 7 Pharsach away, in good time. In the dark, a difficult passage between the many garden walls, through whose dense canopy

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no star could penetrate. Water flowed everywhere in it, [and?] the path then led downwards in the stream, past a large Imamsade Isaac on the right, or rather a mosque. Finally coming out of the gardens, it goes [how?] downhill, accompanied by rocky mountains on both sides, until the large stone dam is reached at dawn. It closes off the valley completely, about 100' high and 10 paces wide, forming a mighty, brick wall. At the time, however, there was no accumulation of water, it flowed out through several openings below. [Places] On the left of the path you can see a Persian inscription carved into the rough rocks and on the opposite side of the valley next to the dam a carved stone tablet in Persian style, square, but with an arch at the top, but without an inscription. The telegraph has some large tensions across the valley here. [Places, Pfl]

After a few Pharsachs you can see the large, beautiful caravanserai of Gauberabad on the left bank with colorful tiles over the gate and white enamel inscriptions, but it is left to fall into disrepair. [Places] (2_09_135) [Places] At the end of the valley on a rock a foot-like impression on the vertical drop, it is the foot of Ali, a large chain of old rags hangs around it, like many piles of stones, is a Kademga. - [Places] West of Güberabad behind the mountain lies the large town of Chamsar, where the cobalt mines are nearby. The now increasingly sloping plain is covered with granite and limestone rubble, rolled down from the mountain to the left, along which you walk until after about 4 ½ Pharsachs you reach Kashan, whose groups of trees on the Fyn above are visible from afar.

I stayed in the Chuharbach caravanserai, as the telegraphists were absent. The heat was still oppressive here, 44°C in the open air in the sun, 20° at around 8 p.m. Aneroid 74.8. Weather today pleasant, clear. We met large caravans with grenades heading for Isfahan. Our caravan took tea and indigo to Teheran. A Georgian from Tiflis was accompanying us, who had visited Feridan and had brought a servant with him from there, whom he wanted to convert back to his original religion in Tiflis, which he was very happy about. Both spoke Georgian together, for they have not forgotten their language since the time of Abbas Shah; they are all now Muslims; their home was the area around Tiflis. The Feridan district includes 33 villages of the Turkic tribe Toch machlu, 30 Armenian and 30 Georgian villages, all in all about 120 villages, whose governor resides in Daru, the largest village is Achore. [Places]

Sunday, October 25th. We set out at midnight for Nasrabad, 5 Pharsach away, which we reached at dawn after passing the large village of Aliabad and the village of Matabad next to it, where a mosque dome stands out. Here again there was a great crowd in the caravanserai, everyone was trying to get the best place. I retreated into an open vestibule at the

entrance of the stable, as it was warmer there. Here the Saids in the caravan wanted to prevent my servant from taking water from the well, as he was the servant of a (2_09_136) Firengi; but I instructed them in such gestures that they had to let him go without further ado if they did not want to be beaten, for I cared very little whether they were Saids; show me your family tree, if you cannot do that, are you all [Harumsades?] and pedarsuchte. They were very surprised at my free speech, for no one dares to insult a Said. - I sent the firman to the Kätchuda, who had to deliver barley and straw, bread, cheese and melons. The melons were very excellent, but although I only ate very little of them, the fever broke out towards evening. [Places] Aneroid in Nasrabad 75.1 ½.

Monday, October 26th. Set out again at midnight for Shurab, 6 Phar-sach away, which we reached just at dawn, after passing the advanced line of hills with very light rocks next to dark ones. The small, poorly preserved caravanserai was again overcrowded, and I had difficulty finding a place. Next to the caravanserai is a wide, deep, but dry river bed, in which robbers often stay; yesterday 6 mules were taken away by robbers here. [Places] On the hills along the river bed I still had a rich harvest of plants: I was particularly pleased by a Noea with broad calyxes, but very fragile, sometimes light yellow, reddish brown, silvery white and black. [Pfl] (2_09_137) [Pfl] Aneroid 74, sky overcast.

Tuesday, October 27th. We set out early in the night for Kum, which we reached just as the sun was rising in bitter cold. I took my effects to a new, large caravanserai outside the city, next to the Chepper-chane, while I stayed with telegraphists, Gorgensen and Collins. The bazaar was now overflowing with fruit, namely a large quantity of pomegranates, pears and grapes. There was now a lively life in the holy city because of the numerous pilgrims arriving every day. Kum is the Dahr el Imam, the city of the Imams, and Kashan is the Dahr el Mumenin, 444 of whom are said to be buried here. This gave the city its holiness; even the water, which was previously bad, improved as a result. The golden dome of the main mosque, as well as a very old, thick brick minaret, of which only half is still standing, as well as a high portal, covered with enamel, rising in the middle of the ruins, with two slender brick minarets on the sides, lend the city some prestige; in addition, there are numerous gardens of grenades around the city. But there is no lack of ruins, the whole north side of the city is covered by a large area full of ruins, destroyed by the Afghans. The name Kum is said to come from the Arabic kum = rise up, come, because the Muslims

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believe that one day heaven will open here and will raise the believers with a voice calling out kum, kum. Therefore the dead are brought from far away in order to reach paradise more quickly. - The river of Kum now formed only a small stream in a wide bed filled with rubble, which stopped completely a little further downstream and did not reach the inflow with the Hamadan stream. It is completely used up by irrigation, everywhere one can now see the previously dry fields standing under water, whereupon the seed is immediately sowed with cows. In Kum there are 30-40 caravanserais, 4 large mosques, 60 smaller ones, and 70 baths.

Wednesday, October 28th. My caravan continued its journey during the night, I stayed in Kum and visited the fabulous mountain Gidan gelmes, of which there are many legends, namely that of Imam Djafer Sadik, who went there and never returned. Everyone said that we could not reach its summit, but why, no one could say. Accompanied by the two telegraphists, we rode out. The path leads west of the town across the wide plain, where one can apparently see the wide, rounded, dark hill rising up very close. But there are at least three strong Pharsach to its foot, the plain covered far around with dazzling white salt crusts, which cracked as one rode over them. The increased heat as the salt flats approached was striking. White lines of salt marked the course of small streams that have now disappeared. [Places, Txt] (2_09_138)
[Places]

The whole mountain consists of countless depressions, larger or smaller, sometimes valley-shaped, but mostly cauldron-shaped with steep walls, at the bottom of which one could always see a larger or smaller hole through which the water disappears underground during the rainy season. On most of these cauldron walls there are vertical and sharply protruding layers of rock salt, which were mostly completely covered with reddish-brown earth, but this was more or less washed away by the influence of the atmosphere, the water filled the cracks in the rock salt with earth and thus formed the cauldrons, which are so close together that one can only move carefully on the narrow ridges of them; during the rainy season, sliding down into one of these would be extremely dangerous, as the steep side walls would make it impossible to climb up because you would slip, and the earth is so loose that one would sink into it. Now the whole surface was covered with a thin crust, on the underside of which salt grains had settled. I put a little on my tongue in one place, which burned me so much that I had a blister on my tongue for several days. [Places]

On the broad ridge of the mountain, which rises only about 500' above the plain, there is also the same texture, funnel-shaped basins of loose earth. But I found nothing on the summit that would make climbing or returning impossible.

ical; this must only be the case during the rainy season. At first I thought that perhaps gases were escaping in some places, which could be the reason for its name, but I could not detect any of this. The green, pointed granite hills, under which there is burnt-out, grey granite, with the green grains completely discoloured, are evidence of the mountain's volcanic origin. These green hills owe their existence to a second uplift from the hill itself. There was not a trace of any plant anywhere on the mountain, only in the crack lay the awns of a *Stipa*, blown in by the wind.

Climbing upwards we followed the tracks of an ibex, which was our guide, as none of the natives could be persuaded to accompany us. [Places] The mountain is also called Kuh nemek; all the salt in the area comes from here, where the crusts are loaded into pieces and transported on donkeys. This salt, which is formed by the evaporation of water, is dazzling white, whereas (2_09_139) the rock salt is a little reddish in color; the outside of the latter is covered with parallel depressions, "claws". The descent was no less difficult, but we reached the foot safely, where people passing by did not believe that we had been up there. —

There were also a large number of *Salsolen*, *Noea* species with colorful calyxes, and also a broad-leaved one [grew?], but they were all broken when we got home. Towards evening we reached Kum again.

Thursday, October 29th. After breakfast we set off around midday with Tschepper. In an hour I covered the 4 pharsachs to Pul Delak (à pharsach $\frac{3}{4}$ crane) with an excellent horse, where we changed, unfortunately a bad horse, so I covered the 6 pharsachs to Haus i Sul-tan in 5 hours, where I arrived just in the evening and the high chimneys of the caravanserai consisting of several sections shone at me in the setting sun. The Hamadan River has salty water, the drinking water had to be brought from Kum, the bridge had been repaired. The whole wide desert here has almost no vegetation, only rarely [plants], the soil is too salty. The trains stretching out in the distance to the right and left appear in mirage, while to the left of the train a wide, white sea of salt seems to stretch out. The caravanserai was again so full of fellow pilgrims that there was hardly a place to be found. I had hardly sat down when a young Persian came and spoke to me in good French; he was one of the students sent to Paris, whose good times were now over, which he regretted immensely. I could only rest for a few hours, because the caravan took advantage of the beautiful moonlight and set off that evening for Kenaregird, 7 Pharsach away.

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Friday, October 30th. [Places] In the morning the wide valley of Kenaregird, rich in villages and adorned with gardens, finally appeared. [Places] In order to reach Teheran today, I took a post horse to Teheran, which is 7 Pharsakhs away. The path climbs gradually for another 1 ½ hours beyond the river up a volcanic rocky ridge that separates the Kenaregird from the Teheran plain. [Places] (2_09_140) [Places] From vegetation I collected a sweet-smelling crucifer, [plant], the desert Artemisia everywhere, which is collected as a popular fuel and sent to Teheran as a camel load. [Places, plants]

It was late at night that I reached the Kaswin Gate in Teheran because of the bad horse, and I had to knock for a long time before I could get in. At Gasteiger's I was once again given the most friendly welcome. Immediately afterwards, after a few days of rest, I developed a severe fever, which stayed with me for a long time, but thanks to Dr. Dickson's care I was able to return to normal. Dr. Tholozan had meanwhile spoken to the Shah about

I spoke to him and the Shah naturally wanted to see me. As the departure had to be quicker than I could, and the Shah was going on a ride to Yaushan Tepe = Hare Hill the next day, I was told to go there.

On the morning of *November 1st*, a long caravan loaded with tents etc. moved past the beautiful Nisamiye garden, across the [..i..re?] plain to the castle, 1 pharsach away. Yahya Chan had placed his carriage, drawn by 4 white horses, at the disposal of me and the doctor, in which we soon reached the plain. We passed through the gate of the newly laid out part of the town, around which a garden extends, enclosing the town on a circumference of 3 pharsachs. The enlargement of the town is far too fortified, which requires far too many garrisons during a siege and is therefore pointless. 12 new gates form the traffic artery, while the inner gates are falling apart and the old town moat is already partly filled in. An enlargement of the town was necessary, but unfortunately there is no uniform system in the execution; everyone can build as he pleases, because the city governor, in whose hands it lies, does not build in the general interest, but for his own pocket, since this is a welcome source of income for him. There is as little consideration for the rapid disposal of excrement, etc., as in the old city.

