

Haynes Collection (73)
1884

Journal No 5-

Commencing at Albistan

ending at Kourt Kury

2.

Thursday Aug 7th 1884

After ^{a late} dinner at which our
thirst could not be quenched I
lay down to rest but Mrs Marden
was so interesting in conversation
that I voluntarily chose to give
up the idea of sleeping. Though the
preceding night had been broken
Herrell is decidedly better today
After tea we attend a sing at the
pastor's boarding place appointed to
bring together some four or five of
the most quarrelsome ^{men} & bitter
enemies in the church & congregation
Some of them are now church
members & others are expelled

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but are as good, so Mr Marden
says, as others who expelled them
The bad has largely subsided &
the shrewd pastor thought such
a meeting would unite them again
In prayer meeting they all pray
but each is mad while the others
pray. In singing it was hoped
all would unite without angry
feelings. They sat under the open
portico in oriental style & sang
the familiar tunes & translated
hymns. Only an Armenian tune
being sung. Two women only came
Mrs. Marden & the pastor's ~~broth~~
sister who keeps the house so that
practically no women but Mrs M
came. There were perhaps 10 or a

dozen men.

Friday Aug 8th 1884

This

morning we take our last meal at the Marden's. Breakfast on what Sterrett calls white trout in which the river abounds. They were excellent - fine large trout. They live for two or three weeks at Abritan in camping style using tin plates, cups, spoons. They brought with them two large iron bound chests containing their household goods. They also brought two folding chairs. They attempt no display

After breakfast we went to the Khan to start off the baggage & leave for a zaptieh. Thence we repair to the Turkish graveyards. Mr Marden at asks the privilege of going with us. Find 9 milestones - only two of which we attempt to copy - A few words might be deciphered on two or three others, but no contribution to what we already have found would be made & we waste no time over them. The zaptieh has not yet appeared upon the scene. I. is thirsty & we return to the Marden's house await the zaptieh, drink ice-water hold a last interview say over again our good byes & a little after ten o'clock leave for

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Derinde. Mr. Marden is to try a new horse (He wants to buy) & so rides out a little way with us. I am glad of it for it shows us that we ride more slowly than anyone else rides, of which I was well aware before, but B. does not seem to be aware of it.

One hour and twenty minutes brings us to a gram-yard at a village called Kochak ^{little} Yapalak where we find a Greek inscription & an inscription in some unknown tongue probably it is Hittite. It is badly worn by long ages so that not above one half of it could be deciphered. I made an

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impression of it, which I may send to Mr. Marden. It is now used as a tombstone by the Turks & may have been designed for such originally for aught I know to the contrary. Thence we proceeded to ~~said to be 3 hours from Albistan & half way to the lions~~ the Turkish village of

Yapalak (Biyuk) said to be 3 hours from Albistan & half way between the latter & the lions toward Derinde. The baggage had been dispatched thither & the cook gave us tea, milk, gazhouts & bread for lunch. After lunch the baggage was sent on. We rested longer & then proceeded overtaking

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the baggage. We arrived at Kourt Kemy at dark, a wretched little village of 40 or 50 houses. After parleying with an old woman the gapties got quarters for us in a private house. The cook set about getting supper at once & announced it as soon as could be expected. However it was 9 o'clock before we finished. We were given place for beds in a grain room which was better filled with vermin than with grain though considerable pile of barley filled the farther end of the room. I slept well stealing a march on the vermin. I did not sleep one

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wink of the eye. I was consequently ready to rise early & did so. About 8 o'clock we set off for the lions having first despatched the baggage back to the village where we lunched yesterday at Biyrak Yapakah.

Our course from Kourt Kemy lay slightly to the northward of due east ~~±~~ & something like a half hour brought us face to face with these old old witnesses of bygone ages. For aught anyone can say to the contrary they may have locked within their lions' breasts stories & secrets that were old before David wrote his musical hymns - in other

words they may be of Hittite origin if there anywhere exist such remains of a race never mentioned outside the Bible, of whom we know so little.

Whatever may be said of these lions they are older I believe than written history. I noticed about the head of the fallen one a row of round holes like the rows of holes in the lions over the gate at Mycenae.

The fallen one is said to have been upturned by an Englishman who passed a few years ago & thought there might be an inscription concealed at or upon the bottom.

The drill holes like the same in the lions at Mycenae may connect them in point of time with earliest specimens of art in all Europe to which no one dares

assign a date even approximately. These appear older & with sterner & I believe they are older. They are hewn from coarse brown stone which endures the weather well. I suggests that they may have stood at the entrance to a King's palace. My first impression was that they stood either side the road; but S's theory is the more plausible. If ever there stood such a palace here all visible

traces of it have effectually
long centuries ago. They stand
upon the height of land - the water
shed between Albistan & Derinde.
To one passing over it the ground
seems nearly level so gentle are
the slopes, but looking each way it
is plainly seen to slope for miles.

Exposed to plates though the wind
was terrific blowing nearly a gale.
The exposures were short, but I hope
they will turn out well. A great
deal of pains were taken with figures
introduced. Thence we went 3
hours to Yapalak with the wind
strong in our backs blowing a
raising a smothering cloud

of dust which would have made
it exceedingly difficult to go against
the winds. Such a cloud of dust I
never was in before and I do not
believe horses or men could face
it without great harm.

