

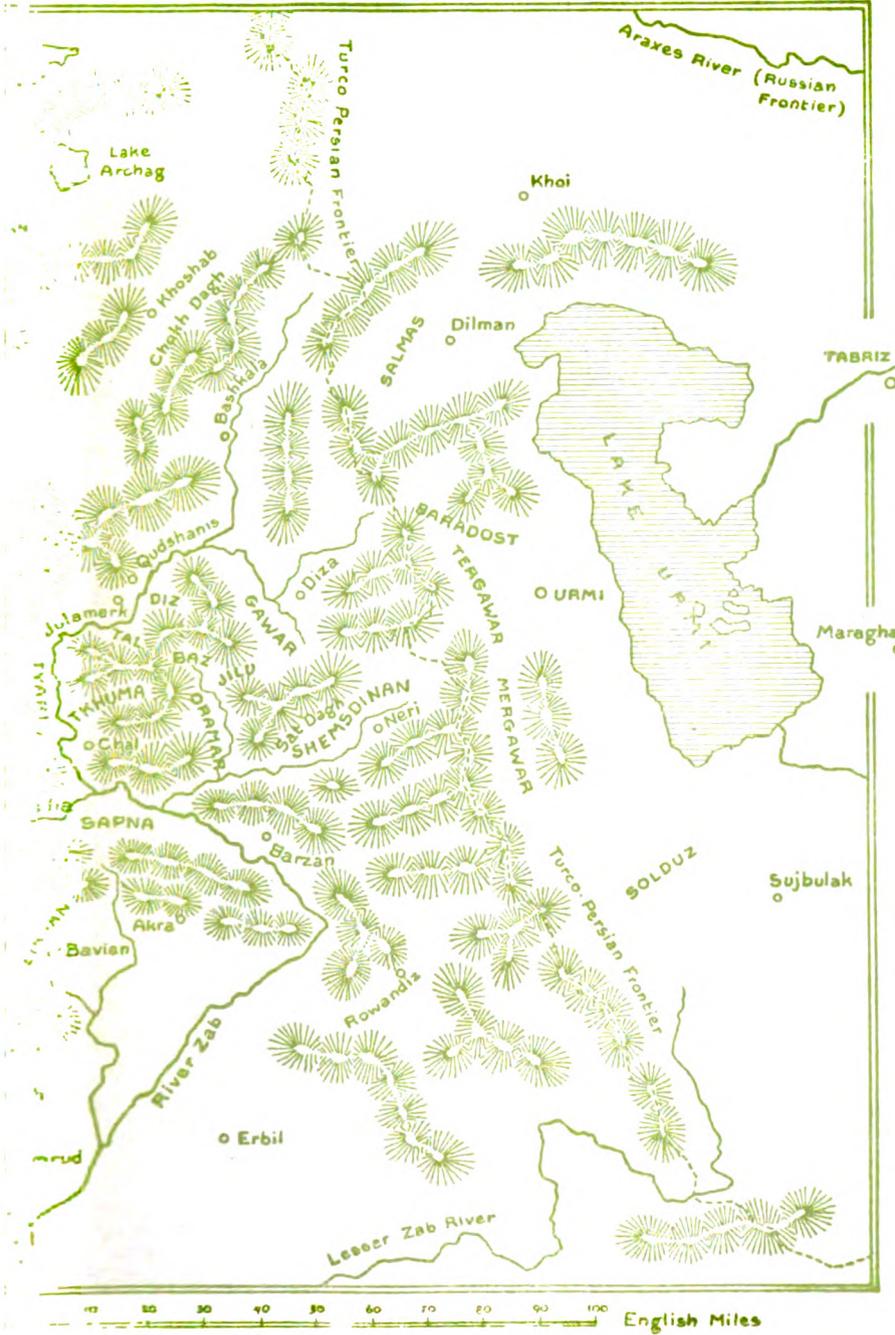
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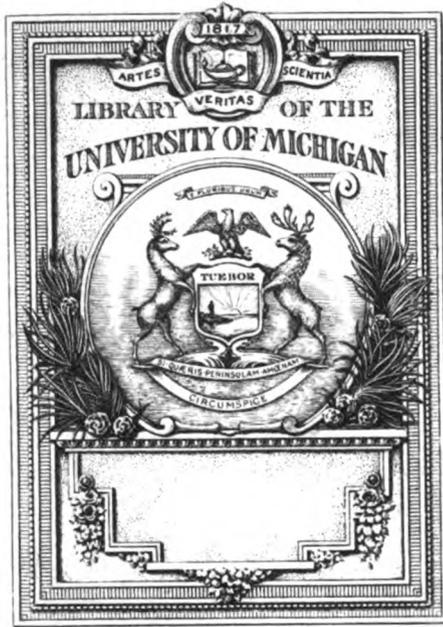
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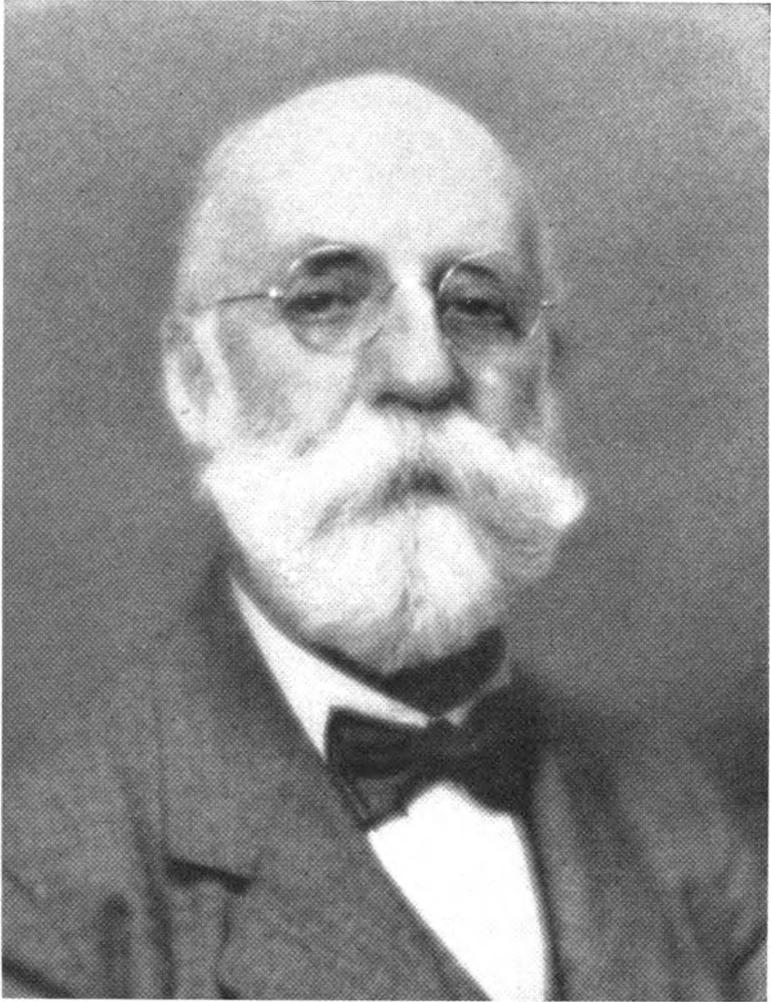


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Yesterdays in Persia and Kurdistan

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REVEREND FREDERICK G. COAN

YESTERDAYS IN PERSIA
AND KURDISTAN

by
Frederick G. ^{Gayford} Coan

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Foreword
by
ROBERT E. SPEER



SAUNDERS STUDIO PRESS . CLAREMONT . CALIFORNIA
1939

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Dedicated to

IDA SPEER COAN

*the loving companion of over fifty years
who by her devotion, patience, unflinching courage,
loving and unstinted service in and out of the home,
calmness under all conditions, and deep consecration
made possible the missionary work
of which this book is the record*

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Preface

The object of this book is to give an account of the human and romantic aspects of a missionary's life, to outline the experiences of a life of service of a kind that, with the change of times, has become almost unique, and, above all, to present that side of the missionary's life that will especially interest the young. I am the more encouraged to do this by the fact that, wherever I have spoken, whether in high schools, churches, or Sunday schools, it has been the young people who have been my best listeners.

So many of them have had such a mistaken idea of the missionary life. Some think of it as a dull and unattractive life, a life in which one buries oneself, as it were, among stupid, uninteresting, and inferior people, in impossible climates, countries where one must give up all that is bright, all that counts for so much at home, countries where one forgets to laugh.

The fact is that there is no adventure in the world to be compared to that of the missionary adventure, no life that is fuller of interest and thrills, none that calls for greater variety of talents and abilities. No one is happier than the missionary, and there is nothing that brings greater development of every grace and gift than the missionary life. His field is so vast, the needs are so great, and the opportunities so unlimited that they call for the exercise of his highest and best powers.

Another motive for writing this book has been the desire to leave to my dear family a small record of a life spent in Persia.

And finally, if any words of mine can serve to deepen and continue the interest of this favored land for those in the Near East who have suffered so long and cruelly for His sake, I shall feel well repaid in jotting down these experiences.

I wish to express my sincere thanks and deep appreciation to all those who have helped so generously with their time and suggestions in the preparation of this book. I am deeply grateful to Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, The Reverend W. A. Wigram of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission in Iran, and Mr. Morgan Shuster for the use of the excellent plates from their books, "THE AMERICAN TASK IN PERSIA," "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "THE STRANGLING OF PERSIA." I also wish to thank Mr. Victor Stuyvaert for designing and engraving special woodcut initials for this edition and to my sons, Howard and Frank, for assistance with the proof, I owe a special debt of gratitude.

FREDERICK G. COAN

Claremont, California, February, 1939

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Foreword

In the fall of 1896 as we rode side by side in the long caravan journey from Tabriz to Hamadan over the mountains of Persian Kurdistan Dr. Coan told me some of the experiences related in this book. Those were the days before the automobile, and no wheeled vehicle could have made our journey. We traveled as people had traveled over those roads since the days of Abraham, and there was time on the way and in the nights' lodging places to talk of all that life had held or was yet to hold. It was then we heard these tales amid the colorings of the sunrise and sunset and the long brilliant daylight among the Kurdish hills and valleys.

Dr. Coan's Father and Mother were among the earlier missionaries to Urumia. Dr. Coan grew up there and after his education returned to Urumia in the province of Azerbaijan; over the border in Turkey there were all the conditions of missionary romance. Working among the Assyrians and Mountain people, surrounded by Moslems, and on the frontier and in Turkey, mingling with the Kurds, he lived a life full of drama and tragedy. There are no more heroic tales of modern missions than the stories of the Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, Dr. Joseph P. Cochran, and the Rev. William A. Shedd, D.D.

Dr. Coan's experiences carried him from the Russian border to Mosul and Baghdad, and he has been given a rare gift of imagination and description. Since his retirement from active work in the field, he has spoken far and wide in the home

churches and to other organizations; his story has been polished and enriched as he has realized what aspects of his eventful life would appeal to old and young.

He and Mrs. Coan have devoted lives of deep and true affection to the Assyrian people, and their service has been rewarded in the affection and gratitude of the scattered remnants of this ancient race who have suffered more from the World War and its wreckage than any other nation.

It is to be hoped that this story will deepen the interest and increase the prayers of all who read it for the people, both Christians and Moslems, of whom Dr. Coan speaks. It is a different Persia today; indeed it is now Iran and not Persia. Modern forms of travel and industry have come to supplant the ancient caravans of camel, horse, and donkey, and the old household arts. New problems have entered in as in all lands. One would bespeak for the kindly and lovable people of Iran and for its government a full and intelligent sympathy and best wishes for a future of true prosperity.

ROBERT E. SPEER

I

Persia and the Persians



PERSIA is one of the most ancient of all kingdoms, and, of all the mighty empires that have flourished in the East, one of the most remarkable and celebrated. Its former extent is understood when we read that Ahasuerus ruled from India even unto Ethiopia, over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces. It is often mentioned in the Bible, some of the most beautiful stories of which center about it. The mere mention of such names as Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and others who brought Persia to a high degree of power and prosperity suggests long vistas of history that are of intense interest, but which it is beyond the scope of this book to explore.

It was during the reign of Khoosro Nooshirwan that Mohammed was born. In 569 the Prophet sent the king a letter requiring him to abjure the faith of Zoroastrianism and to accept Mohammed as the prophet of God. Khoosro Nooshirwan paid no attention to this order, but twenty years after Mohammed's death, Arabia, Syria, Egypt, and Persia had been overrun by the Arabs and forced to accept the Koran and its prophet. Thus Zoroastrianism, that had been the faith of Persia for many cen-

turies, gave way to Islam, which has been the national faith ever since.

Persia has been the battle field of many nations for centuries. Arabs, Turks, Kurds, Afghans, Greeks, and, later, Russians have all overrun it and left ruin and desolation in their wake. And besides the ruin and desolation caused by wars, invasions such as those of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, and others; there is everywhere the ruin and desolation following famines, epidemics, and misgovernment.

The Persia of today is bounded on the north by the Caspian Sea, by Georgia in Russia and by Turkestan; on the south by the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea; on the east lie Afghanistan and Baluchistan; and on the west Turkish Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, and the Persian Gulf. Its area has been estimated at from 636,000 to 650,000 square miles, an area as large as the United States east of the Mississippi, excluding the Gulf States.

Northern and western Persia consists of a series of high plateaus, four to eight thousand feet above sea level. These are intersected by numerous ranges of mountains that rise from seven and eight thousand to nineteen thousand feet, the altitude of Mount Demavend. Between these mountain ranges are valleys and broad plains, some well watered and very fertile. A large part of central Persia, at least a third of it, is desert. The mountains are for the most part devoid of forests except for a sparse growth of trees between Kermanshah and the Mesopotamian border and the southern slopes bordering on the Caspian. These are densely wooded.

Persia is divided into twenty-six provinces, each with its own governor. By far the most fertile, well watered, and beautiful of these is the province of Azerbaijan in the northwestern part. As

the plain of Urumia, in the province of Azerbaijan, was my birth-place, it deserves a fuller description.

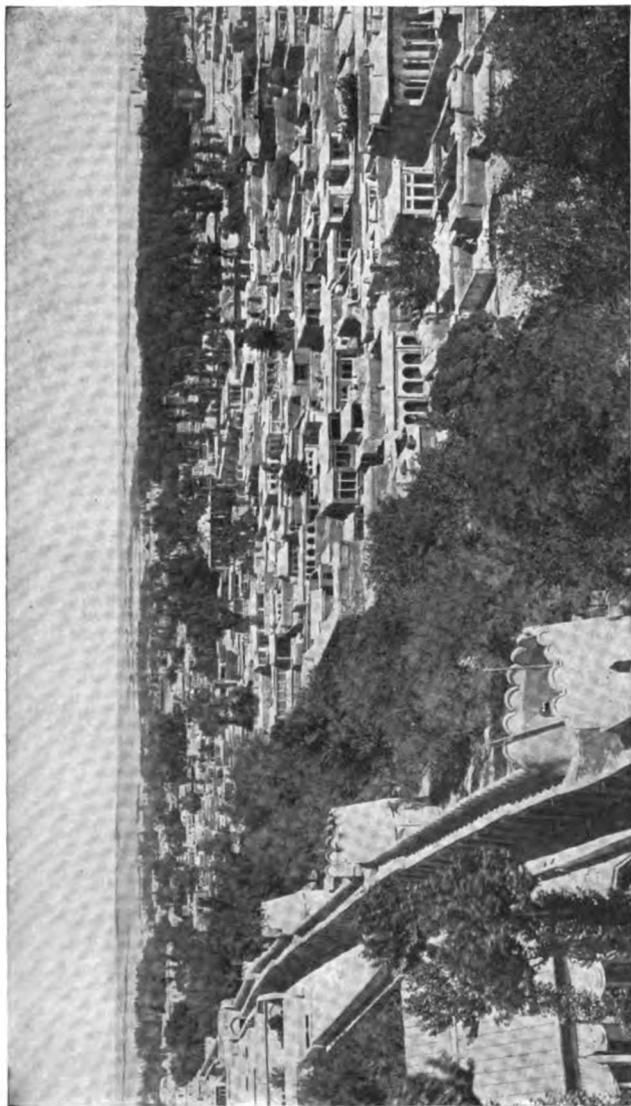
Urumia has been called by all travelers the garden of Persia, and in some respects it resembles the far-famed vale of Kashmir. The best view of the plain and its surroundings is obtained from the top of Seir Mountain, six miles from the city of Urumia. As we look down from its seven thousand feet, the plain with its hundreds of villages lies spread out before us. These for the most part border the three rivers of Baranduz, City, and Nazlu that, winding like silver threads through the plain, bear life and bounty wherever they go. Hundreds of canals and smaller ditches convey the water everywhere for the purpose of irrigation. These waterways are lined with trees, while in many places the landlords have connected their villages with avenues of poplar and willow. Beyond the plain to the east one sees the beautiful Lake of Urumia that extends to the plain of Sulduz on the south and Salmas on the north. These fertile plains, sixty miles distant, are separated from Urumia by ranges of mountains. On a clear day one is able to see beyond the lake the tops of the Ainal Zainal Mountains that rise near the city of Tabriz, one hundred miles away. To the west, a scene of great grandeur and beauty presents itself. Just over a range of lower hills lie the green, well watered valleys of Mergawar, Dasht, and Tergawar and, beyond Tergawar, the plains of Bradost and Somai that extend almost to Salmas. Just beyond the valleys tower the Zagros Mountains, twelve thousand feet high. Range after range lift their white, gleaming heads to the sky, their deep valleys and great hollows filled with the snow that never disappears. The tops of the Zagros Mountains form the boundary between Persia and Kurdistan in Turkey.

In all my travels in Persia as well as in Turkey, I have never

seen any place to excel in fertility, beauty, and abundance of water these spring-fed valleys and plains. Almost anything can be grown on the lower hills that separate them from the plain of Urumia, only sixteen miles away, but their main value lies in the abundant pasturage they afford to countless herds and flocks. Not only are the valleys fertile, but the mountains are covered to the very tops with splendid grazing, so that the grass near the villages is cut for the winter and the cattle and flocks are pastured on the mountains, where they follow the receding snows until the new snows drive them back to the valleys for the winter.

Lake Urumia, the largest lake in Persia, is extremely salty, resembling in many ways the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake. Like them there is no life possible in its waters. In the center of the lake are a group of islands which, though at one time well wooded, are now entirely bare. Until 1906, the only shipping on the lake consisted of a clumsy fleet of six or eight boats, with one square sail, which carried oil and merchandise to Urumia and took to the eastern shore immense quantities of tobacco and raisins, the chief export of that region.

The younger Cyrus told Xenophon that his country was so large that people perished with cold at one extremity while they suffered with heat at the other. In the extreme north, in the Province of Azarbaijan, the winters are severe, and there is considerable snowfall. On such plains as Salmas, Urumia, and Hamadan, where the altitude is six thousand feet, the thermometer drops to zero and in 1922 went to nine below in Hamadan. But that is rare; zero is as cold as I have ever seen in Urumia. In Teheran, on the other hand, snow seldom falls. In the extreme south and along the Persian Gulf it is very hot. On the southern slope of the mountains bordering the Caspian, the



PANORAMIC VIEW OF TEHERAN, CAPITOL OF PERSIA



NASIR-U-DIN-SHAH WHO RULED FROM 1848 TO 1896

rainfall is excessive, and the consequent humidity makes the heat very disagreeable, something like that of Bombay. One could not ask for a better climate than that of northern Persia. There are no sudden changes as in America, and the seasons glide so naturally and gradually into each other that one hardly knows when winter ends and spring begins. There is abundance of snow during the latter part of December until the end of March.

During March the spring rains come diminishing gradually until the middle or end of May, when there follows a long dry season. In the fall the rains come again, usually around the last of October, which is fortunate, as all the raisins are dried by the sun on slanting slopes and the crop is harvested before this time.

Who are the Persians and what are they like? Racially they belong to the same branch of the human family as we do, that is, the Aryan. They are not a dark people but more brown. They are a loveable people presenting a great contrast to their neighbors, the Turks. With all of their faults, and who is free from them? the Persians are most courteous and polite. Dignified, they do not laugh at one's mistakes, and they are very strict in their observance of etiquette. It is a mistake to criticize customs which are not like ours, and a long residence in a foreign country shows that many of these customs are better adapted to them than our own would be. One of the reasons why the Persians respected and loved Dr. Cochran so much, was his strict observance of their etiquette. A lady, high in society in America, who met him said, "He is the most perfect gentleman I have ever known."

The Persians are most hospitable, industrious, appreciative and grateful for favors received. If they seem to lack some of the more vigorous qualities that we admire, or have a lower sense of honesty, truthfulness and promptness, we must remember what their

environment has been, with life a great struggle against the rapacity and extortions of their masters and landlords. They are patient, good artisans, but above all aesthetic and love beauty in any form. They are passionately fond of trees and flowers and wherever they settle they find water and plant a garden. All along the highways one finds examples of this. Only a few miles apart are the tea houses which consist of one long room made of sundried brick with raised platforms on either side, covered with mats or rugs, where the people sit. The ubiquitous samovar is always ready and one can get a fresh brewing of tea, knowing that the water has been boiled—a very important thing when traveling. Usually trees and flowers have been planted around these tea houses, or rest houses as they might be called. If one is chilled, or a storm comes up they are a haven of refuge. One time some Englishmen coming to Hamadan when we were there, were caught in a bad storm on the mountains, and had they not found a tea house nearby, all would have perished. As it was, they were marooned until someone from Hamadan could go to their rescue. The tea house might also be called an oriental club where people meet to discuss political problems and news of the day. Here is a good chance for the missionary to talk with all classes of people.

The Persians are very fond of poetry. In an ordinary group one is surprised to find many persons who cannot read, yet who can quote from some poet, apropos of the subject of conversation, "As our poet Ferdusi says . . ." They count one hundred and five poets, the chief of these being: Ferdusi, Saadi, Hafiz, and Shahnama. The latter consists of a series of narratives giving the history of Persia from the very beginning to the Arab conquest, a period of 3,700 years. They do not understand the American

admiration of Omar Khayyam, who does not rank very highly with them.

This country, with its long history, its beauty of mountain rivers and lakes, its ancient customs and interesting people, I love as I do my own, for it is the land of my birth and where most of my life has been spent. One can live out of doors a large part of the year, as, among its other many charms, there is abundant sunshine—hence it is called the land of the lion and the sun.

Chapter II

Parents and Childhood



SHALL always be grateful for the wonderful parents God gave me, for I owe whatever I am or have done to their unselfish, consecrated, loving training. They came from New York State, my mother from Hudson, and my father from Byron, where he was born December 30, 1817.

My mother, Sarah Power, was educated in the Hudson schools where she taught several years before her marriage and departure for Persia. She was a very quiet, retiring person; in all my life I never heard her raise her voice, or give way to anger, or lose her patience. Nor did I ever hear her make an unkind criticism of another. Never flustered or in a hurry, she was like a deep stream that moves quietly on its way, a person one could always depend on in any emergency. Very practical, she was endowed with more than ordinary common sense. Economical and a splendid house-keeper, she always believed in the virtue of saving, not for herself but for others. She was a born nurse, and in the days when there were no trained nurses, and doctors were often away, she ministered with loving skill to all who needed her. Quite often the natives would come to her with their simple ailments. She was

also expert with the needle and sewed much for others, besides making most of the clothing for the family. I never knew a more unselfish woman, always denying herself for others. It hurts me today to think of the many things she gave up that we might have more.

Above all, she was a most consecrated, spiritual woman, one who walked very closely with God and communed constantly with Him. She often prayed with us and had us pray at her knees. I remember the time when I was having such a struggle to decide on my life's work. It was the last summer before I would graduate from the theological seminary, and, if I went to the foreign field, the last summer I would have with her. Yet forgetting her own wishes, she advised me to take a mission church during the summer in order to test myself out better. It proved her wisdom, for it was one of the things that led to the final decision for the foreign field.

One evening not long before I was to leave for Persia, we were speaking of the many sorrows that had come into her life—the loss of husband, and all her children but one—and she said, “I would not change a single event in my life if I could, for God knew best, and all was for my good.” Such was her faith and spirit. The following tribute was paid by Rev. J. H. Shedd to my Mother: “She was the finest cook, the most skillful seamstress, the best nurse, the most helpful and efficient woman in our circle. If we required needles, thread, or any of the numerous articles which in those days were not to be found in the Persian market, her wonderful supply was sure to contain it. She nursed the sick, and she lined and covered the rough caskets for our dead.”

My father, George Whitefield Coan, was a wonderful, noble man. His father was a western New York farmer, with a large

family, all of whom had to work very hard to make ends meet. He was the only one who had a college education. His preparatory schooling was that of the village school, and he did most of the work for college at odd moments that were taken from sleep. Often he fastened his textbook in Greek or Latin to the plow handles where he could study as he followed the furrow. In this way he so prepared himself as to be able to enter the sophomore class at Williams in 1843. The day he left for college, to which he walked most of the distance, his father gave him \$100, all he could spare. He was a fine mathematician and greatly interested in astronomy. A position in the observatory partly paid his way; he also did some tutoring. He was a member of the Mills, as well as Philotechnian Societies, stood high in his classes, and was on the honor roll and one of the speakers at commencement exercises. In 1846, after graduation, he entered Union Seminary, New York, making his way through the seminary by tutoring in a wealthy family and giving singing lessons. He graduated from Union in 1849 and was ordained by the Presbytery of Genessee, June 6, sailing that same month for Persia.

His uncle, Titus Coan was at the time a missionary to the Sandwich Islands and very anxious to have my father join him there, as the two men were more like brothers than nephew and uncle. But such an urgent call came from Persia that he waived his own wishes and unselfishly went there.

My mother and father sailed from Boston, June 18, via Malta and Smyrna, and were ninety days on the water. From Trebizond on the Black Sea, six weeks by caravan brought them to Urumia, where they arrived October 13, 1849, after being almost four months on the way.

His field of labor among the Nestorians or Assyrians, as they

are now called, made his work very much what I had forty years later, including evangelistic and educational work on the Urumia plain and in the mountains of Kurdistan, a field that extended west about 200 miles to the Tigris river and Mosul. Aside from this, he was station treasurer, handing the books over to my mother when away on tours. Only a man with an iron constitution could have stood as long as he did the burden of three men's work. He had a fine command of the languages and was a very effective speaker so that no one who heard him speak when he was home on furlough ever forgot his eloquence. He was a sweet singer and played the flute well. He was deeply loved by all the people with whom he came into contact.

Though he placed great emphasis on the schools as the best way of reaching and influencing the young, his distinctive work was in the field. In 1851 he made a long tour through Kurdistan, visiting over sixty villages. He had many interesting experiences on these tours and would relate them to us to our great delight. One or two come to mind at the moment. One day as he descended a mountain, the servants being some way behind, he saw a robber in hiding to waylay him. As soon as the robber thought my father was near enough, he raised his rifle and aimed at him. My father did not like looking down the bore of a rifle that might be fired any second. Therefore, drawing his English whip, he began the attack. The man was so terribly frightened that he fled, with father close behind. He got a good lashing and finally begged for mercy and went off.

One day, meeting an old woman, he thought he would tell her a story while she rested her heavy load on a rock. He told of a great King, and described His wonderful country where there was plenty of everything and no one had to toil and people never

got weary; there were no robbers there to carry off the flocks, but all was peace and love. He spoke of its wonderful trees and streams and abundant pastures, where there were no high mountains to climb, and where one never suffered hunger nor thirst. No one in that land ever felt pain or grew sick and old. Concluding, he said, "The most wonderful thing of all is that that Great King has sent me to invite you to that land and to show you the way to it." She looked at him intently and then gazed at the rugged mountains and bare rocks and answered, "What? Go and leave all these dear rocks? Never!"

After his tour in Kurdistan, he and my mother were sent to Memikan, Gawar, to be associated with Mr. Rhea and open up work among the Mountain Nestorians. The fellowship with that saintly man ripened into a friendship that lasted through life and has continued to this day between their children. No one can possibly know what heroism it required in a man and his wife to go to such a place. Memikan was a small, dirty, Christian village of some twenty houses, situated on the western side of the plain of Gawar that is seven thousand feet above sea level.

To understand better what they endured let me give my mother's description of that home: "It was the middle of November, 1851, when we reached Gawar, and just before sunset we arrived in Memikan. We had brought from Urumia a window with four small panes of glass which was put in the wall of our room, the only light coming through that window. Our one room about twenty feet by sixteen had to serve as bed room, living and reception room, kitchen and school room. As the stable and native living room adjoined, with connecting doors, it was always filled with smoke or the pungent odors of cattle. The houses were half underground on account of the intense cold. Even in August



ASCENT TO PLAIN OF GAWAR



CAMEL CARAVAN

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when the days were quite warm, it was so cold at night that the people had to sleep in these stuffy rooms instead of going to the roofs as they did in Persia."

A narrow passage separated their room from that occupied by Mr. Rhea, and through that passage all the cattle had to pass to get to their stable. In the winter the thermometer dropped to twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and snow fell to a depth of eighteen feet, so that sometimes they were in complete darkness. Tunnels had to be made for the cattle to reach the springs to drink. The discomforts of this dwelling place were increased by their virtual imprisonment for weeks at a time, owing to the great depth of the snow. My mother told me that the fleas were so bad that when they retired at night they stood in a basin of water and brushed off all the fleas they could before jumping into bed. And yet she considered those winters in Gawar among the happiest of her life. She had a school for girls, as well as women, most of whom learned to read that winter. On Sunday, services were held in the stables where it was warmer. Mr. Rhea in writing afterwards says: "The presence of Mrs. Coan as a brave and patient sharer in our trials tended strongly to banish misgiving. All honor to the Christian lady who for Christ's sake was glad to exchange a pleasant home on the beautiful Hudson for a hut in a small village of miserable mud houses. All honor to the brave lady willing to face a long, dreary winter in the mountain field. Long may she live to bless the people to whom she has given her life, Kurds, Turks, Persians, Nestorians."

We modern missionaries have little idea of the privations and sufferings of the earlier missionaries. Today many of our native Christians have far better homes than the missionaries then had.

Certain disadvantages the missionary child must suffer, the

chief one being the lack of a sufficient number of playmates to enable him to fit in easily to the social life of American schools and colleges. On the other hand, he enjoys many unusual opportunities. Living in a foreign land and traveling back and forth with his parents he learns to know different countries and peoples, gaining thereby a far wider vision of the world and more tolerant attitude than the ordinary child at home. If he learns nothing else, he does learn that there is much to admire and love. For training of character and mind, it would be difficult to find better conditions than those in the mission field. There is, for one thing, the association with none but people of high ideals, earnest deep purpose, education, and refinement. His reading matter is of the best, and he hears spoken only pure English. Though his schooling comes from his parents or those of his playmates, he nearly always stands high when he comes to American educational institutions.

Our childhood days were happy ones filled with study, work, and simple, healthy recreations. Our home was more modest than the ordinary missionary home now, and yet comfortable.

Our family consisted of three boys, Edward, four years older, and Frank, eighteen months younger, than I. A sister and two brothers had died before I knew them, and one brother died when two weeks old. My mother very wisely felt that her first duty was to her husband and children. Every morning, after prayers, at which all the servants gathered, school began and was interrupted only in case of illness. She was a fine mathematician and Latin scholar, and her thorough teaching gave us all our preparation for entering school in America. One of the most valuable lessons we had was the Bible which we read through several times at her side. We always played in the yard under her window

where she could watch us and see that we did not get into trouble. Very early we were given useful work. It not only kept us out of mischief and gave us good exercise, but also served as a needed example to the natives who thought it below the dignity of the son of a sahib to work. In winter we shoveled the snow off the roofs and sidewalks. As soon as we were old enough we were given the task of cutting the year's supply of wood and storing it. Father would come down and help us with the knots that were beyond our strength. Sometimes when we grew weary we would offer cookies to some of the native boys to help us; but alas, when mother found the cookies disappearing so fast, she locked the closet and so cut short that means to laziness. We were paid for our work and the money sent to America to be invested for us.

The only other family with children near our ages was the Cochran family. Their oldest son Joseph, who later practiced as a physician for twenty-seven years in Urumia, was about Edward's age. His brother Theodore, about my age, was my close friend. Their youngest daughter Emma, now Madame Pierre Ponafidine, whose letters in the *Atlantic Monthly* describing her marvelous escape from Russia have been widely read, is the only other one of that group still living. Until the time of his death, my dearest companion was my brother Frank.

There was no greater joy than to be invited for the night to the Cochran home on Mount Seir, six miles from the city. Mrs. Cochran was a wonderful hostess, a woman of charming personality, and a brilliant conversationalist; but the excellence of her cooking probably appealed even more to us at that time! No human relationship could possibly be more close and tender than that which has continued to exist between our two families.

Few incidents in my childhood stand out vividly enough to

seem worth recording, though many of our common experiences will seem unusual, and therefore, I hope, interesting to American youth.

Once we did a rather rash thing. Having worked hard to finish our job on the wood pile, we asked Mother for a liberal amount of cookies. We then slipped out of the yard with three native boys and headed for the hills that lie some three miles from the city, for we had often wished to climb them and wondered what lay on the other side. We had to cross the river which was rather high, and might well have been swept down; but some men crossing at the same time held our hands and helped us. We walked for a long time until we reached the top of the hills. On the way back in the many depressions and valleys we lost our way, and only by climbing a high hill did we finally get our bearings and arrive home. Father was away on a tour and Mother was so overjoyed to see us—for they had been hunting everywhere for us—that we got off with a plain talk as to the danger of doing such a thing.

I used to stroll into the printing press, much interested in all I saw from the moulding and setting up of the type to the printing and bookbinding. The superintendent was Allawerdi, which means, God gave. One day, when I asked too many questions, he said, "I can't show you all this for nothing; pay me something, and I will explain all." I happened to remember a ten *shic* piece, about ten cents, that I had seen in Mother's bureau drawer and offered to invest that much. After he had kindly shown me all around, he asked me to run and get the money. Imagine my chagrin at finding the money gone. For days I steered clear of that press building, dreading to meet my creditor, but one day he saw me and asked for his pay. When I told him I had nothing,

he called me *daghala*, which means, a cheat. I did not know what the word meant, but, judging it was something very bad, asked Mother and confessed all. She was very kind, and after telling me how wrong it would have been to take the money without telling her, gave it to me. When with a much lighter heart I paid my debt. Allawerdi said, *besma ganukh*, may your soul be healed, an idiom which means, well done.

In 1872 our station was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Whipple and Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Oldfather. They were the first young reinforcements I can remember and brought an abundance of cheer and inspiration in the fresh enthusiasm of their youth. Father took us in our carriage to Gavilan to meet them and give them a lift the last day in. Never before had my brother and I heard so much laughter and seen as much jollity and fun as these young couples made. From the very first Father and Mother formed a great affection for the Whipples. He became more of a son to my father than associate and was a great comfort to us all.

They had brought out an Estey organ which was a wonder to me after the small Estey organ we had with its one set of reeds, for theirs had eight stops and some new and beautiful combinations. Mrs. Whipple was a fine musician and often when I heard her playing I would creep softly to the outside of the door to their living room and sit on the stairs drinking in the music. One day she suddenly opened the door and caught me, and I was so overwhelmed I cried. She was deeply touched by my love for music and offered to give me lessons. All I knew up to that time was what Edward had taught me, he, in turn, having learned from Mrs. Rhea. Oh, how I enjoyed my new teacher and looked forward to lesson day. Before it came time for us to leave, she had

given me a good start, so that I could play hymns and several other pieces.

Mail day, which came but once a month, was a red-letter occasion. That we received mail at all was due to the kindness and courtesy of the British Consul in Tabriz, who had his own courier, sent once a month to Trebizond, bring our mail with his. Thus we had to send our messenger only as far as Tabriz. Eshu had been known to cover the one hundred and fifty miles in two days.

Our greatest pleasure, as well as chief means of travel, was to ride horseback. Not only were there no automobiles or paved streets, but not even walls or fences once we had cleared the city or village, so that we were free to ride where we wished. My father was a splendid horseman who had known how to handle and train horses from his childhood. He owned a beautiful pure-blooded Arab, which, while spirited, was as gentle as a kitten and very easy gaited. It was a rare treat as well as honor for us children to be allowed to ride Prince. One day the animal I was on suddenly took the bit in his teeth and started at a tight run. My father very wisely spurred up to my side and told me to give him a free rein until he should tire himself out. That immediately restored my confidence; and when the horse saw that I did not care, he slowed down of his own accord.

One Arab horse by his intelligence saved our lives when we were driving in a Russian vehicle called a *droshky*. Four of us were in the carriage to which a second horse, ridden by a servant, was hitched tandem. As we were passing under a hill from which limestone blocks were being quarried, all of a sudden we heard a shout and saw a huge stone coming down the mountain side aimed straight for us. There was no time to act and no knowledge where the stone would strike. The Arab looked up, stopped and

braced himself in spite of the struggles of the horse ahead, and then turned and cramped the *droszky* in such a way that it threw my mother out. The stone went right between the horses, cutting the traces like a knife. Had not the Arab stood just where he did and done just what he did some one, if not all, might have been killed. The only harm done was the breaking of some of Mother's teeth.

Another time when coming down the steep mountain something gave way and the horse stopped and held the buggy which was resting against him; had he not done so there would have been a bad accident. Often on a dark night when father could not see the way he simply let the horse have a loose rein, and he never failed to keep the road and bring him home.

We always knew when Father had come back from a journey, for Prince whinnied, and Mother would say, "There comes Father." Incidentally it saved money, for whenever an absent member of the family returned the servants vied with each other to give the *mushtoolugh*, good news, and expected a good tip for it. As the bringer of the news rushed in with "*Mushtoolugh, mushtoolugh,*" Mother would say, "I knew it, Prince has already told us." The Persians are very fond of horses, one of their great sports being to go riding during the cool of day and train them and race each other. Their saddles are very uncomfortable and their stirrup straps so short that they are often thrown, for they have no way to grip the horse with their shanks.

As Persia is a very large country, equal in size to France, Germany and Austria, before the war, the climate varies much between the south and the north where I lived, where there is a winter and the summer is not so hot. Each season brought its own pleasures. In Urumia heavy snows usually fell in the

winter, which began about Christmas time and ended in March. In the latter part of March and early April, after the thawing in the sun and the rains, the surface snow froze at night. Father had a heavy sleigh, and as we rode along would point out the tracks of the different animals that had gone over the snow; how it thrilled us when he said, "There, boys, are the tracks of wolves," and, "A bear has gone there." Sometimes, for fun, he would push us off into a deep drift and then whip the horses up and make us think he was going to leave us. Often the snow was so deep that the seminary boys were turned out to cut the way through to the foot of the mountain.

One day we boys played a rather mean trick on our gate-keeper, one that might have ended disastrously. Khoobiyar was a very simple fellow, one who thought all missionary boys were saints. As he had expressed admiration of the speed with which we coasted, we asked him to take a ride. There was a hill that, after an easy slope, suddenly became quite steep with a broad level slope at its foot. With a good start the sled would leave the ground when it came to the steep place, sometimes making a clear jump of over fifty feet before it landed on the level below. We took the sled well back where it would gain extra momentum and then warning Khoobiyar to be sure to hold on tight, told some boys to give the sled a good shove and went below to see the sport. Soon we saw our friend take a great leap in the air and then drop onto the plateau where he sank out of sight in the deep snow. The sled went on, followed by his hat and a small dog chasing both. We rushed to the hole, well frightened by that time. Then as the snow began to heave up and down, the man emerged, puffing and blowing at a great rate, his mouth and eyes and ears filled with snow. As soon as he had crawled out he sat down,

and his only remark was *ajiboota* (wonderful). We were relieved that his neck was not broken. He gravely thanked us for our kindness, but never asked for another ride.