(2_09_141) From the gates of the city to halfway to Yaushantepe, the soldiers who wanted to inspect the Shah were stationed along the road, divided into tribes. The poor people had to wait a long time before their ruler appeared; exposed to the hot sun, without anything to eat, they had to wait until the afternoon.

We had driven ahead, thinking that the Shah would soon follow, but we had miscalculated. He had stopped in the middle of the road and had his breakfast there, after which he went straight to the kiosk, half an hour away, which Yahya Khan had built the previous year and to which we had been invited. In the meantime we had enough time to look at this creation built by the Shah in the middle of the desert.

The castle, or rather a Chinese kiosk, built 12 years ago on the top of an isolated rocky hill, looks quite good. On the east side a number of buildings extend down to the foot of the hill, with new ones being added all the time. At the foot of the hill extend the stables, like a separate house for the greats in the King's company, where we had settled down. Next to it stretches a large orchard, recently planted by the Shah, for which he had to bring water from far away at great expense.

The surrounding desert is the Shah's hunting ground, where no bush (as fuel) may be cut down to attract game. I was beginning to think that I would not be able to see the Shah today, as we still did not know where he was, when Yahya Khan's people appeared and brought us an excellent breakfast consisting of various pillaus, meat, roasts with fatty sauces, sour milk, cream, sharbat, etc.; but we were served silver spoons, forks and knives and spread out on the ground. Immediately afterwards we rode to the kiosk, half an hour away. When we arrived there, we found Yahya Khan sitting on the bare ground in the garden surrounding the kiosk with several other greats, while inside we could hear the voice of the narrator, who must put the king to sleep while someone else malaxes his body. In the garden there were dahlias, pyreth. indic. in a magnificent display of the most varied colours, zinnias, asters and roses; a real jewel in the middle of the desert, surrounded by trees. It was a cold day, but like the other greats we had to wait on the stone steps for the Shah to wake up.

Finally, after a long wait, towards evening, the Shah's voice rang out; the few companions he had taken with him jumped in obligingly, and soon afterward his Majesty appeared in the garden, walking up and down. He immediately called out, where is the German doctor? Accompanied by Yahya Chan and Dr. Tholozan, we approached the Shah, made a deep bow when we saw him, whereupon he waved, again the deep bow and the second wave, then a third and final one followed. He immediately asked in Persian: [how many?] years and where I had travelled around, how I found his country, whereupon I told him about the Lurs and Bakhtiars, and did not forget to give the best praise to Owais Mirsa (2_09_142); "so

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he governs well", Excellent, Your Royal Majesty. He was mainly interested in the two lakes of Malamir, of which he knew nothing, as well as of the whole of the country there. I then showed him my map, which interested him greatly, especially when I spoke about the [breakthrough?] of the Kuh rengk, whereupon he immediately burst out quickly in French: combien coute, to which I replied: if the work could be done in full and the bill was correct, we could do it with 70,000 ducats, whereas here they wanted 220,000 ducats. After about a quarter of an hour had passed and evening was approaching, he suddenly left and got into the carriage to return to Yauschantepe; On the way, Yahya Chan came back and explained to me that the Shah wanted an exact map of the two lakes of Malamir and an explanation of the various ways to get there, which I naturally promised him. Yahya Chan, an intelligent Persian, former ambassador in London and Paris, speaks fluent French and translates very well; a deep scar across his face, received by a negro with a saber, disfigures him. [Quoted]

The English ambassador in Teheran has a salary of 16,000 ducats, the Russian 6,000 and everything free, the French 7,000 ducats and nothing free. The ambassadors currently have less influence or do not use it; each tries to finish his affairs without finishing them. The Russian and French hardly give any dinners, the latter none at all. [Quoted]

XVI Teheran–Baku (22 November–17 December 1868)

(2_10_001) *Sunday, November 22nd.* Early in the morning, the muleteer hired to Rescht arrived with two horses at 20 Kran each. After I had given the servants a further 60 Kran as a tip, I set off from Teheran with Malcolm, brother of [Davend?] Khan. A real weight was lifted from my heart when I finally rode out to Derbaseno and was now out of the area of the city, where I had made so many trips in vain and yet had achieved nothing. In front of the gate there were swarms of Turkmen who, with their comrades, were bringing fuel etc. to the city. We continued on the wide, immeasurable plain, from which only low rock formations protrude like ribs, [Orte] until the bridge over the Keretsch River was reached towards evening. [Places] Its construction is attributed to a woman who, however, pronounced a curse if one of the Shahs crossed the bridge; at the end you can see a small, brick-built, rounded-top pillar, like those you see everywhere on bridges; this is supposed to represent a penis that the woman had built so that if one of the kings crossed the bridge, he would penetrate the Shah's anus. This is an allusion to the probable origin of the shape of the pillar, which actually represents nothing more than the penis from the time of Sesostris. After 1 ½ hours of Pharsach, we finally reached our quarters of Walegird in half moonlight, where we put up in a caravanserai.

Monday, November 23rd. We rested during the day and did not set off until about 4 o'clock. During the night we heard a cry like human voices coming from the mountains. The muleteers assured us that it was the gul piawani = beings in uninhabited areas or wild people, who are regarded by others as getsche schähri = returned spirits of the dead. Many stories are told of them, how they lured people to them with their cries for help and then ate them. They are said to lick the soles of the victims' feet. See Rich, Narrative of a journey to Babylon, p. 69: Isaiah 13. 21. referred to as satyrs or damons. Called Seiad Assad by the Arabs, they are said to be frequent near Semawa on the Euphrates.

When riding out of the town, you can see the wide, fertile plain below you on the left, as the town is located on a low level of the nearby mountains.

(2_10_002) Immediately afterwards, a torrent bed is crossed, full of rubble from the nearby mountains, often large blocks of greenish granite with large, angular, white spots, just like that of the House of Sultan, which appears angular when it weathers. The path leads back down to the plain, where after 4 Pharsach the completely dilapidated caravanserai of Shah Abbas is reached; next to it stands a brick mosque from the same period, Yengi

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Imam. A large artificial tepe rises next to the khan, which is said to have been built 10 years ago as a watchtower against the many robberies.

After 3 pharsachs we reached the place Gesse resengk, where we stopped after the moon had set, as the animals were too tired to reach Kischlach, which was still 1 ½ pharsachs away. There was no one left to be found, and we had to go to bed with hungry stomachs. [Places] Next to the place the plain is full of vineyards, but there were no grapes left, but there were watermelons. [Plants] The place Abiyek lies beautifully at the entrance to the mountains, which are ½ hour away and appear greenish because of the frequent marly greenstone. To the south there is a mountain range about 5 pharsachs away, which was called Kuh Abkerrend. The predominant language is Turkish; the Persian conical hat has disappeared, everyone wears the Turkish fur hat. A Turk with his young wife and two daughters was in our caravan. He anxiously guarded his wife and did not leave her side; he was very angry with the Firengis because they had got the best room and he had to camp in the stable.

Tuesday, November 24th. We set out towards evening, but were still 8 pharsachs away from Kaswin. We passed the large town of Kischlach, from where, after 3 ½ pharsachs, we reached Abdullabad around midnight through mostly undeveloped plains, where we spent the night in a vestibule open on all sides. The gate was closed, while the side next to it was completely open, because everything had fallen into ruins.

Wednesday, November 25th. We set off towards midday for Kaswin, 3 Pharsakhs away. We rode through the plain, which gradually became more cultivated, until we finally came to the wide gardens of the city. Here the cultivation of the melons, which are cultivated in great numbers, depends on the rain, the so-called. For half an hour the broad road leads continuously between vineyards, whose vines are now covered with earth because of the frost. In between there are plenty of pistachio trees, which thrive here, almonds, walnuts, a few figs, many hazelnuts, and pomegranates, which are imported from Sawa.

Towards evening we rode into the winding streets of the city, whose exterior offers nothing attractive from this side; only the large, blue domes of several mosques attract attention. After pushing through the crowds of people in various bazaars, we finally reached the Caravanserai Hadji Risa, also called the Armenian Caravanserai, where we sat down in a clean, whitewashed room. Many Armenians from Russia, Tabriz, and Julfa were staying here for trade, but none live here, and neither do any Jews (2_10_003). The Caravanserai is an old brick building, with a large, high dome at the entrance. A raised, paved walkway leads around the courtyard, behind

where the guest rooms are located; one floor above contains many guest rooms. We were invited to dinner in the evening at one of the Armenians' houses; I met there a Mr. Stagnio, a telegraphist, the son of Stagnio, who was employed in Tabriz.

Thursday, November 26th. In the morning I went straight to Mr. Höltzer, who was present here at the time to set up the Siemens telegraph.

I took a walk with him into the city to see the most remarkable buildings. The most beautiful square is the Maidan, a long, wide avenue shaded on both sides by old, tall elms, similar to the stream in Ispahan. If one can call Istanbul the city of cypresses and Ispahan the city of plane trees, then Kaswin deserves the name of the city of elms. At the northern end of this avenue is the palace, consisting of three large, spacious farms with gardens; but everything is in such a state of disrepair that it is already uninhabitable. The deputy vizier of the governor lives in a miserable corner of this once magnificent building, all of which were built by Shah Abbas like those in Ispahan. The water basins are all dry, the walls of the rooms are devoid of their mirror coverings, the gardens are overgrown. Everything is falling apart due to the indolence of the governors; for the Persians lack all love of country. to make money by any easy means, whether lawful or not, is the aim of this nation, from the king down to the beggar. One of the courts contains the telegraph office; great caravans were continually arriving, bringing iron rods and wires from Resht. Nearby is the Imamsade Ismael, a much-visited place of pilgrimage, said to be very old, dating from the time of Musa; it contains a large sarcophagus; old writings lay heaped up in heaps in the corners, and rags were tied to the outside railings.

At the southern end of the Maidan is the large Mesdjid juma, a building whose entire design reminded me of so many Christian churches in Turkey, namely the one in Orfa. [Building] (2_10_004) [Building] The other sides of the [courtyard?] are occupied by the apartments of the mullahs and dervishes. A mosque of exactly the same size, furnished in exactly the same way, is the Shah Mosque, only now restored. The great Imamsade Shamsade Hussein, son of the 8th Imam, dates from the same period; a large brick building rises above his grave with a mighty blue dome. All around it you can see the courtyard full of graves. [Building]

Among these tombstones, a large sarcophagus made of dark sandstone, covered all around with weathered Arabic inscriptions, is particularly striking; it is said to be the tomb of a certain Siyah Kulle, who created the gardens of Kaswin.

At the entrance lay a newborn child, wrapped in rags, crying,

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Mother had abandoned him here in the belief that the saint would soon provide the child with an adult.

The water from Kaswin is unhealthy, it makes you feel heavy like a stone in your stomach; the climate is healthy, however. The range of mountains to the north has become lower and lower, only further in the background to the northeast do the now snow-covered mountains of Rudbar and Kaswin appear, almost opposite Kala Alamut, 8 Pharsach away. Nothing special is made in the bazaars; they were now filled with nutritious fruit. The grapes are all used for drying, and wine and arrack are nowhere to be found. [Many?] old manuscripts from the scribes who flourished in earlier times are said to still be found here, but the owners hold on to them very tightly. The watermelons and those from Hassar, 4 Pharsach away, are particularly famous, while the melons come from Kum; of the former, two varieties, one irrigated, the other not, and are therefore particularly valued, are called pastek dem. Kaswin has about 100,000 inhabitants.