At Yapalak we lunched & rested
until about 3 o'clock & set off for
Kös Azha a miserable Kourdish
village of perhaps 40 or 50 houses
built partly above partly below
the surface of the ground. (Over
road from Yapalak (100 houses)
with large mud chimneys) we
soon lost striking across the
fields. Kös Azha was said to be 3
hours away, but it must have

at least 4 hours of continuous travel. At Kios Agha we went to a cluster 3 ~~or~~ houses 60 rods or so beyond the village & thought we were going to stay there; but after a great deal of parley between the gaptich & proprietor of houses, which may all have belonged to one man, it was arranged that the horses should be sheltered in his barn 10 rods away & we went too to be with the men who were to stay with the horses.

Sunday Aug. 10.

We slept on the roof of the large stable & store house for Saman. It was

a cold night & we prepared for it by tucking up our beds carefully. The wind subsided & the night was beautifully clear & calm. The moon rose an hour & a half after sunset & shone brightly all the night but disturbed us less than usual because we covered our faces more effectually. At dawn of day several donkeys began bringing in double sacks made for the purpose, open in the middle, being slit half way across upon the roof and dropping it down holes in the roof made like ordinary chimneys. The weather is cold. Our sleeping quarters

being in the sun, our beds were
moored under a cluster of willow
trees near several springs & there
we spent the day. I read aloud
the entire epistle to the Galatians.
An Armenian protestant came to
see us and remained a long time.
It has been chilly all day and
toward night the cold increases.

Monday Aug 11th

Last
night I slept cold during all
the latter part of the night or
rather the truth compels me
to say that I did not sleep much
during the night but lay cold
much of the time so that it was

no trial for me to rise early as I
did. An old woman comes, stands
a long time just outside the wall
enclosing the stable yard & makes
a great fuss about the pay for a
little gäoust she had let the
~~cook~~ cook have. The cook offered
to pay 40 paras. She insisted &
kept insisting on more. I didn't
see the final settlement but do
not believe the cook would yield.
We started late (7.40 a.m.) & in an
hour came to a large encamp-
ment of Kourds - the same to whom
the governor of Albistan gave
orders that they should be held
responsible for our safe conduct
across the mountains.

These same Kourds are at the present time in a state of rebellion refusing to pay their taxes. The troops have gone to Zeitun to settle the difficulties there & when they return a raid will be made upon these refractory Kourds who will probably be persuaded to pay their taxes. Their tents were large & black open a large part of the way round. Each tent had several poles protruding through the black roofs. Near was a little village called Dedi Kemy whether the winter quarters of these same people I do not

know but have some reason to believe they live in the village in winter & that their nomadic habits & untutored instincts lead them to prefer the freedom of out door life to the settled habits of village life. From this point we began to enter into the mountains which grew more & more rugged & wilder. In a deep valley concealed from view is the village of Dedeninkemy. There are several little villages called Dedi Kemy separated by considerable distances, probably Kourdish villages. About noon we came in sight of Hassanli but turned off to pass a shorter

way + near't another village called on the map Kassanli but which is said to be the same as Hassanli. It may be a village in two parts. At the latter the gaptich wanted to stop for the night though it was not yet one o'clock. We proceeded a little way + sat down for 15 minutes to eat some dry bread with no other thing but brook water to make it palatable. We climbed + twisted along for 2 hours or so longer, the scenery growing wilder rougher and more picturesque at each turn, until finally at 3.34 p.m. we reached the real summit said to be the

highest point of road in all Asiatic Turkey. The formation is which has been limestone since we crossed the Anti-taurus has changed to volcanic tufa like the formation out of which those peculiar rock cut dwellings at Selme + Sozhanli Dere were cut and two or three times we saw ~~of these~~ formations approaching the cones so common at Selme + Sozhanli Dere. At 3.34 p.m. we began the descent of the mountain. It was rather steep all the way down + rough. Soon we entered between high rocky sides closing us in

completely and toward the opening into the lower lands it became steeper and rougher so that with some little difficulty that the baggage animals got down. It must have been about sunset when we reached the hospitable & clean Turkish village of 200 houses. We had made about 11 hours and were tired. Sterrett was fatigued beyond what I was owing to his late illness which has hardly left him yet. This the neatest looking Turkish village it has ever been my lot to see & the villagers

are the most friendly to us that they have been ~~in~~ any place ever visited by us. The head man came directly over & wanted to take us to his guest chamber but we were fixed & so he showed his hospitality by doing what else he could to add to our comfort. They have heard of the missionaries & this fact may account in some measure for their hospitality to us whom they recognize of the same nationality not that they feel any sympathy with the missionary's work, but that they respect his manhood & character

Bound to learn from the people whether they knew of any inscriptions near. I asked and learned of one which I copied. I had some plates to change which I effected with Hussein's help before supper which came late though the cook prepared it as soon as possible.

Thursday Aug. 12.

Slept last night upon the roof. Sterrett went to bed feeling uncomfortable but appears right this morning. As for myself I had a most uncomfortable night.

Having caught cold at Kös Agha my throat was in a state of catarrh until near morning so that I obtained very little sleep. When I got drowsy the effect of the bright moonlight upon the many poplar trees near our roof together with my dreamy state wrought the most fantastic fairy like beings and fantastic shapes - ethereal - unreal beings.

