

A Journal of Three Months' Walk in Persia in 1884 by Captain John Compton Pyne

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A Journal of Three Months' Walk in Persia in 1884
by Captain John Compton Pyne

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A Journal of Three Months' Walk in Persia in 1884 by Captain John Compton Pyne

Edited by Russell Harris and Marjan Afsharian
with contributions by Jeremy Archer

Leiden University Press

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Give to me the life I love
Let the lave go by me.
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river –
There's the life for a man like me.
There's the life for ever.
(Robert Louis Stevenson, The Vagabond)

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John Compton Pyne (1857-1893), 2nd Battalion, The Dorsetshire Regiment, by Jeremy Archer

John Compton Pyne, second son of the Reverend Edward Manners Dillman Pyne, Vicar of Westacre, in the district of King's Lynn and West Norfolk, and his wife, Charlotte Sophia, daughter of the Reverend Dr. John Chevallier J.P. of Aspall Hall, Suffolk, was born on 26 May 1857 and baptised at All Saints', Westacre on 2 August 1857. In the light of his sad fate, it is relevant that one of his mother's younger sisters, Frances ("Fanny"), married Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener (1850–1916) and that their second son was Horatio Herbert Kitchener, later 1st Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, who was seven years older than his first cousin.

John Compton Pyne was educated at Uppingham School, from where he passed first into the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, by some two hundred marks. On 30 January 1878 he was commissioned into his local regiment: the 54th (West Norfolk) Regiment of Foot. He must have been as surprised as everyone else when, little more than three years later, the Childers Reforms re-designated his regiment as the 2nd Battalion, The Dorsetshire Regiment. During the next few years, the old stands of Regimental Colours were moved from Norwich Cathedral to Sherborne Abbey. Pyne first saw active service during the Second Afghan War, during which he served as Transport Officer on the Khyber Line of Communication, before taking part in the decisive Battle of Kandahar on 1 September 1880, following the famous march of the Field Force, led by Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Roberts, from Kabul to Kandahar. For his service in this campaign, Pyne's Service Record shows that he received the Afghanistan medal.[1]



Figure 1: Captain John Compton Pyne.

[1] Afghanistan Medal, 1878-1880 – Pyne started his service in Afghanistan in 1879. The medal was awarded to all troops who served in the Second Afghanistan War, 22 November 1878 to 26 May 1879, and 3 September 1879 to 20 September 1880.

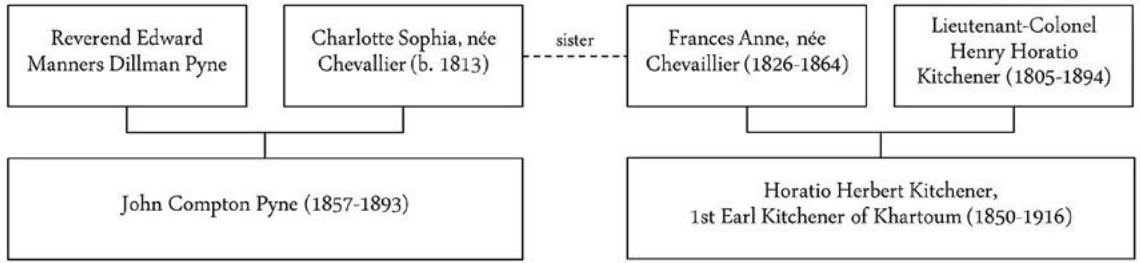


Figure 2: Relationship of John Compton Pyne to Earl Kitchener.

Promoted to lieutenant on 2 February 1881, Pyne soon showed that he had absorbed then-important military skills, such as drawing, painting and using his powers of observation. The Military Museum of Devon and Dorset is fortunate to have inherited a significant – but under-used – collection of his watercolours, depicting military life in the late nineteenth century, coupled with fascinating views of the Middle East and the Sub-continent, where he was serving. In 1884 he was given three months' leave of absence in order to undertake a walk through Persia, during which he wrote his copiously illustrated *Journal of Three Months' Walk in Persia* which took place from 14 April to 19 July.



Figure 3: Afghanistan Medal 1878–1880. Designed by the British illustrator Randolph Caldecott (1846–1886), the obverse, seen here, shows Anglo-Indian troops marching through the Khyber Pass with an officer riding in the foreground — a idealised view of a scene in which Pyne, as a transport officer, would have participated.



Figure 4: Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener (1850–1916). Kitchener is seen here in a hand-coloured photograph by the established Cairo studio of Lekegian. At the time of the image, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's forces and carrying out 'the pulverization of the Mahdist tyranny' (Napier, 1900, p. 26), in one battle of which our hero, J.C. Pyne, was killed. Kitchener wears the uniform of a *sirdar* in the Egyptian army. His face with its piercing eyes was to become familiar on British World War One recruitment posters with the famous slogan: "Your Country Needs You!".



Figure 5: The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, painted by John Compton Pyne, circa 1880.

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Introduction, by Russell Harris and Marjan Afsharian

Background to the Journal

The dream of any researcher, writer, academic or even curious person is to stumble across a primary source which has not been the subject of any scholarly attention. In some disciplines, the collecting, collating, analysing and annotating of manuscripts is the benchmark for a sense of achievement.

The provenance and discovery of the Pyne Journal are unsensational – the Journal was noticed, just three years ago, in a box among the papers of John Compton Pyne that had been donated to the Military Museum of Devon and Dorset. The existence of a Journal with an interesting title was then mentioned to these authors by one of the museum trustees, Jeremy Archer, who has provided the biography of John Compton Pyne, as well as an epilogue in which we learn of Pyne's life and fate after his walk through Persia. The date of the donation of the Journal

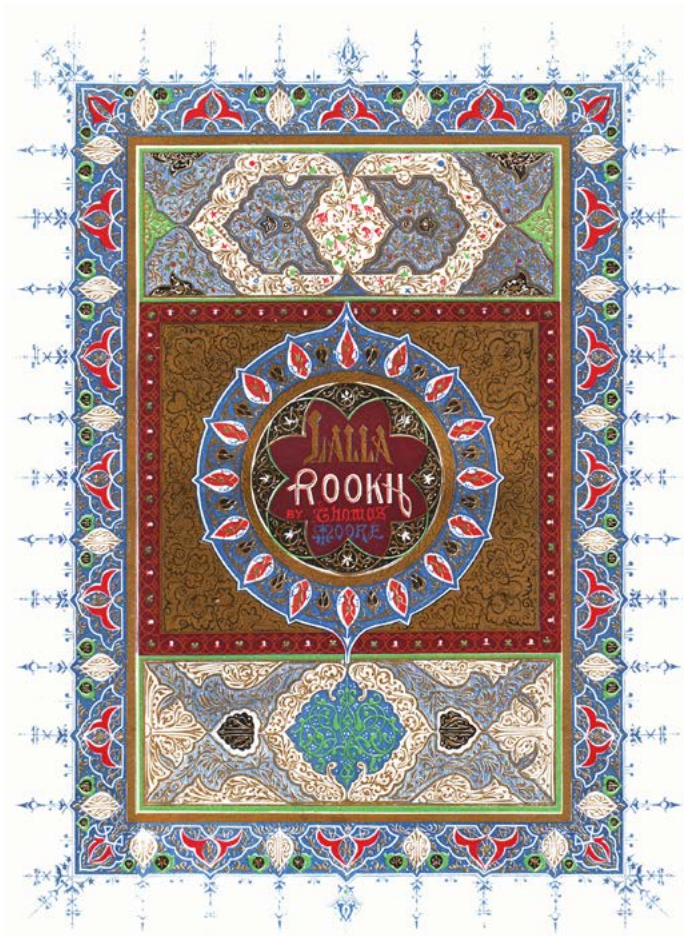


Figure 6: Ornamental frontispiece of an 1861 edition of Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh: an Oriental Romance*. The interpretation of an arabesque bookbinding was executed by Thomas Sulman (circa 1834-1900) and obviously owes much to Owen Jones's 1856 work *The Grammar of Ornament* which had sections treating Arab and Persian decorative elements.

is not known, and neither is the name of the donor. However, as John Compton Pyne never married and was the child of comparatively aged parents (his mother was 44 at the time of his birth), the most plausible suggestion for the Journal's arrival in the Museum's archives would be that the box containing the Journal, his 'Notes on the Egyptian Army' and a few watercolours was donated or bequeathed to the museum by his sister Emily Mary Dillman Pyne (1854-1928). In Julfa outside Isfahan, when Pyne receives his post he comments mysteriously "so the wedding is to be the 11th". At this point an unknown hand has added the only annotation in the whole Journal: "the wedding alluded to, is that of his sister's [sic]." This is the only visible sign that at least one person, most probably from Pyne's family, read through the Journal and helped posterity by adding a small note.

Almost all of the written sections of the journal are a palimpsest inasmuch as they were clearly written first in pencil. One explanation for this is that the author wished to jot down his thoughts quickly in rough and then perhaps edit them later, erasing words, enhancing his text and producing a fair copy. It is perhaps more reasonable to assume that a lead pencil was a failsafe method of notating thoughts. There was no need for the encumbrances of a bottle of ink and a blotter which an ink pen would have required. At least Pyne seems to have met with none of the suspicion that the Hungarian-British traveller Arminius Vambéry (1832-1913) found in central Asia, where he had to hide his daily notes in his shoes as he informed his readers that the mere act of writing in public would have been a clear indication of spying activities. As Pyne makes no mention of the reaction of his companions, the rustic muleteers, to his writing or drawing we might also assume that he was able to spend some time seated at various spots en route with his brush and watercolours. However, it is impossible to determine whether he made quick pencil sketches in his Journal during the daytime, adding the more time-consuming colours during his evenings. As this was still an age when domestic lighting consisted of oil lamps and candles, it is more probable that Pyne exploited the daylight to produce his watercolours.

At some point, which it is impossible to determine, the pencil writing has been overwritten in pen. This would appear to have been done by the same person, i.e. Pyne himself, possibly in the evening as he lay in his austere stone rooms in the rural caravanserais.[1] In the faint light of a candle he would have been able to make sure that his grey pencil-work became legible and the fluency

[1] De Windt (1891, p 42) comments on his dilapidated lodgings near the Caspian coast: "Our troubles commenced in real earnest at Patchinar, a desolate-looking place and filthy post-house" and goes on to report the graffiti he found on the guest-room walls, including a message from a practical Englishman who had scrawled 'Big bugs here!'".

with which the pencil has been overwritten in black ink indicates that it was done by the same hand.

In attempting to understand the cultural background of 1884, the year Pyne made his journey, and in annotating and providing further illustrations to Pyne's work, the authors of this introduction looked at the decades leading up to 1884 and to some of the political and cultural developments in Europe, Persia and Central Asia, in order to examine some of the ideas, imagery, literature and music that might have had some bearing on Pyne's decision to make his trip. Ancillary illustrations to Pyne's watercolours have been added to enable the modern reader to gain a fuller image of the locations illustrated. In most cases these extra illustrations date from no more than three decades on either side of 1884. This relatively narrow period sits within the later period of the Qajar dynasty and ends before modernisation, restoration or urban developments made any significant changes to these sites.

Cultural background

Unlike other travellers who went to Persia with the intention, upon their return, of publishing a rhapsodic, didactic, reportage or gazetteer-type book, John Compton Pyne took himself to Persia with no stated purpose other than to cross the country from south to north in three months. Although he appears to have studied Hindustani and to have acquired a knowledge of Persian while in the army in India, the only pointers we have to his interest in Persia are those works which he mentions in his Journal — Saadi's beloved book of poems, the *Gulistān*, and travelogues by European authors such as Ussher. As with any educated British traveller of his time, at school he would have studied, in Greek, Herodotus's accounts of the Graeco-Persian wars. He may even have carried in his mind, as others of his time did, an image of the Persians as the noble foes of antiquity as well as the stereotype of them as being in a state degraded from their glory days.

The Scottish water-colourist David Roberts (1796–1864) had presented the British public with exquisitely composed views of late Ottoman Egypt and Palestine in his *The Holy Land, Syria, Idumea, Arabia, Egypt and Nubia* (1842–49) and *Egypt and Nubia* (1846–49) and Edward Lear's *Journal of a Landscape Painter in Greece and Albania (1851)* was illustrated with watercolour scenes. There was in late Victorian England simply no shortage of orientalist imagery of a preponderantly Arabic nature. The market for Arab scenes was established and the British public set off a-visiting Egypt most particularly in the hey-day of the builder of the Suez Canal, Khedive Ismail (r. 1863-79). Victorian orientalist painting however concentrated on genre scenes of a not too distant past. In the eyes of painters, the era of the Mamluks and the Ottomans, from the 13th to the 19th centuries, was one during which Egypt had a settled character and represented a painterly

ecosphere free of western influences and offering a courtly mediaeval world of great attraction to the Victorians.[2]

Pyne may have absorbed the supremely romanticised yet draftsman-like views of Flandin and Coste's *Voyage en Perse 1840 et 1841* whose illustrations, for all their beauty, have been subject to the criticism that everything has been 'tidied up', and every Persian scene clothed with aesthetically placed bowers, pleasingly positioned ruins and architecturally-rendered buildings. Indeed, many of their depictions are populated by a wide array of appropriately dressed and posed locals going about their picturesque activities. Flandin and Coste's magnificent volumes of drawings serve as a locus of orientalising reverie, as did the French archeologist Madame Jane Dieulafoy's lavishly illustrated *La Perse, la Chaldée et la Susiane*. Pyne could not have seen this work as it was published some three years after his trip, although Madame Dieulafoy's presence is felt in the Journal as Pyne copies some of her photographs during his time in Julfa. This act in itself is a poignant witness to the last throes of the pre-industrial age when the only easy way to copy a photograph was to draw it by hand.

As Persian had been the court language of the Moghul emperors until their downfall 1857 and had long been in use in many of the princely states for official communications, an educated soldier, such as Pyne, in the service of the British Empire in India in the late 19th century would have been aware of the Persian content of the 'Hindoostani' language. It would have been no difficult task to find a teacher of Persian or a local educated gentleman in India with whom Pyne could attempt to work his way through a poem of Hafez or an episode of the *Shahnamah*. Pyne himself tells us that "everything he [the Haji] saw of mine, knife, watch, pocket compass, Gulistan of Saadi, he wanted me to give him," thereby revealing the fact that he was carrying the *Gulistan* with him. This would suggest that Pyne had benefited from the advice of Sir William Jones,[3] founder of Fort William College in India where selections of the book became the primer for British officials learning Persian, which was until 1834, "the medium of

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[2] On the late Victorians' urge to create a "mediaeval" past which possibly had never existed see Paula Sanders, *Creating Medieval Cairo* (Cairo, 2008), particularly chapter 1, 'Constructing Medieval Cairo in the Nineteenth Century'.

[3] Lewis *'Golestān-e Sa'di'*, (p. 81): 'In 1771, Sir William Jones advised students of Persian to pick as their first exercise in the language an easy chapter of the *Gulistān* to translate. Thus the *Gulistān* became the primary text of Persian instruction for officials of British India at Fort William College… with selections of the text being repeatedly published in primer form. Michael John Rowlandson provided a manual to help Persian readers with the Arabic passages (Madras, 1828); diacritics were included to mark the short vowels in at least two *Golestān* editions published in Calcutta (ed. A. Sprenger, Calcutta, 1851; ed. W. Nassau Lee, Calcutta, 1871), and two other editions appended glossaries (ed. F. Johnson, Hertford, 1863; ed. J. Platts, London, 1871).'

official correspondence in India."[4] Fort William itself ran an enormous translation campaign, with thousands of works being translated there into English from Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengali, Hindi and Urdu, an institutional endeavour which mirrored those undertaken by the Abbasids in 8th-century Baghdad and the Fatimids in 11th-century Cairo

Pyne's Army Service Record[5] shows that he was "acquainted with… French, Hindustanee and Persian". Colonel Stewart, the British Consul at Mashhad, whom Pyne almost meets in Tehran, is perhaps a good example of the uses to which the British study of Persian was put: "In July 1880, in the Second Afghan War, the Afghan Sardar Ayub Khan inflicted a shockingly great defeat on English troops at the battle of Maiwand, going on in September to lay siege to Kandahar, where General Roberts defeated him. Ayub Khan then withdrew to Persia, where he hoped to raise a force to return and overthrow Amir Abdul Rahman, the ruler of Afghanistan, who was supported by the British. To keep watch on the Persian border with Afghanistan and to give warning of the movements of Ayub Khan, Colonel Stewart was sent 'on special duties' to Kháf [in Afghanistan], where he stayed for two and a half lonely years, on watch."[6]

Romantic attraction of Persia and the call of *Lalla Rookh*

Certain sites in Persia held a great fascination for intrepid British travellers, with Persepolis possibly being the prize location to visit. The grandeur of Persepolis, the splendour of its decline, the shimmering allure of its ruins, the chance to describe inscriptions and reliefs which only few westerners had visited — all these temptations led almost every British visitor, until well beyond the time of Pyne's trip in 1884, to make their own exclusive odyssey to Persepolis and to describe the place in long, well-researched chapters with enormously long and often dreary archaeological and religio-historical annotations. For the Victorian traveller, little frequented spots in remote parts of the world still retained their status as sites of quasi-romantic pilgrimage, a western version of the Islamic custom of *ziyārat* or shrine visitation. Persepolis would certainly have brought to mind a slew of biblical prophecies — "neither shall a son of man dwell in it."[7] — which highlight man's insignificance and transience in the face of God's wrath and the devastation that had been wrought upon once too proud cities. When gazing on Persepolis, any Victorian traveller would surely have

4 Yohannan (1952), p. 138.
5 The National Archives, Kew, WO 76 34. Dorsetshire Regt (54th Foot).
6 Wynn (2008), p. 28.
7 Jeremaiah, 49:18.

uttered aloud a hemistich or two of Edward FitzGerald's popular edition of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*: "They say the Lion and the Lizard keep / The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."[8]

It should be noted that Thomas Moore's 1817 deeply evocative oriental romance *Lalla Rookh* and Edward FitzGerald's 1859 exquisite reworking of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* were both bestsellers in a poetry-greedy age and the poets the superstars of their age. These two works of exotic, romantic and orientalising poetry not only defined for the public the intellectual frame of reference for the various visual representations created by orientalist painters, but it is also quite likely they were the driving spirit behind the urge of so many scholars and travellers to discover Persia.[9]

Lalla Rookh may well have held some allure for the young Pyne as, from almost the beginning of the 19th century, Persian poetry in translation or paraphrase, formerly a matter of "merely professional interest for gentlemen in the military and civil service of the Asiatic empire... [became] in the new century the interest of all Englishmen".[10] The accessibility of Thomas Moore's poetry — dealing with an alien subject, but set in perfectly recognisable metre, in an age when poetry captured the educated imagination and poets set fashions with their oeuvre – undoubtedly sent ripples through British culture. As to the popularity of this genre of pseudo-Persian poetry, one may consider that poetry, as the light entertainment of the day, served a diversionary and transporting purpose for a gentleman and the especially exotic, and much illustrated, *Lalla Rookh* not only served as armchair travel or material for day-dreaming but also provided the reader with numerous lines of poetry to set the heart a-flutter which could be quoted in the politest of society or when courting a lady.

It is *Lalla Rookh*'s very accessibility which led Yohannan, in his article on the fad of Persian poetry in England, to praise it so faintly: "As a whole, however, both song and poem are a tour de force in which a lot of superficial learning about the materials of Asiatic

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8 Fitzgerald, verse xvii.

9 The over-sentimental *Bendemeer Stream*, a short extract from Moore's *Lalla Rookh,* took on a life of its own in musical settings and travelled to the farthest reaches of the Anglo-Saxon diaspora. In his 1857 novel of the American civil war, *Guy Livingtone*, the name of the locale in Persia is a symbol of luxuriance and plenty: "When a subaltern arrives laden with gold, the barrack-yard is a perfect garden of Bendemeer to the tradesmen." (Lawrence, (1868) p. 105). On the far side of the world in 1854, a group of settlers in New South Wales, Australia, decided that the village of McDonald River should be renamed Bendemeer, upon the suggestion of one of the inhabitants whose grandfather had been a friend of Moore.

10 Yohannan, p. 152.

literature is paraded without any successful penetration to the heart of its mystery."[11] John Compton Pyne would certainly have known these two much-published poems, *Lalla Rookh* and *The Rubáiyát*, but we can only surmise that he was intrigued or inspired enough by something on the cultural horizon to make him want to view the "unclouded skies of Peristan" by trekking through Persia when the opportunity arose in 1884.[12]

Persia in music and applied arts

Examples of the refined taste of Persia were available to a western audience. For example, economically comfortable Victorians had a hunger for pattern books, such as the 1856 *The Grammer of Ornament*, in which Owen Jones, in his short introduction to his chapter on Persian ornament, gives his opinion on Persian architecture: "if we may judge from the representations published in Flandin and Coste's "Voyages en Perse," [Persian architecture] does not appear to have ever reached the perfection of the Arabian buildings of Cairo."[13] Here Jones was referring to the glorious lithographs of Cairo monuments by Prisse d'Avennes,[14] for Jones himself had not ventured that far from his armchair and his pattern books were all the result of book learning, a fact he himself acknowledges by providing he sources for his patterns. He tells the reader that his pre-Islamic Persian patterns have been adapted from Flandin and Coste's *Voyage en Perse*,[15] and the Islamic plates have been reworked from "Persian MSS in the British Museum", "a Persian Manufacturer's Pattern-Book in the South Kensington Museum" and "a Persian MS in the South Kensington Museum".[16]

The taste for Persian decorative elements was already well established by 1884 with the great exponent of the Arts and Crafts movement, William Morris, confirming: "To us pattern-designers, Persia has become a holy land, for there in the process of time our art was perfected, and thence above all places it spread to cover for a while the world, east and west."[17] Wallpapers, book illustrations, book bindings, tile-work and, of course, carpets, all took inspiration from Persia. The popularity of Persian carpets in Europe and the United States led to a certain

11 Yohannan, p 256.
12 Moore (1861), p. 146. 'Peristan' (land of the fairy) is Moore's own coinage.
13 Jones (1856), p. 75.
14 Prisse d'Avennes (1877).
15 Jones (1856), p. 27.
16 Jones (1856), p. 75.
17 Morris (1879).



Figure 7: Plate XLIV from Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament* with Persian pattern details taken from a MS in the British Museum.

amount of interference in their manufacture and to the use of aniline dyes in Persian rug-making — a cause of much lamentation for almost anyone who was writing on oriental carpets at the time.

Western consumerism inevitably entered into the carpet-making story and it had its keepers of the portal in the form of the great European trading firms based in Persia, such as Messrs. Ziegler & Co.[18] and the Persian Manufacturing Company. This latter firm at the end of the 19th century sent one of its employees, Mr. C. R. Smith, from Kidderminster to Soltanabad charged with setting up a manufactory there and improving the local product's patterns and colours — by setting up a dye-house also, obviously an attempt to avoid the use of the dreaded aniline dyes! There was also a trend in the market away from the

[18] (Helfgott (1993), p. 210, quoting Edwards (1953), pp. 135–136): The British-Swiss firm of Ziegler & Co. became involved in carpet production in Soltanabad, Iraq-e Ajam, in 1881 and "created a carpet production complex that linked a regional cottage industry with a city-based enterprise including a carpet factory, storage facilities, dyeing areas, and a large warehouse." (ibid, p. 214): "By the mid-1890s the company had offices or agents in Tabriz, Tehran, Resht, Sultanabad, Mashhad, Yezd, and Isfahan; as far west as Baghdad, Basra, Trebizon and Istanbul."

mechanically reproduced designs of the late 19th century and a reawakening of love for 'the charm of irregularity', as *The House Beautiful* magazine declared in 1895.[19] All of this interference very quickly led Mumford, a writer on oriental carpets, to complain that "the Sultanabad carpets are the conceits of European and American designers, working, in a way, on the old Persian models, but changing the colors and supplying such additions as seem likely to meet capricious demands."[20]

In the domain of classical music and in both the west European and Russian musical traditions, influences from faraway countries had long been an intrinsic part of a composer's palette. In the 18th century Mozart could use the already existing *alla turca* dance form and in the next century Princess Eboli in Verdi's *Don Carlo* could perform a parody of a Moorish love song about a veiled woman and a king, aptly entitled in the French version 'Au palais des fées'. The French poet, Leconte de Lisle,[21] in 1884 included an *orientale* 'les Roses d'Ispahan' in his *Poèmes Tragiques*, which was set to music by Gabriel Fauré and published the very year that Pyne walked through Persia.[22] The French adjective *orientale* was also the name of a specific form of short symphonic, or instrumental, tone poem.

The fact that Persia or Persianate themes and Persianising melodies and harmonies could appear in music and literature presupposes a familiarity on the part of the general public with, or a willingness to be exposed to, the concept of that literary-cultural territory. Borodin's *In the Steppes of Central Asia* (*В средней Азии*) (1880), Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic poem *Scheherazade* (1888), and Robert Browning's *Ferishteh's Fancies* (1884) — 'an examination of philosophic problems cast in the form of questions set before and answered by a Persian sage, with a reinforcement of each answer by a lyric verse'[23] — all indicate that by the 1880s there was both in the west European and Russian creative disciplines a developed and widespread consciousness of the Persianate world, or what was imagined to be so. Composers, poets, writers and painters did not differentiate too strictly between the influences of the Caucasus, Central Asia, Persia, Egypt and Algeria, which all provided elements for a palette of colours that could be artfully blended into a catch-all oriental potpourri.

The widespread acceptance of this subcategory of oriental, particularly in the field of musical composition, with its ripples from the Persian world in the British

19 See Harris and Miller (2011).
20 Mumford (1900), p. 196.
21 Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle (1818–1894).
22 Gail (2011), p. 56.
23 Litzinger (1968), p. 20.

national consciousness, is evidenced above all by the fact that the composer Arthur Sullivan, in 1882, produced a highly successful comic opera *Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri* at the Savoy Theatre in London. The apogee of Sullivan's orientalising satire is represented by his later work *The Rose of Persia*, first produced in 1899.

The orientalising influence of Persia in opera continued well into the 20th century, as we find Hugo von Hoffmanthal's love-struck central characters of *der Rosenkavalier* startled by the eponymous silver rose's heady aroma. Sophie's exclamation "'Tis a fragrance entrancing—like roses—yes, like living roses" is explained by Octavian: "Yes—some few drops of Persian attar have been poured thereon." The reaction to this alchemic ingredient which transforms an inanimate silver object into a transporting epiphany — "A celestial flower, not of earth it seems. A rose from the sacred groves of Paradise"[24]— is an exclamation which sums up a standard orientalist conception of Persia as the earthly repose of everything delightful, of the opening of the soul, blind to the consequences, to romantic love. This whole exchange of paradisiac imagery was Secessionist Vienna's updated expression of Thomas Moore's early 19th-century line "and a dew was distilled from their flow'rs that that gave all the fragrance of summer when summer has gone."

In analysing the historical background of 'Persia in Britain', mention must be made of James Morier's 1824 highly fantastic and humorous novel, *Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, which was seen for over a century as 'as an accurate representation of the Iranian national character'.[25] Browne, the author of *A Year among the Persian*, also commended it highly: "Every cultivated Englishman who has not read *Hajji Baba* (if, indeed, the Englishman who has read it not can, in the full meaning of the term, be described as cultivated) should at once proceed to remedy this defect in his education."[26] Amanat also points out that the great Scottish poet Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) considered the book essential for an understanding of Persia, and reports that F. J. Goldsmid (of the Indo-European Telegraph Department) wrote of the novel to one of his subordinates "When you read this, you will know more of Persia and the Persians than you would if you had lived there with your eyes open for twenty years."[27]

[24] Hat einen starken Geruch. Wie Rosen, wie lebendige. Ja, ist ein Tropfen persischen Rosenöls darein getan. Wie himmlische, nicht irdische, wie Rosen vom hochheiligen Paradies. Act I, *Der Rosenkavalier* (adapted from English transl. Alfred Kalisch).

[25] Amanat, 'Hajji Baba of Ispahan', p. 568.

[26] Browne (1893), vol. 1, p. ix.

[27] Quoted in Amanat, 'Hajji Baba of Ispahan', p. 565.

The telegraph

The more immediate connection between Britain and Persia and the reason for a number of British engineers being posted in Persia was the installation and maintenance of a telegraph line within Persia. The completion of a telegraph line from Calcutta to London via the Persian coast was an achievement which can hardly be overstated. Fault lines had started to appear in the great edifice of the British empire with the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The following year, telegraph lines began to be laid inside Persia, and by 1862 the major cities were linked to the capital. The speed with which the telegraph was constructed is indicative of the British need and desire for intelligence at top speed.[28]

The Anglo-Afghan War and, most importantly for our narrative, the war in the Sudan against Muhammad Ahmad bin Abd Allah, the self-declared Mahdi and his followers, were being waged. Fighting broke out in the Sudan in February 1884 (and then again in March 1885), and this would have been in the forefront of Pyne's mind. Any British person, whether connected with the military, the colonial administration or simply a member of the newspaper-reading public, would have been fully informed in word and line drawing about the Sudan and the 'mad Mahdi'. British illustrated newspapers since the second half of 1883 had been feeding the public a



Figure 8: The War in the Sudan. The Battle of el Tel, 29 February 1884. The British illustrated press was replete with vivid and emotive imagery of the war against the Mahdi in the Sudan in 1883–4.

[28] The dichotomous nature of this modern technology, as with Facebook and Twitter in recent years, is pointed out by Amanat (1991), p. 184: "The Shah could now know immediately what was occurring in the provinces, and issue orders regarding rebellion or sedition. On the other hand, the opposition found the telegraph a useful tool in co-ordinating their movements in 1891-2 and again in 1905-11." For a full detailed account of the financing, technical and logistical issues relating to the laying of the telegraph line see Goldsmid (1874), pp. 112–248.

constant diet of detailed news items and illustrations of the battles and personalities involved almost to the point of obsession. The good war against a group whom the poet Kipling later immortalised as the 'fuzzy-wuzzies'[29] reinforced in the public's mind the enlightening and beneficent elements of empire building. Pyne's aside when his ship draws into the port of Muskat "No Queen's ship was there at my visit – probably they are at Suakim [in the Sudan]" evinces an unquestioning acceptance of the essentially colonial nature of the world order as well as its distinctly British flavour.

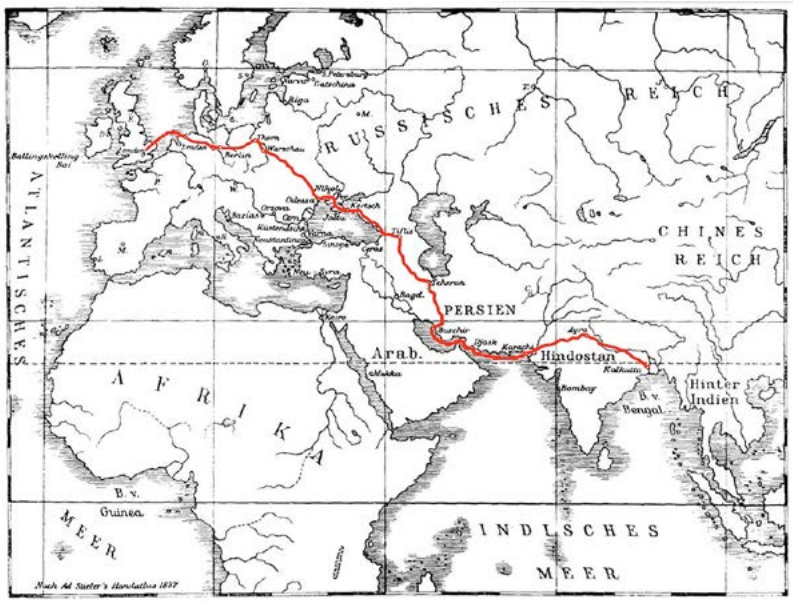


Figure 9: Route of the London–Calcutta telegraph line.

The speed of communications enabled by the telegraph was an achievement of awe and wonder for the general public: "A feat in telegraphing has lately been accomplished upon the overland Indo-European line. London, Emden on the Baltic, Odessa on the Black. Sea, Tehran in Persia, Kurrachee, and Calcutta, were connected up, and messages were sent and received over this enormous length of wire — some 7,000 miles — **at the rate of from 12 to 14 words a minute**, with an ordinary Morse printing instrument."[30] Via this new-fangled installation, the India Office in London could now issue instructions to the Viceroy in India, which meant that not only could India be ruled in "real time", but the British government could receive information and control events in a way previously unimaginable and at a dizzying speed that made it feel forewarned and forearmed.

This was a revolutionary step towards a Pax Britannica which the public at home felt could only be of benefit to the world, particularly if it gave the British a strategic advantage over the Russians whose incorporation into

[29] "So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;. You 're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man."

[30] *Daily Alta California*, 22 July 1884, p. 5. Bold added.

their empire of Turkestan,[31] an area with almost the same land mass as Persia, had given Russia a common border with Afghanistan. In 1867 Tsar Alexander II issued a decree which was perfectly frank in giving the reason for Russia's annexation of this enormous area: "The most valuable product of this country is cotton, which saves the Russian people many million rubles, because it precludes the necessity of importing American cotton."[32]

However, opinion in Britain was rattled by this act of Russian expansionism, with Mr. Eastwick, a member of the British Parliament, pointing out in 1869 the ease of access that Russia now had to the very heart of Asia: "… preparations for the construction of a railroad have begun on this route [from the Caspian into Central Asia]. After the completion of the line, which may be expected within two years at latest, communications by steam will have been established between St. Petersburg and Khojend, in the very heart of Turkestan."[33] The underlying fear, of course, was that Russia would be able to send its army, undetected and at great speed, to within striking distance of Persia.

The same member of Parliament was on his feet again making alarmist statements just a few months before Pyne set off on his journey: "Russia [has] thus become conterminous with the northern frontier of Persia along its entire length, and with Afghánistán, and [has] also made strides towards the Great Wall of China."[34] Worries about Russia continued until as late as 1900 with emphasis being given to the pernicious activities of Russian agents: "as Russian influence has become dominant in Khorassan, so has she gone further afield and extended her operations through Northern Persia into Seistan, where of late the Russian agents have been everywhere in evidence, intent on making surveys and conducting secret missions."[35] The obituary notice in *The Times* for General Konstantin Petrovic von Kaufman (1818–1882), the first Governor-General of Russian Turkestan from 1867–1882, makes clear the reasons for British-Russian tension, calling him "the bugbear of Russophobists in this country" as his expansion of Russian power in Central Asia had "narrowed the zone of debateable ground which separated [Russia] from the countries under the government or control of England."[36]

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31 This Central Asian territory increased the Russian empire's land mass by over 11%.

32 Malahowskii (1910), p. 1.

33 *Hansard*, HC Deb 09 July 1869 vol 197 cc1544-821544.

34 *Hansard*, HC Deb 22 April 1873 vol 215 cc818-77.

35 Krauss (1900), p. xi.

36 *The Times*, 17 May 1882, p. 12. Kaufman's devotion to this new territory cannot be doubted. "[His] last request [was]: "I request



Figure 10: General Kaufman, the "bugbear of British Russophobists". Image from the *Kaufman Album*, courtesy of Library of Congress.

The alarm bells set in motion by Russian expansion into central Asia in the late 1850s rang on through the decades, with highly emotive and exact imagery being used to describe Russian designs: "in the short space of eighteen years Russia has embraced in her iron grasp a territory that extends nearly 1000 miles from east to west and about 700 from north to south. Like a crab she has stretched out her great claws…"[37] Other sages and prophets of British imperialism rang those bells even louder after the Russians constructed a railway line into the heart of Asia — to Tashkent: "From her [Russia's] home provinces she can send to that point as large an army as she invaded Turkey with, and an incomparably larger one than any of you can ever hope to send to India; …in time of war the Russians would cut off all telegraphic communications with abroad, your army of defence would be open to attack the whole of the way to India, for a period of three weeks, by means of cruisers and disguised torpedo-boats. Now that the Merv Turcomans are annexed, Russia has no enemy to fear the whole way to Herat; and while you must guard every inch of your road to India, a serious drain on your resources—she need not detach a single Cossack to defend her forces the whole of the distance to Herat."[38]

Although history would see the introduction of telegraph stations throughout Persia as intricately connected to the 'Great Game', the term used for the competition for imperial influence in central Asia, Stack who spent six months in Persia in the early 1880s considered that, although the telegraph had been useful in acquainting a greater number of Persians with Englishmen, on the whole "it would be absurd to suppose that the residence of a few telegraph officers in Shiraz and Isfahan can be of any political advantage."[39] He continues

burial here [Tashkent] so that everyone will know that here is true Russian ground where it is no dishonor for a Russian to lie." (Fedorov, *Istoricheskii vestnik*, CXXXIV, 54–55, quoted in Mackenzie (1967), p. 276).

37 Perowne (1898), pp. 10–11.

38 Marvin (1891), pp. 377–378.

39 Stack (1892), vol. 2, pp. 302–303.

his narrative on the telegraph in Persia with a story so viscerally orientalist that it could have come straight from the pages of Morier's *Hajji Baba*: "A Governor at Abadsk was bold enough to say that the telegraph lied, when the Prince Governor of Shiraz sent him a reprimand, and a threat to expel him if he did not behave better. 'Do you laugh at my beard?' asked the irate governor, after the operator handed him the dispatch, and he had read the ominous significance of the message. 'Will you dare tell me that that iron line can talk? Out with you for an idiot, and a liar, else you will forget how to draw breath!'"[40]

However, while the telegraph stations provided a vital intelligence service, many writers of travelogues through Persia in this period mention only the ever-willing hospitality of the British telegraph officers, stationed in remote and often almost inaccessible locations, Pyne being no exception. The non-Persian-speaking ex-Royal Engineers who manned these lonely outposts were to a man eager for the company of a compatriot, and Pyne for his part also delights in meeting, chatting and overnighting with them. The traveller De Windt, in his 1891 *Ride to India across Persia and Baluchistán*, gives a lively description of the life of these lonely technicians and the first reference to the use of social media: "[it] is a lonely one, and three or four months often elapse without personal communication with the outer world, except on the wires. By this means, when the latter are not in public use, the telegraphist can lighten his weary hours by animated conversation with his colleague two or three hundred miles away on congenial topics—the state of the weather, rate of exchange, chances of promotion, and so on."[41]

Two prosaic lines from *The Statesman's Year-Book for the Year 1884* throw some light on significant aspects of Britain's connectedness with Persia: "at the end of 1879, there were 3,367 miles of telegraph lines… in operation. The number of Telegraph officials was 71 at the same date" and "direct exports from Persia to Great Britain in 1882 consisted mainly of opium valued at [GBP] 41,219, and wheat [GBP] 39,396."[42]

The completion of the telegraph line from London to Bombay had brought the latest high-technology to Persia around 1862, not only enabling Persia to be in instant contact with the world, but the internal telegraph lines laid for the benefit of, and use by, the Persian administration enabled the country to give itself a common sense of identity and thereby to impart a great sense of prestige to the monarch. The dual purpose of the telegraph line

40 Stack (1892), vol 2, pp. 321–322.
41 De Windt (1891), pp. 144-145.
42 Kelti (1884), p. 798.

through Persia, with its network of 'telegraph posts' or isolated outposts of European engineers and telegraph operators, was not lost on either the Persians or the French traveller Vilmorin who first praised the whole enterprise: "the traveller would be seriously disadvantaged if he did not have the Indo-European telegraph line to guide him",[43] before damning its patron and repeating a commonly held canard: "after all, England does not exclusively use protestant missionaries as a means of propaganda: she also employs the agents of the Indo-European Telegraph".[44]

The author of the quaintly titled book *Celebrities of the Army*, a lavishly illustrated best-seller known to posterity as the *Book of Famous Moustaches* — referring to the late-Victorian ultimate symbol of virility, informs us of the lore surrounding the Royal Engineers who had constructed this monumental feat of modern engineering, some of whom Pyne was to meet and whose hospitality was willingly extended and accepted: "[a]ccording to an ancient military rhyme, the whole duty of a Royal Engineer consists in 'a-digging up of holes, and a-sticking in of poles, and a-building up of barracks for the soldieree.'"[45] The ancient Iranian institution of *bast* should also be mentioned here, as Keddie points out that "[m]osques and shrines as well as… foreign-owned telegraph offices were chief areas *of bast* or refuge from the government."[46] For all the time he spent with the telegraph officers, not only does Pyne never mention, even in a reported conversation with a telegraph officer, a case of refuge-seeking, but he also avoids any mention of criminality at all. Our genteel traveller also manages to avoid noting the famous Sevruguin studio photographic prints of public executions or heads minus bodies, which images are found widely across the albums collected by more leisurely or perhaps more anthropologically-inclined travellers.[47]

Persia in Europe

It is abundantly clear that the influence of Persia was not limited just to the cultural realm. Britain had long had political interests in Persia and Afghanistan, as well as a history, until 1857, of good relations with the princely courts in India where, to a great extent, Persian was the official language of written communication. Indeed, many of the maharajas, a title borne by Hindu rulers, vaunted a Persian phrase in their regnal names. Even in the late-Victorian period Sayajirao Gaekwad III of Baroda (1853–

43 Vilmorin (1895), p. 118. English translation and all following translations by this author.
44 Vilmorin (1895), p. 250.
45 Napier (1900), p 27.
46 Keddie (1991), p. 179.
47 Cf. the C.R. Smith Album held by the V&A London, no accession number.

1939) was known officially as His Highness *Farzand-i-Khas-Daulat-i-Inglishia*, or the "special friend of England". Queen Victoria, for her part, after being made Empress of India in 1877 used the Persianised translation as a title: *Kaiser-i-Hind*. British high culture, for an abundance of reasons, was imbued with orientalist and orientalising lyricism and imagery.

In mid-1873 excitement in London over the forthcoming visit of the Shah was bursting out in the public arena: "The expected visit of the Shah of Persia next week excites an unusual amount of public attention and interest. All parties and classes are anxious to give a cordial welcome to the illustrious guest…", and in contrast to the vaudevillian exaggerations of his character seen on the stages of the West End, the *Illustrated London News* lauded his enlightened attributes: "He is a Sovereign of many years' standing, of considerable capacity, of superior intelligence, and of broad culture."[48]

However, this praise was in stark contrast to another piece in the same edition. In giving an overview of Persia, the newspaper took its cue from opinions published by Ussher in his *Journey from London to Persepolis*, a book which Pyne had with him as part of his small travelling library, and told the readers that "[n]o Asiatic State has witnessed the perpetration of more atrocious cruelties within the last few years, and in none are the lives, liberties, and property of its subjects more deplorably exposed to the caprices of despotic tyranny than in the Shah's dominions."[49]

Knowledge among the British general public about Persia, particularly in the period surrounding Naser al-Din Shah Qajar's 1873 visit to Paris and London, was generally limited to the caricature and stereotype, and "what overshadowed everything in London and permeated the stage and the music-hall was the brilliant visit of the Shah. 'Have you seen the Shah?' was the catch-phrase of the hour. His photograph was in every window and his picture in every paper…"[50] The *Illustrated London News* used highly inflated language in its report of the visit but the underlying excitement of the British public at this exotic visitor can hardly be denied: "A Series of 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' Extending from the Moment When the Shah Quitted the Port of Ostend down to the Present Date, Has Been England's Mode of Making Known to the Persian Sovereign the Hearty Welcome Which She Feels at the Appearance and Stay within Her Borders of Her Royal Guest".[51]

48 *Illustrated London News*, 14 June 1873, p. 550.
49 *Illustrated London News*, 14 June 1873, p. 551.
50 Furness (1919), p. 22.
51 *Illustrated London News,* 28 June 1873, p. 598.

The London stage naturally took the opportunity to add something Persian and hence fashionable to its offerings and "in addition to the slight piece at the Globe [theatre], called 'Doing the Shah,' a more important one, from the pen of Mr. Burnand, has been produced at the Opéra Comique. The latter is called 'Kissi-Kissi; or, the Pa, the Ma, and the Padisha.' This new Persian extravaganza is accompanied with Offenbach's music, and goes remarkably well."[52] 1873 also saw the sheet-music sellers issue works with titles such as *The Shah of Persia Quadrilles*,[53] *The Shah of Persia's Grand March*,[54] and *Royal March. Composed... on the occasion of the state visit of ... the Shah of Persia to the Royal Italian Opera ... for Pianoforte*.[55] The acceptance of a Persian backdrop or a theme also carried the after-life of Thomas Moore's poem into the realms of the burlesque such as William Brough's *Lalla Rookh – or, the Prince, the Peri, and the Troubador* of 1858; the 'Oriental Extravaganza' (by Jacques Offenbach), operas by Félicien David (*Lalla-Roukh*, 1862), Anton Rubenstein (*Feramors,* 1863) and cantatas by Robert Schumann (*Das Paradies und die Peri*, 1843).[56]

On the literary level, the durability of Persian cultural influence can be seen in Pierre Loti's 1900 outpouring of his emotional reaction to Persia in his *vers Ispahan* with the invitation to the reader in its opening lines: "whoever so desires to come with me to see the rose season in Isfahan, let him ride along slowly at my side, stopping off here and there, just as in the Middle Ages".[57] The modern reader of Loti will find that his work reads as a combination of exoticism, sentimentality and self-obsession, and much of *vers Ispahan* fits the statement made by Loti himself in the preface to his 1888 novel *Madame Chrysanthème*: "Although the longest role appears to be that of Madame Chrysanthemum, the three principal characters are Me, Japan, and the Effect that country has had on me." Loti's travelogue, although that mundane word hardly describes the emotionality of his writing, was to inspire the French composer Charles Louis Eugène Koechlin (1867–1950) to compose his *Heures Persanes*, 16 pieces for piano with instantly transporting titles such as *Sieste, avant le depart* and *Derviches dans la nuit*.[58]

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52 *Illustrated London News,*19 July 1873, p. 59.

53 British Library, Music Collections h.1483.i.(30.).

54 British Library, Music Collections h.1320.b.(19.).

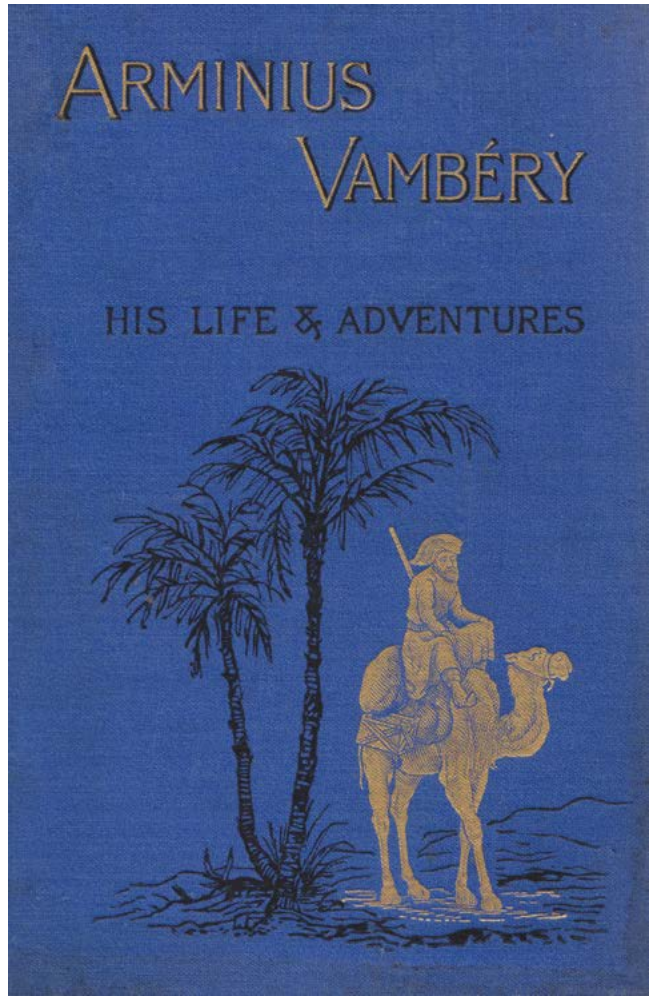
55 Composed by Augusto Vianesi. British Library, Music Collections R.M.6.h.16.(9.).

56 Ghuman (2014), p. 188.

57 Loti (1900), p. 2.

58 "Summing up *Les Heures Persanes*, Koechlin said he had tried to evoke the spirit of Arabic music rather than directly reproduce it." Programme notes by Edward Blakeman for Koechlin: *Les Heures Persanes*, Chandos 9974, 2003.

Figure 11: Vambéry in disguise on a camel.



The same process of the culture of Persia seeping into the European consciousness can be seen with settings of the poems of the great 14th-century Persian poet Hafez, in translation of course, with the published French, German and English classical song repertoire containing almost 200 settings. In the late Victorian period, any respectable family would have had a piano and amateurs of all ages would have played their way through volumes of German art song by the most popular composers. This is not to say that an educated Englishman, such as John Compton Pyne, would have sat down with Goethe's 1819 *West-östlicher Divan* or Friedrich Rückert's 1822 *Östliche Rosen*. Furthermore, we have no indication, for example, that he knew any German, but it is certain that he would have come across, heard or possibly even played piano transcriptions of some of the more famous settings of Rückert's Persian-based lyrics such as Franz Schubert's *Du bist die Ruh*'[59] or settings by Johannes Brahms, Felix Mendelssohn or Franz Schubert.

[59] For an examination of Hugo Wolf's use of the Persian *ghazal*, see Seelig (1992).