7,000 Shiite families, has 5 large madrasas, 5 bazaars, 6 large mosques and many smaller ones.

(2_10_005) *Friday, November 27th.* Today we were supposed to set off, but Tjarvader did not come because it was Friday. I stayed at home because I was feeling unwell.

Saturday, November 28th. We set out at about 7 o'clock and soon rode through the town, but not so quickly through the extensive vineyards. [Places] The route leads past the village of Husseinabad with a small artificial pond planted with willows for irrigation, and after 3 strong Pharsach from Kaswin we reach what is now Menzil Aghababa, where we took lodgings in a private house.

Around the town, which consists of 50 houses, there are many vineyards with many *Elaeagnus* trees, the fruits of which are eaten a lot by the people. Above one of the mountains you can see a minaret-like building, that of Imamsade Ismael, a son of Ali, to whom a pilgrimage is made once a year in the spring. The mountains are inhabited by many Kurdish tribes such as the Mafi, Tschini, Kullherr, Gewesewend, Malamir, Serchor, Kaka-wend, but only in summer; in winter they are at Tarmat along a river; the plain is mostly occupied by Shahseven Turk. Aghababa belongs to the [Bulluk?] Garasan. - The room was very clean, whitewashed, swept clean, everyone speaks Turkish. [In the back?] of the room is the Kursi tschelle, ie, tschelle is the hole for the coal, Kursi is the frame above it; dandir means the hole for baking bread.

Sunday, November 29th. The path now continues through the hilly country. [Places] The morning was very cold, ice covered the streams. The sun rose beautifully

when we had reached a hill. [Places, plants] The slopes were almost all cultivated wherever possible, as the red, volcanic soil appears to be very fertile. (2_10_006) This was followed by a descent into a long valley with a rushing, clear stream; after a short turn to the right, one can see the well-preserved caravanserai with a small village next to it, Charsan, 3 strong Pharsach from Aghababa, the Khan was already overcrowded, so I was very pleased that the Tjarvader had to move on, but we still took a drink from the excellent spring next to it, covered with a small dome, the Tschepperchane next to it. [Places] After a short climb, there is now a very long descent with so many twists and turns that one counts 3 Pharsach to Paitschinar, which is probably only $\frac{3}{4}$ Pharsach away in a straight line. [Places] Here too, a low bush begins, teeming with kekliks; even large eagles with bare necks had alighted by the path without fear. [Plants] Along small streams, there were isolated ficus bushes, pomegranates and celtis. Marl layers with rounded outer sides, alternating with conglomerate deposits in the plutonic rock, stand out; often large, oval, rounded greenish blocks lay along the path.

The mountains in front of us appear dark blue, the sky today is overcast and cold.

Finally, having overcome the long descent, one enters the valley of the Shahrud. [Pfl] The river is now very small, only 6 paces wide with shallow water. On the other side of it is the caravanserai, where there is only one room, which was already occupied by Persians, who, for better or worse, had to give us at least half of it. Because of the fleas, flies and crickets that covered all the walls and wanted to warm themselves in the beds, sleeping was out of the question all night, especially as the others (2_10_007) also set off at midnight. On the top of the mountain above the Khan there is a tower that can be seen from far away, which was built in the past mostly by robbers as a lookout point. - Not a single plane tree can be seen here, as the name suggests.

Monday, November 30th. Today is my 30th birthday! How will people think of me at home, while I am here alone between the desolate mountains. We rode along the river during the night, which immediately afterwards joins the great [Aruca?], whose roar could be heard far away in the silent night. We rode along the river valley until, after half an hour at dawn, we reached the brick bridge, which is provided with a parapet, paved and rises gently three times. The waves of the Shahrud foamed wildly beneath it, the banks of which were now occupied by numerous black tents of the Cheni Kurds, who have their winter station here and live in small villages in the sheltered side valleys during the harsher seasons; these houses, however, are real caves, only rough stone walls facing the mountainside, covered with earth, and there is no door.

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We rode up to several groups of tents, where we were greeted first by large, strong hands; the women came up to us without hesitation and asked what we wanted. We asked for milk, which was brought immediately. Many of the women were pretty, with blue eyes; the men were free and open, without the warlike, false nature of the Persians. Their tents were like those in Kurdistan, surrounded by pretty reeds. We also met Shahsevens who were making their way to the plain. [Pfl] Riding up the right bank, sometimes up and down over hills, as the river with its windings hinders passage in the valley, you can see several small villages in the valleys on the other bank, especially Karatikan = Blackthorn stands out because of its size. [Pfl] The river flows in a wide, sandy bed, divided into a number of arms, forming many small islands. [Places] For a stretch, the path leads along the bank like a shady avenue of magnificent Euphrates poplars. [Pfl] (2_10_008) The river stays [now?] to the left, making a wide curve, flowing around the village of Siyapusch, which still appears with an olive grove next to it. After 1 Pharsach over a hilly plain, you see Mendjil below you, 4 Pharsach of Paitschinar, situated in a small plain full of fields, with gardens, namely olives. Half an hour to the right of it in a mountain corner appears the charmingly situated village of Hersewil, also with many olive plantations, there is also an oil factory. A white Imamsade Kasim; many pigs nearby that love the olives. [Pfl]

Since there is no caravanserai here, but only a Tschepperkhane, we preferred to reach Rudbar, which is one Pharsach further on. The path descends to the river, where a seven-arched brick bridge leads flat over it; it was only repaired four years ago, so it is in a completely flawless condition; a walled-in inscription made of Jesd marble immortalizes the restorer. Fragments [such as?] cylinders, flywheels, etc. from the Paris money press, which the [Mair?] [el?] [melnaleh?] does not allow to be [built?], lay scattered about. On both banks of the river there are mighty rock walls and blocks, on the latter you can still see the remains of former towers. On the left bank you now climb up on an easy road, the rocks blasted with gunpowder.

[Pfl, Orte, Pfl] The path climbs high. [Orte, Pfl] From here, a magnificent view and deep below the roaring river, beyond several villages such as Killischter etc., completely enveloped in olive groves, next to which the forests begin, mostly consisting of cypress. I was reminded of Switzerland here. Unfortunately, heavy rain and a lot of storms in this narrow valley cleft, where constantly [solid?] Wind is said to be there; people often freeze to death here in winter. Groups of tall, old cypresses can be seen on the other side. A very weathered, dark slate was described to me by people as Cu slate (2_10_009), of which enormous layers can be found; breaking up into lots of small pieces.

After many twists and turns of the road, you suddenly see Rudbar, beautifully situated, surrounded by a forest of magnificent olive trees, with three groups of villages visible. There was no room in the first one, so you continued on to the second, constantly between dense olive groves, with water trickling through them. Finally you get off at a caravanserai. But the small bazaar is full of fanatics, where you can only find the usual necessities. The khan owner could not be persuaded by either requests or threats to bring us water in a vessel, but we rewarded him with a slap on the face when we left. Rain in the evening.

Tuesday, December 1st. We set out during the night in rainy weather, always between the olive groves that line the entire river bank. We rode through several villages in Rudbar; in the bazaars the dandir, = these are the round, deep bread kettles, were just being heated.

The path continues to lead over the river. [Places] Little by little, the beautiful cypresses appear on this side too, but they are always cut down so that they do not look as beautiful as those of Smyrna etc. On the other side of the river, the most beautiful landscapes are constantly appearing, small villages hidden between olive groves, next to the forest that covers the broad-peaked mountains above right up to the top; I felt like I had been transported to the foothills of Switzerland. [Places]

After a short distance, today only 3 Pharsach, we reach the Rustamabad caravanserai, where we rested today. From here it is another 8 Pharsach to Rescht. The brick caravanserai is in a state of disrepair, but next to it is a new, very large Tschepperkhane with a spacious, 5-door upper floor and glass windows, an unusual luxury in Persia. All the rooms are very high and very large, clean. [Places] I took a short walk to the river. [Pfl]

(2_10_010) *Wednesday, December 2nd.* We set out early again at night and walked along the river valley, which runs through the transverse valleys between the mountains. Soon the landscape becomes more densely wooded, until finally the path leads like an avenue through the most magnificent forests, always along the slope of the mountains on the left bank of the river. Large numbers of robins reminded me of my youth with their well-known twittering, woodpeckers let out their dull call and thumping. The mountain forests were now adorned with the most beautiful autumnal foliage, namely the dark red of the Fagus, the yellow of the Ostrya, both of which make up the majority of the forests. Along the banks there were tall Acer trees with white leaves, Acer hyrcan. common, often covered with Viscum alb. I first observed them here in Persia. Hedera Helix climbed high up the trees, flowering, mostly narrow-leaved variety. [Plant] After about 2 ½ Pharsach by Rustam-

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abad you come to the Imamsade Hashim, situated on the left side of the mountain slope, with a far-projecting tiled roof; about 12 huts next to it.

The caravanserai further down, also covered with tiles in the European style, but in a state of disrepair, very dirty and already full of pilgrims. So we had to move on; from here the path leads continuously across the plain, where a kind of highway has been built so that the royal carriages can pass. Today we had also met several that were being brought over the mountains with great difficulty; several broken carriages lay along the way. (2_10_011) [Places] The paths were horrible, full of deep mud holes, so that the animals kept falling. Clouds descended low between the mountains and threatened us with rain; but the air was warm and the lush vegetation transported me completely to the beloved mountains of my homeland.

It is hard to imagine that one is in Persia, which until now has only been known as a desolate, sun-scorched plateau with bare mountains. The view down the river valley is truly unique, as it is divided into countless arms, forming islands, with dense forest on both sides enveloping the mountains high up; here is where a lot of rice is cultivated, which replaces the inhabitants' bread. Everywhere streams trickle down from the flanks, and a second river is crossed before reaching the Imamsade. From the latter, the route continues on the plain, densely covered with forest on both sides. [Pfl] Rotting tree trunks lie everywhere, unused. Now the *Buxus sempervirens* is appearing more and more frequently, forming thick trunks or often impenetrable thickets. [Pfl] Wild buffalo and pigs are said to be common here.

Soon after about 1 Pharsach you see the Tschepperchane Tschan Ali, which from a distance looks like a prince's house in Thuringia or like a Swiss house, built of brick, with a protruding tiled roof in the European style, with many high chimneys. I would have liked to stay here, but the Tscherveder, whom we had hurried ahead of, had directed us to the Tschen Ali caravanserai; when we got there, however, we only found a long stable, built of branches, covered with earth and dung, covered with reeds and full of dung inside. That did not suit me, and we moved on again to the Shah Aghatschi, which is half a small Pharsach further down, where we arrived just as a heavy rain began to fall. The building, built of brick and with a tiled roof, is a kind of caravanserai, (2_10_012) with bazaar boutiques all around, approx. 40; the village is located further down. When the Tscherveder finally arrived here, he had a lot of trouble finding accommodation, as the stable, called the caravanserai, had fallen into disrepair. It was also difficult for us to keep the entrance hall of one of the boutiques. The rain did not stop, and we counted ourselves lucky, up to this point, 3 Pharsach before Rescht, so

to have come through well. The mountains had stayed behind with the Imamsade. Bad dialect of the Gilaners, Gilan = dirty land or clay land from gil.

The peasants' clothing is made of dark, coarse felt, with tight trousers at the bottom and wide trousers at the top, and a short jacket made of the same material; they all wear grey, low "felt hats" or black woolen hats. They all have long sticks, which are usually ringed with notches at the top.