Before sunrise I took two photographs from the roof where we slept showing the neatly plastered and washed house walls. The chimneys are interesting in construction.

being built of mud about
a frame ~~with~~ wicker work.
They are very large too. This
village is said to be 13 hours
from Albistan + 12 hours fr
Uvalatia. After breakfast I
copied the inscription. A Turk
brought out a ~~three~~³ or ~~four~~⁴ year
old boy to show me a
Byzantine coin of silver for
which I freely offered 5 piasters
after telling him it was not
gold as it appeared to have
been washed with gold.
He asked for the beshlik
I gave it without hesitation
The little began to cry

bitterly. His father showed him
the large beshlik of an old
coinage, trying to tempt the little
fellow. He was not to be
tempted in that way. His father
seeing that it was hopeless to
attempt to coax took the
youngster in his arms. A
daughter or young wife
with a pair of shears came
to the rescue + cut the lock of
unkempt hair into which
the coin had been braided
+ I ~~walked~~ walked away
with it in my pocket having
paid too much for it. Just as
we were going out of the village

a woman hailed me to look at an old Turkish coin of silver for which I offered 5 piasters.

I now regret not having offered 10 piasters. It would illustrate my theory that the Turks took their coinage from the Byzantines leaving off the pictures which are contrary to the Mohammedan religion. Left about 8 a.m. passing over a rough road until about noon when we stopped for lunch at a little collection of Kourdish houses called Chiflik. Soon after starting on we crossed a considerable stream & near to a large village built

entirely of boughs of trees, probably inhabited by Kourds. & farther on were more of them. I riding ahead of the rest of the party came upon 3 rough looking men all armed with guns: one double barreled. I first saw them at the top of a hill, which we had been climbing. They had just started out from under some trees where I supposed there was water. Not finding good drinking water I followed the men striking over the hill out of sight of all the party. They were driving along at a slow pace a number of donkeys. I did not like to pass them & so get separated

from the party. One of the first questions they asked was if I had road companions. I replied "many". Soon ~~another~~ another joined them coming across the fields. He had no gun but a sword & later in a very mysterious way a fifth came across the fields appearing suddenly. I began to think there might be a nest of robbers. At this point I looked back & saw the gaptick near me. The cook had now been in sight some time. We journeyed on in company a little time. Passing over the last of a series of hills the long

green stretch of country extending for miles toward Malatia gladdens the eye, weary of dry seas landscapes. I had been troubled with dry parched throat for an hour when we descended a deep ravine to a large stream where horses & men were cheered & refreshed. In a few minutes we crossed another stream about the same size which unites with the one above mentioned a few minutes walk below where we crossed them. Turning up something in the direction of the stream (backward) we passed the largest herd of cows I have ever seen. There may have

200 or more & soon we entered among the delightful gardens & orchards. The trees are so thick and grow so luxuriantly that it is quite impossible to see any distance among the trees. Mulberry trees walnut trees apricot trees etc.

One wonders why so many poplar trees are allowed to grow & over shadow. Every available space is overgrown with fine healthy trees in such luxuriantly as I have never seen in my life. Soon the road rises over a little hill with not a particle of soil & on either side with but little soil

in the hollow places of the rocks with an abundance of running water in little streams spreading over the ground are good healthy looking trees mostly mulberry trees such would the whole of Turkey become if equally well watered. Now we enter a village of 200 houses scattered among the gardens & orchards so as scarcely to show the houses except as one passes along the streets & sees the walls. The name of the village is Kilaik (Keelaik) as nearly as I can pronounce it. The gaptich found a large stable with fire places

in it which may answer for a Khan perhaps. It is large and roomy, beside the large swiftly flowing canal of cold fresh limestone water used for irrigation. I sit beside the stream & write until dark then repair to the roof. The cook is sick, has a pain in the stomach, too sick to cook anything or make any preparation for supper. Hussein brings us wafer bread, gaöunt & strange as it may seem American Molasses (made from sorghum, says S.) A native brought us a watermelon rotten at one end and not good at the other as

might have been expected. This constituted our frugal meal. [Wednesday Aug. 13th]

Both Hussein & the Zaptieh slept with their rifles upon the roof with us to guard us though at Pulat, where all was safe both slept ~~the~~ below. This is probably a measure of the danger which they suppose surround us. I slept well, awoke early & found the cook still sick. His stomach is better but his head aches & he looks sick. After considerable trouble we got the other men to make tea & boil eggs having first

determined to do it ourselves. We had some grapes of fine quality, but not quite ripe enough to ~~be~~ sweet. At 8.20 we start off beside the cooling stream upon whose banks we stayed last night. Sometimes we were above the stream outside the gardens; sometimes below the stream within the gardens; mostly within so that aside the dust raised by the baggage preceding us it was a pleasant, yes delightful ride of one hour and forty six minutes to the Khan in Malatia.

Riding along through the fresh

gardens a disagreeable smell greeted our noses & in the next instant our eyes saw houses we thought a village. It proved to be the outskirts of the city which seems a kind of metropolis to the region.