Tourism and adventure in the Orient

Although tourism to the Middle East was well established by 1884, with Thomas Cook & Son establishing themselves in Egypt in 1868, a trip through Persia still represented what some people might still deem real travel, i.e. taking a route fraught with danger to visit places few other western eyes had seen, to go out on a voyage of discovery whose route, although planned, would involve a constant series of decisive moments, unforeseen stimuli and physical tests. Most travellers, Pyne apart, took rather an extensive amount of luggage with them. One traveller in 1882 states without any irony that "No very extensive outfit is needed for a six months' tour in Persia" and then astonishes the modern reader by listing the prerequisites: "He ought to take a travelling-suit of stout drill, and another of pattu or other coarse warm cloth… A single waistcoat of warm material... Four flannel shirts and a couple of extra warm shirts of flannel… and a couple of white shirts and collars… A respectable black coat and waistcoat…with a pair of light tweed trousers… If the traveller intends to visit Teheran, he will do well to carry a dress-suit with him… Boots ought to be stout and solid, laced up the instep… a couple of pair of these, and a good pair of riding boots, ought to be enough. Add a pair of drill riding-trousers, and the wardrobe is complete… Some medicines are necessary; to wit, several dozen of quinine pills, a couple of boxes of Cockle's pills, a couple of bottles of chlorodyne, and two or three dozen pills compounded of opium and gallic acid… a couple of broad flannel belts to be worn next the skin at times and places where considerable variations of temperature are to be expected." [60]

Adventure, unknown or little visited places, unexpected dangers en route from local tribesmen – these were all challenges which Victorian boys were brought up to adore and late-Victorian boys' illustrated magazines were a mass of derring-do stories.[61] This constant stream of aspirational and illustrated fiction perhaps united the public schoolboys of Great Britain in terms of instilling in them certain manly and imperial principles. Fulton points out that 'undoubtedly the magazines did purvey a certain set of political and social concepts, overtly and covertly, some more patriotic, nationalistic, imperialistic, Evangelical, racist, or xenophobic than others.'[62]

It will be apparent from Pyne's *Journal* that on his trip through Persia he was constantly and serendipitously meeting other Europeans, but, apart from Pyne, none of them could be called tourists, and most fitted the categories

[60] Stack (1882), pp. 311–312.
[61] Fulton (2010), p. 1, for example gives a total of 500 Victorian titles which appeared between 1860 and 1885.
[62] Fulton (2010), p. 1.

of "missionaries, teachers, traders, developers, bankers, messianic dreamers, and empire builders"[63] to whom travel enterprises catered in the early years. Almost all the Europeans Pyne met have names which made at least a dent in history — Colonel Ross, Mr McIntyre, Captain Murdoch Smith, Rev. Robert Bruce, Mr. Preece and the missionary Miss Isabella Read. The great paradox of this Irish lady's placement, or dislocation, in the Christian Mission School in Julfa is that in the mid-Victorian era female behaviour in Britain was highly restricted and one of the few avenues of emancipation open to respectable single women of no great class or money was the profession of teaching and by extension that of missionary activity.

The aura of Christian sanctity that the missionary societies and the congregations back home attached to a lady missionary in a hardship posting meant that her independence of action was further enhanced by the fact that she alone, and not the male missionaries, could gain entrance into the *anderun* or women's section of Persian houses. There was a certain virtue inherent in performing the role of a missionary attempting to bring Christianity to Persia, a country that two decades after Pyne's visit was described in a 1906 survey of missionary activity as "another illustration of an unprogressive nation, caught long ago in the toils of a decaying civilization, hampered by absolutism, and lying in intellectual stagnation under the incubus of a narrow and persecuting religious cult."[64]

In 1889, the great Hungarian-born linguist, anthropologist and explorer, Arminius Vambéry, in dedicating the account of his travels in disguise in Central Asia to 'the boys of England', was doing no more than adding to an enormous well-established literature aimed at spurring teenage males on to devote themselves to or even sacrifice themselves in the cause of the British Empire. In this spirit Vambéry advises the boys of England that "a journey to Asia is quite worth the trouble involved in it," thereby providing Victorian youth with a guide to a contented life. He also appears to promise the prospect of a delightful old age: 'The joy and utmost satisfaction which I felt whilst looking on the scenes for which my earliest juvenile fancy longed, that same joy I derive now from the recollection of those bygone adventures, and I feel really happy in unfolding the delightful and variegated picture of my former life.'[65] It would appear that Pyne was carrying out this very same task by notating and illustrating his journey, so that at some point in the future he would be able to relive it and sup on the drug of nostalgia.

63 Hunter (2004), p. 28.
64 Denis (1906), p. 64.
65 Vambéry (1899), pp. xviii–xix.



Figure 12: The Englishman Thomas Stevens (1854–1935) at the start of his journey around the world on a penny-farthing. His luggage, seen tied to the handlebar consisted of socks, a spare shirt, a raincoat that doubled as tent and bedroll, and a pocket revolver.

It would not be too far-fetched for us to think that Pyne might have read the March 1883 *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* in which Colonel Sir John Underwood Bateman-Champain, who had been involved in the construction of the Calcutta to London telegraph line, wrote of the underdeveloped state of the road system in Persia: "[w]heeled vehicles are practically unknown, excepting on the road from Cazvin to Tehran where quite lately a service of troikas on the Russian system has been organised with tolerable success. Caravan routes are but tracks worn over steep and stony mountain ridges or over gravelly plains by the feet of mules and camels for century after century. Bridges are rare, and where most wanted are too often represented by the ruined piers and abutments of some clumsy massive construction of a bygone age."[66]

Upon setting off on his trip, Pyne informs us that his kit only weighs about 82 lbs. There were those who did greater feats with even less, such as Thomas Stevens, who made a round the world trip on a penny farthing. Although Stevens does in fact give long descriptions of the people he met and the places he visited on his bicycle, the immediate image he gives of himself, as seen in the colour illustration (Figure 12), is of a man with very little luggage for a trip which would take him from San Francisco via Tehran to Yokahama. The illustrations throughout his two-volume travelogue show him everywhere in the same clothing and wearing his pith helmet in all seasons.

Many authors who passed along the route through Persia taken by Pyne had written of mules teetering over the edge of the Kotal-i Dokhtar or Pir-i Zan passes. Champain described the first leg of the route as "peculiarly difficult. No less than six severe passes have to be surmounted between the sea and Shiraz, a distance of 180 miles, and at two spots the track rises to an altitude of nearly 7000 feet."[67] However de Windt more graphically paints a hypochondriac's nightmare scenario: "The

[66] Champain (1883), p. 121.
[67] Champain, p. 123.

climate of Shiráz is delicious, but dangerous. Though to a new-comer the air feels dry, pure, and exhilarating, the city is a hot-bed of disease, and has been christened the "Fever Box." Small-pox, typhus, and typhoid are never absent, and every two or three years an epidemic of cholera breaks out and carries off a fearful percentage of the inhabitants. In spring-time, during heavy rains, the plains are frequently inundated to a depth of two or three feet, and the water, stagnating and rotting under a blazing sun, produces towards nightfall a thick white mist, pregnant with miasma and the dreaded Shiráz fever which has proved fatal to so many Europeans, to say nothing of natives."[68]

The peak of anaemic recommendations was achieved by "[a] matter-of-fact Scotch traveller who visited the country describes it as being divided into two portions — "one being desert with salt and the other desert without salt,"[69] and the sheer pointlessness of going there to observe beauty was emphasised by Arnold: "One cannot ride twenty miles in any part of Persia… other than upon the salt desert or the mountain tops, without seeing ruined villages and broken watercourses bounded by fields which have relapsed to infertility"[70] — a statement quoted without attribution by *The Church Missionary* atlas three years later with the implication that being stationed in Persia, with its lack of verdant valleys and "England's mountains green", constituted a virtue in itself.

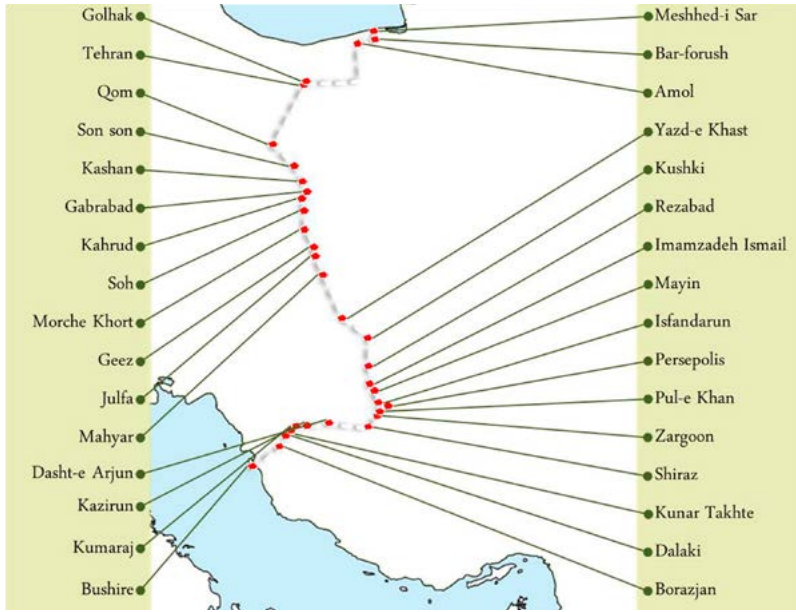


Figure 13: The standard south-north route followed by Pyne and some of the sites he mentions along the circa 1300 km (circa 800 mi.) journey.

[68] De Windt (1891), p. 177.
[69] Cutler and Yaggy (1888), p. 517, quoting Lady Shiel (1856) who is in turn quoting an anonymous traveller.
[70] Arnold (1876), p. 255.

From the time taken on Pyne's walk through Persia, i.e. three months, his deficiencies in Persian, the lack of archaeological-historical essays in his journal and the meagre number of historic sites he visited, it is clear that Pyne's ambition was to *walk through Persia* rather than to notch up a list of buildings or monuments or to provide a generally edifying oeuvre on the country for the educated public back home. His journal is thus not didactic, but self-didactic as evidenced by his narrative itself and some pages of the Journal which have been filled with Pyne's Persian vocabulary, written down in transliteration, and covering a large range of subjects from wildfowl to vegetables.[71] Pyne must have had a knowledge of Persian, but perhaps not a practical or contemporary vocabulary. He does not mention speaking Persian until he has to speak it in the telegraph office in Kashan where he has only one language in common with the Russian-speaking wife of Dr. Vigneau: "Madame Dr. not knowing English I had to talk to her in Persian." Further on, in Astrakhan, he bemoans his deficient French: "I exchanged a few words in French with a Russian infantry officer, a good sort I should say, but he was not very much better at the language than I" — an odd comment, given that it was one of the languages listed on his Army Service Record. On the other hand, it was a characteristic etiquette of the times that a man should disparage his own abilities, rather than commit the ungentlemanly gaffe of being full of oneself. On page 66 of his Journal, Pyne comments on his own ability as a watercolourist next to his painting of the landscape: "a jolly place, a wide open plain about 7,000 feet elevation. If only I could paint!"

However, unlike some of the characters he meets en route, such as Colonel Robert Murdoch Smith or Mr. Preece, Pyne had no interest in unearthing antiquities, discovering an important manuscript or shipping *mihrab*s, or prayer niches, or even an individual tile back to museums or galleries in Britain. One of the refreshing aspects to his journal is the absence of historical background digressions, and lengthy archaeological or art-historical descriptions. Pyne reveals clearly his lack of interest in providing this standard educational fare found in other travelogues. Of Shiraz and Isfahan there were acres of descriptions to be found in English published works, and of the ruins of Persepolis he actually instructs his reader: "Books must be read to know all about them, look under heading "Persepolis". He appears particularly thrilled at certain moments on his walk when he is standing in the same spot as the author of one of the books he has with him, and although his journal was for private consumption, or perhaps written as a memoir for a future wife, Pyne is scrupulously honest when a picture in his album is not from life but his copy of a photograph by Madame

[71] These pages, tellingly, were not overwritten in ink, as were his Journal pages.

Dieulafoy or of an illustration by Ussher. It might also be noted that Pyne's greatest moment of communication comes when he has a soirée in the caravanserai with two local musicians, and their baboon, in the universal language of music. The violin which he lists among his kit for the journey serves its purpose, and even though Pyne later argues with the musicians who think his tip too small, this does not detract from that evening having represented a transcendental moment for Pyne.

Pyne follows a well-trodden path through Persia, and one which had been written about to the extent that Champain in his 1883 report to the Royal Geographic Society does not even bother to depict in any detail as "The road [from Bushire] to Shiraz has been described over and over again, and I need not waste time by saying more than that it is execrably bad."[72] However, where others before Pyne stopped and gazed in romantic awe or disappointment at landscapes or monuments of some repute before writing down copious descriptions, he feels no obligation to poetise, pontificate or sermonise. Detailed descriptions of buildings are lacking and when he is in a hurry to get to Tehran he admits that some places are of no interest to him: "I halted a day a Koom, but only because the halting of the caravan compelled me." His topographical writing, about Qom for example, is also terse in extremis "This is a large city held very sacred among Persians on account of its containing the tomb of a lady called Fatimah."

The state of Persia

In giving an account of the various countries in which the Church Missionary Society was 'labouring', the *Church Missionary Atlas* of 1897 provides the following lamentation: "Persia, once so pre-eminent among nations that her king could say, 'All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of heaven given me,' is now fallen very low, and seems destined to fall still lower. Her Caucasian provinces have been taken from her by Russia, her wonderful natural resources are neglected and undeveloped, her people are impoverished, and her lands are falling out of cultivation.[73]

A country thus depicted, while providing limited resources for its inhabitants, was a boon territory for collectors, both independent and those commissioned and funded by museums in Britain and elsewhere, eager to start up or enlarge their Persian holdings. Manuscripts were sought by academics, but the commissioned collectors generally looked to the applied arts. An example of this is the catalogue of *An Exhibition of Persian Art & Curios: The Collection formed by J. R. Preece, Esq*. The catalogue

[72] Champain (1883), p. 123.
[73] *Church Missionary Atlas* (1897), p. 53.

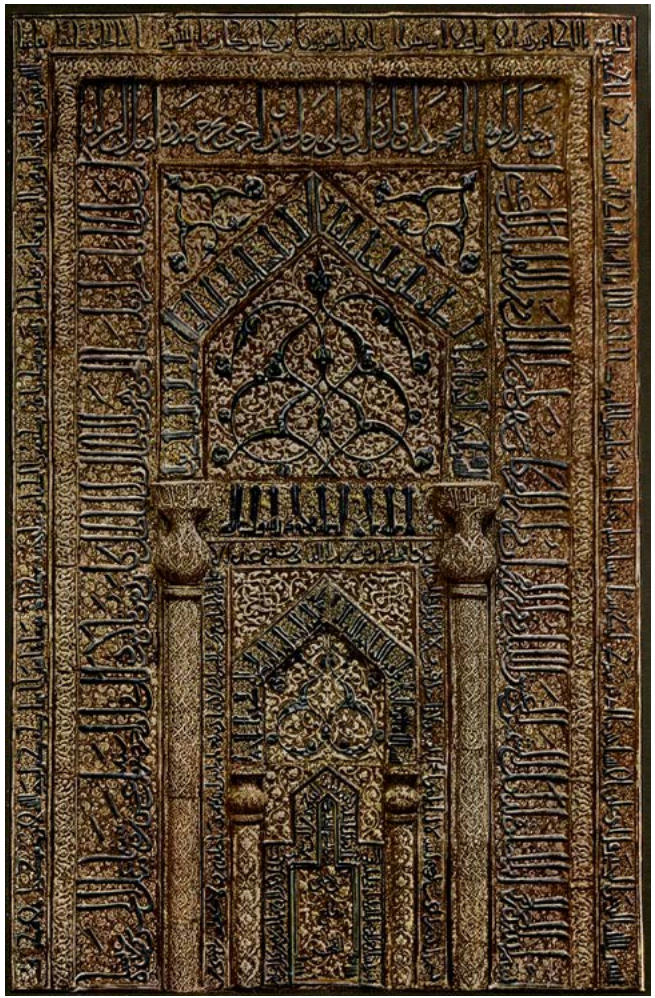


Figure 14: The *mihrab* bought apparently piecemeal from Kashan by Preece and removed from Iran. Now in the Museum für Islamische Kunst Berlin (Pergamonmuseum), Inv.-Nr. I. 5366. Source: Glover, 1913.

published by the Vincent Robinson Gallery in London, where the objects were on sale, obligingly explains how Mr Preece, the British Consul whom Pyne met in Shiraz, built up his collection: "[he] filled for many years the post of Consul-General to his Majesty's Government at Ispahan, and his residence there afforded him many exceptional opportunities for the acquisition of interesting examples of Persian Art of all kinds, opportunities of which his knowledge and artistic taste enabled him to take the fullest advantage…"[74] The prevailing attitude to the rescue of artefacts incorporated the wholesale removal of *mihrab*s and *minbars* from mosques in territories from Morocco to Persia. The sale of artefacts, or the *nobles débris d'une civilisation*,[75] at the Great Exhibitions also set in motion an East-West transfer of antiquities with a museum's cachet gaining more prominence the larger its collections became.[76] The Victoria and Albert Museum's 15th-century

[74] Glover (1913).

[75] Edmond (1867), p. 199.

[76] See, for example: Science and Art Department, *List of the Objects Obtained during the Paris Exhibition of 1867 by Gift, Loan, or Purchase and now Exhibited in the South Kensington Museum* (London, 1868).

Mamluke *minbar*[77] is perhaps one of the most outstanding examples of an important and intrinsic piece of mosque furniture having a provenance that can be taken no further back than the 1867 Exposition Universelle held in Paris, at which Owen Jones spent £2,261 to purchase for the museum "some of the finest specimens of Cairene wood-carving of the 14th and 15th centuries that can be seen anywhere, together with a complete pulpit from a mosque."[78]

The idea that western museums and collectors were doing eastern cultures a service by removing their treasures is epitomised in the conclusion of another traveller's rhapsody over an illuminated manuscript by Sa'di: "It is a joy to turn the half-soiled pages of this old book, with its fine calligraphy enclosed in irregular cartouches shaped like clouds… Some leaves have a solid border, where gold, indigo, and carmine, glitter as though laid but yesterday. ... The delicacy of the flowers, the intricacy of design, and the perfect taste, are beyond praise. The whole book is like jewel work; turning the pages, it is painful to think that negligence will soon destroy it unless saved by sale to a foreigner, which elsewhere could be vandalism."[79]



Figure 15: Here a local in Khiva is photographed removing tiles from a mosque to fulfil an order for a collector. Source: d'Allemagne, 1911.

Pyne mentions the firm of Hotz whose owner, the Dutch Merchant Albert Hotz, had recently sold to the National Museum of Ethnology in the Netherlands more than

77 Museum no: 1050:1 to 2-1869.
78 'Saracenic Art at the South Kensington Museum', *The Times*, 23 October 1884, p. 3.
79 Moore (1915), pp. 403–404.

"400 [miscellaneous Iranian] items, including armour, horseshoes, candle sticks, mirrors, models of ships, and even parts of doors. There are also many items of clothing and footwear."[80] Hotz was also a keen photographer some of whose images have been used here to provide a different aspect to locations visited by Pyne. For the ardent collector, however, extracting a collection of artefacts from Persia was not all plain-sailing. Correspondence between the Victoria and Albert Museum and Murdoch Smith shows that a little help from high officials was necessary: "Murdoch Smith acted to protect his purchases by seeking the aid of Iranian court officials. In the fall of 1875 Prime Minister Sepah Salar Azem issued an order exempting the ancient tiles and other items (a total of six crates of artefacts) from any interference by the government during their periods of storage and movement from Tehran to Bushire. He ordered that the crates not be opened and exempted them from all taxes and duties normally collected by local governors and customs officials. Smith confided to his employers at the museum that 'without such an order I hardly know how I could have got the semi-sacred contents of the cases out of the country in safety.'"[81]

Conclusion

In reviewing the dramatis personae of the Journal, it becomes apparent to what extent Pyne was the prisoner of orientalist values. Whereas the European characters are noted, even if without description, at least by recognisable and correct names, the paucity of Persian names and misnotated place names in the Journal points to various possibilities: that Pyne's spoken Persian was so weak as to exclude extended verbal interchange, or that Pyne was interested in a historic and romantic Persia and felt, like many other European travellers, that the modern inhabitants were debased in culture and expression and thus could be overlooked, or painted in, as by the great orientalist painter David Roberts, as smallish characters who really serve only to set the scale of the background monuments or as romantic and picturesque touches on the greater image.

By the time Pyne had travelled through Persia, crossed the Caspian Sea and sailed up the Volga to Tsaritsin, he seems to have made up his mind. Perhaps the first inkling can be gained from his comment upon reaching Astrakhan: "There's such good bread and butter here!!!" It would seem that Pyne thus demarcates his passage from the lands of flat bread to the lands of recognisable food in

[80] Vogelsang-Eastwood, p. 4.
[81] Correspondence dated 28 December 1875, quoted in Helfgott, p. 173.

terms of the bread loaf whose slices one can spread with butter.

Pyne had been drawn to Persia by a composite image of the subliminal yet widespread Persianate elements he would have come across during his upbringing. We also know something of his Persian language study and obvious interest in the poetry of Sa'di. However it would seem that the Persian gentleman who bombarded him with "hundreds" of impertinent questions at Tsaritsin railway station was the straw that broke the camel's back, leading Pyne to comment, possibly hours later, in his Journal: "I am sick of Persians, they & their country, and religion and all connected with them, except their language and literature, which I like…"

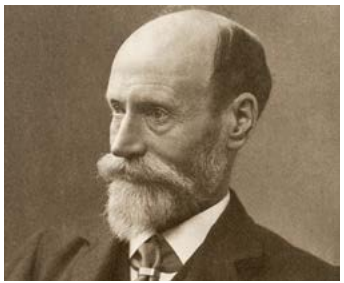


Figure 16: Sir Robert Murdoch Smith (1835–1900) "has bestowed some of his leisure hours in collecting specimens of the ancient artwork of Persia".[82] Photograph by R. L. Webster, Edinburgh.

This untypical bad-tempered outburst might be interpreted as orientalist in nature, with Pyne preserving a yearning to see the romantic pictorial aspects of a culture while disparaging the owners of that culture as unworthy of a heritage. Many of his contemporaries would have thought works of eastern art were better preserved in western museums and galleries, providing viewers with some three-dimensional objects to admire alongside Orientalist paintings.

Pyne appears to have gone through a process of alienation or deep disappointment on discovering that the facilities and daily life of Persia were far from the diaphanous romanticism which the orientalising music and literature of his age promised. It is significant that the longest description of a place is that of Karachi, before he arrived in Persia. One might conclude that the ease of functioning in Karachi, with its lingua franca of English and its British infrastructure, meant that Pyne had some leisure. In Karachi he had no need to negotiate with muleteers, or expend his energy merely functioning, taking care of his own luggage or laundry and exhausting himself to get through each day. Here he could behave like a European gentleman, and he noted down the monuments of the city in more detail than at any point later in his journey. Pyne's mention of the brass plaque in memory of the fallen at recent Battle of Maiwand and his

[82] Arnold (1877), p. 193.

observation about the 3rd Bombay Native Infantry (Jacob's Rifles) being stationed at Karachi, both show that empire and the sacrifice one might have to make for it could never be far from a young man's thoughts.



Figure 17: Stevens is met by Mr. McIntyre (on horseback).

His walk through Persia was gruelling due to the nature of mule travel, the challenging geography, the condition of the roads in Persia and the fact that he never lingered in any of his way-stations long enough to do what intrepid travellers were expected to do and wander leisurely around every last monument, ruin and historic site. Pyne's motivation seems to be that of a doer, not a scrutiniser. After weeks of scant conversation as he traversed the precipitous passes of southern Persia and then the long haul to Tehran, Pyne must have found the group of educated, official-class Europeans in Tehran to be an animated tableau vivant presaging the familiar European civilisation awaiting him at the end of his journey. Even the hardy Stevens, crossing the world on his bicycle, felt constrained to complain after being hosted by the genial telegraph engineer Mr. Macintyre: "Only those who have experienced it know anything of the pleasure of two Europeans meeting and conversing in a country like Persia, where the habits and customs of the natives are so different; and to most travellers, uncongenial and only to be tolerated for a time."[83]

Shortly after Tehran, Pyne was once again travelling on modern modes of transport such as a steamer and then finally by train from Tsaritsin almost all the way to his house in Nevendon where he expresses his relief by

[83] Stevens (1888), vol. 2, p. 61.

adding to his Journal a watercolour of his home in its gentle English countryside setting.

Pyne had made his trip as an endurance test. The phrase "three months" in the title of his Journal indicates from the outset that his walk was timed and was done for the purpose of getting from one end of Persia to another, rather than as an autodidactic voyage of discovery. It was the sort of thing that a slightly mad young fool with time on his hands might do and then years later be admired by the chaps at his club.

The Journal

In preparing this Journal for publication it was felt that many of the places mentioned, but not drawn, by Pyne might be illustrated with recourse to a number of works of travel from within a few decades either side of 1884. It is no criticism of the intrinsic value of the Journal to point out that his descriptions can be rudimentary and fleeting and leave the reader with a feeling of insufficiency. The ancillary illustrations have been added by the authors for this reason and also for the argument that different people's views, even photographic, of the same place add interpretive dimensions to the captured image. As Pyne's illustrations are sometimes no more than a timid peephole into a country he traversed on mule-back, the added images serve a similar purpose to the annotations in that they further illuminate to the reader some of the obscurities thrown up by the text. By doing like Pyne and avoiding acres of art-historical or architectural description, in addition to allowing Madame Dieulafoy and Messrs Coste and Flandin inter alia to inject a contrast in the aesthetics of photographic depiction and architectural exactitude, it is hoped to enlarge the view of Persia gained by the readers.

Some few pages of the Journal have not been reproduced below: the pencil lists of Persian vocabulary, a graph of location altitudes and some pages of his hand-drawn map of his route through Persia.

Within his Journal, Pyne sometimes uses eccentric transliterations of local names. The authors feel that it would be too pedantic to correct every mis-transliteration or Victorian spelling (i.e. Koum, modern Qom).

Quotations from French works have been translated into English by the authors.

JOURNAL.

J. C. P.

JOURNAL
of
THREE MONTHS' WALK
in
PERSIA



Journal

12 15 pm On Easter Monday 1884 – The Bombay Mail took me off. My kit for Persia was not much but it weighed Mds 2 – 5 seers. If I find it necessary I can dispense with the small tin box for writing & dressing things. The saleetah is an excellent contrivance –. I take a revolver & 20 rounds of ball cartridge & 100 rounds, part No 3 part No 6 for the gun. A respectable suit of mufti, white shirt etc... blue undress uniform, kaki & puttoo are parts of the wardrobe – Tuesday Morning found me at



Lahore, then thro' a ghastly, arid, sandy waste, past Mooltan to the Indus at Sukkur (alias "Hell") crossed the Indus by a steam Ferry on Wednesday & woke up on Thursday morning to find 5 gentlemen of this description my fellow passengers. Arrived at Kurrachee at 9 a.m. The dust, glare & heat all at once was rather too much. Houses all jaundicey yellow or white-washed – many with an upper room to catch the sea breeze.



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1. Cooking kit
2. Saddle & Bridle
3. Bed, bedding, violin, clothing, etc.,
4. Gun,
5. Writing box.

1 14 April.
2 1 mun = 40 seers = 82 pounds approximately.
3 Possibly a small container for travel necessities. From the Arabic salīla.
4 Khaki and puttee – materials commonly used by Europeans for their clothing and hats when in India.

All with latticed verandahs, windows, & porches. The glare is enough to gauge the eyes out. There is a fine building called the Frere Hall, a Museum with a mangy collection of Nat. Hists. Specs. Also in the same building upstairs a large assembly & dancing hall & downstairs next the Museum a library & reading room.



Next to the Frere Hall is the Club, then A Masonic Hall & then the Church.



The Church has a most remarkable tower, out of all proportion to the body of the building. Perhaps it is a mark for ships at sea. It has a fine organ, a brass to the memory of the Officers of the 30 Bo N.I. (Jacobs Rifles) who were killed at Mauvaind — There are several other Churches, Scotch, RC, etc... Red Jouggies everywhere. Coachmen servants policemen moneychangers, all wear scarlet turbans —

All with latticed verandahs, windows, and porches. The glare is enough to gouge the eyes out. There is a fine building called the Frere Hall, a Museum with a mangy collection of Nat. Hist. Specimens. Also in the same building upstairs a large assembly and dancing hall and downstairs next to the Museum a library and reading room. Next to the Frere Hall is the Club,[5] then a Masonic Hall and then the Church. The Church has a most remarkable tower, out of all proportion to the body of the building. Perhaps it is a mark for ships at sea.[6] It has a fine organ, a brass to the memory of the Officers of the 30 Bo[mbay] N.I. (Jacob's Rifles) who were killed at Maiwand.[7] There are several other churches, Scotch, RC, etc. Red puggrie everywhere. Coachmen, servants, policemen, moneychangers, all wear scarlet turbans.



Figure 18: Holy Trinity Church, Karachi. Completed in 1855, Holy Trinity was the first major church to be built in Karachi. The tower had five storeys above the buttressed entranceway of the tower and the roof is pitched. Two storeys of the tower were removed for safety in 1904 and a new barrel vaulted roof was put in place in the 1970s.

5 Founded in 1871, the Sind Club, as common throughout the Empire, was exclusively for the British.

6 Pyne is correct here. The church, built in 1855, also functioned as a lighthouse for Karachi harbour.

7 The Battle of Maiwand was one of the largest battles of the Second Anglo-Afghan War (1878-1881) and was waged against Ayub Khan, Emir of Afghanistan. The Jacobs Rifles (officially the 130th King George's Own Baluchis) were an Indian infantry regiment initially raised in 1858. In modern times it continues to exist as the 12th Battalion of The Baloch Regiment. The defeat effected at Maiwand by 25,000 Afghans under Ayub Khan of 2,476 British soldiers, with 969 dead and 177 wounded, was one of great savagery. In 1892 the poet Rudyard Kipling remembered the debacle in *The Young British Soldier* with the lines: "When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains / And the women come out to cut up what remains, / Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains / An' go to your Gawd like a soldier..."



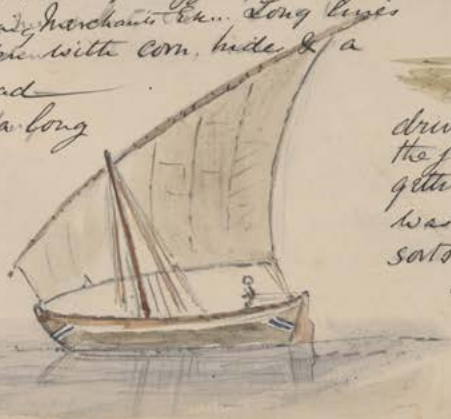
The 3rd Bo N.I. is stationed here: like the two figures on the left
Another uniform the wearer a bit slack,
Drawers, but do not know the Regt: Facings sky
blue. Of course the Parsee abounds.



It is best to address first in
every English. If he
does not understand English
there is try Hindustani, but
between seldom fails a
and the about 1½ mile
The latter the cantonments.
City & neighbourhood.
is nearer the harbour.



factories, Granaries, & offices of big.
& is one mass of dazzling dusty, of awkward primitive Kutch bullock carts
Shipping, Merchants &c. long lines hundred other kinds of merchandize. Block
laden with corn, hides & a
the road
It is a long



drive to the harbour & my ship the Satara did not lie at
the jetty but out in the harbour near Mazagon. — When
getting into a harbour boat to go on board the ship, I
was stopped by a Customs Officer & a Detective of
sorts & questioned as to who I was. They took me for a
deserter & when I said I had come from Peshawur
they thought they had got their man, as they
afterwards told me they were looking out for the

The 3rd Bo[mbay] N.I.[8] is stationed here, like the two figures on the left. Another uniform the wearer a bit "slack", I saw, but do not know the regt. Facings sky blue. Of course the Parsee abounds. It is best to address every native first in English. If he does not understand try Hindustani, but English seldom fails. There is about 1½ miles between the cantonments and the city and neighbourhood. The latter is nearer the harbour and is one mass of dazzling, dusty, factories, granaries, and offices of big Shipping Merchants, etc. Long lines of awkward primitive Kutch bullock carts laden with corn, hide and a hundred other kinds of merchandise block the road. It is a long drive to the harbour and my ship the Satàra[9] did not lie at the jetty but out in the harbour near Manora.

When getting into a harbour boat to go on board the ship, I was stopped by a Customs Officer and a Detective of sorts and questioned as to who I was. They took me for a deserter and when I said I had come from Peshawur they thought they had got their man, as they afterwards told me they were looking out for the

[8] The 3rd Bombay Native Infantry formed part of Jacob's Rifles, and was, as its name implied, made up of indigenous Indian soldiers.

[9] A ship of the British India Steam Navigation company, in operation 1866-1891 and weighing 1,301 tons. She was a Royal Mail Steamer which accounts for the zig-zag crossing of the Persian Gulf. (http://www.biship.com/).

Peshawur Bazaar Sergt: who, it appears, has bolted with a lot of money. I had to shew them my Commission wh: I luckily had: They were satisfied then — A jolly sail it was across the harbour to the ship. I am only a deck passenger but the Chief Officer was very civil & gave me a good place on the bridge & the use of his Cabin &c...

We sailed at 2.15. a.m. I heard "Cast off please Mr Simpson" & went to sleep again. The Capt.n came up on the Bridge in the morning in his sleeping kit - a comfortably fat individual - but peppery.





Saturday & Sunday we were at sea. Little or nothing to do - a sea life is killing with its ghastly monotony ——

8.30. a.m. Monday April we steamed into Muskat harbour — a very puzzle to find. The cove only opens out to view when one is actually in it. Muskat island shuts it in - The entrance open to the N.N.W.

I got ashore at 9.30 & wandered through the narrowest of bazaars roofed over & beautifully cool & free from smells than most Indian bazaars - The town is walled & the gates are hung inside with arms, guns matchlocks swords & jezails —— Most of the natives crowding the bazaar were armed & queer folk they looked - many negroes & all queerly dressed.

Peshawur Bazaar Sergt. who, it appears, has bolted with a lot of money. I had to shew them my Commission, which I luckily had: they were satisfied then. A jolly sail it was across the harbour to the ship. I am only a deck passenger but the Chief Officer was very civil and gave me a good place on the bridge and the use of his cabin etc. We sailed at 2.15 a.m. I heard "Cast off please Mr. Simpson" and went to sleep again.

The Captain came up on the Bridge in the morning in sleeping kit – a comfortably fat individual – but peppery. Saturday and Sunday we were at sea. Little or nothing to do – a sea life is killing with its ghastly monotony. 8.30 a.m. Monday April [blank but actually 21 April] we steamed into Muskat[10] harbour – a very puzzle to find.[11] The cove only opens out to view when one is actually in it. Muskat Island shuts it in. The entrance opens to the N.N.W. I got ashore at 9.30 and wandered through the narrowest of bazaars roofed over and beautifully cool and freer from smells than most Indian bazaars. The town is walled and the gates are hung inside with arms, quaint matchlocks, swords and jezails.[12] Most of the ruffians crowding the bazaar were armed and queer folk they looked – many negroes and all quaintly dressed.

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10 Sykes (1902), *Ten Thousand Miles* (p. 88): 'The climate, on the other hand, is terrible, and all the heat absorbed by the rocks during the day is given out at night; moreover the fine Consulate has no garden, and riding is almost impossible.'

11 Ptolemy referred to it as Cryptus Portus (the Hidden Port), Pliny the Elder called it Amithoscuta.
Smith, *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography* (p. 714*)*: 'Its name, 'the hidden harbour,' is clearly descriptive, and it is descriptive exclusively of Muscat: for this port is represented, by the latest authorities, as so shut out from the sea by the rocks which encompass this noble harbour, that the first sight of the entrance is obtained only on the actual approach of the vessel in front of the basin before the town… the entrance is so little conspicuous, that a stranger unacquainted with the black rocks that surround it, would scarcely detect it, on arriving from sea.'

12 From Pashtu – a locally-made musket. In Arthur Conan Doyle's 1886 novel *A Study in Scarlet*, Sherlock Holmes's assistant, Dr. Watson recounts that he had "served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet..." The jezail had the strange virtue of being a weapon with a longer range and greater efficiency than the muskets used by the British. Pyne would have known the details of the First Afghan War (1839–1842) and the shudder he would have felt at seeing jezails on sale is expressed ironically in Rudyard Kipling's "Arithmetic on the Frontier" where he tells of the incidences of highly polished British soldiers being picked off by unseen guns: "Two thousand pounds of education / Drops to a ten-rupee jezail."

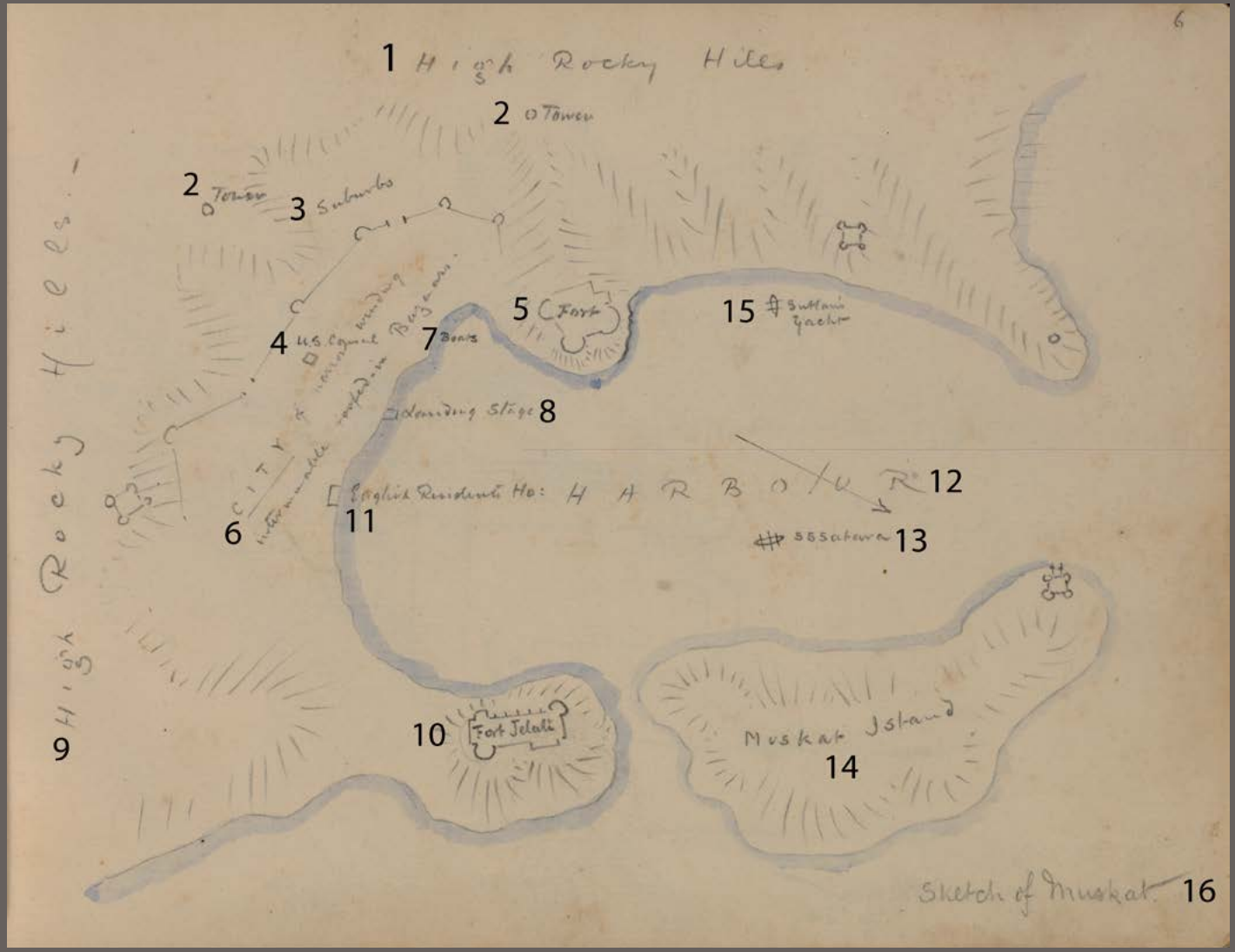


The harbour is shut in on all sides except the N.W. by the barest & barrenest of rocky hills. Most of them are crowned with towers & forts but so tumble-down that they are perfectly useless — old rust eaten guns one of "G.R. 1839" two other ancient Portuguese pieces, are stuck about the forts. Some on blocks of wood for carriage, some upside down & several lying half buried in the sand. There is a Portuguese inscription over one of the gates of a fort. I saw two young buck chinceras (ravine deer) got from the interior — kept tame in the Fortress. So probably there is shooting to be had in the country.

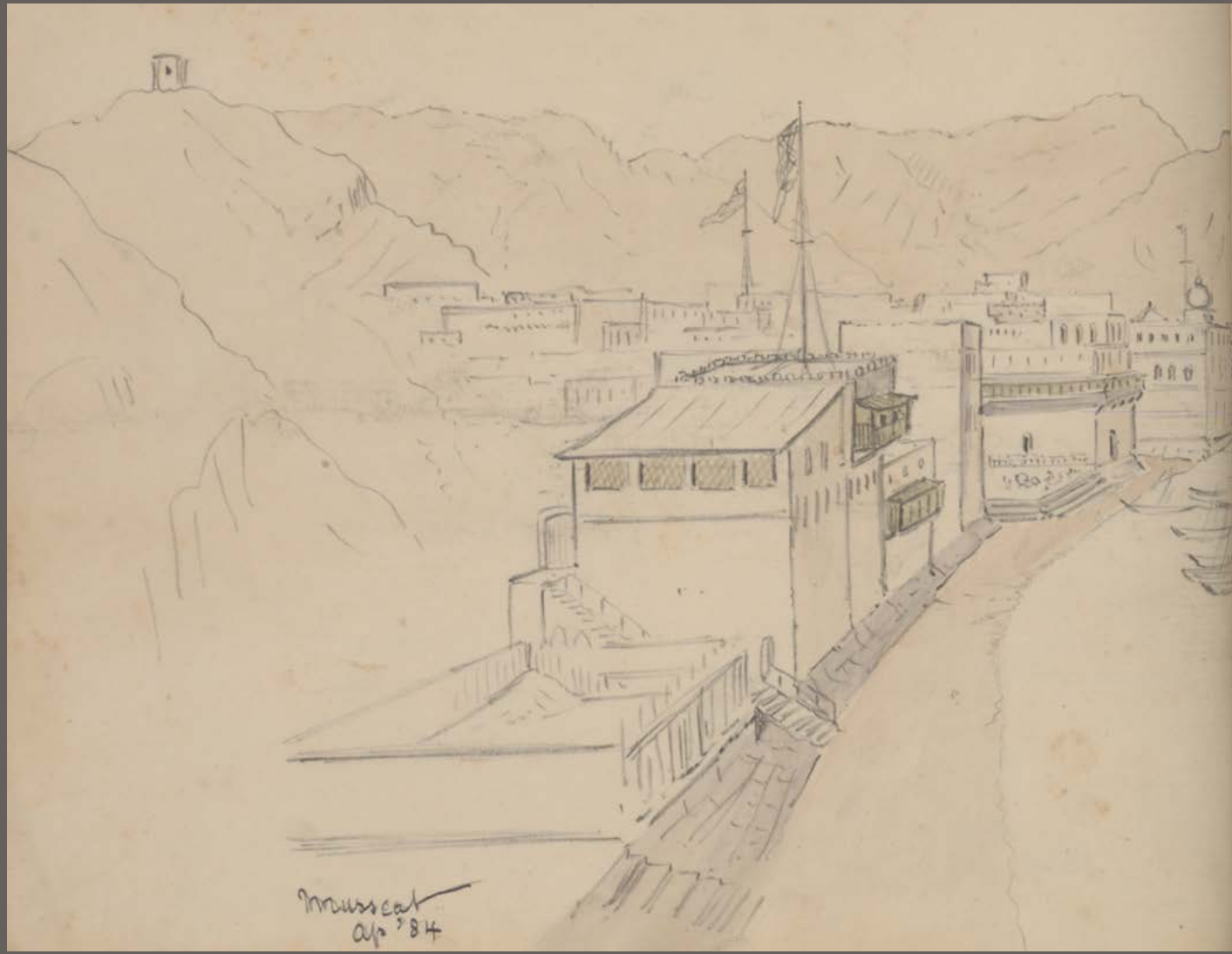
The harbour is shut in on all sides except the N.W. by the barest and barrenest of rocky hills. Most of them are crowned with towers and forts but so tumbledown that they are perfectly useless. Old rust-eaten guns, one of "G.R. 1839", two other ancient Portuguese pieces,[13] are stuck about the forts, some on blocks of wood for carriage in, some upside down and several lying half buried in the sand. There is a Portuguese inscription over one of the gates of a fort. I saw two young buck chinkire (ravine deer)[14] got from the interior – kept tame in the Fortress, so probably there is shooting to be had in the country.

[13] The Portuguese, under Afonso d'Alboquerque, took the town in 1507. There were two fortresses, Mīrānī and Jalālī.

[14] *Gazella bennetti bennetti,* known as the chinkara it was a popular with hunters in the colonial era.


6
1 High Rocky Hills
2 Tower
2 Tower
3 Suburbs
4 U.S. Consul
5 Fort
15 Sultan's yacht
7 Boats
8 Landing Stage
CITY
HARBOUR
12
English Residents Ho:
6
11
Sesatawa
13
9 High Rocky Hills
10 Fort Jelali
Muskat Island
14
Sketch of Muskat
16

1. High Rocky Hills
2. Tower
3. Suburbs
4. U.S. Consul
5. Fort
6. City of narrow winding interminable roofed in Bazaars
7. Boats
8. Landing Stage
9. High Rocky Hills
10. Fort Jelali
11. English Resident's Ho[use]
12. Harbour
13. S.S. Satara
14. Muskat Island
15. Sultan's yacht
16. Sketch of Muskat


Muscat
Apr '84

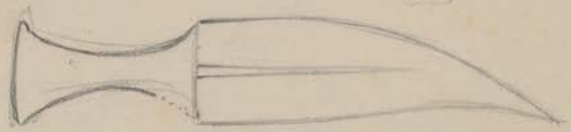


A grumpy negro who shewed me a part of the Fortress. Their arms are highly ornamented and most carried a weapon like this called a 'Khanjar' or dagger attached to a belt worn round the waist. The turn at the end of the scabbard seems objectless as the blade is of the description ——



* Khanjar or Dagger

I hear that Muskat is continually being attacked by independant tribes of Arabs whose chiefs, relations of the present Sultan, think they have a right to the miserable little kingdom – & our Man o' war has them to drop a shell over the Town, which astonishes them. ——



The Sultan had a pretty steam yacht in harbour and there were 6 fine barques belonging to Muskat, probably old East India men, belonging to Native merchants. One very clean smart ship named Karl Johann hailed from Elspeth a province in Denmark.



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The Sultan had a pretty steam yacht in harbour and there were six fine barques belonging to Muskat, probably old East Indiamen, belonging to Native merchants. One very clear smart ship named Karl Johann hailed from Elspeth, I presume in Denmark.

[15] Led by Shaykh Salih b. 'Ali al-Harithi who led the Hinawi tribes against Muscat in 1883.

[16] Sayyid Turki bin Sa'id, Sultan of Muscat and Oman and dependencies (r. 1871-1888), fifth surviving son of Sayyid Sa'id bin Sultan bin al-Imam Ahmad bin Sa'id al-Busaidi al-Yemeni al-'Omani al-Azdi, Sultan of Muscat, Oman and Zanzibar, by an Ethiopian *suri*. Governor of Sohar 1854-1868 and of Gwadur 1868-1871. Source: http://www.royalark.net/Oman/oman7.htm.



where the cross is (+) is the point from which the large sketch of Muskat is taken. In this fort called Jelali or Jelâlâ halan is the Glorious was a battery of some 10 guns but all one mass of corrosive many were lying on the sands Front of the gallery half buried or pointing towards the interior of the fort



On rocks to the NE of the harbour, the names of men o' war with the dates of their service at this place were painted in White conspicuously.

No Queens ship was there at my visit — Probably they are at Suakim —

We left Muskat about 4 p.m the same day & made for Bunder Abbas. This ship does not go to the telegraph Station at Jashk & this trip, & its no loss as there is nothing to see there & it would take up time — I believe the ship calls there & at Gwadar another telegraph station on its homeward voyage to provide each station with its weekly allowance of 12 loaves of bread.

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On rocks to the N.E. of the harbour, the names of men o' war with the date of their service at this place were painted in white conspicuously. No Queen's ship was there at my visit – probably they are at Suakim.[17]

We left Muskat about 4 p.m. the same day and made for Bundar Abbas. This ship does not go to the telegraph station at Jashk[18] this trip and it's no loss as there is nothing to see there and it would take up time. I believe the ship calls there and at Gwadar,[19] another telegraph station, on its homeward voyage to provide each station with its weekly allowance of 12 loaves of bread.

1. The cross
2. HMS Teazer 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879
3. HMS Woodlark 1880, 81, 82, 83
4. HMS Beacon 1879-80-81

[17] In the Sudan. It was at that moment the locus of intense fighting between the Anglo-Egyptian army led by Sir Gerald Graham (1831–1899) and the mahdists under the leadership of Osman Digna, a follower of Muhammad Ahmad, the self-proclaimed *mahdi*.

[18] Busch (1967), p. 45: "The small fishing village... was of importance as the main telegraph station between Bushire (500 miles) and Karachi (685 miles), with a post of the Indo-European Telegraph establishment staffed by British telegraphists [after 1869]... by 1886 Persia had established a customs house and garrison there."

[19] Sykes (1902), p 88: "… we steamed across to the squalid port of Gwádur."

The B.I.S.N. Co. Ltd or the British India Steam Navigation Company Limited is the Co to which the S.S. Satara belongs. The Co runs Steamers to England, Singapore, etc round India, the Persian Gulf, China etc... They own about 97 ships. The Satara is a sound steamer of 900 tons burthen - her officers = Captain, Chief officer, 2nd Officer 3rd Officer, Chief Engineer, 2nd do 3rd do 4th do, & Clark. It is possible for an officer to get the rank of Captain in 6 years service, but such quick promotion is unusual. Their pay is indifferently good. A Capt: 400/- to 600/- a month a Chief officer 300/- & a 2nd officer 195/- ——



The names of the Ship's officers are Capt. Fenhawk (?) Chief Officer Simpson, 2nd O. Mr Parsons 3rd Do. Mr Hite So much for the Ship - & I won't be sorry to be on shore —— I don't like ship life. I am confined to the Bridge & I am nearly sick one side from the simmering & filth of a Cook's place just forward under my nose & can't go to t'other side for fear of being as ill from the ducks & chickens in coops - in front is a railing, & near the stifling heat of the engines - so I'd sooner leave the ship altogether to square matters. The officers are a very nice set particularly the Chief & 2nd - but always excepting the Capt - who is a pig. He has a piggish profile ——



At sea & Tuesday night it blew a sea. I slept well however & Tuesday April 22nd we were in the early morning of a bit with a high chopping Island of Ormuz on the right sea felt not the slightest ill - the horizon as we went up Wednesday we passed the 3 miles from the town & shore & saw the island of Kish on The Bazaars at Bundar alongside the hulk about of Bunder Abbas —— Abbas are very narrow & c

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In the early morning of Wednesday we passed the Island of Ormuz on the right and saw the Island of Kish on the horizon as we went up alongside the hulk about 3 miles from the town and shore of Bundar Abbas. The Bazaars of Bundar Abbas are very narrow and

roofed in as they are at Muskat — The shops were excellently supplied with everything. I saw Persian carpets from Kirman — In rear of the town were these ruins which the boatman with me said were Farangs & English —



1 Ruins to N of Bunder abbas.

I can't think how they can be - but so he said — They are probably Portuguese

Porpoises in huge schools escorted us into Muskat & flying fish shewed us the way out of Bander abbas. — Still a fresh Breze & land keeps close to us on both sides, the Island of Kish on the right & Arabia on the left. both — most inhospitable looking shores —

Bunder abbas is exactly like Linga wh: follows minus the palm trees & plus a big rocky bare hill about 20 miles in-land — in rear of the town. —

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1. Ruins to the N of Bundar Abbas

[20] i.e. European.

