

military post, where a regiment was camped. Thence we proceeded in a much more uncomfortable fashion, namely, in a large *trika* resembling a boat in shape, innocent of possessing any springs or seats, and in which we reclined gracefully upon our luggage.

A Persian having joined the party, we next crossed a pass 7,125 ft. in height by an excellent Russian military road, and stopped for the night just beyond the summit at a place called Semiyonofka, in a station-house of the usual type, with plank beds, table and samovar for the entire furniture. The Persian gentleman seemed not to be charmed with our company, as he left us surreptitiously during the night and continued the journey by himself, and in the morning we found him not. He literally thereby "stole a march" upon the Turks and myself and secured the choice of horses at the post stations ahead of us. But eventually we overtook and brought him to account for his conduct. He generally chose a time for his prayers in the evening when we were engaged in some noisy discussion, and repeated them with the peculiar genuflections and gestures of the Sunni sect, in as loud a voice as possible.

The Turks invariably pretended not to be aware that our sly friend was performing his devotions, which he did in an aggressive manner, and each party appeared to be trying to shout the other down. He generally made a mistake as to the true direction of the Kaaba at Mecca, though he might easily have ascertained it by looking at the stars, but once or