Today we did 5 pharsach. In the evening there was a terrible howling of the jackals next to the shops. As the dogs did not answer them, it was thought that it would rain tomorrow; but if they answer, there will be no rain. The bazaar belongs to the Mustofi in Rescht, who also has a lease on the fish there for 75,000 tumans, which are exported. Many villages are scattered in the forest around here [neighbouring?], for example Deh benna, Schehristan, Ainaber, Tju-benÿ, Gazian, Terabusch etc. All the houses are very simply and easily built: tree trunks the size of the houses are driven into the ground, branches are tied to them and these are glued with earth; a thatched roof resting on branches, leaning against each other, protects the interior from the incessant rain. – [Pfl] The villages are scattered in the forest thicket, always together in only a few groups. The houses all have sloping roofs covered with reeds. Only footpaths wind through the impenetrable thicket, not a single wide path.

Thursday, December 3rd. It rained heavily all night, but in the morning it cleared up again, so that the 3 Pharsach wide Rescht was reached in good condition. The path, which had only been built 3 years ago but had now become very bad, continues in the same way, past a similar nice Tschepperchane and several other country houses, located in a cleared clearing on the edge of the forest, next to the fields, mainly rice and some vegetables; this reminded me of so many forester's houses in the forest at home or of the scattered village properties on the Lower Rhine; the houses are built in the Swiss style of brick, with wide overhanging roofs; a staircase from the outside leads to the floor (2_10_013) on an airy terrace, next to which are the rooms. You ride unnoticed into Rescht, which you don't see until you are inside. A very large, beautiful brick bridge with a gentle slope forms the entrance; penis-like brick pillars decorate it at both ends. The Duane guards posted at the entrance here did not want to let me go any further; they demanded that I wait until my Tjarvader came; but as that would take over an hour, I went on, which caused a heated argument, but the Duane came out on top.

We rode on very bad, dirty roads through the bazaar boutiques, where there is not much to see, and got off at the Armenian caravanserai.

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The influence of the great humidity is noticeable everywhere; the walls of the houses are thickly covered with moss. [Plants] The place lies on a cleared forest site; everywhere in deserted places forest plants are growing up again. Each house is surrounded by its garden, full of oranges, but sour fruits, cedars, mandarins, in between the beautiful fine-leaved Acacia Farnes, called abrisum because of its silky flowers; white jasmine, Salix sygostomon, a euonymus, which is considered a coffee tree, viburnum.

Opulus v. roseum, called budach, with the ever-blooming rose R. sem-pervirens in between. Under a wise government a paradise could be created here, but the pressure of the governors is the ruin of the country; the present one, an uncle of the Shah, was very unpopular. The climate is always very mild, one would hardly believe that one was in Persia in December; what a difference in climate between this and the previous December, when I was heading south, at 36°R.

In the afternoon we visited the Russian consul Paulow, a very good-natured man, but one who had become completely insane through drinking; music was his passion. He had received a sack full of Pyrethrum cauc. from the mountains of Talisch. Here I met an Armenian doctor, a pupil of Dr. Häntzsche, who showed me some plants. Here I heard that the ship would arrive the day after tomorrow, so the onward journey was immediately set for tomorrow. This meant that I could not visit the other Europeans, Ralli and Ziegler. Spent the evening at Paulow's with Mr. Mappus.

Friday, December 4th. In the morning it rained heavily again, and the same had happened during the night, but then three horses were hired and we set off. For a short stretch they had started to build a road to Piribazar; the trees had been cut down and the mud covered with sand. But soon the road ended and an extremely bad road began; the water was pouring down in streams, filling the holes in which we then got stuck. Then we heard from people returning that the water had torn away the bridge (2_10_014) over the river and that there was no way of crossing the river, which had swollen to a height of perhaps 12'. So we returned to Rescht to cross the river the following day on the so-called ru Kaleshke. But the rain did not stop all day and night.

Saturday, December 5th. We set out again in the morning under a clearing sky to the same place as yesterday; however, the river had only subsided a little and was therefore not yet passable. We found a man here who was willing to take us along the carriage road for 2 cranes; we then turned left onto a narrow footpath, crossing ditches filled with water;

But soon a new obstacle arose: a second river had to be crossed, which raged thunderously through the thicket; several groups of houses lay around. Fortunately, we found a man here who, after much persuasion, agreed to take us to Piribazar for five roubles. Our belongings were carried one by one over a bridge, which consisted of nothing more than a rotten, half-submerged tree trunk, while the horses had to swim across the river by a detour. Wading in water up to our bellies, we reached the other bank, and the last man had hardly crossed it when the tree trunk broke loose and threw the man into the river, who saved himself by swimming, screaming loudly. Having reached the bank, he nevertheless continued to let out his inarticulate cries in the same way. I saw several very pretty women here, unveiled, with a white complexion and a slender figure; in general the type of women reminds one of the Georgian race. The men were busy making callians out of the gourds, which they coated with a brown varnish and painted.

Peculiar sticks are made here from medlar branches, called isgill, which are cut into the upper half of the shoot intended for the stick while it is still alive and then allowed to curl, whereupon they are peeled and usually serve as a stick of the Masenderan type, without which no farmer goes out, carrying it on his shoulder. The headgear consists of a grey oval cap.

After everything had finally been brought to the other bank, the journey was continued in the same way, always through the dense forest on horrible paths that would have been impossible to navigate without the strong constitution of our own horse breed. Soon after, we came to a magnificent beech forest consisting of mighty, old trees, as in Germany, so here too, without any undergrowth, but the whole forest here formed a wide lake, which was furrowed in the middle by a raging stream. A small branch bridge leads over it, which was finally found after a long search; it was now 3' deep under water. Our consular cavalryman rode ahead, having the horse led by a guide, but when we reached the middle, two beams came loose with a crash, (2_10_015) and horse, rider and guide lay in the raging stream; a cry of fear was heard, then they dived under, but soon reappeared further down, where they were stopped by a tree trunk lying across the water and thus saved themselves. We then dismounted and carefully crossed the bridge, admittedly up to our navels in water [batend?]. Rotting tree trunks were lying everywhere, *Buxus semp.* in large numbers in thick trees, called schimsad. [SprPfl] Mosses were common on trees and lichens. [Pfl]

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Finally, after long zigzags, we reached the village of Piribazar, consisting of scattered houses, in the afternoon without any further problems but thoroughly soaked. We stayed in a brick building similar to a khan for half an hour. A half-submerged wooden bridge led over the river, where several barges were already waiting to pick us up and take us to Enzeli, 4 Pharsach away. After we had had tea here, we boarded (the barge with 6 oars and 15 cranes). The weather was now wonderful and the journey down was beautiful between the banks, which were lined with beautiful, dense forests on both sides. Little by little the river widens, and we enter the Murdab, which is exactly like the sea, but its water is still fresh for a long way. Pelicans, cormorants, ducks and divers enlivened the lake. The foothills of the land blurred into mirage, the sun set brilliantly, and soon the brilliant starry sky covered us.

A Khan who we had met yesterday when we were turning back was travelling with us. He wanted to risk the passage on foot with his servant. He told us that he had reached the river, but that the water had risen so high there (2_10_016) that he and his servant had to take refuge in a tree. He tried to make a fire there, but the rain kept putting it out, and finally he tied himself to the branches and fell asleep. His servant, however, had fallen from the tree into the river in his sleep with a large bottle of arrack, which the Khan drank quite a lot today. Abdullah Khan, a Kaswinian, was not at all like his countrymen. He asked me for my lit cigar, took a few puffs and then gave it back to me. He drank with us from a glass, presented me with a piece of cheese holding it between his fingers and then a ball of cold pillaus kneaded into his hand. I enjoyed him a lot because his songs cheered up the whole group and encouraged the rowers to work harder.

Finally, in the night, we saw the lighthouse of Enzeli, an oil lamp that is only lit when the steamer is expected; after sailing a long way past the Russian sailing ships (1 master) lying at anchor, we stopped in front of the Russian consulate building. On every ship, it was clear that its occupants had given themselves over to playing cards; only a dim glow came through the cabin windows. A good fire, along with good mulled wine and tea, warmed us up, after which we began to dry our clothes and bed a little, until finally, overcome by sleep after midnight, we had to lie down in the damp bed.

Sunday, December 6th. The ship is not expected until tomorrow; I therefore immediately went for a walk around the small island, which is only separated by a narrow headland with

the peninsula connected to the mainland surrounds the town. The south side of Enzeli is built so close to the water that only a narrow footpath leads along it, along which is the bazaar, where you can see many fish of all kinds. Each house has its beautiful orange garden next to it, the trees full of fruit now, the style of the houses as in Rescht, each garden surrounded by a fence of reeds, [but?] the forest only begins on the other side of the water to the east and west. A sandy area stretches along the sea, full of bushes full of low pomegranates, Paliurus, Rubus. [Pfl] On the seashore everything is full of small mussels similar to Pecten, I did not notice a single seaweed as far as plants are concerned, but there were plenty of Ceratophyllum, [Pfl], Trapa natans and Zostera minor. The latter is further proof of the hypothesis that the Caspian Sea was once connected to the Black Sea. [Pfl] (2_10_017) [Pfl] Bidmisk also here in the gardens. An Alsatian stayed here over the winter to buy bird skins, namely those of the silky silver grebes, called greff in French, which serve as fur and are found here in great numbers; also common in Baku, but much more expensive there (40 kopecks each = 1 ½ francs), there also red pelicans.

Monday, December 7th. As the ship arrived this morning but will not be leaving until the evening, I went for a trip on the Murdab with Mr. Consono, two Milanese and Mr. Hascher, the Alsatian bird skin dealer, to shoot birds. Cormorants, one species large, the other smaller, are very common, ducks and divers are many, lapwings in large flocks, pelicans and grey and white herons are common. We embarked in the afternoon as clouds were gathering, as in stormy weather it is impossible to reach the steamer, which has to stay quite far from land as the waves break on the sand. [Well?] we managed to get there, paying 36 kuna to Baku in the second cabin. Both cabins are very small, with no dining room, which is more of a corner than a lounge; beds without blankets, no air in them; Only the first class has a saloon in the middle of the ship above. The captain only spoke Russian, the second French. In the first class there were only the 2 Consonos, in the second there were many Russian Armenians, who have a dialect [different?] from the Persian Armenian language.

Table d'hote not in the 2nd, where you can order the dishes individually or bring the food with you to the ship. Unfortunately we won't be leaving this evening either, as the Ralli house still has to board.

Tuesday, December 8th. We set off early in the morning in the most beautiful weather, the sun shone clear and bright on the calm sea. The steamer always stayed a few miles from the coast. [Places] We reached Lenkoran at sunset, situated like [Astara?], but larger; its houses, like those in Enzeli, were situated along the beach between gardens. The night was spent.

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stopped here, as the sea has several rocky islands here; towards morning we stopped at the nearby narrow but long island [...] to get wood to occupy for the ship. It is only covered by low bushes.

Wednesday, December 9th. In calm, clear weather we continued in the morning, stopping only at Saljan, which was not visible itself, to collect letters to Baku from a steamer anchored there.