Almost immediately upon entering a single line of telegraph wire caught our eyes, ~~the~~ for the first time since leaving Caesarea. Passing on even the houses have a clean enterprising look showing more thrift & neatness ~~than any of the~~ & having a more thoroughly cityfied air than anything we have seen in the interior not excepting

even Konia & Caesarea.
 Perhaps this opinion will
 rapidly change on going about
 the town. Here we are in a
 great Khan. In the great court
 are all kinds of confusion; ~~horses~~
 horses, mules, donkeys, men,
 boxes, bales, arabas etc all in
 confusion; endless confusion,
 and the corridors above are
 alive with people. In one corner
 stands a brutish looking man
 in black sint long tailed coat
 plug hat collar cuffs in short
 in European dress with some
 pretensions to style talking to
 a miscellaneous crowd of
 natives. Soldiers & officers

issue from rooms above
 officers dressed as neatly as any
 in Constantinople. We sit on the
 bales of soap to await the results
 of Hussein's & Zaptieh's arrange-
 ments about quarters. At length
 a man brings stools and conducts
 us to the entrance where we
 sit a little while. Meantime
 Hussein & Zaptieh went away to
 find better quarters for the
 horses, but now they return and
 decide to stay here. Sitting in
 the gate way gives us a fine
 opportunity to watch the move-
 ments of the the crowd of
 people moving about.

The man in European dress

is now eating breakfast with his two children (boy + girl of 6 & 10 years) and much abused neglected wife & the brutish nature of ~~the~~ well dressed man that would lead the fashions of this portion of the world asserts itself at table. His wife sits at an corner as if afraid to take a good position beside her lord. It looks more out of place to see this man so dressed & swelling around that it does to see a woman at a Khan & a family eating in the corridor of a great thronged Khan. After lunch

I went out into the adjoining Bazaar and dropped in with some protestant brethren. They brought round a youth from Caesarea who speaks some English. Young man has a brother in Jefferson College Philadelphia. They asked various questions among which the question whether I was a protestant seemed important. At last when the youth asked my name I wrote my address as from Robert College all doubts ^{were} dispelled. They were satisfied that I was a protestant & therefore to be ~~be~~ trusted. I returned to the Khan to write letters for the post, but finding good subjects and favorable

light for a photograph I first embraced the opportunity & took a photograph of the court of the Khan. Returning I found Sterrett writing. I wrote two letters only, having no materials.

Having finished writing I went to the P.O. with the letters. The letter to Constantinople required two piasters, double the amount required to foreign countries.

The P.M. wrote in Turkish the address. The post goes once a week each way and it happens to meet on Wednesday coming from Constantinople & Bagdad. It is said to be 15 days to Constantinople and 9 days to Bagdad.

The post route is through Nicomedia, Angora, Newshehr, Urgub, Taltar, Sinje Su, Caesarea, Sivas, Malatia, Kharpoint, Diarbekir, Mosul, Bagdad. 24 days - The clerk called it one month. The Turkish month must I think be 29 or 30 days alternately, for the Mohammedan year consists of 354 days which divided equally into 12 months would give $29\frac{1}{2}$ days in each month. (Question) Does the Turkish post go & come on Friday, the Turkish Sunday or does it stop on that day? and how long does it take to make the whole distance?

Malatia is said to contain 6000 houses which means 30000 people.

reckoning 5 to each house. There are 2000 soldiers, but they may be needed to keep the neighboring nomads in safe subjection. Malatia is well supplied with water, but the manner of getting is novel. It boils up from ~~the~~ an opening in the bottom of a stone basin sunk into the ground, sidewalk or any public place & overflows out at the side. People drink water horses, donkeys wash their hands, face, heads & feet, without hesitation or protest on the part of anyone. They even spit & blow their noses into these basins of water

which always keeps clear in spite of all the filth they receive from many sources. It is true that the water is constantly ~~changing~~ changing and runs clear after a few minutes; but no one ever seems to wait for it to change after defilement. Are these people filthy about it or are our people squeamish? In the court of the Khan is such a fountain where I have seen all sorts of defilement according to our views. It is with considerable pressure that I can drink the water. It does not taste good to me, whether it imagination or not I cannot tell

Fruit of all kinds is both abundant and excellent.

Cataonia did not give us any grapes and but few apricots.

Melitem is giving lavishly of these bountiful fruits which ^{sustain} (are worthy) their ancient reputation.

Apricots are gone. Apples, pears, grapes, mulberries, & melons are abundant.

Cucumbers without end are to be found in all parts of Turkey.

Dried mulberries are being transported in abundance &

I presume dried apricots also. As far as I can see dried fruits are the exports the basis of the wealth.

For a long time we have not seen veiled women until reaching Kalait or Keddik, two hours from Malatya. Here the women are closely veiled. It has been a great relief to see them about with uncovered faces, without attempt at concealment. And it is now equally painful ~~now~~ to see them hide their faces with such jealous care as if religion - the most sacred of bonds - demanded such concealment. Poor deluded creatures. To expose their faces to a Christian Ghiaour is a sin for which there is no remedy but calling aloud upon Allah Allah to save them.

from the evil eye. Our cook is getting better. Our stomachs rejoice in it. Our Zaptieh from Albistan agrees to go to the river Euphrates with us thence to Derinde which is toward home. This arrangement relieves us from calling upon the governor whatever his rank.

There are said to be 100 houses of protestants here. The pastor does not speak English.

There is however a teacher who speaks Eng. He was educated at Kharpont.

A native barber came to us at the Khan after the native style and trimmed our heads

Being a good specimen and he seem being truly orientat I embraced the opportunity to photograph him at his work with a group beyond him & his tools around him.