As there are no factories to speak of in Persia, most of the people are idle during the winter. This is a great curse, for they loaf for the most part and meet daily in what they call the *tambalkhana* (lazy abode) to gossip and smoke. Owing to this long enforced idleness, spring time is the most welcome, as well as the most beautiful season of the year. The cattle that have been closely shut up in their dark stables are brought out almost wild after their imprisonment. The better class of horses that are not used in the winter, as well as the oxen and huge buffaloes, have to be very carefully handled lest they become foundered. The horses are ridden around a little each day, and the oxen and buffaloes plow a few furrows in loose soil until they become somewhat hardened.

Everywhere the scene is one of great activity. The carpenters are out looking over the timber that is to be felled for their work and, as soon as it is cut down, the women and children peel off the bark which is tied in bundles for fuel. Every branch is also trimmed off for the same purpose. On the plain and hills one sees hundreds of plows at work, this plow, the same crude implement that was used in Bible times, barely scratching the ground. A boy sits on the yoke facing backward and keeps his balance by resting one foot on the back of one ox, steering by means of a pointed stick. His position is not very comfortable or secure. In other directions one sees large groups of peasants who have been rounded up by the master of the village to clear out the irrigation ditches.

In the vineyards that surround all the villages, thousands are

spading and pruning. The vines are trained to lie on ridges about ten feet long, three wide, and two high. This is necessary for irrigation and also to expose the grapes so that the hot sun may hasten their ripening and make them sweeter. Everyone who can possibly afford it owns a small vineyard, the size of which is measured by the number of ridges or *bawati* it contains. A vineyard of one hundred *bawati* is about one acre and goes a long way toward supporting the family. The mountains are covered with their green dress and beautiful flowers, which the long dry summer will soon burn off. Everywhere one hears the music of the streams that come rushing down from the melting snows, or the song of the skylark often out of sight. As soon as the early fruits, the cherries and mulberries, are ripe the orchards surrounding the city are full of picnic parties. Others prefer to go to the river banks where they spread their rugs and light the samovar for their tea, for no picnic or social gathering is perfect without the tea of which the Persians are so fond. A small bag of charcoal, another with sugar and tea, and a few glasses and saucers complete the outfit.

The Persians are great lovers of water, trees, and flowers. Every tea house along the highway has its small flower bed, and even the miller has his garden and flowers for the season, for with winter's freezing the mills are all closed down. Often the picnic parties carry along some musical instrument, like the *tar*, a sort of guitar, or *kamencha*, a three-stringed violin that is played in the position of a cello, and the tambourine and *dumbeg*, a small cylinder with one end covered with a tightly drawn skin on which they play with their fingers. Here with their love songs, tea, and fruit they enjoy themselves just as much as those who spend far more and have elaborate preparations. Simple in their living, and

tastes, it is remarkable how much enjoyment they can gain at slight expense. With their wonderful hospitality, they invite you to sit down and enjoy their pleasures with them. Even the poor peasant munching his simple meal of bread and cheese, or bread and fruit, asks you to be his guest.

It was a great treat for us to go to a garden for a picnic. At the end of the long avenue leading out from the city was our favorite orchard, owned by a very kind-hearted, pleasant Persian. He would tell us to climb the trees and eat all the cherries we wanted, and then brings trays full to us when we sat down. The man would be more than satisfied when paid twenty cents for all his fruit and trouble. Cherries were usually ripe by the twenty-third of May, my birthday. Eleven years later when I returned as a missionary, I met my old friend riding his gray donkey to the orchard. He was much pleased to see me again and always smiled and salaamed whenever I met him.

Summer also brought its pleasures, of which one of the chief, was an all-day picnic on Mount Seir, the top of which, seven thousand feet high, can easily be reached on horseback. While the mountain slopes gently towards the plain, on the western side there is a precipice over which it was good sport to throw stones and watch them take great leaps and bounds, sometimes hundreds of feet, until they disappeared in the distance.

Another summer diversion was to spend a few days at the lakeside. At one time a Persian prince had enclosed five acres with walls and built a small summer place, planting many trees. With his power and position he tapped most of the village water for his garden, leaving its inhabitants helpless to do anything. Later, when he had gone elsewhere, his agent offered the place for sale and Dr. Cochran secured it for \$75. This made a splendid

place to live, as there were plenty of rooms and stables, and security within its walls. Fly Palace, as it was called, was half way between the village above, where we got supplies, and the lake, with its harbor.

We often had our picnic suppers on a beach reached by a half hour's row, in a crude home-made boat. Owing to the extreme saltiness of the lake, one could not sink, but while it was easy to float, it was hard to swim, as one's feet, like the screw of an empty steamer, churned out of the water. To show the buoyancy of the water, I had my photograph taken sitting out on the water, holding an umbrella over myself with one hand while I had a book in the other. The Assyrians had a tradition that Saint Thomas walked across the lake and in commemoration of the event thousands go to the lake on the anniversary of that day to bathe. Many take mud baths for rheumatism, the mud being so hot that one can hardly stand it.

A common and always interesting sight on the way to and from the lake was the village threshing floor. The sheaves of grain, cut laboriously with little hand sickles, had been brought on large sledges and piled in circles about a post. Often the grain was merely stamped out by driving round and round over it a number of cattle tied head to head and anchored to the post in the center. Slightly more efficient was a plank with teeth in it, which supplemented the work of the cattle's hoofs. The most highly advanced threshing machine was the *jerjar*, on which we used to enjoy riding. It resembled a crude sled with two axles between the runners, into which wooden or iron knives had been inserted. Over the runners there was a seat for the driver, who drove the team over the bundles until the bristling axles had cut them up fine. Whatever the method, much grain was lost through

following the Biblical injunction, "Muzzle not the ox." Finally the wheat was separated, as in the times of Christ, by throwing it into the air where the wind blew away the chaff.

In the fall, as most of our Assyrian friends owned vineyards, there were always invitations to the whole station to spend the day there with them, a pleasure to which we always looked forward. As soon as the different families arrived, they were most cordially welcomed, someone having come to the road to show us the way in. The horses were taken and given feed, and we were told to make ourselves at home. We walked through the vineyard where we sampled bunch after bunch of delicious grapes, of which there were usually over thirty varieties; but remembering the dinner that was coming, we restrained ourselves all we could. We then repaired to the upper room of the vineyard lodge, which is usually open on one side, giving a fine view of the acres and acres of vines on all sides. As we looked out, we could see the busy workers; some were spreading the grapes to dry, some making the syrup, while others were loading the donkeys with the share that goes to the home for winter's use.

Then we were told that dinner was ready, and what a dinner! No restaurant or private home of the wealthy in America could equal it or possibly provide such a delicious and varied repast. On a long cloth spread on the floor were laid, first, the sheets of bread, then the garnishings, different kinds of herbs, cheese, and bowls of *mesta*, artificially soured milk. Large trays piled high with the Persian *pilou* were set down, this rice cooked as only Persians can, sometimes colored pink, purple, or saffron. Then bowl after bowl of different kinds of seasoned stews, *dolmas* of all kinds, consisting of cucumbers, egg plants, tomatoes, or quinces stuffed with minced meat, rice, and different kinds of herbs and spices,

all slowly and thoroughly baked. Other *dolmas* are made by wrapping the same mixture in tender grape leaves or scalded cabbage leaves and baking them. Sometimes the rice is covered with a mixture of dates, raisins, almonds, orange peel, and different spices, all fried to a brown in butter and onion. This is called orange *pilou*. Then there were different kinds of *kababs*, bits of tender mutton spitted and broiled over the coals, with pieces of tomato and onion alternating. Sometimes a sheep was roasted whole, this also stuffed. No wonder one wished he had more capacity for such a feast. The remarkable thing is that nearly all of this was cooked out of doors in crude fireplaces or earthen ovens. I have counted twenty varieties of cooked dishes on one spread, for there were also soups made of herbs and rice cooked in sour milk.

After the dinner, the cloth was removed and every variety of fruit brought on: many kinds of grapes from the small seedless one, no larger than a currant, to the large purple grape as large as your thumb, peaches, plums, pears, nectarines, and melons. After an interval for naps, the shining samovars were brought in for tea, with the tiny glass tumblers and saucers. If the French insist that coffee tastes better in a glass, tea certainly does. Then came stories, including the inimitable adventures of Mollah Nasiru'-Din. Then, as if the dear people had not done enough, when we were ready to go home we would find large baskets of grapes tucked away in the carriages. Such is oriental hospitality, lavish and abundant, and withal, so graciously and happily given, that you are made to feel the favor is yours rather than that of your genial host and hostess, however modest may be their means.

Of such stuff were our boyhood years made, years of fine training of character and mind by devoted parents in a Christian

home and enriched by the work and recreation and experiences that have been so briefly touched upon.

In 1864 my father took his first furlough after thirteen years of hard service. I was too young to remember anything of our journey overland to Trebizond by caravan and thence by the Black Sea and Mediterranean. The visit home was darkened by the Civil War and the death of his brother William as the result of the battle of Bull Run. Our home for the year was in Hudson, New York, my mother's birthplace.

All too soon after this furlough came the time, the most heart-rending in missionary experience, when the children must permanently leave home for their education in America. In 1872 came the sad day when Edward had to go, having already decided to return as a missionary when his studies should be completed. He was an unusually fine boy, handsome, gifted with an excellent mind, and above all a very earnest Christian. The native boys of the class that he had been teaching in the Sunday School for several years were almost heartbroken when he left.

Dr. John H. Shedd was leaving at the time on furlough and taking with him Mrs. Cochran senior and her son Joe; it was a little easier to go thus with good company, including his bosom friend. The missionaries have a beautiful habit of always going out a way with those who are leaving, and also meeting those who come. We went out the first stage to a village where they made camp and early the next morning went on a few miles further where we all saw the last of the dear son and brother, turning back with heavy hearts. Edward was terribly homesick from the time he left and never got over it. The climax came when he had to part with the missionaries and Joe and go to Homer, Michigan, where his grandmother and uncle and aunt lived.

Not many months after he had gone, Father came to the breakfast table with a sad face, saying he had had a very vivid dream that Edward had died. Mother tried to laugh it off, but he could not get rid of the feeling that something had happened. Two months after the dream I heard weeping in the study; going in, I found Father and Mother in tears, and they told me that my brother had died. On comparing dates, we found that his death corresponded with the very hour of the dream.

Chapter III

Second Journey to America



IN THE YEAR 1872-73 Persia suffered another of those periodic famines that have carried off so many of her millions. It was worst in the Hamadan district, some four hundred miles southeast of Urumia, where there were a good many Jews. The Jewish race is always prompt to go to the help of its people in suffering, and in this case, Sir Moses Montifeor, a wealthy Jewish philanthropist living in London, sent a large sum of money to my father and asked him if he could visit Hamadan and relieve the distress. The tour was a very hard one and with a bad fall that nearly killed him, broke Father's health.

As we boys had also grown to school age, he took his second furlough after ten years of service, rounding out twenty-five in all. Even though so busy, he had in the evenings done what he could to help in our studies, and when the furlough had been decided on a year before we left, he gave us a special course in history so that we could better appreciate what we would see in Europe.

Although the appeal of travel and new and strange sights was strong, for Persia was at that time very much isolated, we boys

felt very badly when the time for leaving actually came. I remember going to our small room and having several good cries over it.

The old route via Erzurum and Trebizond was the only one available then, but Father decided to make a slight detour and visit Van in Turkey where the American Board had recently opened up work. As Mother was not very strong, she had to travel by *kavajar*, called in Turkey *moffa*. The *kavajar* is a wooden box about three feet long and two wide and ten inches deep. Over this on bent slats is a covering to keep off the sun and rain. Sometimes the front end of the box is open to give the occupant a chance to stretch out his legs. Two of these are slung on either side of the horse, which is usually led. With cushions and a small mattress they are not so very uncomfortable. The greatest objection to them is that they are a terrible strain on the horse, which carries the weight of two persons plus that of the *kavajars* which are much heavier than need be, or double the usual amount, that is nearly six hundred pounds, which is the limit for a strong camel. So the charge, and quite fairly so, is double for the horse. Only the strongest horse can do the work, and even he soon succumbs. In our case, as Mother weighed less than a hundred pounds and we boys took turns balancing the other side, the load was not so bad.

We had tents and bedding and our own provision chests. The usual day's program was to rise at two or three so as to get a good start before the heat, and ride until about ten. Then we would make camp, if possible beside a river or stream where the horses could have good grazing. The tents were pitched, and we rested until about three in the afternoon, sometimes going on until evening, or if the grazing was good, remaining there the rest of the day.

The caravan which we accompanied consisted of over a thousand horses that strung out a long way. Many of them had bells in addition to those on the *pashang*, or bell horse. This animal, one of the best in the caravan, always takes the lead, unwilling that any other horse pass him. Sometimes there is great rivalry for the position which the horse that has worn down the others finally takes. Poor Prince, Father's beautiful Arab horse, was sold by the missionary who had bought him to a caravan. Some time later when some of the missionaries were traveling, they met the caravan of which he was the *pashang*. He whinnied when he saw them, left the caravan, and followed them. Far better to have shot him than consigned him to such a life.

On the sixth day after leaving Urumia we reached Van where we were the guests for ten days of Dr. and Mrs. George C. Reynolds. As Van is a very different city from Urumia, its sights to us were quite novel. Little did we know what awful tragedies were to be enacted there later, that the whole Christian population would be wiped out and the station plant completely destroyed.

When Mr. William R. Stocking had come to Urumia he had told us Mr. Thompson, an English merchant living in Constantinople, was very anxious to secure two Angora cats. As there were many of them in Van, we picked out a beautiful pair of kittens and had a box made for them that went on one of the loads. They provided great fun for us, they were so playful and graceful in their movements.

At night we slept in the *kavajars* which were brought into the tent, with the music of the tinkling bells of the horses to lull us to sleep. Every day brought different scenes, with mountains and hills and great flocks of sheep and caravans, so that we never tired. We also spent much time sleeping. It was great to ride for

hours before sunrise under the brilliant stars of an eastern sky. After two weeks we came to a high range of mountains that rise back of Erzurum and were three days crossing them. They are called *Polon Tukon*, which means pack saddle tearers, and many a skeleton showed the number of horses that had succumbed to their steep grades. Sixteen days of travel from Van brought us to Erzurum, another station of the American Board. The mission force consisted of the Parmelees, Coles, Pierces, Miss Cyrene VanDuzee and Miss Patrick, afterwards principal of the Girls' School in Scutari, Turkey. The missionaries had moved to their summer camp where we were made very welcome. Erzurum figured largely in the War when it was taken from the Turks by the Russians in mid-winter. As the city lies on a high plateau, barren and treeless, the winters are very severe. The winter of 1916 was unusually so, and the Turks, having no idea it would be possible for an army to cross the mountains to attack, were taken by complete surprise. The Russians in many places threw down their great coats, crawled over them to keep from sinking, and thereby did the impossible. Thus did they capture the city which was considered impregnable.

At the time of our journey a macadamized road had just been completed between Erzurum and Trebizond, 170 miles. To our delight, Father decided to hire *phorgoons* for the rest of the journey. These were large Russian wagons that strongly resemble our old prairie schooners and were drawn by four horses hitched abreast. Two *phorgoons* contained all our baggage, and we rode on top of one where our mattresses spread under us made us very comfortable. We also slept in it at night. A few days brought us to the forests which, to us who had lived in bare country, were fascinating. We wondered what lurked in their

dark primeval depths and longed to explore them. At times when the ascending road made many turns we would walk and by short cuts reach the top long before the *phorgoon* did. One day as we reached the summit of a pass, Father took off his hat and shouted, "Thalassa! Thalassa!" He then called our attention to a small opening through which, far away, we caught sight of a small strip of blue, the Black Sea. He told us that it was at this very place that Xenophon and his ten thousand first caught sight of the sea after their long hard march through hostile country.

All through the mountains were wooden huts surrounded by their small fields of corn. The last two days the road passed through a beautiful valley and then, as we rose to a slight height, right at our feet lay the Black Sea. Father and Mother wept at the sight, for it seemed almost like home. Always fond of water, we boys could hardly wait until the *phorgoons* were unloaded before we went to the beach and hired a boatman to take us for a ride.

In a few days we found a steamer bound for Constantinople, our next objective. We were thrilled by the beauties of the Bosphorus and the palaces of the Sultans that lined its sides. To get a better view, we climbed a mast as we entered the harbor of Constantinople, one of the most beautiful in the world, and at that time unmodernized and therefore even more interesting than today. We were the guests of Dr. Riggs, whose missionary service passed the fifty-year mark, and during the six weeks we were there visited many places of interest, including the cemetery where so many thousands who died in the Crimean War were buried. We also took many rides on the Bosphorus in the graceful *caïque*, a boat seen only in Constantinople.

Our first job was to deliver to Mr. Thompson the kittens that

had arrived, none the worse for their long journey. He was delighted with them and later called on us all and took us to his country estate, a few miles out of Scutari, where we had a delightful time. He gave us each a beautiful knife and gave Father an Angora goat-skin that he sold for twenty dollars, putting the money into two Bibles for us.

From Constantinople we went by sea to Naples, passing by night through the straits of Messina that separate Italy from Sicily. The lights on either side looked beautiful. Fortunately we reached Naples at night. As it happened to be the Feast of the Liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius, the city was illuminated in honor of the saint, and we thought we were in fairyland. Boats came out with singers and musicians to entertain us and catch the pennies thrown to them.

I cannot take time to describe our trip through Europe which is so familiar to many. We visited the large cities of Italy, including Rome, Florence and Milan, and thence traveled by Lake Como into Switzerland. The beauty of this little country has always appealed to me more than that of any place I have ever seen. Thence we went to Paris and London where we spent six weeks, as Father was speaking in the churches. One day we called on Sir Moses Montefiore to whom Father handed back several thousand dollars that were left over after giving relief to the Jews of Hamadan.

My brother and I improved our time in London and enjoyed every moment in that most fascinating and interesting of cities. The evenings were spent pouring over our map, deciding what to see the next day and how to reach the different places of interest without delay: the great museums, Kensington and Kew Gardens, the Tower, Westminster and Saint Paul's, where of course we

climbed to the dome. Fond as we were of shipping, the Great East India and London Docks especially interested us with their vessels from all parts of the world and sailors of every nationality. Then there were the parks where we always hired a row-boat. Nothing appealed to me more, however, than the wonderful singing of the boys' choirs, and the music of the pipe organs. I shall always remember the effect of the great *Oratorio of Elijah* with its chorus of over a thousand voices and the great orchestra and organ. I thought I was in heaven.

While in London, a Mr. Hillhouse called and was much interested in us boys. He offered to show us the British Museum, which he knew thoroughly, and for ten days we spent every morning there. He told us that each day he would question us on what we had seen so that we paid close attention. Think what it meant to have such a man give us so much time! I remember one bad American habit, as he called it, of which he tried hard to break us. That was saying, "I guess." He said, "What do you mean by 'I guess?'" You either know or do not know, please don't say 'I guess I will do this or that.'" When you think of it, it is a senseless expression.

Then we had another great treat. Mr. Hillhouse owned one of those charming estates such as only England can show, and invited us there for a week. We were met at the train by a carriage and driven several miles through most beautifully laid out grounds to the house. This was a large stone mansion that he said had been built the year the Pilgrim Fathers went over to America. In the house was a fine art gallery and a billiard room where we were first introduced to that game. There were stables with many different kinds of horses, from the carriage to the hunting horse, and all kinds of vehicles, from the small trap to

the barouche, and we were taken on many beautiful rides. I was always keen to sit by the driver and longed to have the reins in my hands.

We had a good chance to experience English fog. One day we three boys were outside when one of these fogs came down suddenly. In sport I asked the other two boys to walk off a few yards and then, turning around several times, said I would find them. I walked and walked and got completely lost crossing fields and turning in every direction but the right one. Finally, when in despair, I heard a rooster crow and, following the sound, nearly ran into a barn before I saw it. Then I found a house and on inquiry was told I was five miles from Mr. Hillhouse's and was put on to the road leading to it. I got back tired and hungry.

One pleasant feature of the home life was the morning prayers, when all the servants and maids, over twenty in number, were present. Our cousins, the English, may be more reserved than we, but once one gets acquainted with them, there can be no finer hosts or more genial people.

Finally we took passage on *The England*, a large steamer for that day. She carried sails to help the steam power, and it was most interesting to watch the sailors furl and unfurl the billowing canvas. The voyage was so rough that for days it was almost impossible to take our meals at the tables without accidents. A gentleman next to me had just raised his cup of coffee to his mouth, when a sudden lurch sent all the contents down the shirt-front of the man opposite him. For the first time I had a sample of American profanity. At times all passengers were forbidden on deck. Nothing can be much grander and more awe inspiring than a storm at sea, with the wind whistling through the rigging and the great waves at times dashing clear over the vessel. We

loved to stand in the bow and watch the steamer as it rose and fell. One day I nearly lost my life. I was at the stern seated on an inclined wheel house with my feet on the railing enjoying the pitching and rolling when, all of a sudden, I was thrown against the flagpole to which I clung desperately while for a moment I swung well out over the sea. As the stern rose, I dropped back on to the deck, too weak with fright to be able to move for some time.

Chapter IV

The Year in America



AFTER landing in America we went to Hudson and Albion, New York, to visit relatives and thence to Homer, Michigan, where my father's mother and sister lived. There we spent the first winter. I was quite overwhelmed when I saw in the academy the number of boys and girls with whom I was to be. It was very hard for the first year to get adjusted to the conditions and surroundings of American life, as well as to understand the viewpoint of boys and girls brought up in America, and at first the boys picked on us a good deal. One day a group planned to give me a good licking during recess, but fortunately a friend warned me. When six boys jumped on me at once my anger gave me amazing strength and I soon had them all sprawling on the ground begging for mercy. I believe there are times when unless one stands up for his rights his spirit may be crushed and he will go through life a weakling. The principal of the academy, who had seen the whole fray from the window, comforted me by saying he was glad I had punished the meanest set of boys in school.

My uncle owned a farm and gave me most valuable training

in all kinds of farm work that summer. As Father had a brother and sister living in Niles, Michigan, a much larger town, with an excellent high school, we moved there that fall. With a good start in Latin, I was able to make the four-year course in three. There were some very fine boys and girls in my classes, and the teachers were unusually good. Never did we have better drilling in Greek and Latin than under Professor Thomas who aroused great enthusiasm in the work. Mathematics were always hard for me, but Miss Cushman, my teacher, realizing my difficulties, helped me after school. In return, I was willing to work my head off for her and had a perfect mark in geometry.

My cousin, George Coan, organist in the Presbyterian church, began giving me lessons which were continued under him in Niles. The Presbyterian pastor, Dr. Eddy, was an unusually gifted, lovable man, whose sermons it was a rare privilege to hear. Our families became warm friends. I had planned to stay out a year to perfect my organ work with reference to using it as a means for putting myself through college and the seminary, but my father decided it better to go right on with my education and we moved to Wooster, Ohio. The college was young and small, but had an unusually strong faculty. During my course I met the lady who was to be my life companion, music being our introduction.

On December 20, 1879 my dear father, who had been suffering for some time, was called home. Though a man of iron constitution, he had done three men's work during his twenty-five years in Persia. Even then, had he rested when in America instead of working continuously in the churches he might have rallied and been good for many more years of service. After our return to the field I found he was affectionately remembered by

many with whom he had been associated, so that I was able to reap where he had sown.

Being passionately fond of music, I had about decided to make it my profession with special emphasis on the composition of sacred music, but my mother's great disappointment and prayers led me to enter the Western Theological Seminary the fall of 1882, although with a heavy heart. Here again God brought me in touch with a most remarkable man, Dr. Samuel H. Kellogg D.D., LL.D., a returned missionary from India. When he learned of my troubles, he came to my room, where in a tactful, loving way he showed the great glory and privilege of being a missionary and aroused my enthusiasm in the studies. After one year at Allegheny, I went to Princeton for the last two years to be with my brother Frank, who was an undergraduate.

The first of July, 1885, I was married in Wooster, Ohio, to Miss Ida Speer, the daughter of a retired minister, a woman who has ever been my companion and the inspiration of my life. Frank was at the wedding, but the distance was such that my mother felt she had better stay in Hudson to do the packing so that we could have our last few days free for visiting. After visiting relatives in Michigan and New York, I learned in a letter from Mother that Frank had been detained by illness in Wheeling, West Virginia, where he was visiting his fiancée on the way east. When we arrived in Hudson, our pastor, the Rev. George Yeisley, met me with the sad news that my brother had died in Wheeling. The next day the remains came, and we retraced our journey to Albion, where he was laid to rest by the side of my father and older brother.

The evening I reached Hudson I was to be ordained, but in my grief I had forgotten all about it. It was Mother, who always

thought of the work rather than of herself, who reminded me of the service. It was a very quiet, solemn occasion. Before Frank's death, we had decided that if I went to the foreign field he would stay in America and make a home for Mother and vice versa. As we walked back to the house, her first question was, "Fred, you aren't hesitating, are you? Remember I want you to go right on with your plans as if nothing had happened." Although we would have been glad to take her with us, she felt it wiser to stay in America. Ten days later, as the steamer drew away, I saw her sweet face for the last time, and, although her heart must have been breaking at the parting from both her sons, there was only a smile on her face.

Chapter V

Journey to Persia



IT WAS July 25, 1885 that we left New York on the *Furnessia* of the Anchor Line. Our companions were Miss Jennie Dean, returning after furlough, and Miss Annie Dale of Philadelphia, afterwards Mrs. H. C. Schuler; Miss Morgan, an English woman, joined us in London, and Miss Emma Cochran, for many years my playmate in Urumia, went with us from Constantinople. After a delightful trip through England, Scotland and Europe, we sailed from Trieste for Constantinople and thence to Batoum on the Black Sea. Here we took the railway to its terminal Akstafa, forty miles beyond Tiflis. I had been instructed to hire a diligence in Tiflis and bring it by train to Akstafa whence we would use it to Julfa on the Aras river. The French consul in Tabriz, who was leaving with his family, had agreed to return it, thus saving half the cost.

The Russians had a good post-road from Akstafa to Nakhchewan, twenty-four miles from Julfa, with post-houses and relays of horses every twelve miles. Sometimes the stage was a little over, sometimes less. Our very commodious conveyance was the type used in Switzerland in the good old days when people

were not in such a hurry. It carried the whole party besides driver and guard, with all our trunks, hand baggage, bedsteads and bedding, and saddles and bridles. Our Russian guard put on many airs, and when we drove through the villages at a gallop blew his horn with many flourishes. We had four horses abreast and at times two more as leaders. When being hitched up and starting, the horses would squeal and rear so that a man had to stand at each animal's head until we got under way. Being lashed to a run for a few miles took the keen edge off of their spirits. Travel this way was far more interesting than by train, for there was time to grasp the constantly changing scenes. The villages through which we passed were full of interest. The post-houses had three or four rooms with benches to sleep on, chairs and tables, and a samovar ready to give its cheer.

The road from Akstafa went up a beautiful valley, the mountains increasing in height and well wooded. From Dilijan, picturesquely situated, at the foot of the climb, the road wound to the top of the pass through beautiful forests, all the more appreciated as they were the last we would see for many years. At the Dilijan pass the whole scene changed. The trees disappeared, and all around one were splendid grazing grounds, with several villages where the Molikans, milk drinkers, lived with their large herds. As we passed, they came to the road to offer us pitchers of the rich milk.

But the sight that riveted our gaze more than all else was that of the two peaks of Mount Ararat, the highest peak being 17,000 feet and always capped with the snow of ages. Their grandeur and impressiveness consist in the fact that, detached from other mountains that might detract from them, they rise alone, sheer from the fertile plain of Erivan with its many villages and vine-

yards. This whole region had been taken from Persia by Russia in 1828.

Erivan is the new capital of Armenia, and this plain has been given to what remains of the Armenians, in place of the healthy, picturesque mountain homes they loved so passionately and where they had lived for so many centuries. Never was a greater injustice done this patriotic, brave nation than in robbing them of their homeland and, in place of the high altitudes, bracing air, and pure waters of Armenia, asking them to accept this hot, unhealthy plain. The Armenians had high aspirations for a larger country and had made great sacrifices in the War to gain their rights. Yet this was all they received.

The great peaks of Ararat remained in constant view for two days. The second day from Erivan we reached Nakhchevan, which is quite a town, and were shown the reputed tomb of Noah. The macadam road ceased here, and the next stretch ran through the bed of a stony valley with a stream that had to be crossed and recrossed many times. Emerging from the hills, a long descent took us to Russian Julfa, on the Araxes, now Aras, river, the boundary between Russia and Persia. Seven miles above modern Julfa lies old Julfa, for many centuries an Armenian settlement and far more attractive than modern Julfa.

Julfa is very hot and dusty in summer when the winds blow the dust and sand into everything. The only buildings were the custom house and post-house and a few shops and barracks for the soldiers. There was not a tree nor green thing, although the water flowed right beneath.

A crude ferry conveyed us to a sand bank in the middle of the river where we were dumped, a prey to the horde of Persian *hamals* (porters) who besieged us. After a fight to make a bar-

gain, some took up our baggage and others offered us their backs on which we were carried across the Persian half of the river. There was no reason why the ferry should not have gone to the Persian side, except that the Persians were afraid it might make it too easy for Russia to cross over. In the spring when the river was very high the crossing was made in a crude boat that was sometimes carried down for miles before the boatmen, with only poles for oars, could get control of it. Occasionally all the passengers were drowned. Shortly before the War, when the railroad was extended to Julfa, a fine iron bridge was built which saved much time and many a fright.

Back on Persian soil, we found letters of welcome, *chavardars* with horses, and a servant sent from Urumia to meet us. Julfa was certainly the jumping-off place, for there we left all civilization behind. Two days' ride that seemed interminable brought us to Khoi where we were entertained by one of our Assyrian pastors. The third day we crossed the mountains to the Salmas plain, and we began to think we would never get to our destination, Ula, a small village partly Moslem and partly Christian, that lay over on the further side of the plain. Twelve hours' continuous riding finally rewarded us and we were at the end of our long journey. One thing that had made the three days of horseback riding so hard for Mrs. Coan was that she rode a man's saddle lady fashion. Only a good rider could have done it at all.

Chapter VI

Salmas



ALMAS is a fertile and beautiful plain, though not so large or attractive as Urumia. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains, those at the west rising fifteen thousand feet, while to the south it touches Lake Urumia. On the plain in 1885 there were over twenty Armenian villages, with a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand, and only three Assyrian villages, one, Ula, where we were to live, another Gulizar, and the third, the large Roman Catholic village of Khosrova. In addition to the Christian population there were the Mohammedans who far outnumbered them. Yet the Armenians, owing to their proverbial thrift and energy, were by far the most prosperous.

A sub-station to Urumia had been opened in Salmas by Dr. J. A. Shedd, who, with Mrs. Shedd, had lived there the winter before we arrived, with headquarters in Ula, where we found Miss Cyrene VanDuzee, transferred from Erzurum. Haftdevan, a large wealthy Armenian village three miles from Ula, was occupied by Rev. J. N. Wright who had been transferred from Tabriz.

Our home was a small building belonging to the Sheikh-ul

Islam, the owner of the village. This Dr. Shedd had changed and enlarged so that it was quite comfortable, even if crude. One of its great advantages was that it lay on the edge of the village overlooking a ten-acre garden and vineyard, access to which afforded us a beautiful place for recreation. Our home was two storied, with a kitchen, small dining room, living room, and bed room; below were store rooms. Miss VanDuzee, a most genial woman, was a real mother to us and of great help in her suggestions and hospitality, as she boarded us until we could get started.

The day after our arrival, Joseph P. Cochran, now a medical missionary, came to meet his sister. It was a great joy to see my old playmate of childhood days. His mother had come as far as Gavilan, the other side of the mountains, on the Urumia side, the farthest he cared to bring the carriage. Miss Dean and Miss Morgan went on with the Cochrans, Miss Dale having left us at Batoum for Teheran.

As our boxes, sent well in advance, had arrived, we began immediately to unpack. Among our possessions was a Decker Brothers piano, a wedding gift to Mrs. Coan from her father and mother. Never was there a better piano. The makers had taken a great interest when they knew where the instrument was going, and, having the order a year in advance, had put their very best work into it. Carefully packed in an air-tight zinc case, it weighed over 1500 pounds and had been brought from Trebizond, 700 miles away, by ox-cart over mountains, ravines, ditches and rivers, with no made-road. The cart, drawn by two huge buffaloes and two oxen, had been tipped over several times so that when it arrived the case was broken and I feared the instrument was ruined. It was the first upright piano ever brought into that part of the country. For several days I did not have the heart to look at it

for fear of what I might see. To get it up to our living room required first raising it onto the stable roof that adjoined and then knocking out a piece of the wall. Once it was in the room, I opened the case and was delighted and surprised to find that after all that jolting and shaking for ninety days over no roads it was in perfect tune, with the exception of one wire which I soon remedied. When you remember that a piano moved in a large truck with springs, over an asphalt pavement, is tuned before a concert, you will appreciate the superb qualities of this instrument and the care taken in packing it. The only injury was a little marring of the case.

The piano was a very great source of pleasure, not only to us but our many friends, Persian as well as American, since Mrs. Coan is a fine musician; it is still in service after forty-two years. Many a missionary child has had its first start on this piano, for Mrs. Coan taught all the children of the station who cared to learn. Later we had an Estey organ sent out that was in perfect tune with it, and with music arranged for both instruments we were able to get some very good effects. As an incentive to keep up our music, we tried to give some concerts every year, which gave the children an opportunity to play in public and increase their confidence.

A few weeks after getting settled, we made a short visit to Urumia, anxious to revisit my old home and meet the missionaries and other dear friends there. Oh what a joy it was, after reaching the top of the mountains that separate Salmas from Urumia, to see the beautiful plain lying below us, with its blue lake skirting the eastern side. Mountains and hills familiar in my younger days appeared here and there, while far beyond lay the villages.

Twelve miles out from Urumia is the Nazlu river, spanned by a fine bridge, the scene of many welcomes and partings, the latter causing it to be called "the bridge of sighs." As we came near, we saw a group of horsemen who fell into a gallop as soon as they caught sight of us. There were Dr. Labaree, Sr. and Dr. Shedd, for many years associated with my parents, the two Misses Labaree, Joseph Cochran and Emma, the Hargraves, and a fair number of Assyrian preachers and friends. After lunch in the gardens, we started for the last lap. From the bridge on, we met group after group, some mounted, some on foot, overjoyed to see the boy who had come back as a man to take up his father's work. No one gets a warmer welcome than the missionary of the second generation. Soon we came to the city and passing around its walls reached the old gate and were at last in the old yard. My childhood home was still there, though somewhat changed.

The synodical meeting of all the workers in Urumia, being held at the time of our arrival, gave me a fine chance to meet all the preachers and many others. I was called on to make a short talk, and they were delighted that I remembered the language, which I had kept up by reading in the Syriac New Testament. During the following week many came to call on us.

As fall was well advanced and we were anxious to get at Armenian, which is the language of the Salmas Christians although everyone in Azerbaijan speaks Turkish, we returned to Salmas in a few days and found a splendid young Armenian for our teacher.

Annual Meeting that fall was held in Tabriz, three days' journey away. I went as a delegate with Dr. Wright and at the end of the first stage Dr. and Mrs. Shedd and the Hargraves, delegates from Urumia, joined us. Annual Meeting with its

reports and discussions was a valuable experience and good introduction to the work. It was also a pleasure to meet again the Whipples and Oldfathers who had been transferred to Tabriz for health reasons. I was the guest of Rev. Samuel G. Wilson, who had graduated from Princeton Seminary, winner of the Hebrew Fellowship at the age of twenty. He practically laid the foundation of Tabriz Station, and, finally returning many years later, after a serious injury in a railroad accident, he gave his life in ministering to the wants of those he loved better than himself.

We hurried away after Annual Meeting, as it was December when storms might come any time. In fact, it began to rain the first day of the journey, continuing on the second day until about noon we reached a caravansarai where we stopped for lunch and a short rest, trying to be comfortable in a small, dark, filthy room where the smoke from the damp wood almost blinded us.

While within, we did not realize what was taking place outside, but when I went out to see whether the loads had arrived, a blizzard was raging with snow already over a foot deep and falling fast. It was impossible to stop in such a hole; therefore, in spite of the *charvadars*, who made a strong protest, we started for our intended stage to Tasuj, two hours further on. I had bought as a wedding gift for Mrs. Coan a splendid horse, Prince. He was the only one to face the storm when we emerged from the shelter of the yard; all the other horses turned tail. Accordingly I took the lead, with the Hargraves following me and the loads after them. As we got out of the lanes, we caught the full strength of the storm and had to lie flat with our arms around the horses' necks to keep from being blown off. The wind had filled the many gullies and completely obliterated the road so that frequently our horses went in up to their sides and sometimes fell. Our only way

to keep together was by shouting. As the load horses could not keep up, we pushed on to reach our stage as soon as possible.

Then a strange thing happened. Looking up, I saw a clear, blue sky while all around lay a white mist. The clear upper strata showed the mountains to our right, and we found we were off the road. Finally we reached Tasuj, very grateful for our escape from the worst storm I ever encountered. Anxious about the loads, I sent men back with shovels to find and bring them in. A few miles out they found the animals huddled together, one load off, and the *charvadars* weeping over one man who had nearly succumbed to the cold. A few more moments and he would have perished. We worked over him all night to bring him to, but next morning he was too weak to go on. That last day to Ula showed us the effects of the storm. All along the road we passed dead camels and donkeys and several men who had frozen to death.

Years later I found that that particular part of the Salmas plain is especially subject to severe storms in which many a life has been lost. The bad part of such a storm on the high plateaus of Persia is that there is no landmark to guide one, and the roads, poorly defined, soon become obliterated so that one never knows in what direction to go. A few years later when I was accompanying Dr. Bradford, the lady physician, who had been called to Urumia to a case, it began to storm as we left Ali Shah, one stage from Tabriz. After leaving the villages there is nothing but one flat, salty plain for four hours. Knowing that the roads would be obliterated before long, I drove the cart at a smart gallop for the whole distance and thus escaped being lost.

Our first winter passed happily with hard work on the language. As there were Assyrians in the village of Ula, I also visited

the houses with our dear pastor, Yohannan, one of the most consecrated, sweetest characters I have ever known, and took some of the services. He was not a scholarly man, but his life was such that he was universally loved and respected by Mohammedans and Christians alike. Mrs. Coan made better progress in Armenian than I did, as I was constantly tempted to use Syriac and Turkish, which came back to me rapidly.

Along with other advice, my mother had strongly urged upon me the need of exercise every day. I therefore bought a second horse, although not so good a one as Prince. The latter, an iron gray, four years old and almost unbroken when we bought him, was very spirited and full of life, and Mrs. Coan, a splendid rider, developed in him many easy gaits. Every day, no matter what the weather, we went off for our ride, despite the hostler who was much provoked because it meant extra work to clean the animals when it was muddy.

Early in the spring of 1886 we were favored by a visit from Colonel Bell of the British Artillery in India who was on his way to Mosul and Baghdad, through Kurdistan. At that time Persia was so much out of the way that it was a great treat to have a visitor from outside, and the day he left for Urumia I went with him as far as Gavilan, on the Urumia plain, little dreaming what the results of that day's ride would be. There I met two of our Assyrian evangelists from Urumia who were holding services, one, Pastor Yoseph, who has long since gone home with many stars in his crown, the other Mr. Moorhatch, then a young man just entering the ministry, and without exception one of the most brilliant and ablest preachers we have ever had. They insisted that I take the evening service, and on their return said some things

in Urumia that led the station there to think I was the man they needed for evangelistic work.