I talked a lot with the second captain of our steamer Schach, a Mr Fritzki, who had been on the Iwaschinzof expedition (2_10_018) and therefore knew the Caspian Sea extremely well. The expedition, which began in 1857, only ended this year. The Caspian Sea is 300' deeper than the Black Sea. In spring and summer there are always north-westerly winds, in autumn and winter there are south-easterly winds in the upper half, but in the south there is almost constant calm in spring and summer, which is only occasionally interrupted by a very strong north-westerly wind, and in winter there is also a south-easterly wind there. On the north-east side of the lake the samum often blows in July, bringing enormous masses of sand from the Kirghiz steppes; these masses of sand have already filled a considerable part of the lake, for example. B. Razan Kuli and Chechmak are completely covered, and Bekturlisham is now a lake.

Steamers have been sailing on the lake since 1845; since 1859 the Merkur company has had 12 steamers on it, which travel weekly in the summer from Astrakan to [...], but from November to April only once a month from Baku-[...]. In addition, there are 6 smaller steamers for transporting goods and passengers from [...] to Astrakan; there are also steamers on the Volga to Nizhny and many sailing ships. The transport of goods to Persia is very important, and the fishing yield is enormous. Russian sugar only goes as far as Astará, while that destined for Persia goes via Tiflis, Baku to Rescht. The most well-known fish are the beluka, which weighs up to 20 poods, the asiodr, sterlidsch and others; the animal called tzulän is very profitable on the island of Kulali, and its fat is used to make soap. In winter, however, when the ice breaks up in storms, many people often have accidents while hunting. The fishing that used to take place on the island of Shiloi has completely stopped, now in Salian and between Derbent and Petrovsk; in addition, the entire area between Chechen and Tubkaragan is full of very productive fishing. This is also the stretch which is completely covered with ice in winter, which is then collected in Petrovsk for consumption. The southern half is completely free of it. Lignite is found near Derbent, as well as near Tubkaragan, the latter being better and now being exploited. [Places] - On the island of Chelegen, black naphtha and hot water springs.

At 11 o'clock in the evening the anchor dropped in the lane in front of Baku; very low, only 6°R in the evening. The illumination of the crescent-shaped city spread out before us with its harbor, the lighthouse and the numerous lights of the factory on the cape appeared magnificent.

(2_10_022) *Thursday, December 10th - Friday, December 18th.* The storm did not abate immediately, and since we could not load the effects onto the small boats, I stayed on board until midday; but in vain, the steamer could not reach the quay; so I got off and took up quarters in an Armenian caravanserai. Seen from the sea, the city spreads out along the shore in a crescent shape, covering the slope of a mountain with its white, friendly houses, still in Persian style, with flat roofs, all built of shell limestone of a grayish-yellow color of a very recent formation, the shells of which can still be found in the sea. The quay, the promenade of the Baku residents, runs along the beach, with wave pools built out into the sea. Two quays projecting out into the sea serve to connect the ships with the land. A row of new, beautiful, large stone houses stretches along it, of which the governor's and the Duane's are particularly notable; next to the former is a newly laid out public pleasure garden. Of the other buildings, a tall, wide stone tower immediately catches the eye, called the Maiden's Tower, to which the sea is said to have once reached. Two other minarets made of stone in Persian style are reminiscent of the Persian period, as are the solid ring wall and castle rising above the city, now used as a powder magazine; next to it is a mosque.

From this castle there is a magnificent view all around the city. The interior of the city is angular and terribly dirty in the rainy season, thick mud flows through the streets, while in dry, windy weather the sand becomes very annoying; the frequent storms gave it its name Bad-kuba, as the Persians still call it today. Since the government seat was moved here from Shemahi, the city has flourished, streets have been laid out everywhere, houses have been planned, and there is also a plan to light the city with gas instead of petroleum by channeling the gas streams in the sea near the cape. The current governor, Kulibekin, is working hard on the expansion. With the railway currently being built between Poti and Baku, this place has a great future. The location from the sea reminded me very much of Syra. The good, safe harbor is teeming with waterfowl, in particular the silver grebe, called grepes, and red pelicans were hunted by some [Greeks?]. (2_10_023) Everywhere you can see that the sea once occupied large areas of the present land, while other places have sunk, such as at the cape, where you can still see the remains of a caravanserai in the sea. – The noble

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Society meets on Sundays in the club, a well-equipped place with a beautiful dance hall. Here I tried the waltz etc. again for the first time in a long time.

Madam Olga Rossmässler danced beautifully, and was the most beautiful woman in Baku. She is the wife of the son of the well-known Leipziger Rossmässler, who was a chemist here in the Eichler factory. Other acquaintances were the pharmacist Eichler, who has a completely German-style pharmacy here. Also the director of the grammar school, Tschermack, who was particularly interested in botany and had made not insignificant collections from his surroundings, many of which he was very willing to share with me. *Bongardia Rauwolfii* was considered a rare plant here, but *Leontice* was missing. I was especially pleased to see the presence of Mr. Despote de Zenovitsch and his cousin Kazari-noff, whom I had first met in Teheran with Siemens. Through him I was immediately introduced to the governor, who was just giving his farewell party before his departure for Tiflis. Through him I got to know the upper class of Baku, namely the wife of the Procureur Widkofski, who sang wonderfully but with extreme freedom; the wife of the Duane director, etc. The Messrs. Consono,

My travel companions had checked into the Italian innkeeper Dominik.

The weather was very bad almost during my entire stay, rain, snow, storms and extreme cold; without the numerous cabs costing 10 kopecks each, it was impossible to get around the city.

In the company of Madam Rossmässler, I went to the world-famous Surchane near Baku, that is to the eternal fires. The route leads through the suburbs, then over undulating terrain with villages on both sides in 1 ½ hours by cab. From far away you can see the columns of smoke from the

petroleum distilling factory set up there. The site is a plateau about 300' above sea level, on which the factory only occupies a relatively small space, although its buildings cover a large area. In the courtyard you can see the eternal fires burning out of various pipes, without smoke, as they burn naphtha gas, which emerges everywhere at a depth of about 60'. The factory is very simple, the black naphtha, which bubbles up nearby with water, is separated and then distilled in large boilers, which are distilled by gas flames that are easy to regulate. The even burning of the gas without any interruption is an enormous advantage for the factory, which does not need any fuel at all.

Next to the factory is the Indian pagoda, where only one Indian is still staying since the others were attacked and killed by Tartars two years ago; he too showed us his half-broken fingers; an expressive face with a white beard and a white turban. The cells around the courtyard were now empty, but the holy fire still burns everywhere, wherever the pipes that have now been installed are opened, where a powerful flame immediately appears.

blazed up. In particular, the fire burning in the middle of the open chapel was worshipped by [them?]. On either side of it are two baking ovens of crude construction, in the interior of which (2_10_024) the fire penetrates to the cracks in the limestone; the dead were burned in them, they seemed to be filled with ashes. To the side, in a cell, is the Indian's Sanctis-simus; several flames burst out in the clean, white-painted room, while on the wall is the god, two small brass figures sitting on chairs; next to them lie other crude figures, including Napoleon I, along with crudely painted sea stones. The Indian recited his monotonous mass to us, sitting but moving his upper body back and forth, ringing a bell with his right hand. A large dog now stands guard, protruding from the wall. Since the Tartar attack, the path leads through the factory, which used to be entered from outside; all the curiosities have been stolen by them.

Mr. Eichler, the pharmacist's brother, was mainly involved in gardening and had already set up a garden in the courtyard, the trees of which were a pleasant surprise in the treeless area. He had created a hybrid with *Petunia* and *Nicotiana persica*; *Datura fastuosa*, *Reseda odorata* and others thrived very well.

XVII Baku–Tiflis (18 December 1868 – 21 January 1869)

Finally, on *Friday, December 18th*, the weather improved, and since we had already hired a [fuerkon?] to Tiflis yesterday, we set off this morning at about 10 o'clock. The route goes up the undulating hills that rise above the city, then descends to a valley with many built-over cisterns from the Persian period with the village of Saraï, a Muslim village. After 30 versts we stopped at the village of Arbad, where we spent the night in a hiking hut.

We set out again that night on the morning of *December 19th* in great cold and rain, and reached Tschennechi after 23 versts, having previously passed the post house near Tennä. We stayed there all day and set out again after midnight for Ma-rasa, 30 versts away. A very difficult journey, everything was covered in snow, and more was continually falling.

Almost every year people die here on this lonely, undulating plateau. It was so cold that, wrapped up in blankets, I did not even glance at the snow-covered areas, namely the foothills of the Caucasus to the right. Finally in the morning we saw our destination for today, the village of Marasa, lying in a valley in front of us, to which it took about an hour to descend because of the snow. We dismounted in the house of our Tjarvadar; the whole village of 300 houses is inhabited by Malegans, a special religious sect; they do not smoke and do not tolerate smoking in their houses; they do not eat pork; they are known as good, reliable people, strong constitutions, as are the women, with coarser features, but fresh and ruddy, unashamed in their dealings with men, very faithful in marriage; their dress reaches down to their breasts, where a jacket then covers the neck. Eyes blue, hair blonde.

The men mostly wear the German peasant's cap, while the Tartars wear the large, powerful felt cap on their heads like a beehive. The interior of the houses is very clean; $\frac{1}{4}$ of each room is taken up by the stove, which, constructed like an oven, with a pipe leading through the room, heats it; above is the usual bed of the spouses and during the day the children's play area. The women take care of all the household chores, bake bread; ours made noodles today by baking the rolled-out dough over the fire. The mighty samovar brings the whole family or the neighborhood together in the evening, where the tea is drunk until the water, which is constantly poured, no longer takes on any color; they put the sugar in their mouths. Today is a very sad Sunday for me, because since Baku I have had a severe toothache, my whole face

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swollen, and on top of that a bad cold. The flora up to this point in the valleys was mostly salt plants, especially many like those from Rudbar, as well as [Pfl].

(F09_74) *Monday, 21st December.* Spent the whole day in the house, as the Malegan was busy repairing the wagon. All the houses were covered with straw, only the post houses with wooden shingles. Dirty people, more so than the [Persians?]. Their religion and [oath?] not recognized by Russia. Men wore grey-yellow felt coats, [peasant?] caps, high boots with trousers tucked into them; long hair. Women only wore headscarves.

Tuesday, 22nd. Set out after midnight and arrived in Shemahi in the morning after 30 versts. Always on hilly terrain with wonderful views [in front of us?] of the snow-covered foothills near Shemahi, which can be seen from afar; the new Armenian church, dominating the town, stands out with its green roofs. The town stretches out on the mountainside, i.e. the [Persian?] town, the newer parts lie behind it on the mountain. We stayed in the Malegan caravanserai with a large mud swamp in front of it; very dirty now. Some squares paved like the wide streets, especially well in the higher town. At the bazaar in the Persian style in open shops on both sides of the road; lots of fruit, namely apples, pears and large medlars, from the latter a kind of arrack is produced by fermentation. Small chibuks, cigarette factories and tea. [Manufacture?] of fur hats, especially for the Persians the [semi-circular?], very large ones, like a bear. The upper parts of the town are clean with many new, beautiful houses, especially the beautiful, new building of the governor, who, however, moved his seat to Baku after the great earthquake (F09_73), as a result of which the town lost a lot. Beautiful view from the mountain above the town, where a new, beautiful Armenian church with a school next to it is visible from afar; nearby is a beautiful chapel. Beyond this mountain, the new part of the town is divided into quarters by [4lei?] parallel streets with surrounding gardens. The governor's garden at the entrance to the town. [Pfl] The mountains in the surrounding area, like in the town itself, are covered with snow; cold because of the high altitude.