[21] The Portuguese constructed a fort here in 1615.

Early on Thursday morning we cast anchor off Linga, on the Persian coast. I did not go on shore - we anchored a considerable distance off - but in good view, & to me the town & shore appeared something like this. The distance was not clear & there may or may not have been hills behind but I saw none. — Below is a copy of a small engraving of Linge in "Telegraph & Travel" by Sir F Goldsmid —



1 Linga
Looking N.W.

I don't know which is really correct, but mine is certainly something like it. Linga I sent to. Only yellow black & white houses must be carried about twice as far again both ways to right & left of Picture — The trees are all date palms.



A Persian gentleman boarded with 2 wives ladies enveloped of a pretty grey, with net opening in front



came on I presume in veils a black

They squatted on a handsome Persian carpet he brought for them & seemed happy enough — They talked incessantly.

Early on Thursday morning we cast anchor off Linga, on the Persian coast. I did not go on shore – we anchored a considerable distance off – but in good view, and to me the town and shore appeared something like this.[22] The distance was not clear and there may or may not have been hills behind but I saw none. Below is a copy of a small engraving of Linga in "Telegraph and Travel" by Sir F Goldsmid.[23] I don't know which is really correct, but mine is certainly something like the Linga I went to, only yellow beach and white houses must be carried about twice as far again both ways to right and left of picture. The trees are all date palms.

A Persian gentleman came on board, with 2 wives I presume, ladies enveloped in veils of a pretty grey, with a black net opening in front. They squatted on a handsome Persian carpet he brought for them and seemed happy enough. They talked incessantly.

1. Linga. Looking N.W

[22] Sykes (1902), p. 87: "After a smooth run we touched at Linga, the prettiest port in the Gulf, with its fringe of palms, behind which rises a scarped mountain."

[23] Major-General Sir Fredrick John Goldsmid (1818-1908), British scholar, negotiator and arbitrator of Perso-Afghan boundary dispute. From 1865 to 1871, he travelled from Tehran to Gwadar (in present-day Pakistan) and along the Makrān coast to Bandar ʿAbbās in order to chart a route to increase both communications security and the strategic reach of the British Empire. Between 1870 and 1872, Goldsmid led a boundary commission which helped to establish Iran's border with British India, ending a dispute in which the Khān of Kalāt claimed sovereignty over the Makrān coast.

I have had a bit of a talk to my friend & I find he is going to Bahrein & lives at Burra & talks Arabic & Turkish as his mothers tongues - Persian as a foreigner & He knows Bagdad too - Say Baghdad is the best place to learn arabic in.

Beneath is a copy of Col Macgregor's sketch of Bunder Abba copied out of his "Khorassan" - It is like, but does not give enough extent of houses along the shore



1 Copy of a sketch of Bunder Abba from Col Sir C. Macgregor "Khorassan"

About twice the distance would be better

Leaving Linga on Thursday afternoon we made across the Gulf about 10 p.m. 2 Squalls, violent but short the wind blowing hot as a furnace blast with a drop or two of rain came on. Friday at noon the Capt. & an old Arabic Pilot were anxiously looking for a buoy - The water was shallow (4½ fathoms) It was sighted at last - this sort of thing Then the pilot took charge of the ship We anchored 3 miles off Bahrein in 3½ f- more or less 20 native boats of all sorts came swarming out racing to the ship with a demoniacal hubbub

We halt here tonight & sail for Bushire at 6 a.m. Saturday



2



I have had a bit of a talk to my friend and I find he is going to Bahrein and lives at Busrah and talks Arabic and Turkish as his mother's tongues, Persian as a foreigner and he knows Baghdad too. Says Baghdad is the best place to learn Arabic in. Beneath is a copy of Col. Macgregor's sketch of Bandar Abbas copied out of his "Khorassan". It is like, but does not give enough extent of houses along the shore. About twice the distance would be better.

Leaving Linga on Thursday afternoon we made across the Gulf. About 10 p.m. 2 squalls, violent but short the wind blowing hot as a furnace blast with a drop or two of rain came on. Friday at noon the Capt. and an old Arabic pilot were anxiously looking for a buoy. The water was shallow (4½ fathoms). It was sighted at last – this sort of thing. Then the pilot took charge of the ship. We anchored 3 miles off Bahrein in 3½ fathoms. More than 20 native boats of all sorts came swarming out racing to the ship with a demoniacal hubbub. We halt here tonight and sail for Bushire[24] at 6 a.m. Saturday.

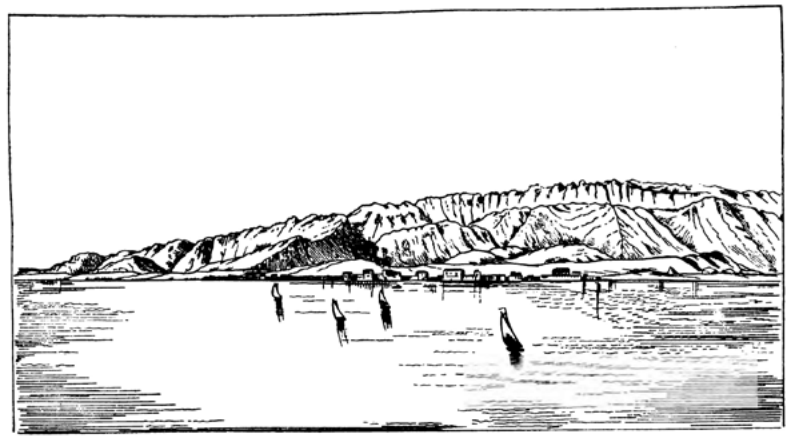


Figure 19: 'Bundar Abbas' from MacGregor's *Narrative of a journey through the province of Khorassan and on the N.W. frontier of Afghanistan in 1875* (1879).

1. Copy of a sketch of Bunder Abbas from Col. Sir C.M. Macgregor's "Khorassan"
2. Ancient Mariner

[24] Sykes (1902), p. 300: "At the end of the last century the Bushire-Shiraz route was less unsafe than those leading inland from Bandar Abbas; therefore the British Residency was established at Bushire, and it became the headquarters of trade, Kerim Khan, the great Zand, making efforts to protect it."

We ran from Linga to Bahrein, 248 miles in 24 hours — good going - But it seems as if it was too much for the ship for this morning (Saturday) the Engines refused to work & we anchored in "Bahrein Roads" - just outside yesterday's buoy ——

Started again at noon & arrived at Bushire the end of my voyage & the beginning probably of my troubles, on Sunday morning - a little over 8 days from Kurrachee —

As I was going ashore the Gunboat "Dragon" steamed in from Burreh. I went to a Caravanserai - my first experience properly - I find myself looked on as a soldier come for employment in the Indo-European Telegraphs, which notion I let be It is just what I want, to be thought no Sahib — It is bad enough being a European at all & I have half a mind to try disguise -



1 at Bahrein

Mr. Paul of Gray Paul & Co: is very civil, asked me to breakfast at his office & to put up with him at his house 4 miles S of Bushire - He drove me out - Big 2-storied House - all very nice - Batchelor Drove in again next morning - and at noon called on Col Ross the Resident. He has with him Mrs Ross & 2 Daughters. One Son has just joined the Cheshire Regt from R.M.C.

I stayed to lunch. Col Ross telegraphed to Shiraz & other places introducing me.

I have hired one mule for my belongings & a pony for myself for 5½ Tomans or 55 Krans - Fairly cheap My kit is now - simply 2 big bundles, but not heavy, a light load for one of these notably fine Persian mules. ——



Silver 2 Krans

We ran from Linga to Bahrein – 248 miles in 24 hours – good going. But it seems as if it was too much for the ship for this morning (Saturday) the engines refused to work and we anchored in "Bahrein Roads", just outside yesterday's buoy.

1. At Bahrein
2. Silver Keran

Started again at noon and arrived at Bushire,[25] the end of my voyage and the beginning probably of my troubles, on Sunday morning, a little over 8 days from Kurrachee. As I was going ashore the Gunboat "Dragon" steamed in from Busrah. I went to a Caravanserai[26] – my first experience properly – I find myself looked on as a soldier come for employment in the Indo-European Telegraph, which notion I let be. It is just what I want, to be thought no Sahib. It is bad enough being a European at all and I have half a mind to try disguise. Mr. Paul of Grey Paul and Co.[27] is very civil, asked me to breakfast at his office and to put up with him at his home 4 miles S. of Bushire. He drove me out. Big 2-storied house – all very nice. Bachelor. Drove in again next morning, and at noon called on Colonel

[25] Bird (1891), p. 3: "The chief caravan route in Persia starts from Bushire via Shiraz, Isfahan, Kashan, and Kum, to Tihran. A loaded mule takes from thirty to thirty-five days to Isfahan, and from Isfahan to Tihran from twelve to sixteen days, according to the state of the roads."

[26] Loti (1900), p. 47: "The small room, like all those in caravanserais, was completely empty and indescribably filthy."

[27] Helfgott ('Carpet Collecting', 1993, p 174): [In 1875] "a large collection of seventeenth-century Persian faience, many pieces of Chinese pottery from the period of Shah 'Abbas, and a number of brocades and embroideries from Jules Richard" was shipped for Murdoch Smith by Grey Paul and Co. from Bushehr to the South Kensington (now Victoria & Albert) Museum. • Munro (2003), pp. 171-172: "Gray Paul & Co at Bushire and Bundar Abbas were operating on the southern fringes of the Persian Empire…. Bushire, where Gray Paul & Co's operations were principally centred, was particularly ill suited as a location from which to undertake the commercial penetration of the Iranian interior. Given the marginality of their location on the coast, together with the costs and inconvenience of meeting the needs of customers and suppliers in the interior, the search for means to improve internal transport preoccupied Gray Paul and Co. and its parent firm, Gray Dawes & Co."

Ross[28] the Resident.[29] He has with him Mrs. Ross and 2 daughters, one son has just joined the Cheshire Regiment from R.M.C.[30] I stayed to lunch. Colonel Ross telegraphed to Shiraz and other places introducing me. I have hired one mule for my belongings and a pony for myself for 5½ Tomans[31] or 55 Krans. Fairly cheap. My kit is now simply 2 big bundles, but not heavy, a light load for one of these notably fine Persian mules.

[28] (later Colonel) Sir Edward Ross (1836-1913), educated at the Edinburgh Military Academy; passed high proficiency tests in Persian and Arabic. Resident in Persian Gulf and Consul-General for South Persia, 1872–91. • Simpson (2007), p. 156: "The British Resident in Bushire at this time was Colonel Edward C. Ross, who had already presented the [British] Museum with the inscribed bricks from Liyan ..." • Bird (1891), p. 2: "Colonel Ross, who for eighteen years has filled the office of British Resident in the Persian Gulf with so much ability, judgment, and tact as to have earned the respect and cordial esteem of Persians, Arabs, the mixed races, and Europeans alike. Of his kindness and hospitality there is no occasion to write for every stranger who visits the Gulf has large experience of both."

[29] Bird (1891), p. 2, describes the residency thus: "The Residency, a large Persian house, with that sort of semi-fortified look which the larger Eastern houses are apt to have, is built round courtyards, and has a fine entrance, which was lined with well-set-up men of a Bombay marine battalion. As is usual in Persia and Turkey, the reception rooms, living rooms, and guest rooms are upstairs, opening on balconies, the lower part being occupied by the servants and as domestic offices."

[30] The Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

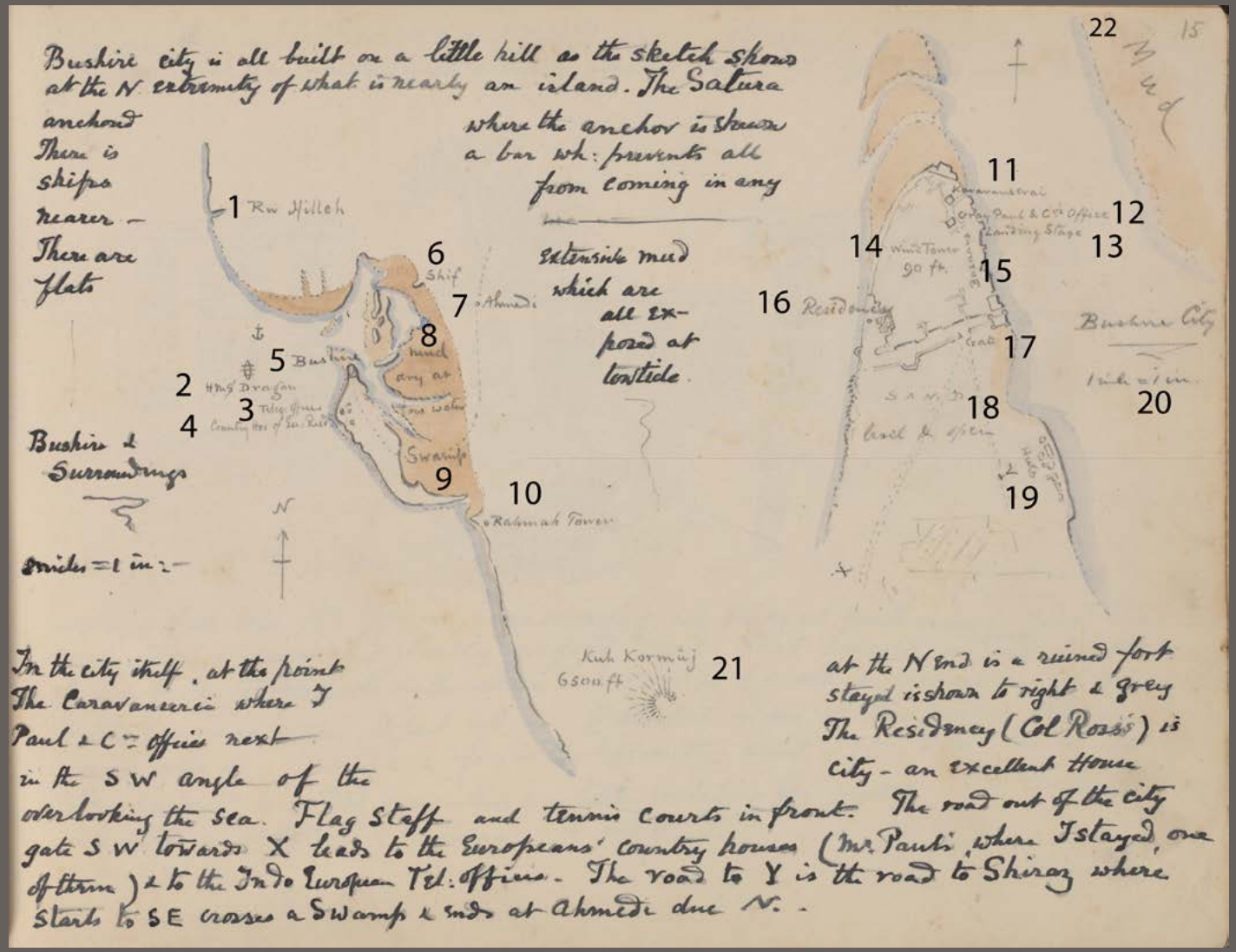
[31] Chirol (1928) gives an exchange rate of 5 tumans = £3, i.e. 1 tuman = 12 shillings (60 pence). (p. 154)



Figure 20: The port of Bushire, published by J. Thomson (1891).



Figure 21: Bushire by Coste (1851).


Bushire city is all built on a little hill as the sketch shows at the N extremity of what is nearly an island. The Satura anchored There is ships nearer — There are flats
where the anchor is shown a bar wh: prevents all from coming in any
extensive mud which are all exposed at lowtide.
1 Rw Hilleh
2
3
4
5 Bushire
6
7 Ahmedi
8
9
10
Swamp
Rahmah Tower
Bushire & Surroundings
Miles = 1 in :-
N
Kuh Kormûj 6500 ft
21
22
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
Residency
Bushire City
1 mile = 1 in
In the city itself, at the point The Caravanserai where T Paul & C° offices next in the S W angle of the overlooking the sea. Flag staff and tennis courts in front.
at the N end is a ruined fort stayed is shown to right & grey The Residency (Col Ross's) is city - an excellent house
gate S W towards X leads to the Europeans' country houses (Mr. Paul's where I stayed one of them) & to the Indo European Tel: Offices. The road to Y is the road to Shiraz where starts to S E crosses a Swamp & ends at Ahmedi due N.

Bushire city is all built on a little hill as the sketch shows at the N. extremity of what is nearly an island. The Satàra anchored where the anchor is shown. There is a bar which prevents all ships from coming in any nearer. There are extensive mud flats which are all exposed at low tide. In the city itself, at the point at the N. end, is a ruined fort. The Caravanserai where I stayed is shown to right and Grey Paul and Co. offices next. The Residency (Colonel Ross's) is in the S.W. towards X leads to the Europeans' country houses. (Mr. Paul's, where I stayed, one of them) and to the Indo European Tel. offices. The road to Y is the road to Shiraz where starts to S.E. crosses a swamp and ends at Ahmadi due N.

1. River Hilleh
2. HMS Dragon
3. Teleg. Office
4. Country House of Gen. Ross
5. Bushire
6. Shif
7. Ahmadi
8. Mud dry at low water
9. Swamp
10. Rahmah tower
11. Karavanserai
12. Gray Paul & Co.'s Ofice
13. Landing State
14. Wind Tower 90 ft.
15. Bazaars
16. Residency
17. Gate
18. Sand, level & open
19. Huts
20. Bushire City. 1 mile = 1 inch
21. Kuh Komuj. 6,500 feet
22. Mud

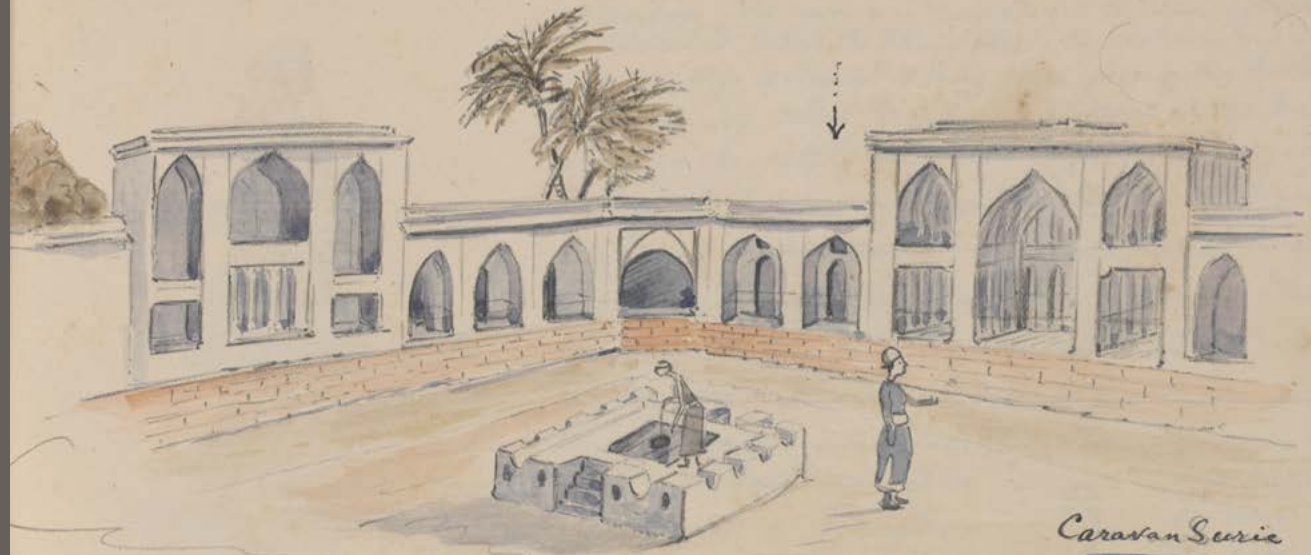


Figure 22: Merchant caravanserai in Bushehr, published by J. Thomson (1891).



Figure 23: Bushehr. The British Residency, published by J. Thomson (1891).

So at 7 p.m. Tuesday 29th ap I left Burhin rode 2 miles & then was told by the Mulateer that they would halt a bit to arrange loads. I slept, they woke me at



Caravan Serie

10 p.m. & from then till 7. a.m. next morning we trudged continuously, first thro' sand, then a swamp & lastly a good road. That brought us out first March of 24 miles to Ahmadi & the above is a corner (& all 4 corners are the same) of the caravan serai I put up in. I stopped in one of those niches with an arrow over it. I made a fire with difficulty, boiled some, made tea & toast. Fleas swarmed & so did mosquitoes & a little irritating fly-gnat. The centre platform is called a "sukim" - a place to sleep in

So at 7 pm. Tuesday 29th April I left Bushire[32] rode 2 miles and then was told by the muleteer that they would halt a bit to arrange loads. I slept, they woke me at 10 p.m. and from then till 7 a.m. next morning we trudged continuously, first thro' sand, then a swamp and lastly a good road. That brought us our first march of 24 miles to Ahmadi[33] and the above is a corner (and all four corners are the same) of the Caravanserai I put up in. I stopped in one of the niches with an arrow over it. I made a fire with difficulty, boiled 5 eggs, made tea and toast. Fleas swarmed and so did mosquitoes and a little irritating fly-gnat. The centre platform is called a "sukim" – a place to sleep in.

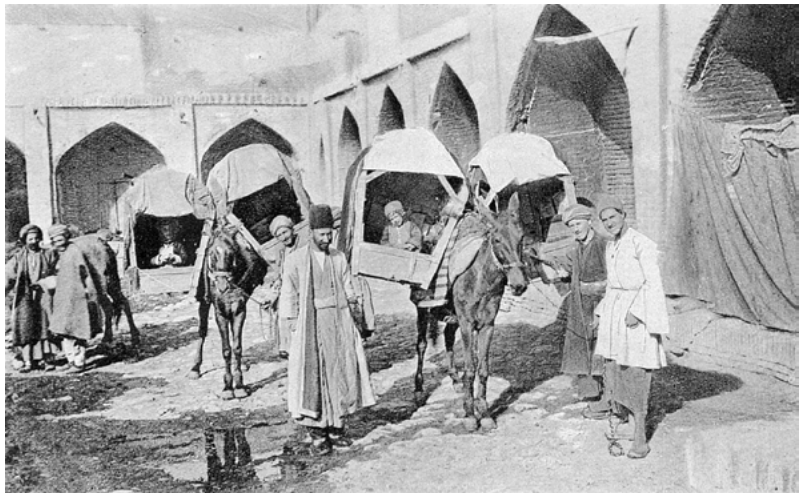


Figure 24: The interior of an unnamed caravanserai, Vilmorin (1895).

[32] The road he takes was called the "Imperial" road, passing through Borazjun, Daliki, and up the mountains to Kazerun, now in use for many years past. (c.f. Cox, p. 216).

[33] Macgregor (1871), p. 12: "A village in Fārs, Persia, 19 miles from Būshahr [sic], 10 from Būrāzjūn on the road to Shīrāz. It is surrounded with cornfields and date gardens, and there are several other villages at no great distance from it."



I must not leave out my drunken friend of the Caravanserai at Bushire - His name was Bahadur, an Indian by birth, born at Allahabad, entered the Shahs Telegraph service & was now intending to go to India to bring his only remaining brother out to Persia. He talked Persian, Turki, Arabic, Hindustani & English, he helped me much in getting & bargaining for mules, but was always wanting me to drink with him & was generally "on" if not drunk himself. But he was a good hearted fellow. I went down the Bazaar with him to a native coffee house, carrying my own cup & saucer, & drank tea made with the Tea urn they all use hereabouts

another rum'un there was there who spoke Arabic Turki Persian & French - a man who looked a good-for-nothing vagabond But he was civil enough to me. He had been a stoker or something of the kind on a French ship which accounts for his French —



They started at one o'clock at night or rather Thursday morning got up — for the next march. I was nearly asleep till the sun suppose &
In the dark I passed Col Smith & Dr Odling, I
& Tulchta-rawan probably with his children in.
He has lost his wife & 6 children by death in [illegible] months!!

I must not leave out my drunken friend of the Caravanserai at Bushire. His name was Bahadan, an Indian by birth, born at Allahabad, entered the Shah's Telegraph Service and was now intending to go to India to bring his only remaining brother out to Persia. He talked Persian, Turki, Arabic, Hindustani and English, he helped me much in getting and bargaining for mules, but was always wanting me to drink with him and was generally "cm"[34] if not drunk himself. But he was a good hearted fellow. I went down the Bazaar with him to a native coffee house, carrying my own cup and saucer, and drank tea made with the tea urn they all use hereabouts. Another rum'un there was there who spoke Arabic, Turki, Persian and French. A man who looked a good-for-nothing vagabond. But he was civil enough to me. He has been a stoker or something of the kind on a French ship which accounts for his French.

At one o' clock at night or rather Thursday morning they started for the next march. I was nearly asleep till the sun got up. In the dark I passed Col. Smith[35] and Dr. Odling,[36] I suppose, and a Tulchta-rawan probably with his children in. He has lost his wife and 6 children by death in two months!![37]

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34 Compos mentis: Latin = "of sound mind".

35 Sir Robert Murdoch Smith KCMG (1835-1900), Director of the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, from 1885; Director of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, Persian Section, and subsequently Director-in-Chief of whole Department, 1863–85. • Scarce, 'Travels', p. 45: "…engineers of the Persian Telegraph Department who were recruited after Britain and Persia signed the first Telegraph Convention in 1863 to link the land telegraph systems of Europe and India by a line through Persia. Among them was Robert Murdoch Smith, Director of the Persian Telegraph Service from 1865 to 1888. • Arnold (1877), p. 193: "The maintenance of this telegraph engages a considerable staff, of which the local director is Major Murdoch Smith, R.E., who, with much advantage to the British public, has bestowed some of his leisure hours in collecting specimens of the ancient artwork of Persia, with funds provided by the Council of the South Kensington Museum. Many of the articles which are now in the Museum were kindly shown to us by Major Smith in the neighborhood of Teheran."

36 Thomas Francis Odling CMG (d. 1906), physician to British Legation, Teheran. Buried in the Teheran Protestant Cemetery. • Arnold (1877), p. 340: "…we met the English doctor, Mr. Odling, who had kindly invited us to stay at his house in Shiraz, attended by a stalwart Persian groom. Both were mounted on splendid horses, and well armed. The doctor wore a long coat of English frieze, and riding-boots; a young man with the strong, quiet manner characteristic of Yorkshiremen – a man of whom, at first sight, one would say that he was well chosen for the service in which he had engaged."

37 Dickson (1901), p. 295: "In the beginning of March [1884] Murdoch Smith, accompanied by the children and by Dr. Odling of the telegraph staff, left Teheran for Bushire. His intention was to march down country to the sea, then to accompany the children as far as Karachi, and see them safely on board the ship which was to convey them to England. On March 11 he writes from Kum: "I have got so far all fairly well with the children on our way to Bushire. The youngest infant is not well, but otherwise all are well." Before Kashan was reached the whole lot of the children, with the exception of Isabel, were seriously ill. The illness proved to be diphtheria. In the *chapar-*

Time midnight



1

2 Swamp

3 N.B. I only have one mule
The remainder belong to the
Caravan

That first night 7 pm to 7 am was abominable particularly the wading through the swamp marked in the sketch map. Nearly all the mules have bells of different tones, the small & high toned ones round their necks & the large bass-toned ones, one on each side —



4 all kit in a jumble

N.B. I am sewing

The little cell I am in is one swarm of flies I have a bit of muslin wh. I sit in — & scare off the flies & "Miss Kitties"

5 Adolphe A. Hermann
1881
Suisse

6 Hermann A. Haciend
1881 Hongroise

Natives shew much better manners than Europeans in that of the native writing of wh. there is plenty, nearly all appears to be poetry quotations etc: while two names as above represent Europe only.

That first night 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. was abominable particularly the wading through the swamp marked in the sketch map. Nearly all the mules have bells of different tones, the small and high-toned ones round their necks and the large bass-toned ones, one on each side. The little cell I am in is one swarm of flies. I have a bit of muslin which I sit in – and score off the flies and "Miss Kitties". Natives shew much better manners than Europeans in that of the native writing of which there is plenty, nearly all appears to be poetry quotations etc: while two names as above represent Europe only.[38]

1. Time Midnight!!
2. Swamp
3. N.B. I have only **one** mule. The remainder belong to the Caravan
4. All kit in a jumble. N.B. I am sewing!
5. Adolphe Hermann. 1881 Suisse
6. Hermann Waeiend. 1881 Hongroise [sic]

khanah at Kashan they lay for a few dreadful days struggling for life. Hubert, the eldest boy, died on the 19th of March, Archie on the 20th, and the baby on the 21st. Mr Churchill came out from Teheran and took them back to be laid there beside their mother. When the little girl was well enough to travel, the dreary march to the sea was resumed."

[38] There are many references to Europeans staying at post-houses and finding graffiti on the walls. This appears to have been a standard way for travellers to pass on advice, as with the report given by de Windt (1891), p. 64, who tells of a practical Englishman having scrawled "Big bugs here!" Even those with pretentions to academic travel could not resist writing their names and Sykes (1902), p. 325, points out that at the Palace of Darius in Persepolis "I espied Professor Vambery's name clearly cut in one corner."
Porter (1821-2): [in a caravanserai near Yezd-i Khast] "I found the names of many preceding travellers written on the walls. Some of the oldest dates were, "Riberra, 1641."—"Lorenzo Visang, 1645." — "A. M. 1653." — and another, illegible, "1690."" (vol. 1, p. 457) Porter also recounts the tale of Zaki Khan who, following the death of Karim Khan Zand in 1779, usurped power and demanded a large amount of unpaid tax from the magistrates of Yezd-i Khast. Upon their non-payment of the sum, Zaki Khan had 18 or 19 of them hurled from a window onto the precipice below – an act which so disgusted his followers that they set upon him and killed him.

I reached Borazgun the 2nd place out of Bushire on May 1st (what a gay day "Garland day" was in Hamble!). I have no servant – so have to cook myself – it is limited to 5 cents. Making unleavened bread (called in India Chupattie), boiling rice, ditto eggs making tea & toast & lastly making Liebig's beef tea. But I find I get on admirably with so much. Lettuces, raisins, cucumbers, I buy in the villages & eat as they are. – Quite Enough.



This is a Kenât, a dodge common in Persia & afghanistan and other countries for all I know for bringing water to places that have none naturally. Water is found at the foot of some hills. Several wells, say 5, are dug there (under the arrow) & from there an underground canal is made by sinking a succession of shafts & boring thro' the space between. They often extend for miles. this one at Borazgun for 8 miles

The water is kept very cool & pure. – and that commodity is not too common in the country.

Mr Malcolm (an american) very kindly asked me to dinner – & I then tasted for the first time Shiraz wine & Manna – both very good indeed. The wine is very cheap (about 1 kran a bottle) & is pure juice of the grape. The manna is gathered by putting a cloth under the bush & then shaking the bush. It is made up into little cakes, mixing a little sugar & almonds etc. – Borazgun is very hot, has a good bazaar, the best Caravanserai in Persia built by the Mushir-ud-doulat – or Prime minister (now Dead) as a charity – It would easily accomodate 1000 men

Borasgun[39] the 2nd place out of Bushire I reached on 1st May (what a gay day "Garland day"[40] was in Hamble!) I have no servant – so have to cook myself – it is limited to 5 events. Making unleavened bread (called in India Chupattie), boiling rice, ditto eggs, making tea and toast and lastly making Liebig's beef tea.[41] But I find I get on admirably with so much. Lettuces, raisins, cucumbers, I buy in the villages and eat as they are. Quite enough.

This is a Kanât, a dodge common in Persia and Afghanistan and other countries for all I know, for bringing water to places that have none naturally. Water is found at the foot of some hills. Several wells, say 5, are dug there (under the arrow) and from there an underground canal is made by sinking a succession of shafts and boring thro' the space between. They often extend for miles – this one at Borasgun for 8 miles. The water is kept very cool and pure – and that commodity is not too common in the country.

Mr. Malcolm (an Armenian)[42] very kindly asked me to dinner – and then I tasted for the first time Shiraz wine[43] and manna – both very good indeed. The wine is very cheap (about 1 kran a bottle) and is pure juice of the grape. The manna is gathered by putting a cloth under the bush and then shaking the bush. It is made up into little cakes, mixing a little sugar and almonds, etc. Borasgun is very

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39 Stanley (1895), vol. 2. p. 410: "Borazjûn is inhabited by a most murderous set of people, and is famous in history for being the scene of a battle between the English troops and the Persians, February 8th, 1857. I am not likely to forget the scores of scorpions I saw at this place."

40 The date of the custom coincides with Oak Apple Day and it is said to commemorate the restoration of King Charles II in 1660. The Garland represents the oak tree in which he hid after the Battle of Worcester. Some folklorists suspect that it is actually a much older custom that transferred from May Day as many May celebrations did after having been banned by the Puritans.

41 Justus Freiherr von Liebig (1803–1873), vol. 2, p. 312: German chemist who developed a manufacturing process for beef extracts, and founded a company, Liebig Extract of Meat Company, that produced beef bouillon cubes. It was an easily transportable form of nutrients and Stack (1882) lists it among the items needed when travelling through Persia: "For provisions, it will suffice to carry three or four largish pots of Liebig's extract of beef, and a couple of dozen packets of Kopf's soups; the latter should be carefully packed. Half a dozen pounds of tea will be very useful, whether for drinking oneself or for entertaining Persian visitors with their favourite refreshment. A couple of tins of cocoa may be added."

42 LeMessurier (1889), p. 284: "Mr. Arshak Malcolm, my host, was so full of country lore that I asked him to write a short account of the Persian War, giving the Persian version."

43 Made famous by Thomas Moore's poem *Lalla Rookh*: "…vases, fill'd with Kishmee's golden wine, / And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine" (p. 35).

hot, has a good bazaar, the best Caravanserai[44] in Persia built by the Mushir-ud-daulah[45] or Prime minister (now dead) as a charity. It would easily accommodate 1,000 men.

[44] Vilmorin (1895), p. 344: "Although the first floor of the caravansary was clean and well kept, the same could not be said of the small rooms on the ground floor which surrounded the courtyard. The filth some people had left behind was dreadful…. The telegraph station was near the caravanserai."

[45] Possibly Mirza Hosein Khan Moshir od-Dowleh Sepahsalar (1828–1881) was the prime minister (sadr-e a'zam) of Naser al-Din Shah Qajar of Iran (Persia) between 1871 and 1873.



Figure 25: "Borazjun: The Caravanserai", published by J. Thomson (1891).

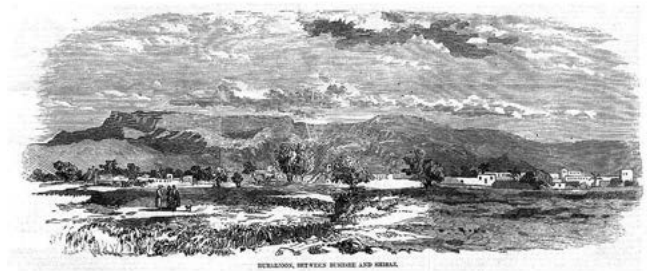


Figure 27: Borazjun, *London Illustrated News* 1857.



Figure 26: "Caravansséraï de Borasgoun". Vilmorin (1895).



Figure 28: Advertisement for Liebig's Beef Tea.





Dalaki from S.

From Borasgun, still in the plain (called Deshoistan) 16 miles to Dutiki, where the naptha springs are. These smell most offensively when we came in — a whitish flaky thin stiffish film covers part of the spring & sticks to the sides. About the centre the film is clear & there is a space of dirty water mixed with a magenta colouring. In this space bubbles keep coming up. The smell is beastly like rotten eggs. Lower down where the water runs away the whitish flaky stuff still clings to the banks & a dark green weed grows.

The springs are not worked — I visited them in the evening & made the sketch which at least has the hill-outline correct. The village should not have a rise in the centre as is shown — but is perfectly level.

Mr. Malcom gave me the key of a little room belonging to the Telegraph which saved me from the Caravanserai wh: is public — particularly for my cooking arrangements

Dalaka to Kunar Takhta 12 miles. Now we plunged into the hills & steep hills & rocks & such a road or rather track because since the days of Adam nothing had been used to make this so called road but the feet of the innumerable mules. How they kept their legs, blundering along in the dark under 300 lbs. load some of them I don't know — I could not. After 3 or 4 miles of this we crossed the Dalika river by an excellent stone bridge built by that same excellent Mushia — Still they say as soon as it wants repair it will be left — no one will do it & so in a comparatively few years substantial tho' it be, it will probably be a ruin. After crossing this river It was the Deuce of a climb. I walk nearly the whole way, the pony is useless on a road like this. but arrived at last at the Top, there lay spread in front a loosely, level, fertile plateau — bright green with splendid corn (bearded wheat) & groves of Date palms. The Telegraph Officer very kindly put me up & treated me most generously —

From Borasgun, still in the plain (called Dashtestan) 16 miles to Daliki,[46] where the naptha springs are. These smelt most offensively when we came in. A whitish flaky thin stiffish film covers part of the spring and sticks to the sides. About the centre the film is clear and there is a space of dirty water mixed with a magenta colouring. In this space bubbles keep coming up. The smell is beastly, like rotten eggs.[47] Lower down, where the water runs away, the whitish flaky stuff[48] still clings to the banks and a dark green weed grows. The springs are not worked. I visited them in the evening and made the sketch which at least has the hill outline correct. The village should not have a rise in the centre as is shown – but is perfectly level.

Mr. Malcolm gave me the key of a little room belonging to the Telegraph[49] which saved me from the Caravanserai

[46] Loti (1900), p. 23: "For hours on end, we dragged ourselves along the foot of the giant cliff which blocked out half of the heavens about our heads; it rises up brown and rusty at the edge of these white stone plains; the smell of sulphur, of rotten eggs, which it gives off makes one feel bilious as one passes near the great fissures and gaping holes which seem to reach down into the entrails of the earth."

[47] Weeks (1896), p.126: "The road is crossed by rivulets which spread out into miry pools bordered with black and iridescent mud, from which a strange, fetid odor exhales. Near the foot of the hills are a few rusty derricks, sheds, and other appurtenances of the petroleum industry." • Curzon (1892), vol. ii, p. 225: "Soon after leaving the village, the road crosses a stream whose waters run an emerald green from the sulphur with which they are impregnated; while on the stagnant pools floats a bituminous scum. Sulphuretted fumes also fill the air and invade the nostrils. The Rev. H. Martyn described the place in 1810 as 'one of Nature's ulcers;' but the acerbity of the metaphor may be attributed to the fact that when the excellent missionary employed it his thermometer was standing at 136°. A little below in the plain is a bitumen pit, from which the natives have long been in the habit of collecting that substance, principally as a prescription for the sore backs of camels, and for the smearing of boat and roof timbers. It was for the working of the petroleum springs suspected to exist here that a concession was procured from the Persian Government, in 1884, by Messers. Hotz, of Bushire." • Smith (1892), p 352: "June 2. [1811] –We arrived at the foot of the mountains, at a place where we seemed to have discovered one of Nature's ulcers. A strong suffocating smell of naphtha announced something more than ordinarily foul in the neighbourhood. We saw a river:—what flowed in it, it seemed difficult to say, whether it were water or green oil; it scarcely moved, and the stones which it laved, it left of a greyish colour, as if its foul touch had given them the leprosy." • Stanley (1895), vol. 2, p. 410, takes a swipe at the Persians when he bad-temperedly writes: "Between Daliki and Borazjun there are several naphtha wells, which might be worked with advantage by any community except that of Muslims."

[48] Alexander (1825-6), p 102: "The streams leave on their margin a whitish grey earth, which is of an acid and saltish taste: it is termed *gil-i-toorsh*, or sour clay. The taste is probably occasioned by a mixture of alum and sal-ammoniac: it is used in acidulating sherbet."

[49] The British staff at the telegraph stations were generally welcoming to passing European travellers. De Windt (1891), p. 145, goes some way to explaining the reasons for this: "The seven telegraph-stations, in charge of Europeans, between Teherán and Bushire, may be called the oases of Persia to the weary traveller from Résht to the Persian Gulf. He is sure, at any of these, of a hearty welcome,

which is public – particularly for my cooking arrangements. Dalaka to Kunar Takhta[50] 12 miles. Now we plunged into the hills and steep hills[51] and rocks and such a road or rather track because since the days of Adam nothing had been used to make this so-called road but the feet of the innumerable mules. How they kept their legs, blundering along in the dark under 300 lbs. load some of them I don't know – I couldn't. After 3 or 4 miles of this we crossed the Dalaki river by an excellent stone bridge built by that same excellent Mushir. Still they say as soon as it wants repair it will be left. No one will do it and so in a comparatively few years, substantial tho' it be, it will probably be a ruin. After crossing this river, it was the deuce of a climb.[52] I walk nearly the whole way, the pony is useless on a road

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a comfortable bedroom, and a well-cooked dinner from the good Samaritan in charge. The latter is generally the best of company, full of anecdote and information about the country, and, necessarily, well posted in the latest news from Europe, from the last Parliamentary debate to the winner of the Derby. These officials are usually non-commissioned officers of Royal Engineers. Some are married, for the life is a lonely one, and three or four months often elapse without personal communication with the outer world, except on the wires. By this means, when the latter are not in public use, the telegraphist can lighten his weary hours by animated conversation with his colleague two or three hundred miles away on congenial topics--the state of the weather, rate of exchange, chances of promotion, and so on. Living, moreover, at most of the stations is good and cheap; there is plenty of sport; and if a young unmarried man only keeps clear of the attractions of the fair sex, he soon makes friends among the natives. Love intrigues are dangerous in Persia."

50 Binning (1857), p. 170: "The village of Koonar Tukhteh is a small poverty-stricken place, with a date plantation beside it. The cottages have thatched roofs with gable ends, instead of the more common flat roof. The caravansary, which is a tolerably good one, stands at some little distance from the village." • Macgregor (1875), p. 264: "In the centre of the plain [of Kisht] and on the high road is the group of hamlets called Kunar Takht, lying around a commodious and solid masonry caravanserae." • Conder (1830), vol. 12, p. 314, referrs to the "capital caravansaray of Konartukht".

51 De Windt (1891), p. 213: (de Windt follows the route in the opposite direction, hence from Dalaki to Konar Takhta for him is a descent): "A gradual descent of over two thousand feet leads from Konar Takta to the village of Dalaki, which is situated on a vast plain, partly cultivated, the southern extremity of which is washed by the waters of the Persian Gulf. There is a comfortable rest-house at this village, the population of which is noted as being the most fierce and lawless in Southern Persia. Rest, though undisturbed by earthquakes, was, however, almost out of the question, on account of a most abominable stench of drainage, which came on at sunset and lasted throughout the night. So overpowering was it that towards 3 a.m. both Gerome and myself were attacked by severe vomiting, and recurrence was had to the medicine-chest and large doses of brandy. One might have been sleeping over an open drain. It was not till next day that I discovered the cause--rotten naptha, which springs in large quantities from the ground all round the village. Curiously enough, the smell is not observable in the daytime."

52 Conder (1830), vol. 12, p. 316, describes this ascent: "[we] commenced ascending one of the loftiest mountains, called the Kootul Kumeredge, by a steep zig-zag road. After scrambling up the ascent on horseback for some time, I looked over the side of the path and

like this but arrived at last at the top, there lay spread in front a lovely, level, fertile plateau – bright green with splendid corn (bearded wheat) and groves of date palms. The Telegraph Officer[53] very kindly put me up and treated me most generously.



Figure 29: The bridge at Dalaki. Vilmorin (1895).



Figure 30: "Daliki: The Petroleum Camp" [detail], published by J. Thomson (1891).

found my right leg hanging over an awful abyss of 600 feet in depth… This occurred three or four times during the ascent. Down one of these precipices, a mule.. was dashed."

53 An earthquake occurred when de Windt stayed here. Watching the telegraph officer remove his instruments into the garden led de Windt to opine: "Truly the lot of a Persian telegraph official is not always a bed of roses" (de Windt (1891) p. 212).

Kunan Tukhta is in the middle of this plain called Khisht. It is 2000 ft above the sea, so tho' still hot in the daytime the nights are delightful & I slept in a wonderful way ——

Kunar Tukhta to Kamarij is about another 12 miles, with another big climb, one mass of huge bare rock, ghastly road & very much the same sort of plateau at the top with Kunteriz in it - only this one is bigger but equally fertile — I climbed still farther & arrived before my caravan. I shot a Seesee partridge - tho' wrong perhaps at this time of year, no one refrains from it in Persia & I want a skin or two at least, to say nothing of the pressing necessities of the larder —

I copied the preceding road sketch from one in the Tel. office at Kunar Tukhta.

at Kamarij I bought 6 yds; 2 3 Nuns (pancakes made of simply flour & water & then baked) dates, & Mâs (curdled sour milk) the latter I rather like, tho' queer. My muleteer was very anxious that I should lie to the Persian authorities here & say I had 3 baggage mules instead of only one, as, he said they took toll here but not from Englishmen. I thought he had robbed me of quite enough to enable him to pay his own tolls -- They are arrant rascals - afterwards I found out that my muleteer was in possession of & working 7 mules, his in every way, but that he had got a Telegraph subordinate to declare them his paying him 10 Tomans for saying so, by wh: means he avoided the 20 Tomans yearly tax on his mules wh: is not levied on Telegraph officials - the villain - the lie robbing Gov't of 20 Tomans & giving 10 Tomans to another rascal for telling

Kunar Takhta is in the middle of this plain called Khisht.[54] It is 2000 ft. above the sea[55] so tho' still hot in the daytime[56] the nights are delightful and I slept in a wonderful way.
Kunar Takhta[57] to Kamariz is about another 12 miles, with another big climb, one mass of huge bare rock, ghastly road and very much the same sort of plateau at the top with Kamariz[58] in it – only this one is bigger, equally fertile. I climbed still farther and arrived before my caravan. I shot a Seesee partridge[59] – tho' perhaps at this time of year, no one refrains from it in Persia and I want a skin or two at least, to say nothing of the pressing necessities of the larder. I copied the preceeding road sketch from one in the Tel: office at Kunar Tukhta.

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54 Macgregor (1875), p. 264: "It is a plain of an irregular oval shape, some 10 miles long by 5 miles broad, and surrounded by hills, except at the point where it overlooks the pass."

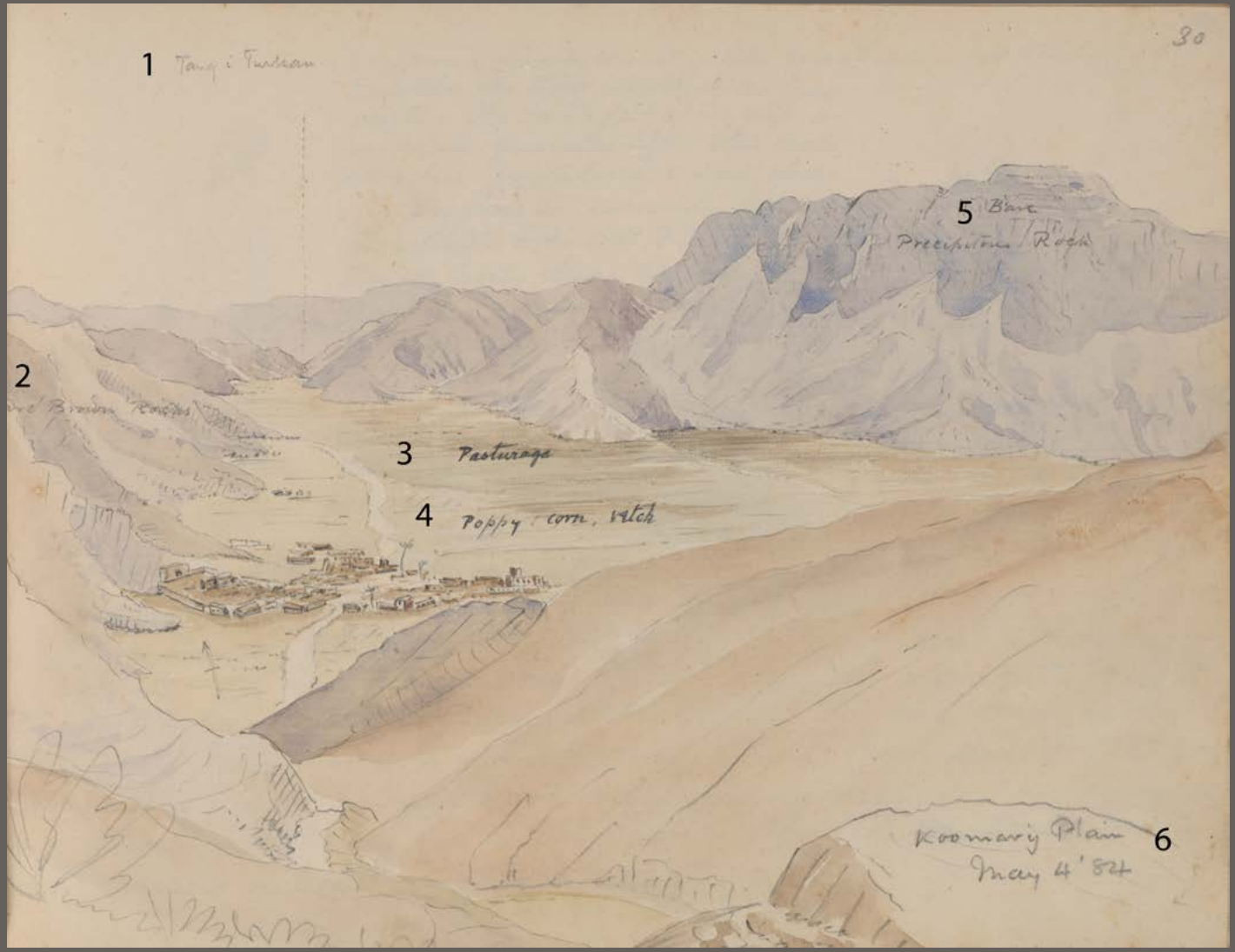
55 Loti (1900), p. 36, points out "Woke up in the whitewashed room of the Konor-Takté caravansarai. A chimney, witnessing the fact that we have now exited the regions of perpetual heat, and come up into country which has a winter."

56 Macgregor (1875), p. 264: "Colonel Pelly is of opinion that English troops could not summer in tents or huts at Kisht without suffering. He passed two days in the serai during July and two days in the early part of September, during both periods a fiercely hot wind blew all day. In July the thermometer was at 96° in the early morning and about 110° in the heat of the day."