Spring is such a beautiful time in Persia, with the brown mountains covered for a brief time with grass and flowers, that Mrs. Coan and I anticipated many a ride, hoping to explore the valleys and mountains around us, stopping at the villages to make calls. But in April we made another visit to Urumia, for we had been rather shut in during the winter. At the first station meeting Dr. Shedd took our breath away by voting that we be transferred to Urumia to take the place of Mr. Rogers, who had broken down and gone to America. As Dr. Labaree had to return to America that spring, Dr. Shedd was left as the only ordained man and it was felt that we were more needed there than in Salmas.

As we had fully accepted that as our field and had made a good start in Armenian, and in some ways a new field appealed to us more than an old one, we asked for a little time to consider the matter. What helped us to decide in favor of Urumia was the immediate need and the fact that, while my best language, Syriac, would be of great use in Urumia, it was not really necessary in Salmas where a new man could just as well learn Armenian. Of course Urumia was more attractive, being a large station containing some of our dearest friends, yet we tried not to let that weigh too much.

Leaving Mrs. Coan in Urumia, I hurried back to Salmas, packed up everything, and had all our goods at the city gate a week from the day I left. The only way it could be done was by hiring some large village carts so that I did not have to pack everything with reference to its transport by horses, for which all the cases would have to balance and nothing weigh over 150 pounds. I rode right with the cart that carried the piano until it

had come safely over the mountains. It took six strong buffaloes to haul it up to the pass, and, when going down, it nearly lifted the animals next to it off their feet. I had ten men holding on, and several times when one wheel was in the air expected to see the cart go down into the deep ravines bordering the road.

Chapter VII

Kurdistan and the Kurds



SOON after we were settled in the city of Urumia, I was assigned to the superintendence of the evangelistic work on the plain of Urumia, with 113 villages, that of Sulduz, sixty miles south and as far as Soujbulakh, twenty-four miles farther, and in the mountains. The latter meant the Assyrians in that part of Kurdistan west of Urumia and extending as far as the Tigris river. Little did I realize the extent and magnitude of the field of which I so cheerfully assumed supervision.

Since Kurdistan and the Kurds, which filled my life for the next twenty odd years, will also fill most of this book, a few words about them and stories to illustrate their character may well be given here to help understand the pages that follow.

Kurdistan lies for the most part in eastern Turkey, including Armenia and northwestern Persia as far west as the Tigris and south to Baghdad. Most of the villages are in the Elburz Mountains, wild and inaccessible, an excellent base for the depredations constantly made by the Kurds on their neighbors, chiefly the Christian Assyrians and Armenians. As far back as in the Retreat

of the Ten Thousand, the Karduchi, according to Xenophon, rolled stones down on the weary Greeks as they passed through the mountains and caused them much trouble.

The Kurds number about three and a half million, divided into over a hundred different tribes with different dialects and falling into three rather distinct groups: the nomads, on the constant move with their flocks and herds, living the life so admirably portrayed in "GRASS"; the semi-nomads, living in villages in the winter; and the *riats*, subject tribes, living, for the most part as agriculturists in the low valleys and on the plains. In religion all are Mohammedan, of the Sunni sect.

They are governed largely by sheikhs, who, combining the religious with the political office, are venerated as holy men. Their homes are the centers of lavish hospitality which is enjoyed every day by visitors of all classes. One or two stories will illustrate their power and authority as well as the cruelty with which they wield it.

One of these sheikhs, who lived in the district of Nochea, some forty miles west of Urumia, came to our hospital to be treated by Dr. Cochran. As he brought his wives and many retainers, he was a great burden and expense. This man had never been crossed, and, with every wish gratified, was more like a grown-up baby than a man. One of his servants was a young man who had been with him from boyhood and whose whole duty was to wait on his every wish, to stand by with a fan brushing away the flies or give him a cigarette.

One day his master asked for tea. For some reason it did not please him, and after tasting it he flung the contents into the servant's face and ordered him to get down on his knees and kiss his feet in apology. White with fear, the poor man obeyed, but,

while he was kneeling, the sheikh drew his dagger and plunged it time and again into his back and then ordered his body taken away. The servant's wife was there, and in Oriental fashion she with the other women sat by the dying man singing his praises and deeds of valor. Among other things she thanked God that her husband was in paradise because during his life he had killed two Jews and had died at the hands of her holy sheikh. Not a thought of resentment or anger did she show over the foul deed that had deprived her of a husband.

As for the sheikh who had killed him, the wretch was no more disturbed than are we over the swatting of a fly. That evening when Dr. Cochran made his usual call, he found it hard to be polite or restrain his disgust. He was very curt and short. The sheikh asked him why he had not come sooner to amuse him and why he was so glum and did not smile. For the first time in his life he received the lecture his misdeeds deserved.

One spring day, a sheikh, sitting on the banks of a river, saw one of his subjects driving some sheep on the other side and, hailing him, told him to cross over and make his salaams. The river was very high and swift and icy cold so that the crossing could only be made at great risk. The poor man had to obey, but when ordered to fall at the sheikh's feet and apologize, he too was killed.

The Kurds' greatest delight is to go on a raid. Many times have I been awakened at night by the reports of rifles and the shrieking of women and children, and have known that some village the other side of the river from where we lived was being attacked. Their method is quietly to surround the village when everyone is asleep and then fire off a volley of shots. This thoroughly cows the people, who have no idea how numerous the

enemy are, so that the Kurds have little trouble driving off the flocks and cattle. The next day several wounded would be brought to our hospital for treatment. It is awful to live in constant terror of an attack, and when mothers wish to quiet an unruly child they will say, "Keep quiet or the Kurds will come."

A touching thing happened when Dr. Cochran was home on furlough as a guest of Mr. S. M. Clement of Buffalo, whose summer home was near a beautiful bit of forest. One evening they started for a walk, but as they entered the woods one of Dr. Cochran's boys hung back. When Mr. Clement asked, "Harry, what are you afraid of?" the boy replied, "I am afraid of the Kurds." He was assured there were no Kurds there, but kept close to his father's side.

The greatest passion of a Kurd is to possess a modern rifle. Even the small boys ten or twelve years old strut around weighed down with two or three rows of cartridges and their beloved rifle. A man will sell his wife, if need be, to secure one. To these men, impulsive and passionate, the possession of arms is a great temptation to use them at the slightest provocation. One day when I was seated in the room of my mountain host, a man dashed in in a towering rage and took his rifle off the peg, saying, "I will kill him! I will kill him!" I jumped up and grabbed him and for a few moments we flew around like two fighting cocks as he tried to wrest himself free. He then cooled down and was much ashamed at what he had done and begged my pardon, thanking me for having prevented a murder. It seems a neighbor had tapped his water ditch and drawn off the stream to his own field.

A few stories of some of the Kurds' exploits may interest my young readers. There was a chief by the name of Kurdu who was the cause of great trouble to the Persians in Urumia. At one time

his depredations were such that the Persian government sent quite a force to capture him. But catching a Kurd is like catching the wild partridge that lives in his mountains. The Kurd is light-footed, can run up hill as fast as down, and knows every secret path and place of concealment, while the Persian, with his heavy equipment and old rifles is no match for him in his own country. As winter came on with nothing accomplished, the troops went into camp, the soldiers being quartered in a large room in a yard surrounded by high walls with a watch tower at each corner. As a precaution they stationed a few soldiers in each tower.

One night Kurdu with a handful of men came down and, scaling the walls, surprised the sentries, who were told to remain quiet or be stabbed to death. They then left a few men in charge of the cowed guards and climbed on the roof under which the hundred or so men with their officers were sound asleep. Firing down the smoke-holes of the roof, they shouted that the first man to leave would be killed. One officer tried to escape and was shot at the door. This was sufficient to show the others the dangers of escape from what seemed, by the noise, to be about a hundred Kurds. They were then told to leave one by one and were disarmed as they came out. To their chagrin, they found that they had been captured by thirteen men. Kurdu then told them that he knew they did not want to be there and advised them to go home where their wives and children would be glad to see them, and to give the governor his salaams.

Another time with a few men he entered the city of Urumia, for, while the gates are locked at night, there are plenty of ways to get in where the walls have tumbled down. He posted a placard on the governor's gate saying they were glad to see how well the city was guarded, and that if their hearts had been evil

they could easily have looted the bazaars, but as honest men their consciences had not allowed it.

At one time when this same Kurdu was a young blood, Mrs. Joseph P. Cochran was touring some of the Christian villages of Tergawar. Her daughter, Emma, at that time eight years old, was with her in a tent pitched near the village of Umbi, Kurdu's home. One night Mrs. Cochran waked up to see the rug on which Emma lay near her bed slowly moving out of the tent. She jumped up and gave the alarm. After much noise and some firing, in which one of the Assyrian guards was wounded, the Kurds were frightened away. Kurdu had seen the little American girl and tried to abduct her as an addition to his harem. This same Kurdu was implicated in the murder of Mr. Benjamin Labaree in 1904.

It would be doing the Kurds gross injustice, however, to leave the impression that they are all robbers and cruel. There are good Kurds and bad Kurds. They regard a church as sacred as their mosque, for it is a house of God, and never destroy one even though they may burn down the houses of a village. In some ways they are far superior to the Persians or Turks, and as one comes to know them he finds many things to admire. Their women enjoy a far greater freedom than the Persian or Turkish women. They are not veiled or kept in seclusion; men and women work and bear their burdens together and hold property with equal rights. The women often take part in their councils and when the men go to war urge them on with their shrill cries and songs. They are also much less fanatical than the other Mohammedans.

Some of our finest converts have been Kurds. *Mulla Saïid*, who belonged to a priestly family, was led to Christ by one of our humble helpers and afterwards studied medicine in Hamadan in

our hospital and then went to England for further study. He is now a very successful physician in Teheran where he openly works for Christ, devoting a large part of his income to the poor and to Gospel work. He is one of the greatest powers for good in Persia. When he became converted, his brother Kaka vowed he would kill him, and followed him for years for that purpose. But he was led to Christ by the brother whose life he sought and is today one of our most earnest evangelists in the Hamadan field, where he works openly and without fear. Rev. I. M. Yonan, D.D., for many years connected with the Urumia College, has written in his excellent book, "THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN OF TEHERAN," a most interesting account of this man.

Another very remarkable character was Sheikh Baba, whose home was in a village near Soujbulakh. He, likewise, was led to Christ by one of our helpers and later baptized by Dr. S. G. Wilson of Tabriz. Having heard much of the man, I was delighted one day, when touring in Soujbulakh, to be told that he was in the city. Sheikh Baba, one of the finest characters I have ever met, was regarded as a holy man whom many Kurds from the region of Soujbulakh would visit to do homage. As a result of his conversion, the villages over which he held control had been all thrown open to our workers and a welcome extended to our preachers and missionaries.

I told him we would hold a communion service on Sunday and asked if he did not want at that time to make a public confession of his faith and unite with us. He said it was a serious step, but he would think it over and let me know next day, and then sent word that if we felt he was worthy he would gladly be with us. That communion service held in our pastor's large reception room was a memorable one. Shiekh Baba arrived with

a large escort of armed men, who were stationed at the gate, and entered with his brother and nephew who had both been won to Christ. In that room were some thirty souls, Kurds, Jews, Assyrians, Jacobites, Chaldeans, Armenians, and one American.

Never did Christ seem nearer. At the close of the service I gave him the right hand of fellowship and explained what it meant, and then, to the surprise of all, this dignified leader of thousands, ignoring all others, stepped up to the Jew who had communed and kissed him. At that the whole company broke down in sobs. What greater proof of the grace of Christ than that, and what a rebuke to the so-called Christian world that despises the Jew and discriminates against him in so many ways. When the audience had recovered its composure we sang a closing hymn and I could not but think of Saint Paul's words, "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek for the same Lord is rich unto all that call upon Him." To grasp the significance of that service, one must remember it was held in a bigoted, fanatical Kurdish city, where, had the people known what was going on in that upper chamber, a mob would soon have killed every one. Later, during the war when the Turks came in, the conversion of Sheikh Baba was reported to them, and when he refused to deny Christ he was hung to a tree and left there until the birds had picked the body clean. Samuel the Jew also suffered a martyr's death.

The governor in Soujbulakh at one time was a very intelligent, powerful Kurd who hated the missionaries and had given word that if they were killed nothing would be said. Later, through the influence of our helper, Sailfi-din Khan purchased a Bible and was much impressed by it. When I called on him he was most cordial and in his study, where I saw many French books that he

had read, he told me that Christianity was the only true religion. On Noruz, the Moslem New Year's day, when many people had called to bless the feast, he asked our helper to offer a prayer and handed him a gold piece. He told me that it was his meeting with such men as Rev. W. L. Whipple and Dr. Holmes and Dr. Wilson that had disarmed his prejudice, saying, "When I talked with Mr. Whipple, I realized I was talking with a holy man."

At one time the son of the Emaum Juma, one of the highest ecclesiastics, was converted while studying with our helper, Deacon Samuel. When his father found it out, he demanded that he be executed by the governor and his body thrown to the dogs. The governor, anxious to save the lad, said, "Your request is most foolish, for it will advertise to all Kurdistan that the son of the Great Emaum Juma has become a Christian." Thus was his life saved. Driven from home, the young man and his brother fled to India where they could have freedom to live as Christians. Sailfi-din Khan pleaded with me to open a school for the Kurdish boys in Soujbulakh, offering to give liberally towards its support. Such are the broad outlines of the picture of Kurdistan and the Kurds; the details will be filled in during the chapters that follow by the story of my tours in their midst and experiences with them.

Chapter VIII

First Tour Into Kurdistan



IN THE fall of my first year in Urumia, 1877, it was voted that I make a tour into Kurdistan. Dr. Cochran was asked to accompany me as his knowledge of the country and people would be invaluable to an inexperienced man. That first tour will always stand out as one of the most interesting and enjoyable of my life. Not only was every day a delight because of its shifting scenes and exciting experiences, but it was also full of the wise counsels born of my companion's experience and a constant revelation of his splendid character. In that tour a friendship was formed that deepened into a great love which has been one of the most precious things of my life.

Persian born though I was, all was new and strange to me once we left the familiar plain of Urumia and began rising through the valleys into the mountains. After getting into Kurdistan, there are no roads but simply paths, often cut out of the solid rock or in places supported by beams. The path for the most part follows the bottom of the gorge, and the traveler with his mule has to pick his way as best he can over and around the rocks.

During the spring, when the waters are high, precarious paths lead well above the bed of the stream, returning again to the lower level when the bad place is passed. No animal but the small sturdy mule can negotiate these places, and one wonders at its sure footedness. When skirting the edge of a cliff where there is danger that a projecting rock may hit the load and shove the animal over, the driver takes hold of the mule's tail and says, "Werra, werra," and it bends its body so as to avoid the obstruction.

Great skill is shown in the construction of the few bridges seen. Wherever possible, advantage is taken of a rock in mid-stream, or in its absence a pier is built. Long brackets of trees are built from either side projecting towards the center; then to the ends of these, poplar beams are lashed until they meet. Over these is woven a pathway of willow withes and over that a few flagstones are laid loosely. The bridge is not more than two or three feet wide, with no railings, and as one crosses, it sways from side to side as well as up and down. If one looks down at the boiling current, he gets dizzy; hence the best thing is to look at the opposite bank. The novice sometimes prefers to crawl over on his hands and knees to the great amusement of the hardy mountaineer. When the river cannot be bridged, a *keleg*, or raft, is used. The word *keleg* means disaster and is very appropriate for the flimsy craft consists of three or four sheepskins that are inflated, then tied together and covered with a few branches or sticks. As not even a paddle is used to propel them, simply a stick, they are often carried down a long way past the landing, and one has to walk back again to the starting point, hoping for better luck the next time. The idea of a paddle with its greater purchase has never entered the ferrymen's heads.

To return to our narrative. Our first stage was over the low hills that lie west of the Urumia plain and separate it from the Tergawar and Mergawar valleys. Long before we reached the village of Mawana, word had preceded us, and everyone turned out to do honor to the great Hakim Sahib. It was so all through that tour. Kurds and Christians alike vied with each other in doing him honor. It was not only his great medical skill, but the man himself the people approached with a feeling of awe and deepest reverence and affection.

Leaving the valley of Tergawar the next day, we descended to the Nazlu river which we followed all day. By afternoon, the valley had narrowed into a wild gorge where the path often made a high ascent to avoid the river, and where at times it clung to a narrow ledge where a single slip would have been fatal. Dr. Cochran beguiled the time with his stories of the Kurds.

One time, when his friend, Mr. S. M. Clement of Buffalo, had been visiting him, they had gone up the same valley. Dr. Cochran had arranged to have some of his Assyrian friends, who dress and look much like the Kurds, attack and rob them. Before they reached the place of attack, he casually asked Mr. Clement what he would do if Kurds should attack them, and whether he would give up the revolver he was carrying. Soon with a great yell, a band of wild fellows all mounted and dressed in their picturesque costume rushed on them and, before they could wink, had robbed them of everything. Mr. Clement looked quite chagrined and thought it would be hard lines to have to walk back to Urumia. Then, of a sudden, the mock robbers wheeled and came back laughing to restore their booty.

In the afternoon we came out of the gorge to a more open valley where small fields began to appear, and we soon reached

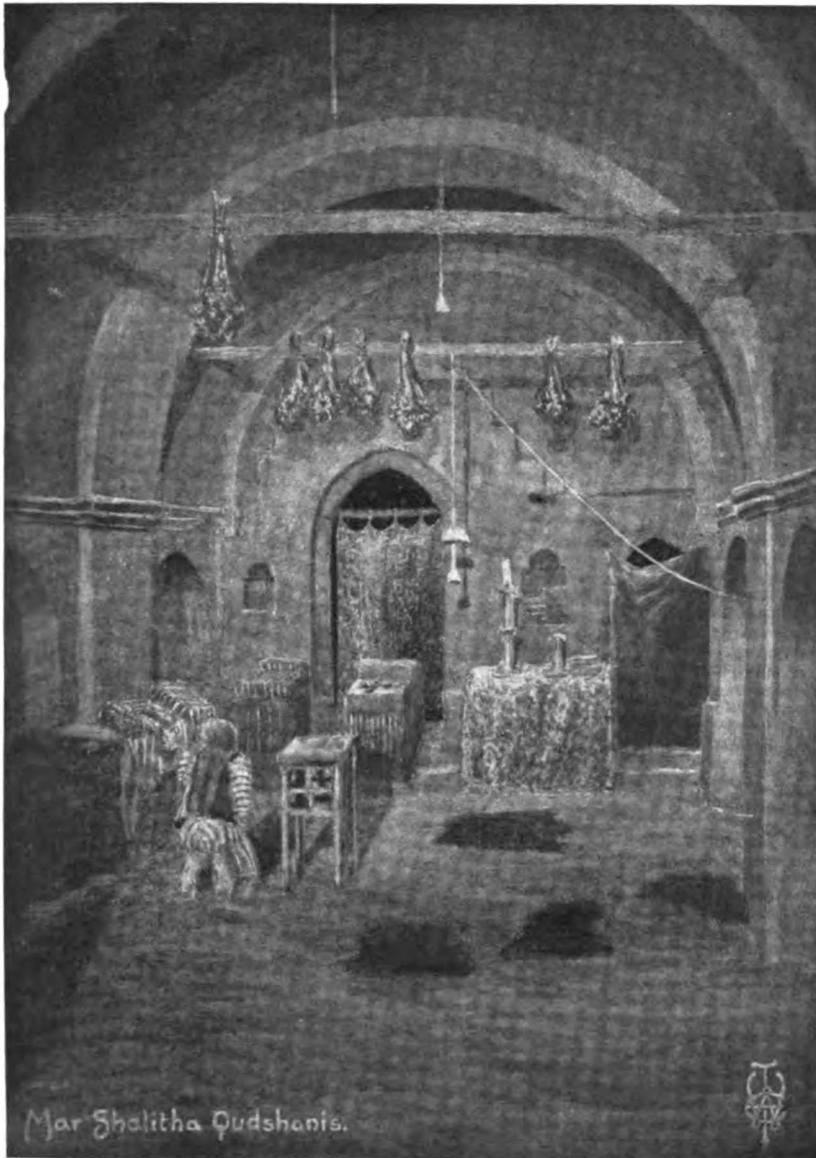
Murb' Eshu, Saint Jesus, named from a very ancient church and monastery, although the latter is now gone. In that village, a ride of a day and a half from Urumia, one gets a very good miniature of Kurdistan. As in all of the region, arable land is scarce and very valuable so that every inch is well fertilized and cultivated. The village is in a very narrow, deep valley with high mountains on all sides and a beautiful, clear river that dashes down through the center. To save good ground, the houses are built in terraces up the sides of the mountain so that the roof of one house forms the yard of the one behind it. The houses open to the front in order that the occupants may have a good view and thereby be warned of the approach of any party, friendly or enemy. In Murb' Eshu on one occasion an incident took place that well illustrates the simplicity and habits of the people. When I arrived, tired and fevering, my good hostess was very solicitous and suggested that a hot bath would help me more than anything else. Of course, where the whole family live in one room, there is no separate bath room so that the people, who are for the most part scrupulously clean, bathe every Saturday along the edges of a stream, or in the street in front of their house, or just over the wall in their small fields. The bath is a family affair where the women scrub the men. I asked my hostess how she would manage the bath and with the innocence of a child, she said "I have a large copper tub and will give you the bath in front of the door," adding, "I will give you a better scrubbing than your wife, the khanum, ever did." When I asked how private the bath would be, she said, "O, the whole village will be watching to see that the job is well done." Needless to say, I decided to do without the bath, though she felt disappointed at my refusal.

In this connection, a good story is told by one of the Anglican

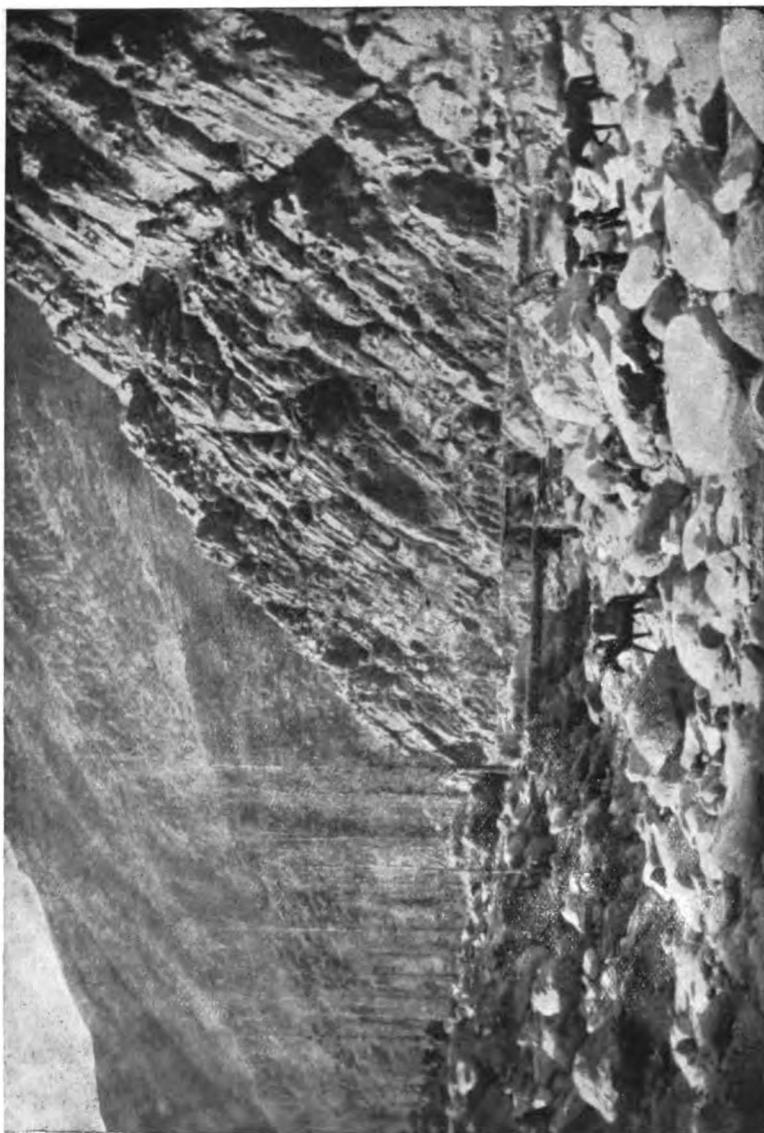
missionaries. As he took a walk in one of the mountain valleys, he was suddenly surprised to see a maiden sitting in all innocence in her bath. As was proper, the Englishman averted his gaze as far as the narrow path would allow. The damsel, however, had been strictly brought up never to let a priest pass by without kissing his hand as mark of respect. So, jumping out of her bath, she ran up, saying, "O rabbi, let me kiss your hand." The cleric beat a hasty retreat, with the young lady following him and saying plaintively, "Rabbi, rabbi, what have I done that you will not let me kiss your hand?"

There is in Murb' Eshu what is called Bate Kalata, a large family connected with the Patriarchal family. Owing to its ecclesiastical connection, it enjoyed special privileges and revenues, and its men were gentlemen of leisure. They needed all their revenue, however, as their home was the place to which all government officials and travelers went for entertainment. At the time we were there, the family numbered seventy-two souls, including one Nestorian priest, one Roman Catholic, and one Protestant, all of them very lovable men. I counted over twenty cradles and can imagine what a symphony there must have been if one baby started all the others crying.

Dr. Cochran and I preferred to sleep on the roof where our cots were prepared. After our long day's ride we were tired and overslept, not knowing the sun had risen, for it is only for a few hours of the day that its rays penetrate that deep valley. To our dismay on awaking we found what seemed to be the entire population gathered on their roofs, all eyes riveted on those two cots. We had not calculated on dressing before a whole village and wondered how to manage it. But, slipping a foot out, we managed to get hold of our under-garments and slip into them, and then



PATRIARCHATE CHURCH IN KODCHANIS



TYPE OF ROAD IN KURDISTAN

made a bold dash for the rest. We asked the servant after that please to call us before daybreak.

One day we rode up the valley for two hours to the village of Eel where a noted man, Kokha Kamar, lived. The road was so very bad that we preferred to walk on the way back, and Dr. Cochran told of an experience they had once had there. It was springtime and the water was very high, in places covering the narrow path. Reaching a narrow place where no path was visible, they had to take their chance on the horses' finding it and put them into the seething water that came to the horses' sides. The Doctor had started out with a severe attack of sciatica, but the nervous tension of coming through the water was such that when they emerged the shock had completely cured the sciatica.

After two very pleasant and busy days in the Murb' Eshu valley, with the sick constantly thronging to the Doctor, we continued up the valley, which widened considerably, and reached the summer encampments, *zumi*, of the Assyrians, just at milking time when thousands of goats and sheep almost blocked our path. At one steep place Dr. Cochran told me that on a previous journey his load horse had slipped, landing in the top of a willow tree, feet in the air. He was dislodged with much difficulty and, strange to say, except for a few scratches, none the worse for the fall. From the pass, we caught our first view of the Gawar plain. Beyond rose the Jilu mountains in all their rugged, naked grandeur, their peaks like spires as they rose 17,000 feet in the air, with snow lodged only in the deep crevices whence it never disappears. From the highest peak, called Suppa Duric, on a clear day, the Tigris, 150 miles to the west, is visible. As one looks at these mountains he never tires and is filled with a feeling of awe. Few sights bring God as near as that of His mountains. Those who

have lived in the vast stretches and solitude of the desert experience the same feeling which is marked among the Arabs to whom God's presence is a reality.

After feasting our eyes on the view, we descended to the plain of Gawar. Seven thousand feet above sea level, it is flat and treeless with one river, the Nila, Nile, flowing through it towards the Zab. The plain is very fertile, growing splendid wheat but not much else on account of the cold. Melons are planted, but often fail to mature before the frosts come. At times even, the winter interferes with the threshing of the wheat. On the plain at that time were twenty Assyrian villages and one Armenian. At the mouths of the gorges and valleys that open into the plain were a few Kurdish villages and only in these were there any trees. The Kurd builds at the opening of a valley so that, if hard pushed after a raid, he can more easily escape into the mountains.

With unlimited pasturage the people should be rich, but on the contrary they are very poor. This is due to the taxes of the Turkish Government and the insatiable rapacity of the Kurds. At times some of these are driven from their own village owing to their meanness, and then they settle themselves as unwelcome guests on the Christians, eating them out of house and home. No attractive girls are safe, and even the married women do not escape. Many a Christian village is now Kurdish by this process. It is awful to see these quiet, peaceful people, who pay their taxes and are loyal to the government, gradually crushed in this way. Of course the Kurd is armed, while the Christian has no weapon and knows it is useless to resist.

As the villages are half under ground to make them warmer in the winter, and there are no trees, the only way to distinguish them is by the conical piles of fuel and stacks of grass. We pro-

ceeded to Diza, the largest village, where the *kaimakam*, or governor, resided with some soldiers, who were needed to collect the taxes, as well as to keep order.

We first reported to the government and secured permission to proceed. The doctor's coming was soon known, and many sick began to pour in from every direction for treatment, continuing to come for days after we had left. Diza is the most dusty, uninviting place one can find, for all the sweepings, refuse, and ashes are dumped into the streets whence the continual winds blow the dust everywhere. The small town is quite an important center, with roads that radiate into Persia, Kurdistan, Bashkalla, the Albak region, Salmas, and Van.

When through at Diza, we proceeded across the plain to Memikan that lies at the foot of a valley. It was with mingled feelings that I entered this miserable village where my father and mother had once lived and which had not improved in the lapse of years. There were people here who remembered my parents and gave me a warm welcome on their account.

That evening we visited the small cemetery where the first Mrs. Rhea, Mr. Crane, and a child of Dr. Labaree were buried, and had the neglected graves attended to. The sight of these lone cemeteries arouses deep emotions. All the way from Basra on the Persian Gulf to Baghdad and into Persia one sees the resting place of many a British lad, a sacrifice to the War. What volumes they tell of heroism, self-sacrifice, loneliness and suffering, in obedience to their country's call. Even more eloquent are the graves of these soldiers of the cross who left all for Christ's sake, giving their lives to save the people of Persia. Such are the graves of Dr. Lobdell and Grant outside of Mosul on the Mesopotamian plain; the grave of Mrs. Stocking in Hassan, the graves

of the little McDowell children in the olive groves of Dihi, Supna. What sacrifice and agony such graves suggest far from home, loved ones, and the medical aid that might have saved their precious lives. In thinking of the missionaries, we must not forget these little ones who as truly gave their lives for His sake. Then there is that sacred enclosure on Mount Seir where lie so many who loved Persia even unto death.

While in Gawar, typical of most of the villages in the highlands of Turkey, let us step into the place where the people live. Owing to lack of fuel, cakes of manure being the substitute, the people for the most part live in the stable for the sake of warmth. At one end of the stable is a raised platform a foot or so high to get above the moisture. On all the other sides of the stable are the huge, black buffaloes, oxen, cows, horses, and donkeys. The only light that penetrates the place is through a few holes in the roof that are carefully closed at night and throughout the winter. The place is so hot one almost suffocates, and the odors of the cattle and tobacco smoke choke one. Add to all of these the myriads of fleas and other vermin, and, to one unused to it, sleep is impossible. I tried it a few times and then picked up my cot and went to the street, willing to risk robbers or freezing rather than suffocate. One wonders how so many can live under such conditions. One day we were seated in a small room, so hot that we were all dripping, and so thick with tobacco smoke that one's eyes smarted, when one of the men in all seriousness said, "Do you think paradise can be better than this?" I told him I hoped so.

In Turkey where the people are desperately poor one seldom sees a room for guests. The *khans* or large stables are the places where the traveler must put up. But these are very large so that if one gets close to the large double doors, where there is usually

a fireplace, and has a place swept, one can be really fairly comfortable. On the other hand, when traveling in Persia, one usually has no trouble finding rather a decent room, whitened, carpeted, and, if he cares to use it, furnished with bedding and, in advanced hotels, a toothbrush!

From Memikan an ascent of several hours brought us to the *zumi* of the Lesser Jilu people. Although it was September, great banks of snow lay all around us and many large flocks of sheep dotted the mountainsides. To hear people speak of the *zumi* one would imagine something very beautiful, but they are far from that. In very crude shelters made of stone and covered with a coarse weed, littered on every side with refuse, the people who come up with their herds make the cheese and butter that have to be carried daily down to the villages far below. And in turn the bread needed is brought up from the villages. One associates a summer pasturage with green meadows and wooded slopes, but actually one sees little but the rocks, and cannot but wonder how the sheep pick up enough to live on, let alone grow fat.

Here again the view that met us was indescribably grand and overwhelming. Range after range of mountains lifted their needle-shaped peaks high in the air, as far as the eye could see. They were intersected by narrow gorges and deep canyons that rival the famous canyons of our own land. Through these, looking like green ribbons, rushed the many streams that make up the Greater and Lesser Zab rivers which are some of the main tributaries of the Tigris, and ultimately reach the Persian Gulf.

One wonders how any human beings can live in such bare, wild places. And yet in these almost inaccessible fastnesses, more fit for the home of the wild eagle and bear, have lived for many centuries the hardy, brave, Assyrian tribes who fled centuries ago

to escape extermination by the Mohammedans. Here, with infinite toil and industry, they have built their tiny fields that rise like terraces up the side of the mountain. One cannot but admire the skill shown, where with only crude tools they have by means of walls and tunnels carried the water well up the mountainside to water the small fields. At best they eke out a very frugal living. I have never seen a place where anyone works harder and gets less for it than the Kurdistan. They themselves have a saying, "Mea kareli, khayi mareli," a bitter life, with cold water. And yet how passionately they love these bare rocks, for here they have been free from the Turk and maintained their independence.

The descent to the wild gorge of Ishtazin thousands of feet below was very steep, the narrow path twisting around the rocks. One wondered at the skill and strength with which the tiny mules made their way up and down with loads weighing three hundred pounds. It was like going up and down steps, without the regularity of a good stairway. One prefers to walk down such paths, and it was with trembling and aching knees that we finally came to the village of Boobawi in a wild gorge with a noisy stream tearing its way through it. We were the guests of the *malik*, or chief man.

He was a very interesting character, and as we sat on the roof of his house that overhung the stream, with the mountains towering above us, he told us bear stories, so well acted out you could almost see the bears. The bears are their greatest pest, as they will go through their fields destroying far more than they eat. To keep them away the men were in the fields all night beating drums, firing guns, and shouting.

The next day we continued down the gorge, with no road,

picking our way around and over the rocks, unable to hear one another's voices because the ever-increasing river made such a noise. The mountains were masses of bare rocks and almost precipitous, yet there was an exhilaration in the walk down through the narrow cool gorge where the sun's rays are seldom seen. After a few miles we reached Khawishta. Leaving the main gorge, we turned to the right and for twenty minutes went through a narrow gorge that in many places was not over eight feet wide with the sky above a mere narrow ribbon of blue. Later I shall tell of the hard time I had getting through this gorge in the early spring when it was blocked with snow.

Half an hour brought us to *Birka d karooa*, rooster's knee, and we reached a broader valley with a number of trees. Another ascent and we looked far below to the village of Zeir with its golden corn fields carried far up the valleys and the village itself terraced on the side of the mountain. The discouraging thing in all of this mountain travel is that no sooner have you reached the top than you have to go down again and vice versa. There are villages on opposite sides of a valley where the people can talk with each other, and yet it may take several hours to get across.

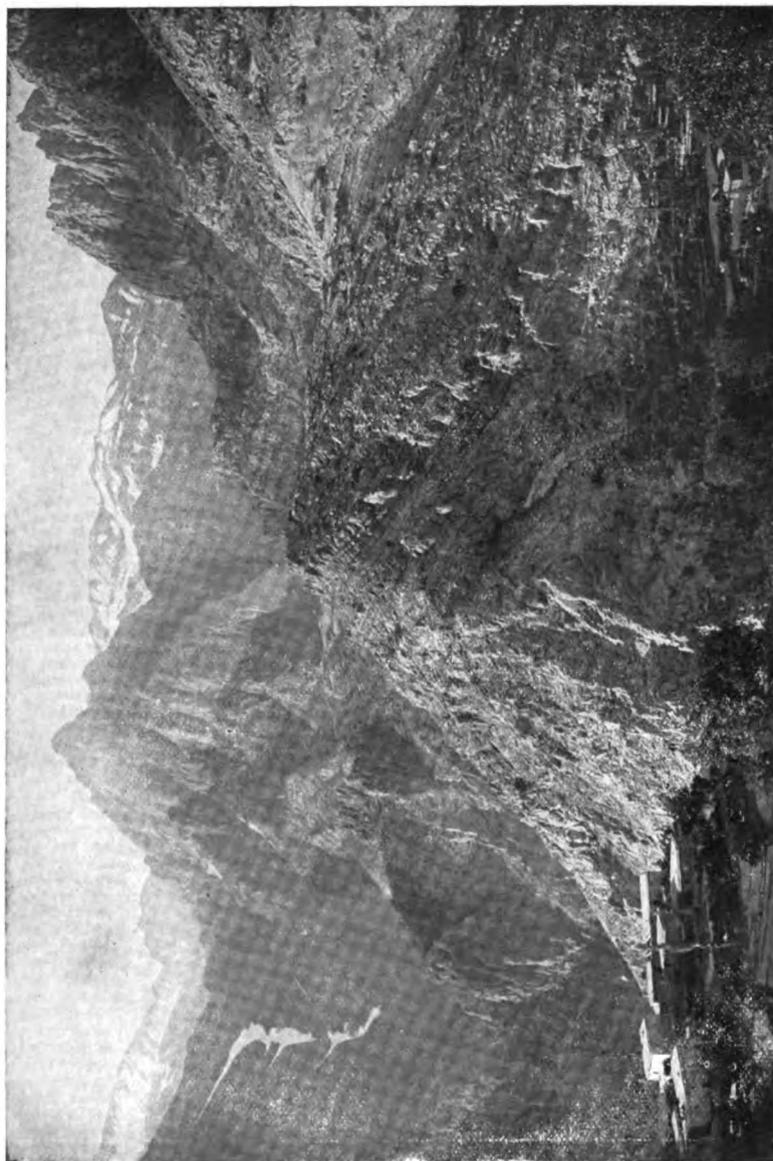
In Zeir we again went right to the house of the *malik*, Guergis. A stranger hardly arrives before the people begin to crowd in and stare and ask questions; the *malik's dewankhana*, council room, is always crowded. One cannot blame these people, who are so shut in for being anxious to get some word from the great, unknown world outside. Nearly everyone carried a crude flint lock, for which he made his own powder and bullets. How all longed for a modern rifle.