Wednesday, December 23rd. We were supposed to set off in the morning, but we had barely set off when two wagons broke down, so we had to wait until midday. From now on the road was very good on the new highway, whereas the one to Baku was bad. Soldiers on their way to Tiflis held their farewell scene along the road, some of them unconscious and drunk. The road passes several villages.

Our present Menzil Aksu 36 versts. Soon you find yourself at the top of a mountain without noticing it, from where the path descends in numerous bends to the wide plain of Aksu. The path, which was only completed two years ago, has been extended far too long by the engineer who was commissioned to build it, who made money from it; he is therefore to be sentenced to life imprisonment.

have been sentenced. Beautiful view here into the many numerous valleys of the split mountains, all covered with low bushes, especially the *Foeniculum dulce* is very common, which fills the air far and wide with its smell. The descent of the mountain takes [...] versts, at the foot of which lies the village of Aksu, surrounded by wide, large gardens with lots of fruit. In the [Malaganhaus?] [they?] stayed, very dirty, rough, but very close-knit people; women are very unashamed in front of men [but?] [women?]; they love red [...?]. Before drinking tea they stand up with their heads uncovered, without folding their hands, say a silent prayer and then drink (F09_72), in the same way until they have finished drinking. They dilute the tea so that it almost loses its color; then comes the meal, soup with goose meat [mostly?] or pillau [with?] raisins; eating dirty with your hands without washing first.

Thursday, December 24th. Set out during the night for the 28 versts [far?] Kulleli. The path now remains on the plain. [Places, Pfl] Kulleli lies on the plain, consists of 2 rows of houses with a wide street; houses resting on posts, often made entirely of beams glued to earth with straw roofs; inhabited by Malagasy people. To the right at the entrance to the mountains you can see an Armenian village, romantically situated. In the evening a [Malagasy?] priest came, indistinguishable from the others; when he entered everyone stood up and the master of the house went up to him, hugged and kissed him twice, bowing deeply. Then the large Bible, in Greek and Russian, was brought out, a cloth was placed under it, and someone read something out loud, which the whole company repeated in song. (F09_71) I made mulled wine and drank to the health of my family, who will remember me a lot this evening. The air was not cold, like in spring, I slept in the car.

Friday, December 25th. We set off at night for Kremerian, 14 versts away, with many villages. [Places] We soon reached the station, but there were so many furkons there that we had to camp in the open. [Pfl] A high, dark mountain, already visible this morning, rises up nearby. We slept in the car. [Pfl]

Saturday, December 26th, 2nd holiday. Sky overcast, rainy, only set off in the morning because it had rained heavily during the night. Set off for the 2nd post station, 33 versts towards Arab, which only consisted of the post house and a few miserable huts. I slept in the carriage again, night cold. Before that, passed the Turiyan tschai at the 1st post station.

Sunday, December 27th. Stayed in Arab today, as the [Malagan?] don't travel on Sundays. Horrible stay, the hut full of fleas and lice. A pillau, prepared in the Armenian boutique, had to replace the whole Christmas season. Beautiful weather, warm like spring. The mountains on the right

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close, consisting of low, many broken mountains. [To?] the far left, the high mountains of Karabagh, covered with eternal snow even in summer, rise majestically, wrapped from top to bottom in their white winter dress. [Pfl]

Monday, December 28th. We set off before midnight and passed the station of Chomakly during the night and arrived at the Kur River in the morning, where we rested until daybreak. There are only a few huts on both sides of the wide, deep river, which here flows its water through the monotonous plain, with bare banks covered with salt plants on both sides. An Armenian village lies a little further down, where wild pomegranate bushes line the banks. Large camel caravans were camped on both banks; there was a dispute between the camel drivers and the Fürkontschis over the ferry, they hit each other with poles. The ferry was made by 2 boats, covered with boards, on which there was a beam with 2 pointed rollers, along each of which ran the thick rope, which the floating boat was pulled across. Two wagons can be accommodated on each one, which was easy to do and not at all associated with as many difficulties as in Turkey. Two such boats provide communication without any customs being charged here. Several hours passed before everything was across, then we continued on to Degirmen 27 versts, where we camped outside in a courtyard surrounded by a wall. Everywhere at the stations there are small boutiques with the necessary utensils for sale, where you can also buy a samovar, but the rooms are small and full of fleas, Persian style. Very cold night, north wind, but we slept in the furkon.

(F09_69) *Wednesday, December 29th.* We set off again at midnight, always on the flat, until we reached Gendje, the old Ganzaka of the Armenians, in the morning. The town is completely flat, surrounded by extensive orchards with houses in between, and crossed by a small river, over which two old bridges still remain. You walk for a long time between the gardens and after crossing the river you reach the town itself with 3,000 houses, 1,200 of which are Armenian families. Large, beautiful square on both sides with mighty, thick plane trees from the time of Shah Abbas; on both sides run the clean bazaar shops, once filled with European products, all still run in the Persian style. At the south end is the entrance with two minarets to a mosque with a large dome from the time of Shah Abbas, now restored.

In the post restaurant of two Frenchmen who have been established for three months, where we spent the evening with an Armenian, Jacob, who was very friendly. In another Armenian restaurant with billiards I met a military doctor who [spoke?] about Aleppo knots, who had also been to Baku and Gendsche.

comes; in any case identical with the ulcerus sibiric. The ruins of the old city of King Kaikik are only 3 versts away. Of the Russian families (F09_68) only civil servant families were represented, also some German families from the colony.

Wednesday, December 30th. We set off after midnight in very cold weather, with a lot of wind in our faces. In the morning we had a wonderful view of the snow-capped mountains of the Caucasus, which appeared red in the rising sun and reminded me vividly of the Elburz coming from Ispahan, stretching along in a long chain, reminding me of all the [fights?] [Russia?] against the [mountain peoples?].

On the left are the snow-covered mountains of Karabagh, where Siemens has copper works. In the morning we reached the old town of Chem-pur, which also dates back to Armenian times, situated on a hill with the remains of a fort, built of stone with semi-circular towers, built in layers of brick and boulders. Downhill we can see the remains of a bridge from the same period over a now dry riverbed. A few versts further on we stopped at a caravanserai where a Persian had set up a new boutique; he later said that we Europeans were very clever, that there was good business to be done here with false bank notes, and that a caravanserai owner in Gendsche had become enormously rich this way. The Caucasus is now retreating further. [Spr] (F09_67) [Spr]

Thursday, December 31st. A wonderful day, cold at night, but lovely in the morning at sunrise, and quite warm during the day. (Near Tscham-bur the tomb of a Swiss, Würmli, murdered there 2 years ago.) Across the plain towards the foothills to the left, which we pass in places in the afternoon. Towards sunset we reached the post station [Hassansu?], halfway between Gendsche and Tiflis. [Places, Pfl] From Gendsche onwards the caravanserai become better, as the Mulegan economy has now ceased.

This evening, on New Year's Eve, I will sleep in the ladder wagon and in my mind I will be transported to my family at home. At the next station, the road to Nakhchivan splits.

Friday, January 1, 1869. Set out at night for Ge-mikaya, 36 versts away. The path was partly hilly along the foothills on the left, which appeared to be wooded in the background. A wonderful, warm, clear day, almost oppressive. [Places]

(F09_66) Gemikaya [d..?] [..bern?] lies on the slope of a hill rising isolated from the plain, which falls vertically to the north to the broad Kur, whose banks are densely covered with willow bushes and poplars, forming wide forests between the Kur, which is divided into many branches. The white post station is already visible from afar. Salt plants cover the hills. [Pfl] At moonrise we set off again for Tiflis, 36 versts away.

XVIII Tbilisi–Vienna (22 January–22 February 1869)

(2_11_001) *Friday, January 22, 1869.* After a 20-day stay in Tiflis, everything was finally prepared today so that I could leave the city at 11 a.m., accompanied by Mr. Hartmann, an engineer from Siemens. The whole area was covered in snow a foot deep, an unusual occurrence here; the Suram Pass, which is only 3,000' above sea level, was almost impractical for vehicles, so that even the post had to continue its journey on foot. After racing through the long streets of the newer part of the city with our troika (= three-horse team, the national Russian vehicle), the Kura River, with its numerous windings and gardens and country houses on the other side, soon presents itself to view. The well-maintained path also offers geologists a glimpse into the rock layers, particularly where the path is deeply cut. The path climbs up a hill, where you now always have the Kurathal in front of you. [Places] Several romantically situated ruins can be seen further up on the left [Kura-]

Banks high on the mountain tops, reminding me of many parts of the Rhine.

After 13 versts we reached the station of Nitschbis-zchale, where we unfortunately found no horses to continue our journey, so we had to spend the afternoon and night here, whether we liked it or not. The post houses here are better equipped than those on the other side of Tiflis. We found several priests here and a Colonel Lidschefski, who was going to Tiflis, with whom we had a chat.

He lived in Kutais and owned large forests nearby, full of zelkova crenata, beeches, ash trees, etc., and also azaleas and rhododendrons, often in thick trunks; a lot of honey, especially from linden blossoms, the poisonous kind is produced by the azalea in some areas. A good tea soon warmed our limbs again, for an icy wind had arisen; wine and sausage made up our evening meal.

(2_11_002) *Saturday, January 23, 1869.* Only at 7:30 am did we get ready to continue our journey to Achalkalaki, 18 versts away, to which the road leads continuously along the right bank of the Kura. From there to Gori, 20 ½ versts away, from which the rock city of Uplosiche can be seen 7 versts up the left bank of the river. In a rock face you can see a number of carved grottos, while the ruined city lies a little further down directly above the river bank. From a distance I could only see a number of arched vaults, among which a white-looking house stood out. Here we met two Frenchmen with a young woman who was to be a harpist for the Shah of Persia. Gori, a small town, which appears soon after, lies at the foot of a half-natural, half-artificial rocky ridge, on which are the mighty, partly well-preserved ruins of a large fortress; the station was on this side of the river, where a wooden bridge over the now ice-floe

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River leads; remains of 2 older stone bridges nearby. [Places] The moon rose beautifully and illuminated the thickly snow-covered, now increasingly rising plain, in places 6' deep.

We then reached the Suram station, which was surrounded by mountains on a plateau. We stopped for an hour to prepare the samovar, then continued straight on, past a steep rock rising up from the plateau, with ruins of a fortress, where the path climbed up to the Suram ridge, wooded on both sides. Wolves appeared on either side, but the night was beautiful, cold and clear.

[Places] At the secondary station, called propostik, (2_11_003) the train was simply changed and the journey continued. In a wooden hut, 6 tree trunks had been laid on top of each other and set on fire, [around?] which the inhabitants had camped.

Next to it, the road was blocked by a black and white barrier, while a military guard asked us about the [Padoroschnaju?]. It goes quickly

Down through many windings of the wooded mountains to the Malita station, built from just a few wooden huts in the Swiss style, located right in the middle of the mountains.

The rest of the night had to be spent here; but the deeper descent was already making itself felt, and when we emerged on *Sunday, January 24th*, in the morning, it was thawing and a heavy [atmospheric?] precipitation, called rain, was falling from the grey sky. The area was now beautiful, everything was full of green, but the roads were very bad; the many holes in particular gave us a lot of trouble. We now had to exchange the sledge for the troika again. Broken or overturned [furkons?] were often seen on the side, awaiting their fate here until better weather arrives. The vegetation was magnificent, the slopes full of rhododendrons. [Pfl] Houses all made of wooden beams, with balconies at the front, all resting on stilts; along the street Bazarbutiqen. The Ruisila remains to the left, to the right, high above the path, on a high mountain peak, the romantic ruins of a fairly well-preserved castle can be seen. The path becomes more and more steep, the thaw becomes worse and the path becomes worse and worse.