57 Vilmorin (1895), pp. 337-338: "Konar-Takhte lies in one of these little clumps of [date palms]. A village made up of mounds of reeds and an Indo-European Telegraph station: nice little villa, built for the line inspectors posted there… Three rooms, very comfortable and very carefully whitewashed, are put at our disposal by a Persian, temporarily in charge of the villa. The ceiling of these rooms is supported by round joists, covered with mats; this type of construction clearly dates back to what was here before the advent of Islam; however the layout and arrangement of the villa's rooms belies the love of the English for the comfortable. Using the means at our disposal, the rooms, completely devoid of furniture, were soon readied; I installed myself very comfortably in my room, with my tent accessories for furniture. Only one room in the villa was locked, as it was reserved solely for the inspectors..."

58 Loti (1900), p. 41: "Konoridgé, the village where we would spend the night; soon we could make out the beautiful date palms which shelter it, its little mosques and all the white terraces with their star-given blue hue. There must be a festival going on, as we could now hear the tambourines, the flutes, and from time to time, women shouting for joy in a manner as piercing as that in Algeria, the cry of the Moorish women…" • Also – he refers to it as "the enchanted village".

59 See partridge (Ammoperdix griseogularis): is a gamebird in the pheasant family.


30
1 Tang i Turkan
5 Bare
Precipitous Rock
2
3 Pasturage
4 Poppy, corn, Vetch
Koomary Plain
6
May 4' 82

afterwards I found out that my muleteer was in possession of and working 7 mules, his in every way, but that he had got a Telegraph subordinate to declare them his, paying him 10 Tomans for saying so, by which means he avoided the 20 Tomans yearly tax on his mules which is not levied on Telegraph officials – the villain – robbing Govt. of 20 Tomans and giving 10 Tomans to another rascal for telling the lie.

1. Tang I Turkan
2. Bare Brown Rocks
3. Pasturage
4. Poppy, corn, vetch
5. Bare Precipitous Rocks
6. Koomarij Plain. May 4 '84

Every man is dressed exactly alike here abouts – particularly the Mulateers who differ in nothing one from another – The round felt skull cap is universal, generally light blue coat, dark blue pantaloons, & white shoes.

They shave too rummily like this.– Its not bad & looks well I think. –



They are fairly clean, certainly for Asiatics. I shot a Seesee Partridge this morning – very pretty little birds they are. idea of its head should not be pale ashy the neck colour should be a cold darkish slate – The beak too is a red-orange –



This gives perhaps a fair but the crown of the head at all purple but paler than the sides of Also at the nape the have no red in it, but colour. –

Sand partridge

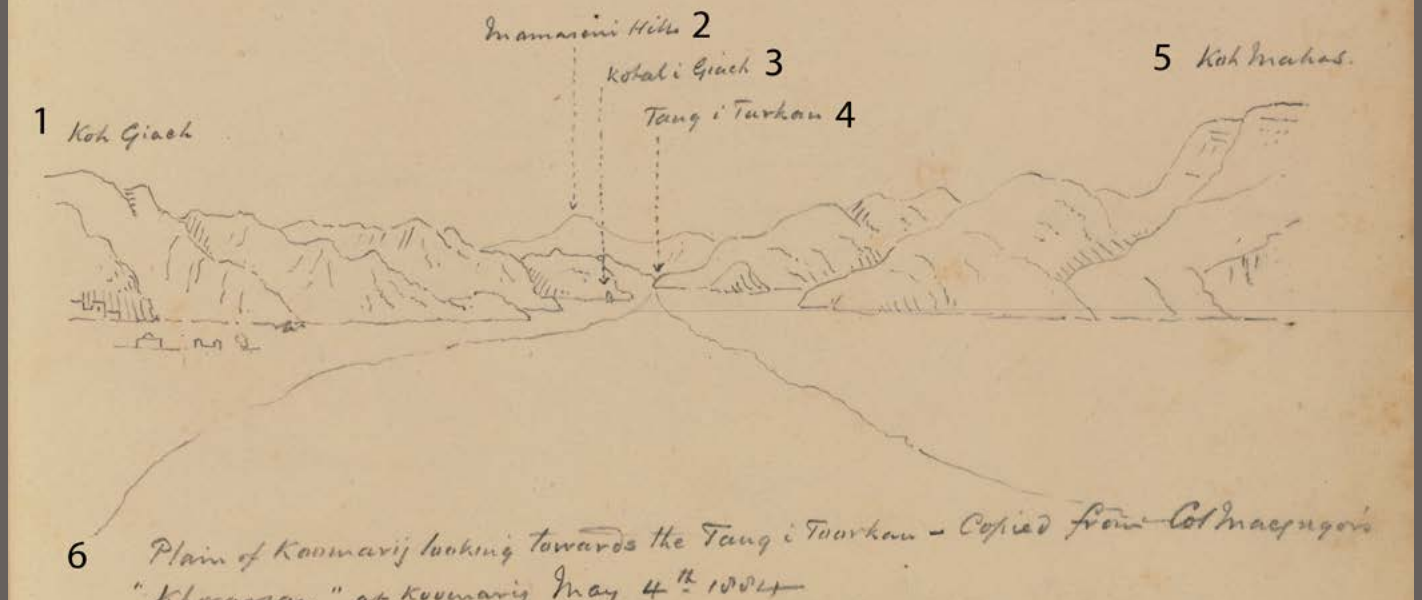


From Kemarig I started at 4 a.m. on Monday April & went along the road shewn in the sketch preceeding thro' that pass at the end called in one place Tung-Turkan & in another Tung-i-Sicuch (the vilest of roads & it was a particularly dark night, cloudy, very, & I as nearly as possible broke my gun in two falls – From the top I saw this 2nd view of Col: Macgregor's ——

Every man is dressed exactly alike hereabouts – particularly the muleteers who differ in nothing one from another. The round felt skull cap is universal, generally light blue coat, dark blue pantaloons, and white shoes. They shave too rummily like this. It's not bad and looks well I think. They are fairly clean, certainly for Asiatics. I shot a Seesee partridge this morning – very pretty little birds they are. This gives perhaps a fair idea of its head but the crown of the head should not be at all purple but pale ashy, paler than the sides of the neck. Also at the nape the colour should have no red in it, but be a cold darkish slate. The beak too is a red-orange colour.

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[60] Binning (1857), p. 175: "We resumed our journey, next morning, three hours after midnight; and while it was quite dark, entered the Tengi Toorkan, a narrow and crooked defile; with little, if any, ascent."



1. Koh Giach
2. Mamasani Hills
3. Kotal I Giach
4. Tang I Turkan
5. Koh Mahas
6. Plain of Koomarij looking towards the Tang I Toorkan – copied from Col. Macgregor's "Khorassan" at Koomarij May 4th 1884



1. Koh Sina Sufed
2. Snow
3. Dark blue hills
4. Shahpoor
5. Hills
6. To Kaziroon
7. Green
8. Hills bare & brown
9. Plain of Shahpoor from the top of Gecach Pass – Copied from col Macgregor's Khorassan on the spot. May 5th 1884

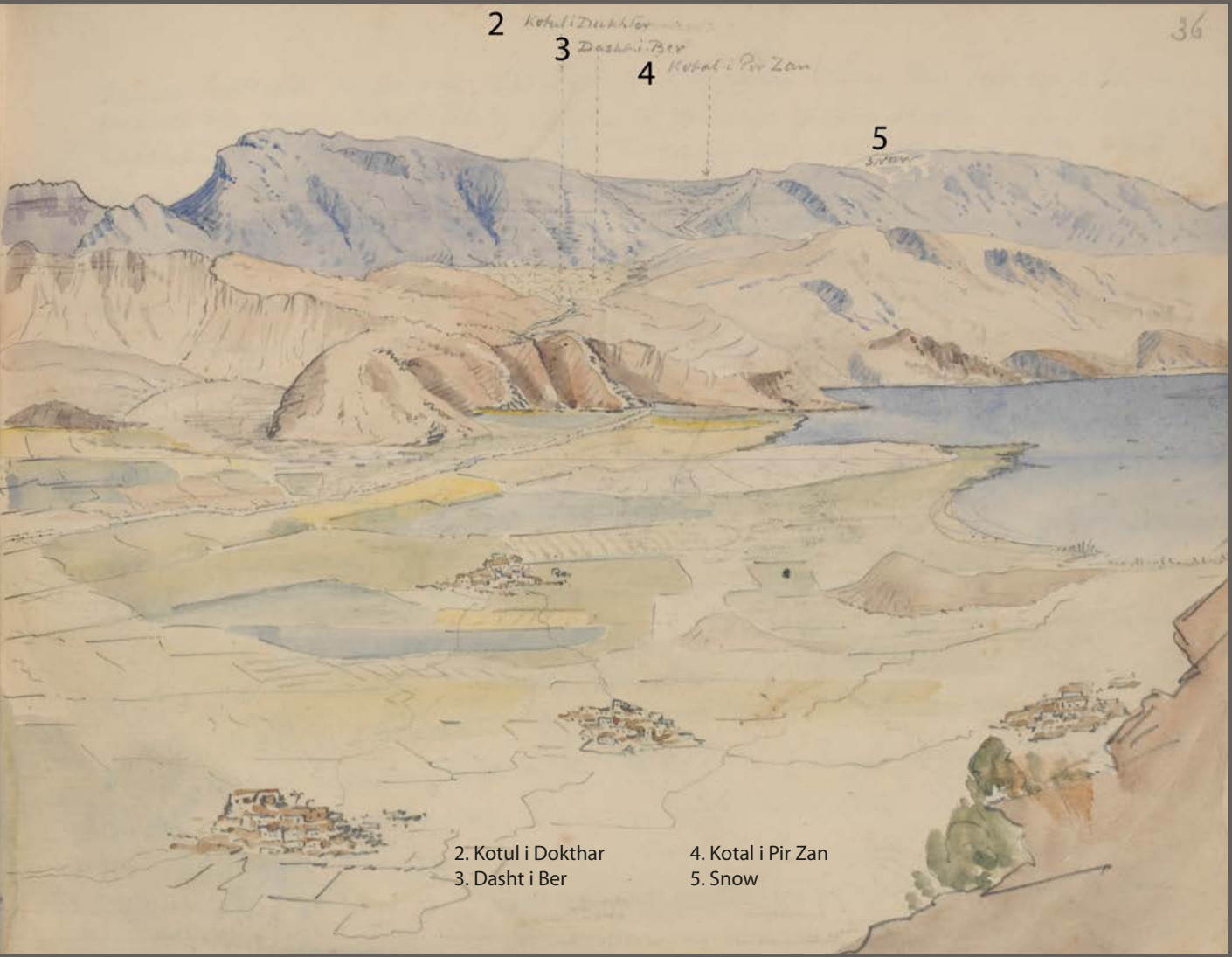

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34



Figure 31: A group of muleteers. Unknown photographer (Lefèvre-Pontasis, p. 69).



1. Kazeroon



2. Kotul i Dokthar
3. Dasht i Ber
4. Kotal i Pir Zan
5. Snow

And so not till 10.30 am did I get to Kazeroon where Mr Jeffreys & his wife received me most hospitably. He is in charge of this section of the Telegraph Refreshed & rested a bit, in the Evening we walked to a very pretty garden hard by — There are several in Kazeroon — of course of the stereotype form, Entrance gate, broad walk down the centre thro' an avenue of magnificent orange trees about 150 years old sweetscented & in blossom. In the middle a stone raised platform to spread carpets & sit & lounge on, then on, the path continued down the avenue to the Balakhana the Summerhouse, but a very substantial one. There are splendid date palms too. This garden is like every other whether at Peshawur, in Afghanistan, or Persian ——

Next day I halted & hoped to bag an ibex. Mr Jeffreys & I set off at 6. a.m. rode 4 miles, swarmed up the rockiest of hills for about 2500 to 3000 feet, actually heard young ibex bleating like goats, came upon when they had been lying but a few minutes before, got parched with thirst finding our water bottles Empty — & saw never an ibex! ——

Had a little fiddling in the Evening (Mr J. plays a bit) & to bed to be woke at 3. a.m. Wednesday May to show on to the next Stage Imam Kob al——

The sketch on p. 34 is meant to represent what we saw.

And so not till 10.30 a.m. did I get to Kazeroon[61] where Mr. Jeffreys[62] and his wife received me most hospitably. He is in charge of this section of the Telegraph. Refreshed and rested a bit, in the evening we walked to a very pretty garden hard by. There are several in Kazeroon – of course of the stereo-type form, entrance gate, broad walk down the centre thro' an avenue of magnificent orange trees about 150 years old sweet-scented and in blossom. In the middle a stone-raised platform to spread carpets and sit and lounge on, then on the path continued down the avenue to the Bala Khana, the Summer House, but a very substantial one. There are splendid date palms too. This garden is like every other, whether at Peshawur, in Afghanistan, or Persia.

Next day I halted and hoped to bag an ibex. Mr. Jeffreys and I set off at 6 a.m. rode 4 miles, swarmed up the rockiest of hills for about 2500 to 3000 feet, actually heard young ibex bleating like goats, came upon where they had been lying but a few a minutes before, got parched with thirst finding our water bottles empty and saw never an ibex! Had a little fiddling in the evening (Mr. J plays a bit) and to bed to be woke at 3 a.m. Wednesday May [7] to shove on to the next stage – Miyan Kotal …

The sketch on p. 34 [page 60 of this work] is meant to represent what we saw

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61 Loti (1900), p. 46: "then we could see enormous walled gardens: Kazeroun at last. We greeted the first poplars whose arrow-shaped tips, so recognisable against the night sky, announced that we had now arrived in the truly temperate zones." • De Windt (1891), p. 174: "Kazeroon is, next to Shiráz, the most important place in the province of Fars, and has a population of about 6000. Surrounded by fields of tobacco and maize, it is neatly laid out, and presents a cheerful appearance, the buildings being of white stone, instead of the everlasting baked mud and clay. Many of the courtyards were surrounded by date palms, and the people seemed more civilized and prosperous-looking than those in the villages north of Shiráz." • MacGregor (1879), p. 20: "Kaziroon is not a pretty place, but has much to recommend it in its coolness, its good water, and its fruit. It was formerly a much larger place, having, it is said, once had 8,000 houses, but of these only 1,000 are now inhabited. I asked one Hadjee Abool Hussun, a merchant of the place, about the famine. His account was very frightful; over 1,000 souls, he said, had died in Kaziroon alone, and no attempt whatever had been made to help the wretched people." • Loti (1900), p. 49: "A little town from a time gone by, which stands unchanged in the midst of its green poplars and palm tree."

62 Sykes (1902), p. 329: "Mr Jefferies of the Indo-European telegraphs… Since I had made his acquaintance in 1893, he had undergone a siege, the occasion being the death of H.I.M. Nasir-u-Din, when the [local] Arabs, who believed that the Telegraph Station contained wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, the very instruments being of gold, according to rumour, determined, once for all, to settle this question.

the other side of the hill we climbed after ibex – the most weird & wonderful formation I ever saw. We went up an ordinarily steep slope from the top, looking down the other side we see this queer picture – a sheer straight drop of many hundred feet – I don't know how many, & then a gradual (comparatively) slope to the centre, for the crest we stood on made three fourths of a circle or more – so the whole thing was a huge & perfectly symmetrical inside of a bowl, & in the very middle was a little village a more shut out, desolate, spot I could hardly imagine –

The next view is that of the Valley in Wh: Kazr an is. Look at the lake on the right, beautifully coloured, full of Duck (I got one that flew over head from the broad, but the march was too long to allow a day after them. I'll get them further on) Tomorrow's road is seen over the Kotal Dukhtin, Dasht-i-Ber & Kotal-i-Pir Zan & Kazr an Town is seen below. No one could have taken more care of me or shown greater hospitality than Mr Jeffrys & his wife – he even saw me off at 3.30. a.m. the next morning – which saw me start for Miyun Kotal or the "'tween pair" – being between the "Daughters Pass" which I crossed first – a stiffish pull & the "Old Woman's Pass" which

the other side of the hill we climbed after ibex – the most weird and wonderful formation I ever saw. We went up an ordinarily steep slope from the top, looking down the other side, we see this queer picture – a sheer straight drop of many hundred feet – I don't know how many, and then a gradual (comparatively) slope to the centre, for the crest we stood on made three fourths of a circle or more, so the whole thing was a huge and perfectly symmetrical inside of a bowl, and in the very middle was a little village, a more shut-out, desolate, spot I could hardly imagine.

The next view is that of the valley in which Kazran is. Look at the lake on the right, beautifully coloured, full of duck (I got one that flew overhead from the broad, but the march was too long to allow a day after them. I'll get them further on). Tomorrow's road[63] is seen over the Kotal Dukhtar,[64]

[63] Macgregor (1879), p. 23: "From Kaziroon the road goes along the valley for some eight miles; when it turns up towards the Kotul-y-Doochtur Pass. This pass rises about 500 feet in two miles, and it is all built up with retaining walls. The gradients, however, are as a rule not severe for hills, and I daresay when the paving was first put down the roadway was good enough; but now, the lime having been broken away, the road is simply execrable."

[64] The two passes on this stretch of road are: "old Woman" and the "Daughter". • Sykes (1902), vol. 2, pp. 516-517: "The Opening of the Bushire-Shiraz Route… crossing the two passes of the "old Woman" and the "Daughter"… The British continued their beneficent activities, and by March 1919, when the troops were ordered to withdraw, a well-graded camel track, along which a car could travel, had been constructed to Shiraz over one of the most difficult tracts of country in Asia." • Arnold (1877), p. 385: "But the beauty of the scene culminated at a point where a single peak of rock rises seven hundred feet from the centre of the valley, and stands, gray and jagged, with large birds flying about its summit. We might have thought it inaccessible but for the evidence of conquest upon the topmost rock, where a telegraph-post was fixed supporting wires, which at great height spanned the valley on each side of this precipitous elevation." • Le Strange (1905), p. 267: "The two famous passes on the road above the lake (of Kazirun) going up to Shîrâz, which are now known to travellers as the Old Woman's Pass and the Maiden's Pass (Kutâl Pîr-i-Zan, and Kutâl-i-Dukhtar), are named by Mustawfi, the Hûshang Pass, which lies three leagues from Kâzirûn... A second pass, the Kotal Doktar, lay between us and Bushire. Though steep and slippery in places, the path is well protected, and there are no boulders to bar the way. On leaving the caravanserai, we paused to examine the second longest telegraph wire (without support) in the world. It is laid from summit to summit of two hills, and spans a valley over a mile in width. • The country round Meyun Kotal is well cultivated, and we passed not only men, but women, ploughing with the odd-shaped primitive wooden ploughs peculiar to these parts. Near the foot of the pass some children were gathering and collecting acorns, which are here eaten in the form of a kind of bread by the peasantry. Seldom has Nature seemed more beautiful than on that bright cloudless morning, as we rode through sweet-scented uplands of beans and clover, meadows of deep rich grass. By the track bloomed wild flowers, violets and narcissus, shedding their fresh delicate perfume. The song of birds and hum of insects filled the air, bright butterflies flashed across our path, while the soft distant notes of a cuckoo recalled shady country lanes and the sunlit hay-fields of an English summer. It was like coming from the grave, after the sterile deserts and bleak desolate plains of Northern Persia. • There is a

Dasht-i-Ber and Kotal-i-Pir Zan and Kazran Town is seen below. No one could have taken more care of me or shewn greater hospitality than Mr. Jeffreys and his wife – he even saw me off at 3.30 a.m. the next morning – which saw me start for Miyan Kotal or the "tween pair" – being between the "Daughter's Pass"[65] which I crossed first – a stiffish pull and the "Old Woman's Pass" which

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small square building at the northern end of the Kotal Doktar, a mud hut, in which are stationed a guard of soldiers to be of assistance in the event of robbery of caravans or travellers. Such cases are not infrequent. Upon our approach, three men armed with flint-locks and long iron pikes accosted us. "We are the escort," said one, apparently the leader, from the bar of rusty gold braid on his sleeve. "You cannot go on alone. It is not safe." We then learnt that a large lion had infested the caravan-track over the pass for some days, and had but yesterday attacked the mail and carried off one of the mules, the native in charge only just escaping by climbing a tree."

65 Alexander (1827), p. 120: "Turning to the left, and passing under a bluff cavernous rock, we commenced ascending the precipitous Kootul, called the Dokhtur, or daughter. The path is a zig-zag directly up the face of a mountain of eight hundred feet in height, the upper part defended by a low wall. We got up ourselves without accident; but one of the mules striking against another at one of the turns, the unfortunate animal was precipitated with its load down the mountain, and dashed to pieces.



Figure 32: Mules on the road to Kotal-Dokhtar published by J. Thomson (1891).



Figure 33: Pir-e-Zan, Fars. Flandin, Eugène and Pascal Coste.



Figure 34: The perilous mule trail to Kotal-Dokhtar photographed from above, early 1940s.

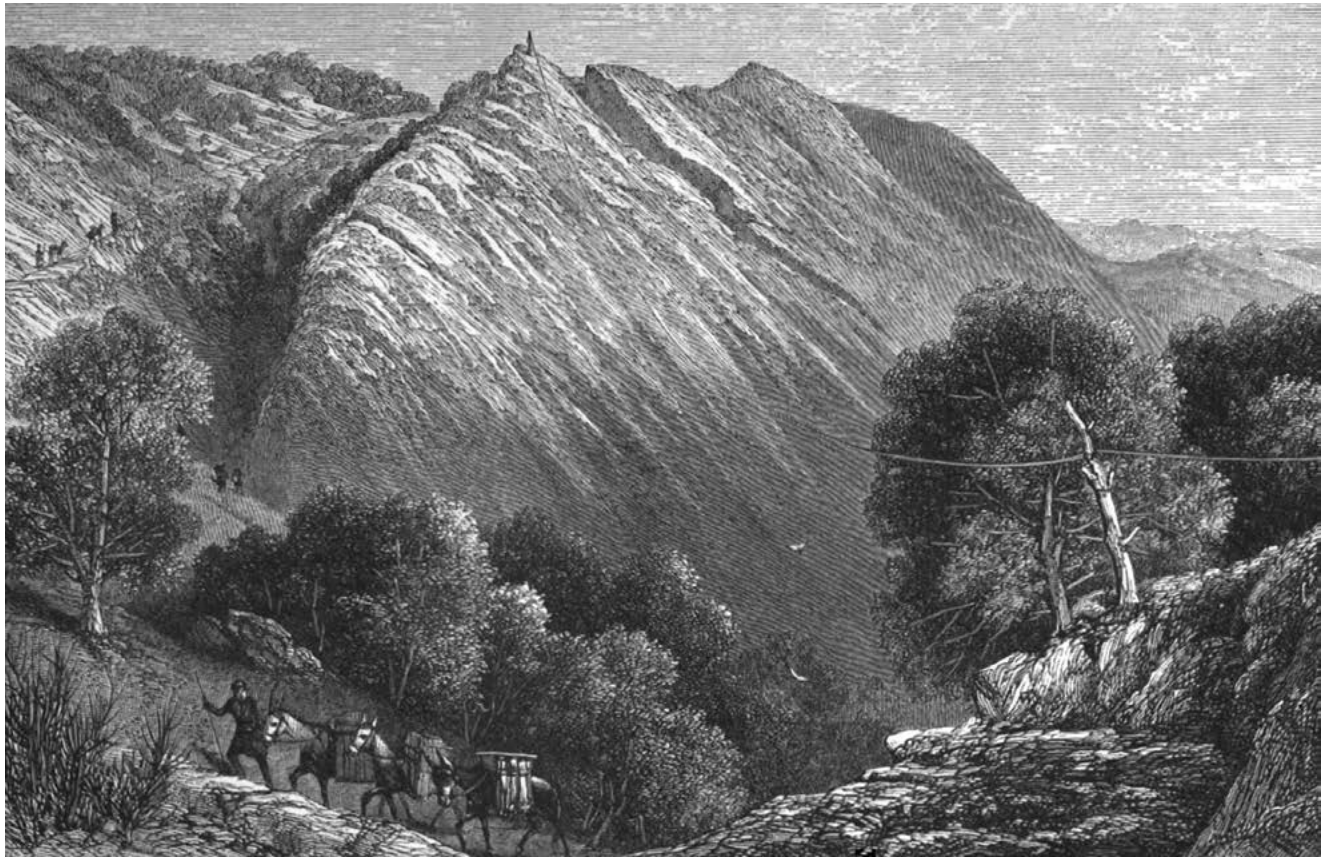


Figure 35: Pir Zan showing the line to the telegraph post. Line drawing by Goldsmid, 1874.

I cross tomorrow. There were two severe climbs today, the first one leading up to a beautiful English park like plateau, planted with oaks & gloriously fresh grass under them. We went thro' about 3 miles of it. Its called Dasht-i-ber look in sketch p. 36.-



I have succeeded in rice boiling properly & am just roasting a wild duck I shot coming along- a duck Gadwall I think it is.

This is a Persian pack saddle It is supposed to be lying on the ground so naturally the breeching is not in the position it would appear on the mule.-

From Mayun Kotal Caravanserie we set off at half an hour after midnight & climbed the Zreat (but not so bad as its made out) Pir Zan. The top is 7400 ft by the map but some book I read says its 7640, any how its high enough & the cold from 3 a.m. to 7. a.m was something too much. My hands were frozen & I was miserably cold in Indian Summer clothing (Karki). There is snow just above the pass-

I cross tomorrow. There were two severe climbs today, the first one leading up to a beautiful English park-like plateau, planted with oaks and gloriously fresh grass under them. We then went thro' about 3 miles of it. It's called Dasht-i-Ber,[66] look in sketch p. 36 [page 63 of this book]. I have succeeded in rice boiling properly and am just roasting a wild duck I shot coming along – a duck Gadwall I think it is. This is a Persian pack saddle. It is supposed to be lying on the ground so naturally the breeching is not in the position it would appear on the mule.

From Miyan Kotal[67] Caravanserai[68] we set off at half an hour after midnight and climbed the Great (but not so bad as it's made out) Pir Zan. The top is 7400 ft by the map but some book I read says it's 7640, anyhow it's high enough and the cold from 3 a.m. to 7 a.m. was something too much. My hands were frozen and I was miserably cold in Indian summer clothing (Karki). There is snow just above the pass.

---

66 MacGregor (1879), p. 24: "The Dusht-i-Beer is described by one traveller as containing a lovely forest of fine oak trees; all I can say, I suppose that these fine oaks were so pleased with this description of themselves that they must have given up being fine any longer. Anyway, they are now very stunted specimens, though still offering a grateful shade."

67 MacGregor (1879), p. 25: "The Peerzun pass is not so steep as the other passes on this route, but the large loose stones make it, if possible, more disagreeable, and induce one to be glad at arriving even at Meean Kotul, a fine serai in an uninteresting situation, where nothing is procurable." • Lemessurier (1889), p. 279: "The caravanserai at Mian Kotal is prettily placed on a knoll amidst trees."

68 Loti (1900), p. 58: "The hostel, that night, was called Myan-Kotal; it is not a village, but a fortress, perched like a solitary eagle's nest in the mountain tops; for travellers and their mounts it provides a solid shelter against brigands with its thick walls but nothing else." (p. 56) "Everything is solid, crude and basic in this caravanserai in the sky; the broken down walls are five or six feet thick; the old doors are off their hinges, held together by metal bands, with bolts as big as an arms, speaking of defence and siege." • Arnold (1877), p. 387: "The caravanserai at Mian-kotul was no better and no worse than others. A black arch ten feet by eight, with no windows, opening by a door-way in which a carpet was the only screen, upon a stone platform raised about three feet above a yard full of mules and asses, some of them knee-deep in the dirt of the place, is not a very charming residence."

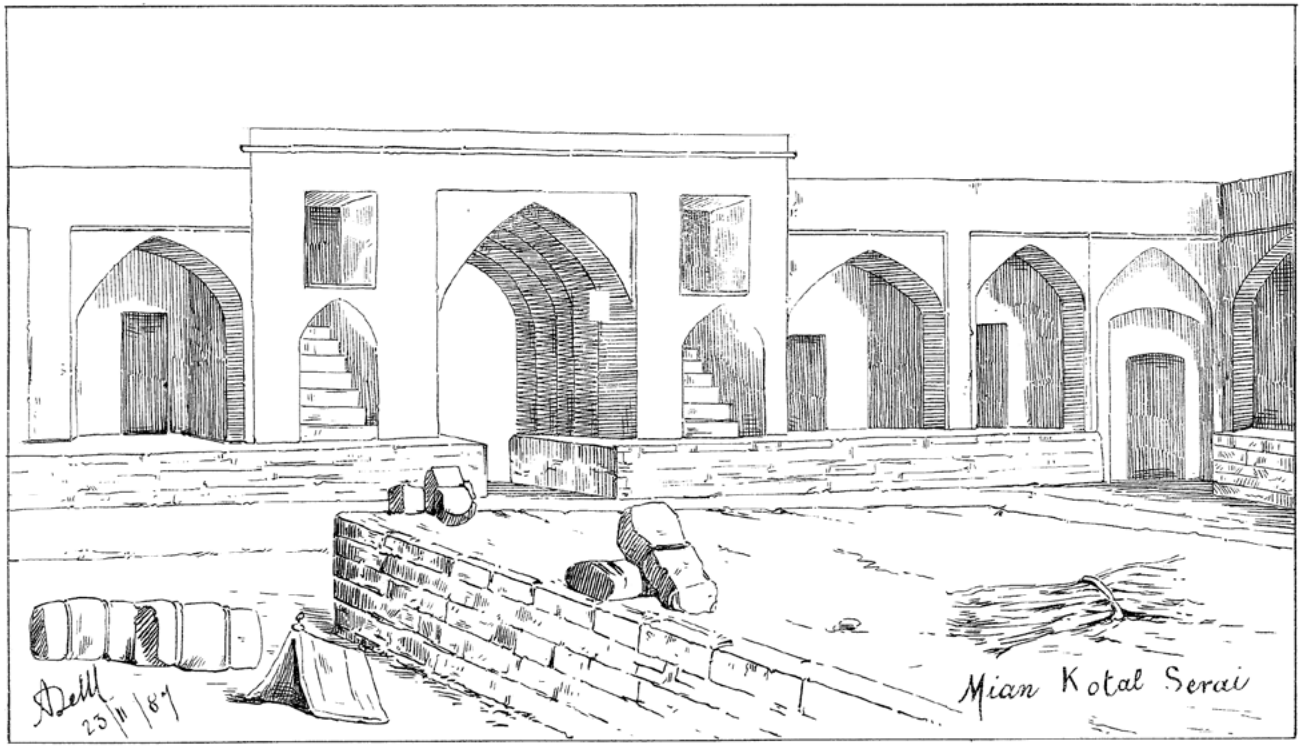


Figure 36: A drawing of Mian Kotal Serai, Lemessurier (1889).



Figure 37: Coste, the Caravansarai at Miyan between Isfahan and Shiraz.


40
Kazimoon



Figure 38: The village of Kazirun as drawn by Coste (1851).

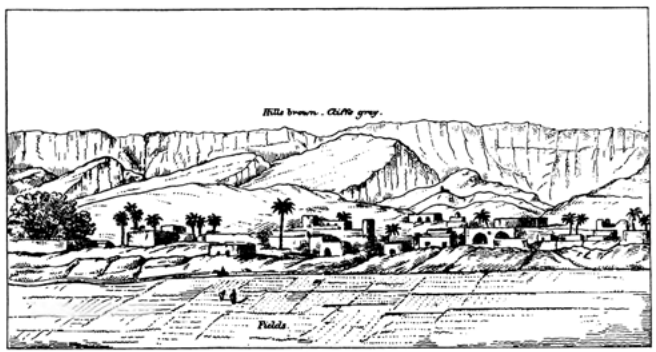


Figure 39: MacGregor's view of Kazirun.



This was our goal after that climb over the Pir Zan & the cold. Dasht Arjin it is called. That house is the Telegraph Sta. I put up there but alone as there is no one there now. There are duck & pig in & on the banks of that lake. Lions in the hills – Snow on that mountain in front & the queerest strata in those cliffs on the left. I got here the best bread, butter, cheese, milk & eggs I have seen for a long time & all for 1 Kran. – It was the only food I had

This was our goal after that climb over Pir Zan and the cold. Dasht Arjin[69] it is called. That house is the Telegraph Sta. I put up there but alone as there is no one there now. There are duck and pig in and on the banks of that lake. Lions in the hills.[70] Snow on that mountain and the queerest strata in those cliffs on the left. I got here the best bread, butter, cheese, milk and eggs I have seen for a long time and all for 1 Kran. It was the only food I had.

1: Patches of snow

[69] De Windt (1891), p. 197: "'The Plain of Wild Almonds,' a kind of plateau to which the ascent is steep and difficult, one might have been in Switzerland or the Tyrol. Undulating, densely wooded hills, with a background of steep limestone cliffs, their sharp peaks, just tipped with snow, standing out crisp and clear against the cloudless sky, formed a fitting frame to the lovely picture before us; the pretty village, trees blossoming on all sides, fresh green pastures overgrown in places by masses of fern and wild flowers, and the white foaming waterfall dashing down the side of the mountain, to lose itself in the blue waters of a huge lake just visible in the plains below. The neighbourhood of the latter teems with game of all kinds – leopard, gazelle, and wild boar, partridge, duck, snipe, and quail, the latter in thousands."

[70] Lemessurier (1889), p. 279: "A lion had been killing horses and mules for the last seven days at Pirizan."



وفات مرحوم
ملا زکی ابن قاید
محمد جعفر دشت ار
ذی ۱۲ : ۶۸

I paid a visit to the Village Graveyard & these are some of the curiosities there —
The lions are rather quaint specimens.
The villagers were much amused when they



saw this picture — The inscription on the tombstone says that it is to commemorate the death of the late priest Mullah Zaki son of Kaid by name Muhammed Jafer of Dusk Arzan —
The temperature was 57° just after Sunrise.
The Muleteer took good care not to start from here for the next stage Khan-i-Zinyan till well after Sunrise, for the road passes thro' what is supposed to be the haunt of the lion —

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I have just finished reading Six Months in Mecca "by T F Keane who went disguised as a Mahomedan called Haje Mohammed Amin — He prefaces his book with this extract from the Times of Thursday Oct 23 - 1879 It is good

"I should strongly recommend to such of our countrymen as
" take a morbid ~~[illegible]~~ delight in depreciating the power & influence
" of England to take a cruise in the Persian Gulf. If, as we are so
" constantly told, our word in the councils of Europe counts for
" nothing, it is gratifying to see that at all events it stands for
" something in Asia, & that the Persian Gulf, for instance, in which
" we do not possess one yard of territory, is for all practical
" purposes an English Lake. Such indeed is the case. The shores
" of the Gulf may actually be situated either in Turkey, Persia or Arabia
" but the one controlling power which keeps everything in order & in its
" proper place, which has put a stop to piracy & enjoys the [illegible]
" of peaceful trade, is the same effete worn out England, & all this
" good is effected without the smallest fuss & bluster, simply by the
" quiet action of & influence of a few Englishmen, official & commercial, whose very names are unknown beyond the im-
" mediate sphere of their influence & who are backed by no
" greater physical force than two or three of Her Majesty's smallest
" Gun vessels & a single Company of Sepoy Infantry" "

I think that is good & true. Col. Ross of Bushire is the official of course.
But Major Miles at Muskat & Major [illegible] at Bussrah are others

I have just finished reading "Six Months in Mecca" by J. F. Keane,[71] who went disguised as a Mahomedan called Haji Mohammed Amin. He prefaces his book with this extract from The Times of Thursday Oct 23 1879. It is good. "I strongly recommend to such of our countrymen as take a morbid delight in depreciating the power and influence of England to take a cruise in the Persian Gulf. If, as we are so constantly told, our word in the councils of Europe counts for nothing, it is gratifying to see that at all events it stands for something in Asia, and that the Persian Gulf, for instance, in which we do not possess one yard of territory, is for all practical purposes an English Lake. Such indeed is the case. The shores of the Gulf may actually be situated either in Turkey, Persia, or Arabia but the controlling power which keeps everything in order and in its proper place, which has put a stop to piracy, and enjoys the usufruct of peaceful trade, is the same effete, worn out England, and all this good is effected without the smallest fuss and bluster, simply by the quiet action of and influence of a few Englishmen, official and commercial, whose very names are unknown beyond the immediate sphere of their influence and who are backed by no greater physical force than two of three of Her Majesty's smallest gun vessels and a single company of Sepoy Infantry." I think that is good and true. Col. Ross of Bushire is the official of course but Major Miles[72] at Muskat and Major [blank] at Busrah are others.

[71] John Fryer Thomas Keane (1854-1937), In 1877, at the age of 23, he visited Mecca and Medina, one of the few Europeans ever to have done so at that time.

[72] Colonel Samuel Barrett Miles (1838-1914), author of *The Countries and Tribes of the Persian Gulf*. He was Political Agent and Consul at Muscat 1874-1879.

Some of the animals & birds of these parts are, The mane less lion, Wolf jackal, fox, Gazelle (an antelope with straight horns) ibex (no nobs in it's horns like the Cashmere ibex) porcupines, Hares, Chikor partridge called "kabk", Seesee Partridge, snipe, duck, quail (?) Black partridge called "durraj", Rollen (called in India the blue Jay) European Hoopoe, Rook, (the jet black Gentleman) Neophron Vulture alias Pharaoh's chicken, lark, sparrow, swallow, blue rock pigeon, ground dove (Koomri) Cuckoo. a handsome Magpie: Head throat, breast, mantle ~~blue~~ tail black, tail graduated & with the centre feathers elongated, lower breast & belly white, wings primaries white Secondaries black, tertiaries White. Bill black. legs black. Add the beautiful little Merops bee eater. The frogs are tremendous creature, they are fine fellows brown with dark brown rings & spots & a bright yellow strip down their back —— Then there is a little owlet common at Mussoorie & the Bulbul - ~~a species of thrush [illegible] & is called in the East the nightingale~~ very like the English Nightingale & an equally good singer.



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The old man who helps my Charoodar is of a comical turn & he came & sat in my room in the Caravanserai While I was ~~singing~~ & cooking & ~~sang~~ sung.

I got out my fiddle & accompanied him. I found any notes of the Comma Chord of D did for accompaniment. He then asked if he shd call up some professional Mummers, who had a wonderful performing baboon, & who were in the ~~town~~ - I said, yes and up they came & we had Taza ba Taza sung by two of them as a duet with fiddle & two drums as accompaniment. But having yesterday refused 10 pub as too little charity I would give them none to day & had an argument about it an hour long —



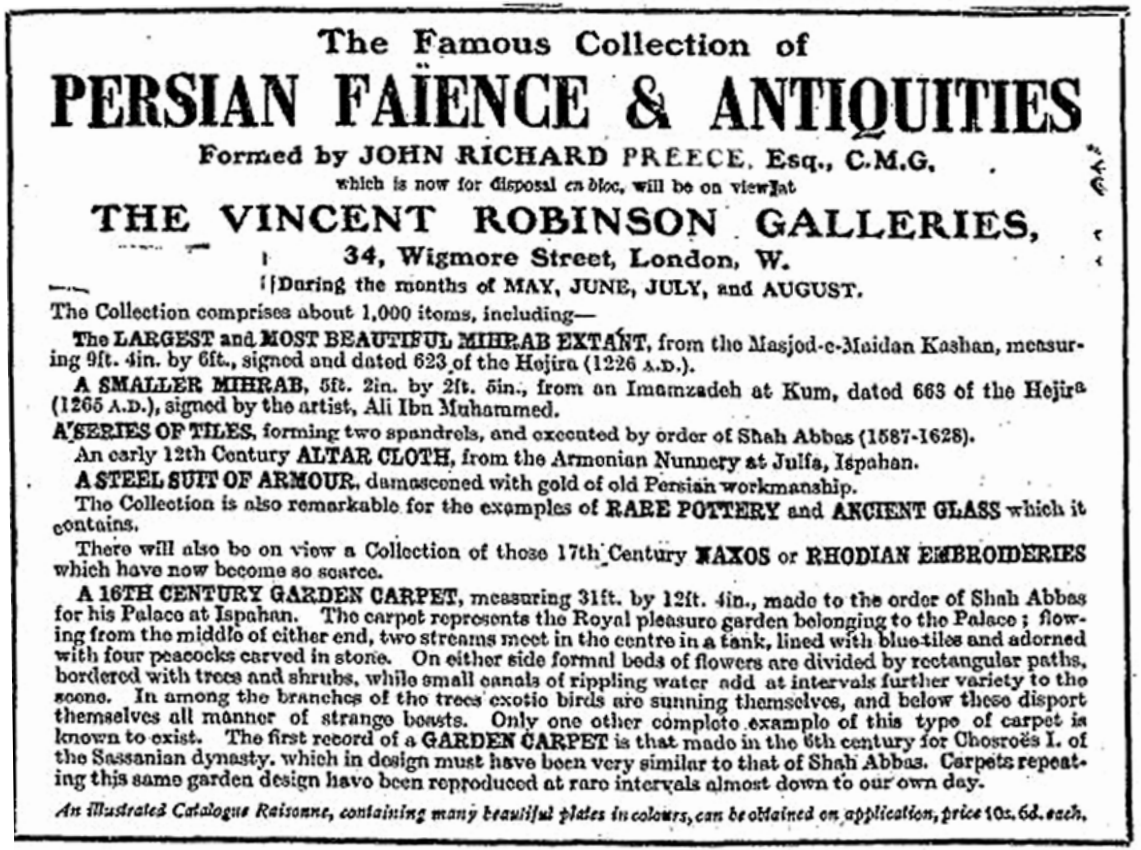
Saturday May 10th at 1.30. am we started for 28 miles to Shiraz past the Chenar Rahdar at 22 miles Caravanserai of Mr Preece's Ho: a very jolly

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The old man who helps my Charvodar[73] is of a comical turn and he came and sat in my room in the Caravanserai while I was cooking and sang. I got out my fiddle and accompanied him. I found any notes of the common chord of D did for accompaniment. He then asked if he shd. call up some professional musicians, who had a wonderful performing baboon, and who were in the serai. I said, yes and up they came and we had Taza ba Taza sung by two of them as a duet with fiddle and two drums as accompaniment. But having yesterday refused 10 puls as too little charity I would give them none today and had an argument about it an hour long. Saturday May 10th at 1.30 a.m. we started for 28 miles into Shiraz past the Caravanserai of Chenar Rahdar at 22 miles. I went to Mr. Preece's[74] Ho[use]: a very jolly one in a

[73] Muleteer.

[74] John Richard Preece (1843-1917). Assistant Traffic Manager, Indo-European Telegraph Department, Teheran, 1868; joined Consular Service, 1891; British Consul at Isfahan, 1891; Consul-General, 1900–06. • Stanley (1895), vol. 2, p. 323: "Mr. John Preece [receives annually] $3,000... The staff of [telegraph] operators are nearly all picked men from the Royal Engineers... Travellers are indebted to these Englishmen for innumerable courtesies. Their houses are open to all, free of charge for according to them they receive the benefits, not the travellers. Notwithstanding their enthusiastic assertions, I must say were it not for them, many a poor traveller would fare hardly." The 'economic status value' of his salary was approximately £500,000. This goes some way to explaining Preece's style of life in Persia and his ability to build up his large collection of artefacts. Calculation made according to Officer and Williamson (2014). • Savage-Landor (1902), vol. 1, pp. 349: "… I was the guest of Mr. Preece, the British Consul-General. Mr. Preece's hospitality and popularity are proverbial among Europeans and natives all over Persia… We have in Mr. Preece a very able and intellectual officer, a man who understands Persians thoroughly, and a gentleman of uncommon tact and kindliness. His artistic taste has served him well, so that the consulate and grounds have been rendered most comfortable and delightful, and the collections or carpets and silver which he has made during his many years' residence in Persia are very interesting." • *New York Times*, 25 May 1913: "One of the most extraordinary collections of Oriental art ever brought together… is now on view in this city. It was acquired by John Richard Preece… who… succeeded in buying a large number of treasures of early Persian art. The most sensational object in the collection is the famous mihrab of gold and silver lustre tiles stolen many years ago from the Maiden Mosque at Kashan and purchased, tile by tile, by Mr. Preece, who did not realize the importance of the work until he pieced it together." His "Famous Collection of Persian Faïence and Antiquities" included also "A Smaller Mihrab, 5ft. 2in. by 2ft. 5in., from an Imamzadeh at Kum, dated 663 of the Hejira (1265 A.D.), signed by the artist, Ali Ibn Muhammad."



The Famous Collection of

PERSIAN FAÏENCE & ANTIQUITIES

Formed by JOHN RICHARD PREECE, Esq., C.M.G.

which is now for disposal *en bloc*, will be on view at

THE VINCENT ROBINSON GALLERIES,

34, Wigmore Street, London, W.

During the months of MAY, JUNE, JULY, and AUGUST.

The Collection comprises about 1,000 items, including—

The **LARGEST** and **MOST BEAUTIFUL MIHRAB EXTANT**, from the Masjod-e-Maidan Kashan, measuring 9ft. 4in. by 6ft., signed and dated 623 of the Hejira (1226 A.D.).

A SMALLER MIHRAB, 5ft. 2in. by 2ft. 5in., from an Imamzadeh at Kum, dated 663 of the Hejira (1265 A.D.), signed by the artist, Ali Ibn Muhammed.

A SERIES OF TILES, forming two spandrels, and executed by order of Shah Abbas (1587-1628).

An early 12th Century **ALTAR CLOTH**, from the Armenian Nunnery at Julfa, Ispahan.

A STEEL SUIT OF ARMOUR, damascened with gold of old Persian workmanship.

The Collection is also remarkable for the examples of **RARE POTTERY** and **ANCIENT GLASS** which it contains.

There will also be on view a Collection of those 17th Century **NAXOS** or **RHODIAN EMBROIDERIES** which have now become so scarce.

A 16TH CENTURY GARDEN CARPET, measuring 31ft. by 12ft. 4in., made to the order of Shah Abbas for his Palace at Ispahan. The carpet represents the Royal pleasure garden belonging to the Palace; flowing from the middle of either end, two streams meet in the centre in a tank, lined with blue tiles and adorned with four peacocks carved in stone. On either side formal beds of flowers are divided by rectangular paths, bordered with trees and shrubs, while small canals of rippling water add at intervals further variety to the scene. In among the branches of the trees exotic birds are sunning themselves, and below these disport themselves all manner of strange beasts. Only one other complete example of this type of carpet is known to exist. The first record of a **GARDEN CARPET** is that made in the 6th century for Chosroës I. of the Sassanian dynasty, which in design must have been very similar to that of Shah Abbas. Carpets repeating this same garden design have been reproduced at rare intervals almost down to our own day.

An illustrated Catalogue Raisonne, containing many beautiful plates in colours, can be obtained on application, price 10s. 6d. each.

Figure 40: Advertisement for the "famous collection of Persian Faïence & Antiquities" collection by J.R. Preece. *Illustrated London News*, 10 May 1913.

garden outside the city. The march was a long one (28 miles) & I walked the whole of the way resting 3 hours at this caravanserai in the foreground below. -



This was the first view of the Shiraz plain — a stony dry plain (at least the part I first entered) dotted all over with beautiful gardens. The salt lake shore at the end. — I was very glad to get in Mr Prins most hospitable. In the evening we went to the Club or rather a room the Telegraph officers have containing a billiard room & library.

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1. Kuh-i Bam
2. Chenar Rahdar Serai
3. Road to Ispahan
4. Shiraz
5. Salt lake

[75] De Windt (1891), p. 175: "the green and smiling plains of wheat, barley, and Indian corn; the clusters of pretty sunlit villages; the long cypress-avenues; and last, but not least, the quiet shady gardens, with rose and jasmine bowers, and marble fountains which have been famous from time immemorial…"



1 Tomb of Hafiz

Next Evening (Sunday)
I went to see the principal gardens - Takht Kajar Palace, Bagh-i-No, Bagh-i-Jehan-numa, Bagh-i-hasht tan, Bagh-i-chihil tar. (where were good pictures of Hafiz, Saadi, Abraham offering up Isaac, Moses keeping Jethro's sheep) & the Hafizeea - the Grave of Hafiz or Khaaja Shams-ud-din Lyric poet.

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1. Tomb of Hafiz

[76] Ussher (1865), p. 515: "[we] rode to the palace of Takht i Kajar, situated on the slope of a hill about a mile distant. A large space of ground is enclosed by the high brick walls which surround the buildings and gardens. The entrance gate is covered with coloured tiles. Both palace and gardens are now somewhat dilapidated. At the foot of the hill is a large basin of water, seventy yards square, with a fountain in the centre… From the edge of this basin rise six terraces, one above the other, on which stand rows of orange trees, the walls of each terrace being of coloured tiles. The ground is laid out in flower-beds. On the highest terrace is the palace, or rather villa, small and mean-looking, its materials flimsy and the decorations tawdry and glaring. The walls of some of the rooms, which are open to the front, are covered with representations in fresco of Persian beauties. The view from the palace over the plain of Schiraz extends to the snow-capped mountains, the whole intervening scene lying before us as in a panorama." • Moore (1915), p. 395, seems, unusually, to have enjoyed his visit to the gardens: "The Bagh-i-Takht deserves its name the Throne Garden; it is built on the hillside on top of seven terraces, rather like an Italian villa, and quite different from anything I have seen in Persia. The terraces are very narrow, little wider than large steps and adorned with elaborate water-works; the retaining walls are faced with small arcades once gay with tiles. In front of the superimposed terraces, running their whole width, is an immense tank now dry, with fragments of a central fountain from which four lions once spouted water. Tank and terrace-basins are now merely sunken spaces with fissured stone margins and bottoms covered with earth. Of the great walls once enclosing the garden, no sign remains, and of trees, only one alley to the right of the tank although many others were still standing a few years ago."



Figure 41: Tomb of Hafez by Madame Dieulafoy.

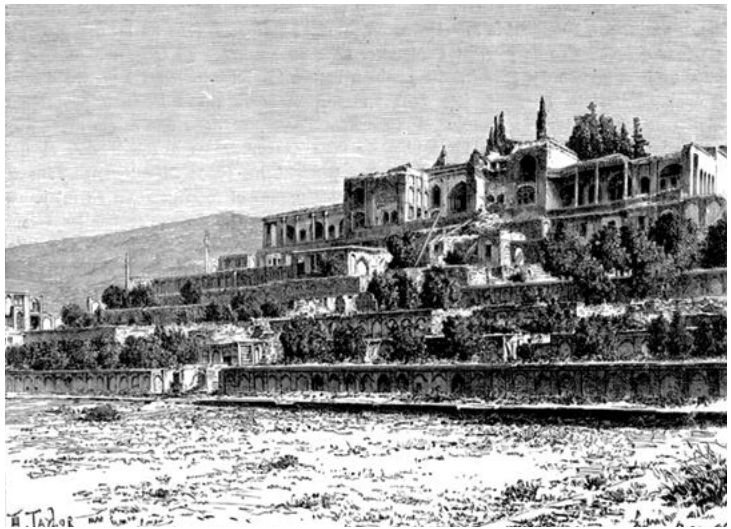


Figure 42: Bagh-e Takht by Madame Dieulafoy.