The people of Jilu are inveterate smokers, and soon the *dewankhana* had men seated around all four sides of the room

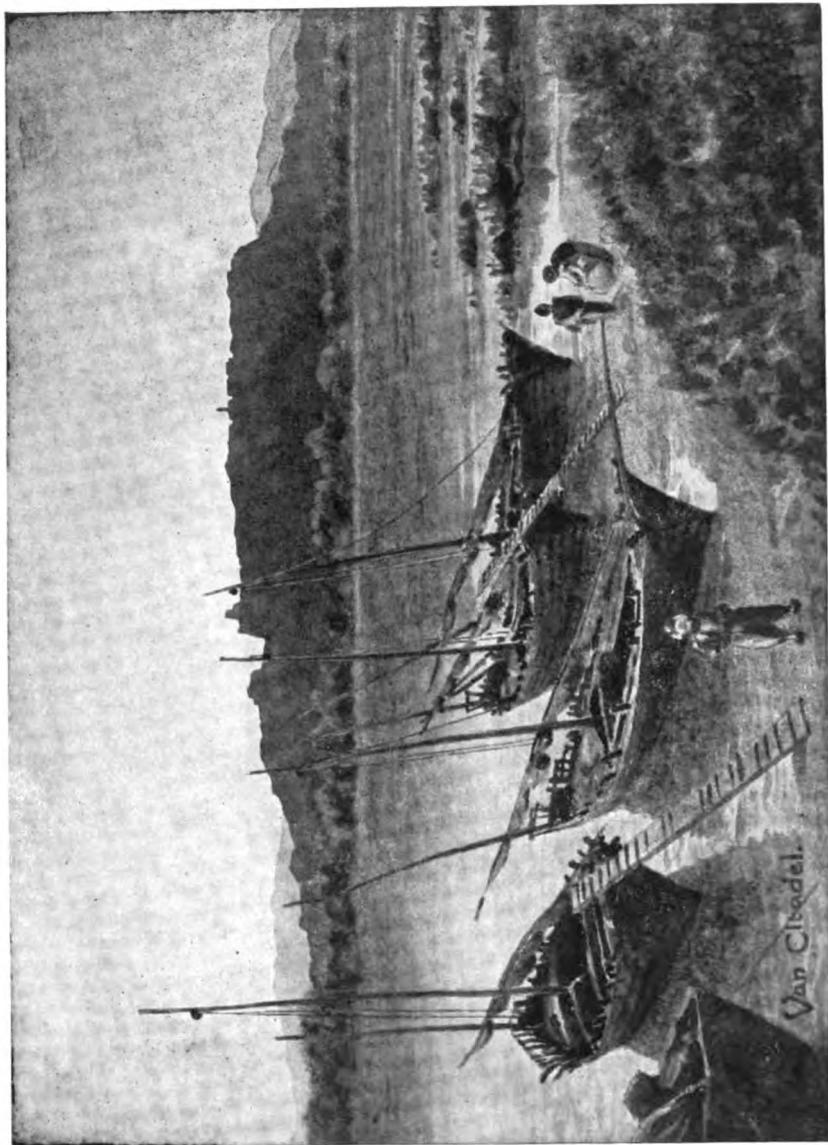
—it is not polite for people to sit in front of each other—every man with his pipe lighted. I have counted over fifty pipes going at once. The higher the social standing of the man the longer the stem of his pipe, some being over four feet long and wrapped with a damp cloth to cool the smoke. In Jilu is raised a peculiar and very strong form of the weed that is called *tootun shedana*, wicked tobacco. Many of the boys only five and six years old smoke. Some of them wear only a dirty shirt, but fastened to the waist is a tobacco bag and pipe. Some light their pipe from the embers of the previous one, not letting the fire die out for hours. As a result of this smoking, there is much lung trouble and coughing, and Dr. Cochran was constantly asked for cough medicine.

The Jilu people rank among the lowest of the tribes. Their houses are rough, poorly built, and dirty. One man boasted that he had not bathed or washed in five years. He need not have told us! Possibly the scarcity of their soil and difficulty of making a living has something to do with this habit, but begging has become a profession, the men going all over the world. It is in justice to the rest of the nation that a few words about these beggars seem necessary. Growing long beards and dressed in long coats, they pose as clergymen who have been robbed by the Kurds and who are raising money to rebuild their homes and churches and teach schools and build orphanages. They have rubber stamps made and forge the names of their Patriarch, bishops and other prominent men and so deceive the very elect.

They usually operate in pairs, and by the help of the directory visit all the clergymen, their easiest prey, and also business houses. They can weep easily, and their harrowing stories bring many dollars into their pockets. I have known some of them who in a



JILU MOUNTAINS—KURDISTAN



year or so have brought back thousands of dollars, not a penny of which goes to the objects for which given, but to drink and high living. Many of them should be behind the bars, and it is a safe rule never to give this class anything, for there are regular channels through which all aid can be given and accounted for.

The unfortunate thing is that for the first time in many years the stories of these men have some foundation, for it is true that they have been massacred and driven from their mountain homes and lost everything. The Turk will never allow them to return so that they are now scattered in the villages around Mosul.

Here in Jilu we first encountered a strange custom. When we were ready to leave, a bundle was missing. Our host was much mortified that such a thing had happened under his roof and had criers go through the village, calling down all sorts of curses on the thief. We were told to go on and the article would be returned to us. Sure enough, soon thereafter the thief quietly came up, handed over the bundle, and left with not a word.

That day we entered the district of Bas. This is the finest and most healthy of all the mountain districts, owing to its elevation and splendid water with absence of malaria. In the lower valleys where much rice is grown, the mosquitoes are terrible, and nearly everyone has chills and fever. One could dispose of loads of quinine if he had it, the demand for it is so universal. There are five villages in Bas, the lowest Erwentus, where we stopped with our helper, going on next day to the uppermost and largest village, Matakata. Here for many years we had the ablest worker in the mountains, Pastor Daniel. A Russian consul, who was his guest on his way through the mountains, told us that if all the money spent by the Board had given us only that one man it had been well spent.

Our next stage was to the district of Tkhuma. To reach it we again had a high climb, and, crossing the pass with an easy descent made our way down a wider valley than any seen until we reached Muzria where again we were the guests of our helper.

On the way back I nearly lost my life. Our muleteers took a different road that brought us thousands of feet above Matakata. It was so steep that it seemed as if one could almost jump on to the village below. As riding was impossible, Dr. Cochran and I walked, taking by mistake what we thought was a short cut, while the men went with the mules another way. Some distance down we reached a very ugly place that had to be crossed. It was not very wide, but smooth, and almost like the wall of a house, with nothing to catch hold of. Dr. Cochran, who was much troubled by dizziness in such places, went ahead, digging small finger holds with his knife, and finally made it. I then started and was just half-way over, not daring to look down the dizzy depths below me, when he shouted, "A stone is coming, lie flat." One of the greatest dangers in this mountain travel is from the stones that are dislodged by mules or sheep and come hurling down, often starting a shower of other stones. Some are crippled and some killed in this way every year.

I was crawling at the moment and had time to give one glance to see a stone as large as a teapot coming straight for me like a cannon ball. My whole life flashed before my mind in that instant. Making myself as flat as possible, I hung on as the stone grazed my side. Only half an inch saved me, for had the stone hit a little closer, one of two things would have killed me, either the blow itself, or being hurled down thousands of feet to the bottom of the valley. My breath was knocked out, and I could not do a thing but hang on. Finally, when I could raise my head,

I saw Dr. Cochran looking at me most anxiously, and asking, "Fred, are you badly hurt?" When I replied "No," he came forward as far as he could and extended his cane until by its help I was able to make the few feet remaining to safety. I then tried to stand, but fell flat. We called, and the muleteers came down and, lifting me on the mule, held me until the village was reached. I had a sore side for several days.

The road to Kochanis, where we wished to visit the Patriarch, led us right over the Jilu mountains. As we looked up, all we could see was a rampart of solid rock that rose thousands of feet high with no sign of a path. As we worked up we rose from ledge to ledge until we reached the last climb. One cannot but admire the patient, hardy, and sure-footed mules. They never need to be urged or guided, for they know their work better than the rider. When winded they will stop, and as soon as rested start on again. At places where the turn was very short and the climbing over slippery rock, they would almost double on themselves and catch hold with their lower jaw. The last ascent over rolling loose sand and stone was particularly hard, and we were glad when we finally emerged through a narrow defile to the top. The pass was fully thirteen thousand feet high with peaks that towered like spires several thousand feet higher.

We stopped at the summer pasturage of Deacon Yohannan, one of the Patriarch's family, who welcomed us most cordially. Of course we partook of a meal, for which we were ready after our long climb. Their common dish is a sour mush made of the meal of the Egyptian corn or, as a greater delicacy, of rice cooked in the artificially soured milk. This is served in large wooden bowls. As the diners squat around it, each one pulls his wooden spoon from behind his neck, and dips it into a bowl of melted

butter that is sunk in the center of the mush, then dips up a spoonful of the mush. To see every man's spoon travel back and forth from his mouth to the same dish of butter and mush is not very appetizing. But one gets used to such things. We found the deacon a well-educated man and his wife, the daughter of one of our pastors, a graduate of Fisk Seminary of Urumia.

The descent to Dizen, where they lived during the winter, is very steep, and it was dark before we got there, as the sun sets early in these deep valleys. Had we been able to see by daylight the narrow ledges that often overhung precipices, we might easily have lost our nerve, but the mules could be trusted.

A short ride in the cool of the next morning brought us to the Greater Zab that here enters the noted Tiyary gorges. It was fordable at that time, although even then the water reached the sides of the animals. A long steep climb finally brought us to the plateau on which is located the village of Kochanis, the seat of the Assyrian Patriarchate. It is very picturesquely situated on a narrow plateau between two deep ravines through which rush swift streams that empty into the Zab below.

We were cordially received and assigned a comfortable room. Well prepared meals were sent to us, and tea and coffee were served at intervals. After a few days pleasantly spent we went back to Urumia directly, a five days' ride.

Chapter IX

Tour to Mosul



IN 1887 I was on the road again, this time alone, with Mosul as my ultimate destination. Wishing to arrive there before the intense heat of summer, I left early in the spring, going by way of Van, where, it will be recalled, I had first been as a boy thirteen years before. Five days' riding, two of them in Persia with comfortable stopping places and the other three in Turkey where a stable was usually the best that could be offered, brought me to that beautifully located city.

The whole country was at one time a great empire with Van as its capital. The city itself had, before the War, a population of about forty thousand, twenty-five thousand being Armenians. The old city with its fine stone walls lies right on the shore of the lake and at the foot of a ridge that rises some four hundred feet above the plain. On this was a stronghold, well fortified by a series of walls within walls on the sloping side, and by a precipice on the side facing the city. The masses of masonry and the cuneiform tablets inscribed on the rock by Xerxes proclaim not only its great antiquity but the power of its former rulers. When we

visited the place, for which a special permit had to be secured, we found there some very interesting long cannon captured from the Persians and a few modern pieces. The Armenians captured even this fortress during the War.

The plateau of Van, some six thousand feet above sea level, has, with its many surrounding villages, been the healthy home of the Armenian race. Above the old city, with its narrow streets and lack of all sanitation, there has been extended for four miles the New City, with the dwellings in the midst of gardens. A broad street led up to this quarter with streams of crystal water flowing down both sides.

The buildings of the missionaries of the American Board were in this upper part, and from their roofs one had a view of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Below, were the blue waters of Lake Van, with snow-capped mountains on the northern side. These include Grand Sipan Dagh, 14,000 feet high, and Nimrud Dagh at the western end of the lake. On the top of this is the world's largest volcanic crater, twenty square miles in area. It was one of its flows of lava that in ages past formed the dam that made Lake Van.

The lake, about the size of Lake Geneva, has its waters strongly impregnated with carbonate of soda and other salts. As the waves wash up into the shallow places, the borax forms large cakes that are used instead of soap for washing. There is also a variety of small fish that are dried and form quite a staple of food for the poor people during the winter when fresh meat is scarce. On an island, called Akhtamar, the Armenians had a very old monastery. A fleet of crude, small sail boats drove quite a trade, going to the mountains opposite Van and bringing wood for the city.

On a clear day one can see the distant peaks of Mount Ararat

that rests on two empires, Russia and Turkey, and formerly on Persia as well. Then to the southeast, and right behind the missionary premises, rise beautiful mountains easily reached and affording fine rides. There were two monasteries in the secluded, picturesque valleys: Varak, having at one time an important school, and Sub Krekor. I have in all my travels in Turkey never seen a place with as great a variety of scenery as Van.

I do not wonder at the passionate attachment of the Armenians to this, the center of their former great empire; and never did the Turk commit a more dastardly crime based on a more flimsy excuse than in exterminating over 100,000 of its people in this region. Though, at the time of this visit the horrors and misery of the massacres of 1895-6, of 1910, and of 1914-20 were still to come, there was much poverty and suffering everywhere because of the misrule of the Turks.

Dr. George C. Raynolds, who had studied theology as well as medicine, and Mrs. Raynolds, whom we had met as new arrivals in 1874, were the only American Board missionaries then in the station. This gave me the opportunity of knowing them well, and I formed for them a deep affection. Little did we then dream that she would lose her life when, during the War, they were driven from the land to which they had dedicated their lives with such unstinted devotion, and that he would end his days in California, an exile from that same ungrateful land.

I had heard of the experiences of Dr. Raynolds with that infamous character, Musa Beg, who had for years terrorized the whole district of Mush and committed unspeakable outrages and cruelties on its defenseless Christians. Noting the scars on Dr. Raynolds' head, nose and hands, I asked him one evening if he would not tell us the story.

He had joined Mr. Knapp of Bitlis for a tour through the Mush region when there were many Armenian villages. One morning as they were about to set out, a man entered the room and sat down, but the place was so dark that the gentlemen were not able to distinguish him. When the servant entered with a cup of tea he said, "Musa Beg is here." Dr. Reynolds immediately salaamed and asked the servant to take him the cup of tea. But, pouting because he had not been recognized before, he left in a huff, saying, "Why did you not salaam when I first entered the room?"

When they were ready to start, an umbrella was found missing, and the gentlemen told the servant to hunt for it while they went on slowly. He was detained some time, so that they were alone when they reached the top of a steep ascent, having dismounted to save their horses. Soon they met two men coming towards them, singing and brandishing their swords. When they met, without a word of warning Musa Beg began to slash at Dr. Reynolds, who threw up his arm to avoid the blows, receiving several bad cuts on his arm, hand, and head. One of them nearly severed his nose, leaving it hanging by only a little flesh. They were then taken into the woods, blindfolded, stripped, and tied hand and foot, and told that if they stirred or made any sound they would be killed.

After a few moments, Dr. Reynolds knew he must do something for his wounds as he was bleeding profusely, and in a low voice said, "Are you hurt, Mr. Knapp?" He answered, "No, how about you?" Dr. Reynolds told him he was wounded but not seriously. When they were being tied Dr. Reynolds had held his arms in such a way that he could get loose. Therefore, when he found that their conversation had no auditors, he released him-

self and went to the help of Mr. Knapp. Then, while Mr. Knapp held a looking glass, he bound his wounds as well as he could and they cautiously made their way out to the road.

They soon met their servant with the men he had found riding their horses. When they had been first attacked they had had the presence of mind to give their horses a sharp cut with their whips. Some men coming up the mountain had seen the riderless animals and had taken charge of them until the servant claimed them. Then all had gone back to see what had happened. Thus they had saved their saddle bags with the doctor's medical case so that Dr. Raynolds was able to take some stitches that saved his nose and also bandage his cuts properly. Months later when Dr. Raynolds was out on a tour, someone dropped his boots down a hole in the roof where they were staying; that is all he ever recovered of his clothing.

After a very pleasant and refreshing visit in Van, I proceeded to Bitlis, which is west of the lake. The third day brought us to the Tadvan Plateau which is at the head of the Bitlis valley. As the warm winds come up from the Mesopotamian plain below and, sweeping through the valleys, strike the cool airs of the plateau, they cause a great precipitation, so that in the winter snow falls over ten feet deep on level ground and drifts often cover the telegraph poles. The only possible way to cross in the spring is on the crust which, early in the morning, is frozen firm enough to bear animals. We made a very early start and crossed over before the snow was soft.

In Bitlis I was again made most welcome by the small band of missionaries of the American Board. As this was one of the most interior stations in Turkey, a visitor from the outside world was especially welcome. Here I found Mr. and Mrs. Cole, who

had been in Erzurum when we went through in 1874, Mr. and Mrs. George Knapp, and Misses Charlotte and Mary Ely. The mission stations that lie along one's journey are always havens of rest and comfort, and one cannot possibly pay too high a tribute to the noble missionaries of the American Board for their heroic and self-sacrificing work under most difficult and heart-breaking conditions. Helpless to save the Armenians, they have been compelled to witness the torture and destruction of a noble nation for which they would most gladly have died.

Bitlis, then a city of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, lies in a deep and picturesque valley with an old castle in its center. The population was Armenian and Kurdish, and in no place have I seen more ugly, fanatical Kurds. Although the missionaries had been there for some years, they were frequently reviled, insulted, and even stoned when they went out. When we came down the valley above the city we met a wild and nasty bunch of men, and I have never seen as much concentrated hatred and malice as that with which they scowlingly regarded us. How they longed to plunge their daggers into us. It was only the presence of my Turkish guards that prevented it.

In all my many tours in Turkey, I have found these guards capable, brave, and with almost no exception, companionable and appreciative. It was always well when traveling in such an insecure country as Turkey to avail oneself of their services. Not only did they know all the roads and short cuts, but they were acquainted with all the villages so that if there was anything to be found in the way of accommodations or food, they would secure it. They were courteous, pleasant, and if need be, were ready to lay their lives down for one. They have

opened their hearts to me as we have journeyed day after day together, and spoken of the privations and dangers of their lives. For years they had received no pay and were compelled to keep their own horses and provide their own food. One of them said to me, "We know these people are poor, and that when we demand food we are taking it out of their mouths, and we hate to have to flog them sometimes to get it; but what are we to do?" The people were always surprised when I paid them for what they brought and showered many blessings on my head.

There was a splendid work in Bitlis, with large congregations of devoted Christians. But the most impressive sight was the Girls' School and the wonderful work of the Misses Ely. The school building was erected almost entirely with their own private means, the work being done by the girls' fathers who hauled the stone, cut it, and put it in place. There is a peculiar black, porous stone that cuts very easily, and hardens by exposure, so that the buildings of Bitlis looked very substantial. I have never visited a mission school that was so beautifully conducted and that was so permeated with a sweet, refined spirit of Christian devotion. The work was made self-supporting from the first, and that under conditions of great poverty. Each girl brought from her home the food she would eat at school, and they all used it in common. They also did all the work of the school.

It was a great pleasure to be able to give the ladies a surprise. In their home was a Steinway square piano which they told me had been brought on the backs of men all the way from Trebizond, over 400 miles. It took forty men in relays to do it. I noticed that the instrument was badly out of tune, and as I

had my tuning tools along I tuned it one day when they were away. On their return I asked one of them if she would not play something for me as I was very fond of music, but she replied, "It would be no pleasure because the piano is badly out of tune." I finally prevailed on her and was well repaid for my labors when I saw the look of surprise and pleasure at finding the instrument in tune.

We left Bitlis with snow in the streets, and this leads me to a question I would like to ask my readers. Have you ever heard of a man falling off the street to the roof of the second story and breaking his neck? Now the laws of gravitation are the same in Turkey as in America, and yet this thing has happened in Bitlis. When the heavy snow comes the roofs must be shoveled, or they will fall in under its weight. As the snow cannot go into the small yards, it has to be thrown into the street so that with successive snows the streets become filled and the snow rises above the tops of the second story. People must get out to go to their work, but the only way is to go up on the roof and then, with a ladder, climb up to the ridge of snow, their only path. Of course this path becomes icy, and sometimes they slip and fall to the second story roof with dire results.

As we cleared the city, the road rapidly descended into the valley which is very wild and picturesque, following the river that, with its many tributaries, soon became a roaring, foaming torrent. Not far down the valley we came across some remarkable mineral springs. So rapid was our descent that the snow was soon left behind, and by evening we camped in the open under trees that had put on their spring garb. The Turks have a great way of beginning to do a good thing, but forget the Scripture injunction not to weary in well doing. The well macadamized road that

led out of the city, just as at Van, ceased abruptly in a few miles.

Our second day after leaving Bitlis was over as bad a road as I have ever seen, if it could be called a road at all. It wound through forests of scrubby oak and over and between huge boulders where in places the mules had worn holes a foot deep in the soft rock. When a horse, which is a larger animal and takes a longer step, tries to negotiate these holes, it has a hard time. Our animals slipped and fell and had to have their loads removed several times. The wonder is that they did not break their legs, as well as bruise them. After a few hours of progress that was painfully slow, we finally reached the city of Sert. There were some Christians here and an American Board helper in whose home we were entertained.

The day after leaving Sert we again came to a very bad road that ran over shelving rocks high above the Tigris river, which we first saw here. Several times, only the vigilance of the *charvadars* saved the horses from slipping and falling hundreds of feet into the river far below. Yet while many an animal had perished on these roads, the Turk had never thought of doing anything to improve them. We made one long descent that was simply a stairway of rock but with the added complication of deep holes in every step. Watching the horses was so painful I walked on ahead fearing I should have to see them break their legs; but they reached the bottom safely.

Our next stage was to Fundik. I had just been reading Layard's "NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS," in which he gives this village a bad reputation as a nest of thieves, and determined to be on my guard. Just outside, a man met us and invited us to stop at his place, saying it was the best in the village. I thought at the time that it was strange a man should come so far out to welcome us, but when

he led us to what is called an *awan*, a room that is open on one side for the sake of greater coolness, and my *zaptieh* agreed that it seemed all right, we decided to stop there. Our host told us to make ourselves at home.

I always carried my money in my holsters which I handled myself and kept by my side when not riding. As soon as my cot was put up, I sat down on it with my holster still in my hands. A crowd soon gathered, mostly Jacobites, who were very friendly and glad to see a Christian. They asked many questions about the outside world, but finally when they saw preparations were being made for supper, excused themselves, leaving me alone with my host. My Turkish *zaptieh* was standing on the other side of the alley smoking. My host then rose and said that, as we foreigners were fond of fine views, maybe I would enjoy the sight from the roof of the broad plain that lay below us.

I had scarcely reached the roof over the *awan* before I remembered that I had left my holsters on the cot and hastened down to find them still there, with the *zaptieh* smoking his cigarette where I had left him. As no one was around, I stepped into the stable, which was right around the corner, to see how the horses were, but again remembering the holsters went back. No one was there but the *zaptieh*. As soon as it became dark, my host said he would feel better if we did not stay in such an open place for the night as he had an empty room that was better. I called my servant and had the cot taken in. Sitting on the cot where I had put my holsters I had hardly begun my supper when the host asked me please to pay for the purchases my man had made. I put my hand into the holsters but felt no money bag. Finally I emptied them both on the cot and still there was no bag. I then turned to our host and said, "As you have taken all my money,

I can't pay you." He and the *zaptieh*, who was eating with us, expressed great surprise and our host indignantly denied knowing anything about it. The *zaptieh* was especially concerned over it.

I made all sorts of threats and told him that if the money was not returned I would report the matter at government headquarters next day. They would take far more from the village than he had stolen so that, for the village's sake, I begged him to return the bag and I would let the matter drop. But all to no avail. I myself could not imagine how the money had been extracted in such a short time, with the *zaptieh* standing where he could have seen anything done. Remembering that after lunch in a secluded glen off the road I had used my holsters for a pillow while taking a short nap, I thought it barely possible that the money bag might have slipped out unnoticed. I therefore suggested that my *zaptieh* and servant hire mules and go back the three hours' trip to our lunching place.

Then I retired, but not to sleep. After a while I felt on fire and lighting a candle got up to find the sheets literally black with fleas. I dressed and went outside, waiting until about two o'clock when the men came back with no success. Naturally, when asked to pay for what we had taken, I told them to take it from our host, as he had the bag. My loss was fortunately not very great—about \$13. I had one loose *majidee*, worth about \$1.00, in my pocket; this I kept for our ferry.

The next day brought us to Monsorea. It was good to reach a Christian village and be the guest of one of the most saintly, lovely Christian characters I have ever known, a man whose face fairly shone. Pastor Hanna had been a muleteer, converted in late life, and although married and over forty had taken his wife and gone to Urumia for further instruction to enable him to act as

preacher in his own village. The master of Monsorea, a bigoted, cruel Kurd, had for many years allowed no preacher in the village, but the beautiful character of Pastor Hanna overcame his prejudices so that he was finally given liberty to preach. He built up a large congregation and labored faithfully until called to his reward. Some of our very best preachers have been men converted in middle life without college or theological training, but men filled with the Spirit of God and well versed in Scripture.

That evening when the people gathered at the pastor's house for family worship as they did twice a day, they sang, and seldom has music sounded sweeter. I drew from them an account of their troubles and sufferings, for they were frequently robbed of all they had. But their chief trial, aside from the exactions of their master and the Turkish government, was the annual passing of the nomadic Kurdish tribes. At such times the flocks of sheep would be turned into their fields of grain so that when the nomads had passed, everything would be swept clean. Every village was also forced to feed the whole crowd while they were there. I marveled at their courage and patience. But when I spoke of it, they said that it drew them much closer to God and that possibly prosperity and freedom from worldly trials might make them cold and careless in their Christian lives.

Pastor Hanna gave us the good news that two missionaries were at Jezireh, four miles below on the other side of the Tigris. The next day, Saturday, we went down there as I needed money, but I promised the people I would be back for Sunday. It was such a joy to see two men wearing helmets ready to welcome me as I crossed to the other side on a raft of inflated skins. Just as the raft touched the bank it began to sink, but we jumped off in time to avoid getting wet. There stood Dr. Andrus and Mr.

Ainsle, missionaries of Mardin station. It was a strange happening that three American missionaries should all drop into the same place on the same day. Of course such an event greatly excited the suspicions of the Turk, and everyone in town was asking why these three foreigners had come and what they wanted. Telegrams flew in every direction asking for orders. Such is the Turk. It is beyond his comprehension that foreigners can travel through his land with no sinister designs, simply to do good. After days among wild people and in rough places it was good to meet associates and enjoy Christian fellowship together. I spoke of my robbery, but we all decided that if we mentioned it to the Turkish officials, it would afford them too good an excuse to send soldiers who would harass the village and take a far greater fine than the paltry sum I had lost.

Chapter X

Mosul



AFTER a few days, Mr. Ainslie, who had been asked to connect with me and tour on the western side of our field with the object of finding, if possible, some place that would serve as a summer resort for the missionaries in Mosul, accompanied me. It was a long, hot ride over a treeless plain. On the third day we came in sight of the great mounds of ancient Nineveh that stretch away for miles—all that remains of that great city. I have always felt considerable sympathy for Jonah in his long tramp across the desert to this city where he was sent by God to pronounce its destruction. "Cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." No wonder he felt angry, for after he had warned its people that they would be destroyed in forty days they repented and were spared. From Jaffa to Nineveh in a bee line it is nearly 600 miles, yet it must have been 800 as he went, a long trek, apparently for nothing.

As one looks over the vast, empty, silent wastes that at one time hummed with life, the words of the prophecy of Nahum came to mind, "And it shall come to pass that all they that look

upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste; who will bemoan her? Whence shall I seek comforters for her? She is empty and void and waste.”

As we rode towards Mosul which is on the western banks of the Tigris and opposite the ruins of Nineveh, our road lay right through the court of the palace of Sennacherib, the Assyrian king who defied God when he laid siege to the city of Jerusalem. The prophecy that this very court would be plowed and sown was being fulfilled before our eyes, for plows were turning up the soil where soon grain would be growing.

When we wanted to cross the Tigris we again had a sample of Turkish inefficiency. Years before they had begun to build a fine bridge. For a long distance, where the work was easy, being on ground dry except for the spring floods, they carried the piers and arches; but when they reached the main channel, 200 feet wide, they stopped. As for centuries past, the only way to cross this important river was still by the crudest and clumsiest kind of boat propelled by poles instead of oars.

I have never seen such pandemonium as raged at the river's edge where crowds were gathered fighting, yelling, and swearing as they tried to get on the boat, for which some had been waiting their turn for days. There was not the slightest convenience for getting into the boat: the animals had to be clubbed in, many of them badly bruising their legs; donkeys were bodily lifted by their tails and flung in. As the Arabs roared with their rough gutturals, it sounded as if there were a big fight in progress. When the boat was crowded with horses, donkeys, and human beings with their bundles and loads, the clumsy craft started with the Arabs shouting madly to their different saints and Allah, while the boatmen plied their rough poles. Had they saved their breath

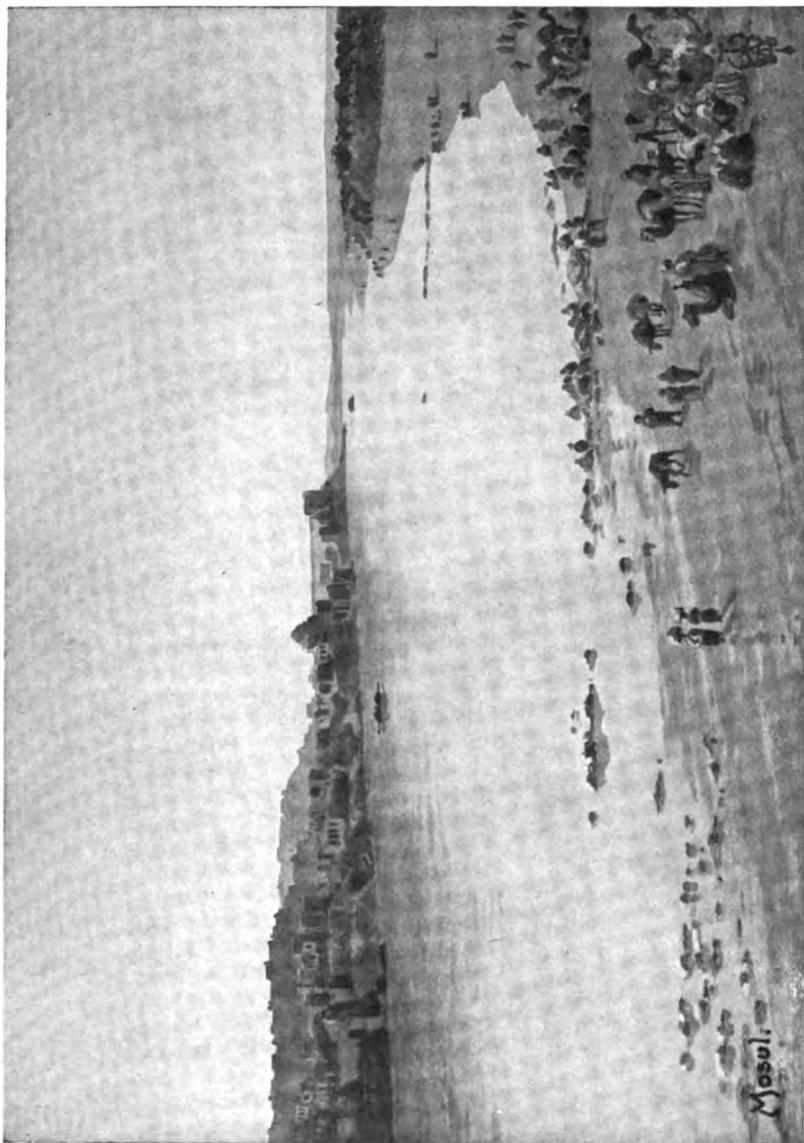
for the task in hand, better speed would have been made. I had dreaded this crossing for days and breathed a sigh of relief when safely over.

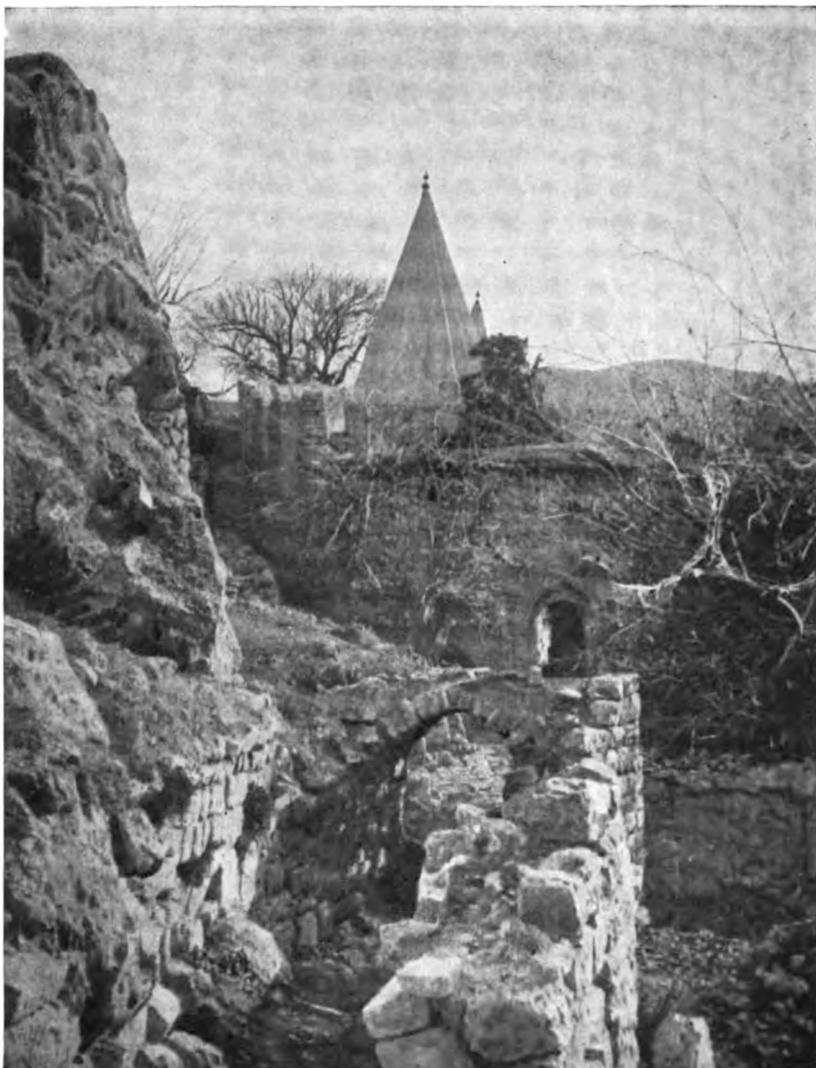
There was not a tree in the city or outside on the plain, with the exception of a small grove along the river banks where the marshes were a favorite haunt for the wild boar. A vast plain of wonderful fertility stretched away as far as the eye could see, while faintly discernible on a clear day were the foothills of the Kurdistan mountains. Snow is very rarely seen in Mosul, although a few years ago there was an exceptional winter when the oldest inhabitants saw snow and ice on the river for the first time in their lives, and many Arabs and thousands of sheep perished. Spring is the most beautiful season of the year. The whole plain puts on a new dress and is covered with grass and flowers. Many of the better families plant fields of barley and move out, living in tents and pasturing their horses in the fields, the only green feed they get for the whole year. This respite, however, is brief as the heat drives them back to their homes in about a month.

Mosul is a city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, of whom some fifteen thousand are Chaldeans and Jacobites. The majority are Arabs with a fair number of Kurds. In the hands of anyone but the Turks it might have been a beautiful and healthy city.

The houses are built of rough stone set in lime, and owing to lack of timber the roofs are all arched with the same material, making high ceilings, a good thing for a hot climate. But the stone is the worst that could be used, for in summer it absorbs all the heat and in the winter the moisture.

No houses could be more poorly devised for the heat than the Mosul houses, for the rooms, though high, are built around a small court on which they open. When the terrific heat shines





YEZIDEE CHURCH NEAR MOSUL

down into a court, there is no chance for a breeze to temper the air. With wider streets and the use of sun-dried bricks, as in Baghdad, and with wide halls, Mosul would not be a bad place in which to live even in the summer.

The better houses have larger courtyards, and the buildings are faced with a soft marble that can be easily worked and in many cases is elaborately carved. They look rather substantial and handsome, but the appearance is deceptive, for they are not very durable. At night everyone moves to the high roofs that are surrounded with walls and takes his evening meal there and sleeps under the stars. Even in summer, the nights are not bad.

Living conditions were unnecessarily difficult and unhealthy. The Turks had located a tannery above the city instead of below so that the water, always muddy, was also contaminated. Still, one can hardly blame them too severely when he sees how many American cities, having dumped all their sewage into contiguous lakes or rivers, spend millions to purify that same water for drinking purposes. Every drop of this river water used for washing as well as drinking was brought in skins on donkeys and sold from door to door. That intended for drinking was first filtered through large clay vats and then carried to the roofs to be cooled at night, being kept in the cellars by day. But the worst feature was the disposal in the streets of all sewage. Were it not for the heat and winds which removed some of the stench, epidemics of all kinds would have been chronic.

A little snow used to be brought on mules and donkeys from the mountains three days' distant to take the place of ice. A Chaldean who had been in America for some years realized what a very great boon an ice plant would be for Mosul and brought one out. As soon as the Arabs saw ice made in August, they said

it was impossible that such a thing could be done except through the aid of evil spirits. They threatened to destroy the machinery, and he had to appeal to the Turkish government for guards to protect it day and night. Finally the cost was so great and the excitement so annoying that he had to give up the plant. Thus the people lost for many years what would have been an inestimable advantage.

Naturally, with the advent of the British since the War, there have been many improvements. They have cut a wide street through the center of the city which has considerably lowered the temperature in that vicinity. They have put in pumps and a reservoir and artificial ice plants, as in Baghdad. There is an iron bridge over the channel, the crossing of which was such a trial, and Mosul will be connected with Baghdad by rail as soon as the link from Ras-el-Ain on the Constantinople-Baghdad railroad is built.

The work of the Presbyterian Board in Mosul deserves mention. Mission work was begun for the Chaldeans by the American Board in 1840-50 with a force consisting of Dr. Lobdell and Dr. Grant, both of whom gave up their lives in laying the foundation for the Mosul station. There is no finer type of people in the Near East than the Chaldeans. They are tall, well-built and handsome, dignified, courteous, and manly, without the cringing manner seen in some Orientals. Even under Turkish oppression and constant persecution by the Roman Catholic church, they have held their own and hung on under circumstances that would have swept away a less sturdy stock. I was told that hardly a member of our congregation had not at some time been fined and imprisoned by the Catholics on some false charge. There is one example that made a profound impression on the whole city.

One of our congregation was arrested charged with having been heard to speak seditiously against the Turkish government. Brought to the court, he indignantly denied the charge. In such a case an oath is administered by the Turkish judge to the one making the complaint. The oath had no sooner been given than the man dropped dead, much to the amazement of the judge and all assembled. With a curse the judge drove the accusers out of the room saying, "Allah has proved the innocence of the accused and judged the man who perjured himself." Persecution seemed only to strengthen the small church, and the greater its trials the more firmly it stood.

Owing to the unhealthiness of Mosul and the mortality of the earlier missionaries, the Board for a time withdrew its force. Nothing has proved the stability of our small congregation better than the way they have kept up the work all the years that they were abandoned except for an occasional visit from Mardin and Urumia. Every service was maintained, different members of the congregation taking charge by turn. They also had a day school that ran every day of the year except Sundays and holidays. When I first visited the city, the missionaries from Mardin were maintaining supervision of the work and had sent a good teacher.

On this visit I met a very interesting family by the name of Säätchi with which I formed a deep friendship. They were the foundation of our church in Mosul and always insisted upon entertaining visiting missionaries. I parted with deep regret from them and other friends to retrace my steps to Urumia.

Though I had expected to return directly, it was otherwise ordered and I had one of the happiest and most fruitful experiences of my life. I was riding up the Supna valley when a man met me and asked if I had been to Dihi. "No," I replied, "why

should I go to Dihi?" He told me there was a man there who was very anxious to see a missionary. That settled it, and I asked my muleteers to turn back as we were going to Dihi. They objected strongly, saying it was a very bad village, full of robbers and murderers, in which they would lose all they had. I told them I would assume responsibility for any loss they might incur.

Dihi, hidden in a narrow valley, was off the main road so that I had not previously known of its existence. As we rode up to the village several men were pruning their vines, but as soon as I appeared one of them ran down and, lifting me off the mule, hugged and kissed me and wept with joy. He then said, "I am Berkhu and I have been waiting thirteen years to see a missionary; thank God who has heard my prayers and sent you." He then led me to his home where there was a large room open on one side, commanding a fine view of the beautiful valley below. After I was settled I asked Berkhu why he had been so anxious to see a missionary. He said that many years before he had been converted through reading a New Testament left there by one of our colporteurs and that ever since he had been anxious to have someone come and explain more about it. He had already led all his family but his father to Christ.

That night the house was packed as practically everyone in the village came. As I was tired, I thought we would have a short service and began to close when a man rose, saying, "Please go on, don't stop yet." I continued another hour when I felt I simply must stop. Again I said, "I know you are tired after the day's work, and I also am very tired; suppose we part for the night, and I will hold another service in the morning." At that a man rose, and I shall never forget the question he asked. "Sahib, are you as tired as we are hungry? We have waited for that message all our

lives. Our fathers died without ever hearing it, and you say, 'I am tired.'" That nearly broke my heart, and I begged forgiveness. "I will never again say I am too tired to preach, even if I drop on my feet." I went on a little longer until I could hardly see. Finally, realizing I was worn out, they said, "That will do for tonight, thank you."