We had some real ice cream a small plate for 20 paras - The ice was snow, but that did not matter so far from home and the cream tasted of boiled milk, but that mattered little for ice cream in the interior of Turkey is not to be found every day - only in the great centres of orientalism can it be found made with snow brought down from classic

mountains. He too was a true itinerant carrying upon an end of his yoke (a long stick slightly bent by long usage) a stand, sink China rack & general receptacle all in one upon the other end his bucket of snow containing in the middle a pot of cream. He would have made a picture worth having but the idea came as an afterthought as so many of my best ideas do come.

Thursday 14. 1884

Slept upon the corridor. It was a hot night & for us who have been used to sleep in the fresh breezes upon house tops it seemed too hot to sleep, but after a time we fell fast asleep and slept until a roaming horse awoke us by his attempts to pick a quarrel with 4 araba horses tied directly below us. I did not fall asleep again: but rose at dawn. While the light was yet dim a great troop of donkeys—perhaps 40—were driven ^{into} into the court to

receive their heavy loads of dried mulberries. It was a picture and I was not to lose such an opportunity even at the risk of insufficient lighting of the subject. Just as we sat down to breakfast another troupe of donkeys were being laden but my breakfast was not to be put aside for small matters. At six we set off for the site of ^{the} ancient capital of Melitene & the Euphrates. Hussein, Zaptieh & myself set off leaving the other men with the baggage in comfortable quarters at the Khan

We are now resting under the shade of mulberry trees near the great river. I lie upon his asleep, the soldier too is fast asleep & Hussein has shaken off his slumbering spirit having been startled by some slight noise among the horses. It is thundering & beyond Malatya the sky black and lowering threatening to wet unless we find shelter under some friendly roof. ~~Here~~ Within our sight men are threshing in old time way, driving the patient oxen round and round a heap of grain dragging after them

the historic threshers cutting and breaking the brittle straw into something like chaff. To those who have grain to thresh the threatened storm means vastly more than it does to us. All the year's crop of grain lies in huge heaps in the open field. Until threshed, it never has shelter of any kind and a rain consequently affects the prosperity of these people much more than it can affect people in our country where rain may be expected any day of the year.

Leaving Malatia one hour brought us to Eski Shehir the supposed site of ancient Melitene. Approaching the town, ancient and modern we pass an enormous Turkish graveyard. All the grave stones are of tufa, not one of marble. We were attracted aside by an early Turkish tomb similar to the high pointed structures in northern Syria. It is now dilapidated & robbed of its dead if ever it guarded such a trust. It is high & was once an imposing tomb. Entering the scattered village

we crossed an ancient moat, probably used as such by the Turks also. Then we went through an opening in the ancient enclosing wall, also probably repaired by the Turks in later times. The wall must have been kept in repair by the Turks for there are unmistakable signs of this.

Much of the decayed Turkish city is now cultivated in small patches broken up by enclosing walls. It seems that little by little, as the attractions of the new town increased, the site of the

city ~~was~~ changed from the old to the new site 3 to 4 miles apart until at the present time only an unimportant village remains to look upon the standing minarets; the broken walls; the useless moat & the deserted baths. One can almost see how the new city drew away from the mother city here people and trades. And the presence of water has made all the difference & it is this circumstance & not any chance that has effected the great change. Why it did not induce the ancients to select the

the new to be to us the old
I cannot understand unless
water was much more abundant
then than now. Though there
is little here to see & though
I cannot explain it in any way
there comes to me a feeling of
great satisfaction at
seeing this ancient site des-
ecrated by Turkish presence
than any other ancient we
have visited has given. The
ancient city Metitene will
always have an individual-
ity an individual ex-
istence in my mind.

There are two fine Saracenic

doors - entrances
to tombs or mosques which
are well worth photographing
the workmanship and design
is good: the pattern being
more than usually delicate
though the stone is not of fine
quality. Hussein thinks it
time to go for he is getting the
horses ready.

Kham. Malatia, 5:40 p.m.

Encountered the shower on the
way home. Just out of Eski
Shehir F. & Hussein stopped to
take hearings. Zaptieh & I went
on and I soon left the him
behind. It began to rain

Moderately at first and soon broke into a drenching storm full in my face. Hussein had both umbrellas so that I had no protection from the pitting drops that struck right through my clothing as from a waterfall. As to my lower parts I am drenched and unfortunately have nothing dry to put on but a coat having sent to the wash most of my changes of clothing. The shower was sufficient to do considerable injury I fear to the myriads of grain heaps scattered about the country. However after a rain one is

surprised to see how little distance the rain has entered into the straw. Returning through the western side of Tekin-Shehir we saw the fine large door giving entrance to an early (Saracenic) Khan of enormous dimensions well worth photographing, and a little farther on a smaller door of the same age but of less pretension. We also have seen the ruined wall and moat on three sides of the city and have come to the conclusion that this same wall is of Roman

origin repaired by the early Turks and that the ancient and modern city was large covering a great deal of ground for an ancient city closely built like modern Turkish cities. That the Turkish city was large is attested by the long lines of well filled graveyards. The position of the city was remarkable for nothing except its proximity to the Tephreates & its location in the midst of a fertile plain but one wonders why the practical Romans did not build their city, the metropolis