Figure 43: Bagh-e Takht palace and gardens by Thomson (1891).



Mr Preece has the jolliest of little houses in a very pretty garden beautifully kept about 3/4 of a mile from the city – a garden full of flowers, fruit cypress, plane trees, tanks of water with gold fish & last but not least the nightingale, a constant singer so jolly (if not for that abominable Batrachian croak from the tank). Monday Evening – riding each time Mr Preece's pure Turkoman horse, 16.1 hands high! – a huge but most gentlemanly animal, I went to the Sudeea or the garden containing the grave to the poet Saadi – a pretty little garden to the E. of the city. They shew a MS copy of his works complete called the "Kuliyat". Exquisitely written & illuminated in the

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Figure 44: Shiraz. The Sadiah. Tomb of Sheikh Sadi the poet, published by J. Thomson (1891).

[77] Vilmorin (1895), p. 317: "I took advantage of my visit to the telegraph to look over the establishment and its garden which are both very spacious and beautiful." • De Windt (1891), p. 179: "the private dwellings of the staff are some distance outside the city. A high wall surrounds the grounds in which the latter are situated--half a dozen comfortable brick buildings, bungalow style, each with its fruit and flower garden. Looking out of my bedroom window the morning following my arrival, on the shrubberies, well-kept lawns, bright flower-beds, and lawn-tennis nets, I could scarcely realize that this was Persia; that I was not at home again, in some secluded part of the country in far-away England… The cheerful, sunlit, chintz-covered bedroom, with its white furniture, blue-and-white wall-paper, and lattice windows almost hidden by rose and jasmine bushes, was a pleasant coup d'oeil after the grimy, bug-infested post-houses; and the luxuries of a good night's rest and subsequent shave, cold tub, and clean linen were that morning appreciated as they only can be by one who has spent many weary days in the saddle, uncombed, unshaven, and unwashed."

[78] Moore (1915), pp. 403–404, rhapsodizes after seeing a copy of an illuminated manuscript by Sa'di: "Having really come to see the illuminated manuscript, I ask to have it brought. It is a joy to turn the half-soiled pages of this old book, with its fine calligraphy enclosed in irregular cartouches shaped like clouds. The intervals are fitted with gold, traced with tiny flowerets in bright clear colours like enamel. Some leaves have a solid border, where gold, indigo, and carmine, glitter as though laid but yesterday. There are a few paintings, much damaged but still fair. The delicacy of the flowers, the intricacy of design, and the perfect taste, are beyond praise. The whole book is like jewel work; turning the pages, it is painful to think that negligence will soon destroy it unless saved by sale to a foreigner, which elsewhere could be vandalism."



Figure 45: Tombeau du poète Saadi à Chiraz, from a photograph by Madame Dieulafoy.



Figure 46: Tombeau de Cheik-Saadi. Coste.

brightest & most beautiful colours all through. It is very like tho' more beautiful than any I have ever seen, the old Latin Missals Gold leaf, and the purest colour lavished on every page & the writing must be seen to be appreciated. —

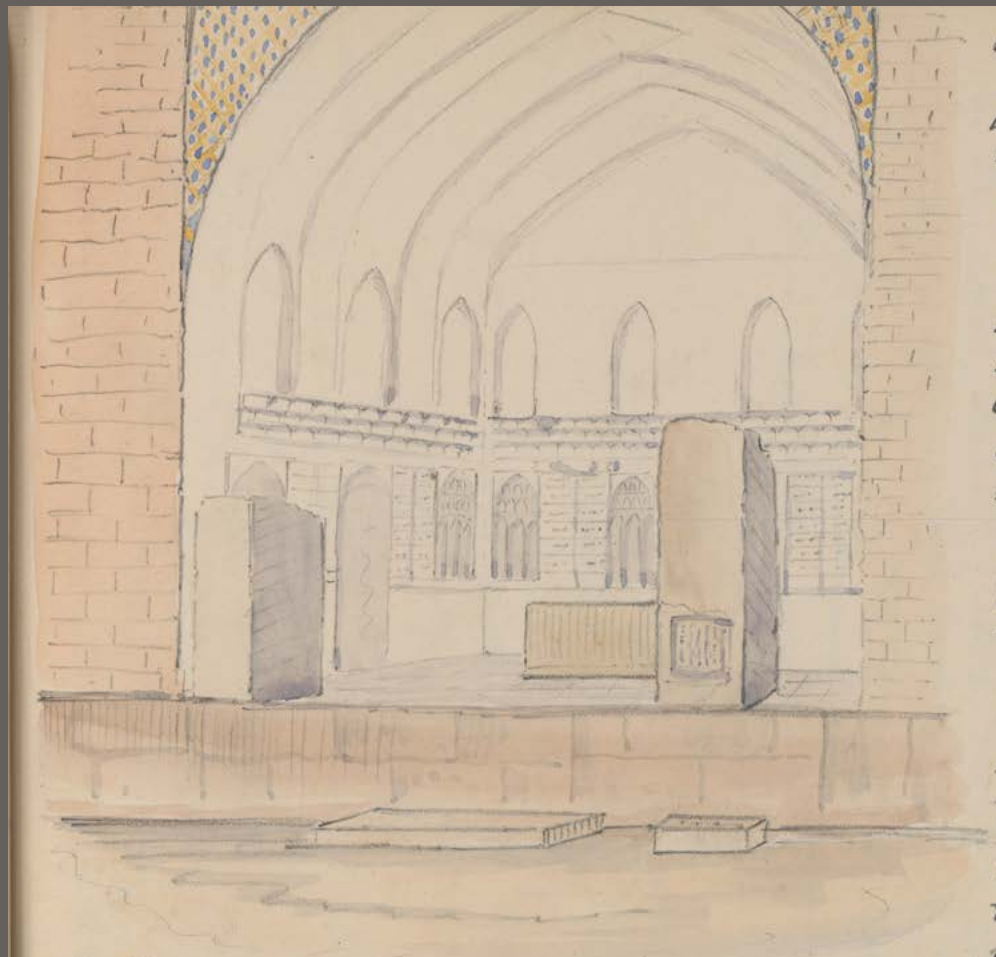


I quickly copied this from a full page picture in it — the poem is in the Boston & the left hand figure is meant for the poet himself. ———

The tomb is a most simple affair, not at all old, as the present thing was put up about 150 years ago the right hand pillar on next page contains at the bottom a piece of stone supposed to be part of Saadis original tomb, but there is even some doubt about that — it may be his son's.

Round the back of the arch in wh: the tomb is are verses of his written on the wall. — The border etc.. is mostly

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in blue. ——

I sketched it simply to shew what an unpretentious sort of a place it is.

Tuesday I played tennis, & in the evening dined with the Nawab Hyder Ali our agent here a very nice man. Whose house was exquisite, the best of Persian carpets on the floor & a most excellent dinner. He only talks Persian. Wednesday we had tea in the Sahil Kowsunnie Garden the best in Shiraz — we had tea in a pretty summer House, very unlike a home one beautiful carpets on which we sat, ceiling illuminated, & walls let in with patterns in glass.

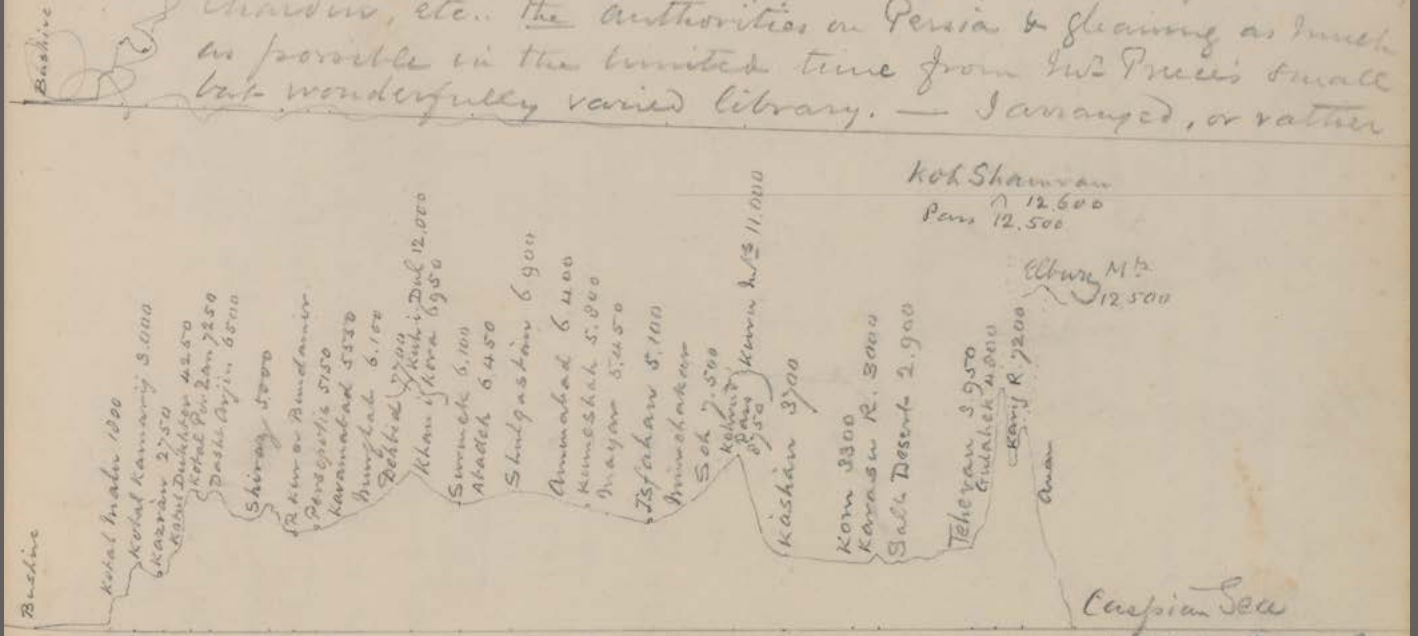
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[79] Browne (1893), pp. 261-262: "Nawwáb Mírzá Haydar 'Alí Khán." (p. 259) The Nawab's house lay beyond the Darvaz-i bagh-i shah: "a large and handsome courtyard paved with stones and traversed by a little stream of clear water which flowed from a large square tank at the upper end. On either side of this stood a row of stately sycamores, interspersed with orange-trees, while a mass of beautiful flowers tastefully grouped lent brightness to the view and fragrance to the air." A suite of rooms on the Nawab's house were reputed to be: "Pleasant and commodious…, and luxurious as they seemed after the hardships of the road, their chief charm in my eyes was that they had given shelter to poets whose names form the brightest ornament of modern Persian literature—poets amongst whom in sweetness, melody, wealth of metaphor, and purity of diction, the brilliant genius of Ḳá'ná stands unrivalled and unsurpassed." • MacGregor (1879), p. 33: Nawab Mirza Hoosen [sic] Alee Khan, who had already a better knowledge of our language than most foreigners I have met. This gentleman, the descendant of an Indian Nawab and a Persian lady of blue blood, was the most English Asiatic it has ever been my good fortune to meet. His present was taken up in studying – regardless of trouble, or his own convenience how he could best serve not only the British Government, but also all British people; and his future, I think, was a dream of going to London, to see us in our own homes, to complete his knowledge of the people he liked so well, and perchance, pluck from our famed garden of beauty, one little rose to brighten his eastern home."

[80] An 1891 photograph by John Thomson of a garden with a path leading to a pavilion is labelled "Dil Gusha – Heart's delight, the property of the Sahib Divan". The "Sahib Diwan" is possibly an epithet of the Nawab and the Dil Kusha is now a public park.

A long avenue of Cypresses, plane, & cherry trees with gueldres roses, roses, etc, turf walk, & in the middle a stone edged little stream of water with fountain jets at intervals. There are the prettiest gardens I have ever seen, tho' their uniformity of plan is a little tiring. Thursday tennis & billiards, Friday Saturday & Sunday were spent very pleasantly & quietly, I reading Binning, Sir R K Porter, Chardin, etc.. the authorities on Persia & gleaning as much as possible in the limited time from Mr Price's small but wonderfully varied library. — I arranged, or rather



Sect. bet. Persian Gulf & Caspian.
Horizontal Scale 60 miles = 1/2 inch
Vertical Scale 4000 feet = 1/2 inch.

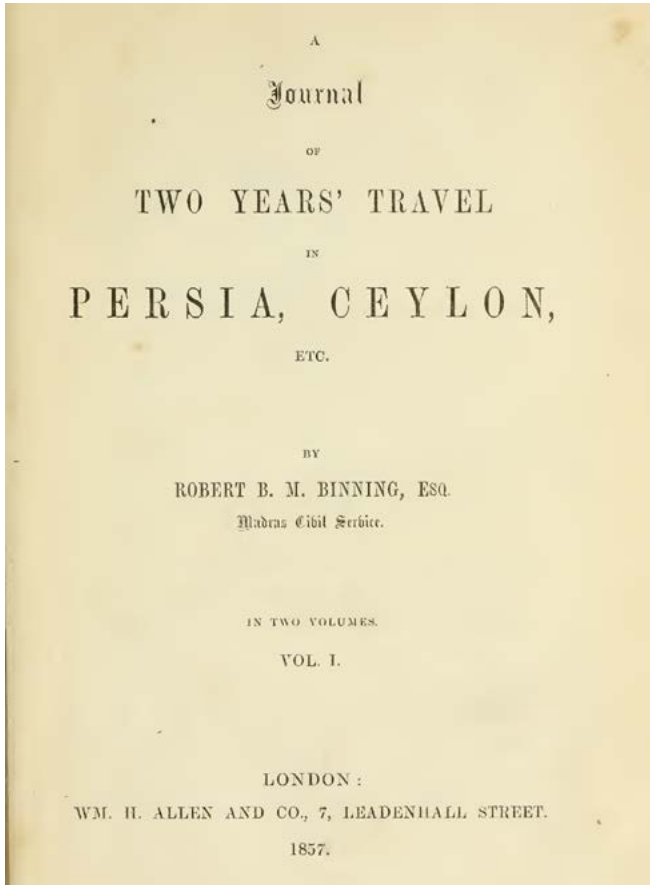
A long avenue of cypresses, plane, and cherry trees with guelder roses, roses, etc, turf walk, and in the middle a stone edged little stream of water with fountain jets at intervals. These are the prettiest gardens I have ever seen, tho' their conformity of plan is a little tiring. Thursday tennis and billiards. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were spent very pleasantly and quietly, I reading Binning,[81] Sir R.K. Porter,[82] Chardin,[83] etc., the authorities on Persia and gleaning as much as possible in the limited time from Mr. Preece's small but wonderfully varied library. I arranged, or rather

[81] Robert B. M. Binning, *Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia, Ceylon, etc.* (London, 1857).

[82] Robert Ker Porter, *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, ancient Babylonia, &c. &c.* during the years 1817, 1818, 1819 and 1820 (London, 1821-2), 2 vols.

[83] John Chardin, *A New and accurate description of Persia and other eastern nations. Containing the natural history of those countries; the religion, temper, manners and customs of their inhabitants; their apparel, exercises and games; arts, trades, manufacture and commerce. With genuine copies of the instructions given by the English, French, and other European powers, to their respective embassadors at that court, and at those of China, Japan, and other neighbouring empires; no less useful and instructive for carrying on the commerce in those parts, than entertaining to the curious. Illustrated with a great number of cuts of habits, towns, beasts, birds, ruins, prospects at sea, &c.* (London, 1724).


Nukshi Rustum. Persia
" Ussher's Journey



A

Journal

OF

TWO YEARS' TRAVEL

IN

PERSIA, CEYLON,

ETC.

BY

ROBERT B. M. BINNING, ESQ.

Madras Civil Service.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

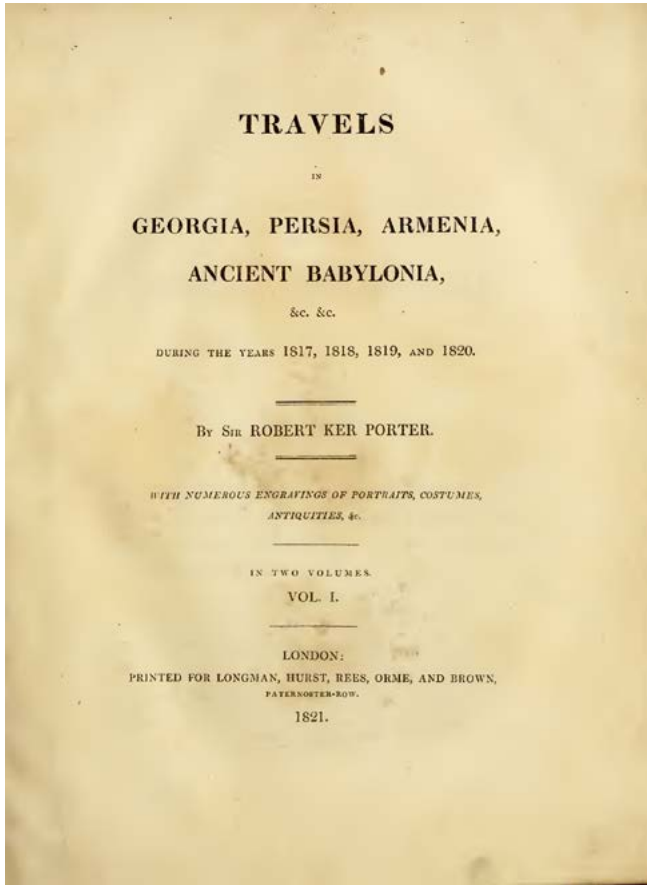
VOL. I.

LONDON:

WM. H. ALLEN AND CO., 7, LEADENHALL STREET.

1857.

Figure 47: Binning's *Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia.*



TRAVELS

IN

GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA,

ANCIENT BABYLONIA,

&c. &c.

DURING THE YEARS 1817, 1818, 1819, AND 1820.

By Sir ROBERT KER PORTER.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS OF PORTRAITS, COSTUMES, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.

Figure 48: Porter's *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenian, Ancient Babylonia.*

Mr. Malcolm, Mr. Turks clerk did, that I sh? get to Ispahan by the Sirhadd road in 18 days paying 30 kraus & 1/2 a Krau a mound for baggage So I have reduced my baggage - sold tin box, bridle, boots, cooking pot etc. for 50 kraus, Keeping only bare necessaries, wh: I must again reduce at Ispahan. So on Monday I rode chupper 40 miles to Persepolis & that Evening visited the famous Nukshi Rustum. Books must be read to know all about them, look under heading "Persepolis"





Nukshi Rustum

Mr. Malcolm, Mr. Turk's clerk did, that I should get to Isfahan by the Sirhadd road in 18 days paying 30 krans at ½ a kran a maund for baggage. So I have reduced my baggage – sold tin box, bridle, boots, cooking pot, etc. for 50 krans, keeping only bare necessaries which I must again reduce at Isfahan. So on Monday I rode chupper[84] 40 miles to Persepolis and that evening visited the famous Nuksh-i-Rustum [Naqsh-e Rustam]. Books must be read to know all about them, look under heading "Persepolis".

[84] Arnold (1877), p. 233, informs his readers that "to chaper down" is an Anglo-Persian phrase.

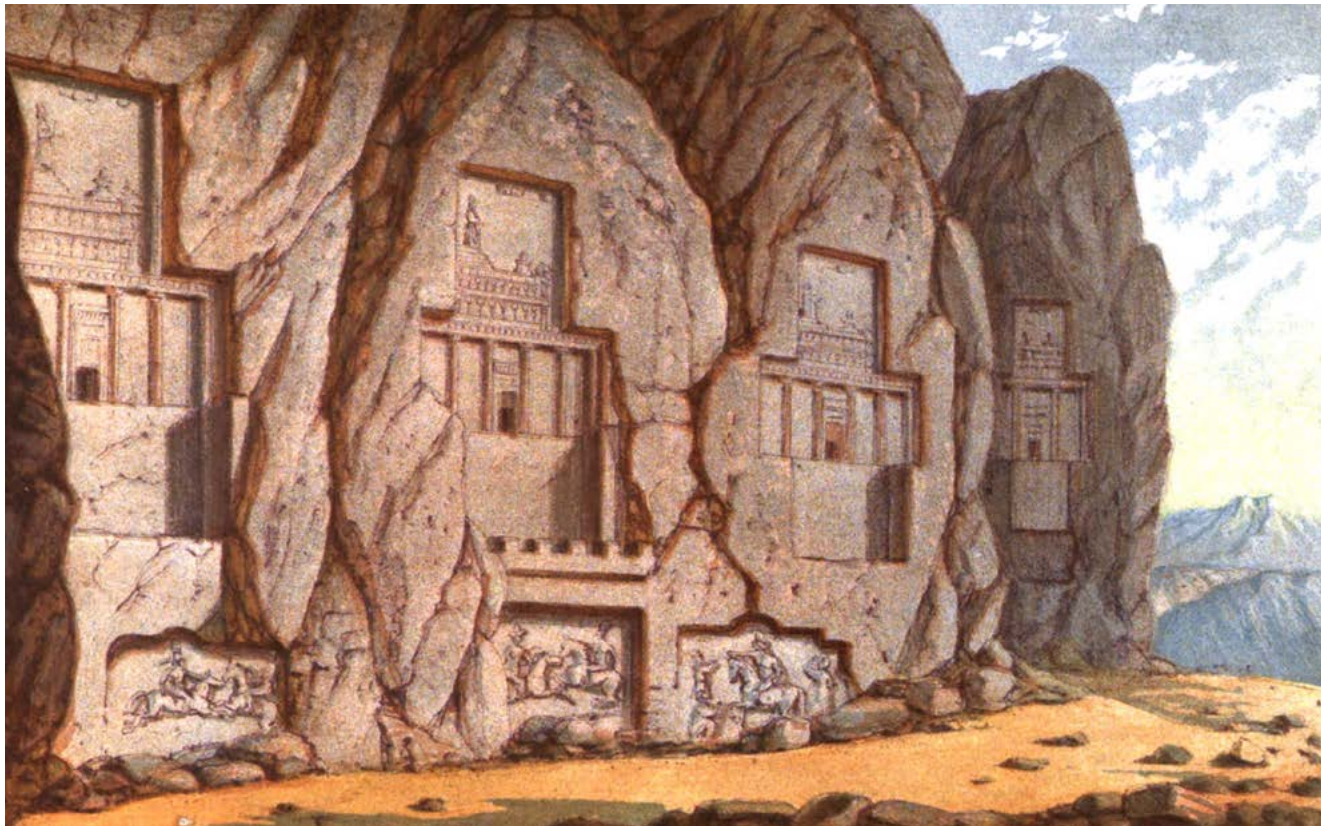


Figure 49: Naksh-e Rustum from *Ussher's Travels*.



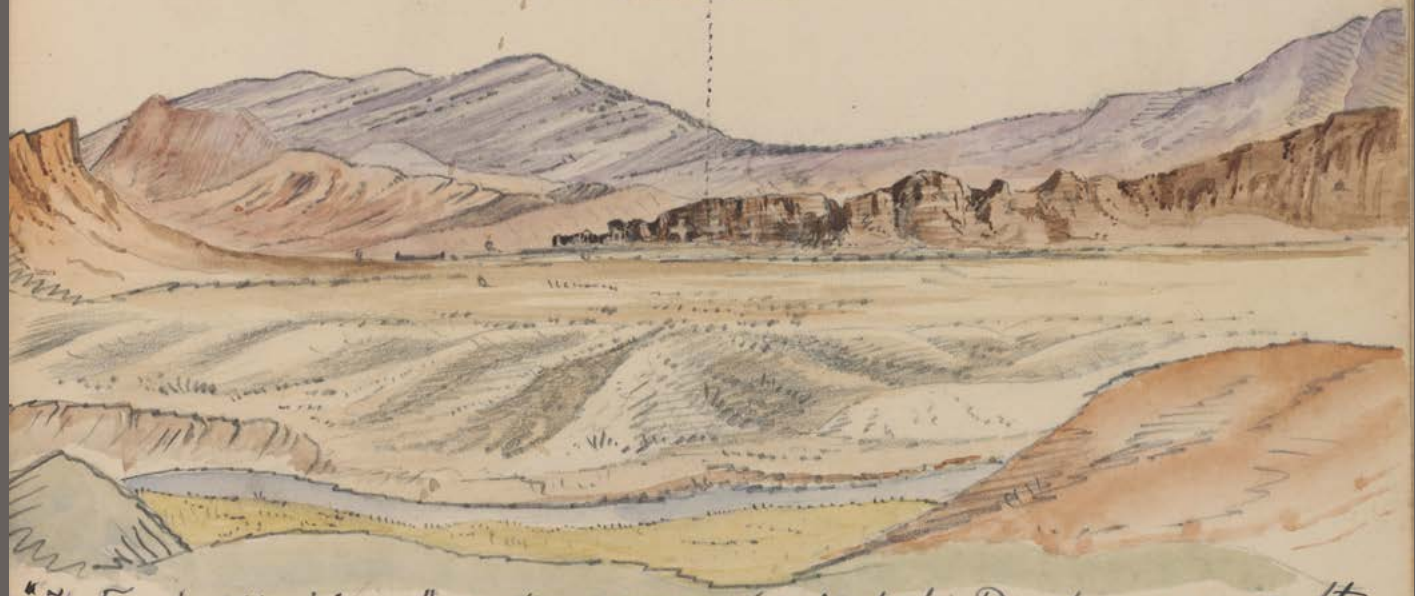
Figure 50: Naksh-e Rustum by Coste.



Figure 51: Naksh-e Rustum by Madame Dieulafoy.

When nearing Nukshi Rustum & seeing the Guebre Temple, forgetting a moment its existence I asked the boy with me if that new building was a showked arm house or what, it looked so new, which only shews how fresh & perfect these remains 2500 years old are

1 The Tombs of the Kings
Nukshi Rustum



"The Tombs of the Kings" another name for Nukshi Rustum are on the face of a cliff & look as above about 1½ miles off ——

Tuesday morning May 20th I went to Persepolis

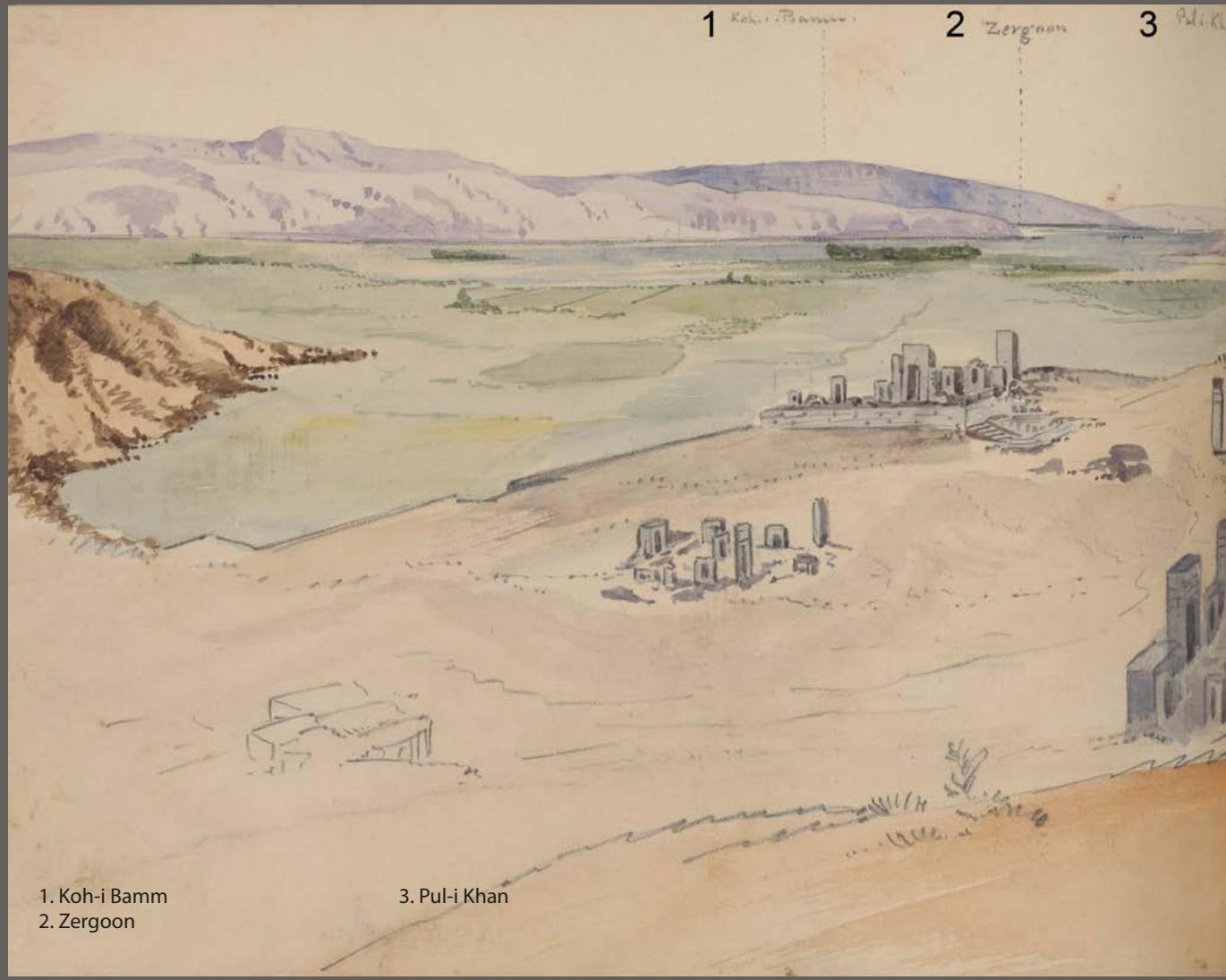
Wonderful indeed are the ruins & sculptures — Read them up!

When nearing Nukshi Rustum and seeing the Guebre[85] Temple, forgetting for a moment its existence I asked the boy with me if that new building was a chowkedari's house or what, it looked so new, which only shews how fresh and perfect these remains 2,500 years old are. "The Tomb of the Kings", another name for Nuksh-i-Rustum, are on the face of a cliff and look as above about 1½ miles off.

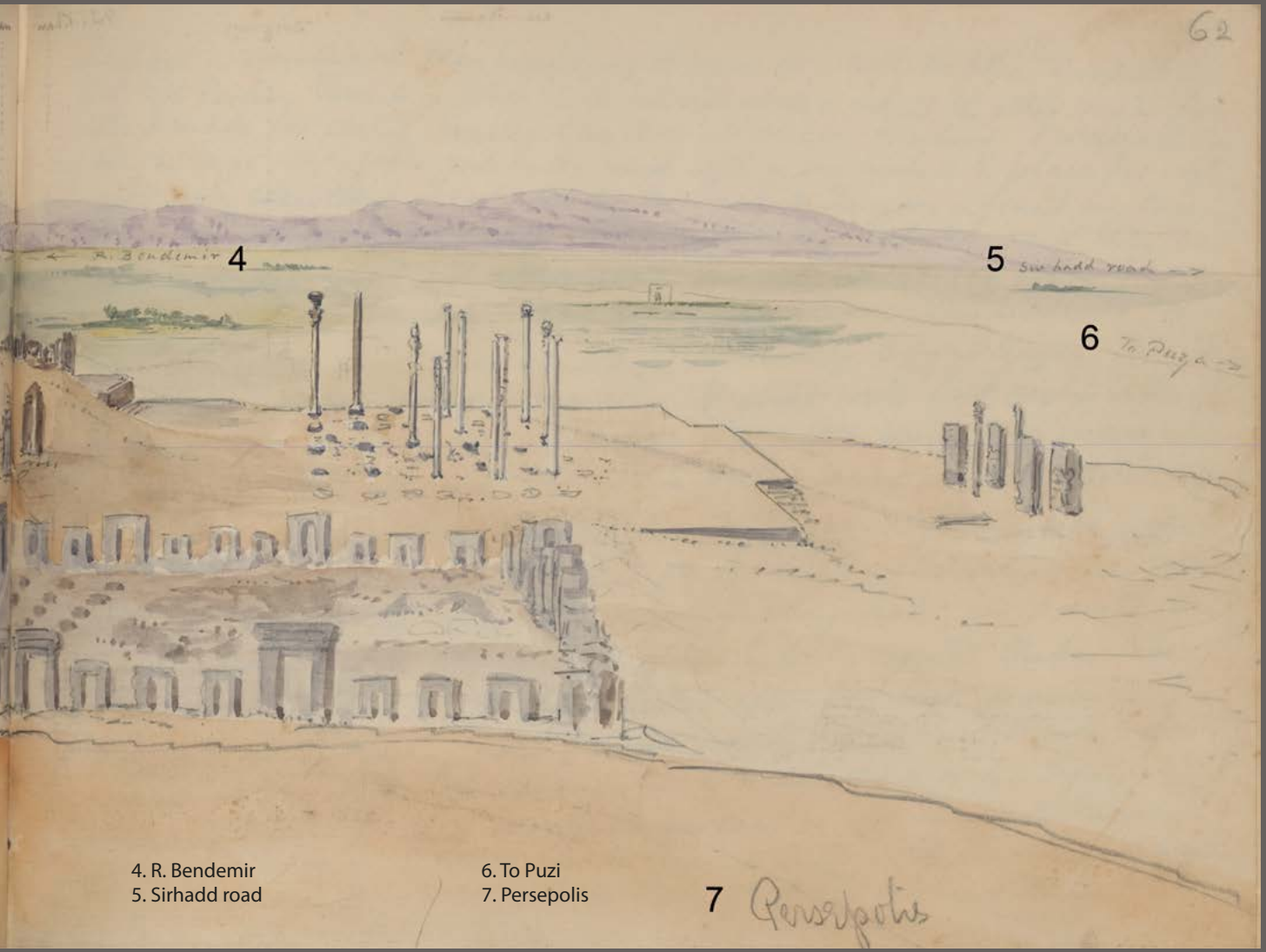
Tuesday morning May 20th I went to Persepolis. Wonderful indeed are the ruins and sculptures – read them up!

1. The Tombs of the Kings alias Nuckshi Rustam

[85] Tylor (1871), vol. 2, p. 256: "In general, this name of Ghebers is applied to the Zoroastrians or Parsis, whom a modern European would all but surely point to if asked to instance a modern race of Fire-worshippers."



1. Koh-i Bamm
2. Zergoon
3. Pul-i Khan



4. R. Bendemir
5. Sirhadd road

6. To Puzi
7. Persepolis

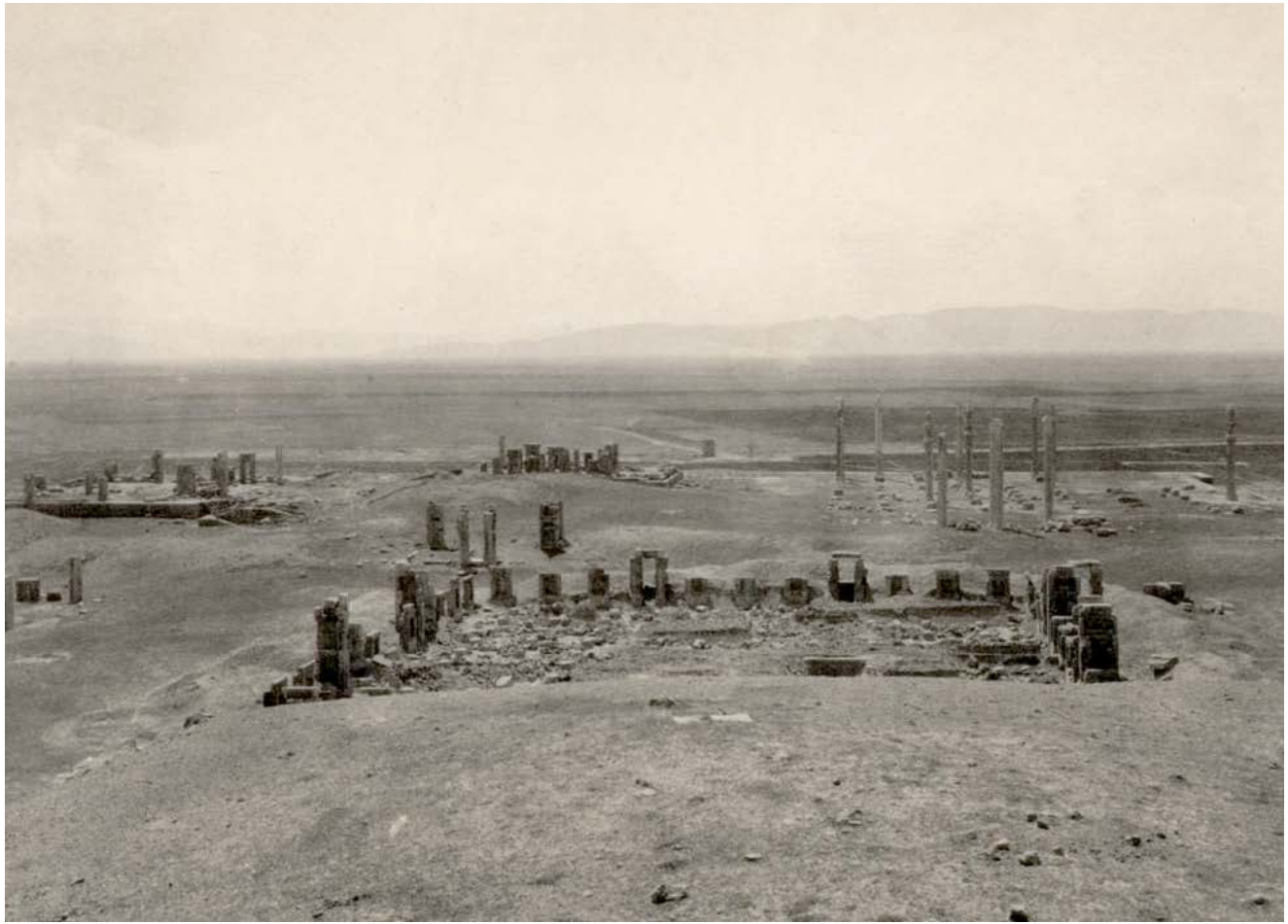
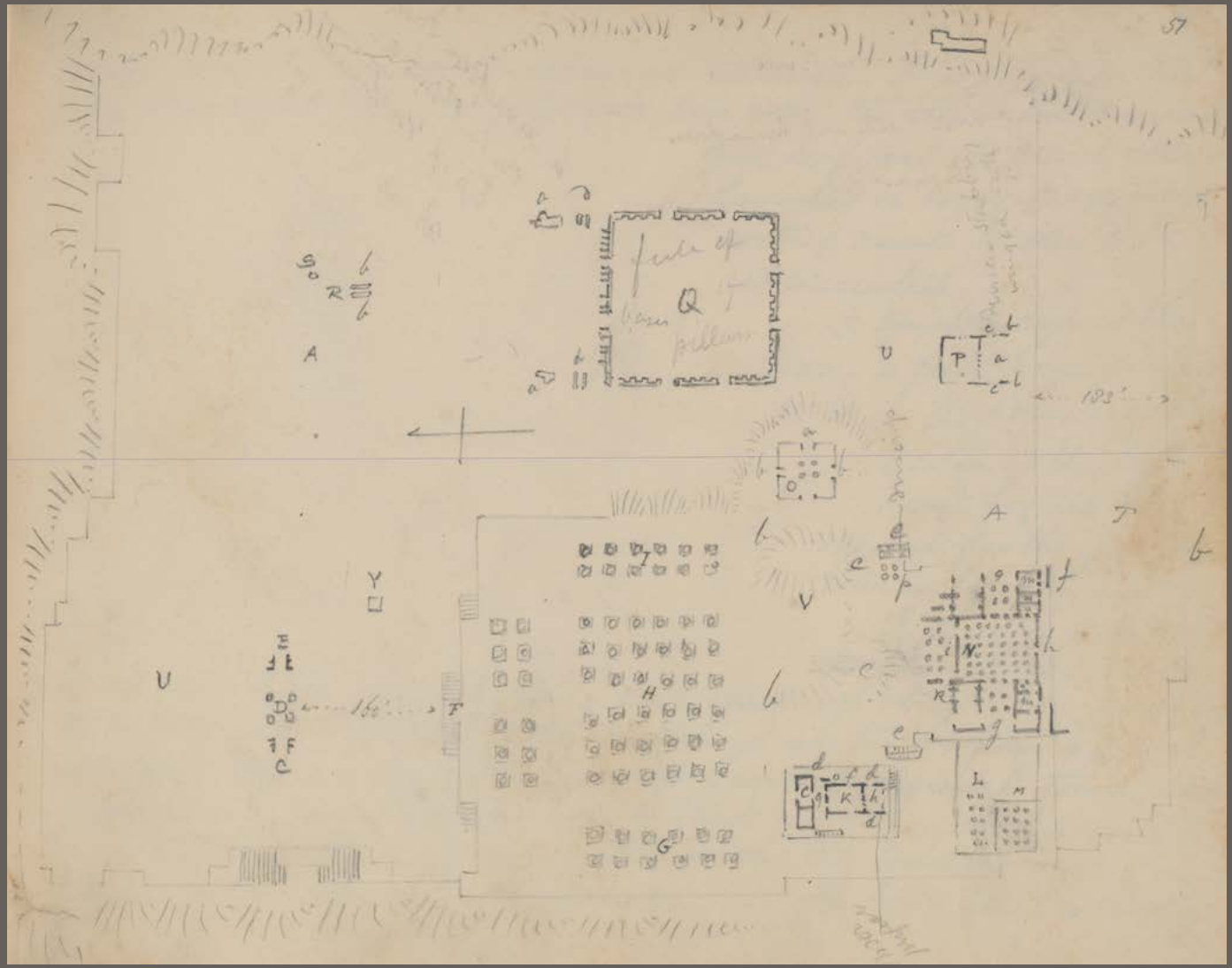


Figure 52: Persepolis published by J. Thomson (1891).



Figure 53: View of Persepolis as depicted by Coste.



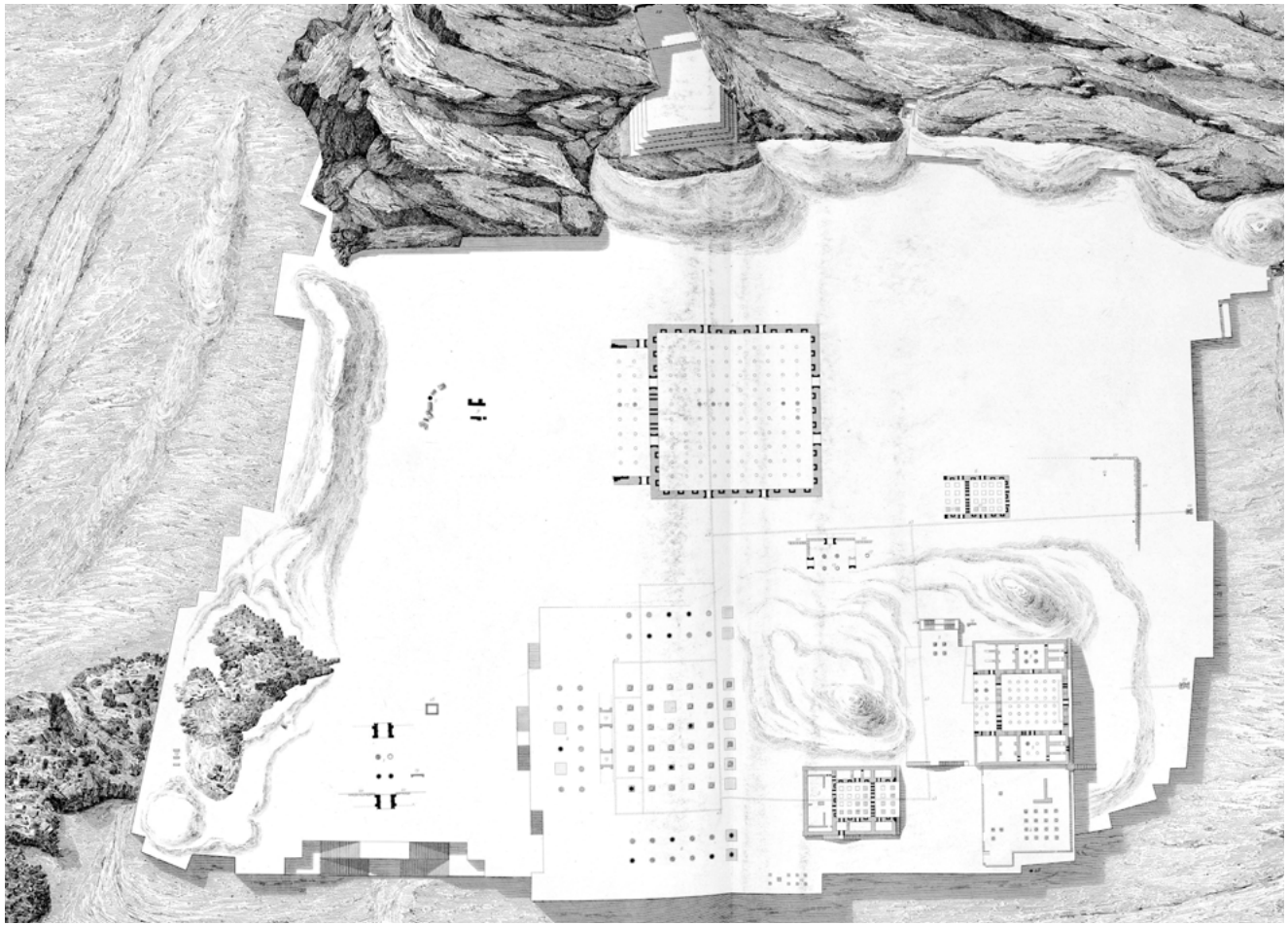


Figure 54: Map of Persepolis by Coste.

I spent a considerable time identifying the ruins etc.. with the plan I copied from Sir R K Porter. There is a tomb in the hill side above & behind the other ruins from wh: I made the sketch exactly like those at Nukshi Rustum. I went into this one a huge sepulchre cut in the rock with a big niche & 2 places for coffins. After seeing everything I rode 20 miles back to Zergoon & found my caravan. They were to have started that (Tuesday) morning but they said they had lost 2 mules. so I had a "pleasant" day all Wednesday sitting among piles of wares in the middle of the hurrydasht place. This Sirhadd road I am going has no caravanserais & hardly any villages — so I must camp out minus tent etc... I slept well last night in the open. I live on the food of the muleteers too, native bread, mâs or sour milk & rice to which I add tea & some potted meat — Wednesday night 21st at 11 p.m. we started for Isfargoon 5 farasakhs or 18 miles which we reached just at Thursday sunrise — bitterly cold then, though through the day it is abominably hot. We passed an encampment of the black tents of the Eelat, nomad tribes who wander about with flocks & herds after the best pasture — The road to Isfayon goes from Zergoon to Pulikhan, thence up the right bank of the Bendemir for 9 miles, cross N to Isfayon — Thursday night at 12 midnight saw us off again to begin a longish trudge of 18 miles, we bivouaced to the N of the village about 1½ miles, a very pretty place this, splendid walnut trees. The

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[86] Isfandaran

[87] This is the famous river of *Lalla Rookh* by Thomas Moore:

There's a bower of roses,
by Bendemeer's Stream,
And the nightingale sings
'round it all the day long.

In the time of my childhood
'Twas sweet like a dream,
To sit by the roses
And hear the bird's song.

That bow'r and its music
I ne'er can forget,
But oft when alone
In the bloom of the year

I think, "Is the nightingale
singing there yet?"
Are the roses still bright
by the calm Bendemeer?"

Moore (1915), p. 375, when he speaks of this location quotes some of these lines, but clearly unimpressed by his namesake's fictional rhapsodising, he comments: "Had he ever seen the spot, his anapaestic sentimentality would have received a shock." Although probably not "in the pathetic mode of Isfahan", these romantic stanzas were set to music in 1878 as "L'Odalisque" by Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893); as "Bendemeer's Stream" in 1881 by Charles Marshall (1857-1927); and also in 1881 as "There's a bower of roses" by Maude Valérie White (1855-1937).

Bendemir R. runs bright & clear over pebbles among oleander bushes I think they are. As I had not had my clothes off since last Sunday I was glad to get a jolly bathe — not very deep the water, but deep enough to swim & float down the current. Saturday May 24th Queens Birthday we got to Imamzadeh Ishmael, a largish village with the shrine of the martyr (he was killed here) son, they said, of the Imam Mousa i.e. the 7th Imam. But I was worried beyond measure by the villagers who I don't think had ever seen a European before. So they said, at least so much among them as I was compelled to be, for the caravan deposited their loads in the very middle of the village & every movement I made, particularly my meals even watched by a crowd till I sent a heavy stick at their heads & they kept a better distance — And old Haji, a good looking old villain bothered me, presuming on his being, he said, a friend of Mr Preece's. Everything he saw of mine, knife, watch, pocket compass, Gulistan of Saadi he wanted me to give him & finding that no good, wanted to buy them. I got angry & sent him off. Sunday May 25th 15 miles to Rezabad. —
We began by a stiff climb at midnight to get out of the valley & then down into that of a nameless river, a fine open valley with any amount of Eglior tents. We bivouacked just beyond the village at a [illegible] place called Kalak Bakhtyari

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Sunday May 25th 15 miles to Rezabad. We began by a stiff climb at midnight to get out of the valley and then down into that of a nameless river, a fine open valley with any amount of Eeliot[90] tents. We bivouacked just beyond the village at a mud place called Kalah Baktiyàri.

88 Binning (1857), vol. 2, p. 359: "This village, which contains 200 houses… pays no revenue to government; all the lands, &c., attached to it being considered *waqf* or consecrated property, on account of the sanctity of the shrine which it contains."

89 This was most probably a Persian edition. From the early 19th century it had been used as a standard text for the British officials in India who were studying Persian at Fort William College. By 1884 there were at least four editions of the *Gulistān* available, two of which were printed with short vowels added to help the learner. (See: Lewis, "Golestān").

90 Stevens (1889), vol. 2, p. 160: "… Persian Eliautes, a numerous tribe, that seem to form a sort of connecting link between the genuine nomads and the tillers of the soil. They are frequently found combining the occupations of both, and might aptly be classed as semi-nomads. Pitching their tents beside some outlying, isolated piece of cultivable ground in the spring, they sow it with wheat or barley, and three months later they reap a supply of grain to carry away with them when they remove their flocks to winter pasturage."