Soon we reach the [further?] station of Belogor, large boulders covered with moss and Asplen. Trichomanes, above it on steeply sloping rocks above the river are the well-preserved remains of a square castle, after which we can only see the large village after turning around. In 3 hours we had only covered 17 versts. Shortly before that, rhododendrons were in abundance. Next to the village there are the remains of another castle or church, of which only a pillar-like remnant remains. The same bad road now continues; chalk cliffs and marl layers full of fossils are left on the left of the road, which are being repaired, while on the other side of the Ruisi river the path for the railway was laid along the river at the foot of the mountain.

(2_11_004) Everywhere next to the villages you can see trees laden with hay, which was also the custom in some parts of Kurdistan. A castle stands immediately above the path on the left. Boxwood is now becoming common, while small fir trees have settled in the cracks on vertical rocks. [Pfl]

Further downstream there was a large tent camp of soldiers working on the railway, many of whom we met on the way, totally drunk, as a Sunday celebration.

The gradient here is very considerable, [and?] causes [the?] Suram many difficulties, but it should be completed by Tiflis in 5 years. The path descends more and more, and soon one emerges from the mountains and reaches the station Quirila, a large village in the plain, above which the Suram chain rises as a broad mountain range with a bare, unforested ridge above it. Now continuously in the plain, partly bushed or forested, swampy terrain.

[Plant, places] After 19 versts you reach the station Simonet, a village on a plain, only further on there are ever lower trains to the right and left. After 15 versts you enter a hilly area, past Jason's cave, to the right of the road, [next to?] which, up in the valley gorge, contains many well-preserved ammonites and ceratites. After climbing a little, after 3 versts you see Kutais, which once consisted of scattered houses, surrounded by widespread tree gardens. The road descends again a little and you reach the town, where I stayed at the Hotel de France.

Monday, January 25th - Friday, January 29th. Remained in Kutais. Here the warmer sea climate was already noticeable, cyclamens were already in bloom. The town on the left bank of the river has clean bazaar shops in straight streets, but in the Turkish style, not arched like in Persia. The streets are wide and cobbled, but that did not prevent it from being very dirty, especially at midday. European life and activity, mixed strongly with the Orient. There are cabs everywhere that drive around the town for 20 kopecks. All kinds of traditional costumes can be seen here, especially with a lot of Turkish elements, but the red fez is only seen occasionally, the main head covering is the high, round, thick black sheepskin hat of the Tartars, which is also worn by the Armenians. Next to the hotel (there are currently three hotels) there was an orchard with wide walks, in which a tree with long pods was common. In others, a small-leaved oak, cherry laurel in bloom, hazelnuts, cypresses, and thuja were common.

(2_11_005) On the other side of the river, low mountains stretch along the river, but these often fall into steep cliffs. These consist of very beautifully preserved numulites, in a hard, light, often crystalline marble, often bluish in colour; a road runs along it past the so-called botanical garden, which, however, although it has existed for about 20 years, has nothing

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offers nothing extraordinary, but is only a public garden with some pretty cypresses and groups of conifers as well as bushes of azalea and rhododendron, above which rise steep cliffs, [covered?] with Hedera Helix, Vinca, Smilax and bushes. Several bridges lead over the river, but the beautiful chain bridge was broken, as was another stone bridge below, so that the connection was only made by a new stone bridge between the two. [Places] Black pearl strings were manufactured nearby from the rich anthracite deposits, an export item from Kutais.

I made some acquaintances here: Mr. Khatisian, a young, intelligent Armenian who had been sent to the Caucasus several times for the government to observe the glaciers, of which there are seven on Kazbek alone, but which should not be confused with the ones given by Kolenati in such a confusing way. It is only regrettable that he has not been able to get a permanent position in Tiflis due to all kinds of intrigues, and that he has not been allowed to rise to the top. He is now busy establishing historical data from Armenian writers in chronological order of how the cities were destroyed. This has convinced him that Erzingan is an independent volcanic region, independent of the Ararat system. For botany I only found one young teacher at the grammar school who had put together a few collections; but he was very little interested. The grammar school is a large, beautiful building with a nice physics room, which even has an aquarium. An amateur theatre performance was held in Russian for the benefit of the poor, where the noble beauties of Kutais, for which it is world famous, were gathered, which the actor also brought with him by performing the remarkable things from each town and, in Kutais, the beautiful princesses. In particular, it was the Seretelli [Erewuf?], Ananos and other families, whom I also got to know. The latter is the richest Armenian family there, who had sent their two boys to school in Dresden. The parents spoke good German and were generally very amiable. (2_11_006) The woman, although the mother of five children, had retained her physical maturity to such an extent that she was irresistibly captivating, which was further enhanced by her fine manners, delicate, white complexion, etc. She gave me a letter to Princess Dadian in Istanbul.

The weather was still very changeable, often very cold at night and in the morning, then very warm again, so that Mr. Hartmann was advised by Dr. [Rankner?] to walk to Suchum Kale; it is not until May that it is pleasant in Kutais. Then it is said to be a paradise. A magnificently laid out Russian church has not been built, and no Russian church seems to be thriving here in the Caucasus. Many English people were staying at the time because of the railway that was being built, as well as because of the telegraph. –

The Hotel de France [by?] [Marti.?] very bad, expensive prices and obvious fraud on the bill, most things listed twice.

Finally, *Friday* afternoon, 1 o'clock, the diligence left for Orpiri or Maran, at 2 rubles, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. The whole area was flat, full of bushes and forests. Here I met Mr. Carl Höltzer, a Thuringian, director of the Siemens telegraph under construction, who was stationed there at the time. The town was built along the river, very dirty, and situated on the plain. We spent the night here and early the next morning, *Saturday, January 30th*, we boarded the small river steamer to take us to Poti. The journey continued between flat, wooded banks, [Pfl], with scattered dwellings in between, similar to the Lower Rhine.

Arriving in Poti in the afternoon, I checked into the Jacquot hotel, 1 ruble 20 kopecks per day. The room was unheated, so that I could wait for the larger steamer to Bathum. Poti is also a very spacious place with isolated streets, with 4 hotels next to each other. There is a lot of life here now because of transport for the railway and telegraph, and piles of iron rails were already stacked on the bank of the river. When I got out, I immediately noticed an old fortress with very thick, excellently cemented walls, of which only one portal remains, while the interior is now an orchard. Here too, everything was thickly covered with snow and there was a heavy frost at night. The most beautiful thing is a new, slender lighthouse that rotates with different colored lights. The surrounding area is flat, full of bushes, [plants]; a lot of fever in the summer because of the swamp. The sea is a quarter of an hour away, into which the expanding river flows far. For a long time you can distinguish the dark, clear edges of the sea from the murky river water (2_11_007). There are almost no seaweeds or mussels on the beach because there is no tide. [Places] Until now, terrible storms had been raging continuously on the sea, so that all ships were delayed; it has only been calm again for 2 days, so that there was great doubt as to whether the ship would arrive.

Sunday, January 31st. Luckily the ship appeared and in the afternoon we continued our journey in glorious weather. A splendid view of the thickly snow-covered Caucasus range, stretching out on the horizon, particularly in the evening with wonderful lighting. At 11 o'clock at night we arrived in Bathum, where we had to change again and board the very large steamship Azow. The harbor is very deep so that the largest ships can dock on land. Deep snow here. Insignificant place, wooden barracks along the harbor; the houses of merchants or consuls scattered to the side.

Casino of Hascher and Tanner, who are engaged in grèpes-catching, the latter about 5,000 pieces so far and an Armenian about 10,000. These Agtaucher skins are becoming more and more expensive, I bought 1 [skin?] prepared for 21 ½ rubles, while

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They can be bought on the Caspian Sea for half a franc per bird. The quantity sent to Europe is enormous, and this bird must soon become very rare. A species twice as small is also shot with the same skins.

The export tax makes them even more expensive.

Monday, February 1st. We set off at midday, and the weather was wonderful all the time. The route was always in sight of the Turkish coast, where the high mountains of Lazistan stretch along the Caucasus. The latter was still gloriously visible, but soon disappeared completely. Mighty dolphins emerged from the water, jumping to catch their prey.

On the morning of *Tuesday, February 2nd*, we were in the harbor of Trebisonde, beautifully spread out on the slopes of the mountains along the sea. The rising sun cast its rays on the city. Soon we were crossed in a barge and reached old Trebizond, the Comnenian city. I first took a walk along the sea below the old fortress. [Bau] (2_11_008) [Bau]

A magnificent view from up here over the seemingly endless expanse of sea, today not marred by a single wave, while the city stretches out on both sides. [Pfl, Txt] - I then wanted to pay a visit to the Austrian Consul Antonovich, but the gentleman replied that it was still too early and that I should come back around midday, which of course did not happen. I then visited the Prussian or rather North German Consul, Count von Bothmer, brother of Mrs. von Maltitz, who has been here for 9 months. I was delighted to see the sign: [North German?] Consulate, when will it be called: German Consulate? I found the Count to be a charming bachelor, but he did not seem to like life here. The consuls do not get along with each other, in particular he does not get along with the French one, which is easily understandable, but he gets along very well with the Italian one. The newly built house is located on a terrace on the mountain, with a wonderful view over the sea and the city below; nearby is the Turkish cemetery, planted with cypresses. For the first time in a long time, I saw the high turban-shaped stones here again.

Unfortunately, the stay was only short, as the ship was due to leave at noon. I also paid a visit to the English consul Palgrave, the Arab traveller; a slight young man who preferred to speak German poorly rather than hear the same thing in English. He seemed to me to be a very self-absorbed man who wanted to let his light shine in every possible way. To my surprise, I found the Italians Consono in the Hôtel des [verqueures?], with whom I was travelling on today. They had had to endure terrible storms from Bathum to here; they had now sought to recover here with European feminae; I made the acquaintance of Carolina, Mrs. von Hascher, as well as the young wife of Jusef from the English ambassador in Teheran, who, together with the stable master, had arrived a few days after my departure from

Teheran succumbed to cholera. The castle of Comnene with its battlements could only be seen from afar on the sea. Magnificent day, warm, delicious spring weather. The Count (2_11_009) accompanied us down to the ship. Today is the birthday of the late Mathilde. We didn't continue until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, magnificent sunset. Stopped in Kerasun at midnight and loaded almost the entire ship with hazelnuts.

On the morning of *Wednesday, February 3rd*, we stopped in Ordu, where we ate mainly beans, while in Bathum we ate mostly boxwood from Poti in thick trunks. Ordu is beautifully situated on the mountainside next to the sea, but a small town. We didn't continue until the afternoon, so we didn't dock in front of Samsun until 11 p.m. The weather was fine, the ship didn't rock at all, but it was a very cold and dark night.

Thursday, February 4th. In the morning we were in front of Samsun, but very far out at sea, so that we only now approached the harbor. After coffee we then boarded a barge for 6 piastres per man with Consono's

The view of the town from the sea reminded me of Rhodes: along the sea, the lower town, consisting of nice, friendly stone houses with European roofs, with the bazaars and stores, above that pretty country houses between gardens full of olive trees on the slope of a gentle, lovingly cultivated mountain range, behind which two wooded mountain peaks peek out like caps. Further away to the left of the town, a higher mountain range rises, from which a wide plain, densely covered with forest, stretches like a narrow strip far into the sea. All kinds of game are said to be found there in abundance, including wild cows, perhaps aurochs? and lots of pigs and deer, which were brought to us for sale at 12 piastres per deer.