of all this region, on the site of the present city of Malatya, the modern Melitene, unless as some think water was more abundant in those early times than it is ~~today~~ in these latter days, when all the mountains and hillsides have been robbed of their trees so that they are now as bare as a bald head. However the ruins of baths (One we saw) lead one to think there was no dearth of water. Indeed a good roaring brook passes through the modern town near one side and served as moat for that side of the walled city. There

is fall enough to bring it into the city without difficulty and there is enough to fill the moats beside were they still in repair and the water prudently used. On second thought I am inclined to say that the city was favorably situated for defense by wall and moat. If ever I come this way again I shall try to take at least a half dozen photographs if the number does not swell to a full dozen. The temple we saw at its junction with the Tokma Su. There are so many islands in it that

it is difficult to judge of its size but it is no small stream. We washed hands & face its fairly cool waters and let our thirsty horses drink of it and then turned our faces to the trees where we lunched & rested. Near the river is a great mound of such perfect symmetry of form that I am sure it is artificial but more ancient than the Roman dimension.

The cook gave us an excellent supper of Meljanis cooked with meat and the most delicious pears cooked in syrup that

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I was at. After supper I went immediately to bed.

Friday Morning Aug 15

I slept

well all night until the horses disturbed me at dawn & day and then rose to be on the look out for pictures. Took 3 more of the Khan and one of the market place - donkeys unloading wood and timbers.

Sterrett feels regret at leaving Malatia and adds "It is the first Turkish town I ever left with regret". We have a good breakfast and are now waiting for the horses to be

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got ready. Word comes that my horse is lame. I hope it will not be anything serious.

Arqa.

We are reclining under the most refreshing shade by a cool fountain. Away from the village under the same cool shade sit two shoe repairers or cobblers plying their trade. I lie upon his back. The men have contrived to their custom removed the packs from the horses & they are taking a little rest. Hussein is washing the yellow horse's back having removed the saddle. The poor animal is nearly well.

now, and his lores seem to
itch as to greatly annoy him.
Sulreman & Hassan lie
stretched at full length upon
the ground and the cook has
disappeared from sight.

Riding out of the city of Malatia
this morning we got a good
idea of the extent of the city. A
little cried on "Posta geldi".

We struck across the south
west end of the plain nearly
parallel to our course coming
from Pulat to Malatia. We
drank from the canal which
had done its work in irrigating
the orchards & gardens, and

though it had flowed through the
open plain for some distance
it was cold as one could well
dring by the turnbiter full so
swiftly does it flow. The
main branch of the Tokhuma
Chai which we crossed last
Tuesday we crossed this time
in a deep ravine not visible at
any distance. We also passed
the largest single spring that
I have yet seen sending out
from a single source a great
brook divided into two artifi-
cial canals for irrigating a
flat patch of land lying between
the two canals. After passing

the river above mentioned we came to extensive barracks built in form of a chiflik. It has capacity for a thousand soldiers I think. After a short rest we started on contrary to the wishes of the zaptieh. Hussein did not express a wish nor did the other. He merely plainly told that at the Kourdish village whither we were going could furnish nothing for the horses. At the distance of 4 hours keeping for horses might be found, but they said it was then 9 o'clock (Turkish) and we could not reach there before dark. They were right

I insisted and the men went without a murmur. Just as we were leaving two soldiers came out from the Konak dressed in becoming white clothes. They called the zaptieh on side for a conference. What it was about I do not know, but the zaptieh came on after us without delay. Arga is a Kaimakamlik and it may be that the Kaimakam wanted to know why we went through his seat of government without change of zaptiehs and also he may have wanted to who we were & ~~add~~ whither going. A little way out we waited

the cook and Suliman who had fallen behind. Just as we were starting along two mounted Kourds well armed passed us saluting as they did so. One was evidently a man of rank, shown in his majestic bearing; the other a servant, not a mean person by any manner of means. Starting on they met just ahead of us a troop of well armed Kourds of the peasant class numbering a dozen or more. They stopped and held conversation in their tongue which may possibly have been to the effect

that we were to pass unmolested but I hardly dare to think they may have evil intention. At all events they all stood respectful & humble in our august presence. Whether he was chief, and they his subjects it was plain. His was a great name among them and he born to rule. Respect & obedience were written in face and attitude.

Thence we journeyed in company for an hour or so when he gave us full directions for the road and turned aside by an untrodden path. We afterwards saw them climb-

the opposite hillside. He did
 no nothing but good. About
 sunset we stopped at a small
 Kourdish village to inquire for
 horse food. Found none and
 went on by horse, lame in
 the morning lags. All get
 ahead of me and I find it
 hard to keep my horse up to
 the others. At dark we were
 climbing a big hill. A large
 number of Kourds were a little
 way off. I could see some half
 dozen against the sky on a hill
 near and could hear a number
 of boisterous voices lower
 down. We continued our

way coming to a branching of
 paths. No one knew which to take
 but a light high up above us
 was the top of the mountain caught
 our sight and we directed our
 march thither across fields &
 rough ground. At last we
 reached the miserable village
 & received a not very warm wel-
 come. They said that they could
 give a roof for the horses & straw
 but no house for us. We assented
 glad to get so much. But the
 cook in his eagerness to do his
 whole duty thrust open the
 door of the house in front of
 which our things were un-
 loaded and in so doing had broken

latch lock. This excited the rough ~~best~~ host. All his barbarian blood began to boil. He fairly seethed with rage. He grasped a club and went at the cook ordering our men to take away all our things at once and now it required all the tact of Hussein and all the power of the Zaptiehs presence, authority and the united persuasion of both with an occasional word from Suliman to prevent a row, a pitched battle. ~~The~~ It was the most turbulent crowd I have seen in many a day. One sees in these rude

people the elements of a mob easily excited by the most trivial circumstances and when excited ungovernable with rage, ready to kill. One sees too in these people wild barbarians who stood on the high precipitous rocks and hurled down stones and shouted.