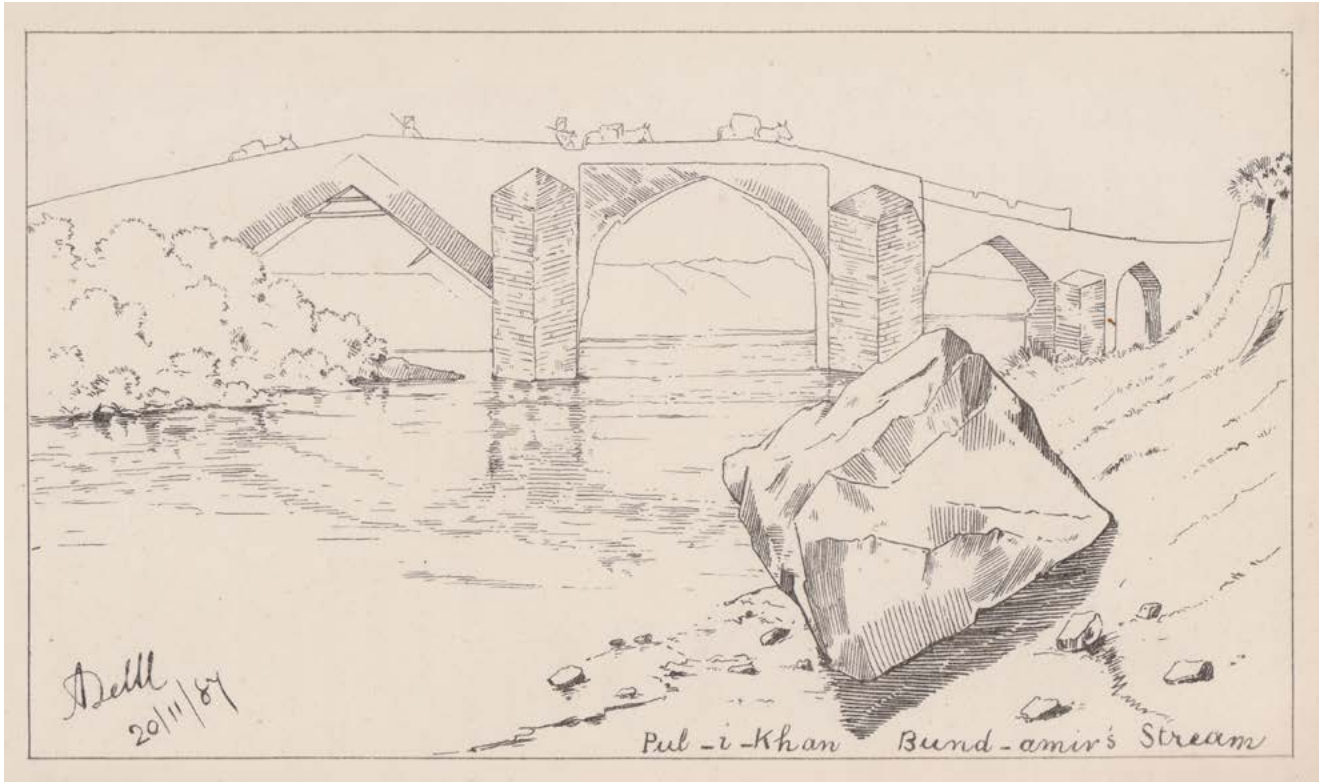


Figure 55: A bridge over "Bendemeer's Stream", Lemessurier (1889).



Figure 56: Bridge over the Bendemeer Stream by Coste.

In old days, I believe all this country was over run with marauding blackguards & chiefly Bakhtiyàris ——
The chief muleteer called the Charvodar always rides the most diminutive of donkies – it's wonderful what they'll carry



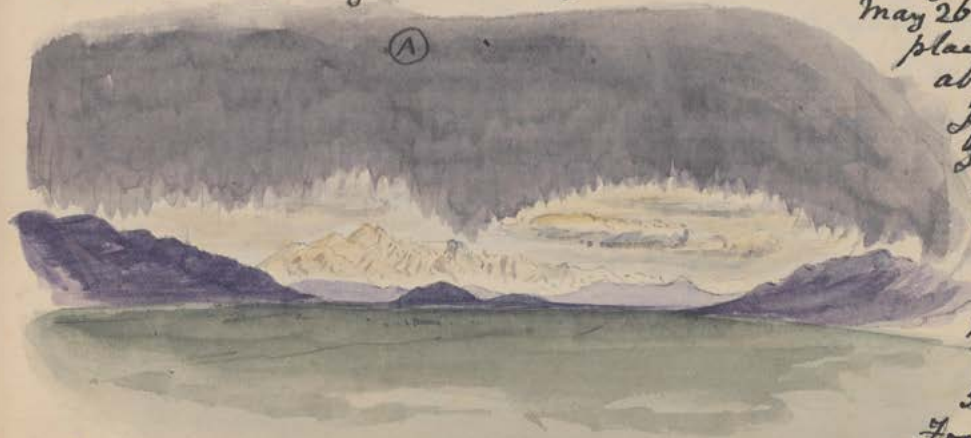
My fiddle amuses the muleteers immensely & they are continually wanting a tune – There are patches of snow on most of the hills round & the climate here is delightful I make the most excellent nest in among the boxes & bales of goods & roof it with a blanket — nothing could be better in the way of a hut only at night I have to



sleep outside, so as to let the loading go on. It is just beginning to rain, bad for my house arrangements !! —— and it did rain somewhat.

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and most things got wet, There was hail too. In the evening I went to visit one of the neighbouring black tent camps of the Eeliot. I luckily took a big stick or I should certainly have been eaten by the savage brutes of dogs which went for me. The camp turned out & men, women & children of all sizes & looks - some very ugly & one or two women very pretty. I was asked dozens of questions, wouldn't I have a pipe or a bit of bread etc ... if I was a doctor (I had some flowers in my hand & all natives think flowers are only gathered for medecine) etc ... They seemed a jolly lot & as we shall meet plenty more in a day or two I will pay them another visit. I played the fiddle this evening to the muleteers singing & dancing - they are a jolly lot - I like them, very different from any native of India I have ever met, bar none, they are most like a friend I had at Ali Musjid in a Hazara Coolie i.e. the Ghazni Hazara ——



May 26th (my birthday) a jolly place a wide open plain about 7000 ft elev.n — If only I could paint! There was a splendid effect just now. Imagine those snows very golden & yellow tipped clouds & inky sky & purple hills — & all the distant range, about 40 or 50 miles off snow. — Fortunately for our poor bodies the rain thought fit to shear off to the S.W. ward and leave us dry. The wetting yesterday was quite enough for me while I am out in the open.

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91 Binning (1857), vol. 2, p. 356: "An Eeliaut tribe was encamped hard by, to the infinite disgust of our muleteers, who love not the neighbourhood of these gentry, and vented not a few curses at the sight of their black worsted tents. An encampment of one of these wandering clans has, I confess, its charms for me; there is something so thoroughly patriarchal and Arcadian in the appearance of the group of low dark tents, their hardy independent inmates engaged in their various occupations, and their numerous flocks grazing on the pastures around: but those who convey valuable goods and cattle have little reason to admire their propinquity, for they are not famous for respecting the property of others."

92 At the narrowest point of the Khyber Pass, the battle of Ali Masjid, 20 November 1878, was the opening battle in the second Anglo-Afghan War. It was a resounding victory for the British. As Pyne arrived in Afghanistan in 1879 he could not have participated in this battle.

The effect was almost better later when the sun punched a hole in the black mass of cloud* & sent down big slanting rays — very good it was —
~~Tuesday May 27th~~ Today I never enjoyed so little so much in my life - I have been just a week without tasting meat of any kind and today the muleteer went in for a ~~sheep~~ bit of mutton, cut it up & shoved it in with the rice into the cooking pot & a most excellent dish it made. Except tea, I now depend entirely on a share of their grub. Tuesday May 27th found us in a most delightful plain surrounded by snow sprinkled hills & covered where it was dry with the best turf I have ever seen out of England & where it was wet, reeds, weeds & water, the latter full of duck (oh! that I had not sold my gun in Shiraz!) & the dry sand spotted with black tents & flocks etc of Eliot families - It is a little Vale of Cashmir & 8000 ft high, so much cooler than the Indian hill stations, to say nothing of all this part of Persia being cooler, elevation for elevation by 1000 or 2000 feet than India. Thursday we halted — to give the mules & ponies the full benefit of this rich pasturage. Again both yesterday & today we have had rain, heavy storms & they say there is heavy snow out here in March - Snow is only just above us here. In spite of these disagreeables I like this wandering about awfully - It can't be novelty, for that should have worn off 5 years ago, but the more I have of it the more I like it — Yesterday & today I have been busy catching butterflies, picking plants for Duthie & watching duck, coots, & a very pretty bittern which abounds with purplish blue metallic shiny back black quills, hair brown neck & inner part of wing ——
The duck are all in pairs, breeding ——

The effect was almost better later when the sun punched a hole in the black mass of cloud at A and sent down big slanting rays – very good it was. Today I never enjoyed so little so much in my life. I have been just a week without tasting meat of any kind and today the muleteer went in for a bit of mutton, cut it up and shoved it in with the rice into the cooking pot and a most excellent dish it made. Except tea, I now depend entirely on a share of their grub.

Tuesday May 27th found us in a most delightful plain surrounded by snow-sprinkled hills and covered, where it was dry, with the best turf I have ever seen out of England, and where it was wet, reeds, weeds and water, the latter full of duck (oh! that I had not sold my gun in Shiraz!) and the dry sand spotted with black tents and flocks etc. of Eeliot families. It is a little vale of Cashmire and 8,000 feet high, so much cooler than the Indian hill stations, to say nothing of all this part of Persia being cooler, elevation for elevation, by 1,000 or 2,000 feet than India. Thursday we halted, to give the mules and ponies the full benefit of this rich pasturage. Again both yesterday and today we have had rain, heavy storms and they say there is heavy snow out here in March – snow is only just above us here. In spite of these disagreeables I like this wandering about awfully. It can't be novelty, for that should have worn off 5 years ago, but the more I have of it the more I like it. Yesterday and today I have been busy catching butterflies, picking plants for Duthie and watching duck, coots, and a very pretty bittern which abounds with purplish blue metallic shiny back, black quills, hair brown neck and inner part of wing.

The duck are all in pairs, breeding.



Figure 57: A watercolour by John Compton Pyne of a hill station at Jalapahar, Darjeeling, in British India, painted in January 1879.



Tomb of Cyrus



Figure 58: The illustration published by Ussher, p. 621, showing that Pyne changed a little the disposition of the figures.



Figure 59: Coste, the tomb of Cyrus.



Figure 60: Detail: "Tomb of Cyrus", published by J. Thomson (1891).



Figure 61: "Grave of Cyrus", by Sarre (1910).

I watched too a chukor calling from the top of a rock, they seem plentiful, also a small black & white bird — viz: top of head (occiput, I think it's called) black, surrounded by white wh: extends down the middle of back. The rest of the head, throat, wings tip of the tail & legs & beak black, — Breast, abdomen & under tail White.

Friday May 30th — 3 farasakhs or 11 miles about up the valley to the N by a gentle even slope to Kushki and — nearly at the head of the valley Snows just to the S a glorious climat. I have audited my accounts today & find them satisfactory — Curious as it seems I had only £2 less in my pocket than when I left Peshawur 6 weeks ago! — I climbed the hills bounding the valley at the S.W. got some good flowers saw a ravine deer, but hardly a fair shot & couple of partridge big black & sand grouse and refreshed myself with snow. Saturday, the last day of May we went 4 farasakhs or about 14 miles up the valley & bivouacked in the middle of the dreary plain near water, they said the place was called Shâd koh, but not a habitation did it contain. It clouded over in the afternoon & rained & got awfully cold & cold rain woke me up spattering on my face at about midnight. Sunday June 1st a longish march of 5 farasakhs or about 18 miles to Dehgirdu. This brought us out of the Pobar or Imnehar valley at last & nearly at the end of the Sirkadd road — & Just a note about the Caravan. There are in it about 130 mules ponies & donkies & I suppose about 30 men, but it is difficult to count. The head man of our special caravan, for there are several lumped up into one for marching but is quite separate — is called Mashadi Ismail. that is: his name is Ismail & he is called Mashadi because at some time or another he has been to Meshed & paid his vows at the Shrine of the Iman Reza there, in the same way that a man who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca is called Haji. Mashadi Ismail is a particularly nice man & so are his "merry men" there is his brother Abbas very like him. then a good quiet old chap called Hosein named so like Lucas a new etc... because he's very plain, he gives me

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93 Chukar partridge or Chukar (*Alectoris chukar*).
94 Goldsmid (1874), p. 193: "the ruined caravanserai of Kushki Zard".
95 Stanley (1895), p. 370: "the ancient *Medus*",

Bread & rice when I want it. Then there's Mohtazer, a general joke, who seems to be a wit, then there's Ibrahim whom they have named, since I have been with them, Rakkàs (Dancer) because I played the fiddle to his dancing once or twice - There are several more all exceptionally good men, Three other Charvodars (i.e head muleteers) in the caravan have very jolly faces, always seem in a good temper - They are all Isfahan men who if one may judge from these men, must be a much better set than the Shiràzis. I think I have never seen four such good faces in India or here before. Lastly there is a brute of a Seyid travelling with us - A lazy ill-conditioned looking rascal — a Seyid being a lineal descendent of the Prophet & therefore presumably entitled to do nothing. — He's a brute. Ismail is going to take me on either himself or one of his men from Isfahan to Teheran. Monday June 2nd. Again they lost a mule & halted. Now unless we make a double march I shan't get to Isfahan in 18 days as Mashadi I promised. Still he says he will double up a march — but I doubt it. Tuesday June 3rd at 10 o'clock last night we started - for this march in a buster - 30 full miles - at Daybreak we got half way & the caravan halted & Mr Mashadi's plan was to send me on — so I did up some absolute necessaries, rested 3 hours & set off at 8 am



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to do the remainder of the 30. It was a weary march, didn't get in till 11 o'clock. Then at this time of year it is pretty hot. I several times half determined to risk all questions of money, get on a post horse & gallop into Teheran — but the "economical" finally prevailed & I mean to trudge on. Yezd-i-khast the place we come to, is the queerest of built villages imaginable. It seems to have been once built in the plain & then a river came & made a huge dyke past it & partly round it & left it like a rook's nest stuck in the middle of this dry ditch — very uncomfortable, like a huge castle. — It's height must be 200 feet. Wednesday at 11.30 pm the night before, off we set (it is only I & Abbas, Meshedi Ismail's brother now) 25 miles to Mahomd Beg. I walked the first 17. my pony is such a brute to go, brushes to such an extent in front that the foot coming to the front sometimes catches the other leg & nearly brings him down — We were 7 hours on the road — saw some sand grouse who only flew about 20 yards off on seeing us — also blue rocks & ravens. Scenery same as usual — viz: a barish plain surrounded by the nakedest, barrenest, rocks it is possible to imagine. It seems the same over the whole country. Makhsud By is a take in — From a distance it looks a large place, but huge mud ruins of caravanserais etc a mile before one comes to it, ungainly skeletons shew their beastly tumble down insides, when getting nearer — a few mangy camels loafed about — Thursday 4 furasakhs or 15 miles to

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[96] Stanley (1895), p. 363: "When the strange town is first seen, its houses appear like a cluster of ant hills. Approaching nearer one sees a large graveyard containing many tombs four, five, six hundred years old, a sphinx or two over some graves, and a cupolaed tomb covering a saint. After passing the cemetery, Yezdikhast becomes fully visible in all its perfection of grotesqueness. It stands on a cliffy, flat-topped, anvil-shaped hill, in the middle of a wide river-bed, which is cultivated. The hill is probably 1000 feet long by 200 feet wide and about 100 feet high above the river-bed. The sides of the hill are nearly perpendicular. A light draw-bridge on the western side is the only means of communication with it." • Browne (1893), pp. 223-224: "A long narrow island, with precipitous sides, the summit of which was crowned with tier upon tier of gray, flat-roofed dwellings, which even hung over the edge of the cliff, supported by beams and rafters. These, projecting outwards in all directions, gave to the place the appearance of some strange collection of birds' nests rather than of human habitations." • Dieulafoy (1887), p. 345: "O my blanket, I thank you. You have accorded me the happiness of having subtle limbs, like those of an acrobat, and of being able to climb up to the village…" • Tavernier (1678), p. 45, pointed out early the proverbial use of this village's name (and which Madame Dieulafoy believed to be a quotation from Omar al-Khayyam) when he quotes the proverb: "That to live happy, a Man must have a Wife of Yezd, eat the Bread of Yezdecas, and drink the Wine of Schiras." • Loti (1900), p. 97: "it could be termed one of those unbelievable villages of sea-birds, teetering on the edge of cliffs. It all looks so dangerous, so old and dried out, and about to fall at any moment. However, from every balcony, and every rickety mud window, you see people, children and women, leaning out calmly to watch what is going on below."



1. Yezd-i-khast. Looking W.S.W. June 4th ([18]84)



Figure 62: Yazd-i Khast by Madame Dieulafoy.



Figure 63: Yazd-i Khast by Coste.

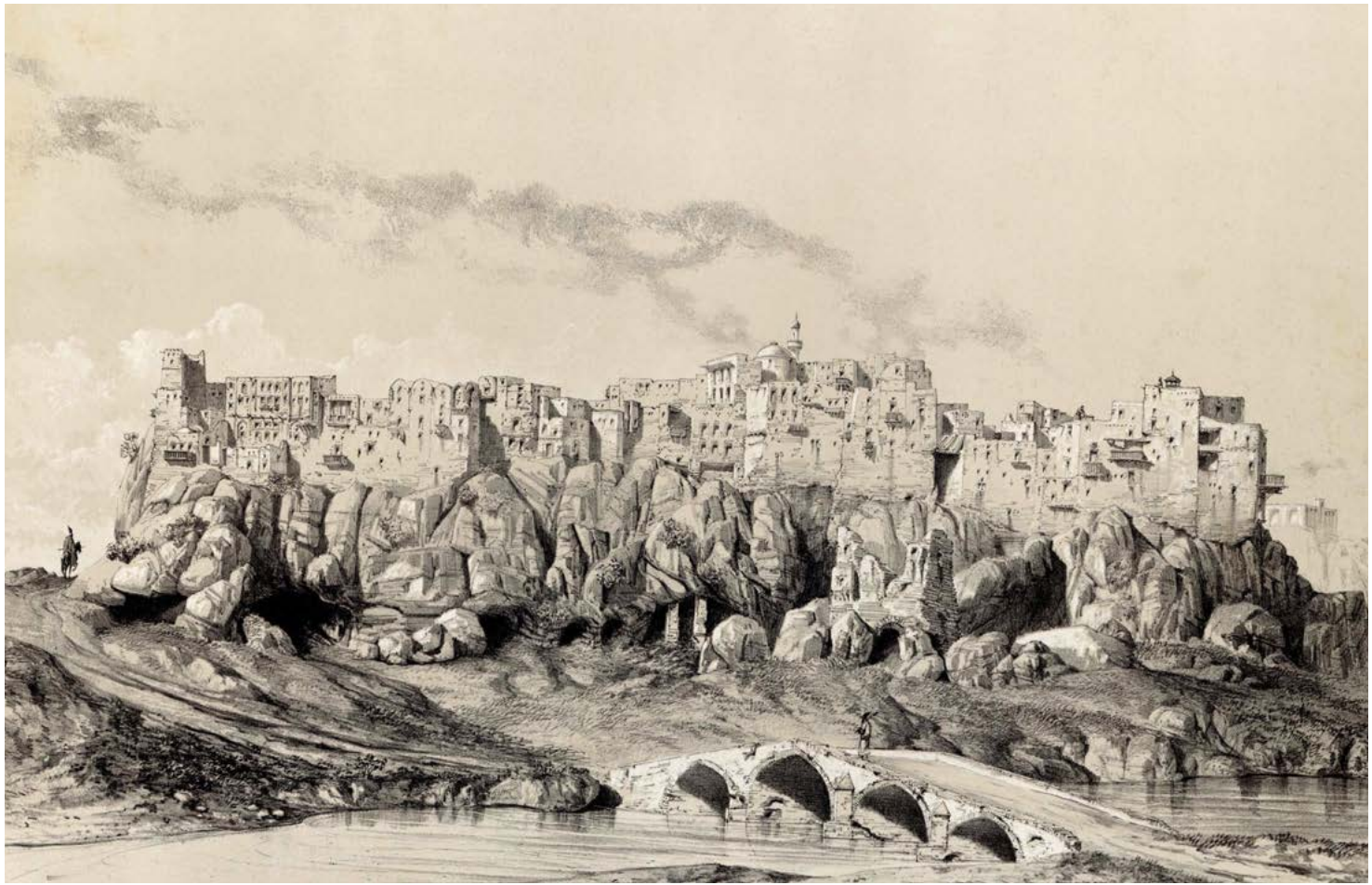


Figure 64: Yazd-i Khast by Coste.



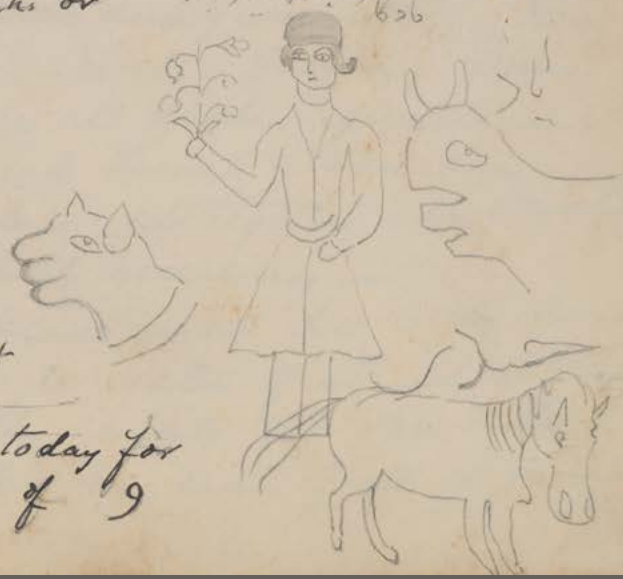
Figure 65: Yazd-i Khast published by J. Thomson (1891), published by J. Thomson (1891..

Koomeshal, a telegraph Station where Mr Mc Intyre a Norwegian, with an Armenian wife, who can barely speak English, & 2 children who cant speak a word — entertained me. He is a most clever mechanic, has an iron & wood shop, lathes Etc.. & amongst the things he has made in the last few years are the house he lives in, boats for the river at Isfahan, 2 wagons, wagonettes, one of which I saw not quite finished, Guns, & any amount of most excellent furniture ——
He was originally an old R. E. Non: Comm: O.
Friday June 6th 5 farasakhs or 18 miles to Mayar &
Saturday the 7th saw me into Isfahan or rather the suburb occupied by the Europeans called Julfa — or long march of 9 farasakhs or about miles



Native Drawings in Caravanserais Chingeskhan and Etc.. are curios some of them.

It is not always easy to decipher what the original was ——



Abba insisted on starting again today for the march into Julfa, as it is a long one of 9

Koomeshah, a telegraph station, where Mr. McIntyre,[97] a Moray man, with an Armenian wife who can barely speak English, and 2 children who can't speak a word, entertained me. He is a most clever mechanic, has an iron and wood shop, lathes, etc. and amongst the things he has made in the last few years are the house he lives in, boats for the river at Isfahan, 2 wagons, wagonettes, one of which I saw not quite finished, guns, and any amount of most excellent furniture. He was originally an old R.E. Non-Commissioned Officer.

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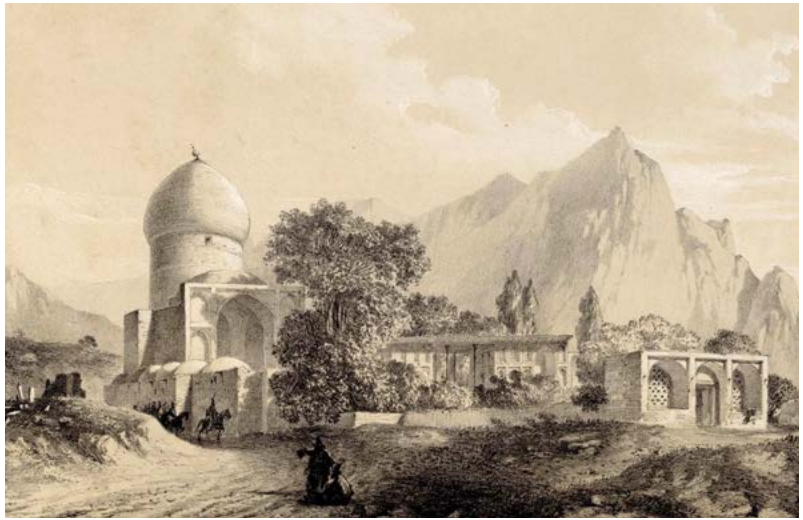


Figure 66: Imam-Zadeh at Komishah by Coste.

[97] "McIntyre, Sergeant J., R.E. Indo-European Government Telegraphs, Komishah, Persia." *Electrical Trades Directory* (1889) (p. 315). • Stevens (1899), vol. 2, p.20: "The English Government has taken charge of the Teheran and Meshed telegraph-line, during the delimitation of the Afghan and Turkestan boundary, and, besides guaranteeing the native telegraph-*jees* their regular salary—which is not always forthcoming from the Persian Government—they pay them something extra. In consequence of this, the telegraph-*jees* are at present very favorably disposed toward Englishmen, and Mirza Hassan readily tenders me the hospitality of the little mud office where he amuses himself daily clicking the keys of his instrument, smoking kalians, drinking tea, and entertaining his guests. Mr. Mclntire [sic] and Mr. Stagno are somewhere between here [Teheran] and Meshed, inspecting and repairing the line for the English Government…"

Farasakks or 30 miles. So we started at 4 p.m. First came a storm of wind & sweet — pass the dust & rain Short stairs pass & trudge Kotal oorchini or we got to a post on till at 10 p.m. house called Marg where I said I'd have a sleep. I slept till a couple of hours before daybreak. The view of Isfahan from a hill the road crosses 3 miles short of Julfa (the Armenian & Christian Quarter) is splendid — is said to be finer than Damascus I went to Mr. Muller's House of Hotz's firm as Mr. Colliq's child (he had asked me to stay with him) was seedy. Mr. Muller is Dutch so is Mr. Colliquoi — Mrs C. is German. Dining there, English Dutch & German were all spoken equally — Some natives & Armenians speak French & there are German, Prussian, Dutch, French, English, all together — A knowledge of something beyond English is absolutely necessary —

Isfahan is a very pretty place — all due to its having a very fair river running over it, the water of which is taken off in numerable little canals & waters miles & miles of gardens or rather orchards, cram full of fruit

farasakhs or 30 miles. So we started at 4 p.m. First came a storm of wind, dust and rain, short and sweet. Past the Kotal Oorchini or Stairs Pass and trudge on till 10 p.m. we got to a post house called Marg where I said I'd have a sleep. I slept till a couple of hours before daybreak. The view of Isfahan from a hill the road crosses 3 miles short of Julfa (the Armenian and Christian Quarter) is splendid – is said to be finer than Damascus. I went to Mr. Muller's House of Hotz's firm[98] as Mr. Collignon's child (he had asked me to stay with him) was seedy. Mr. Muller is Dutch so is Mr. Collignon[99] – Mrs. Collignon is German. Dining there, English, Dutch and German were all spoken equally. Some natives and plenty of Armenians speak French and there are German, Prussian, Dutch, French, English, all together. A knowledge of something beyond English is absolutely necessary.

Isfahan is a very pretty place, all due to its having a very fair river running over it, the water of which is taken off in innumerable little canals and waters miles and miles of gardens or rather orchards, cram full of fruit

[98] Savage-Landor (1902), vol. 1, p. 154: "The firm of Hotz and Son deals in well-nigh everything, and has made good headway of late years. It has large establishments at Isfahan, Shiraz and Bushire, and two agencies, one at Ahwaz on the Karun River, and one in Teheran (Groeneweg, Dunlop, and Co.); while it has correspondents in Bagdad, Busrah, Hongkong and Rotterdam, the head offices being in London. Its carpet manufacturing business in Sultanabad is now carried on by the Persian Manufacturing Co."

[99] Dieulafoy (1887), p. 224: "MM. Collignon et Muller, representatives of an important Dutch trading house…" • Vilmorin (1895), p. 224: "Monsieur Collignon, the representative of the Dutch house of Hotz, owns a large opium manufactory in Isfahan." • Stack (1882), vol. l, p. 22: "I rode to M. Collignon's house in Julfa [see Figure 67, p. 150]. Some newspapers and letters were waiting for me in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Hoernle; these I duly received, and after a bathe in the tank and a cup of coffee, I reclined luxuriously in an easy chair, with a qalyan [water-pipe] and two numbers of the Pall Mall Gazette, rejoicing in ease after toil, and scorning to change my state with kings..."



Figure 67: Julfa church, Isfahan, by Coste.

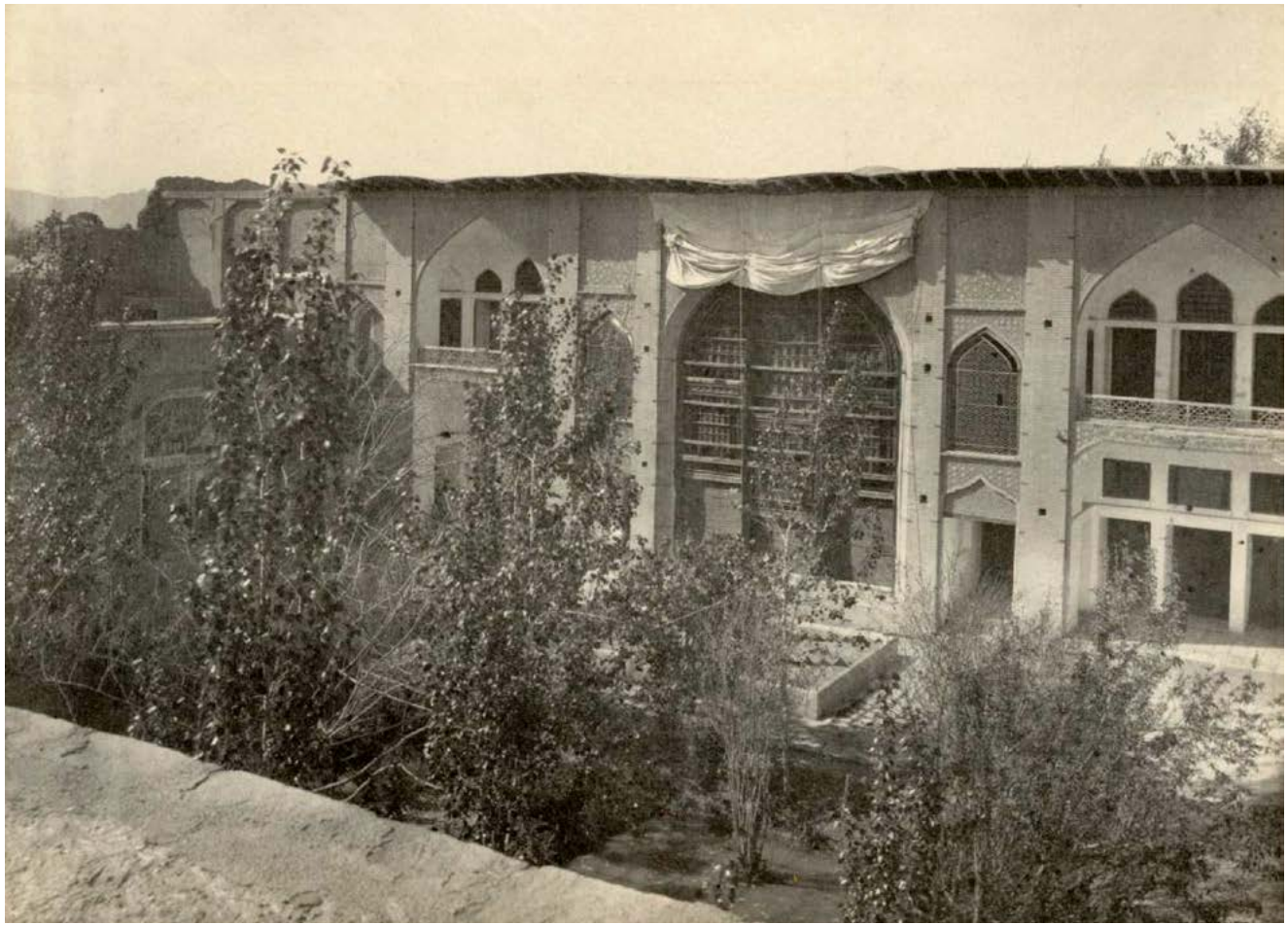


Figure 68: House of a European resident near Julfa, possibly that of Mr. Collignon, published by J. Thomson (1891).

trees of which apricots, cherries, mulberries are now in season & Grapes, common as dirt, make up the remainder. A Mme Dieulafoy some time ago travelled through Persia in man's attire & took good photos. These from them sketches in ink I have made in the actually dined & mixed in man's European Society of Julfa Armenian clothes! This is the is small Bishop The Cathedral and mass of paintings one - very handsome The gilding are many of them women good looking. Missies fairly have a Rev D. Hervey The Chris: Dr R Bruce D.D. and Armenian priest, also a miss Read & here - The river Zinda - and runs between the the work Julfa & is spanned by 7 bridges. City & bridges they are. When I went Very fine into the city I happened to be witness of a scene that few



1 Armenian Arch Bishop of Julfa from a photo of Mme Dieulafoy



2 An Armenian from a photo of Mme Dieulafoy

trees of which apricots, cherries, mulberries are now in season and grapes, common as dirt, make up the remainder. A Mme. Dieulafoy[100] some time ago travelled through Persia in man's attire and took good photos. These sketches in ink I have made from them. She actually dined and mixed in the European society of Julfa in man's clothes! This is the Armenian Bishop.[101] The Cathedral is small – one mass of paintings and gilding – very handsome. The women are many of them fairly good looking. The Christians have a Mission here – Dr. R. Bruce D.D.[102] and

[100] Jane Dieulafoy (1851-1916), wife of the French archaeologist Marcel Dieulafoy and his "collaborateur" on his travels along with her photographic materials. Her own works were lavishly illustrated with engravings of her architectural, archaeological and portrait photographs. Having found it more comfortable and more practical to travel across Persia wearing men's clothing, Jane stuck to the fashion when she returned to France. In 1888 new rooms, "salles Dieulafoy", were created at the Louvre in Paris to display objects brought back from Persia by Marcel.

[101] Basset (1886), pp. 156–157: "comprehends in his diocese the Armenians of India and East Persia… The present archbishop is a courteous gentleman about thirty-five years of age. He derives an uncertain revenue from the impoverished Armenians of Central and Eastern Persia, which is supplemented by funds from India." • As Jane Dieulafoy's illustrated account of her 1881-2 trip to Persia, *la Perse, la Chaldée et la Susiane*, was not published until three years after Pyne's trip, he must have seen prints of her photographs in Julfa. As Calmard points out "she photographed and processed on the spot many portraits of men, women, various social groups, etc." (p. 398), it could be surmised that Madame Dieulafoy left extra prints of her photographs behind for the sitters, hence Pyne was able to copy them. There is a discrepancy between the title of "ArchBishop" written by Pyne under his drawing and that of bishop (Évêque) given to Dieulafoy's 1881-2 photograph (p. 225). • Arnold (1877), p. 248, describes the situation of the Armenian community thus: "There are no fewer than sixteen priests, including a bishop of the Armenian Church, in this wretched suburb; and all these, with their families, have to obtain a living, as unproductive creatures, from the piety of a population little above beggary."

[102] Robert Bruce (1833–1915), the first permanent Anglican missionary in Persia, arrived there in 1869, having completed ten years in the Punjab. In 1882 he translated into Persian the "first version of the Book of Common Prayer prepared in Iran" (Dehqani-Tafti, p. 512; Naiditch (1988), p. 116n). When he left Persia in 1893, he took up various clerical positions in Durham and Gloucester until his death (Naiditch (1988), p. 116n). The British and Foreign Bible Society lists Bruce as the translator of the Persian edition of the New Testament. • Bliss (1904), p. 168: "In 1869 the Rev. R. Bruce, of the CMS, visited Persia, when returning from England to India, and began work at Ispahan. In 1875 the Society formally adopted his work as one of its missions. In 1879 medical work was begun. Since that time doors have opened rapidly; the Babis have seemed friendly and the Muslims generally have been attracted through the medical services of the missionaries. There are (1902) 5 stations, 35 European missionaries, 41 native workers, 100 communicants, and 6 schools, with 497 pupils." • *Church Missionary Society* (1879), p. 56: "… it was not until 1869 that a [Church Missionary Society] Missionary, the Rev. Robert Bruce, visited the country on his way back to India, and then only in order to acquire a more thorough knowledge of Persian. Several circumstances, however, combined to detain him; among which was the desolating famine of 1871-72, during which Mr. and Mrs. Bruce



Figure 69: Armenian bishop of Julfa, photographed by Madame Dieulafoy 1881-2 and engraved by E. Ronjat.



Figure 70: Armenian woman from Isfahan, photographed by Madame Dieulafoy 1881-2 and engraved by Osvaldo Tofani.

were enabled to do much, by the blessing of God, in saving life, and in ministering to famine-stricken sufferers… In 1870, Mr. Bruce was led to establish himself in Julfa… A considerable number of Armenian Christians, dissatisfied with the corrupt teaching and worship of their own Church, have attached themselves to him, and large boys' and girls' Schools have been established." • Basset (1886), p. 157: "The people of Ispahan and Julfah suffered very much from the famine. Many were supported by Mr. Bruce, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. He received from England, for the aid of the sufferers, about sixteen thousand pounds sterling. He fed or aided with these funds about seven thousand people. Of these who were assisted two thousand were Armenians. The remainder were Mohammedans of Ispahan and other places." • Arnold (1877), p. 245: "One sees at a glance that [Bruce] is by nature a theological soldier with a particular taste for religious warfare in the remotest places of the earth." • Benjamin (1887), p. 359, retells an anecdote, which as unlikely as it seems also quotes Bruce directly and it is tempting to wonder whether Bruce felt this incident outweighed his good works. "His Royal Highness, the Zil-i-Sultan, took a notion to attend service on a certain Sabbath at the English Protestant chapel, which is under the charge of the veteran missionary the Rev. Dr. Bruce. Some days subsequent to this two Persians, encouraged by the example of the Prince, also attended the same service. When apprised of the fact, the Zil-i-Sultan summoned them into his presence and ordered their heads to be struck off on the spot. On being remonstrated with by Dr. Bruce for such inconsistency, the Prince replied: 'I have a right to go where I please; and I also went in order to satisfy myself whether Persians attend your services. But if they go to your church they may do it with the intention of changing their religion and to do that is not tolerated by our laws.'"

Rev. Dr. Hoernlé[103] and an Armenian priest, also a Miss Read,[104] do the work. The river Zinda-rud runs between the City and Julfa and is spanned by 7 bridges. Very fine bridges they are. When I went into the city I happened to be witness of a scene that few



Figure 71: Madame Jane Dieulafoy in her typical male attire.



Figure 72: Miss Isabella Read and Armenian girls at the school in Julfa, circa 1890.

[103] Elgood (1951), p. 534: "The visit of the shah to England in 1873 was made the opportunity of presenting to him a memorial praying for religious liberty. Only a very limited amount was granted. But it was enough to make a start and in 1879 the Rev. E. F. Hoernle, an Edinburgh medical man, went out to join Mr Bruce and to establish a Medical Mission." • Floor (1968), p. 73: "...as of 1883, a dispensary with waiting rooms for either sex was operating in Jolfa-Isfahan, which had been established in 1880 and had been managed since then by Dr. E. F. Hoernle of the British Church Missionary Society." • Waterfield (1973), pp. 151–152: Dr. E. F. Hoernlé "one of the five missionary children of the Basel missionary society's missionary, C. E. Hoernlé" (p. 150). Just over a year later [in 1885], Hoernle's wife, the daughter of Robert Bruce, died in childbirth, and in 1889 Hoernlé retired. • Browne (1893), p. 198: "Dr. Hoernle is the only qualified practitioner in Isfahan."

[104] Miss Isabella Read [Figure 71] of the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East arrived in [Isfahan in] 1884 to take over the running of the mission school from Mrs. Bruce. (Francis-Dehqani, p. 292) The Society was "established in 1834, for the purpose of conveying sound scriptural instruction to women and girls of all classes in Asia and Africa, either in their own secluded homes, or in schools" (Daggett (1883), p. 181). • Waterfield (1973), pp. 150–151, informs us that Miss Read was Irish and that "in 1852 the Society... had been approached with a request to send out suitable teachers to teach the ladies of Isfahan and Tehran the manners and learning of the West… Miss Read proved a notable addition to the mission which she served for many years both before and after her marriage to Joseph Aidiniantz, the headmaster of the school for Persian boys. She is also remembered today as the mother of two of the most famous missionaries of a later era, Miss Nouhie [Armerhouie] and Miss Nevarth Aidin."

have been. They had caught 5 Bàbis (a sect believing a sort of Pantheism & who were supposed to have planned to assassinate the Prince) First a procession came of the Ferràsh bashi & attendants with 4 or 5 regular faggots of 6 foot rods. The Bastinading was done in the great square parade ground (called the Maidan) in the middle of the city. But it was not the Bastinadoing that is made up abominable cruelty - After the the five wretches were shaved, licking, black all over with oil & gunpowder painted & then carried thro' the Bazaars for any one & every one to lick unmercifully. They passed within a yard of me, & I saw several sticks come down on their backs almost sufficient of heads & themselves to stun if not kill an ordinary man. Poor devils - it did kill them finally, but they must have suffered awfully —



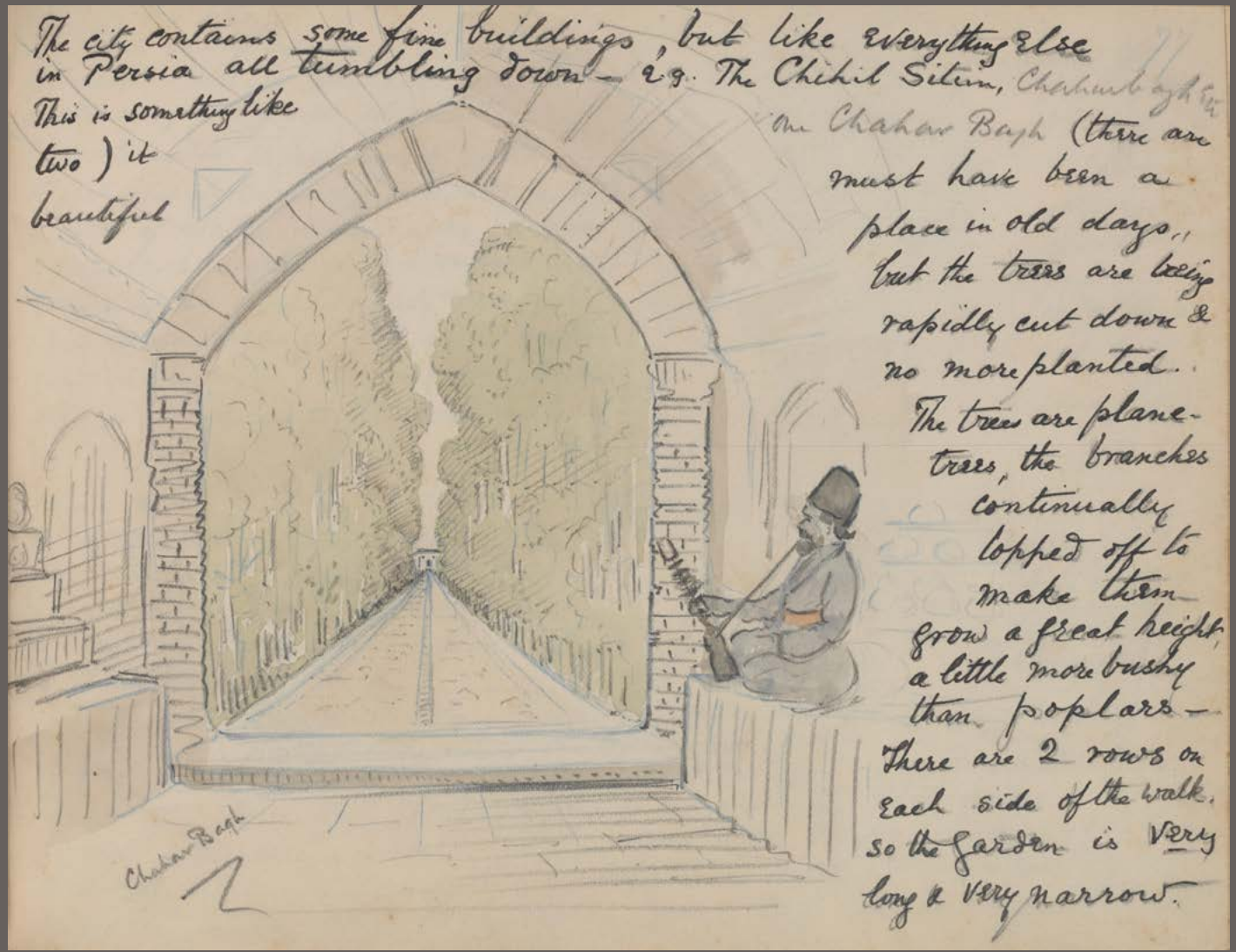
1 Armenian Family from a photo of Prince Dadian's

have been. They had caught 5 Bàbis (a sect believing a sort of Pantheism and who were supposed to have planned to assassinate the Prince). First a procession came of the Ferràshbashi[105] and attendants with 4 or 5 regular faggots of 6 foot rods. The Bastinadoing was done in the great square parade ground (called the Maidan) in the middle of the city. But it was not the Bastinadoing that made up the abominable cruelty. After the licking, the five wretches were shaved, painted black all over with oil and gunpowder and then carried through the Bazaars for anyone and every one to lick unmercifully. They passed within a yard of me, and I saw several sticks come down on their heads and backs almost sufficient of themselves to stun if not kill an ordinary man. Poor devils – it did kill them finally, but they must have suffered awfully.



Figure 73: The Armenian family copied by Pyne… again he must have seen a copy of this in Julfa, as he copied it before it was published.

[105] A rank within the officials at a temple.



The city contains some fine buildings, but like everything else in Persia all tumbling down – e.g. The Chihil Situn, Chahar bagh &c. This is something like two) it beautiful

on Chahar Bagh (there are must have been a place in old days, but the trees are being rapidly cut down & no more planted. The trees are plane-trees, the branches continually lopped off to make them grow a great height, a little more bushy than poplars – There are 2 rows on each side of the walk, so the garden is very long & very narrow.

The city contains some fine buildings, but like everything else in Persia all tumbling down, e.g. the Chihil Situn, Chahar Bagh, etc. This is something like one Chahar Bagh (there are two) – it must have been a beautiful place in old days, but the trees are being rapidly cut down and no more planted. The trees are plane trees, the branches continually lopped off to make them grow a great height, a little more bushy than poplars. There are 2 rows on each side of the walk, so the garden is very long and very narrow.



Figure 74: Chihil Sutun interior by Coste.



Figure 75: The Chahr Bagh by Madame Dieulafoy showing the trees which Pyne complains are being "rapidly cut down".



Figure 76: The Chahr Bagh by Madame Dieulafoy showing the entrance to the *madrasa mader-yi shah*.

The Streets or rather Lanes of Julfa are the queerest alleys you ever saw. Can you make any thing out of this? — Imagine 2 mud walls 16 feet high & quite blank & 18 feet apart, enclosing a path 2 or 3 yards wide of willow or a ditch of water a yard wide, a row few hundred young ash saplings, & & crossed every and these yards by an arched gate way. — but 4 or 5 same lanes never go 100 yards & often -side them yards straight. They're all alike. Houses & orchards are enclosed in — Walls —



Lane in Julfa

× × × × × × × × × × ×

a parcel of 2 months home letters has just arrived from Teheran & so the wedding is to be the 11th I wish I had risked the telegram yesterday, but I thought the date might have been changed. — I'll send it off at once

Saturday I called on Mr Colignon & the Rev: Bruce D.D. the Missionary here. On Sunday I went to church at the Mission Chapel in the evening — Monday dined with Dr Bruce, & saw that exhibition of Persian Pennwhimmy in the City. Tuesday Mr Muller & I dined at the Colignon's & I went a ride in the afternoon on Mr Craig's horse & the brute (16 years old) came down onto his head — I got rather under him & got a bruise & strain — no further harm done. Wednesday June 11th I rode with Dr Horryle

The streets or rather lanes of Julfa are the queerest alleys you ever saw. Can you make anything out of this? Imagine 2 mud walls 16 feet high and quite blank and 18 feet apart, enclosing a path 2 or 3 yards wide,[106] a ditch of water a yard wide, a row of willow or young ash saplings, and crossed every few hundred yards by an arched gateway. And these same lanes never go 100 yards and often but 4 or 5 yards straight. They're all alike. Houses and orchards are enclosed inside these walls.