My tent was on the roof, and early next morning I was awakened by voices asking my servant if the sahib was not yet up as they wanted a service before going to their work. I hurried into my clothes and when I came out found the whole village gathered for the morning service. I stayed in Dihi ten days with two and three services a day and a blessed ingathering of over fifty souls. I shall never forget the night when a man rose and in a trembling voice asked, "Sahib, do you see the blood that is dripping from that hand?" I said, "No." "But God sees it," he continued, for with that hand I have taken two lives; can He forgive me?" I told him to come with me to a green hill far away and he would have his answer. Leading him through the streets of the Holy City, I pointed to the three crosses and asked him to listen to what went on when the crucified thief, rebuking his companion, turned to Christ and said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And Jesus said, "Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." At that the man broke down and said, "Thank God; if he could forgive him, there is hope for me."

That man was converted, learned to read, and was instrumental in winning many others. Most of the young men learned to read and when they went to the fields or neighboring villages held services and tried to win others. I have never seen a whole community so lifted up and filled with joy as that village. When

I came to leave many accompanied me some way and said good-bye with streaming eyes, begging me to send them a preacher. I told them I could make no promises, but would do what I could.

Going up the valley, I met a group of people coming my way with their belongings on donkeys and to my surprise recognized them as Pastor Werda and his family, our preacher in the next district. In reply to my question as to where they were going, he told me they had been turned out of the village and his life threatened because he had been found eating meat during Lent. All through my life, I have been repeatedly reminded of how wonderful God's leadings and plans are. Here was God already answering the prayer of Dihi and sending it a preacher. I told Pastor Werda to proceed to Dihi and take up the work there.

On my next tour the following year I found God had been greatly using him and his devoted wife. They had taught nearly all the village to read. Even mothers, with babes in their arms were coming each morning to the pastor's wife to learn. I sent them a number of New Testaments which the men always carried with them. Thus, one of the worst villages in Supna, a village noted for its wickedness and shunned after dark, became the most enlightened village in the whole valley, and the light spread from there to many other villages. Such was its reputation for honesty that when even wandering tribes, called *kochars*, wanted to go off somewhere, they brought their goods and left them in Dihi for safe keeping. On few occasions have I been privileged to see the working of God's spirit so transform a whole village, and on subsequent tours it was always a pleasure to revisit Dihi.

I never thought I would see my dear friend Berkhu again, but in 1929, Mrs. Coan and I were so homesick for Persia we went back for a last visit. When in Mosul, we found Rev. and Mrs.

Rogers Cumberland were planning a tour to the mountains including Dihi and we were delighted to join them. Our first stage of some fifty miles, which used to take me three days, was made in a Ford. From there on we took mules for two and a half days. Mrs. Coan astonished the natives by riding a mule with nothing but a pack and no stirrups and never losing her balance although we crossed two ranges of mountains.

As I wanted to surprise Berkhu I drew my *kefieh*, a head gear, over my face and when we reached the house changed my voice and spoke to him in Turkish. Then I dropped my disguise and when he saw who it was he burst into tears and hugged and kissed me, completely overcome. As soon as he recovered himself he said, "Thank God I see you again."

While the crops were unusually fine, there was great need of a rain if they were to be saved, so we held meetings every day praying for rain. It came in such abundance that we were marooned there several days, but we did not regret it for we had much to talk over as we reviewed the past.

Chapter XI

Bluffing the Kurds



MY NEXT tour was in the spring of 1888 when I was accompanied by Dr. E. W. McDowell, who with Mrs. McDowell had been at Wooster College at the same time as Mrs. Coan and I. We little dreamed at that time that we should in later years be touring together. He graduated two years after I did and came to Urumia in 1887. Soon after his arrival he and Mrs. McDowell were assigned to the mountain work. The station realized that it was impossible for one man to carry on the evangelistic work of Urumia and do justice to that hard field, especially when there was always so much trouble crossing from Persia into Turkey, owing to the caprice of the Turks.

We started via Ravanduz to Mosul planning to enter Kurdistan by the back door, as the front door was closed by snow at that time. The journey from Urumia to Mosul by caravan is sixteen days, but can be made with one's own horses in eight to ten days. Three days from Urumia the road enters the mountains, keeping to them until well beyond Ravanduz and within three days of Mosul.

After leaving Ravanduz the road leads steeply up the moun-

tain from the top of which one has one of the grandest views in all Kurdistan. Miles below, looking like a green thread, flows the Ravanduz River that has here cut its way through the mountains, creating a deep canyon. As one looks off, there is a continuous stretch of mountains towering above him, except towards the plain. From the top of the pass a remarkable road had been built long before the Turks conquered the country. It is like a huge stairway built of rocks that takes one down to the valley below. The mountains here are well wooded and the valley beautiful with some fine waterfalls. Two days of rapid descent lead out to the plain of Mesopotamia through the foothills which in the spring are one mass of beautiful flowers.

When we came the second day to a village quite a distance from our objective, I asked the head man for a guide as it was nearly dusk. Having insisted on payment right there, he brought two men for us. We had just started when he called them back for a whispered conversation that meant mischief of some kind. As the two men walked ahead of us they were busy talking, but suddenly, without a word, they started running towards an Arab encampment, yelling as they ran. One of our helpers had a revolver, as did I. Drawing them we soon headed off the guides and told them if they did not shut up we would shoot them. They sullenly walked back to the path. Separating them, we each took charge of one, making him walk ahead of us, and warning them that at the first sign of any treachery we would shoot. Late at night we reached our village, but after they had left we discovered that they had managed to steal a bridle and halter. It seems that they had been told to have us robbed as we passed the encampment, and only our quick action and the fact that we were armed saved us.

It is a disputed question which each man has to answer for himself as to whether a missionary is justified in carrying arms. All I can say is that four times to my certain knowledge possession of a revolver has saved me from being robbed or killed, though fortunately I have never had to use it and always carried it out of sight.

After visiting Mosul we turned towards the mountains and went as far as Supna, a four days' journey. Then, as snow still closed the passes, we turned back to go via Hassan, a village seven hours above Jezireh, and Dihi to Van.

I have seldom traveled with more discomfort, for it rained or snowed every day but one for the three weeks we were on the way, and in all that time we did not see the sun but once. It is a very different thing to ride in storms when on a train or in a closed vehicle with good roads from what it is in the open with no roads. The greatest difficulty is getting loaded and unloaded in the wet. We were soaked every day, and the horses often got mired and went down with their loads. Of course all the rivers were badly swollen and very hard to cross, as there were no bridges and often no rafts. In such cases we hired men to go along each side of the horses to steady them and lift the loads as high as possible to prevent their being submerged. At one river the horse went down and when we unpacked the load we found nearly all our sugar melted and other food ruined. One day, while descending a steep mountain, my horse sank to his girths in mud and then fell over on me. Only the quick action of my servant, who sprang from his horse and caught me, saved us both from sliding down the mountainside. When pulled out I was so covered with mud that at the first stream I stood in the water while my man washed off what he could. At the *k'hans* the roofs were all leaking so

that it was hard to find a dry place. One night, however, wet, tired, and hungry we reached a Kurdish village in the mountains where there was a decent room with a good fireplace at the end of it. As there were forests, wood was plentiful, and a generous blaze dried us out so that by the time the samovar was ready with hot tea, we both forgot our troubles and decided we were in the lap of luxury.

The day we entered Van, the sun came out, and never did it look so beautiful and welcome. After five days there with the missionaries, we began the last lap of five days to Urumia, which meant home, wife, and children. The second night, as there was no habitable shelter, we put our cots in the yard and slept in the open. As it was at least a sixteen hours' ride to Salmas, which we hoped to reach the third day, we made a very early start. The long valley leading out to the Salmas plain is called *Dishman Darasi*, the valley of the enemy, because it has a very bad reputation for robbers, being a sort of "no man's land" between Turkey and Persia.

With our very early start, we reached a small Kurdish village, Khani, about one hour's ride from the pass, at ten in the morning, halting for a short rest and to feed the horses as well as to take breakfast. With only a short stop in mind, we told the men to loosen the girths but not unload, and to feed the animals in front of the small door leading to the yard. The Kurdish woman of the hut kindly baked some fresh bread, and that with the broiled steaks of a freshly shot wild mountain sheep made a delicious breakfast.

While we were eating, my man came in and said, "We are in for trouble." Two well-armed mounted men had come up, looked over our outfit, asked who we were and our destination, and

had started on ahead. I asked the head man of the village if he knew them and he said, "Yes, they are notorious characters," giving their names. He also remarked that they were going ahead to hold us up. I knew from experience that a Kurd, being a coward, never robs one unless he has all the advantage, and that he prefers taking his prey by ambush. I also knew that if mounted, he always dismounted when going down a steep incline to save his horse. He would also not be apt to attack us when cumbered with his mount.

Banking on these facts, I made my plans without saying anything about them. I knew the favorite place for robbing travelers, for my father had been held up there once and another missionary robbed. It lay at the juncture of two valleys, where robbers could lead their horses up the side valley and tether them while they held the rocks that commanded a very narrow path. The only thing necessary to make my plan a success was to reach these friends of ours before they could get to their vantage point. Dr. McDowell, who didn't understand the language, asked what was up. When I told him, he remarked that it was a good thing we had found out in time, for we could remain there a day and upset their plans. I told him that was the worst thing we could do as that would throw us into their hands. Our only hope was to follow them without delay as I thought I could handle them. But I did not disclose my plan as yet, for I was not positive it would work.

As Dr. McDowell is inclined to take things very seriously, I could not resist having some fun and asked him whether he could shoot straight. I had two revolvers and wanted his help. I also said that we might as well have an understanding as to our action when we met them; therefore he was to shoot the nearer man

while I took the further one so as not to waste ammunition. He looked at me very seriously as he asked, "Fred, did the Board send us out to shoot Kurds?" "It all depends," I replied, "if it is a question between their lives or ours, I believe we are worth more to the Board than they are." At that he said he would not move a step if there was to be shooting, and even when I assured him that I was willing to shoot both men but simply wanted him to have a share in the achievement, he could not see it my way. He then insisted we better stay over that day. But I was firm that our only way to get through was to do so before the robbers could lay their plans; furthermore I hoped no shooting would be necessary.

By that time, as everything was ready, we started and soon sighted our men about a quarter of a mile ahead, riding unconcernedly so as not to excite our suspicion. We rode the same way, in no hurry, for the same reason. As they disappeared over the top of the pass, we increased our pace and when there, dismounted and handed the horses to our men saying we were going to push on. "But," they remarked, "the Kurds are ahead so that you are running into danger." I reassured them and then asked Dr. McDowell please to take one of the revolvers as I wanted the robbers to see us both armed when we should overtake them. With an added warning to him to be perfectly quiet and do just what I did, we hurried on.

As my plan was to surprise the Kurds before they could do anything, we ran quietly. After some time, just when I began to fear that they had outwitted us and reached the valley junction, at a turn in the road we saw them both about five hundred feet ahead of us in exactly the position I had hoped for. Both were dismounted leading their horses, and each had his gun still on his back. I whispered to Dr. McDowell that the situation was

perfect, "Ed, nothing could be in better shape, for I can shoot both of them before they can unsling their rifles and fire." Then, before he could expostulate, added, "But I want to gain a little on them, and then we will charge."

When we were not over two to three hundred feet away, we rushed at them with a yell and I cried, "Stop! Stop!" Taken by complete surprise they wheeled around to find two Americans charging them with drawn revolvers. Before they could recover from the shock or detect our purpose, I called, "Don't you realize that this is a very dangerous place where people are robbed and killed? When you knew there were two well-armed Americans in the village with their famous weapons that always shoot and kill (brandishing our revolvers by way of illustration) why did you run the great risk of coming this way alone? Why did you not put yourselves under our protection? We have been very anxious lest something should happen, and have hurried all we could to overtake you in time. Thank God you are safe. No, don't feel afraid; we will see you through the valley; just put yourselves in our care." To emphasize the great risk they had incurred, I pointed to the piles of stone that marked the graves of those who had been killed because they had not had such protection as we could give them.

Never have I beheld men more surprised and chagrined. One could fairly see the wind oozing out of their sails. When they finally recovered their speech, one of them said, "You have taken much trouble, sahib, but we are not afraid." "And why should you be afraid?" I replied, "you were never more safe than now. Go ahead, and one of us will watch this side of the mountain and one that, and if anything shows up, just watch us shoot." One then said, "It is not becoming, sahib, that men of our humble

degree should precede men of your exalted position; you go ahead and we will follow." "No, good friends," I returned, "we will waive all etiquette today, for your safety is the first consideration. No, go ahead and don't be anxious; we are watching."

At that they sullenly proceeded. Every now and then one of them would turn and look back and I would reassure him by saying, "Don't fear; we are watching." We soon passed the place they had wanted to reach, and without a word of thanks even, they mounted their horses and dashed up the valley. My companion, not as yet knowing the language, asked what it had all meant, and I now explained the nature of the bluff that had so well succeeded. Our men who then overtook us asked where the robbers were. Pointing to two small spots far up the valley, I said, "There they are, and they seem to be in a hurry." If I remember correctly, when they were well started, I fired a few shots over their heads to help them along.

We reached Salmas that afternoon, glad to be back in Persia again and so near home. From Salmas, two days' riding brought us to Urumia, but before we reached the gates, I saw Mrs. Coan with our baby daughter, about two years old, riding with a servant to meet us. The little girl looked shyly into my face and then to my great delight said softly, "Papa." Oh, how good to be home, to be with loved ones, to exchange a cot for a comfortable bed, and to eat at a table! After an absence of months in such wild, barbarous places the quiet haven of home seemed doubly sweet.

Chapter XII

The Tour with John G. Wishard, M.D.

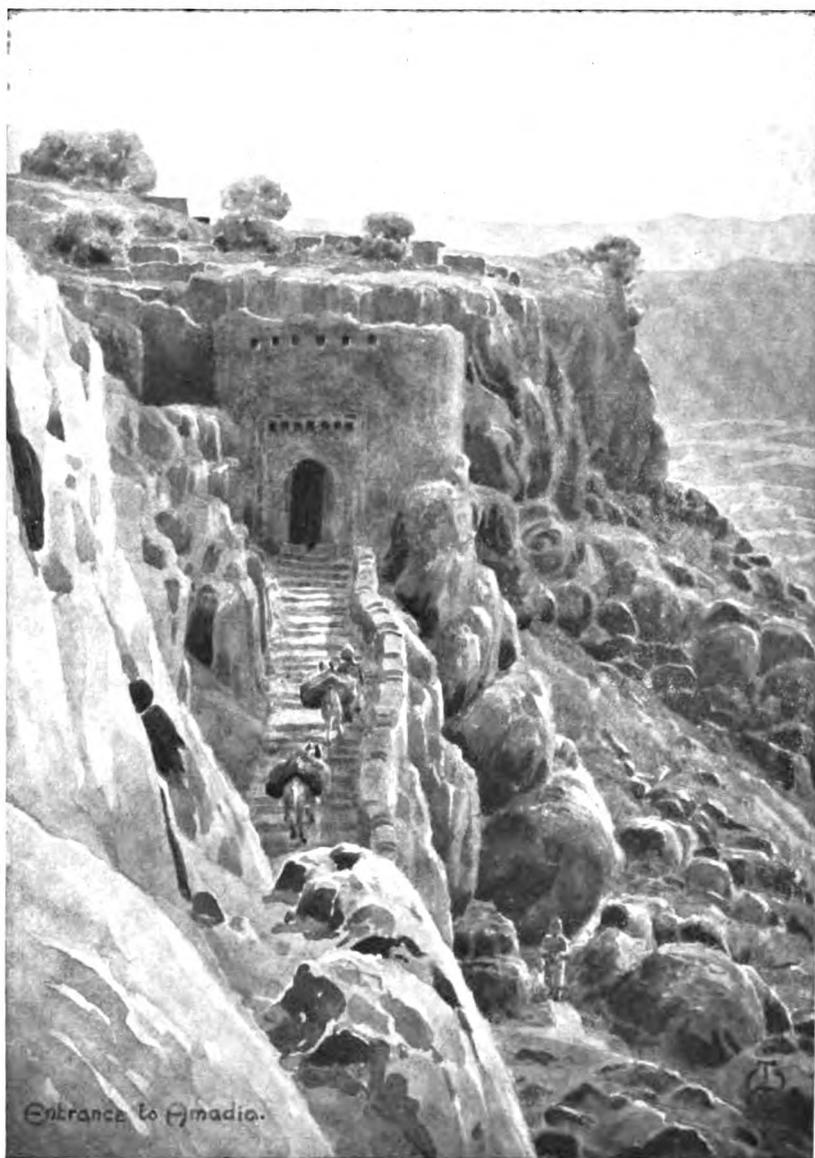


N 1888 Dr. John G. Wishard, who was afterwards physician in Teheran, was sent out to Mosul. As I realized the loneliness of the man, a stranger in a new field, I asked the station for permission to go over and help him. When I entered the yard in Mosul where our missionaries stay and found he was in his rooms, I walked in and introduced myself before they could announce my arrival. He was much surprised and quite overcome and gave me a cordial welcome. Possibly he felt a little as Livingstone did when Stanley met him in the wilds of Africa.

We planned for a rather extensive tour of the field in the Mosul region and started with three tents, one for the medical work, one for the evangelistic, and one for the servants. Dr. Alexander, an Assyrian, was with us as assistant. Despite a good supply of medicines, I think we proved quite conclusively how difficult it is to do satisfactory medical work when touring. As a help and adjunct to the evangelistic work, however, the presence of a physician is very valuable. The sick came from every direction when they heard there was a doctor, and it was touching



KURDISTAN



KURDISTAN

to see them, some on men's backs, some held on animals they were too sick to manage themselves, others hobbling along with the help of friends. But what could a doctor do for the majority of the cases? He might prescribe, but where could the prescriptions be filled? He could not possibly bring supplies enough of medicine for all, and even if he had it, there was no likelihood in most cases that they would take the medicine or use it as directed. More than once, patients took the dozen doses at once on the theory that if one pill is good twelve must be twelve times as good. Furthermore, surgical work in such cases is impossible, for there are no appliances with which to operate antiseptically, and the physician has no one responsible to look after the cases when he leaves.

We were kept so very busy at times and the doctor was so crowded that I offered to help out if I could. He had with him an electric machine which was placed in my tent. Great was the attention and wonder it excited. As the patients came in, they would be asked to sit down and take hold of the handles and by no means to let go until permission was given. It would be impossible to describe the different effects on the various persons. Some looked the picture of fear and begged me for God's sake to stop turning the crank, that they were dying; others looked grim and perspired; still others gritted their teeth and took the dose calmly. But all were so much impressed with the effect of the *makina*, as they called it, that it looked as though I might become more popular than Dr. Wishard.

One day in Hassan, a Kurd came for *électrique*. As he was a prominent man too many liberties could not be taken. The *makina* however successfully passed the test and met with his favor. The next day he appeared with three buxom wives, one of them

a regular Amazon, and asked me to fill them up. They were frightened and hesitated but dared not disobey their lord. I came to the Amazon last. As the power grew stronger, she gave one wild look, and with a yell jumped up, kicked over the table and machine, and without even stopping to put on her shoes, which she tucked under her arm, tore off like a wild cow. I never saw a man laugh harder than her husband. Finally when able to speak he said, "She was hard to manage before; what will she be now?"

The fame of a foreign doctor with medicines brought large crowds that would have been hard to draw otherwise and gave many opportunities to preach and to talk with them. What the doctor was able to do also broke down prejudice and opened the way for us everywhere. I have spoken of the strong opposition to our work on the part of the Roman Catholics who are in the majority in Supna, the region five days above Mosul. On my first visit there with Mr. McDowell we were refused a place in one village that we reached late at night after having lost our way. Nor would they even give fodder for our animals, nor food for us, although we offered good pay. But this time with tents we could be independent and pitched outside the village. The usual crowds came, and many were the opportunities to give them the Gospel message. One day the Catholic deacon came to talk with us and show us our errors, as we were heretics and had no right to preach. Inviting him to be seated, I sent up a silent petition for God's leading and asked him what he had to say.

His first charge was that we did not honor Mary as the Mother of God. I told him he was mistaken as we greatly honored and revered Mary as the Mother of Jesus, and regarded her as one of the noblest among women.

Dropping that point, he then accused us for not accepting

St. Peter as the first pope and doing him proper honor. Again I reminded him that St. Peter was a man, albeit one of the greatest apostles and as such held in high esteem, but that there was nothing in God's Word to show that he had ever been honored above his companions or exalted to this office, and that he himself had never mentioned it, far less claimed it. On the other hand, I continued, Christ had reprov'd this disciple as he had none of the others; furthermore Peter was the one who had denied his Lord. Then I read from the three gospels, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, where, when Christ was speaking of His suffering and death, Peter emphatically rebuked Him, "And turning to him he said, Get thee behind me, Satan." At that he bristled up and denied that that was in the New Testament. I then showed him the three passages read, and said, "There they are, see for yourself." He charged us with having changed God's Word. I asked him to bring his own New Testament, and there showed him the same record to his great surprise. Then I asked him whether he was willing to refer the whole dispute to an impartial judge. He hesitated a moment and said, "Where is he?" I replied that I would tell him in a moment. Then with a silent prayer that the Holy Spirit would give me that man's soul, I opened at Acts 4:12 and read what Peter himself had said, the very Peter that he claimed to be infallible. "And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." I repeated the words slowly several times. Then he asked to read them for himself and repeated them after me.

Just then a new light came into his face and he said, "That settles it. There is no other name but that of Christ, no man or woman can save us." He ran out with his great discovery and

brought in the priest, and said to him, "O, why have you not told us before that 'there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved?'" The priest could not reply, but asked me to come to the village that night and preach to them.

I gladly accepted the invitation and held a service every evening that we were there, with the house crowded. The priest was one of the most attentive listeners, often emphasizing my remarks with a hearty "Amen." What had wrought such a change in the attitude of that priest and village? It was the fact that the year before Dr. Wishard had been instrumental in saving the life of the priest's wife during the birth of a son. The Roman Catholics allowed a man who was married before he became a priest, to retain his wife. But since, if the wife should die, the priest could not remarry, there could not be a greater calamity than for him to lose his wife.

From Dawudia we proceeded to Amadia, the government center for that district of Supna, and squalid as a Turkish town usually is. It is situated on the corner of a huge rock that rises about a thousand feet out of the valley, precipitous on two sides and difficult of access on the others. In former times, before the advent of cannon, it had been a stronghold for the Kurds, who had held it until it was finally taken by the Turks. The view from the place is unusually fine and commands a beautiful well-wooded valley that extends westward towards the Tigris river. To the east rise the lofty mountains of Kurdistan, separated from Supna by the Greater Zab that flows through a deep gorge. All around are Assyrian villages surrounded by their orchards and fertile fields. Just below the rock are beautiful gardens, but which because of their situation breed malarial fever. The water on the

rock, while clear and cold, is not good, so that all who can, bring it from springs in the valley below.

We camped on a corner of this flat rock that is mostly covered with graves, and the sick began to come before the tents were pitched—Turks, Kurds, and Assyrians. One day the *kaimakam* (governor) sent asking what right we had there, and by what authority the doctor was practicing. Dr. Wishard sent his assistant, Dr. Alexander, with his diploma given in Constantinople as well as his American diplomas. The Turkish government for years demanded that all foreigners practicing in Turkey report at Constantinople to take examinations, in French, at the state medical college. Dr. Wishard had complied with the demand and spent considerable money to get his diploma, for the Turk knows how to block the way until he has been properly feed.

The *kaimakam* insisted that the diploma was not in proper form and forbade his practicing. He also put a guard over us with orders to follow us wherever we went and watch our proceedings. The governor's actions in forbidding the doctor to practice aroused intense indignation, for many were sick and were rejoicing in his arrival. To every request, word was given, "The governor does not allow me to treat you." We decided to move on and engaged mules for the next morning. But they did not appear, and the same thing happened several times. One night a Kurdish *agha*, who greatly admired Dr. Wishard, came secretly and informed us that we were prisoners and that the governor had telegraphed to Constantinople to know what to do with us. While awaiting his answer, he had forbidden any muleteers to provide transport.

We concluded it was time to call on him. Entering a dirty yard, we were ushered up a dark stairway into a long room with

divans on both sides, all occupied, and after a salaam we proceeded down the room. No one rose or paid any attention to us, and no one offered us a seat. This was a direct insult. Dr. Wishard, who is absolutely fearless, realized that our honor and position depended on asserting our rights and asked me to translate for him. Then in a loud voice he said, "We came to call on the *kaimakam*, and have evidently come to the wrong place as this seems to be a den of bears. Where does the *kaimakam* live?" There was dead silence, then, someone said, "He is here." Without paying any attention, Dr. Wishard repeated the question, adding, "If he were here, he would recognize who has called on him."

By this time the situation was decidedly embarrassing and people were shifting in their seats. Walking right up to the end of the room he took a man by the shoulders and unseated him and I did the same, and we occupied their places. Then he again asked his question, "Who is the *kaimakam*?" Thereupon that person, who was getting uncomfortable, half rising, salaamed. Dr. Wishard then asked someone who could read Turkish to read the diploma that they might know that he had been examined and had the government's permission to practice anywhere in the empire as attested by the Sultan's seal. He continued that this was the first time he had been forbidden to practice, that he did not know that the *kaimakam's* authority was above that of the Sultan's but that if he would give him a written statement to that effect, he would refer it to Constantinople and see whose authority was the greater.

By this time the *kaimakam* was losing his aplomb. But we were not through with him yet. "What right do you have to hold us prisoners here? As prisoners, we demand that we be sent to prison, and we will see whether you can keep us there." Thor-

oughly frightened the *ḳaimaḳam* asked who had told us we were prisoners? We replied we were guarded, watched, followed wherever we went, and not permitted to leave the place, by his orders; what remained except to put us into jail? When he again denied it, we told him that he could prove we were wrong by sending around four mules early next morning with two *zaptiehs*. Then we rose to depart. This time the *ḳaimaḳam* came to the door to see us off. Next day the mules and guards appeared.

Before we leave this interesting country, let me tell some of its stories that have greatly interested my younger friends. One of them is about a horse. There was a Kurdish sheikh living in Amadia who had heard of a beautiful Arabian horse owned by a sheikh of the plain. He sent several times asking the owner if he would not sell him and offered a good sum, but was told that the horse was not for sale at any price. The Kurd was much disappointed and grieved greatly as did Ahab over Naboth's vineyard. One day one of his servants said to him, "Master, don't worry; I can get the horse for you." The sheikh told him that if he did he would give him the prettiest girl in the tribe as wife and a handsome present besides.

The servant left saying he might be gone a long time but would bring the horse. He disguised himself as a wandering minstrel and clown, acting like one half-witted and made his way in time to the camp of the chief who owned the steed. Here, where there was little to amuse, he became a welcome guest through his acting, singing, and dancing, and was adopted as a member of the tribe. In the meantime he was studying how to get the horse and learning all he could of how it was kept and guarded. He found that the horse was tethered at night near the sheikh's tent (often the Arab horse shares his master's tent). A

servant slept by him at night; the horse's front feet, as an extra precaution, were locked with fetters and the key kept in the servant's pocket; he was also fastened by a strong rope and iron pin. A large pile of grass was cut and brought for him to eat at night. Our hero gradually became acquainted with the animal, petting him, so he would not be afraid of him, but never admiring him or showing any appreciation of his value. He also ingratiated himself with the groom, amusing him with his stories and jokes.

One dark night he wormed himself under the pile of grass, slowly moving it near the horse. Of course the first job was to open the lock. Quietly and quickly he secured the key without disturbing the servant and unlocked the fetters without removing them. He had no sooner accomplished this than the horse snorted and awakened the groom, who said, "What is it, Ilderim, what disturbs you?" Seeing nothing unusual, he lay down and went to sleep.

The next move was to pull the pin, for if he were to cut the rope suspicion would be aroused. This he did, but again the horse snorted and waked up the servant, who got up and patted him saying, "Why are you so restless tonight? Why do you snort so?" Then, looking down, he found the loose pin and said, "You must have seen something! You have pulled out the pin!" Taking a mallet he drove the pin in, putting it through the hand of the Kurd as it lay under the grass. While the pain was excruciating, he made no sound, for to have done so would have meant certain death. The servant, now rather anxious, got out his pipe and smoked, watching for some time; but when nothing appeared, he went back to sleep.

The gypsy was suffering intensely, but when he heard the man snoring, he gave a wrench and pulled out the pin, and with

one leap was astride the horse and off like the wind. The camp was immediately awakened, but before anyone could grasp what had taken place, the horse was many miles away. In the darkness it was impossible to know what direction he had taken, and besides no horse could overtake him. Without a stop, by the next morning he had covered over one hundred miles and a few hours later was at his home. Of course the sheikh was greatly pleased and fulfilled his pledge.

But the Arab was not going to lose his beloved horse that easily, and having in time traced him appeared one day to claim the animal. The Kurd said, "Name any price and I will gladly pay it, but I can't give him up." Seeing how importunate the Kurd was, the Arab named a large sum, never dreaming it would be paid. But, to his dismay, the sheikh brought him the bag of gold. He then said, "Let me kiss the horse good-bye." Ilderim was led out. He hugged the animal and kissed it, and then with a leap, gold and all, was on his back and off. It is said that no one knows to this day how that animal ever went down that steep, rocky stairway, but he seemed to have wings. So the Kurd lost both horse and gold. A few days later, to his amazement, a man appeared with the horse and a message from the Arab saying that he had taken the animal because in no other way would it have been possible to reach his camp in safety, as the ride had to be done at night and at one stretch. With the money safely in his tent, he now returned the horse with thanks.

There is another story of an Arab horse that I can vouch for as true because it came from Dr. Cochran. He was visiting his sister Madame Ponafidine, the wife of the Russian Consul then living in Baghdad. One day there appeared two immensely rich Russian counts who had been traveling all over the world hunt-

ing big game. Their outfit was so large it took two hundred animals to transport it. They appeared in a different suit at each meal and spent money lavishly. One of the Turkish *pashas* in Baghdad owned a very fine Arab horse which they were anxious to buy, but he refused to sell, naming a price that he thought would be beyond anyone's means. To his great chagrin and sorrow, next day a man appeared with the money and claimed the horse. Considering it a matter of honor, he regretfully let the horse go, but said, "I want you to know the true value of the splendid animal, and to prove that you have not paid more than he is worth I ask you to leave him here with the Russian Consul and go to Mosul. When you have arrived there, we will telegraph you the exact time the horse leaves here and agree to deliver him within twenty-four hours. If he is injured, we will refund his price; if he arrives in Mosul in good condition, you will realize his value." The distance between Baghdad and Mosul, as caravans go, is twelve days' journey. By the most direct way it is estimated at from 150 to 160 miles. The horse was delivered sound to them within the allotted time.

But to return to our tour, interrupted at Amadia. To reach Hassan, the northernmost limit of our field, four days' ride from Mosul, we followed the base of the mountains, passing through a beautiful country suffering like every place in Turkey, under misgovernment. In this region of Bohtan there are several Christian villages the condition of which is most pitiful. As Turkish subjects, they are heavily taxed, and the collectors depart empty-handed. Often the people, unable to raise the money, mortgage their crops two years in advance, borrow the money at 100 per cent interest, and incur heavy debts that wipe out all they possess. It is because of the general poverty of

the country that in all my many tours in Turkey, I have not found what could be called a room to put up in, unless where we had a helper. If a man could afford a decent room, he would immediately become a target for all sorts of extortion as being rich, or he would be impoverished by the many guests, for the laws of hospitality compel the one who has a morsel to share it with his guests whoever they may be. If a man was fortunate enough to own fields and flocks he was literally eaten out of house and home.

The effect on the whole population was terrible, for even those who had enough to live on feigned poverty to escape being robbed. This being so, the Turkish tax collector believed no man's word; if the tax was not forthcoming, he had many ways to secure it. Silver or produce was refused; only gold was accepted. Every bundle of grass brought from the distant mountain tops, all crops, as well as sheep and cattle and even the trees were taxed. For that reason the large plains around and below Mosul were bare.

At one time I was in a very poor village where I had been authorized to give some relief to the starving people. As I passed a hut I heard sobbing and went in to see what was its cause. There sat a man crying, with a little babe in his arms. I asked him what I could do for him, and he said, "For God's sake, save this child's mother." Thinking she was sick, I replied that I was sorry I was not a doctor, but if I could see her maybe I could help. He then cried, "Would to God she were dead, it is worse than that." It seems that the soldiers had come the day before to collect taxes. When they entered the bare hut, he said, "I have nothing, my fields are mortgaged, my flocks and cattle have been taken by robbers, and the government has shared in them yet does nothing; all I have is here, take my blood and go."

At that the soldiers said, "Your wife is good looking; we will take her." They had gone off to a neighboring village where they had been abusing her ever since. "Oh save her for the child's sake," he begged. I found one gold piece would suffice and handed it to him and told him to bring her back while I took the baby. Before long I saw two persons running, the woman ahead, for her mother's heart lent her speed. As she rushed in she took the babe, pressed it to her bosom, and then cried, "It is dead, it has starved to death."

But in addition to this oppression by the Turks, these people were slaves to the Kurdish *aghas* who were constantly levying on them for free labor in the way of masonry, carpentry, and blacksmithing. In some of the Christian villages, aside from other levies, even their women might be claimed at any time by one of these chiefs for as long as he chose. There are instances where the young bride has been taken from the marriage altar and carried off by them for weeks.

One day when I was the guest of one of our helpers, I was witness to something that made it hard to restrain myself. Our pastor had just bought eight fat sheep that were to be the winter's supply of meat, for the meat is cooked and put into jars covered with melted butter so that it keeps for months. Some lazy Kurds who had heard of the plan came and made him butcher the sheep and compelled his wife and daughters to bake bread. The Kurds then sat down to the feast and remained until every scrap was consumed.

When we reached Hassan, a Christian village, seven hours from the Tigris and beautifully situated in a valley surrounded by olive, fig and pomegranate trees, our tents were pitched in a

beautiful garden in the picturesque gorge above the village; and, as usual, the sick flocked to us.

Here we had a live, strong church, started by the Rev. Samuel Audley Rhea. On one of his tours, he had made a visit to this place and was much drawn to its young bishop, Yosip. He asked God for his soul and determined to win him to Christ. The bishop was converted and decided to go back with Mr. Rhea to Urumia to take a course of study and return as a preacher to his village. At his death, his brother, Kasha Elea, took his place and was pastor when we were in Hassan. He, too, was a good man, one of many preachers massacred by the Turks in 1895-6.

Hassan was fortunate in that its Kurdish sheikh, the Agha of Shernakh, had always been very friendly to the Christians. He was keen enough to know that they were a valuable asset, for they provided him with masons and blacksmiths to build his castles and houses, and farmers to till his fields.

One good deed of his deserves great credit. He was one of the few Kurds who, when ordered to massacre his Christian subjects, refused. When he found he could no longer protect them, he opened a way for them to escape to Persia. Asked why he had not obeyed, he answered by the following story:

A certain rich shepherd owned many sheep. They were pastured in the best of places and faithfully cared for by his shepherds who protected and guarded them from all danger. In return they furnished their owners with wool, milk, cheese, and butter. One day the ruler of the land sent his men with orders to kill all the sheep and throw their bodies to the wild beasts or into the river that flowed nearby. The owner replied, "If you kill all these sheep, where will I get my living?"

But in most villages there was nothing to prevent the mas-

sacres. Thus did the Sultan of Turkey kill off over a million of his best subjects and make desolate much of a fair and rich country. One day when riding by the ruins of a large Armenian village, my Turkish guard stopped, looked at it silently, and then turning to me cursed his government. "Why," said he, "a few years ago that village yielded us 600 Turkish *liras* (equivalent then to about \$3,000) aside from the tax on 5,000 sheep and other things. Now the Sultan says, 'Go and bring me gold.' Can one take gold from ruins, taxes from barren fields?" We who live in America and have not been in personal touch with the misery and sufferings and long drawn-out martyrdom of these Oriental Christians have no conception of what their agony has been.

From Hassan we sent to our pastor in Monsorea asking for mules as we wanted to go to Jezireh and Mardin. Late the next evening our dear Pastor Hanna came, barefooted and clothed in only his underwear and told us of his terrible experience. In a lonely patch of woods, Kurds had attacked the party and then taken them off to one side to kill them. There they were detained for some time in an agony of suspense while the robbers quarreled over the matter: some were in favor of letting them go, while others were for murdering all. Pastor Hanna then talked to them and asked if they would let him pray before they committed their deed. When he was through, they said they could not kill such a man, and after stripping him and taking his mules they went off. He made no complaint and would hear of no compensation for his losses. When we sympathized with him, he said, with his wonderful smile, "This is nothing to what my dear Master suffered for me."

The next day, hiring donkeys to replace the stolen mules, we went to Monsorea, a Christian village situated on the Tigris. On

the urgent invitation of Pastor Hanna we thought it best to stay there a few days, especially as Mustafa, the great nomadic chief of the plains, was making his annual migration with his flocks to the pasture lands of Armenia. We pitched our tents on a hill above the village where we could watch the endless procession of flocks that went by day after day.

Cholera had broken out and terror seized all. Though many dropped by the wayside, the rest pressed on. Some were carried in litters, others supported on horses or mules, while most of them struggled on on foot. One poor man was dumped right outside of our tent. Hearing his groans, Dr. Wishard went out and then called me, saying, "Fred, if you wish to see a genuine case of Asiatic cholera, here it is." We did what we could for the sufferer and had him carried to the shade of a tree and gave him some medicine. We had a chance to see how callous a panic makes people. Not one of his own kin had stayed with him or would come near to help us. We had to send to the village whence our pastor and a few men came to move him to a better place for his last hours.

While detained here we visited some very interesting Christian villages two and three hours' ride away, Mar Yohannan, Mar Akha, and Shakh. All were picturesquely situated in beautiful ravines with splendid spring water flowing through them.

Chapter XIII

Mustafa the Great Mesopotamian King



USTAFA, later raised to be a pasha, has played such an important part in Mesopotamia in his day that a few words about this remarkable character may be of interest. For many years he ruled as king of Mesopotamia, defying the Turk. His wealth, which consisted of flocks, gradually increased until it could hardly be reckoned. All sheep in Turkey are taxed, and had the Turks been able to collect the tax it would have swelled their revenue considerably, but by the use of heavy bribes to the officials and occasional large presents to the Sultan he never paid anything. The whole region from Damascus to the highlands of Armenia was his pasture land. In the winter, which is spring in Mesopotamia, the flocks would be moved by easy stages across the plain and by early spring begin their trek to the mountains that extend to the regions above Bitlis and Van where there is abundance of splendid grass. Then in the fall they would move down again, as the snows came, making their journey all the way to Damascus.

Jezireh on the upper Tigris was a stopping place where he camped until the flocks had all passed on. This also was the place

where he stocked up on tea, sugar, coffee, rice and wheat for his summer camp, for the flocks furnished everything else needed. He had built a sort of mausoleum over a fine spring in Jezireh, and various stories are told of what he did there. He would invite the *muezzins* to be his guests. Then when they were seated on rugs around the large fountain, he would command them to bray, meaning call the faithful to prayer. "But, your honor, this is not the hour for the call." To which he replied, "Is not God everywhere; does He not hear at all times?" Then as they rose and gave the call he would laugh at them and say, "Bray louder; he can't hear." Then he would ask them to go through the prayers, and when they again protested make them obey. As the reader may know, the Moslem prayer is a good setting-up exercise and consists of various genuflections in one of which the man on his knees praying, bows, touching his head to the ground. Mustafa would have men stationed around those at prayer and just as their heads touched the ground, at a signal each one received a good kick that sent him sprawling into the fountain. He roared with laughter as they floundered out looking like drowned rats.

