

them with Persian music and tipsy dancing. There was much surprise at the refusal on the part of the guests to touch any wine.

Skirting Elwend, Mr. Bruce reached Kermanshah on November 22, where he was most kindly received by the British Agent, an Arab merchant of great wealth and influence. The roads were filled with pilgrims from Kerbela, who had been stopped by alarming reports of the Khoordish robber bands. The Governor would not hear of your Agent going to Bagdad by the usual caravan road, as a hundred pilgrims were said to have been killed upon it. While waiting in sore perplexity, the travellers were rejoiced to meet Mr. Wartman, of Bagdad, who does business with the Wally chiefs and is greatly respected by them, and who offered them his company. The journal of this part of the expedition has not been published, and may be given almost entire :—

“On November 30 we left Kermanshah and marched four farsangs. A very wet night, and snow in the morning.

“December 1, crossed a pretty high mountain covered with snow. About noon our road lay through the bed of a mountain torrent greatly swollen by last night's rains. The Wally's man deceived me by assuring me he had left one of his horsemen to guide the baggage mules through the river, so Mr. W. and I went on a mile further to take our breakfast, and wait the arrival of the mules.

“AN ACCIDENT.

“While waiting for them, my groom came running on foot to tell us that one of the mules was prostrate in the river under his load and almost drowned. Some on horseback and some on foot, we rushed to the rescue and saved the mule, but what a sight my bedding, black clothes, &c., presented, all drenched with mud and water! *Thank God my translation escaped almost uninjured.* We reached Harasin, 8 farsangs, an hour after dark. The mules did not come up till two hours after us, and caused me much anxiety, both for fear of robbers, as the Wally man had again left them without a guard, and also lest any of them should have broken down from weariness. Harasin is a very curious fortified town, at the foot of a very lofty mountain covered with oak forests. The head-man entertained us in a good upper room with a fireplace, and gave us an unlimited supply of firewood to dry our wet things.

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“SEEKING SHELTER.—Left Persia behind us and entered Turkey, crossed a little beyond the boundary a large river swollen by the rains, with some difficulty, and entered on the great plain of the Tigris and Euphrates, at present, as far as the eye could reach, one vast expanse of water and mire. Came to the place where the Wally ought to be, but where he was not. Wandered in the muddy plain, to the great distress of our poor animals, till near sunset, found no sign of tents, and experienced anything but pleasure at the anticipation of bivouacking in the mud; just before sunset were a little cheered by the sight of smoke in the horizon fully ten miles off, and quite out of our direction. The sun set, the clouds thickened, the smoke disappeared. I got off my horse, and declared we could wade through a horse-pond, and must spend the night on a little bit of ground more elevated than the rest, but which was also full of pools of water. Fortunately, our guards declared we must not, for there was not only fear of rain and hunger, but also of robbers. So we mounted again and soon saw fires in the distance, and the second we reached was the Wally's. The sight which presented itself to our eyes in his great black goat's-hair tent repaid us for our labour—about thirty wild-looking Arab robbers, whose chief clothing is a long shirt with no trousers, seated round a fire, one more savage-looking than the others pouring out coffee for the rest. I felt quite at home with them in a minute, as it reminded me of my old nights in Afghanistan. Alas I could not speak to them, for though I can read I