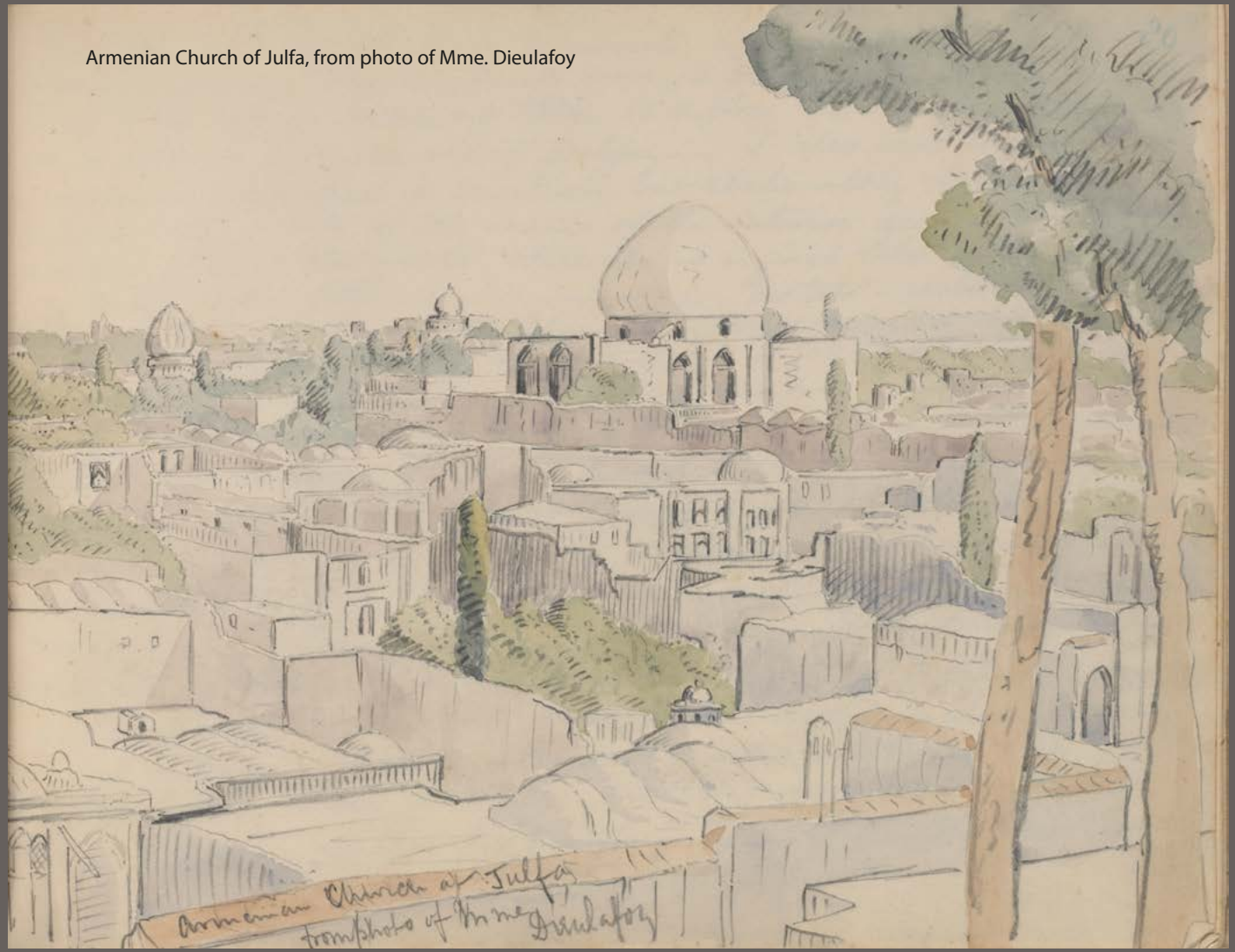
A parcel of 2 months' home letters has just arrived from Teheran, and so the wedding[107] is to be the 11th. I wish I had risked the telegram yesterday, but I thought the date might have been changed. I'll send it off at once. Saturday I called on Mr. Collignon[108] and the Rev. Bruce D.D., the missionary here. On Sunday I went to church at the Mission Chapel in the evening. Monday dined with Dr. Bruce, and saw that exhibition of Persian [indecipherable word] in the city. Tuesday Mr. Muller and I dined at the Collignons and I went a ride in the afternoon on Mr. Craig's horse and the brute (16 years old) came down onto his head. I got rather under him and got a bruise and strain – no further harm done. Wednesday June 11th I rode with Dr. Hoernlé

[106] Persian has a special name for this type of narrow lane, a "sulk-no-more" lane, the implication being that if two people walk down the lane, even if they entered it on bad terms with each other, their enforced proximity means that they will exit the alley as friends.

[107] An unknown hand has added the ungrammatical comment on the facing page: "N.B. the wedding alluded to, is that of his sister's". Indeed, Emily Mary Dillman Pyne (1854-1928) married in 1884 Rev. Algernon Stewart McKenzie Bagot (1853-1930). The marriage of his sister, at what was then the advanced age of 30 and on the very edge of permanent spinsterhood, may throw some light on her brother John's seeming lack of romantic life.

[108] See footnote 99, p. 149.

Armenian Church of Julfa, from photo of Mme. Dieulafoy



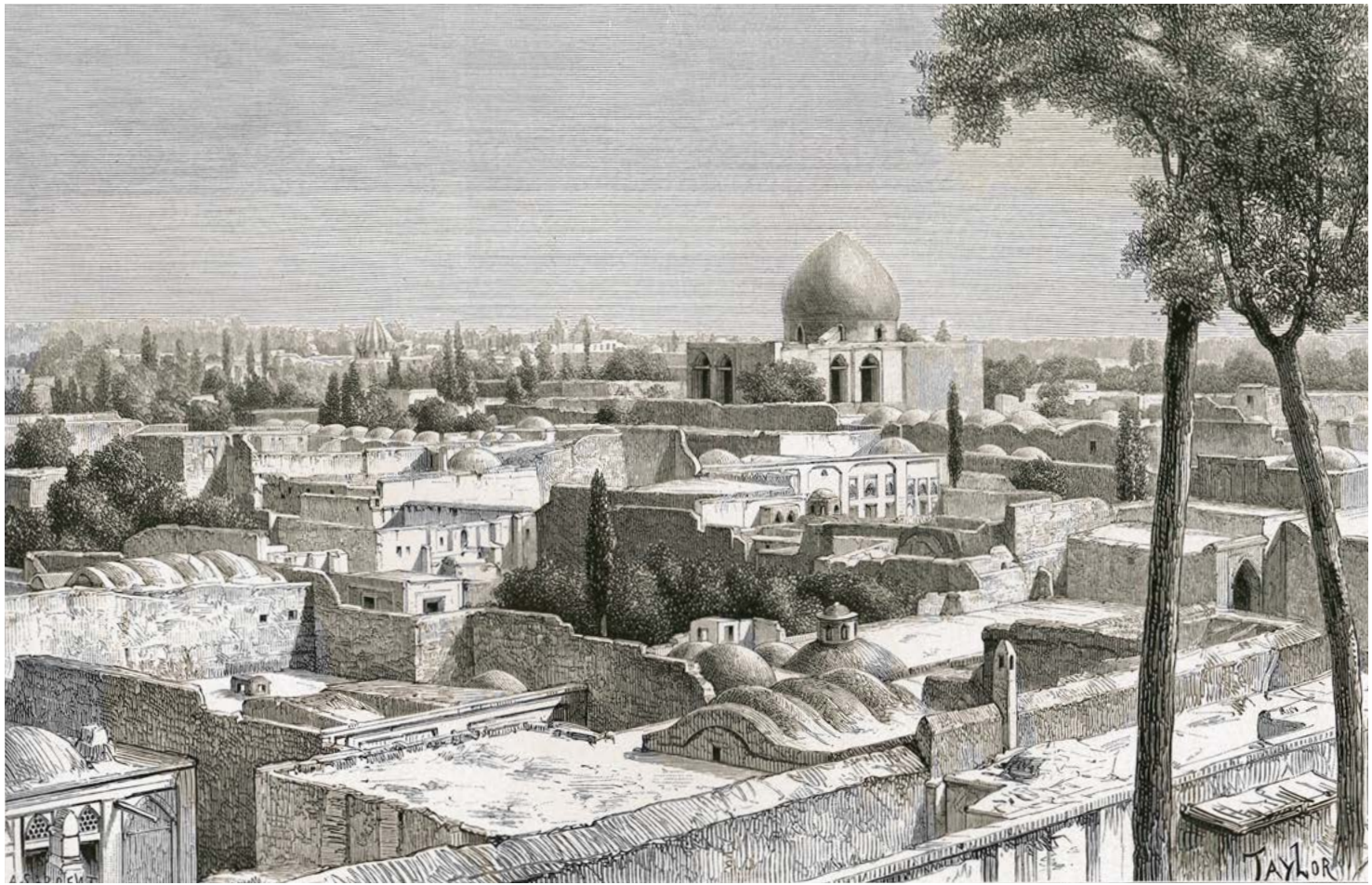


Figure 77: Panoramic view of the Armenian church at Julfa by Madame Dieulafoy.

& Miss Bruce to the Shaking Minarets, a most remarkable freak of building. Two minarets sway & rock by a man's simply going to the top & swaying them to & fro. The Temple where they are is about 6 miles out of Julfa - I also went to see the armenian Cathedral, a smallish but elaborately decorated building, the whole of the walls of the interior are one mass of pictures of Bible subjects, otherwise it is just like a R.C. Church.

Friday, I did little ~~— got my effects off~~, but take a walk with Muller. Saturday too passed because the Charvadar would not start, but finally on Sunday Morning June 15th, at about 5.30 a.m. I got off & walked to Gez 4 farasakhs out of Isfahan & about 17 miles from Julfa. So now I am fairly off by caravan again for Teheran. I several times almost decided to go chupper, but decided each time finally that expense was my one object, & discomfort & ~~stoppages~~ speed & a little more time must be sacrificed to saving my pocket. But I have had enough slow marching & it gets very wearying - too much of it particularly alone. I may perhaps go in for the carriage they run from Teheran to Kasvin on the Resht road if I can get anyone to share it with me, as it gets one over some desert marches which I don't relish - However I cannot decide anything till I get to Teheran. I owe Mr Muller, Mr Colliquon, & Mr Bruce all kinds of thanks for their hospitality — This is Muller's horse &

and Miss Bruce to the Shaking Minarets, a most remarkable freak of building.[109] Two minarets sway and rock by a man's simply going to the top and swaying them to and fro. The temple where they are is about 6 miles out of Julfa. I also went to see the Armenian Cathedral, a smallish but elaborately decorated building, the whole of the walls of the interior are one mass of pictures of Bible subjects, otherwise it is just like a R.C. church.[110]

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[109] Curzon (1892), vol. 2, pp. 57-58: "…the Minari Jumban, or Shaking Minarets, of Kalehdan, or Guladan, a village about six miles to the west of Isfahan. Here there is the tomb of a Sheikh Abdullah, though what particular Abdullah no one appears to know… upon either side of the façade above the arch rise the two minarets to an additional height of about twenty feet, the entire structure being of brick. A small spiral staircase in the interior of either minaret leads to the summit, which is pierced with open arches. An individual usually ascends the right-hand tower, where, by pressing against the walls and swaying to and fro, he imparts an oscillation to the minaret, which, passing along the intervening platform about thirty feet in length, is communicated to the other tower; so that both of them visibly sway in company with the operator, describing a deviation of several inches from the perpendicular. Writers have exhausted their ingenuity in the attempt to explain this phenomenon, which is, of course, attributed by the Persians to the wonderful properties of the defunct Sheikh [Abdallah]… The only folly is that of the visitor who is in the smallest degree excited by so commonplace, even if uncommon, a manifestation." • Madame Dieulafoy's husband Marcel is called upon to provide a scientific explanation of how the minarets tremble. After finishing an exposition of her husband's triumph in explaining away the prejudices of the local "poor classes" she states triumphantly: "C'est, on le voit, l'application fortuite d'un théorème de mécanique élémentaire" (Dieulafoy (1887), p. 278).

[110] All Saviors (or Vank) Cathedral... built by royal decree after 1614. The interior decoration was decidedly Christian: representational murals donated by a prosperous Armenian merchant with images derived from European engravings (Bloom (2009), vol. 1, p. 488).

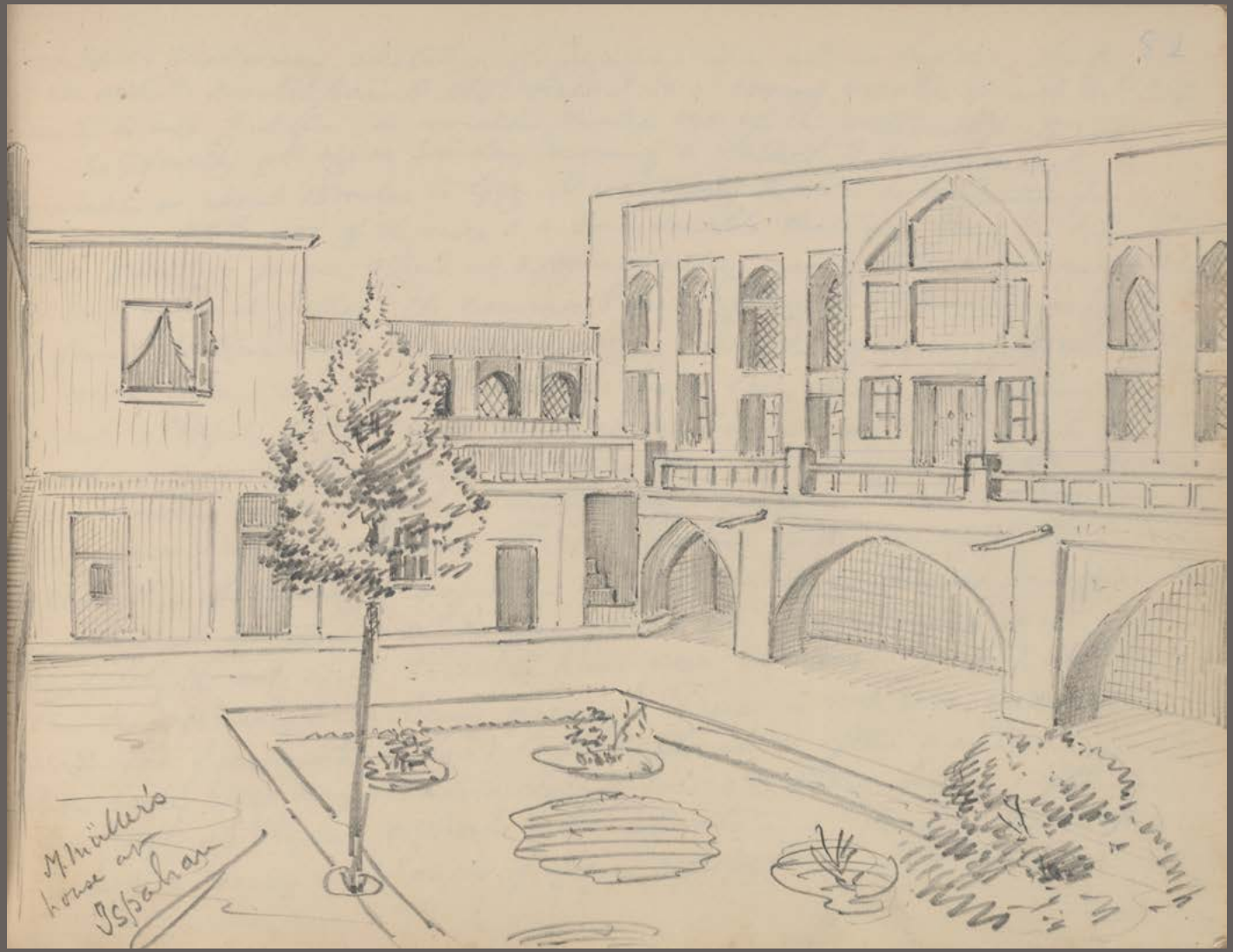

M. Müller's
house at
Ispahan



Figure 78: The shaking minarets (Menar-e-jomban), photograph by Luigi Pesce, circa 1855. Source: Bibliothèque nationale de France.



Figure 79: The shaking minarets illustrated by d'Allemagne (1911).



Figure 80: House of a leading Shiraz merchant, published by J. Thomson (1891).

I couldn't make any sketches of Isfahan it is all so big etc but if an artist could paint the view I saw coming over the spur of Mt Sufi from the S into Julfa, it would make one of the prettiest pictures —

So I finally gott off on Sunday morning & walked the first march 4 farasakhs or about 15 miles to Gez. It was really 2 miles or so further, for Julfa is on the S side of the river & a considerable distance from the city that while I had to pass, stand at, & occasionally cursed with a "pidar sukhta" or "Son of a burnt father" the common Persian form of abuse — We found the Caravan already at Gez, consisting of Meshedi Ismail & his merry men, tho' a few changes had been made. Ibrahim the dancer & Rejeb ali & one or 2 more having seceeded — Monday June 16th we did 26 miles from Gez to Morchikhor. These first marches out of Isfahan are terribly dreary - There's hardly a tree growing wild in Persia. The date palms of the Sea Coast, the garden trees of Shiraz & Isfahan & a few walnut trees as margin & to Soh are all cultivated & the few oaks at Dasht-i-ber are absolutely the only wild trees I have seen in Persia — and so how can the scenery help being dreary? There is not even enough wood for firewood, a dead tufted plant is often used — Bare rocky hills very scantily clothed towards their bases with a few tufts of thyme & such like plants — Tuesday 22 miles to Soh, a pretty little oasis of green among these wild hills

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Tuesday 22 miles to Soh, a pretty little oasis of green among these wild hills.

[111] Condor (1830), vol. 2, p. 174: "Near Gez, which is a considerable village, are extensive plantations of melon, cotton, and the castor-plant. Its caravanserai, though falling into decay, is still a handsome monument of the magnificence of the Sefi [Safavid] monarchs."

[112] Condor (1830), vol. 2, p. 174: "At Mourcheh-kourd, there is a mud-built castle, with about 200 houses. A handsome caravanserai is seen at the distance of 12 miles N, 15° W."



Wednesday June 18th 12 miles only — so as to get advantage of a little good pasturage at the edge of a little stream running down from the top of the Kohrad pass. We bivouacked in the open Swards The map says its 8750 feet — a good elevation, it's certainly a most pleasant climate, how different from India now! — Delhi sort e.g. It has been one steady rise from Morchiker, which too is higher than Ispahan — ~~Swiss leaving Pechawer~~ .

Wednesday June 18th 12 miles only – so as to get advantage of a little good pasturage at the edge of a little stream running down from the top of the Kohrud Pass southwards. We bivouacked in the open. The map says it's 8,750 feet – a good elevation, it's certainly a most pleasant climate, how different from India now – Delhi Fort e.g. It has been one steady rise from Morchiker,[113] which too is higher than Isfahan.

1. Patches of snow
2. The barest of rocky hills
3. To Kohrud 5 miles
4. Top of Kohrud Pass
5. Looking W.N.W.

[113] Morche Khort.



18 stone!

I have got rid of a lot of baggage - viz gun, bed, tin cooking kit, tin box - so that now I travel with one pony carrying Everything, me included when tired, as I walk as much as possible considering 18 stone too big a load for a pony to do an average of 24 miles a day with — tho' I do not doubt he would. This then is the object to get to, to combine the greatest economy with a wee bit of comfort. No servant at all is required, not even for the pony for it is one of 20 in the caravan. Walk as much as possible, but always have the means of getting a lift if foot sore etc.... lastly live on the food of the mulatoes, they cook it & give you some. Thus I live & travel for £1 a week

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Today the pony I had from Shiraz to Isfahan & which I insisted on changing at Isfahan died from what the Charvodar said was "Chàe-dàh" whatever that is, I can't find out — Cholic I think.
Thursday June 19th 3½ farasahks or about 12 miles down the N slope of the great central Persia plateau past Kohrud, the prettiest little village I have yet seen in Persia, it is Magic. The road runs through a lane overhung with walnut trees & the round shapely walnuts with a light coloured willow, & tall thin poplars sticking up out of them, with the rich green of the unripe corn in terraces down the middle of the little valley, all contrasting with the fearful — naked-ness of the hills round, the houses of the village overlooking all this green from a little eminence to one side, makes a pretty place of it. — Again we camped out in the open, why, I dont know for a mile back we passed a caravanserai, but it's as well to always chime in with all these muleteers whims, they generally have a good reason if one only knew it — The place is called Galrabad, which means the village of the Gusbres or fire-worshippers the old religion of Persia before Islam came, & still existing among the Indian Parsis. There are several places with this name. Friday to Kashan, which I could see from Galrabad with a glass. Now we are on the Edge of the great salt desert, on the left the hill ranges from which I have come & on the right — nil! right away as far as one can see, a bare level dusty plain.

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Friday to Kashan, which I could see from Gabrabad with a glass. Now we are on the edge of the great salt desert, on the left the hill ranges from which I have come and on the right – nil! right away as far as one can see, a bare level dusty plain.

[114] Condor (1830), vol. 2, p. 176: "'This place,' says Sir W. Ouseley, 'is justly celebrated as one of the pleasantest in Persia.'" • Browne (1893), p. 186: "… the curious dialect spoken in and around Ḳohrúd and Natanz, and, anxious to acquire further information about it, I mentioned the matter to my host, who at once volunteered to bring in two or three of the people of the place to converse with me."

[115] Condor (1830), vol. 2, p. 178: "At the end of the pass, where the mountains on the right terminate, are the ruins of a mud-built village called *Guebr-abad* (the town of the Guebres); and within about three quarters of a mile of these ruins, is a fine caravanserai on an eminence, with a tank in front, of the time of Shah Abbas."


1
2
3 Gabrabäa.
June 10.

1. W.S.W. Snowy Peak
2. Looking S.W.W.
3. Gabradad. June 18

At Kashan I went to the Telegraph Office. It was about 6.a.m when I knocked him up & very surly & angry he (Mr. Dr. Vignrau) was at being roused so early, but later, when he had come to himself, no one could have been more hospitable than he & his wife (a Russian) shewed themselves. He is a Prussian, served in the '70-1 war, had travelled a good deal in Java, China, England, France, Russia etc. Can write & was an accomplished linguist. He talked Russian to his wife, German to the Children (2 jolly little ones) & English to me. Madame Dr. not knowing English I had to talk to her in Persian — I wish I could have spoken French — Saturday 4 farasakhs or 14 miles about to Sin Sin — a dreary place with a Caravanserai & abambar or water store, big covered in tanks for holding & keeping cool water.



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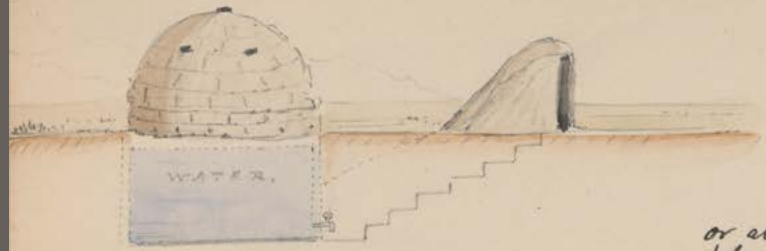
Saturday 4 farasakhs or 14 miles about to Sin Sin – a dreary place with a Caravanserai[118] and abambar or water store, big covered-in tanks for holding and keeping cool water.

1. At night!
2. Seyid

116 Vilmorin (1895), p. 207: "This telegraph station belongs at one and the same time to the English employee and the Persian attendant. The Persian occupies the ground floor and gets on well with the Englishman who is on the first floor."

117 The Franco-Prussian War (19 July 1870 – 10 May 1871).

118 Stanley (1895), vol. 2, p. 331: "Sin-Sin has also a fine caravanserai, and close to it are the remains of the village, which formerly must have been very populous." • Curzon (1892), vol. 2, p. 12, provides the explanation for this lack of population: "Sinsin was once a flourishing place, but was ruined by the Turkomans at the end of the last century..." • Browne (1893), p. 236: "The building, although it appeared totally neglected, even the doors being torn away from their hinges, is magnificently constructed, and I wandered with delight through its long, vaulted, dimly-lit stables, its deserted staircases, and untenanted rooms."



The best have this dodge by which the tank is kept more completely shut up, & so the water cooler & purer - viz: a flight of steps leads down to a tap which takes the water from the bottom, the ordinary ones are simply roofed tanks. ——

Sunday June 22nd saw us 6 Farasakh or about 22 miles further on the road at a place called Pasangoon —— nothing but a Caravanserai & Post House ——

We were going on to Lungirud, but they changed their minds ——

Monday into Koom, where Serg.t & Mrs Blake R.E. put me up most kindly, This is a large city held very sacred among Persians on account of its containing the Tomb of a lady called Fatimah, sister of the Imam Reza of Meshed. This good lady's tomb is said to be beautiful inside, the outside Dome at any rate, which I could see, is all gold, Gilded like the Umritzur Temple or the little Golden temple at Delhi. Persian Corpses are brought great distances to be buried here, in the sacred neighbourhood of Fatimah, by which they think to save their Souls. —

Koom is very hot, is on the edge of the Desert & has not too much water, & is to boot very fanatical naturally I halted a Day at Koom, but only because the halting of the caravan compelled me. On Wednesday



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---

119 Stanley (1895), vol. 2, p. 330: "Pasangûn has a noble old caravanserai, and a chappar khaneh."

120 Possibly the Mr. and Mrs. Blake whom Browne (1893) met at the telegraph office of Dihbid. (p. 236). Only two years earlier, Stack (1882), claiming that "no unbeliever ever lived permanently in holy town until our telegraph office was established there," also pointed out that the telegraph officer was "an object of unwilling toleration and secret abhorrence to a large class of the population" (vol. 2, pp. 136, 139).

121 The Golden Temple of the Sikhs at Amritsar.

122 Possibly the Gurdwara Bangla Sahib.

123 It may be that Pyne's singular lack of interest in the monuments of Qom stems from the proverb later quoted by Sykes (1902), p. 158: "A dog of Kashan is the superior of the noblemen of Kum, though a dog is the superior of a Kashani." • Pyne may also have been attempting to avoid Qom altogether due to the number of fugitives from justice residing there and its reputation for fanaticism as stated by Curzon (1892), vol. 2, pp. 11–12: "As might be expected from so holy a place, the population contains a large number of *seyids*-fanatics inured to long impunity of conduct–and is much addicted to bigotry and superstition... Its title of Dar-el-Aman or Seat of Safety is an indication that its shrine is a particularly favourite sanctuary for Mussulman refugees; and many is the malefactor who has escaped retribution by a flight to the inviolate asylum of its walls."



Figure 81: Caravansarai at Pasangoon by Coste.

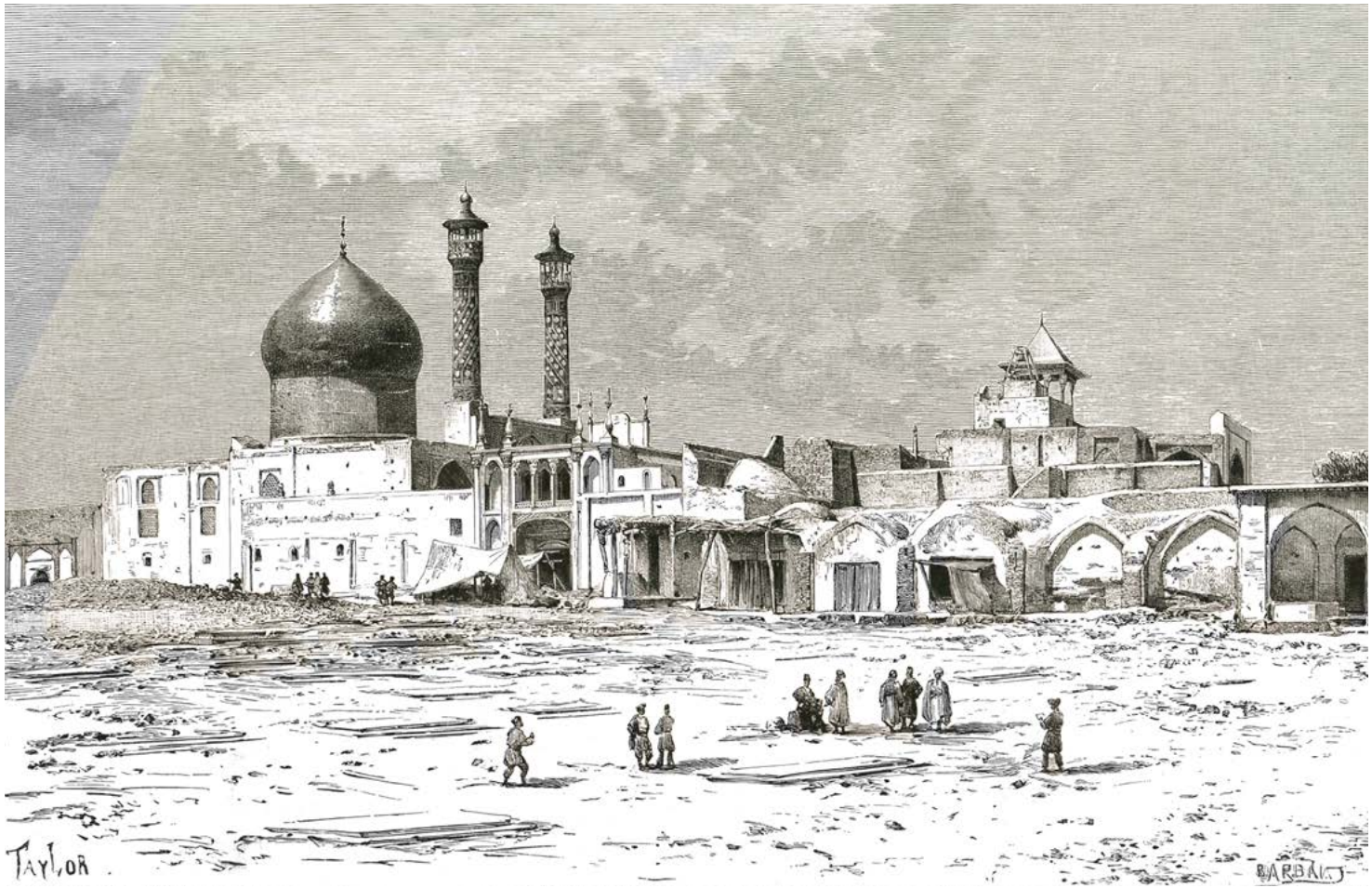


Figure 82: Tombeau de Fatma à Koum. - Dessin de Taylor, d'après une photographie.



1. Caravan of Corpses en route to Kerbela. Ussher's Journey

1



Figure 83: The original of the caravan of corpses by Ussher.



Figure 84: The caravan of corpses by de Windt.



Figure 85: Madame Dieulafoy's view of the same scene engraved by Osvaldo Tofani.

I got one × march out of Koom to a place called Manzarea
Sarabands. The day was extra hot & the post home was full
of Persian Gentlemen with their ladies & attendants, compelling
me to keep outside. In the Evening Dr. Horrule rode in &
persuaded me to ride on Chupper with him into Teheran, which
I was the more willing to do as I could go cheaper with him
than alone & I was heartily sick of this hot bit of the
road. The worst of the thing was that I had unfortunately
left my saddle in Isfahan, not intending to Chupper, so
I had to ride a Persian Saddle & the agony can only be
appreciated by any one who has ridden on one.
Nearly 100 Miles ride in 24 hours was no joke, bang off &
I was jolly well glad when at last at 7. p.m. on Thursday
evening June 26th I got down at the Telegraph Office
door & I was put up by Mr. Jahie the Superintt. —
Friday, I took easy. Saturday I went to Mr Broglie, a German
the representative of Messrs Ziegler & Co: & bought Russian
money - gold Imperials - 47 of them which ought to carry
me to England —

I got on the march out of Koom to a place called Manzareia 5 farasakhs. The day was extra hot and the post home was full of Persian gentlemen with their ladies and attendants, compelling me to keep outside. In the evening Dr. Hoernlé rode in and persuaded me to ride on chupper with him into Teheran, which I was the more willing to do as I could go cheaper with him than alone and I was heartily sick of this hot bit of the road. The worst of the thing was that I had unfortunately left my saddle in Isfahan, not intending to chupper, so I had to ride a Persian saddle[124] and the agony can only be appreciated by anyone who has ridden on one. Nearly 100 miles' ride in 24 hours was no joke, bang off and I was jolly well glad when at last at 7 p.m. on Thursday evening June 26th I got down at the Telegraph Office door and I was put up by Mr. Fahie,[125] the Superintendent.

Friday, I took easy; Saturday, I went to Mr. Broglie, a German, the representative of Messrs. Ziegler & Co.[126] and bought Russian money – gold Imperials – 47 of them which ought to carry me to England.

[124] English saddles were made of softer leather and contained much more padding.

[125] John Joseph Fahie (1846-1934), author of *A History of Wireless Telegraphy* (London, 1902). From December 1867 he worked for the Indo-European Government Telegraph Department. His obituary in *The Times* (20 June, 1934, p. 9) points out that he did "much pioneer work in establishing communication between England and her Colonies in the mid-Victorian era."

[126] See above, page xxx, note 2.

~~In the Evening we took a walk thro' the principal part of Ispahan.~~ In the Evening Mr. Alex Irwin, Consul at Resht, called for me & drove me up to Gulabek the Summer Qrs of the Legations. British French, Russian Etc.... So pretty & cool. The British Legation consists of Mr. Thompson's house & large grounds well planted & watered containing also the house of the Secretaries Doctor Etc, all good houses, well furnished, though the Official residence of the Minister & his staff etc is in Teheran in finer buildings by far than these at Gulubek. Gulabek is roughly 7 miles from Teheran to the N. — I slept up there in Mrs' house Saturday night dining at the French Minister's Mons: , at the Village of Tejrish. His is one of the best houses in Teheran: There were dining The French Minister & his Secretary, an ambassador of Sorts from Venezuela, an Italian, Mr. Chirrol, Mr. Irwin Mr. Churchill & myself. All the conversation was in French, & all spoke it as fluently & comfortably as their mother tongue, but Me - How I am handicapped! Again a Sunday morning a Russian officer of Cossacks & a Prussian

In the evening Mr. Alex Finn,[127] Consul at Resht, called for me and drove me up to Gulabek,[128] the summer quarters of the Legations, British, French, Russian, etc. So pretty and cool. The British Legation consists of Mr. Thompson's[129] house and large grounds, well planted and watered,[130] containing also the house of the Secretaries, Doctor, etc., all good houses, well furnished, though the official residence of the Minister and his staff etc. is in Teheran in finer buildings by far than these at Gulabek. Gulabek is roughly 7 miles from Teheran to the N. I slept up there in Finn's house Saturday night, dining at the French Minister's, at the village of Tejrish. His is one of the best houses in Teheran. There were dining the French Minister[131] and his Secretary, an ambassador of sorts from Venezuela, an Italian, Mr. Chirrol,[132] Mr. Finn, Mr. Churchill[133] and myself. All the conversation was in French, and all spoke it as fluently and comfortably as their mother tongue but me. How I am handicapped!

Again on Sunday morning a Russian officer of Cossacks and a Prussian

[127] Alexander Finn, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., H.B.M. Consul at Resht and author of *Persian for Travellers* (London, 1884). Finn remained in Persia until at least 1913 and was a victim of the "outrages" of late 1912 against the lives and property of British subjects in Southern Persia. It was reported in the British House of Commons by the M.P. Colonel Yate that "Mr. Finn, of the Indo-European Telegraph Department *en route* from Teheran to Yazd, on duty, was stripped of everything and badly mauled" (*Hansard*, 25 March 1913).

[128] Gholhak.

[129] Sir Ronald Ferguson Thomson (1830-1888). He became Minister after his brother, William Taylour Thomson.

[130] Stack (1882), vol. 2, p. 154: "The English Legation lies ensconced in the loveliest gardens, with grass and running water, and shade of elms, walnuts, and plane-trees."

[131] Marie René Davy Chavigné de Balloy (French minister in Teheran 1881-98).

[132] Sir (Mary) Ignatius Valentine Chirol (1852–1929), journalist He had been requested by the Swedish industrialist, Thorsten Nordenfelt (1842-1920), to deliver a Nordenfelt quick-firing machine gun to the Shah "so as to enlist His Majesty's personal interest in the matter." (Chirol, 1928, p. 144). Of his trip across Persia he later wrote (Chirol (1929), p. 90): "What I... saw in Persia, was a once historic country running to waste under the profligate rule of wastrels who cared nothing either for the bodies or the souls of the people on whom they preyed."

[133] Harry Lionel Churchill (1860–1924), "Translator and Clerk to Her Majesty's Legation at Tehran" 1883–1885 (*The London Gazette*, 2 October 1883, p. 4752). Churchill's father had been a diplomat, fluent in Ottoman Turkish and had served in Tehran in the 1850s. The physician of the legation was Sidney John Alexander Churchill (1862–1921) and some historians have conflated the former with the latter.



Figure 86: Tajrish by Thomson (1891).

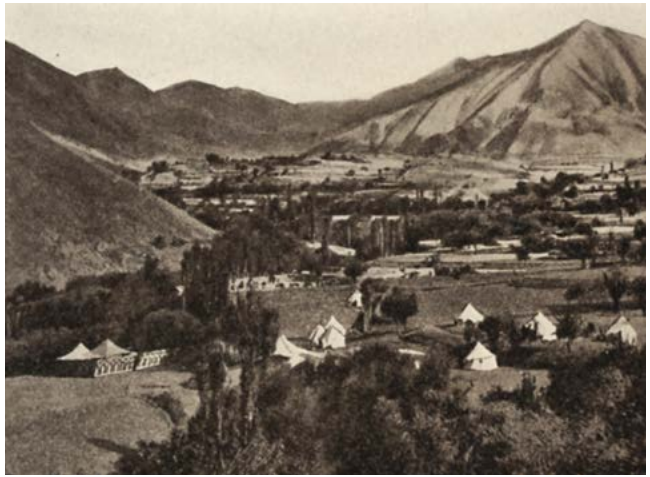
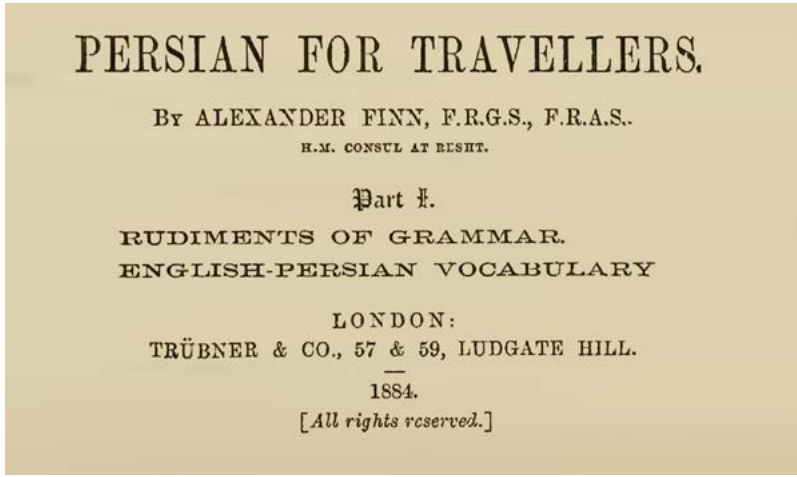


Figure 87: Gulabek Valley showing the British-owned properties (1911).



PERSIAN FOR TRAVELLERS.

By ALEXANDER FINN, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S.

H.M. CONSUL AT RESHT.

Part I.

RUDIMENTS OF GRAMMAR.

ENGLISH-PERSIAN VOCABULARY

LONDON:

TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

1884.

[*All rights reserved.*]

Figure 88: *Persian for Travellers* by Alexander Finn, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., H.M. Consul at Resht (London, 1884).

called & unfortunately we had no common language, they not knowing Persian even — though they spoke French perfectly — & I was the more sorry that I could not talk to the Russian as he seemed a very jolly chap, a Lieut, & had served with Scobeloff, & was at the assault & capture of Geoke Tepe. He asked me through Jinn about Peshawur. I could only remark that "la langue c'est un bête noir" which he agreed to. I called on the Minister, a Mr & Mrs Dickson 1st Secretary, Mr & Mrs Jenner Oriental Secretary, Dr & Mrs Baker etc. Dr Horruli had a service in a room in & Col: Smith's house at 3.30 p.m & Jinn drove me down to Tahiis again in the evening. Gulabek is a very pretty place & the climate is simply perfect now. In the evening I dined at Mr Broglies — again French & Persian spoken, the French of which was gibberish, particularly as an old Austrian told some very good stories — Jinn is Consul & Resht & starts tomorrow on special duty to Meshed to watch the Russian, now Col: Stewart 5 p.l. has gone home. Monday afternoon Mr. Broglie sent up a Charvodar who would take me to Meshed: Sar for K. 26/- — wonderfully cheap!

called and unfortunately we had no common language, they not knowing Persian even – though they spoke French perfectly – and I was the more sorry that I could not talk to the Russian as he seemed a very jolly chap, a Lieutenant, and had served with Scobeloff, and was at the assault and capture of Geoke Tepe.[134] He asked me through Finn about Peshawur.[135] I could only remark that "la langue c'est un bête noir" [sic] which he agreed to. I called on the Minister,[136] a Mr. and Mrs. Dickson 1st Secretary,[137] Mr. and Mrs. Jenner Oriental Secretary,[138] Dr. and Mrs. Baker,[139] etc. Dr. Hoernlé had a service in a room in Col. Smith's house[140] at 3.30 p.m. and Finn drove me down to Fahie's again in the evening. Gulabek is a very pretty place and the climate is simply perfect now. In the evening I dined at Mr. Broglie's – again French and Persian spoken, the French of which was gibberish, particularly as an old Austrian told some very good stories. Finn is Consul at Resht and starts tomorrow on special duty to Meshed[141]

134 Geok Tepe, Gökdepe or Gokdepe. The siege and attack by the Russians took place December 1880 – January 1881 under General Mikhail Dmitrievich Skobelev (1843-1882). Skobelev's post mortem on the Indian Mutiny of 1857 had done nothing to calm British fears of Russian expansionism: "The main cause of the failure of the mutiny of 1857 was the fact that the insurgents were not properly organized and led" (quoted in Marvin (1891), p. 375).

135 Pyne earlier in his journal states that he had last been in Peshawar on 18 April 1884. A watercolour by Pyne and dated 1888 (Figure 89, p. 197) indicates that he went to Peshawar at least once more.

136 See note 129, p. 191

137 William J. Dickson, Secretary of Legation, Persia, 1882-1885.

138 George Francis Birt Jenner (1840–1924). Secretary of the Legation and Oriental Secretary at Tehran from 1882. Life must have been rather uncomfortable for his wife, daughter of a Russian civil servant, at a time of heightened Anglo-Russian suspicion and interference in Persia, Afghanistan and Turkestan.

139 Elgood (1951), p. 510: "Dr J. E. Baker was the first English doctor to arrive in Persia in the service of the new [Indo-European Telegraph Department]"

140 Stewart (1911), p. 93: "Col. Smith's country house situated about nine miles off at Tejreesh [where] I had a delightful swim in a swimming-bath."

141 The city of Mashad, where the British operated a consulate.

to watch the Russians, now Colonel Stewart[142] has gone home. Monday afternoon Mr. Broglie sent up a charvodar who would take me to Meshed-i Sar[143] for K. 26/- – wonderfully cheap!

[142] Charles Edward Stewart (1836-1904). "in political employ in Persia, 1880-5, and Assistant Commissioner in the Perso-Afghan boundary demarcation, 1885" (Buckland 1906), p. 403). • Sykes (1902), p. 2: [January 1893 in Vienna] "I called on Colonel C. E. Stewart, Her Majesty's Consul-General, who is a noted Persian traveller." • de Windt (1891), p. 46: "Colonel Stewart's kindness and hospitality are a byword in Persia."

[143] A port on the Caspian.

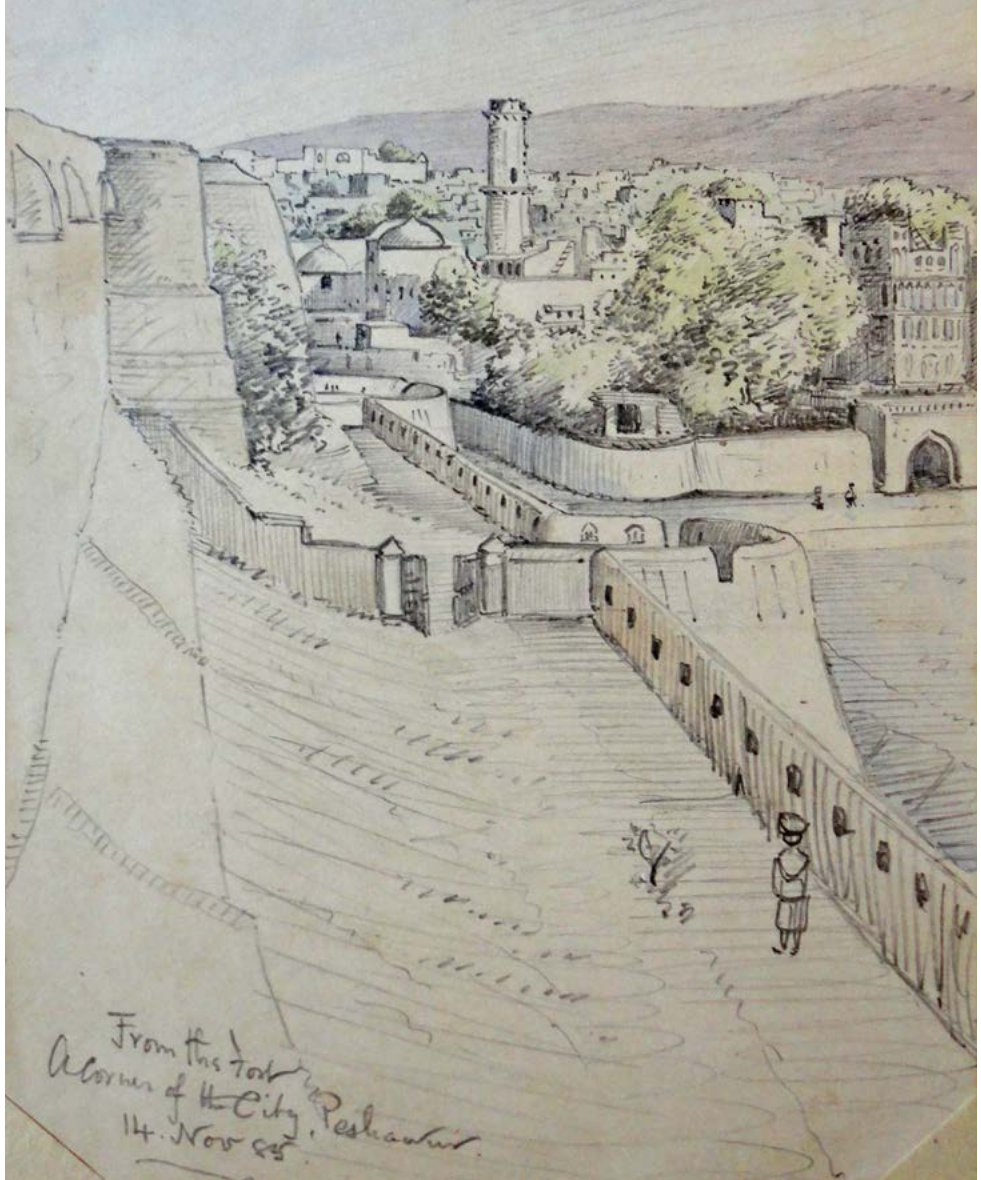


Figure 89: "From the Fort. A Corner of the City, Peshawar, 14 November 1888," a watercolour by John Compton Pyne, showing the Taxila Gate and a portion of the city.

E. Rochelle, Church Mission House, Salisbury Sq. London.

Had I gone as most do. chuppered to Resht it would have cost me K 120/- A considerable difference. Of course I jump at this chance — I am off at once, have got my passport for Russia, visé'd etc. & Russian money — gold Imperial which I change into paper money at Baku — So Monday evening 9-p.m. July 1st I start. The Caravan to which my muleteer belongs has started 3 days so we must go fast to catch it up, & we did. —
Going from 9.p.m to 5.a.m. about 7 farasakh or 27 miles, leaving Teheran by the Gulahek Gate & turning E., along the Meshed road At — 3 farasakhs we come to a ~~Cara~~ Chupper khana & somewhere here my road leaves the Meshed road, but it was too dark to see the Exact place. Then 2 far:, cross a river, 2 more to another river & a rough serai, here we arrived at 5.a.m. & rested till noon, when we went 2 far: E. & then turned N. wards & went up a valley to near its head, through many & very pretty villages crowded with cornfields, orchards, & lovely wild flowers, butterflies & nightingales. I wish I could have stopped but on we went to near the head of the valley, it looked a perfect cul-de-sac, but we got out of it to its Eastern side into the valley at its head — in wh: the town of Demaven

Had I gone as most do, chuppered to Resht it would have cost me K. 120/- – a considerable difference. Of course I jump at this chance. I am off at once, have got my passport to Russia, visa'd etc., and Russian money – gold Imperials which I change into paper money at Baku.

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is, then out of the valley to the North past a conspicuous little chapel & thro' 2 stone pillars, making the boundary of Mazanderan. The whole way from Teheran here has been a steady up-hill, steep in parts, but the road is good. Just to the South side of the little chapel above, 2 roads meet from Teheran, the one I came by & the high road via Demavend, this latter is 2 far: longer than the former, but so good a carriage could be got along it without any difficulty. This is owing to the Shah's visit to Mazandran. From those pillars & chapel the desert towards the Caspian begins, on, on & down we went, past a patch or two of snow, till over a splendid view of Demavend's snowy cone is got. We join the Lar R. crossing it by an excellent stone bridge at a narrow place between 2 rocks. The water is brown, shews it is snow water. Hence the road skirts the sides of Demavend, the river running far at the bottom of a tremendous gorge. The scenery is already getting interesting, Demavend's peak looking as it is comparatively very close & not very difficult to scale. It was a lovely sunset & the pink snow & deep purple of the distance, bare rock mountains, added to the cold, which was

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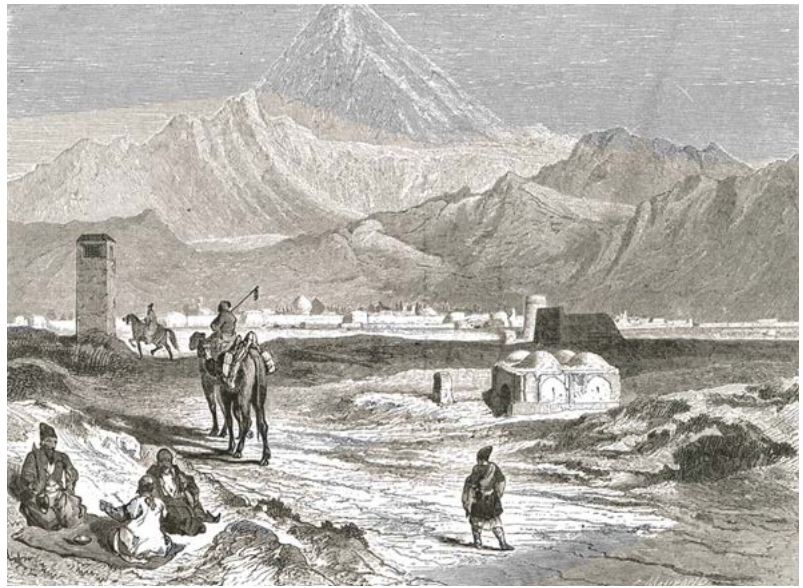


Figure 90: Mount Demavend, drawing by J. Laurens, published in Madame Dieulafoy's book *La Perse, la Chaldée et la Susiane*.

considerable, were all very jolly & when the Sun was gone the moon made snow look cruelly pale & white & cold. Still we went on, I thought for ever, till at last we caught up the caravan at a place called Rāhina. I reckon it at least 14 farasakhs & certainly not less than 50 miles from Teheran, a good way for one pony ~~carrying~~ in 24 hours. — We were all glad to get in. That was all Tuesday, Wednesday saw in another 5 farasakhs (it seemed more) or 18 miles down the Lar Valley, putting up at no particular place, but about when we had gone far enough. I just spread a bit of felt carpet & lie down anywhere — Just cooked 6 eggs & made tea, fire would not light at first, but succeeded finally after much blowing etc :- To day we go on the road & the road close to the river passed through 2 "Danubian Iron Gates", but one, the lower, was, without exception the most magnificent & wild Gorge I have

considerable, were all very jolly and when the sun was gone the moon made snow look cruelly pale white and cold. Still we went on, I thought for ever, till at last we caught up the caravan at a place called Ràhina.[144] I reckon it at least 14 farasakhs and certainly not less than 50 miles from Teheran, a good way for one pony in 24 hours.