Of course his men practically looted the bazaars while making their purchases. With all of his wealth he dressed like the simplest Arab, a long white gown, the usual colored handkerchief over his head held by a coil of camel's hair wool, his feet bare. He slept on the ground with the herds and flocks.

As his wealth and power increased, so also did his greed. More and more did he attack and rob caravans and hold up rafts of merchandise that were floated down the river from Sert, Bohtan, Diarbekir, and other towns. Many complaints went to Constantinople against him, but bribes shut the eyes of justice. At last, however, his crimes became so flagrant that they could no longer

be ignored, and orders were sent to arrest him. When the Turk really wants his man there is no escape. A Mosul regiment captured Mustafa, and he was thrown into prison, for during Sultan Hamid's reign there was no capital punishment. He offered the commander who caught him one thousand pounds, Turkish, about five thousand dollars, if he would release him. While his palms fairly itched to get that money, he did not dare accept. One night, however, a prisoner by the name of Mustafa died, and the officer went to the real Mustafa's cell, took the money, and told him to lose himself in the desert. He then telegraphed to Constantinople that Mustafa had died.

For a time everyone breathed more freely, but his old habits reasserted themselves, and he was at his tricks again. It was at this time when he was loose that I was in Mosul, anxious to proceed to Jezireh to visit our churches in that region. When I went to the *vali* to get a *zaptieh*, he said, "*Oghlum*, my son, do you see that officer?" pointing to a man who was obviously very angry. "He is a government officer, but while he was coming down from Diarbekir on a raft, accompanied by his *anderun* and with his household goods, this son of a dog held them up, robbed them, and outraged the women. The officer, after making his complaint and finding out that nothing can be done, has resigned and thrown down his sword. And do you ask me to send you up there when Mustafa is around." I had therefore to give up the trip.

Mustafa was at last re-taken by a Diarbekir regiment and confined in the strong castle of that city. Being used to an active, out-of-door life, he found close confinement very hard and, calling the warden, asked for the privilege of being allowed outside every day to take some exercise in the large prison yard. Here

by the lavish use of money he won the friendship of the guards and got one of them to deliver a note to a man he said would be found without the gates. One of his faithful servants had followed him and had been waiting outside for weeks for some message from his master. The note told him to have several of his swiftest Arab mares stationed fifty miles apart along a certain route that led into the desert. Then one day, having bribed one of the guards heavily to leave the gate unlocked, he made a dash for liberty. His mount was ready, and before the alarm had been given he was well into the desert and with fresh relays had put over two hundred miles between himself and Diarbekir in twenty-four hours.

When Mustafa became weary of hiding, a scheme was suggested to him that not only relieved him of that necessity but raised him to a much higher position with a good salary and the title of pasha. A shrewd Turk suggested that he send a handsome present to the Sultan telling him he submitted himself and all of his followers to the government and was at his service. The Sultan was also told that by enrolling him with his men in the Hamadia he would gain thousands of loyal and good fighters ready for any emergency. All that was necessary was to furnish them arms.

Thus Mustafa, the herdsman, became pasha and for the first time in his life had to wear a uniform on state occasions. He did hate it and was most uncomfortable in his buttoned clothes and hot boots and got rid of his finery as soon as he could. He far preferred to sleep in his dirty shirt and bare feet among the camels than in the comfort and luxury of a bed. But even being a pasha did not cure him of his tricks. Finally a price was put on his head, and a Turkish sharpshooter earned it. The latter

happened to be in a village when across the valley, over half a mile away, he saw with his field glass a man to whom a woman offered a drink. When inquiry showed it was Mustafa, he adjusted his sights and shot him in the head. But there is no space here for the many other stories that were told me by Pastor Hanna, stories that were not mere myths but well authenticated.

On another tour in Bohtan, I was again detained in Monsorea until Mustafa should leave that region. When word came that he had gone, we went down to Jezireh for some necessary purchases. Before we left, Pastor Hanna advised us to take the lower or river road as safer. It is well we did, for Mustafa had heard there was a foreigner in Monsorea and had given word he was to be robbed. Fortunately for us his men took the upper, or plain, road, and we the river road, so that we did not meet. As a precaution, I had before leaving taken my few belongings to a loft and hidden them in the straw. When asked where I was, my servant told them I had gone, but they robbed him of everything but his underwear and left him badly frightened.

Because of the heat, we decided to go by night to Mardin, a three days' journey. I had often heard of the romance of night traveling, but was so overcome by sleep that I nearly fell off my horse and kept dreaming I was falling over a precipice, a most unpleasant experience. I have often seen men on their camels sound asleep and wondered why they did not fall off.

Our second day brought us to Nisibin, also called Nisibis. Here in about the sixth century the Nestorians had a great center of learning whose fame went as far as Africa and Italy. The ruins all around show what an important city it must have been to rank with Edessa, Antioch, and Damascus. It is hard to believe that at one time there were forests here, that in the days of its splendor

there abounded everywhere fruitful gardens and grain fields, and that the cities all about furnished cotton that was shipped as far as Mosul and Chilat in southeastern Armenia. In fact, the word *muslin* is derived from Mosul, because this cloth had its origin there. Today one sees only desolation, not only around Haran and Nisibin, but throughout the country between the Tigris and Euphrates. Where at one time this whole region was covered with towns and cities and growing things, today one sees only desolation, sterility and death.

At Nisibin, only 150 miles from Mosul, we find today the eastern terminus of the Baghdad railway. When that is built the Persian Gulf will be connected with Europe by rail. Our third day brought us to Mardin, a city well up on the mountainside, about twenty miles north of the Baghdad railroad. The American Board had a station, now transferred to the Presbyterian Board, where we were made very welcome, and were glad to see a touch of civilization again after so many days in the desert and dirty villages.

We had another example here of the petty way in which the Turk was ever worrying the missionary. In Turkey no building of any kind could go up without a *firman* from Constantinople as well as a plan of what was to be erected. The Turks were proverbially slow in granting these *firman*s, and they also had a way of so changing the plans as to make it impossible to build what was wanted. But who would think that one had to have a *firman* to make small repairs? Yet that was the case. A wall had fallen between the yard of Dr. Thom and a very wicked Arab neighbor. Dr. Thom's house had been robbed twice, and everyone knew that the neighbor was the thief. But when I was there, two years had gone by in a vain attempt to secure permission

to rebuild that wall. I have often said that if there are degrees in heaven the American missionaries in Turkey should be given the very highest place. Only their deep consecration and strong love for the people have made it possible for them to hang on all these years. In the contest to wear down the patience of the missionary, the Turk has always played with loaded dice.

For fear that the reader may think I am too sweeping in my criticisms, let me say here that the government is very different from the great mass of common, simple-minded people. These in the main are industrious, honest according to their training, hospitable, and lovable. Many of them have suffered with their Christian neighbors, and there are cases where they have at great risk to themselves taken the Christians in and protected and fed them during the massacres and the War. One Turk in Van gave shelter to three hundred and kept them as long as he could. As neighbors, they have been genuinely friendly with the Armenians and Assyrians. Many Turks deeply regret the great wrong done the Christians and realize that they need them and cannot get along without them. Several times Turks have said to me, "There is a righteous God in heaven who has seen the great crime committed against these offenseless people, and while you, their fellow Christians, have done nothing to prevent it, God some day is going to punish us for it all."

After a few days of delightful intercourse with our good friends in Mardin, we proceeded to Bitlis. Here we found that the missionaries had moved up to their summer camp in a beautiful valley above the city, where they all lived in tents.

Considerable robbery had been going on, and as the place was very wild and well suited to robber stories, we sat up quite late one evening telling them. When we retired our minds were

naturally full of what we had been hearing and ready for anything. I dreamed of robbers, and, being very restless, broke my traveling cot, which threw me on to the ground. When I reached out, I felt Dr. Wishard, who naturally wondered who was holding him and tried to draw away. At this I thought someone was trying to drag him out of the tent and held on all the tighter. It was pitch dark as we struggled, he to get rid of his supposed foe, and I to save the man from being kidnapped. In our moving around we upset the table and camp chairs and stirred things up generally, he yelling, "Let go," and I hanging on for dear life. As soon as we were thoroughly awake, the misunderstanding was cleared up. I guess he thinks to this day that I was out of my head, but I know I was terribly in earnest. We had a hearty laugh over it then, and he never sees me without teasing me about it.

The return journey was via Van as we wanted to go to Kochanis in order to visit the Patriarch. Although we were kindly offered rooms, we pitched our tents a little way below the village. The day after our arrival Turkish soldiers came down and asked who we were, and why we had not reported at headquarters on our way down. As the government headquarters were far up the mountain and a good distance from the road, we had at the nearest point dismissed our *zaptieh* who had reported for us. Then the officer asked to see our passports and started to put them in his pocket. At that Dr. Wishard leaped to his feet and said, "Give me those passports immediately," and took them away from him. But as he insisted that the passports must be shown at headquarters, we reluctantly entrusted them to Dr. Alexander, but told him by no means to give them up. The soldiers were instructed to watch us and sat around the tent.

Late at night Dr. Alexander returned very crestfallen without the passports which the officials had pocketed, saying the matter would have to be reported to Van, although our passports with the visa of the *vali* of Van showed we had just come from there, and the fact that we had a *zaptieh* with us was sufficient guarantee of our character. We knew it was simply a trick to get some money out of us, and were determined to give nothing.

Finding, on inquiry, that there was a telegraph office installed in a tent about half-way up to the government headquarters, we immediately went there to report matters to Dr. Reynolds of Van, while some of the soldiers sent to watch us hurried back to tell what we were doing. When we entered the telegraph tent and handed the operator our message, he said he had a number of other telegrams that must go first. We knew he was lying and demanded that our telegram go at once, telling him that Dr. Wishard was an expert in telegraphy and would detect any change he might make in our message. A bit of *bakhsheesh* helped him to forget the other telegrams and ours went.

We started back to our tents but had not gone far before we heard a man shouting to us to stop. We had an inkling of what it was, but paid no attention and went on. Soon a breathless soldier overtook us and handed us the passports. It seems that when the soldiers had told the officer we had gone to the telegraph office, he had become frightened as he knew he was in the wrong. All the soldiers had disappeared from our camp, and it was a great relief to be free from their constant surveillance as it had been impossible ever to talk freely with Mar Shimoon.

We learned afterwards that Ismail Effendi, who caused our trouble in Amadia, having come by a shorter way, had happened to be in the camp when our *zaptieh* reported, and, recognizing

us as the same men, had made the false report that had caused us so much trouble.

Later I had a fine chance to get my revenge. One day after I was home, a friend told me he had come to Urumia on business connected with the Turkish consul. I therefore invited him to come and take dinner with me. I told the servant to make specially good preparation, and when he arrived I received him cordially and laid myself out to make it as pleasant as I could. After a fine meal I took him to the garden where tea and Turkish coffee were served. Then we went back to the house and had music. When he was to leave, I said, "Ismail Effendi, this is in return for your kindness to me when I was in the mountains." I never saw a man more taken back and mortified, and he made the most humble apology.

Again I do not want to give the impression that all Turkish officials are of this type. I have in my many travels met those who were very courteous and did everything they could to facilitate my journey. Many, living in some isolated place, have been hungry to meet a man from the world who could give them its news. Some were well educated, so that to be sent from a place like Constantinople, which was to them the center of the world, into the wild places of Kurdistan was like banishment, and they appreciated meeting one who could talk intelligently with them in their own language.

There is nothing like a journey to get acquainted with a man, and this tour with Dr. Wishard began a friendship that has been very precious to me. After some time in Turkey he was called to Teheran to take up the very important medical work there. So it happened that years later when, with Dr. Robert E. Speer, I was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wishard, I visited the capital and

saw the fine medical plant he had built up very largely through the gifts of the foreign colony and the Persians who deeply appreciated his work. He was called to the side of Nasr-ed-Din Shah when he was fatally wounded by an assassin in May 1897. His "TWENTY YEARS IN PERSIA" is a very interesting and informative book on the country and the times in which he served. Among my many tours made through Kurdistan, the one with him will always stand out. I have never been with a braver man, one who was more master of the situation or better able to cope with the different characters he met and command their respect.

Chapter XIV

Robbed in Tkhuma



ANOTHER tour made in 1890 was destined to have plenty of thrills. I set out late in the fall, expecting to be gone only a month as the roads might be closed any time by snow. In Gawar, three days out, a messenger overtook me with word that certain developments had made it imperative that I spend the winter in Tyari, five days further on, in the very heart of Kurdistan. As the food there is unpalatable, we purchased a load of wheat, and in two days I was joined by Pastor Oshana, a native of Tkhuma and for many years pastor there and in Supna, though at the time he was professor of Ancient Syriac in the Urumia College. The station had also most thoughtfully sent with him Dr. Yohannan Sayyid, an Assyrian, who had studied medicine in America, and who had a good stock of medicines. Pastor Oshana with his wide knowledge of the mountains and Dr. Yohannan, a most genial spirit, made delightful companions.

Passing without delay through Jilu and Bas the third day brought us to Tkhuma, one of the longest and wildest valleys among the *asherets*. The ascent from Bas to the pass leading into

Tkhuma is very steep and tiresome, but the descent is quite easy. There are four villages in Tkhuma, but the scattered houses are built for miles along the stream that runs through the valley so that they almost connect. To save land this strip is bounded by stone walls that are all covered with grapevines which are also trained up the poplar trees.

Traversing the first village, Gundicta, we stopped at Muzria, about fifteen minutes' ride below, where Pastor Oshana had lived and where his old home was our manse. We had a good attendance at the services Sunday and planned to go on Monday, as the Bas mules had been engaged right through. As the night was warm, Pastor Oshana and the muleteers went up on the roof to sleep, while I occupied the room below them, with a large window looking right on to the narrow lane that lay between the manse and the house opposite, so narrow that a good jumper might leap from roof to roof.

I asked whether it was safe to sleep by the open window, and being assured that nothing had ever happened to a missionary, lay down on my cot, taking the precaution always adopted when traveling, of putting my purse in the farther end of the pillowcase and pinning it to the sheet so that any attempt to pull would awaken me. My servant lay on the floor beside me, and Dr. Yohannan was on a cot in the corner of the room. About one o'clock, my servant was awakened by a slight noise in the corner where the doctor lay and asked him if he needed anything, but there was no reply. He then turned towards the window and saw something that made him speechless with terror. A man had climbed up a ladder placed against the window and was holding a dagger right over me, while with the free hand he was about to feel under the pillow. My servant expected any moment to

see the dagger descend if I moved. Finally he recovered speech and gave a yell which so surprised the robber that he jumped down into the street. At the same time I sprang up and, looking out of the window, saw a man running up the lane with several men on the opposite roof watching. I shouted, "Thief! Catch him!" but they all disappeared. While we were looking out of the window, another thief, who had previously entered the room and gathered a bundle of stuff, took advantage of our distraction to make a wild leap into the lane, nearly knocking us over as he did so. He, too, ran up the street.

The noise awakened those on the roof, who came running to ask what was the matter. I told them to light the lantern as thieves had robbed us. We discovered that all they had had time to remove were my clothes, but that loss made me wonder whether I should have to stay in bed all day. Our pastor remarked, "That is the work of the Apinshai," a Kurdish tribe in the adjoining valley, noted as robbers and murderers. I told him he was mistaken, that it was the men of his own village, sorry as I was to believe it. Otherwise, why were dressed men standing on the opposite roof at one at night, unless they were there as accomplices, ready to give the thieves warning if anyone waked up? Why had they not chased the thieves instead of sneaking away? At that he admitted I was probably right.

When thieves have worked, they always scatter for a time and then meet before daybreak at a rendezvous to divide the spoils. As he already suspected Berkhu, a famous character in the village, he called some young men and told them to watch the different lanes that led into the village without letting anyone see them and report who came in before morning. About three o'clock one of the watchers saw this very Berkhu coming along with a

bundle under his arm. When he had passed, our man quietly slipped out from his hiding place and followed Berkhu until he entered his house. Hiding near the wicker door, he heard the father and mother, who were awake, say, "What ashes have you put in our eyes tonight?" (An idiom meaning, what mischief have you been up to?) The man's wife either heard something or saw a shadow and said, "Hist," so that silence followed. That, however, under the circumstances, was proof enough, for in the East they get at things in a much quicker and more direct way than here. Circumstantial evidence, which is usually right, is sufficient to convict a man. What added to the strength of this evidence was the fact that a *malik*, a sly old fox, in Tkhuma Gawaia, the village below, had used this same Berkhu the previous year to rob a French priest who had gone through, and before that Colonel Bell of the British forces in India, who had visited us when we were living in Salmas.

Early the next morning some of the men went to Berkhu's house and began to loosen the stone on the roof so as to set it on fire. Berkhu objected and asked why they were firing his house. "You know well enough," they replied. When he saw they were not going to desist, he again objected. They then told him that if he would make an honest confession and give the names of his accomplices, they would spare the house. This he did and they returned with the names of two other men, each from a different village.

Early in the morning a man by the name of Khoja Sulciman who lived in Gundicta called on me and after expressing great indignation and shame at the insult offered me, begged me to come to his house until the matter was cleared up, adding that he feared the affair was far more serious than I knew. He also

advised me to dispatch a messenger to our pastor in Tyari, the district below, asking whether he thought it safe for me to go there. Because of the uncertainty, there seemed no use in retaining my Bas muleteers.

Khoja Suleiman, to my surprise, brought me a new suit of broadcloth which he asked me to use until my clothing was recovered. But as Mrs. Coan had sent some extras when she found I was to be away all winter, I thanked him and said I could get along. He then ordered his men to pick up my belongings, and we went to his house where he gave me a room and asked me to remain in it all day while he worked on the case. Just a word about this man, who, several years before, had gone to Paris, remaining thirteen years and becoming well educated and fluent in French. He had returned as a Roman Catholic but had never attempted to proselytize. A man of fine character and good judgment, he was highly respected all through the mountains and often called in by the Patriarch to help settle quarrels between the tribes. No host could have been more considerate or kind, and I was very glad later to be able to make a gift as a token of my appreciation. He was gone all day, and at night as I sat in the room two men entered without a sound, with faces well masked, and kneeling before me laid down a bundle and walked out. When I opened it, I found all my clothing, except a pair of long woolen socks which they had kept for coverings for their rifles and a pair of plated cuff links.

Late that night our pastor arrived from Tyari and said the road was closed. As he had come through the gorge he had run into a band of over sixty armed men. When he asked what they were doing at that time of night, they had replied that their sheep had been taken and that they were waiting until it was light

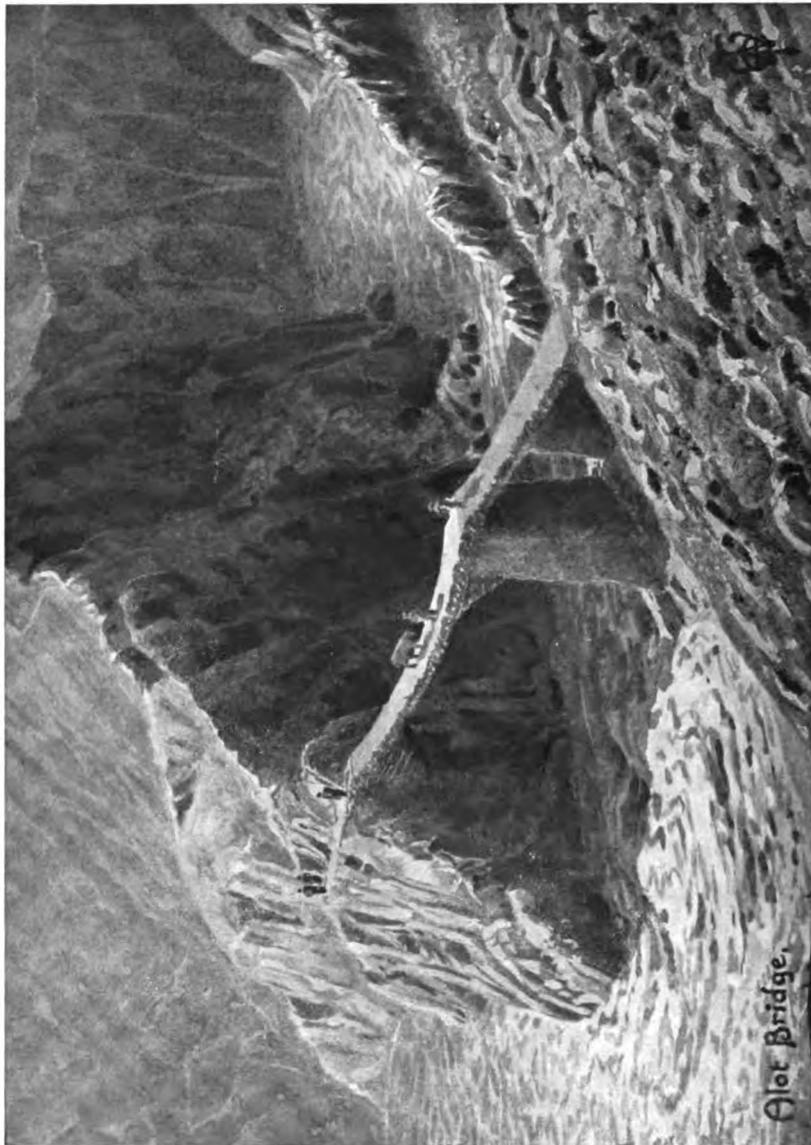
enough to trace them. He knew this was a lie, but as they would say nothing more he slipped past them and asked a man who had gone to the spring to drink. This man, after some hesitation, said, "A sahib has come to Tkhuma with three boxes of gold; we are here to rob him." The "three boxes of gold" were the three cases of medicine which were covered with tarred cloth. The report had gone out that they were filled with money which was to be used to help rebuild an important bridge that a flood had carried away. With such a situation, it seemed well to send a man up the valley through which I had come to see whether it was open, for it was fairly certain by this time that I was a prisoner. The man was sent by night with strict orders to let no one know his mission and to report what he saw and, above all, if there were men there to find out who was at their head. By this time we were fairly sure that Malik Baboo of Tkhuma Gawaia was the one responsible for the whole affair. It was on too large a scale to be the work of ordinary thieves.

Early in the morning our last messenger returned with the report that there were fifty-four men above who had been waiting for me two days and that when they had seen my discharged mules returning they had ripped their packs all to pieces searching for the gold. The most interesting news was that the brother of Malik Baboo was at their head. This made Khoja Suleiman furious. Blowing his horn, he summoned fifty of his own warriors, who came in all their war accoutrements, flint lock rifles, cartridge belts, bags of bullets, daggers, and swords. A picturesque group—they were happy to be called for an expedition that promised plenty of excitement.

When I asked my host what it all meant, he said, "That road above is my road, and I am not going to have any gang of dogs



KURDISTAN



Alot Bridge.

hold it up. I will take you through by force." "But," I said, "will it not mean a fight and bloodshed?" He replied, "Yes, indeed, the jolliest fight you ever saw." Needless to say I was unwilling to have any bloodshed on my account and told him there must be a better solution. Some suggested that we send everything of value out by a secret path at night, and if it went through safely we could follow the next night. But I did not relish sneaking out and told them so. I thought we might resort to some stratagem and begged him to disband his men. They were much disappointed at missing, not only a fight but also the liberal *bakhshesh* they naturally expected.

I then told my host I was going to invite Malik Baboo to dine with me that night. Accordingly, I sent an invitation asking him to honor me by being my guest and told my man to prepare a good meal. About seven o'clock the Malik came with some ten retainers, all dressed in their best and armed to the teeth. Malik Baboo was a handsome man, as fair as any Anglo-Saxon, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, a type seldom seen in the mountains. I believe these rare examples are descendants of the crusaders, for a fair number of them remained and married, settling in the land. Others agree with me in this conclusion. Malik Baboo was very effusive and expressed great indignation at the way I had been treated, and assured me he was my bosom friend and ready to do anything for me.

After supper, when he again affirmed his great friendliness, I said, "A friend is not supposed to rob his guest. Why are you holding up my road?" He expressed very great surprise and said it was a lie, that he had never robbed any man, much less me. "What then," I asked, "is your brother doing in the valley at the head of fifty-four men?" As he still denied all knowledge

of it, I looked at him seriously and said, "Malik Baboo, do you realize that your name is in bad odor in all Europa?" laying great emphasis on Europa. "Do you know that two great governments, France and England, with their king and queen (for it was in the days of Queen Victoria) are angry with you, one for the indignity offered its priest, and the other for the insult offered its colonel? And now do you wish the great government of America to ally itself with all Europa and send in their three great armies to wipe Tkhuma off the map? Remember, Malik, Europa is not to be trifled with."

It was comical to see the way he swelled with pride and a sense of his importance that all Europa should be talking about him. As he vowed that this was all a false charge made by his enemies and that the coast was clear, I told him I was very glad to take him at his word, and on the morrow would go up the valley. He left professing the deepest affection for me and sorrow at all that had happened.

I engaged my mules, and the next morning we made an early start. Just as we were about to move I noticed a man with rifle over his shoulder who slipped on ahead of us. I surmised that he was Malik Baboo's man and when my suspicion was confirmed, knew that my plan had worked. Khoja Suleiman insisted on giving me a guard of six men, two of them his brothers. When a few miles up the valley, I happened to look back and saw seven men following us. I did not think much of it until the next time I looked the number had risen to sixteen. I suspected something, but when I asked them where they were going they replied, "To look after our flocks above." "It is strange," I said, "that the sheep should have been without shepherds all this time; why don't you tell the truth? You are going along because you think

I am to be robbed and want a hand in it." Then drawing both my revolvers I said, "The job is off, and I give you just two minutes to get out of sight before I fire." I had noticed that they carried only daggers, which gave me the advantage. They lost no time in obeying, thus leaving the coast behind clear.

After a time, as we rounded a corner, one of our men who rode ahead turned a white face to me, and I thought he would fall off his mule. Pointing ahead, he said, "There they are; three masked men rose from behind these rocks, and as soon as they saw me dropped out of sight." He wanted to go right back, but I told him I preferred three men ahead to sixteen behind; if he was afraid, I would take the lead. I had no sooner done so than the man we had seen early in the morning came running down greatly excited and said, "Come on, come on, it is all right." Calling him to my side, I asked him if he was Malik Baboo's servant, and he said, "Yes." "Who then are those men up there?" "They have eaten dirt," he replied (idiom for humbled themselves). "Come on." "Look here," I warned him, "if you are here to lead us into an ambush, let me tell you you are a dead man, for I will shoot you first." That frightened him and he begged me not to shoot him. I reassured him that if I saw no signs of treachery and got through safely, he need fear nothing. He walked ahead of me, badly frightened, while I watched him closely. As we went a little farther, three masked men sprang up and one raised his rifle to fire in the air. Instantly Malik Baboo's man covered him, and I covered the servant. Even with all that excitement, my first thought was "Oh that I had a camera to record the scene." Malik Baboo's servant then shouted to the man who had raised his rifle, "Lower that gun, for if it goes off you are a dead man, and so am I." Sullenly he lowered his rifle

and the four drew to one side for a whispered consultation. Finally the Malik's man came back and said, "Come on, it is all right, but don't look to right or left; there are fifty-four pairs of eyes looking at you from behind the rocks."

When I asked what those three men were doing and what the raising of the gun meant, he explained that the gang was so large that, in order to avoid suspicion, all had kept out of sight but the three, who by firing off a gun were to give the signal when I arrived for all to fall upon me. My theory had been right. When Malik Baboo had seen he was caught, he had sent his servant ahead to tell the men the job was off and to keep out of sight as the secret was known. I was determined to get out of that valley, for I had been under terrific tension for hours, and therefore kept the mules going until we were well into the next district, when I dismissed my bodyguard with a present and went on, glad to say good-bye to Tkhuma.

I had had enough of villages; therefore we descended to the valley and camped under the shadow of a great rock and were up at three the next morning, and as the sun rose reached the Suppa Duric Pass and by night were at Memikan, Gawar. When I went to bid farewell to my muleteers, they had vanished. They were so frightened, for fear I should have them arrested as Tkhuma men, that they had left as soon as they had received their pay. I pushed on to Urumia, which I reached in a day and a half, and made my report which was accepted. It was a relief to know that the necessity for spending the winter in Tyari had passed. God brought me back to Urumia for a purpose, for that winter the work in the villages was unusually blessed.

Chapter XV

Journey to Kochanis with Mrs. Coan



N 1892 reports kept coming from England and the United States of a movement on the part of the Roman Catholic Church to absorb the whole of the Nestorian Church in Kurdistan. Newspaper clippings were sent us telling how negotiations had been conducted between the Patriarch of the Nestorian Church, Mar Shimoon, and the Pope, for the union of this ancient church with that of Rome. At first we could not think such a thing possible, for there is a great chasm between the Nestorian Church, the purest of all the Oriental churches, and that of Rome, and years of continued effort on the part of the Church of Rome to win over this group to its doctrines had failed. But as the reports increased, we were convinced there must be some real basis for them. The station asked me to visit the Patriarch and, if there was any foundation for such reports, to do all in my power to prevent the union.

It was very difficult to go at this time as all three of our children were sick with whooping cough and it did not seem right to leave Mrs. Coan alone with them. But the case was most urgent. Finally, after consulting with Dr. Cochran, who said

that a mountain trip might be very beneficial, we prepared to go, all five of us. As the accommodation in the Turkish villages was impossible, we took tents. One man rode the horse with *panniers* for the two older children and another carried the baby on a pillow in front of him. Via Salmas, with only one high range to cross, we made Van in seven easy stages. The last day the little boy began to fever and in Van grew worse. After two weeks he joined that great throng who with the angels do always behold the face of the Father in heaven. It was all the harder to lose him so far from home, and we shall always be most grateful to Mr. E. T. Allen, who was with us, for his offer to take the body back with him to Urumia where it could rest by the side of my brothers and sister on Mount Scir. The missionaries in Van, Dr. Raynolds with his associates, were most kind and sympathetic.

Owing to a runaway accident in which Mrs. Coan was badly hurt, we were detained several days beyond the time set to reach Kochanis. In the five days across magnificent mountains we saw only three villages. The fourth day was a long one, and as our *charvadars* did not know the way, I stopped at the encampment of one of the great Mesopotamian chiefs, Hajji Agha, to ask for a guide. Thinking he would soon be ready, I suggested to Mrs. Coan that she go on with the loads and I would soon overtake them. But I had not counted on my host, who thought it a great disgrace if I did not take a meal with him, and by the time a sheep had been killed and the rice cooked it was so late I was most anxious. We galloped until we reached two roads, where by mistake we took the wrong one. When we reached the village to which we thought they had gone, they were not there. Hence it was late when we found them with tent pitched and supper ready. After several experiences I may feelingly say that it is never safe

or wise for a party to separate when traveling in the East. I have never done so without regretting it. A woman less brave than Mrs. Coan would have been much worried at my delay.

The next day was also a long one, and at six o'clock we had just reached the top of the Berchella Pass, over twelve thousand feet high, with Kochanis far below us. I shall never forget that night, dark even though the stars shone brightly. A wild scene lay before us, high mountains, deep gorges, and valleys, with here and there on the mountain slopes the campfires of the shepherds. With our Turkish soldier in the lead, Mrs. Coan followed on her sure-footed horse, and behind them came the man with the children, while I walked by their side to help in case the horse slipped. Thus we felt our way down, the loads far behind us.

After a time we heard voices belonging to a caravan camped there and were told it was several hours' ride to Kochanis, but that an hour further on we would find an encampment of Turkish soldiers. Engaging a guide, we finally reached the camp, where the Turkish officer was most kind and welcomed me to his tent, sending Mrs. Coan with the children to his wife's tent. Supper was ordered and when we had finished our meal a tent had been pitched for us and bedding brought in. We were loathe to use it, but as it was very cold at that altitude there was no alternative. As the bedding was already occupied, there was little sleep for us. The next morning when we reached the Patriarch we were made welcome and a comfortable room was put at our service, with servants to wait on us.

As soon as we were settled, I made an official call on Mar Shimoon, who seemed much relieved to see me, but I did not then broach the subject of my visit as I wanted to see first the other members of his family, with whom he was not on good terms.

Permission was given for me to make the call. They, too, welcomed me and assured me I had arrived at a very critical as well as opportune moment. As the time drew near for taking this important step, handing the Nestorian Church over to Rome, he began to realize its serious consequences and was hesitating, as one who pauses when about to plunge into a stream uncertain of its depth. He was, therefore, very anxious to consult with someone, and hearing I was on the way had twice telegraphed to Van to learn when I would arrive.

When I called that afternoon, the Patriarch not only rose but stepped forward to meet me, and taking me by the hand asked me to sit by his side. After the usual *salaams* and inquiries as to our health, I asked to see him alone. The servants were dismissed and the door closed. After assuring him of our warm friendship and best wishes for his welfare and earnest desire to do all possible for the uplift of his nation, I thanked him for his cordial cooperation with us and the freedom he had given to open schools. I assured him of our friendship and that we always encouraged and urged, in all who were in touch with us, absolute loyalty to their Patriarch. I took occasion to remind him of all he owed Great Britain and America, of the friendship and assistance given and said, "Is it wisdom to exchange two such loyal friends for an unknown friend?" I then spoke of the purity of the Old Nestorian Church, and how all through the centuries it had suffered persecution rather than accept other doctrines.

I then asked him, "How is it possible for you to surrender such a church as that of which you are the spiritual head to one so opposed to all that you hold and believe?" He at first denied that there had been any such intention. At that I read extracts and articles clipped from the papers. In one of them a Catholic

paper spoke of the history of the Nestorian Church and how it had at last realized its errors and was ready to enter the bosom of the only true church. One article, which, as I remember, was from a Pittsburgh paper, spoke of the great triumph of convincing a whole church of its error, and then mentioned the great preparations that had been made to receive it into the fold of the Roman Catholic Church. Many priests were prepared to go to them and teach the ignorant people. In every valley thousands would be lined up, so that after being sprinkled with holy water they would be ready to accept the Holy Father as God's vicegerent. The day would be marked throughout the whole Catholic world as a day of jubilee, for when had it ever been able to gather in at one time over two hundred thousand converts?

Continuing, I told him that, aside from these reports that came from a distance, we had ample proof much nearer at hand that there was a good foundation for these rumors. At this the Patriarch made a clean breast of the whole plan and acknowledged that on September 16 the surrender was to have been consummated, adding, "But I have done it 'by the root of my ear,' (I was driven to it) and have done it to spite my cousins and the rest of the patriarchal family."

After showing him what a terrible mistake it would be to betray the church that had such a glorious past, I begged him to reconsider his step before it was too late. His answer was, "It is impossible to draw back. Many gifts have been eaten by us and the bishops and priests; how can we disgorge them?" He then showed me a gold watch as one of his gifts and asked what I thought of it. I insisted that the name and honor of a whole church was too sacred to be bartered away for a few watches and cheap jewelry, and that he would be charged with base ingrati-

tude towards the missions that had so long befriended him in trial and danger, and could never remove the stigma that would attach itself to his honored name. As all my arguments seemed to fail, I turned to him with deep feeling and said, "Mar Shimoon, do you know what it cost us to make this journey at this time? It cost the life of a dear son."

At that he broke down and cried, saying, "I turn the whole matter over to you and will follow your advice." He called his scribe and commanded him to write whatever statement I wished to make, saying he would sign it and see that word was sent all through the mountains in time to prevent this fatal step. I composed the following: "From the Patriarch of all the Assyrian nation, greetings and salutations to his flock. Be it known to all who hold the holy faith and doctrines of our church, that certain persons have circulated ill-advised reports concerning our faith and religion. They have even gone so far as to assume that we are ready to accept the creed and doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church and deny that which has been our glory and pride for many centuries. Our doctrines are so far apart that such a step would be impossible. Nor can we ever forget nor cease to be grateful to our true friends who have stood by us for many years and defended us against our enemies. These friends, the English and American missionaries, have never asked us to change the faith handed down by our fathers. They have worked with us, suffered with us, and died for us. Whereas they found us many years ago surrounded by enemies, with the light of our faith flickering, they brought to us God's Word which they have put into the hands of our people. They found us in darkness and brought us into the light. Be it known then to our diocese, that as a denial of these false reports, I ask all who stand by their Patriarch, as

proof of their loyalty, to subscribe to this letter by affixing their seals. This letter is being sent by the hand of my friend Mr. Coan, and anyone refusing to subscribe to it will be excommunicated."

When I took the letter the next day to the Patriarch for his signature, I learned to my chagrin that he had already left for Julamerk, four hours away, to confer with a Catholic priest who had been very active in the whole movement. I ordered mules and started for Julamerk, having no idea how long I would be gone. There I found Mar Shimon at the house of the Roman Catholic priest. As I entered, the Patriarch came from the far end of the room to greet me. Mar Shimon asked for the paper, which he read aloud with evident delight, saying, "Why did you not make it stronger? Add one thing, that 'henceforth we are all Americans.'" I thanked him for the great honor, but said that would weaken the whole force of the paper and make the people think I had come there to do what the Catholics had attempted. I want here to emphasize this point, for we have always worked in harmony with the Nestorian Church and have held it in great esteem, our only wish being to bring it back to the spiritual condition it enjoyed in its early history. Our aim has never been to make it Presbyterian. I have also emphasized this in my conversation with members of the Old Nestorian faith who have expressed deep gratitude for what I did to save the Church.

After breakfast the Patriarch called his most trusted servant, a man who always accompanied him on his visits to his diocese, and told him to go with me and see that all the districts were visited and that the signatures of the leading men were secured. We were gone about two weeks. The usual program when we reached a village was to call together all its leaders, priests and village heads, in their place of council, often the shade of a wal-

nut tree. After the usual salutation and questions as to the health of their beloved Patriarch had been answered, the letter was passed around, each man kissing it and then pressing it to his forehead as a mark of respect before it was read. Of course only the signatures of the leading men were needed, and these, with one exception, said, "We are loyal to Mar Shimoon and obedient to his command."

With my mission completed, I returned to Kochanis for the trip back to Urumia. The Patriarch was much pleased with the successful conclusion of the affair. During my absence, Mrs. Coan had made the acquaintance of the good women at Kochanis and endeared herself to all of them so that it was with genuine sorrow we said good-bye and started for Urumia. Two days brought us to Gawar where we secured a Turkish *zaptieh* and went home via Murb' Eshu, mentioned in connection with my first tour.

Arrived there, we pitched our tents below the village and little realized the excitement and trouble ahead of us. The day after our arrival my servant came to say that Hessu Beg, a noted Kurd who lived in a village in the valley below and who was about as sly a rascal as I have known, was coming to make a call. I ordered the other tent made ready and had tea and coffee prepared by the time he arrived, accompanied by twelve followers with sharp, cruel, wolfish faces.

While they were drinking their tea, one of our helpers, Pastor Eshu, came in. Hessu began to complain because the pastor had slipped through the quarantine lines that had been established to protect Turkey from cholera, and threatened to kill him. This made me angry. In the first place, I happened to know that our pastor had not been in Urumia, where there was cholera, but in Tergawar. I also knew that Hessu had taken a bribe from him

to let him through; furthermore, it was an insult to me. I told Hessu he had come as a guest and had been treated with hospitality and that if he laid hands on our man I would report him to the Turkish government. (I knew that there were two officers in the village at the time.)

Kasha (Pastor) Eshu was very much frightened. The Kurds left in evil humor and had hardly gone before we discovered that they had stolen several things, among them my servant's purse with the keys to all our chests. Thereupon I went up to the village to the *dewankhana*, place of justice, where Hessu and his followers were seated with the leading men of the village and the two Turks. I lodged my complaint against Hessu and told of the insult he had offered me and asked them to see that no harm befell the pastor who was with me. The Turks cursed Hessu and his men and told them to get out and mind their own business.