[Places] Tobacco is the main export item, I also bought 2 okkas at 20 piastres each, which costs twice as much in Istanbul. Customs have to be paid for export here. Our ship, which was actually only intended to transport anthracite coal from Taman, took in large quantities of it. We visited the Russian consul, an old, friendly gentleman, where I made the acquaintance of Miss Sophie Castelli, a slim, black Italian woman who would have liked to accompany me to Istanbul. She had been badly affected by fever, for which Samsun is notorious. The old Genoese fortress on the seashore is a large building surrounded by high walls with several [towers?] and many square outer towers; the interior is full of the inhabitants' houses. The seashore offers little, sandy, and the rocks are inaccessible because they are covered in algae, and there are also few mussels.

At midday, after a warm farewell from Sophie Castelli, we boarded the ship again and departed at 3 o'clock. A similar forest plain stretches along the other side. Rainy evening, very dark night. Argument at the table with a

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drunken Englishman who wanted to box me, but was locked up for it, but then freed himself and threw himself down into the lower holds of the ship.

(2_11_010) There was also a young Armenian from Kutais on board who was going to Paris to study commerce. Although we had all taken second class, we had accommodation and meals in first class at a communal table, as first and second class are not separated on transport ships. Captain Hallberg and first officer Demme, who will also become captain after his return, were extremely nice people, one spoke English, the other German.

Friday, February 5th. At 8 a.m. we were close to Ineboli, but the sea was rough. The murky land water was clearly separated from the dark, clear sea water. The town of Ineboli lies at the entrance to a bushy valley between low mountains, but only a few houses are visible. The town is important as a landing place for the numerous scattered villages that bring their products, mostly fruit, here for shipment. The agent, a Turk, came on board and wanted to send 100 collis of apples, but only wanted to negotiate half of that, which was not agreed to. So we moved on immediately. We moved away from the coast so that soon nothing but heaven and earth was visible; the sea was getting higher and higher, and our ship rocked so that the pointer pointed to 30. During the night we had to deviate from the usual route, which meant we lost time. We hardly slept because of the rocking, and this caused general confusion.

In the morning, *Saturday, February 6th*, the weather was the same, we would not enter the Bosphorus until about 4 o'clock. The weather was good though, at least there was no rain. We did not enter the Bosphorus until an hour after sunset because of the contrary wind, where we had to remain at the entrance, as ships are not allowed to enter at night.

Sunday, February 7th. The weather was splendid. We were given permission to enter at sunrise, and soon the magnificent panorama passed before my eyes, which you never forget once you have seen it. The banks, which are densely populated with villages on both sides and which merge into one another in places, the entrances to the valleys, the excursions or summer residences of the Sultan's city, have a magical charm. At the entrance, whole sections of rock were painted dazzling white as a sign for the ships in the frequent thick fog. After 2 hours we arrived in Istanbul, but such a thick fog lay over the city and the harbor that you could hardly see ahead, so the anchor was immediately dropped. After waiting for an hour, the fog dispersed, the Galata Tower became visible, as if rising from the sea, and we disembarked. A caique took us to the Duane, where we left all our baggage this time, so as not to have it examined and to avoid the dear

because of the porter's fee. I and the 2 Consono brothers from Milan rented a room for 8 days, as Lloyd had already left the day before. In the street Venedek near the Pesth hotel, I rented a room from Totfalluschi, a Hungarian, for 150 piastres (2_11_011) for the three of us. The weather was constantly splendid, true spring weather, as there was no snow anywhere, and cyclamens and Hyacinthus orient. fl. alb. were already in bloom and were being offered for sale in the streets.

At Cumani's, First Secretary of the Russian Embassy, I found a collection of plants from the area, which he gave to me. The majority had already been stolen by a Frenchman named Du Parquet, who sent them to Boissier under his name, which is corrected in the Flora Orientalis. At the Prussian Embassy I did not find much new. Brassier de St. Simon was still the old jovial companion, living with a lady who runs his house; Dr. Busch had moved out and was living in the office; there was also Chancellor Count von Schwerin, and the Embassy also included Count von Sternberg, Legation Counsellor von Übel, etc. Invited to dinner at Brassier's in the evening.

Arrival of Prince Carl von [Bedan?], coming from Tiflis. At Ihmsen and Company I found the same Mr. Martz, Fink and Wedemeier with whom I dined most evenings.

On the evening of Shrove Tuesday I had a lot planned, as there were masked balls everywhere, in the Italian society Concordia, in the German Teutonia, in the Alcazar, Crystal Palace, etc. But in the evening I got such a bad headache that I had to go to bed. When Consonos came home early before sunrise and woke me up, I climbed the Galata Tower, where I enjoyed a magnificent, splendid view; the windows of Istanbul glowed like a thousand suns when the sun rose. Life on Pera Street provides the most entertainment, all nations flock there. - Fuad Pasha's death.

Saturday, February 13th. At 11:30 noon we boarded the Lloyd steamer Diana for Trieste; I took second class, but paid 65 florins for third class, including food and bed. Once again I caught sight of the Seraglio peak with its mosques and plane trees, and soon after the turn one can see the vast sea of houses of Old Istanbul with the ring walls by the sea, which extend far and wide. One more look at Pera and the entrance to the Bosphorus, and the wonderful panorama has disappeared; only Old Istanbul and Scutari with its large barracks capture one's attention, until these too disappear and the Princes' Islands now draw one's attention. The gaze is dreamily fixed on the slender minarets of the old cathedrals of Christendom, and one would be reluctant to say goodbye to them, if the secret thought of a reunion did not arise, for the proverb says: Once

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Anyone who has drunk Taksim water will come back! (2_11_012) The sun set beautifully in the calm sea and soon we were lulled into a gentle slumber.

Sunday, February 14th. The sea became a little rough, with a headwind, so that we landed in front of Syra at 5 a.m. instead of midday. As we had to stop until midnight, I got off here. I was again delighted by the sight of the town: the small, dazzling white summer houses with green blinds, interspersed with the red, yellow and blue colors of the window frames, gave it a cheerful, fresh appearance, as there were no old barracks at all, and it stood out brightly against the bare rocks that rose above it in rounded shapes. The harbor was full of Greek sailing ships that were still there because of the unrest that had only just been put to rest. In addition, the steamers from Smirna and Trieste arrived here at the same time, so that the harbor was very lively.

The entire population of Syra was assembled on the quay, awaiting news, but the excitement had already been completely dampened by the decisions of the conference. The harbor had just been blocked by Turkish ships.

The interior of the city showed many improvements compared to earlier times, and the beautiful, paved streets are particularly worthy of praise. The trees in the square, through which a broad paved path leads, did not seem to be thriving, however, and the few dates in particular showed no progress in growth. They make the [mostly?] rachatlokum, which is sent to Istanbul, as well as a mastic sweet, good, cheap tobacco, which is much more valued in Istanbul than Samsun; the island also produces a very excellent white, very aromatic honey. Accompanied by His Excellency Baron von Goebel from Vienna, who was travelling with me from Constantinople and returning from a trip to Egypt and Syria, I visited the Consul von Hahn, a small old gentleman who treated us to fiery Samos wine. The garden around the house, located in the upper part of the city, amazed me with the luxuriance of the vegetation: the apricots and almond trees were in full bloom, *Sempervivum arboreum* with large yellow flower panicles grew everywhere, occupied by a small *Helix* species. We stayed until about 10 o'clock, as the ship did not leave until midnight. The humidity was really extraordinary, and it was suddenly noticeable as we entered the harbor when we got behind the wind. As we crossed to the ship, the sea was so full of phosphorescent, glowing little balls that I took a bottle of water with me to examine them.

Monday, February 15th. At 9 o'clock in the morning at Cap Angelo, where the famous hermit lives on the bare rocks, on which he has built a hut and planted small fields. He is said to make himself very invisible, especially when ships (2_11_013) dock to bring him food, he is said to never show himself, which makes him rise higher in the eyes of the crowd.

We had exceptionally good weather all day, mild, without wind and without sea, even the much feared Cape Matapan, which we passed close by, received us very kindly. The small, green bushes cover it everywhere. Around 3 o'clock at Navarin, where the Turkish fleet was built. A castle in ruins crowns the top of a nearby mountain with its wide walls. Magnificent view of the numerous villages on the mainland lying along the mountain. Warm night, sea glow.

Tuesday, February 16th. At 9 a.m. the long island lay before us, with only low hills interspersed with olive groves, and at 10 a.m. we sailed past the isolated, steep fortress hill, from which the town now appears, with its beautiful, tall houses along the seashore. A high, solid wall protects it from the waves. The magnificent island lay before us in the warm spring sun, and we could hardly deal with the deceitful, greedy boat party quickly enough for the price ($\frac{1}{2}$ fl. per person for the return). The seabed was thick with algae. On a small island opposite were the destroyed fortifications. Further away, high snow-capped mountains rose from the nearby Albanian coast, while Corfu lay spread out in green before us.

Soon, walking through the beautiful, straight streets of the city, we reached the large square, which was surrounded by avenues, with a row of stately houses with hotels, cafes and bazaars on the right. Here we took a cab and drove to the so-called Kanone, always between gardens full of oranges, lemons, cedars and mango trees, next to which were apricots and almonds in bloom, a Cytissus planted, along with Canna in bloom, Ulmus 2 species in bloom, [Pfl]; in the squares everywhere Bellis per-enis, and on the grassy slopes the red anemone covered everything; [Pfl] while the olive trees with their dark green look like forests. From the Kanonenplatz the view is like that of a lake in a gulf. The gardens and hedges were full of blooming Rosa semperflorens, Laurus [tinus?], above them the slender cypresses, with cactus opuntia hedges in between, which also cover the fortress rocks. Everywhere bouquets of violets, daffodils, roses, anemones, wrapped in lemon and pelargonium leaves were offered.

(2_11_014) Unfortunately, I was in too much of a hurry, only 2 hours on land. Here the Consono's left me, returning to Milan via Brindisi on the beautiful Italian steamer Miramar. At the same time, the Amerika, bound from Alexandria to Trieste, arrived and followed behind us.

We left for Trieste, 45 hours away, at 3 a.m. The weather was wonderful, so that even in a skirt it was too warm. At 8 p.m. we suddenly

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Boras storm, north wind, which then changed to northeast and made us make 12 miles in 1 hour. Traveling with several Viennese people.

Wednesday, February 17th. The Albanian and Dalmatian coasts were all the same. In the afternoon we passed close to Lissa, staying to the left; the town was in the background of a bay.

Thursday, February 18. Fog in the morning. Arrived in Trieste around midday, with fog on the sea.

Friday and Saturday, February 20th. Stayed in Trieste. Stayed with the [farmer?], 1 fl. 10 [kreuzer?] per day. Visited Mutius von Tommasini. Bought a filigree brooch from Genoa for 4 fl., photographs, shells 15 fl.

Walk by the sea. [Pfl] Miss Elisa Braig in the Murat Company.

Sunday morning, 6:30 a.m. departure for Vienna. No discounts on the train.

[SprPfl] (2_11_024) [Txt]

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Abb. 2: Osama Mustafa, Jena.

Fig. 12: Courtesy of the Antikensammlung, photo: Jens Meyer, all Friedrich Schiller University Jena.

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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



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