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[144] Now known as Rineh.

ever seen. Nothing on the upper waters of the Ganges & Jumna (& they contain some wonderful chasms) in many points came up to this. The River, here as large as the Ganges (Bhagirutty) at Doongla or Barahát, rushes through a rocky Gorge, whose sides are perpendicular, really mathematically so. A Stone dropped from the top would fall right into the stream - It was impossible to sketch it, it would go in no paper, to see the top it was necessary to turn the face up to the zenith & the river was below — In the middle of the face of the rock is a bas-relievo of the present Shah on horseback - a front view, & on each side of him 3 Statesmen, that on his immediate left evidently the head of his Church. The whole is in imitation of the style of the carvings at Nukh-i Rustum & Nukshinjeh & not very badly done. There is an inscription round it - Very glad I am I came this road if only to see this Gorge, which strikes me as very wonderful indeed. At about 4 far: from Rákina, the opposite side of the river I saw a

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Figure 91: The "bas-relief of the present Shah on horseback". The bearded man is the then minister of finance, Mirza Yusuf Ashtiyani.

At about 4 farasakhs from Ràhina, the opposite side of the river I saw a

[145] This bas-relief was of very recent antiquity, having been created in 1879 to commemorate a road widening programme. The character carved standing next to the shah on horseback is not the head of the Church, although he bears some similarity to the bishop of Julfa. Pyne did not read the names engraved above the men's heads, for in fact the man was the minister of finance at the time, Mirza Yusuf Ashtiyani (1812-1885), known by the title of Mustawfi al-Mamalik.

[146] Naqsh-e Rajab is a Sassanid archaeological site some few kilometres from Persepolis. It is strange that Pyne uses it for his comparison as he has not indicated that he visited it.

spring, and some of that peculiar yellowish stuff oozing out similar to it at once reminding me of that at the Jumna hot springs – I thought probably it was a hot spring too. The bridge was a bit shaky, but I crawled over it & found a large & beautifully clear pool, filled by an ample spring & very warm, not so hot as the Jumnotri spring, wh: ~~hot~~ boils rice, but as hot as one could bear to bathe in, & probably the spring mouth was hotter, only I could not reach it .. It tasted frightly like sulpher as well as I could judge

There were appearances of rain in the morning but none fell.

I had a fall, the pony jumped a couple of feet up to clear a bit of stuff blown along the road, & sent me & my property, on wh: I was perched, flying — I have reduced my things now to nothing but my fiddle, 1 blanket & a small bag wh: I can carry in one hand.

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There were appearances of rain in the evening but none fell.

I had a fall, the pony jumped a couple of feet up to clear a bit of stuff blown along the road, and sent me, and my property on which I was perched, flying. I have reduced my things now to nothing but my fiddle, 1 blanket and a small bag which I can carry in one hand.

They say having anything more than a Gladstone bag which one cd carry oneself & take into the carriage etc.. entails endless trouble & expense on Russian Railways etc.

Thursday June 3rd & 15 miles still down the valley. Suddenly at about half way the whole nature of the country changes - changes completely, ~~as is from the other~~ all is as different as the Soudan probably from the Thames valley. We camped out in a grand glade of the forest bright fresh grass under foot, forest trees, elms, birch, fig, pomegranets, acacia (in bright pink bloom like horse chestnuts) making a forest prettier, I thought, than a Himalayan forest, chiefly because there was no undergrowth & the trees stood out separate like at Burnham Beeches, a clear leafy grassy soil beneath them... It rained too an unknown event now in Persia proper, a regular Scotch drizzle. It first reminded me of the Teesta scenery, & then of the Thames above Maidenhead. The rain was anything but pleasant for me sleeping out in it & I got rather wet & was very uncomfortable & glad when morning came. Friday out of the Lar valley or rather out of the hills into the plain of Mazanderan to a pretty town called Amol, built

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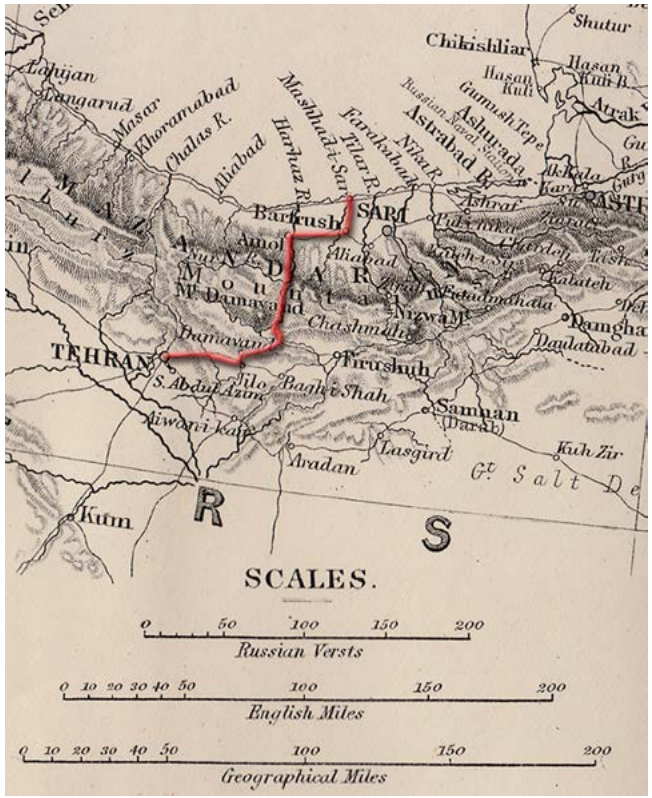


Figure 92: Pyne's route northward from Tehran, plotted on a contemporary map.

[147] In an exception to his usual precision, Pyne writes June instead of July.

[148] An ancient woodland in Buckinghamshire, approximately 25 miles west of London. It had been purchased in 1879 by the City of London Corporation, and opened to the public with much fanfare in October 1883.

on both banks of the Lar connected by a bridge. Saturday July 5th 5 far: to Balfrush, through the plain country of Mazanderon, a kind of Scotch forest, with clearings for rice fields, melon beds etc. The game are Pheasants & lots of wild boar, but the latter could not be ridden. It is hot & I should think feverish. The muleteer who promised to get to Meshed i Sar in 5 days, now will only get to Balfrush in 5. so I got another pony for 3 kran to go on that Evening. I slept at the main village half way, the whole distance Balfrush to Meshed i Sar being only 2 farasakto & early on Sunday morning got to Meshed i Sar & was delighted to see a steamer in the offing. I got on board & found it was going straight to Astrakhan only calling at Baku for oil for fuel. It is really I find, only a cargo ship & not a regular passenger steamer at all —

on both banks of the Lar, connected by a bridge.

Saturday July 5th 5 farasakhs to Balfrush,[149] through the plain country of Mazandaran, a kind of Scotch forest, with clearings for rice fields, melon beds, etc. The game are pheasants or lots of wild boar, but the latter could not be ridden. It is hot and, I should think, feverish. The muleteers who promised to get to Meshed-i-Sar in 5 days, now will only get to Balfrush in 5, so I got another pony for 3 krans to go on that evening. I slept at the main village halfway, the whole distance Balfrush to Meshed-i-Sar being only 2 farasakhs & early on Sunday morning got to Meshed-i-Sar and was delighted to see a steamer in the offing.

I got on board and found it was going straight to Astrakhan only calling at Baku for oil for fuel. It is really, I find, only a cargo ship and not a regular passenger steamer at all.[150]

149 Actually Bar-forush, now Babul.

150 Champain (1883), p. 122: "...of late great changes have taken place in the neighbourhood of Northern Persia, all tending to improve the conditions under which the Russian competes with the British merchant. Many hundred steam vessels now ply on the Volga. A regular service is kept up during the season between the mouth of that river and the Persian ports of the Caspian; which ports are, as I remarked above, the only places which the Shah has cared to connect with the capital by fairly good roads."

But I am really in luck for I am the only passenger. I determined to take a deck passage — & afterwards the Capt: not only gave me a 2nd class cabin, but asked me up to his table for meals in the saloon deck. Most civil he is — very different from that brute on the Satara. The Capt: & his Officer both speak English a bit — so I am in great luck. There are also 2 ladies on board, wives of ships Officers — one of the 1st mate's Officer & the other of the clerk. The Capt.ns name is Pàvloff (Wilhelm) and the 1st mate [redacted] (Zimmermann) The same in Russian is: — Александръ Александровичъ Ушаковъ. written by himself

The Ships name is „Адмиралъ" belonging to the Company called Общество „Кавказъ и Меркурій" or Obshestwah kafkàss i Merkoorieeh. We got into Bak — at 5 o'clock on Monday Evening. The Capt: put me ashore & I changed my Russian gold for paper money &

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[151] Macgregor (1879), p. 168: "a Russo-German captain, named Pavloff, who could talk a 'leetle Engleesh,' and was dressed in nautical fashion. He was an awfully good fellow, but so fat that it seemed as if a slight prick would cause the whole skin to collapse."

[152] Correctly: Obshchestvo Kavkaz i Merkurii. • Zonn (2010), p. 243: "…one of Russia's largest river and maritime joint-stock shipping companies. Established in 1859."

[153] De Windt (1891), pp. 22-23: "The passenger-steamers on the Caspian are the property of the Caucase-Mercure Company, a Russian firm. They are, with few exceptions, as unseaworthy as they are comfortless, which says a great deal. All are of iron, and were built in England and Sweden, sent to St. Petersburg by sea, and there taken to pieces and despatched overland to Nijni-Novgorod, on the Volga. At Nijni they were repieced and taken down the Volga to the Caspian." • Savage-Landor (1902), vol. 1, p. 26: "There is a regular mail service twice a week in summer, from April to the end of October, and once a week in winter, on the Caspian between Baku and Enzeli in Persia, the Russian Government paying a subsidy to the Kavkas and Mercury Steam Navigation Company for the purpose of conveying passengers, mails (and, in the event of war, troops) into Persia and back. There are also a number of coasting steamers constantly plying between the various ports on the Caspian both on the Russian and Persian coast."

took a short walk round Baka which means "wind-hill" is so called because there is continually a strong N. wind blowing sometimes so strong as to set small stones flying in the air. Here are the well known naptha springs. The naptha comes up in the sea (the water of the harbour is discoloured & smells strongly of it) & also on shore at four places about 8 miles to N of city called bala-khana, surkh-khane, saboonchee & Bai-but or Neftalun. Here the naptha comes up in fountains, wh: if uncontrolled would sometimes spurt up as much as 250 feet, but the factories pump it as required, and it down in pipes to the so-called "Black city" adjoining Baka, where it is boiled, cleansed etc... & turned into petroleum the refuse or dregs left from boiling is used as fuel on board steamers, trains etc... an invaluable article, & lubricating oil for engines. The Black city" called in Russian "Tchornie-Gorod" or Chernè-gorad is the blackest dirtiest, smelliest collection of buildings I ever saw. — A Black cloud of smoke hangs over it, wh: we

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Here are the well known naptha springs. The naptha comes up in the sea[154] (the water of the harbour is discoloured and smells strongly of it) and also on shore at four places about 8 miles to the N. of the city called Bala-Khane,[155] Surk-Khane,[156] Saboonchee[157] and Bai-but[158] or Neftalum. Here the naptha comes up in fountains, which if uncontrolled would sometimes spurt up as much as 250 feet, but the factories pump[159] it as required, send it down in pipes to the so-called "Black city" adjoining Baku, where it is boiled, cleansed etc. – an invaluable article and lubricating oil for engines. The "Black city", called in Russian Chernè-gòrad is the blackest, dirtiest, smelliest, collection of buildings I ever saw.[160] A black cloud of smoke hangs over it,[161] which we

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154 Marvin (1891), p. 179: "The flames from the petroleum gases of the peninsula at times burst forth spontaneously, and during boisterous nights the hillsides are swept by sheets of phosphorescent light. Even in the middle of the sea the naphtha streams dribble up, clothing the ripples far and near with a thin iridescent coating."

155 Balakhani. Marvin (1891), p. 197: "After driving a few miles, the traveller sees before him a whole series of wooden sentry-box looking structures, clustered together. These are the 400 derricks surmounting the wells of Balakhani. Should a fountain be spouting, a black cloud will be observed hanging over one of the derricks." At the time of Pyne's visit, Baku was producing almost half of the world's annual oil output. • Perowne (1898), pp. 31–32: "Nearing Balakhani one sees lakes of salt and of crude petroleum, interminable pipelines leading to Surakhani, where are the distilleries, reservoirs full of the precious liquid that means gold to English investors… Until a few years ago there was a remnant left of the old Zoroaster fire-worship at Surakhani… but the last priest was little better than a fraud, who lived on the charity of the curious, and now the temple is deserted, and the cult… which drew thousands of pilgrims annually from India, flickered out in the latter half of the nineteenth century."

156 Surakhani.

157 Sabunchu.

158 Bibi-Heybat.

159 In 1883 the Rothschild Brothers, who had started developing oil fields in 1875, established the Caspian and Black Sea Oil Industry and Trade Society.

160 Marvin (1891), p. 196: "Tchorni Gorod, or Black Town, where the 200 refineries are situated. These stretch along the bay, and belch forth smoke like a concentrated Birmingham."

161 De Windt (1891), pp. 21–22: "dense clouds of thick black smoke obscured the lights of the town and starlit sky, while the furnaces of the "Tchornigorod" blazed out of the darkness, their flames reflected in the dark waters of the Caspian, turning the little harbour into a lake of fire."

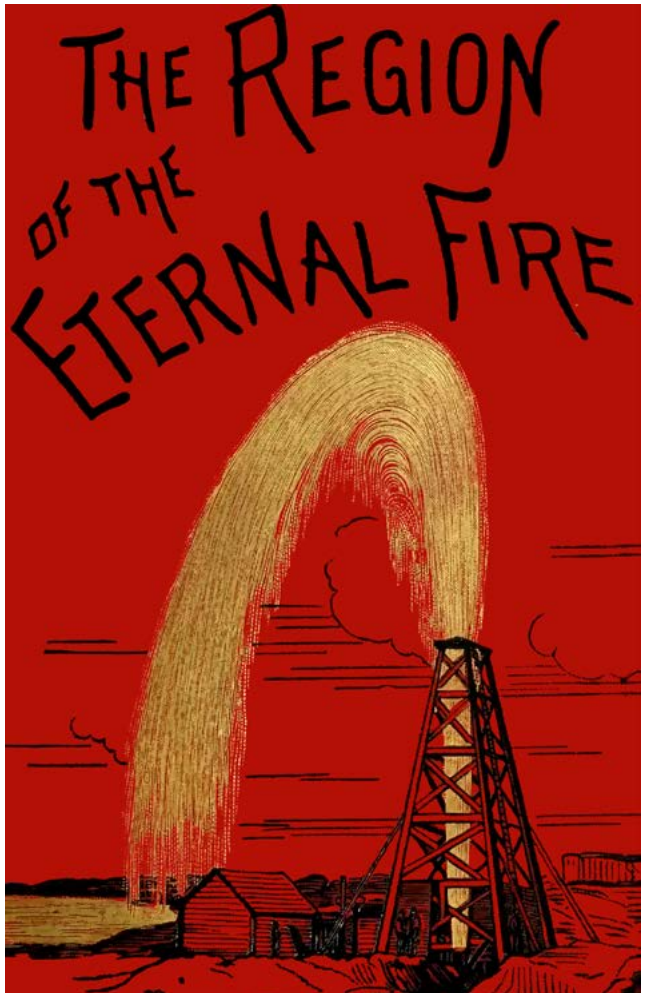


Figure 93: A depiction of Baku on the cover of Charles Marvin's history of the petroleum industry on the Caspian Sea in 1883.



Figure 94: Oil towers at the Balakhani-Sabunchu field circa 1890s.



Figure 95: The Oil Wells of Baku. Illustration by the Scottish artist William Simpson (1823-1899) published in the *Illustrated London News*, 5 June 1886.

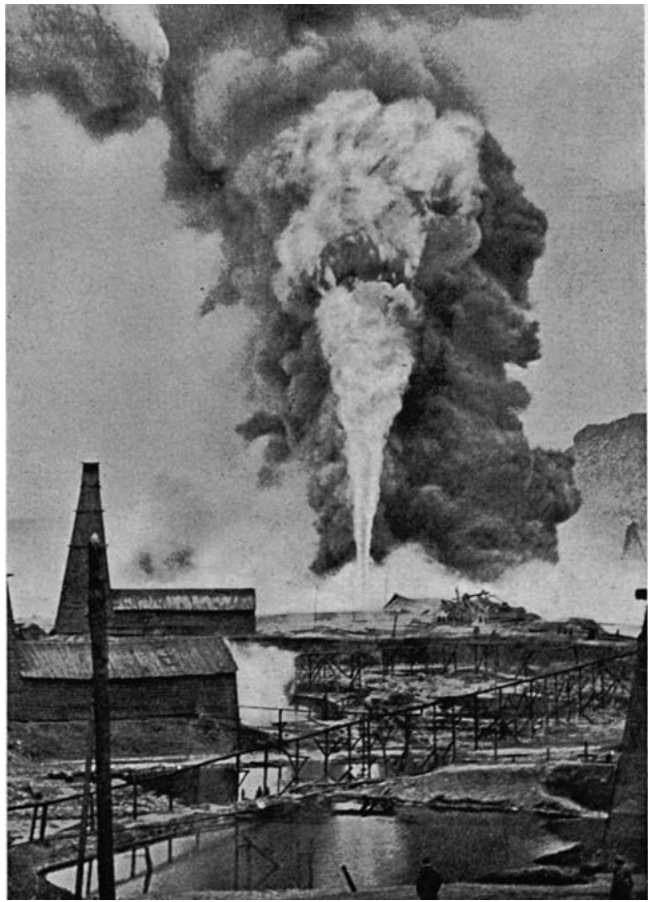


Figure 96: An oil fountain, Baku, circa 1897.
Source: Perowne, 1898.

saw 40 miles off at sea. Baku has barracks some small men-o'-war, a dockyard & a good seafront of houses & shops. — We stopped in Baku all night & sailed at 6. a.m on Tuesday July 8th with a strong breeze helping us as far as ~~Cape~~ Apsharon Channel where we turned to the N. & the wind was dead against us. — Wednesday at sea — the ~~the~~ wind dropped about noon. — Thursday at day break we got to the mouth of the Volga called "Nine foot" on account of there only being that amount of water in the river. We fortunately only draw about 7½ or 8 feet at any rate there is just an inch or two to spare, so we take on board a pilot & scrape up the river. Big ships cannot go & so pasengers etc ... are transferred to barges which are towed up to Astrakhan. The river is very muddy, & has a strong current, the banks are not seen at Nine foot & when they do appear they are only a little above water — the whole country is a dead flat

When about 4 hours from Nine foot we were boarded by a huge swarm of flies — a small plague, but luckily, tho' annoying enough, they did not bite

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We stopped in Baku all night and sailed at 6 a.m. on Tuesday July 8th with a strong breeze helping us as far as Apsheron[162] Channel where we turned to the N. and the wind was dead against us. Wednesday at sea – the wind dropped about noon. Thursday at daybreak we got to the mouth of the Volga called "Ninefoot" on account of there being only that amount of water in the river. We fortunately only draw about 7½ or 8 feet at any rate there is just an inch or two to spare, so we take on board a pilot and scrape up the river. Big ships cannot go and so passengers etc. are transferred to barges which are towed up to Astrakhan. The river is very muddy, and has a strong current, the banks are not seen at Ninefoot and when they do appear they are only a little above water – the whole country is a dead flat. When about 4 hours from Ninefoot we were boarded by a huge swarm of flies – a small plague, but luckily, tho' annoying enough, they did not bite.

[162] Abșeron in Azeri.

From morning to 5. p.m. we were steaming up the river In places the clear water was only a couple of hundred of yards wide, & then stretched miles almost of reeds. Kalmuck Tatar tents called "kibitkas" were numerous on the banks, they are nomads & fish the Volga. —

The first view of Astrakhan was very good. There is a huge church in the middle of an old Tatar Fort in the town which towers above everything. I did not think the building striking it is too much like a Twelfth Cake with 5 green domes, but it is splendidly situated. The river is nearly a mile wide, crowded with shipping and the houses all look so bright & clean, they paint them all colours, red, white, blue, green roofs are a favourite with them, all churches have green roofs.

The Capt put me ashore, I passed the Custom H.o: a jolly old Russian was satisfied I had no contraband goods — nor had I, unless they had liked to charge

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The Captain put me ashore. I passed the Custom House, a jolly old Russian was satisfied I had no contraband goods – nor had I, unless they had liked to charge



Figure 97: Tatar women of the Caucasus, detail of Russian postcard, circa 1905.

[163] Pyne makes an error here. *Kebitkas* are Tatar carriages. It would seem too that he mistakes mud dwellings with thatched roofs for tents. De Windt (1891) who passed the outskirts of Baku by train in winter also notes that "at rare intervals we pass, close to the line, a Tartar encampment. Half a dozen dirty brown tents surrounded by horses, camels, and thin shivering cattle, the latter covered with coarse sack-clothing tied round their bellies to protect them from the cutting blast that sweeps from the coast across this land of desolation" (p. 17).

[164] The Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin (1700–1710). The fort, or *kremlin*, was of late 17th century construction, although masonry was used from destroyed Tatar settlements.

me for my revolver but that was bang at the bottom & they didn't notice it. The Capt was most good, he put me on board the Magnificent American Mississippi river Steamer, took & showed me where to get tickets etc: introduced me to the Capt of this steamer, who will introduce me to the former's Co's agent at Zaritza — I was shewn a gorgeous cabin, 3 crimson velvet covered spring couches, big basin large table, every luxury, all new & beautifully clean I find there is only one class in this ship but its very moderate I can imagine nothing more perfect. There are waiters all dressed as if for weddings — frock coats etc... & diningroom, Electric bells etc..... I exchanged a few words in French with a Russian Infantry officer a good sort I should say, but he was not very much better at the language than I, still monosyllables & signs do a great deal — There's such good bread & butter here !!!

me for my revolver but that was bang at the bottom and they didn't notice it. The Captain was most good, he put me on board the magnificent American Mississippi river steamer, took and showed me where to get tickets etc., introduced me to the Captain of the steamer, who will introduce me to the former's Co's agent at Zaritzin.[165] I was shown a gorgeous cabin, 3 crimson velvet covered spring couches, big basin, large table, every luxury, all new and beautifully clean. I find there is only one class in the ship but it's very moderate. I can imagine nothing more perfect. There are waiters all dressed as if for weddings – frock coats etc. and dining room, electric bells etc. I exchanged a few words in French with a Russian infantry officer, a good sort I should say, but he was not very much better at the language than I, still monosyllables and signs do a great deal. There's such good bread and butter here!!!

[165] Tsaritsin (Цари́цын), now Volgograd (Волгогра́д), 452 kilometres further up the River Volga.



H Co. On Saturday morning at about 10. a.m we got into Zaritzin. The Capt very kindly sent a man to the Railway Sta: with me and another man at the time the train started to take my ticket — but whose services I did not require I found it all so simple.

There was a Persian on board, but I carefully did not let him know I could speak Persian, I wanted a little peace from those brutes of kafir-haters. But at Zaritzin Sta: he turned up again & I

On Saturday morning at about 10 a.m. we got into Zaritzin. The Captain very kindly sent a man to the Railway Station with me and another man at the time the train started to take my ticket – but whose services I did not require I found it all so simple. There was a Persian on board, but I carefully did not let him know I could speak Persian. I wanted a little peace from those brutes of Kafir-haters. But at Zaritzin Station he turned up again and I



Figure 98: Tsaritsin railway station.

spoke to him. Of course he began asking a hundred impertinent questions as they all do, & I think I misled him pretty well, particularly as I guessed (as was immediately after the fact) that all would be repeated to some Russian waiter. I am sick of Persians, they & their country & religion & all connected with them, except their language & literature which I like, are bad in every sense of the word — This individual like them all has no shame. He insisted on asking every imaginable question — & has gone away thinking me a Diplomat of sorts thought I knew all about the politics of the East — but the man was almost ignorant of the Existance of England, imagined it had a King but had not an idea that it possessed a railway or Steamboat — asked if it traded in any commodities of sorts!

spoke to him. Of course he began asking a hundred impertinent questions as they all do, and I think I misled him pretty well, particularly as I guessed (as was immediately after the fact) that all would be repeated to some Russian waiter. I am sick of Persians, they & their country, and religion and all connected with them, except their language and literature, which I like, are bad in every sense of the word. This individual, like them all, has no shame. He insisted on asking every imaginable question –and has gone away thinking me a diplomat of sorts, thought I knew all about the politics of the East – but the man was almost ignorant of the existence of England, imagined it had a king,[166] but hadn't an idea that it possessed a railway or steamboat – asked if it traded in any commodities of sorts!

[166] Queen Victoria had been on the throne almost 50 years. It would have been unthinkable to Pyne that a seemingly well-travelled Persian gentleman would be ignorant of this fact.

The Moscow train leaves at 8.30 p.m. — & takes the inside of 3 days I shall find out at St Petersburg which is Cheaper Rail or Sea to London & shall go accordingly, inclining a little to the Railway on account of its being about 3 days quicker

I dont think I can have seen any Russians of much pretensions to be gentlemen, or else their manners are queer, for the most respectable I have yet seen, carry food to their mouths balanced on the knife & dip a mouthful bodily into the Salt celler between its leaving the plate & being deposited in their mouths: I have seen no sugar tongs, Salt spoons, tea spoons yet all the

They never brush their hair, but carry a small comb in their pockets, which they occasionally pass through hair of the head, beard etc ---- The boys seem very free & easy like Persian boys — They cross themselves Continually, when the train starts, when they see a Church or a picture of a Saint. At noon the second day

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I don't think I can have seen any Russians of much pretensions to be gentlemen, or else their manners are queer, for the most respectable I have yet seen carry food to their mouths balanced on the knife and dip a mouthful bodily into the salt cellar between its leaving the plate and being deposited in their mouths. I have seen no sugar tongs, salt spoons, few spoons at all etc.

They never brush their hair, but carry a small comb in their pockets, which they occasionally pass through hair of the head, beard, etc. The boys seem very free and easy like Persian boys. They cross themselves continually, when the tram starts, when they see a church, or a picture of a saint. At noon the second day

after leaving Zarttzin I got to Moscow passing
Griazi, Kazlof etc... the country first a vast grassy
plain, afterwards more arable land & occasional big
forests of fir etc.... There is altogether too much
uniform in Russia – I cant go two yards without
some one in a sweller get up than a S.O. with us, jaws
at me – I was ordered off on my way to the
Refreshment room yesterday, he thought fit to think I
should nt eat. They keep bustling through the
train midway between Stations (there is a way
from End to End of the train) worried me 8 times
punching tickets etc... Then in Moscow religion seems
as much a curse as in Persia. Coming out of
the Kremlin every one had his hat off & was busy
crossing himself a dozen times – I of course did
nothing of the kind & the Sentry or Soldier on Gate
duty

after leaving Zaritzin I got to Moscow, passing Griazi, Kazlof, etc. The country first a vast grassy plain, afterwards more arable land and occasionally big forests of fir etc. There is altogether too much uniform in Russia. I can't go two yards without someone in a sweller get-up than a S.O. with us, jaws at me. I was ordered off on my way to the refreshment room yesterday, he thought fit to think I shouldn't eat. They keep bustling through the train midway between stations (there is a way from end to end of the train) worried me 8 times punching tickets etc. Then in Moscow religion seems as much a curse as in Persia. Coming out of the Kremlin everyone had his hat off and was busy crossing himself a dozen times. I of course did nothing of the kind and the sentry or soldier on gate duty



Figure 99: The Kremlin in Moscow, circa 1890. Image by the Detroit Publishing Co., print no. 8849.

gave me several sentences of more or less of abuse
to judge from his manner & from they being no
possible other reason—! They were bowing low to
the ground like Musselmans & kissing pictures &
silks etc ... in the Kremlin Churches. Such a gorgeous
array of gold, silk, jewels & paintes & illuminated
Saints & Apostles — was never seen! I went
into several Churches & they seemed all equally
gorgeous, but not capable of holding a con-
gregation - Some huge jewels were pointed out
to me on one picture — A Saints face & two hands
one painted & put in position — behind a
moulded — plate of brass representing his crown
robes etc ... Every inch, except the floor, was
painted! One holy mans sarcophagus opened
& shewed a silk lining, picture etc ... Which several

gave me several sentences of more or less of abuse to judge from his manner and from there being no possible other reason! They were bowing low to the ground like Musselmans, and kissing pictures and silks etc. in the Kremlin churches. Such a gorgeous array of gold, silk, jewels and painted & illuminated Saints and Apostles was never seen! I went into several churches and they seemed all equally gorgeous, but not capable of holding a congregation. Some huge jewels were pointed out to me on one picture. A saint's face and two hands, one painted and put in position behind a moulded plate of brass representing his crown, robes, etc. Every inch, except the floor, was painted! One holy man's sarcophagus opened and shewed a silk lining, picture, etc. which several

Russians kissed.

I found an hotel at which they spoke English with difficulty, & only by asking at one or two French shops & they could hardly produce me a hot tub & then wanted to charge me three shillings for it & I had to pay two.. Fortunately I only stay a few hours here or I sh! be ruined! I shall be glad to get home – its no pleasure or use travelling in a country without knowing something of the language & the Russians, those I meet don't seem such marvellous linguists

The name of this Hotel is the "Slavinski Bazaar" Hotel, rue Nicolskaia – It has a splendid Dining & Coffee room next door, where I had a pleasant hour with the Times the first for 3 mos.

Russians kissed.[167]

I found an hotel at which they spoke English with difficulty, and only by asking at one or two French shops and they could hardly produce me a hot tub and then wanted to charge me three shillings for it and I had to pay two. Fortunately I only stay a few hours here or I should be ruined! I shall be glad to get home – it's no pleasure or use travelling in a country without knowing something of the language and the Russians, those I meet, don't seem such marvellous linguists. The name of this Hotel is the "Slavinski Bazaar" Hotel,[168] rue Nicolskaia. It has a splendid Dining and Coffee room next door, where I had a pleasant hour with *The Times*, the first for 3 months.



Figure 100: Slavyansky Bazaar building circa 1909.

[167] The veneration of relics would have appeared strange to Pyne who had grown up in Protestant England where this sort of religious devotation would have been considered unacceptable.

[168] Славянскй Базарь.

Russians drive the wrong side of the road, as other Europeans do. I believe their horses are good, particularly are the hackney carriage horses better than any I have seen elsewhere. I got away from Moscow at 9.45 p.m. travelled all that night, and the following day at 10 p.m. arrived at St Petersburg. The country between Moscow and St Petersburg is thickly wooded & among the huge ~~pine~~ full grown pine forests, it is good to see plenty of plantations of young trees.

At St Petersburg I drove to the Hotel de France & went straight to bed. The hotel was recommended to me by a very civil Frenchman at the Railway Sta: & I found it excellent. Next morning I drove to King King & Co's Agents Messrs Thomson & Bonar — They were as surly as bears when I asked them for a word of advice as to changing money etc. — so I bolted & went down to the Neva to a Shipping office & found no ship sailed till Saturday & then took 6 days, only took 1st class pass: & wanted 50 Roubles exclusive of grub — so I bolted again, got rid of Russian paper money at a bank, gulped down some food, paid my bill & by driving like Jehu caught the Courier or fast express for Berlin at 1.30. p.m. ——

Russians drive the wrong side of the road, as other Europeans do I believe. Their horses are good, particularly are the Hackney Carriage horses better than any I have seen elsewhere. I got away from Moscow at 9.45 p.m., travelled all that night, and the following day at 10 p.m. arrived at St. Petersburg. The country between Moscow and St. Petersburg is thickly wooded and among the huge full grown pine forests, it is good to see plenty of plantations of young trees. At St. Petersburg I drove to the Hotel de France and went straight to bed. The hotel was recommended to me by a very civil Frenchman at the Railway Station and I found it excellent. Next morning I drove to King & Co.'s Agents, Messrs. Thomason & Bonar. They were as surly as bears when I asked them for a word of advice as to changing money etc. so I bolted and went down to the Neva to a Shipping Office and found no ship sailed till Saturday and then took 6 days, only took 1st class passengers and wanted 50 Roubles exclusive of grub – so I bolted again, got rid of Russian paper money at a bank, gulped down some food, paid my bill and by driving like Jehu caught the courier or fast express for Berlin at 1.30 p.m.



Figure 101: Hôtel de France, St. Petersburg.

So all that day I rattled on, till about noon on the next Thursday 17th July we got to the frontier Sta: of Russia & Germany called Eidtkunen. Here they quizzed passports & just had a squint at my very moderate bag & fiddle, passed them of course & on we went, at a respectable ~~slow~~ English slow Express speed, on all night & arrived at Berlin at 6.30 a.m. I got out at what they called the Friedrichstrasse Sta:, & after a wash & cup of tea got into an Express going via Hanover, Hamm Oberhausen etc.. to Rotterdam - A queer 'cus of a Jew went thro' his prayers with Elaborate ritual in the carriage - I seem to own fowl of other religions —

I have forgotten to say that I went into &

So all that day I rattled on, till about noon on the next Thursday 17th July we got to the frontier station of Russia and Germany called Eidt Kimen.[169] Here they quizzed passports and just had a squint at my very moderate bag and fiddle, passed them of course and on we went, at a respectable English slow express speed, on all night and arrived at Berlin at 6.30 a.m. I got out at what they call Friedrichstrasse Station, and after a wash and cup of tea got into an express going via Hanover, Hamm, Oberhausen, etc., to Rotterdam. A queer 'cus of a Jew went thro' his prayers with elaborate ritual in the carriage. I seem to run foul of other religions!

I have forgotten to say that I went into and

[169] Eydtkuhnen (Russian: Chernyshevskoye), now in the Russian Kalingrad Oblast.

stayed some time in the Church "Ishak or Isaac (I don't know whetha or not he is or was a saint or what not) which is the Russian St Paul's & had been much praised to me. It is fine no Doubt but did not strike one particularly so. It was larger than the Kremlin Churches I went into, but had not their blaze of gold & gilt, had masside stone & marble instead. A Service was going on & men, Tenors, barytones & basses only singing in antiphone (if that is what it is called) without instrumental accompaniment was very good & sounded really well -- As to the Russian language I only know Skolke = how much "Seditza - Sit down, "Skurry - look sharp - suggestive language!

So at last arr? at Oberhausen & got into the mail for England - running thro' Holland past Boxtel & Rosenthall to Flushing or as the

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Figure 102: The Cathedral of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg, circa 1900.



Figure 103: St. Paul's Cathedral, London, circa 1890.

natives call it Vlissingen.. And such a companion we had in the carriage part of the way..! Since leaving Persia I had not spoken to an English speaking soul, & this old lady who, as she told us all with the Yankee'ist of nossey twangs & American pronounciation in 5 minutes after getting in, that she was from Old Winchester Virginia, that she had a son or two one having a profession in Austria who could just write a German letter slap off, she said, quite Grammatical like too! – she had then come from Norway, had travelled all over Europe, Palestina, Egypt etc.. carrying home to Yankeeland bottles of Dead Sea, Jordan &

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Bethlehem-water, earth from Solomons house, 1700 photographs, had spent 15,000 Dollars in 2 years in Europe & bragged about America to such an extent I wld hardly have thought possible — altogether she was an old — & — with all the American ways I hate — but I listened & agreed to all she said & she went on all the more accordingly

10. p.m. Friday night left Flushing
8. a.m. Sat: morning arr: Sudgate Hill

Home

End ——— J.C.P.

Bethlehem-water, earth from Solomon's house, 1,700 photographs, had spent 15,000 dollars in 2 years in Europe and bragged about America to such an extent I would hardly have thought possible – altogether she was an old ----- [sic] with all the American ways I hate – but I listened and agreed to all she said and she went on all the more accordingly.

10 p.m. Friday night left Flushing 8 a.m.

Saturday morning arrived Ludgate Hill

Home
End. J.C.P.



Nevendon [nr. Basildon, Essex]

Epilogue, by Jeremy Archer

Having been promoted to captain on 27 July 1885, John Compton Pyne attended the Staff College in 1889/90, passing the course with high marks. On 12 February 1892, he was attached to the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army and, whilst in Khartoum, served as Aide-de-Camp to his first cousin, Brigadier-General H. H. Kitchener, who had just been appointed Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, which had come under British control ten years earlier. In the field he was an Intelligence Officer with the Egyptian Frontier Force.

While serving as a Bimbashi – from the Turkish meaning 'chief of a thousand', equating to the rank of major – with X Soudanese, Pyne wrote *Notes on the Egyptian Army, Strength, Composition, Distribution, Material, Etc.*, the illustrated manuscript of which is also held by the Military Museum of Devon and Dorset. First of all, he sets the scene: "[d]ip into history where you will, Egypt has always been a prime factor. Latterly especially so. But Egyptian territory has shrunk in spite of growing political importance. Ten years ago Egypt reached to the very heart of Africa, including the whole course of the Nile and Somaliland and the Horn of Africa." A few paragraphs later, he writes: "The Khedive of course is Head of the Army. His C-in-C or Sirdar, Kitchener Pasha. His H^{d}Q^{r} Staff, W.O. Cairo consists of A.G. 'a' & 'b'. The first of whom looks after the discipline, service, strength, distribution, training; the latter pays, houses, feeds, clothes, arms & moved the Army. The Intelligence Dept. of the H^{d}Q^{r} Staff gains and arranges all information respecting the people,



Figure 104: Illustrated cover page of Pyne's *Notes on the Egyptian Army*.

country, supplies, etc., whether in Egypt, or the Soudan & compiles maps, records, etc."

He describes the conditions of service of the soldiers under his command: "[a]ll soldiers are housed, clothed & fed entirely at Government expense; the same may be said of the Native Officers, who get an allowance in lieu of clothing & food in kind. This in all cases a soldier's pay is all his own, to do as he likes with it. An Egyptian Private Soldier receives, although he belongs to a Conscript Army, 2½ d a day, and the various non-commissioned ranks get up to a maximum of 1/- d a day, out of which he need pay nothing on account of food, clothing, or housing. This makes him probably the best paid conscript anywhere. Soudanese soldiers, who are not conscripts, but who serve for life or as long as they can bear arms, and who make the Regiment their home, receive as Private Soldiers from 3¾ d to 6¼ d a day, 'unencumbered' with any stoppages or deductions whatever – the one rate or the other being dependent only on their market value."

Pyne then describes the mixed nature of his command: "Soudanese Regiments contain men of more than a dozen different tribes, many so-called tribes being in reality distinct nationalities, as Abyssinians, etc. The principal peoples of Central Africa – of the very indefinite and expansive part called the Sudân or 'Country of the Blacks', as it means – are Abyssinians, Somalis, Gallas, Shilluks, Bongos, Dinkas, Nubâwi, Nuer, Naim-Niam, the people of Dar Fur called Ferâwi, and Dar Fertit, men from Khartum, Omdurman and Obeid, from the great Kingdoms of Waddai, and Sokoto, Bornu, reaching to the Albert and Victoria Lakes, besides men who have fought over vast extents of country with Gessi, Gordon, Emin, etc. and some who travelled with Stanley."[1]

He next describes the uniforms and equipment borne by each element: "[t]he clothing and equipment of the army is partly English, partly French. Soudanese winter cloth clothing is of Zouave pattern[2] (vide on the next page [Figure 105]). Summer and fighting kit is Karki after Indian patterns. All arms, at all seasons of the year wear cloth putties – a most excellent article of kit. Ammunition boots, but on the march they are as often as not carried and a rough sandal substituted at the Regiment's own expense. Some Regiments still carry old French knapsacks, some have new English valise equipment. The 'Tarbush' or fez is universal for all ranks and arms – European officers included. But in the summer sun and tropical heat we wear helmets as in India."

1 Sir Henry Morton Stanley (1841–1904), the journalist, author and explorer, most remembered for his 1871 expedition to find the missionary and explorer David Livingstone who had been trying to locate the source of the Nile.

2 Zouave indicates a uniform with an open-fronted jacket and baggy trousers.

"In character all Soudanese are frank and above board. When charged with an offence he will generally make no attempt to excuse himself for what he has done. He takes his punishment and [is] done with it. He loves fighting chiefly, I think, in a spirit of revenge for all the years of brutal murders and cruelty he and his people have suffered from the 'Arabs', now identified as 'Dervishes'. He's always ready to be up and at them. He hates the drudgery of drill, and does not appreciate precision in the least – in drill at least. He loves his glass of 'merissa'[3] (beer), his jollifications, and is very domesticated, if that is proved by 700 married establishments for 700 men"!

A report on the circumstances of Captain Pyne's death, compiled by Major F. R. Wingate, Director, Military Intelligence[4] begins: "On the morning of 30th December, 1892, it was ascertained that the Dervishes were about to make a descent on the Frontier, and that they were divided into two forces, one under the celebrated Emir Osman Azrak,[5] to attack Gamai, and another under Hamuda,[6] Emir of Suarda, to threaten Sarras."[7] Wingate



Figure 105: Pyne's illustration of a Sudanese soldier in Zouave uniform.

3 A traditional fermented beverage made from toasted sorghum.
4 Later General Sir Reginald Wingate, 1st Baronet of Dunbar and of Port Sudan (1861–1953).
5 'Uthmān Azraq (d. 1898) (Hill, 1967, p. 367); also known as 'Uthmān Muḥammad 'Īsā (Holt, 1970, p. 196).
6 Ḥamūda Idrīs al-Baqqārī (d. 1896) (Hill, 1967, p. 150).
7 Ṣaraṣ.



Figure 106: General Sir Francis Reginald Wingate (1861–1955) who succeeded Lord Kitchener as Governor-General of the Sudan.

acknowledges that "it was chiefly owing to the able manner in which [Pyne] conducted his Intelligence duties that the Frontier Force was fully prepared for any such contingency."

Pyne was sent out in command of the mounted troops and, at 5 a.m. on the morning of 2 January, he learned that the Dervishes, as the Mahdist soldiers were termed, were about to withdraw south from Ambigole[8] Wells. Unfortunately Pyne, who was accompanied by a small party of Egyptians, was enticed forward of his main position on the high ground, and was some 400 yards from his camels when a body of horsemen debouched through an opening in the range of hills facing him and launched a ferocious attack. According to Wingate, "Captain Pyne, who was in the central position, advanced into the plain towards the right to order the men to remain fast, and was killed near a tree with three or four Egyptian soldiers round him; he had exhausted the contents of his revolver and taken a rifle from a soldier."[9]

In his official report, Captain Woudhouse explained that "Captain Pyne knew the country well and was a most reliable officer; he was fully aware of the supposed strength of the raiders, and knew of my views as to the pursuit which was to follow on their line of retreat and possibly pick up stragglers, and hurry their line of march". Wingate

[8] Also known as Ambikol, a fort some ten kilometres from the Nile, manned mainly by Egyptian soldiers with the aim of protecting the railway being built at the time. Conditions in this small garrison must have been appalling: "[t]he country between [Wadi] Halfa and Akasheh is in every sense of the word "a howling wilderness"... The march is a trying one both for man and beast, and the heat in some of the rocky valleys in terrible" (*The British Medical Journal*, 2 May 1896, p. 1104).

[9] The colonial wars were reported throughout the British empire, and the Australian newspaper, *The Queenslander*, p. 1, published a small notice on 8 January 1893: "[n]ews received from Upper Egypt states that a fierce battle was fought with the Dervishes at Ambigole. The Dervishes made repeated charges, Killing a British officer and forty-six of the Egyptian troops. The Dervishes lost heavily, and eventually retreated." This was followed by a report from London, dated 4 January: "[l]ater information states that the combined British and Egyptian force surprised a large body of Dervish cavalry and infantry at the Ambigole Wells. The Dervishes were greatly superior in numbers to their opponents, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, resulting in the rout of the Dervishes, who thereupon fled to the south ward. The losses sustained by the Egyptian force were serious, Captain Pyne, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, one Egyptian major, and fifty troopers being killed."

continued, "From information subsequently received from native sources, it appears that when Captain Pyne left his position on the hill and descended to the plain, he was attacked by the Emir En Nur Abdel Fattah, who shot him in the legs and brought him to the ground, but when this Emir was about to attack him with his sword, Captain Pyne shot him dead. Another important Emir then rushed at him, but Captain Pyne also shot him dead. Osman Azrak, the Commander of the whole force, then shouted: "All rush at that infidel"; in the final attack Captain Pyne shot Osman Azrak's horse, but he was overpowered and killed."

On 4 January 1893, Brigadier-General H. H. Kitchener sent a telegram from Cairo to Morris Ringwood at Dover, requesting that the following message should be sent to the Reverend Edward Pyne: "[i]t was with deepest sorrow I learnt of the loss of your son yesterday; killed in action after severe conflict with Dervishes lasting several hours. He fell with two other officers and forty of his men. He had three bullet wounds in front and sword cut left arm. His body is being brought into Sarras, our advanced post, and will be buried in consecrated ground." There is some debate about what happened next. Wingate wrote that "his body was subsequently found by the Cavalry, who arrived on the scene of action some hours later". According to Mrs. Sheilah Pyne of Pyne's House, Thorverton, Devon, whose husband assumed her name by Royal Licence in

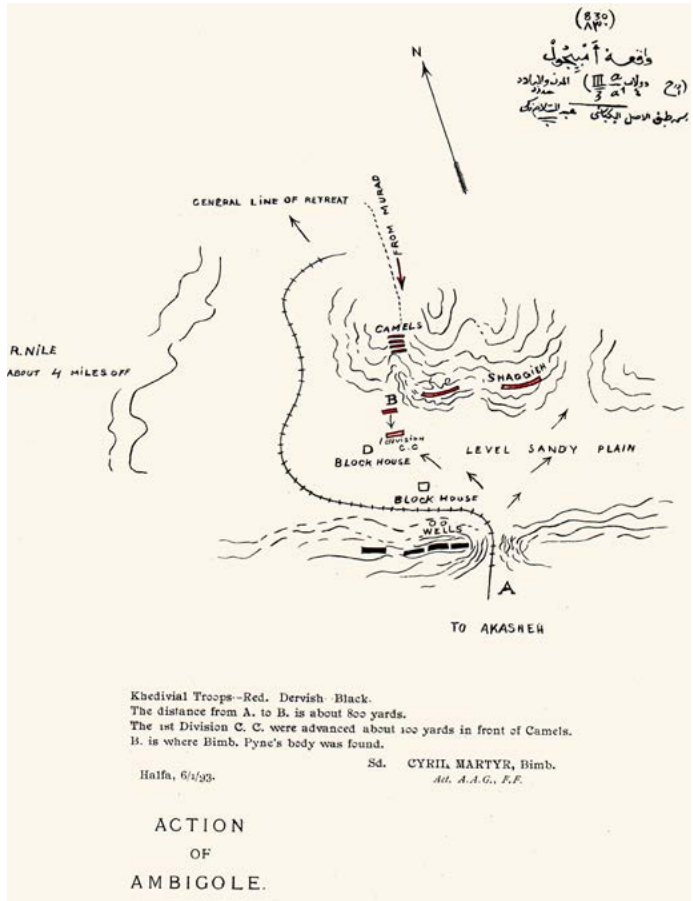


Figure 107: The 'Action of Ambigole' – map showing where Captain Pyne fell.

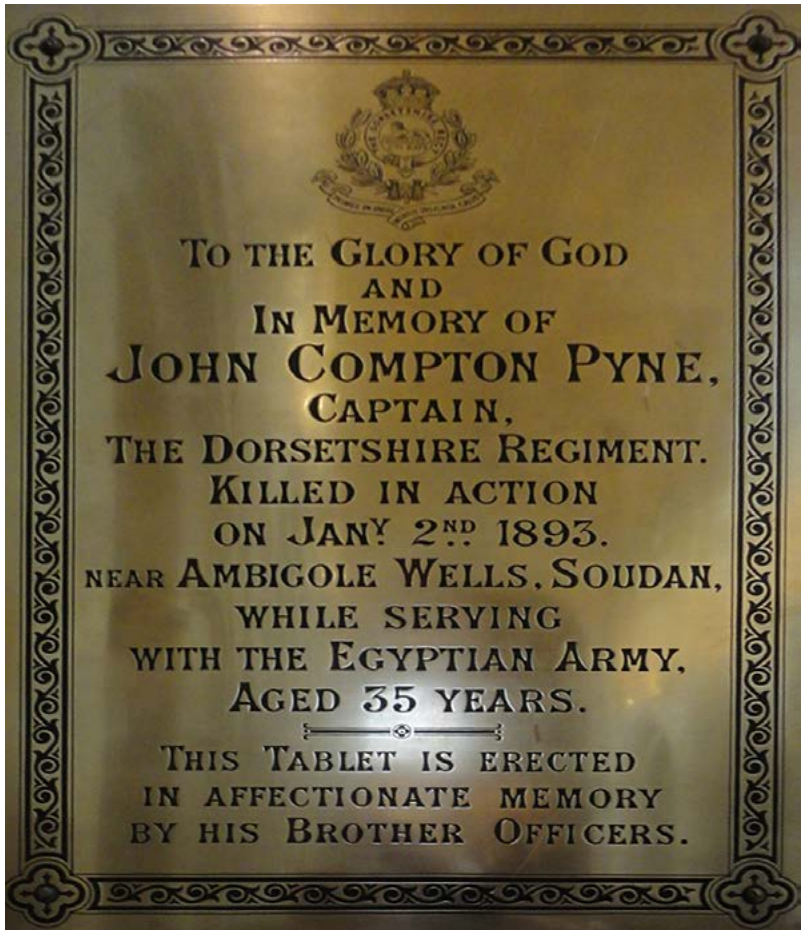


Figure 108: The memorial plaque in Sherborne Abbey.

1933, "his head was cut off and stuck on a pole at the gates of Khartoum". Of course, both versions may be correct and Wingate may simply have been trying to spare the family from further pain.

Captain Pyne's body was buried with full Military Honours at Wadi Halfa, which was flooded after the construction of the Aswan Dam during the 1960s. His brother officers later placed a brass plaque in "affectionate memory" in Sherborne Abbey. There is also a memorial in the Chapel of the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst: "In Loving Memory of John Compton Pyne, the Dorset Regt. and Major in the Egyptian Army (Gentleman-Cadet 1877-78). Killed in Action while gallantly leading his Egyptian soldiers against the Dervishes at Ambigole 2nd January 1893. Aged 35 years. R.I. P."

On 8 February 1893 the Sirdar wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. Egerton, Commanding, 2nd Battalion, The Dorsetshire Regiment, "Captain Pyne was one of the most valuable and excellent officers in the Egyptian Army, and there is no doubt that had he been spared his career would have been a brilliant one. All his comrades in the Egyptian Army join with me in deploring his loss."

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