It was then quite dark and, as soon as I saw them driven out, I feared they might go to the tents and do some harm to Mrs. Coan and the children. Hence I hurried out, a lot of men following me, with poor Kasha Eshu much afraid staying close to me. Soon I heard a scuffling and, looking back, saw Hessu with raised dagger just about to strike the pastor, whom I saved only by throwing myself between them. To the men's inquiry, "What shall we do?" I said, "Beat them." They had suffered so much from the depredations of this rascal that they were only too willing to take it out under my protection and the blows began to rain on the Kurds' heads and backs.

Just then someone jerked me into a house and closed the door, saying, "Stay in here until it is over as something may happen out there." But having in mind those undefended tents, I rushed out. The path was narrow and so dark I could hardly see my way.

Suddenly a man sprang up right in front of me with drawn dagger. I recognized Hessu. "So you are going to kill me, are you?" I demanded. As soon as he recognized my voice, he fell at my feet and begged pardon. One of his brothers had been badly beaten and he was lying in wait to kill the first man from the village he should see. But he did not want me and ran off.

I found the people in camp much excited as they had heard the commotion and wondered what was up. Several men came down and kept guard all night for fear the Kurds might return. Early the next morning we heard the alarm and report that Hessu had stolen the village flock. I went to the village and begged the officer to send his men down to help recover it. Men and women with guns ran down to the valley below and soon we heard firing.

Then someone came up and said that Hessu had been shot and was being brought to the village. I went to meet them. Sure enough, there he was on the back of a man, looking very pale. I had him put under a tree and examined the wound. It was simply a flesh wound, a shot having passed right through the leg above the knee. After bandaging the wound the best I could, I told him that if he would stay a few days I would do all possible for him as I feared that, without proper treatment, the wound would become infected and serious results might follow. He thanked me, but after resting mounted his horse and rode away.

When the Turkish soldiers returned, I asked them what had happened. The officer, a Circassian and a dead shot, said that they had overtaken Hessu and his men carrying off the sheep and had told them to abandon their booty, whereat Hessu had turned and fired. The officer replied that if he shot again he would put a bullet through his leg and knock his horse over. When Hessu paid no heed, he made good his threat, firing a bullet that just

grazed the horse's neck in such a way as to stun him without seriously wounding him and then bored a hole through Hesse's leg.

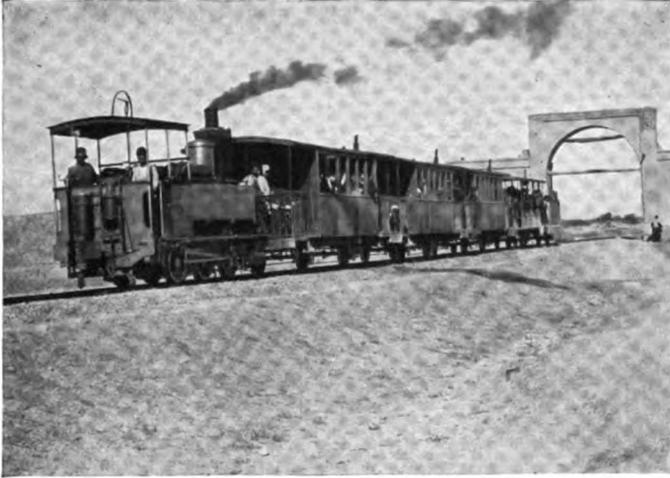
As I feared Hesse might go to Dizza, Gawar, and make out a false report which would bring down Turkish soldiers who would be only too glad of an excuse to fleece the village, I begged some of their men to go with me at once to make a true report to the government. Soon over twenty were ready, agreeing it was the right thing to do, but before we had gone a mile their number dwindled to two. I told them if they did not care, I certainly was not going to ride two extra days to help them and turned back. As it turned out, Hesse did eventually come and demand as blood money sheep, honey, melted butter, and some jackets which the people had to give.

Knowing that in Hesse we had an enemy who might make trouble, I decided to engage the services of another outlaw, Derwish Agha, to take us through Hesse's camp which lay several miles above his village. We sent for Derwish Agha and he agreed, for a certain sum per man as well as good *bakhsheesh* for himself, to undertake the job and if Hesse appeared make him "eat his father." Malik Yosip of Tyari, who was with us, did not like the looks of Derwish Agha or his men and said, "They will make us trouble before we are through." When, several miles below the village, they demanded their pay, I told them they had not completed their job and I would pay them only when they had finished. They then tried to double the price agreed on and demanded food. We gave them breakfast, but they continued in an ugly mood. While the discussion was going on, I happened to think that Mrs. Coan might be anxious, for it looked as if we were to be robbed. When I turned to reassure her, I found she had dismounted and was deeply interested in a book—not much

frightened surely. I have never seen a calmer, braver woman.

After a tiresome delay, we finally started again and came to a road that would lead us by a short cut over a very steep, high mountain into Tergawar thus avoiding Hessu entirely. At that point I dismissed the Turkish *zaptich* as we would soon be in Persian territory. Well up the ascent, I heard shouting and saw two Turkish soldiers climbing as fast as they could and ordering us to stop. As I had no intention of doing so, we pushed on, hoping to get ahead of them. But one of them overtook us and, swearing, said angrily, "What right have you to take this road instead of reporting at our camp?" Our *zaptich* had reported that an Effendi with family had gone the other way, and it was too good a chance for the hungry Turk to miss. I refused to go back, for it was a long, hard ride, and we had taken this short cut simply to avoid Hessu with whom we had had trouble. I called the man nearer and slipped some money into his hand, saying, "This is for your trouble." It was amusing to see the change that came over his face when money reached his palm. His companion had already begun to throw off the loads, saying they must be examined. But when he saw money he stopped. Just when they were pacified, their officer arrived very much heated and angry and talked in a very insolent manner. I told him he had no right to talk that way to me as we were taking a regular road. I called him closer as if to shake hands and left a coin in his palm. He, too, beamed and said they felt badly to think I had not stopped at their camp to partake of his hospitality.

No sooner had we shed them than our Kurdish escorts began to rob us. They took a dagger from Malik Yosip and a watch from my servant. But when I rode up and said, "Now rob me, for it is the same thing," and demanded what they had taken,



FIRST RAILWAY BUILT IN PERSIA
NEAR TEHERAN



MISSION CEMETERY AT MOUNT SEIR

they desisted. I was never so glad to shake the dust of Turkey off my feet as that day and then and there vowed that never again would I take a woman and children into such lawless places. However I shall always regard my service to the Nestorian Church as one of the best it has been my privilege to perform for the Assyrian nation.

We stopped in Tergawar for the night and reached Urumia next day to find that the station had moved to Seir owing to cholera. We were the guests of the dear Cochrans, and our common sorrow, each in the loss of a child, for whooping cough had also claimed one of theirs, drew us closer together than ever before. No bonds could have been more sacred and precious than those that held us the rest of our lives.

Chapter XVI

Archdeacon Nouri and the Discovery of the Ark



ONE IS apt to meet with some very interesting characters in the East, one of whom comes to mind and is worth describing. About thirty-five years ago when dear Dr. Cochran was living, one of our Assyrian friends told us of a very interesting guest who had dropped in on him, by the name of Archdeacon Nouri. He had come from Malabar in southern India where there are today some five hundred thousand Nestorians, a remnant of the work of the Nestorian missionaries, who in the very early centuries carried the Gospel to India and far beyond. Archdeacon Nouri said he had been sent by them to be consecrated as Bishop over them, by the Nestorian Patriarch Mar Shimoon, who as Patriarch of all the Nestorians in Kurdistan and Persia lived in Kochanis, Turkey, five days' travel from Urumia.

Archdeacon Nouri had a long and difficult journey, entirely on foot, except for the sea voyage. Before he reached Teheran, the capital of Persia, he was robbed on the way of the little he had, but on reporting it to the government, the Shah, Nasr-ed-Din,

who was king at that time, gave him about fifty dollars to continue his journey. As it was winter when he traveled he often got wet and was not allowed in the inns, as any Christian whose clothes are damp is considered unclean and would defile the Moslem if he came near him.

The report of our friend was so interesting we asked him to bring his guest to us. One day the servant brought in his card and we welcomed him to our home. He was certainly an extraordinary character. Physically rather slight and fair in complexion, his face was very refined and reminded us very much of paintings of Christ we had seen. His hands were delicate, more like a woman's than a man's; his dark hair fell over his shoulders and his clothing was a black *aba* as an outer garment.

The account of his many and varied experiences all over the world was so interesting it was late afternoon before we realized it. It was stormy, and as we lived some distance from the city, we had a room prepared for him at the hospital for the night, and sent him his supper. As it was impossible to reach Kochanis in the winter he finally became our guest for three months. His travels covered Australia, Africa, China, and all the countries of Europe, where he said he had met most of the crowned heads. He could speak twelve languages fluently.

In America he had called on Theodore Roosevelt, and other notables, and then went to Chicago where he attended the sessions of the Parliament of Religions that was conceived by Dr. Barrows and held during the World's Fair, lasting ten days. Here was a chance to check up on him as I had attended that parliament and had two volumes giving its records. Among those who had been photographed we found his picture. From Chicago he made his way to California, lecturing by the way as well as in

California. Among other claims he said he was a lineal descendant of Nebuchadnezzar, and he had over one hundred titles.

Dr. Cochran had a sister living in California at that time and he wrote asking her to look up the contemporary newspapers and see whether Archdeacon Nouri had been mentioned. Again we had proof of his integrity, for the papers spoke of a very strange, unique character who had been there lecturing on various subjects and among others, of his discovery of the ark, and that he had been put into an insane asylum. His account of that experience is as follows: "I was the guest of a wealthy man when one day two physicians came in, and after looking at me said, 'You are a very sick man and must go right to a hospital for treatment.'"

He denied there was anything the matter, but they put him into a cab, and after a long drive came to a great stone building and he found he was in an insane asylum. In spite of protests he was put into a cell and feared he would become really insane if left there.

Most fortunately, after a few days a lady, who had heard him lecture, recognized him and asked how he happened to be there. He told her and begged her to secure his release, which was done. "But," continued the Archdeacon, "my experience was well worth all I suffered, for it led to a wide investigation, and the government found that very many people who were perfectly sane, but wealthy, had been thrown into insane asylums so their relatives could secure their wealth. They were released, and these institutions closed."

Now for the story of his wonderful discovery of the ark. He said he had made three attempts to scale Mount Ararat before he succeeded. At last his toil was rewarded and he stood over-

whelmed and awed as he saw the old ark there wedged in the rocks and half filled with snow and ice. He got inside where careful measurements coincided exactly with the account given in the sixth chapter of Genesis. I could not but ask a rather mean question at this point, whether he saw Mrs. Noah's corset hanging up in her bedroom. The poor bachelor was puzzled, and after I told him it was something women wore he said he had not noticed any clothing around.

We invited him to give a lecture on his marvelous discovery in the College Chapel, and missionaries, teachers and students filled the place and were most deeply interested. He sincerely believed he had seen the ark and almost convinced others he had.

He went to Belgium and tried to organize a company to take it to Chicago to the World's Fair, but they felt the risks of such a long journey were too great, in addition to the heavy expense of transporting it so far. He was much disappointed, for he knew it would be a great attraction, and that people from all over the world would go to see it. So there it lies! I never saw such a reader. Every day he would send down for books, and claimed he read them all.

As soon as spring arrived, and travel was possible he found a man to take him to Kochanis. Dr. Browne, one of the missionaries of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission was there at the time, and opposed his consecration. He finally made his way to Baghdad, and thence to India. Some time later we received a program of his consecration services with the names of several prominent speakers, and some two years after that came the news of his death. Let us hope he can really see the ark from his new home.

Chapter XVII

In Perils

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers,
in perils in the wilderness."



HERE were several minor tours to Kurdistan on which I shall merely touch. One was to Gawar and Kochanis with Rev. E. W. St. Pierre, who came out in 1887 with the McDowells. We aimed as far as possible to make an annual visit to the Patriarch. Mr. St. Pierre was one of the best preachers we ever had, achieving distinction never attained by any other Presbyterian missionary to Persia, that of preaching a sermon in Syriac, without any appreciable mistake, six months after his arrival.

In 1895 I was asked to go to Mosul to bring back Dr. E. T. Miller, our lady physician, who had been loaned to Mosul for the winter. This trip was destined to have some interesting experiences. I stopped for the night at a Kurdish village at the base of the mountains that led into Turkey. The people here were discourteous and seemed very rough so that we would have moved on had it not been too late to go several hours to the next village. That night three men got together and planned to follow me the next day, and at their usual place rob and kill me. While they

were talking, another man joined them, and when he heard of their plan told them that he was my special guardian and that they would have to kill him and his clan before they could touch me. It seems he had been in our hospital at one time, and, having been cured by Dr. Cochran, was so grateful that he was not willing to have a brother of Dr. Cochran (I was always called that) murdered. To make sure they did not carry out their plans, he kept guard outside of my tent all night, although I knew nothing of it at the time.

When I started the next morning I noticed a man following me at some distance, stopping whenever I did and maintaining the same distance between us until at noon he disappeared. On my return I found out that, fearing the men might change their minds, he had followed me until I had passed the danger zone.

Another day, as the mountain we were descending was very steep, I dismounted and walked while my Turkish *zaptieh* led my horse. As I came to the foot of the mountain, sixteen armed, masked men barred my way, leveling their rifles at me. One was no match for sixteen. My first thought was of my guard, to whom I called, "*Mohammed! chabook ole*" (Mohammed! hurry up). He dropped the horse and sprang into our midst, and, after cursing the robbers, told them they had no right to hold up any man in his care and that unless they disappeared immediately he would report them.

I learned a valuable lesson from this incident that I have used as an illustration of Christ's power to save us when assailed by evil. When I knew that I could not handle these men alone, my first thought naturally was that Mohammed could because his uniform showed that he was a government soldier. His presence saved me, for he knew how to handle those men. Is it not so with

temptation? We do not know the subtle language of Satan, nor can we meet him alone; but the moment we call Christ to our aid, Satan vanishes.

When we came back from Mosul with Dr. Miller, the *vai* insisted we take two *zaptiehs*, for he said the country was very unsettled, and gave us two splendid men. As we were descending a mountain one day, all of us dismounted and I noticed that my men were much excited. Having asked the use of my field glass, they handed it to me asking me to look at the river bed, which was rather well-wooded. There I saw several armed, mounted Kurds. They told me they were ugly characters, but that I need not be anxious as they could handle them. With orders to do just what they did, we went down, while Dr. Miller was asked to remain where she was until the coast was clear. When we were nearly at the foot of the descent, we leaped on our horses, and our guards, with raised rifles, made a dash right through the crowd and dropped behind a pile of stones on the other side that offered them shelter. The whole thing was so quickly done that the robbers had hardly recovered from their surprise before they found themselves covered with our rifles. When told to move on quickly lest they be fired on, they did not loiter, and when they were gone, we beckoned to Dr. Miller to come on.

The Kurds had a great respect for the Turkish soldier, for they knew that they would be severely punished if they killed one. The government would immediately send up soldiers to loot and destroy their village and bring in the murderers. At one time a soldier had been killed, and the governor called an officer and asked him how many men he needed to punish the village and bring in the murderers. He replied, "Six will be enough." With these men he went to the village, walked right into the tent

of the chief and, although he was surrounded by over twenty followers, stepped right up, knocked him down, and told the men to tie him up. He then walked off with the chief and ten of his followers, with not a man daring to raise his hand in protest.

When a foreigner is traveling in Turkey he has a right to a soldier called a *zaptieh*, as escort and guard, and should secure a paper from headquarters giving him the right to one. I am glad to be able to pay a high tribute to these *zaptiehs*, who have without exception been able, obliging and brave and who would die if necessary to protect their charges. These soldiers know every road and short cut, the character of the villages, and if a thing is to be had in the way of food or accommodation they can secure it.

In our many journeys together I have had many pleasant chats with them and when they knew they could trust me they have been frank to criticize the government that was by its oppressions, extortions, high taxes and massacres ruining their country. One day we passed a large village that a few years before had had a population of over a thousand, with one hundred yoke of oxen to till the fields and that paid the government a tax of over one thousand *liras*, or about five thousand dollars. It lay in ruins, with only two yoke of oxen left. My *zaptieh* stopped and said, "Look at that village," and then told me what the government used to receive from it. "Now," he said, "the government asks us to go and collect the taxes. Can you get taxes from ruins and ashes?" When the *zaptieh* had finished he cursed the government under his breath. During the massacres a noted Kurdish sheikh we knew well and who had half a dozen villages with Christian subjects, was ordered to massacre them all. He paid no attention to the command until the government sent word that

if he did not obey he would be punished. His reply was as follows, "When a man has a large flock of sheep, he feeds and cares for them, and in return gets wool for clothing, meat, cheese, milk and butter for food. If he kills the flock where will these come from?" Unable to carry out the command, he told the chiefs of the villages, with tears in his eyes, that he would hold things back until they could escape and thus opened the way for them to Persia.

I can accept the saying, "The Turkish soldier is the best in the world," for none treated as they are would fight as they do. When the Turkish force that was in Urumia during the War left on the arrival of the Russians, they left some twenty men, wounded and sick, with no one to care for them. They would all have died had we not taken them to our hospital and cared for them until they were able to leave.

What a vast change has taken place under the ablest ruler in Europe, Atatürk, who has single-handedly torn up the Treaty of Sèvres which would have divided Turkey among the European powers. He has put it back on the map, with the marvelous changes that have taken place, so that it is now one of the great powers of the world.

Another tour to Van and then south to Soujbulakh was made in company with Rev. Charles S. Blackburn, who came out with Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Speer in 1896. Mr. Blackburn was a very spiritually-minded man and in the short term he was in Persia left a strong impression on all he met. Then I made two tours to the mountains with Rev. C. C. Sterrett. On one of them I was taken very ill in Bas and it was an unspeakable comfort to have him with me. Later, when he was touring alone in Kurdistan, he had an experience near Hassan that was enough to break any

man. His party was held up in a forest and then told to proceed to a lonely ravine, expecting any moment to be shot from behind. For hours their lives hung by a thread, for the robbers could not agree. Finally one of our helpers who was with them made a most eloquent plea and, on promising that they would not report their robbery to the government, they were released. Even these unscrupulous murderers trusted the word of Christians. When they arrived very late at night after such an experience, their drawn faces and haggard looks told the story, though nothing was ever said to the Turkish government.

Later I toured again from Urumia to Van via Gawar. At Dizza I asked for one *zaptich*, but the *ķaimakam* insisted on giving me two of his most trusted men, as the country was very unsettled. My guards were unusually fine, companionable, courteous, and efficient. We rode all day, stopping at a village for the night, and the second day continued our way through the mountains. It was April and everything looked beautiful in its spring garb. The mountains were green and hundreds of sparkling streams rushed noisily and merrily down from the melting snows, while the wild flowers made the hillsides look like a richly variegated carpet.

Late in the afternoon we crossed a beautiful river and ascending the mountain hoped to reach a small Christian village before sunset. Not long after leaving the river we met an ugly group of well-armed, mounted Kurds, who looked as though they longed to rob us. Our guards looked them straight in the eye, with rifles handy, and we rode right through them. They told me they were a bad lot, who, they feared, might yet make us trouble, and would certainly have robbed me had I been alone. Finding it was too late to reach our objective, we stopped at a small Kurdish village, Charduran. Since there was nothing possible in the way of rooms

and the stables were unthinkable, the *zaptiehs* suggested I pitch my tent by a spring near the village, assuring me it would be safe.

Our three horses and four baggage mules were tethered in front of the tent. I invited the village heads to come and drink tea with me, and when they were leaving asked for two guards. They demurred, saying I already had two soldiers, but I told them that as I was their guest I wanted two men from the village whom I would pay and that I would hold the village responsible if anything happened. It was so cold, our altitude being over seven thousand feet, that when the guards came I told the *zaptiehs* one could sleep in the tent, while his companion kept guard, changing places every two hours. As I felt uneasy, I did not fully undress and slept with my revolver under my pillow.

About midnight I was awakened by a bright glare and found that the two village guards had made a big fire to keep warm. I told them it would make us visible for miles around and had it put out. An hour later I was again awakened, this time by two shots in succession, and from the noise and confusion knew that all seven of our animals had been stampeded. Jumping to my feet, I rushed to the tent opening and fired in the direction of the retreating animals. The large flock of sheep near the village stampeded, dogs began to bark, and there was a great hullabaloo. Just then Muslim rushed to my side and fired and asked where his companion Mohammed Chaush was. Since he had been on guard, I thought that possibly he was following the robbers. The village guards were nowhere in sight, a circumstance which looked suspicious. The Assyrian doctor with me was much frightened and said, "We shall all be killed. Let us run to the village." To that I replied that that would give a fine chance for

others who might be lurking around to loot the tent. We had lost enough as it was.

Just then my foot hit something that sent a chill down my back and gave me a horrible, sick feeling. I said to Muslim, "My friend, your companion lies at my feet." When we had secured a light, sure enough, there the poor man lay, his feet inside and body outside of the tent. At this discovery the doctor frantically fled to the village. I called for help and we carried the wounded man to a stable where it was warm. Then I ordered the servant to pack up and fold the tent and remove everything to the village. When this was done, suspecting that the village had knowledge of the affair, I walked off to one side and fired a shot into a pile of rocks behind the tent. Up jumped a number of men who had been in hiding, thinking to take advantage of the confusion to loot the tent.

I then went to the stable to see whether there was any help for the wounded Mohammed. Examination revealed two wounds and confirmed my theory that the guard had been just inside of the tent, and on hearing the robbers coming, had lifted the flap of the tent to see. One bullet had been fired through the arm that was raised, passing into his neck, and the other had entered his shoulder. Both shots had taken effect. We loosened his clothing and I asked the doctor to give him some brandy, which I always carried for an emergency; but he refused, saying that the man was mortally wounded and if he gave him anything before he died it would be said he had poisoned him. I asked for some milk, but he was unable to swallow. I said, "Mohammed, I cannot say how sorry I am; had I been a little quicker I would have been the victim; it has been your life instead of mine." With a smile he

said, "*Effendim*, my lord, this is the end of every soldier and I am glad they got me and not you."

It shows what quick work these robbers can do and what good shots they are that they had been able to hit him when they were on the gallop. There was no more sleep for us that night, and by morning the poor fellow breathed his last. I could not but recall our last lunch together, the stories told, and the happy time we had had the day before. Such is the life of the Turkish soldier. He expects to die on duty and accepts his lot as *kismet*, the will of God.

Just before morning I learned that the four mules were in the village. We had hired these of a Kurdish officer in Gawar so that as soon as they were recognized the animals were freed and returned. The robbers knew that otherwise they would be traced by the mules. Long afterward a Kurd who was in our hospital, told Dr. Cochran he knew the robbers and where they had taken the horses. In the morning we went to Bashkalla, a government center four hours' distant, where there was a *mutaserif*, a governor whose rank is below that of the *vali*. He agreed that without doubt the village had had a hand in the attack and was in league with the robbers. Accordingly he had several of the leading men of the village arrested and thrown into prison.

At Van I reported the matter to the *vali*, who, seeing how badly I felt over the death of the *zaptieh*, said "*Oghlum*, my son, we must all die; it was the will of Allah and he was doing his duty." When he learned the value of the three horses, he paid me in full for them. Muslim was delighted, for without my claim he would never have received anything. When I returned I called on the widow of Mohammed to express my sympathy and hand her her husband's share of the indemnity, to which I had added

something. She appeared very cheerful and after thanking me told me that two weeks after her husband's death she had married his brother.

One tour that was made early in the spring showed me in a very realistic way the dangers one incurs in crossing the rapid mountain rivers on the very crude rafts available. We were coming up from Mosul and had reached Tyari where the Greater Zab flowed deep down in its gorge between us and our next stage in Chal. Before we started, I saw with my field glasses that the raft was working. Therefore we descended a long way to the river bed, but only to find that the current had swept the raft so far down that we had a long wait ahead of us. It was very hot, and the horses were dripping with blood caused by the fierce flies that attacked them.

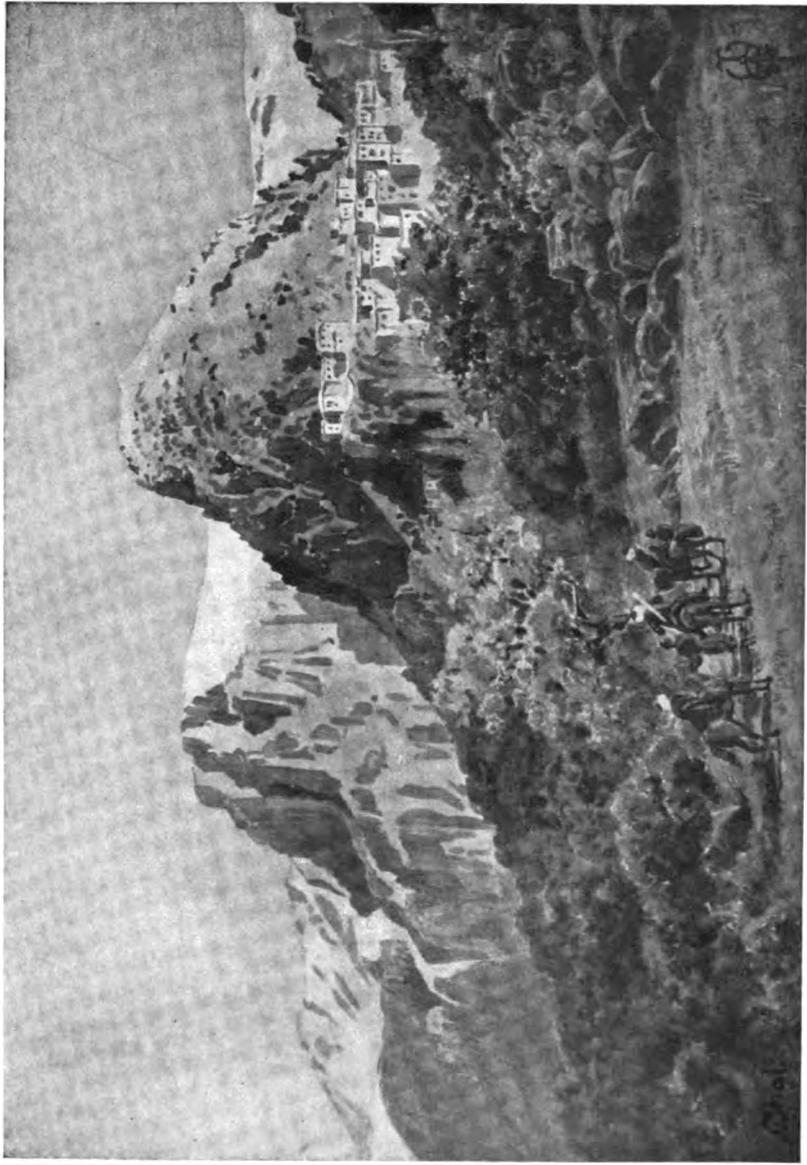
Finally the owner of the raft, a very mean man, arrived with his brother and asked what we wanted. When I told him it was very evident, he swore and said it was a holy day and he would not run the raft. I told him that if the holy day did not work against ferrying Kurds over I did not see why it should against us. After a long parley he agreed to take us across, and as we did not know the road on the other side his brother was to act as guide. That meant that he had to go to the village and have some bread baked. So the precious hours passed and it seemed as though we would never get started. The ferry was small and the river very swift so that he could take only one man and his belongings at a time, with one horse swimming behind.

On each trip the raft was carried a long way down and had to be hauled back again. I remained to the last and as I had been told this man, a priest, had already murdered his own father and brother, thought it well to be on the safe side. His rifle being left

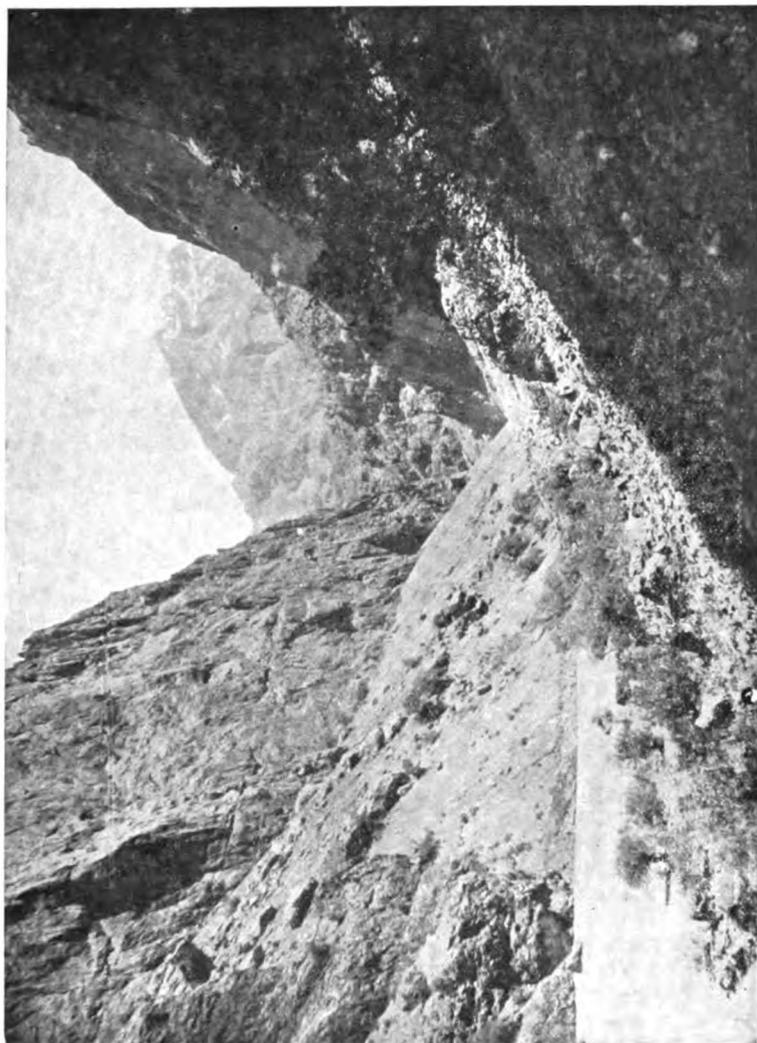
in my care, I filled the barrel with water while he was away, and when I knew the charge was wet emptied it again. My turn to cross came at last, but the load horse broke loose and went back twice, causing much delay. Some horses have just as mean a streak as some men. It was only by tying my coat over his head and blind-folding him that we finally got him started. As we were tossed up and down in that boiling current, I could not but wonder how people ever got over safely. In midstream, for some unaccountable reason, the man holding the horse's halter let go. For a moment I was angry enough to have shoved the fellow into the river, but I was not certain he could swim. I thought we had lost the horse, but fortunately he followed our voices and landed on the right side, quite exhausted. I think I was perfectly justified in giving the ferryman a few cuts with my whip, reserving a more severe punishment for him until later. But he must have suspected something, for he refused to go on as guide.

It was very late when we were again loaded and started with a long steep climb ahead. None of us having eaten since early morning, we felt weak, and the load horse gave out. As even the removal of his load and pack saddle did not help, we scattered to find a little grass here and there and even gave him all the bread we had, but he would not go on. Finally, with one man pulling at the halter and two others on the ends of a rope we had slipped around his hind quarters, and with me shoving, we made the top, and there turned him loose in a herd of mules that belonged to the village to which we were going.

Some other experiences with rafts come back to mind. On one journey we reached a river which, while not swift, was very deep and cold. As we were wondering how we should cross, a boy about twelve years old and devoid of all clothing came along



CHAL—KURDISTAN



GORGE OF ISHTAZIN—KURDISTAN

and asked if we wanted to cross. When I asked where the ferryman was, swelling with pride and slapping his chest he replied, "I am the ferryman; what will you pay me to take you over?" We were three men with horses and loads. When the bargain had been made, he brought out from behind the bushes the strangest craft I had ever seen, nothing else in fact than the half of an immense gourd, as large as a washtub, which must have come from the same vine as Jonah's. The boy told us to strip and get ready. I objected that I had not agreed to swim, but he answered, "It is always wise to be ready for an emergency." "How safe is this anyway?" I queried. He cheerfully replied, "I drowned a man last week, but hope to have better luck today."

Undressing, I made a bundle of my clothes and then cautiously stepped into the frail shell, wondering what the motive power would be. He pushed the gourd in until the water reached his chin and then, resting his hands on the edge of his boat, kicked like a frog and soon had me across. When the men were all over, he divided the loads into small packages and in the same way brought all of them. The horses he tied head to head with their halters and then, whipping them into the stream, grabbed one by the tail and with a long switch kept them headed for us until over. The crossing took several hours and cost about one dollar, more than the usual price, yes, but was I not an honorable sahib?

On another occasion I saw a poor man, who did not have the two-cent fare, try swimming the river. Soon he disappeared from sight and drowned before our eyes. It was agony not to be able to help him. One time we were swept over two miles in one of the clumsy boats before we could make the landing. Imagine the time it takes a caravan with its loads to get over. How simple, cheap, and easy if they would only use a wire cable and pulley.

If there is any one thing that universally impresses the traveler in the East, it is the hard way in which everything is done, with physical strength and brute force taking the place of the brain. Then there is also a lack of that public spirit to which we owe so many improvements in the West.

Especially on tours in the early spring and fall did snowdrifts on the roads cause frequent difficulty. On one tour we reached Tkhuma tired and hungry, late at night, and were told that the road ahead was not yet open as some heavy snow banks blocked the way. As the Westerner is slow to admit the word *can't* into his vocabulary, we proceeded the next day, but well up the valley encountered a snow bank several hundred feet long and sloping steeply to the bottom of the valley. To cross it was very hard for my horse, a splendid animal. Several of us tried to steady him with ropes, but all of a sudden he began to slip, and, to avoid being dragged with him, we had to let go. He disappeared from sight. I crawled cautiously to the edge of the bank and to my great relief found he had fallen only ten feet and stood on all fours, unhurt. But how were we to ever get him up out of that trap? Finally, by leading him down the bed of the creek for a long way we did get him back on to the bank of snow and this time he succeeded in crossing it. As he had lost all his shoes in the fall, I had to reshoe him, having always with me extra horse shoes and nails and the necessary tools. In the last ascent before reaching the pass that looks over into Bas, we had over a mile of snow, but finally crossed it safely and reached the top of the pass, one of the highest in Kurdistan.

To our joy, as we looked far down into the Bas valley, we found all traces of snow gone. But in Bas we were told that while we had come that far, the Gelea d'Pughra was choked with snow

and no one had yet gone through. They added that our only way to get through would be to leave all the animals behind and take a different path not passable except to those on foot. Again I said, "We will try anyway." When we came down the valley to the opening of this narrow canyon, far below I saw some men and mules emerge. That looked encouraging. But a mountain mule is much smaller than a horse, as we soon found out. Our first obstacle was a snow bank packed closely from wall to wall of the canyon with a tunnel under it. We removed loads and packs, thereby managing to squeeze the animals through, with my wise horse actually crouching to make himself lower.

Our next obstacle was a snow bank where the tunnel was entirely too small and one had to make his way along one edge. Here by cutting and widening the passage we again got through. But we soon came to another obstruction, where the only way was to go over. As the edges of the snow had broken off, we had to gather and pile up stones to a height of over ten feet before the horse could get up. Once over number three we were out of the woods and that night rested in Boobawi where Dr. Cochran and I had stopped years before.

No one could have had a more thrilling experience or more narrow escape than Dr. McDowell. He had reached the top of a high pass, and before descending to the valley had stopped a few moments to have a word of prayer with the group of young men who had accompanied him to that point as most of them were to return and only seven were to remain with him. Having commended themselves to God, they had just parted when there was a report like that of many cannon and a mass of thousands of tons of snow broke loose, carrying him and his companions in its track. They were in complete darkness and twisted and whirled

in every direction. Dr. McDowell said he felt as though every bone in his body was being broken. Snow filled his ears, eyes, nose, and mouth. The latter was so packed that he had to dig it out with a knife. In less time than it has taken to tell, they landed with a crash in the bottom of the valley, from which it usually took two hours to climb to their starting point. When they stopped, he and a school boy were the only ones in sight. Before starting, Dr. McDowell had handed his heavy coat to the boy to carry and had also put what seemed to be a bundle of old newspapers into the sack he carried on his back. Dr. McDowell's first question was, "Where is that bag?" I don't wonder the boy was rather angry at his anxiety over a bundle of old papers, for he did not know that in the package there was considerable gold that was being taken to the helpers.

· Soon they saw something moving and dug out one man. After working a long time, they found all the rest but one. Poor fellow, he remained in his icy grave until the following August. The school boy asked his brother to pasture his sheep in that valley and follow the snow as it melted, so that months later he recovered the body and found the bag which he returned to Dr. McDowell. He might easily have kept it, and no one would ever have known, but he was honest. Dr. McDowell found he had broken two or three ribs and badly sprained his knee and yet was forced to travel for several days in that condition to reach Van, where medical aid was obtainable.

· In my early tours to Mosul through the mountains that lie between the Persian border and the upper Mesopotamian plain, I noticed that the people had never heard of the potato and were having a hard time raising enough millet and corn to keep themselves alive. So I planned one trip for early in the spring and,

hiring two extra horses, took along six hundred pounds of potatoes. We made short stages, and in each village, after calling the leading men together, I showed them the potato, spoke of its value, and asked whether they cared to have me plant a small patch for them. They eagerly agreed, and so all through, from Khani on the Lajan plain to the city of Ravanduz, potatoes were planted. I asked the people not to eat the first crop but to save them for seed.

A few years later, having forgotten all about my potatoes, I was taking the same trip. In the evening at the first village my cook brought on a plate of deliciously fried potatoes. I expostulated with him for making our loads any heavier by bringing potatoes from home. Then he told me he had found the potatoes in the village. As we traveled on from day to day, I found potatoes everywhere, and was told that they were so popular that villages off the road had come and begged for seed so that potatoes had been quite generally introduced. I consider that my potato sermon, and possibly one of the best I ever preached.

From the experiences narrated, the reader will realize that touring in Kurdistan was accompanied by some danger and considerable discomfort and weariness. Much that might otherwise have been enjoyable was spoiled by the abnormal suspicion and constant espionage of the Turks, and the many petty annoyances to which the traveler was constantly subjected. Those who have followed the flight of William S. Brock and Edward F. Schlee will remember that Turkey is the only country where they were held up and finally allowed to proceed only on condition that they follow the railway track, even though that took them hundreds of miles out of their way. But as I look back, there were no happier times in my life than when climbing those lofty moun-

tains or wandering through their deep gorges, and meeting the childlike people who preferred freedom in their barren, rocky homes to all the luxuries of the plain. God was very near in those marvels of His creation, and the great joy of carrying the message of the Gospel of His Son to those brave, simple-minded Christians so far outweighed the weariness and danger that they sink into insignificance.

Above all, it was an opportunity that will never come again, for today in those mountains and valleys there is no voice of man or laughter of children to break the silence; in place of happy villages nestled in among the vines and fruit trees, there is only ruin, and silence broods over all.

Chapter XVIII

The Seven Months' Tour



IN MARCH, 1895, Mrs. Joseph P. Cochran, who was to me the sister I had lost in my boyhood, was called home. Shortly after the funeral, Mrs. Coan and I were alone one evening after the children had gone to bed. We were both thinking of Dr. Cochran in his bereavement and thinking the same thing: what less could we do than to have Mrs. Coan mother the Cochran children. When we broached the subject to Dr. Cochran he broke down, saying, "I couldn't have hoped for anything like that." He begged Mrs. Coan to consider all that was involved in adding five children to her own household. But she always had the will and some how found the time to be doing for others; her decision was made, and nothing ever made her happier than thus to ease Dr. Cochran of one anxiety by herself performing a task for which she was so eminently fitted. We remained one happy family, twelve in all after the birth of our two youngest children, until 1903 when our second furlough took us away from Persia for a year. Miss Lillie Cochran then came from America to keep house for her father.