Their shouting and boisterous talking last ^{night} may easily be conceived to resemble very closely the boisterous tumult of which Xenophon speaks. It was a marvel to witness the hasty gathering of the half clad & decently clad Kurds. They seemed to spring out of the ground. All were greatly excited until at length

man came who seemed calm I somehow felt as if his calm and dignified presence would soothe the maddened throng. Whether so or not I do not know, but they soon became tractable perhaps more by Hussein's management than by anything else, for he at once offered to pay anything reasonable to repair the damage done. 10 piasters, a great sum, was offered but refused with indignation. The host was too angry for settlement and too unreasonable to talk like a sensible man but Hussein grasped the whole

matter at once and dealt most wisely and in the end effectively with a quarrelsome man we should have had difficulty not easily settled without danger to some one. Rev Epstein of Smyrna says of them. "These are the men who first cut off the head and then rob the dead body, not like the Arab robbers who take what they can find and send you away destitute. In comparison the Arabs are gentlemen: these ruffians." I have tried to describe the scene, but it was indescribable. I can scarce comprehend it much less describe it.

Two or three men appeared upon the scene with their long native guns ready for a spirited defence or attack as the case may require. A boy, some 10 or 11 years runs out of the house stark naked.

Next morning the same boy was round with an article of clothing and that was a kind of sack that hung from the shoulders to the small of the back behind: nothing to conceal his front parts. One of our men lighted a candle ~~and~~ and threw the whole company into a state excited curiosity. All rushed into the house where it was to see it.

They had evidently never seen a candle before. Their only lights are torches of dry twigs and their methods of lighting them are the antediluvian methods of flint and tinder.

Their guns are the flint lock. Not an article of civilization did I see but their guns and so long ago were these borrowed from civilization that they now are the inheritance of a savage people more than an article of civilized use i.e. they have received the gun from civilization but have left behind all the civilizing influences. After all they may be no more uncivilized.

than any other mountain people of Turkey; but they certainly have less thrift, less enterprise, are more savage, more rude than most of the other peoples of this empire. We slept in the dirt beside the door outside the house. Next morning Aug. 16, Sat. the cook built a fire inside the house & made some tea. We breakfasted on dry bread honey and tea, as we supped last night on bread honey and a few grapes. They seated us inside the house. There were two rooms. The house was built into a side hill like most mountain houses of the

ruder sort. The front room was family living room. The rear room, entered only from through the front room and opening into it is the stable for the long dreary winter such as they must have here. In one corner of the room was a pit sunk five or six feet for barley. This was their grain bin. The only article of furniture I noticed was a wooden pitchfork and the mattress upon which we ~~slept~~ sat to eat our simple breakfast. The men were in haste to get away and we responded. All the time Hussein was taking care of horses last night he kept his rifle in

his hand determined not to be caught at disadvantage.

Probably the men did not attempt to sleep last night thinking it necessary to keep guard & watch the property. They are very faithful and however much they may have suffered from long exposure they will not suffer us to do anything, an idea which naturally grows out of the system of servants and masters who never lift a finger to assist a servant whether the work be little or much. The people slept upon their roofs cold as the night was. I kept on all

my clothing except my shoes. I changed my cotton socks for a pair of woolen ones which I wore all night and then my feet became chilly toward morning. Besides my clothing I put on an extra coat and tied two handkerchiefs upon my head over my silk cap. And with usual covering over me I was none too warm. How the people endure it half clad as they are is difficult to see. One can only account for it by supposing they have perfect health eat great quantities of food & like the lower animals ~~with~~ which become house companions in winter they keep up the animal

eat as they do by indulging
the appetite. Below the house
they were getting in barley. A
man was gathering it into bunches
and a woman carrying it by
great loads to the threshing floor.

Our host conducted a better
way on the road for which the
cook gave money. Every man
carries his gun with him
wherever he goes, and our guide
was no exception. We climbed
to the top of the mountain, descend-
ed into a deep valley, climbed
another mountain past several
Kourdish villages by the way,
descended it by steep path to
small Kourdish villages

where we got plenty of cucumbers
but ~~could~~ could get nothing else.
Climbed a hill, descended to the
Tikhina river which we hailed
with joy. Following the river
a half mile or so we passed
over a steep hill where the
river passed through a canon.
A castle crowns the summit of
the hill. Thence our road lay
along the river to Muzde where
camped down under the delightful
grove of mulberry trees just outside
the village. Hassan & the cook
slept a good deal on the road
this afternoon. I became afraid
that Hassan would fall from
his horse and when we passed

so near the river's edge that he would have fallen into the river had he fallen off that side, & awakened him. Sterrett gave directions to go to Derende but at Mridge the zaptrieb said all the shops would be at Derende would be closed and it would be dark before we could reach it. So we yielded & establish ourselves here for the Sabbath, I found myself very tired after stopping.

Sunday Aug 17.

Comfortable day under the cool trees from which the men shake and eat *mulberries ad libitum*.

Suffering from a severe cold I have felt dull all the day & ~~was~~ toward night it grew into a sick headache. About 4 o'clock a thunder storm threatened to burst suddenly upon us. There were several men there at the time. We all took something & went to a guest chamber & all the things were quickly & easily moved under covers. After all the fright it did not rain; only wind & a few scattering drops.

In the evening I was obliged to change plates for the morrow. but the work increased my illness greatly & I went to supperless to bed in considerable pain.

Monday Aug 18th 1884

My headache not gone, but considerably lessened. Ascended the steep hill near the village and a picture of the village and its surroundings. It is built on a low hill: its exterior closely resembling a medieval castle town. Several villages in vicinity present a similar appearance. Hussein and the cook had some difficulty yesterday. This morning the gaptich brought the cook where Hussein was getting my horse ready for the start. Putting his arms around the necks of both he drew them together & according

an Eastern custom they embraced each other & kissed, then parted with a laugh. About an hour from Mingde or more: somewhat more than half way from Mingde to Derinde we found quantities of a stone which I suppose to be gypsum. I supposed it to be alabaster. Countless boulders lie by the roadside washed down from the hillsides above. About 2 hours brought us to the limits of Derinde which is rightly named. We were more than an hour passing from end to end. The houses are scattered more than in any Turkish town I have ever seen. 1000 houses

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Near the farther end of the town we crossed a bridge, where the river issues from a deep & narrow canon with vertical sides. This bounds one side of a fortified castle built up a lofty & unassailable rock.

Before the use of cannon it was an absolutely impregnable fortress. It is rather my impression that those early Tartar tribes who were the ancestors of the Ottoman Turks, and who first established themselves in this vicinity occupied this & while few & weak, but courageous to gain a foothold in the country

93

The entrance was through two gates; one of which is in a fair state of preservation. It belongs to the Byzantine type of wall; not however Byzantine of the best period; but Byzantine of 600 years or so ago. One would expect these rude shepherd people with ^{practical} no knowledge of mural building to borrow from those among whom they chose to make their home. All this would help out my theory that this fortification & that at Khurman Kalessi were built by those earliest generations of shepherd invaders.

94

The deep narrow canon is I judge nearly if not quite 100 feet deep. I remarked that "It is difficult to realize that the water has worn away all this depth of solid rock, has cut this mighty channel. Who can count even the millenniums that this process has been going on. Though the time in this instance is immeasurable it is perhaps the best measure of eternity. This had a beginning though no man will ever be able to measure its distance & into the past. Eternity has no beginning & will never end.

95

Who shall say that these measures not written in the rocks to give some faint conception of idea of an endless life. At farther end of the town we stopped at a Khan for 4 hours or more I lay down for my headache. Between the Khan & Castle rock is the destroyed Turkish village entirely in ruins. Several hundred houses have been deserted and are partly fallen. Perhaps they have been exchanged for the pleasanter situations among the delightful gardens of mulberry and other trees. Derinde is 24 miles from Malatia. Road bad

Leaving Derinde we kept in winding deris about 2 miles reminding us still more forcibly that the city was very appropriately named. In something more than an hour we suddenly & unexpectedly came upon lion & black Basalt of very ancient origin lying by the roadside & stopped to photograph it. Sending along however Hassan & the cook with 5 horses that they might reach the Kourdish village before dark though we had not the slightest doubt at that time but that we too should be in before dark. Having

5 exposures upon it in the uncertain light at and after sunset as it was getting dusky we set off at full speed to face an approaching thunder storm. It met us at distance of half a mile. It was dark before we reached the great lions on the water shed and from that point we had a mile & half. Road turns off at lions for Yenikeny. Kourdish village we could not see it, but knew the direction. Straggled through grain field. At last found road. Hassan ahead, I next Sterrett behind, fully a rod apart. Most vivid flash of lightning, blinding men & horses

98 A feeble flash afterward
showed me Hussein's horse stopped
my going on with unchanged motion
In 5 seconds I had sensation of
running against tree going at 5-
times my velocity. My horse backed
& turned, encountered another tree
on other side. Horse began to
spin. A hard knock on right
shoulder blade. Horse ~~sp~~
spinning all the time, occasionally
butting his hinder parts into
some object. Feeble gleam light
revealed 3 horses in heap spinning, hop-
ping bumping against each other in
an unmanageable manner. Hussein
horse kicking. He had kicked me 3 times
I lost umbrella nearly got thrown, but
regained his seat. No trees near
Fortunality no one was hurt

Hemp & sunflowers, better skelter
Hemp & squash
Alabaster. Town 1 hour long
Deep gorge. Lofty castle, Hard to
realize that water cut through all
that depth of rock. Best measure
of eternity. This had beginning, eternity
no beginning. Gives faint but best
conception of endless life
coat first article of dress adopted
by easterner, combining W. & E. old & new

Kilak

ΔΙΟΔΟΤΟCTIKER

ΗΛΙΑΔΙΟΥΑΡΟΥΤΗ

ΦΙΛΟΤΕΚΝΩΜΗΤΡΙ

(NY)

(NY)

Stone at

Putah

near the

fountain