It was only two weeks after Mrs. Cochran's death that Rev.

John H. Shedd, D.D., our senior missionary, followed her and a second procession made its way to the sacred spot on Mount Seir where so many who gave their lives for Persia have been laid to rest. In the death of Dr. John H. Shedd the Station sustained a great loss. As senior member of the Station he was like a father to us all. Dr. Shedd was a very hard worker and a wonderful organizer. It was his skill that established the three Boards, Evangelistic, Educational and Legal to look after the different departments of work. He also wrote several books, one a manual on church discipline, another on the Catechism, and a Manual of Church Forms. He did a great work in teaching the people the dignity of labor, and enabled many young men in this way to pay their expenses by working on the grounds. His son, William A. Shedd, who later received his D.D. degree, returned to carry on his father's work in the mission field.

When I set out, it was with the determination to make no plans as to the length of my tour, leaving that entirely to the leadings of God's Spirit. I visited Gawar and Jilu, but when I came to Bas, felt it wiser to feel my way before again venturing into Tkhuma. A messenger sent to our pastor there brought word that the people had suffered so much as the result of my previous robbery that they were most anxious to ask my pardon and make peace.

It seems that after I left, the two villages of Gundicta and Muzria had begun a fight over the affair and kept up a feud that lasted several years. Several persons had been killed and many wounded. Even the Patriarch was unable to reconcile them. When all looked hopeless, two of our school boys who lived in these villages and felt terribly over the matter, asked God to use them in effecting peace. Then one of them, taking his life in his

hands, went down to the other village at night and before anyone had word, entered the house of his classmate. There they wept and prayed and finally succeeded in reconciling the two factions.

The day the messenger brought my answer from Tkhuma several of the leading men came, bringing as a peace offering a fat sheep, some honey, and melted butter. They wished to escort me to their villages. Before we reached Gundicta, I was met by a large group of people and to the sound of drum and fife taken to the village with the greatest honor. That first night many called to welcome me to their village and express their pleasure at seeing me again. The next day I was received with equal honor in Muzria, where I remained a few days.

In Tkhuma I met a strange delegation of Roman Catholics from Elkush, one of their strongholds. Hearing that I was visiting Mosul, they had come that far to meet me, and to make sure of not missing me they had sent another delegation via Ravanduz to Urumia. These men brought a petition signed by over a hundred leading men from Elkush and other large villages of the plain. The purpose of the document was to show that, being tired of the Roman Catholic Church and disgusted with its doctrines, they had decided to come over to the Protestant Church en masse. They wanted me to come and consummate the change of faith.

As there were sixteen men in the delegation who would, of course, consider themselves my guests and live off my hosts all the way to Mosul, and as I had work that would detain me at least a month, I asked them to return to their homes where I would visit them later and look into their petition. Not a bit of it. They said that they had sworn they would not return without me. I finally persuaded them to go with the promise that I would

visit Elkush as soon as I could. Another visit was from Malik Baboo, "my personally bosom friend," as he called himself. He invited me to be his guest and conducted me to his home in Tkhuma Gawaia, the village next below Muzria. I found him a very jolly fellow and affable host. He showed me his tobacco fields and said he was experimenting to see if he could raise Samsun tobacco, considered the best in all Turkey. The next day he insisted on escorting me through the Gelea Selebekin to the Zab River. The word *gelea* means gorge. I never knew a village could be built in such narrow quarters; for several miles the houses cling to the edge of precipices so that in many places a fall from the roof would land one far below in the river. The small children are tied to stakes lest they venture too near the edge and lose their lives.

Crossing the Zab by ferry, easier now than it was in autumn, we went up to Zerni, one of the most beautifully situated of all the mountain villages. It lies on a plateau high above the Zab with much more room and level space than can be found elsewhere between that place and Gawar. We held a conference of the mountain preachers and helpers that was greatly blessed to all.

From here on the roads are good enough to be easily passable by horses. Everything is more open, and one loses the feeling of being cramped up as in the mountains. A ride of four hours over a low ridge brings one into the attractive valley of Berwer, which is quite open; it contains six Christian villages. In Berwer one emerges from the *asheret* (free) region to that of the *rayat* (subject) and sees again the outrageous tyranny of the Turk and Kurd of which I have already written. Berwer was in the hands of as villainous and cruel a Kurd as ever went unchallenged, though Musa Beg of Mush might surpass him. Reshid Beg paid a certain

sum of money to the Turkish government for the privilege of collecting the taxes. If he paid the Turks ten pounds sterling for each village, it is perfectly safe to say he collected two hundred for himself. Not satisfied with having ruined Berwer, Reshid Beg had for a long time a feud with the Tyarians. He could not attack them very well in their fastnesses, but when they were compelled to bring their flocks into Berwer for pasturage, he was always harassing them, and with impunity because he was an officer of the Turkish government.

Among all the many dastardly crimes committed by Reshid Beg, none was blacker than the cruel murder of Malik Yosip of Lizan, Tyari. He was the son of a noted malik, Pettoo by name, one of the early friends of the Mission and for several years our preacher as well as teacher, and a most loyal friend of the missionaries, a man who exerted all his great influence to open Tyari to the Gospel. On one occasion when he heard that Dr. McDowell and Dr. Wishard were besieged in a stone house in Zerni, Tyari, and in great danger, he went to their rescue and then compelled the fighters to escort them in safety through the enemy country.

Reshid Beg had been entertained by Malik Yosip and one day invited him to make a visit. His men suspected foul play and begged him not to go, or if he did, to take a strong escort of armed men. Malik Yosip replied that he would trust the man who had eaten his bread and went with only one attendant and no arms but the dagger always carried in a man's girdle. Soon after they arrived, the daggers were taken from them and the malik confined in a room. Fearing poison, he refused all food but raw eggs. Then one day he was taken down into a valley and told to walk ahead. Reshid Beg himself shot him in the back.

The Tyari men went wild over this outrage and carried out a

raid in which the brother of Reshid Beg was killed. This made matters much worse. A holy war was declared against lower Tyari, and 8,000 Kurds, armed with modern rifles, went against 1500 people of Tyari armed only with flint locks. Even then it was only by taking a circuitous route that the Kurds were able to get behind them into the valley. When the Tyari people saw the hopelessness of the situation, they moved their women and children to a place of safety. The Kurds attacked the few left in the villages and not only destroyed everything, but even cut down the trees, tore up the grapevines, and burned the crops. However, the brave defense of a small band of fighters saved the main valley from the same fate. Such a big affair as this was bound to reach the ears of the government, and many Turkish promises were made that an investigation would take place and the guilty parties would be punished with restitution of what had been taken. But, of course, nothing was done.

From Berwer I crossed over into Supna and, visiting the different villages, finally came to Elkush. This Elkush may be the same as that mentioned in Nahum 1.1, the home of the prophet Nahum whose grave is shown there. I shall never forget our entrance to this large village. Word of my arrival had preceded me, and the shops were closed while the people lined the streets or stood on the roofs to welcome us. I felt queer to be received with such great honor, for everyone salaamed and bowed as I passed and I could hear people saying, "He is the man." But I tried to carry my honors with all the dignity possible.

After I had been ushered into a large room, where people crowded in to kiss my hand, coffee was served. They then spoke of the heavy burdens that had been imposed on them by the apostles of Rome and expressed their great desire to become Prot-

estants. The next day was Sunday, and I was told the churches were practically empty except for the priests. I had a fine chance to give the poor people a pure Gospel message. I felt very sure that there was some ulterior motive at the bottom of all their demonstration and preached from John 6:26: "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." Later I found I had not missed the mark. It was not long after this that they beat a helper we had sent to them and burned all of his books in the public square. When ready to go on to Mosul Monday, I told them I would there consider their petition. At this they said they would send twenty men along to receive my answer. I assured them this was not at all necessary, for I should of course have had to entertain them all. After a week they might send five men who would be ample to act as their agents.

As we passed through the large villages of Tel Eskof and Tel Kaif, where they had refused me even a drink not so long before, crowds again lined the road and asked how Elkush had gone. When I replied, "Solidly for Protestantism," they said, "As Elkush goes, so do all of us." As soon as I reached Mosul I called in some of our prominent church members, well acquainted with the Catholics, and asked them what this movement meant. They told me that the Catholics owed the Turkish government a large sum, called *baki*, in back taxes and had asked the Catholic Mission to pay the bill. When it refused, they had threatened to go over to the Protestants. Had I been willing to spend \$500, I could have "made Protestants" of all of the five or six villages!

A week after I had reached Mosul, my Elkush friends came for their answer. I told them the matter was of such importance and involved so much that I could not assume the responsibility

of deciding it alone, but as soon as I reached Urumia I would present their petition to our Mission. They returned much disappointed and there the matter ended.

I had planned to remain in Mosul only ten days, but God willed otherwise. Special services were held every day, and from the very beginning the interest was deep. The church was packed, with many standing in the yard to hear the message. Catholics and Jacobites came in increasing numbers, among the latter their Patriarch, who was one of the most attentive listeners. The British representative, Mr. Nimrud Rassam, a Chaldean, also attended. Our church had had no direct or continuous work for so many years that everyone was hungry for the Word. During the day I visited all the church members and attendants and reconciled the malcontents. The work so increased in interest that it became town talk. God richly blessed the meetings, which kept us for forty days, and over forty accepted Christ. They begged me to stay there permanently, and it was hard to leave the dear people when the time came to start for home via Baghdad.

Chapter XIX

Mosul to Baghdad by Raft



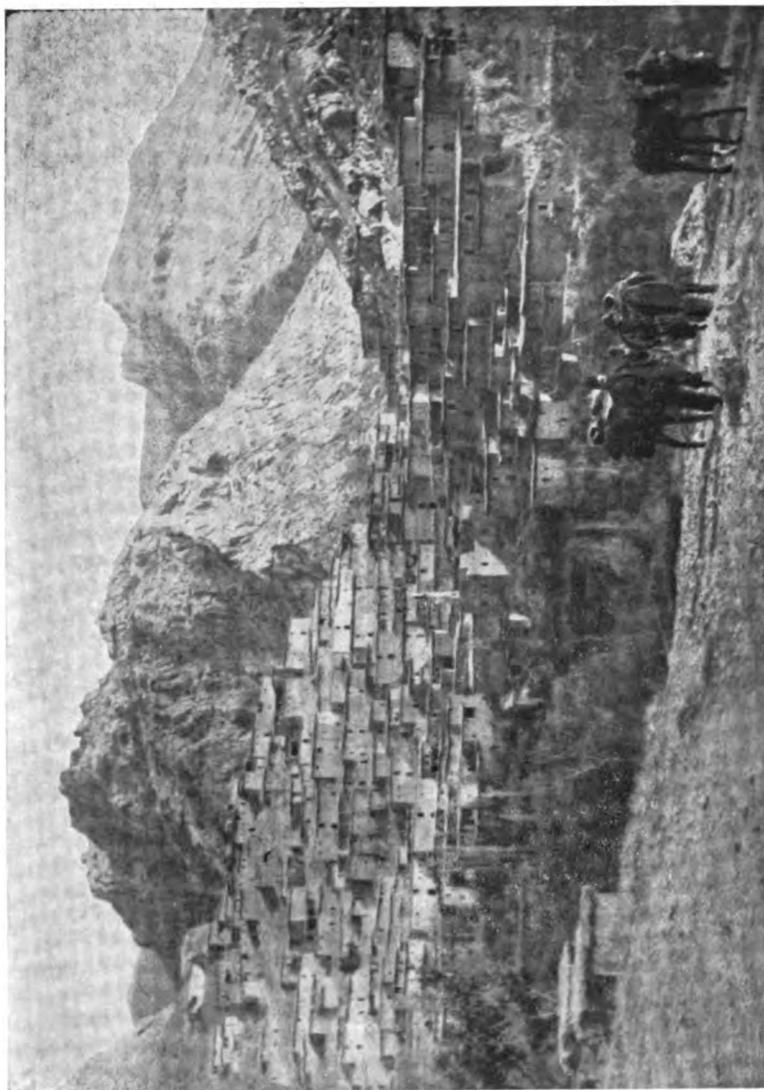
THE EASIEST method of reaching Baghdad is by *keleg*, or raft. The *keleg* dates from very ancient times, being mentioned by Xenophon, and I cannot better the description of it given by the Rev. W. A. Wigram, B.D., in "THE CRADLE OF MANKIND": "First, a frame of light poles is tied together with cord. This may be of any size, but a small one for a small party is about twelve to sixteen feet square. Next a number of sheep skins, each taken from the animal with the minimum of cutting, and with all the apertures firmly tied up, are fastened beneath that frame. A *keleg* of the size named requires about a hundred skins. These are inflated by the lungs of the *kelegji*, raft man, through a reed inserted into one of the legs of the skin; and the legs also form convenient points for attachment to the frame. Finally a few heavy logs, usually poplar or walnut sawn in half, are placed side by side on the frame so as to form a rough floor." The freight raft, which is much larger, may take as many as 400 skins, and with its very light draft, carry a large load. Those who prefer greater independence have the *keleg* made to order.

We chose a large freight *keleg* and had a small portion covered with boards to make a floor and covered with a frame work of poles over which tarred cloth was stretched. This made a very cozy and comfortable room in which were my cot and folding table and camp chair and enough room to accommodate Khoja Nasir, a Chaldean who accompanied me, and my servant as well. We bought a bag of charcoal and small iron frame to serve as a stove and had food prepared in Mosul that could be warmed up. We also carried our own samovar for making tea.

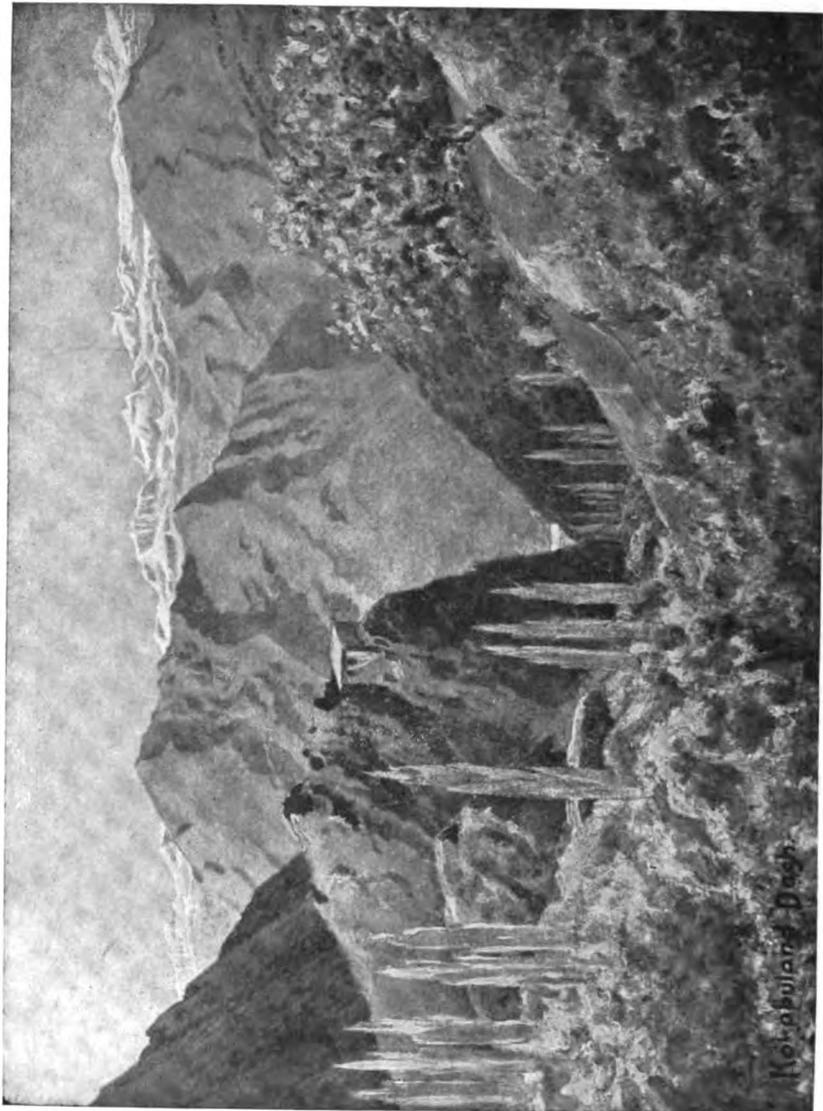
The raft was guided by long sweeps, the inner ends weighted with stone to make them easier to swing. Its speed was that of the current. If one goes by raft in the spring, when the river is very high, the journey to Baghdad is made in four days. As we went down in February, it took us eight days. When the raft reaches Baghdad, the poles are sold for a good price, as there is no timber near at hand; but the skins are deflated and brought back to Mosul for further use. The return journey by donkey takes about twelve days.

The day we left the whole congregation came to the river to see us off, many of them weeping as we parted company. No better rest cure can be devised than a trip by raft to Baghdad, if one is in no hurry. While the trip might seem at first thought monotonous, actually there was something to interest one all the time. When I was tired of watching the broad plains, covered with grass and flowers, there were games of which I had brought a few along, and there was the daily lesson in Arabic with Nasir. One could take a swim if so inclined, floating along with the raft, or if he preferred lying on an inflated skin. Of course naps were always in order in the heat of the day.

There was almost no sign of life except for an occasional animal



MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN KURDISTAN



Koropolian, Dagh

KURDISTAN

skulking along or a herd of gazelles. Now and then Arab horsemen, with their long spears, rode up to the bank and looked covetously at us. We were urged to take along a *zaptieh* and also display the American flag as a precaution against attack. This flag, made in Mosul, was a curiosity as the makers took the liberty of using their own ideas; but the three colors were there. The first night I was awakened from a sound sleep by what sounded like a lot of maniacs convulsed with mirth, and could not imagine what was going on. When I looked out, there sat a number of jackals which were serenading us with their unearthly laughter. Some distance from Mosul the Lesser Zab joins the Tigris and further on the Greater Zab. We were awakened in the night by much creaking and the shouting of the men, while the raft rose and fell as if drunk. We had struck the junction of the two rivers and might easily have been wrecked.

One night I heard a shot and looking out saw a dark spot in the river making for the shore. The *zaptieh* told me he had surprised an Arab who, with an inflated skin under his chest, was trying to reach the raft and pilfer something. It is perfectly uncanny the way these Bedouins can steal. During the War they would manage to take a rifle right out from under the Tommy who was sleeping on it without ever waking him up.

Every now and then some skins would burst, and we would tie up to the banks while the Arabs went underneath to find the punctures and repair them. We were warned not to walk far from the raft during these stops as one never knew when an Arab might appear from nowhere and kill his victim. An Englishman told me that once he did venture a short way from the raft to stretch his legs as there was nothing in sight as far as he could see. Suddenly he heard shouting from the raft and found

several Arabs between him and it. They seemed to have risen out of the sand by magic. Only quick work, which unhappily involved shooting one of the Arabs, enabled him to escape.

Occasionally one saw large flocks of sheep. And at all times we could see in the river men floating astride an inflated skin. Some of them came from as far away as Sert and Diarbekir and one wondered how they stood the cold water hour after hour. At times they would come up to the raft to chat with us a bit, while they chafed their benumbed limbs. Also, resting on a skin with her clothing wrapped around her head like a sort of turban, a woman one day paddled out to us. She had eggs, honey and small cakes of bread in the folds of her turban. After driving her bargain, she gave us what we wanted and then, opening her mouth, chucked the money in and went back to shore.

A few days below Mosul one passes the mounds of Kala Shargat, at one time Assur, the sacred city of Assyria, where Germans had done some excavating. History tells us that Assur was a shrine long before Nineveh was built. The first town after leaving Mosul is Tikrit, a city of great antiquity and at one time a stronghold of the Jacobites in their struggle against the Nestorians. Fourteen hours below Tikrit one passes Samarra, some way back from the river. Little is known of the place except that Julian fell here. What makes the place important today is the shrine or *ziarat* regarded by the Shia Moslems as of great sanctity. The object of greatest interest, however, is a Babylonian tower with a spiral ascent to the top. It has survived many ages. With the cessation of worship in a temple at its base, it continued as a holy place under the Zoroastrians, and finally succumbed to the conquest of Islam. Haroun-al-Rashid built at its foot a mosque that was surmounted with a minaret. That, too, has disappeared,

but the tower remains and is considered one of the oldest in the world.

On the ninth day after leaving Mosul we were awakened by the creaking of many water wheels that line the river bank and soon came in sight of the date palms. The water wheels are very crude. With buffaloes or oxen as the motive power, water is hoisted in large leather buckets to the top of the bank where it is spilled into a small pond. When that is filled, the water is turned into irrigation ditches and led to the small fields. The animals as they pull are helped by descending a steep decline. The water wheels on the Euphrates are much larger and are run by the force of the current, the water being hoisted in cups attached to the wheel and turned into an aqueduct that is built right out to the edge of the river.

Here, too, we saw for the first time that strange looking craft called the *gufa*. This antedates even the *keleg* and consists of a round coracle or basket smeared without and within by pitch. It is also reinforced by ribs of palm. In size it varies from that of a large clothes basket to one that may be twenty feet in diameter. It can carry very large loads and is almost impossible to capsize. The man who propels it stands on one side and with what looks like a big wooden spoon scoops the water towards the *gufa*. It is surprising how rapidly it can be propelled.

As the *keleg* could not pass under the bridges, we changed to a *gufa* and were soon in ancient Baghdad, the city of the caliphs and Haroun-al-Rashid. Baghdad when I first saw it in 1898 was an Oriental city, but it has changed very much since then and today presents a strange mixture of the ancient and the modern. Here one finds shops, hotels, tramways, and other marks of civilization mingled with bazaars, narrow streets and mosques. Bagh-

dad is today a very important center for commerce and travel.

At that time it was the head of navigation, for after many years of negotiation Messrs. Lynch had been allowed to put on two steamboats that plied between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf. For years these had proved utterly inadequate for the demands made on them for freight and passengers, but the Turk, having regretted even this concession, would allow no more. In addition to being the head of the river navigation, which might have been extended as far as Mosul itself, Baghdad is also the terminus of the caravan route across the desert from Damascus, a journey of over thirty days. Today a weekly automobile service between Beirut and Baghdad enables one to cover the distance in twenty-four hours. During the War the British built the railway from Basra, on the Persian Gulf, to Baghdad and extended the road beyond Baghdad to Khanakin on the Persian border, a total distance of over 500 miles. Baghdad is also the starting point for several shrines very sacred to the Shia Moslem world. One of these is Shah Abdul Kazemain, some ten miles from Baghdad and connected with it by a trolley line run with mules.

From Baghdad also the Shia pilgrims start for the very sacred shrine of Hassan and Hussain, their martyr saints, who are buried at Kerbela beyond the Euphrates. One month of the year, called Moharram, or the month of mourning, is given up to the commemoration of their death. Three days beyond Kerbela is Nejef, the grave of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed. The thousands of pilgrims that come from the whole Moslem world annually, from Africa, China, the Dutch East Indies, Russia, and Persia all center here, and their trade is considerable, for all who go back carry some souvenir of their pilgrimage, if nothing but a sack of dates. Wagons with four mules abreast used to cover the fifty

miles over the plain to Kerbela in two days, but the British have recently carried the railway to that point. The population of Baghdad is about two hundred thousand, of whom the Jews number eighty thousand, and the rest are made up of Arabs, Kurds, Persians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, and Armenians. The Jews, remnants from the days of captivity, are its most prosperous and wealthy citizens.

As soon as I reached the city, I went to the home of a Chaldean by the name of David Fetto, whom I had known formerly in Mosul. He was a prominent member of the O. M. S. Church, conducted by the Church Missionary Society of England. No one could have possibly given me a warmer welcome or done more for my comfort and entertainment than did he and his good wife, with whom a friendship continued to the time of his death in 1920. At that time the C. M. S. representative in Baghdad was Dr. Sturrock, a most consecrated man who had won the love of everyone. I was invited to preach at the services Sunday and enjoyed meeting the congregation that gathered in the C. M. S. chapel.

After a few most pleasant days in Baghdad, I left to visit the ruins of Babylon, making the trip by means of donkeys. Each of the three animals had its own driver and all day long they kept up at a pace, being given a jab whenever they lagged. The second morning brought us to the ruins, where there was little to be seen except the tunnels and shafts that had been dug here and there. Jews were on the ground selling many *antikas*, genuine and otherwise.

Much excavation has been carried out since then, and the museums of the world, especially the British Museum, are rich in what has been carried to them from these ruins and those of

Nineveh. Though in a way it seems unfair that so many of these ancient monuments, tablets, and writings should have gone from the land of their origin, maybe it is as well that they are displayed where far more people can see and study them than would be possible in Constantinople. However, in later times a Greek called the attention of the Sultan to what he was losing, early enough, in fact, to keep the wonderful sarcophagus of Alexander with some others that were already boxed for shipment. He also built a museum in Stamboul where they can now be seen, marvels of beauty in carving.

As I sat in the ruins of Babylon with my Bible in my hand, I read the prophecies concerning this ancient and wicked city. I seemed to hear the vain boasts of Nebuchadnezzar as he proudly said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?"—and then while he was yet speaking the voice came from heaven saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee—until thou know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will." I could again picture that night when Belshazzar gave his great feast for a thousand lords and ladies with great men drinking wine out of the vessels consecrated to God's service. Then the handwriting suddenly appeared on the wall to tell of his doom, for that very night, while the city was drunk in its revels, Darius entered and slew its inhabitants. I read Isaiah XIII:17-32, where God says, "And Babylon, the glory of the kingdom, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the

desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there”

Where was all that former glory, where the great populations that dwelt in its palaces and houses and thronged its busy streets, and frequented its places of pleasure? All was silent. Then came the sound of a jackal, as he slunk away, the hoot of the owl as it flew overhead, and it was all fulfilled before my eyes. I had no intention of staying there for the night, but thinking I would make a test of the prophecy regarding the Arab's not pitching his tent there, said to my three donkey boys, "I would like to stay here longer and will feed your beasts and yourselves if you will agree to make camp here." They immediately refused and when I added as further inducement the promise of a *bakhsheesh* of a gold piece each, more than they were getting for the whole trip, they said, "If you make it ten gold pieces each we cannot stay here." Asked the reason, they said, "No Arab has ever stayed here overnight." Towards evening we went to Hilleh, a large town on the banks of the Euphrates, where the river has been flowing in its new channel since that night when Darius diverted it so that his army could enter through its original bed.

The next day, turning north we rode to Kerbela, the Shia shrine city. For a long distance before we reached it we could see the yellow dome of the shrine gleaming like an apple of gold. I reported to the British consul, who was an Indian prince, because the fanaticism of the people would never allow a white man to reside there. He was most cordial and insisted that I be his guest and gave me a suite of rooms. Calling his dragoman, who spoke Turkish, he put him at my service and told him to show me all that a foreigner was allowed to see. I found him a very intelligent man and one who was anxious to know the Truth. He took me

through the bazaars and then to the top of a high roof that overlooked the shrine so that, though unable to enter it (discovery within of an infidel would have meant instant death), we could see the great crowd that thronged the court, having come from many and far distant places. Conspicuous among them were pilgrims from India that some years sends over fifty thousand.

I have never seen such vast cemeteries as those at Kerbela. One can say without exaggeration that there are millions buried there, for every Shia who can possibly afford it wants to have his bones rest in its sacred soil. One of the most gruesome sights one encounters on the pilgrim routes is the caravan bearing the remains of the dead. Persians had been allowed to bring in their dead bodies by the thousands, but this was the cause of so many epidemics that the Turks finally made it a law that only bones or bodies in sealed cases would be admitted, for which they charged an exorbitant price. In many cases, when the man who was paid to take the bones or body to the cemetery reached some lonely ravine he deposited his load there!

Some amusing stories are told in regard to these bones. Sometimes to save space they are dried and pounded into a powder that can be carried in a bag. One time two men were going together and agreed to share provisions by the way. When the bag of flour of one was finished, the companion was asked to give his share. To his horror he discovered that he had taken from the wrong sack and that they had eaten the dust of his father.

The next day we dismissed our donkeys at Kerbela and took the omnibus, which was much quicker, back to Baghdad. With relays of mules the fifty miles were covered in eight hours. Though there is now a railroad, many still prefer the older and slower way, for the greater the discomfort the greater is the merit.

All the way to Baghdad we passed caravans of pilgrims. The wealthier class rode in the *takhtaravan*. This is a palanquin on a large scale, a wooden box with doors and windows on each side fastened to two poles that project before and behind as shafts. It is slung by these poles to the backs of the two animals that carry it. In this the traveler can stretch out and sleep, and be quite comfortable after he becomes accustomed to the jolting of the animals. A man always leads the front horse, but the back animal cannot see where he is stepping and often stumbles. The *takhtaravan* is much heavier than need be and is hard on the animals that carry it. Others rode in the *kajavars* already described; some were mounted, and many were on foot.

Every true Mohammedan is enjoined as one of the five requirements of his religion either to make the pilgrimage once a lifetime, in person or by proxy. The faithful from Persia and further Russia make the pilgrimage in the late fall when most of the work ceases for the winter and return in the early spring in time for the planting. To many, the pilgrimage serves as an outing, and spending the winter in Mesopotamia is to them something like our going to California or Florida. The poorer people hoard their earnings for a lifetime in order to make this pilgrimage and thus gain holiness. Many die on the way or at the shrine, but they are considered unusually fortunate, for to them paradise is an assured thing.

But there is another and very dark side to these pilgrimages. Aside from the waste of money, privations, and suffering involved, the villages along the pilgrim routes as well as the shrines are sink holes of vice and immorality. The Shia has what is called *sigheh*, temporary marriage, which is simply a form that enables one to take a wife for a night or week or longer, with no

obligations to the woman except while she serves him. The villages along the road accordingly are filled with what we would call prostitutes, whose livelihood depends on the pilgrims. There are thousands of women in all the greater shrine cities such as Mecca, Medina, Kum, Kerbela, and Meshed, who are actually no more than mistresses for the use of the pilgrims during their sojourn there, though they are called "wives." It is a question which is the greater attraction to the pilgrim, the gaining of holiness by his long journey or the opportunity, with religious sanction, to gratify his lusts. I have frequently asked pilgrims whether they felt they had gained holiness, and some have said with a bitter laugh that they were worse than ever. Ask the owners of the inns where they stop what they think of them and they will tell you that most of them are the worst of rascals, that there is no greater rogue and cheat than the returning pilgrim. He has wiped the slate clean of all his sins and so feels free to cheat, lie, and dodge his bill every chance he gets.

Chapter XX

Thirty-one Days With a Pilgrim Caravan



AFTER ten days in Baghdad where we enjoyed the spring that was in its full glory, we started for Urumia the last of February with quite a caravan of pilgrims returning to Persia. Our lead animals were weak, only two of them reaching Urumia, but my saddle horse was very good. Every caravan of pilgrims has its *chaoush*, or guide. He is a man who has made the journey many times and is well acquainted with the way. When near the day's destination, he rides ahead to secure accommodations and sings a most doleful chant announcing the arrival of the pilgrims. He carries a flag all the way and is quite a character. It is he who, when it is time to make a pilgrimage, goes around drumming up those who are able to make the *ziarat*, for it is his living. His counterpart is seen in India in the men who go through the villages working up a *mela* crowd.

As the pilgrims pass others, or come to a village, people run up to kiss their hands and bless their pilgrimage. The usual salutation is "*Ziarati mobarak,*" may the pilgrimage be blessed. To this the pilgrim replies, "*Ziarati kismet olsun,*" may the same fortune attend you. I had a Hajji's heavy sheepskin coat as we

had many mountains to cross with storms ahead, and for head covering a splendid Russian invention called a *bashlik*. This is made of camel's hair, is very warm and soft, and consists of a conical cap with long side pieces that one can wrap around his neck if he wishes; only the front is open, but the ends come well down around the neck, keeping out all wind. Therefore when I rode along everyone took me for a pilgrim of high rank and insisted on not only kissing my hand but often my stirrup, invoking blessings on my *ziarat*. I, in turn, wished them the same good fortune. My servant was much pleased and said, "Sahib, they have been cursing and abusing us for many years; it is time they kissed our feet."

Our caravan, which was of considerable size, always rose at three in the morning and aimed to be off at four so as to finish the day's stage by noon. That gave time to cook a hot meal and make necessary repairs, but above all provided leeway in case of a storm. Most of the pilgrims rode on their own loads, which consisted of a quilt and usually a large sack of dates that they were taking home for the children. Many animals gave out and were sold for a song in the villages we passed, being traded for an animal that had gone through the same experience but had been fed up and its sores healed so that it could go on.

For three days the journey was on the plain, gradually approaching the Persian foothills. At Khanakin, one hundred and thirty-five miles from Baghdad, we met a very pleasant Armenian doctor who was stationed there to examine all incoming pilgrims and prevent their smuggling dead bodies through. As soon as he heard I had put up at a caravanserai he sent men to bring all our belongings and insisted I be his guest. He was most kind and told me very interesting stories of his experiences with the pilgrims

and the large sums of money offered him to let the bodies through.

One case was that of the wife of one of the prominent Persian *khans* who later acted as governor during the occupation of Urumia by the Turks in 1916. He was making the pilgrimage with his wife, who died a short time before they reached Khana-kin. One is not supposed to pry into the sacred domain of a Mohammedan lady. Accordingly when they reached the border and the authorities wanted to look into the *takhtaravan*, her husband demurred, saying, "My wife is inside asleep; please do not disturb her." Something aroused the suspicions of the doctor so that he insisted on looking in and thus discovered what had happened. He said she must be buried there. Her husband finally offered \$1,000 if he would let them take the body on, but it was refused, and she was buried there. The next day the doctor's servants reported that the body had been removed at night. With his horsemen he soon overtook the cavalcade and although \$2,000 was offered he brought the body back and stationed guards at the grave to make another unearthing impossible.

The next morning the doctor insisted on escorting me several miles, giving me his Arab horse to ride. When we came to a good stretch of road he said, "Let him out." I certainly never rode so fast on a horse as that time and realized that an Arab is in a class by himself. The day after passing Qasr-Shirin, the castle of Shirin, where there are the ruins of a remarkable viaduct, we began to enter the mountains.

The following day we were caught in a blizzard. When I came to two roads I saw that the pilgrims had taken the wrong one and would perish in the mountains unless brought back. As my horse was strong, I galloped on and after an hour found them all huddled together, wailing because they thought they were lost.

They were very grateful to me for saving them and I could not refrain from telling them that they had better engage me for a *chaoush*. The *chaoush*, who had seen a storm coming but thought only of his own safety, had hurried on to the village so fast that the snow had obliterated his tracks before the caravan had arrived at the forks.

In the village we easily found a comfortable room, as usual heated with the *tanur* (oven in the floor) so that the chill had been taken off. This journey gave me good opportunities to talk with the pilgrims as it was usual, when they had rested and eaten, for them to call on each other. The first word spoken on entering their rooms was "*Menzilees mobarak olsun,*" may your abode be blessed, to which they would always give a welcome. Of course tea was served, the glass I used being carefully kept separate for a special scrubbing. Then followed the opportunity to talk on religious themes and ask the meaning of the pilgrimage and whether they really believed it had helped them, and then to tell of One who came and did all for us, making pilgrimages unnecessary as all He asked was that we follow Him and do His will. They invariably paid good attention, then asked if I had really been to Kerbela and become a *Kerbelai*, for every pilgrim to that place comes back as a *Kerbelai*. If one has gone to Meshed in Khorassan he becomes a *Meshedi*, and if to Mecca *Hajji*. Hence, if a man's name is Hassan and he has gone to all three places, he is called "Kerbelai, Meshedi, Hajji Hassan."

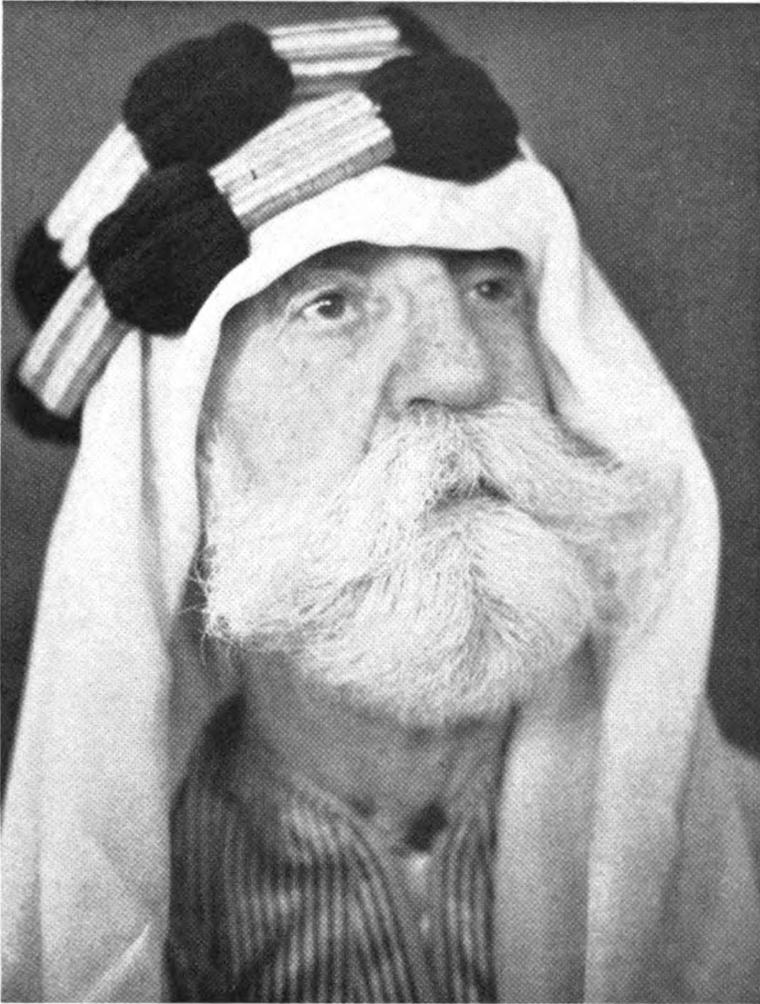
When I told them I had been to Kerbela but had not been allowed to enter the shrine and gain whatever merit it had, they were always shocked even at the idea of an infidel's being allowed in its sacred enclosure. This is a sample of the conversation that would often follow. "Which was the greater power, the shrine

or the person visiting the shrine?" I would ask. Of course the answer would be, "The shrine." "You are mistaken," would be my reply; "you tell me that if I entered the shrine, I would defile it. Now I speak your language like a native of the country so that you would never know me for a foreigner; my dress is like yours, except for my hat which I could change. Though my face is somewhat lighter than yours, there are light-faced Mohammedans all over the world. Suppose I had mingled with the crowd and entered the shrine and then, when out, announced what I had done. Your shrine would, according to what you say, have been defiled and lost its sanctity. Thus I, a man, would have more power than the shrine." They would not know what to say. Then I would ask why, if they were sure the shrine gave one sanctity, they were unwilling to give me its benefits.

Since, when I called on these pilgrims they always, as a matter of courtesy, offered me tea, so when they came to my room I would endeavor to return the kindness. I would call my man and say, "Prepare the samovar for my honorable guests." At this all would thank me and say, "Thank you, but we have just had tea." As I know a Persian can never get too much tea, I would ignore their refusal, based on fear of defilement, saying, "Go to the spring and fill the samovar with God's water and see that your hands do not touch the water; I want some tea." When the samovar came in, I would ask for the tea, sugar, and teapot, then ask the servant to wash his hands and clean the glasses and wipe them with a clean towel, a trouble they seldom took. Then after scalding the teapot carefully with the boiling water from the samovar I would empty in some tea leaves, taking care not to touch them. Why, even a doctor about to perform an operation could hardly take more care.

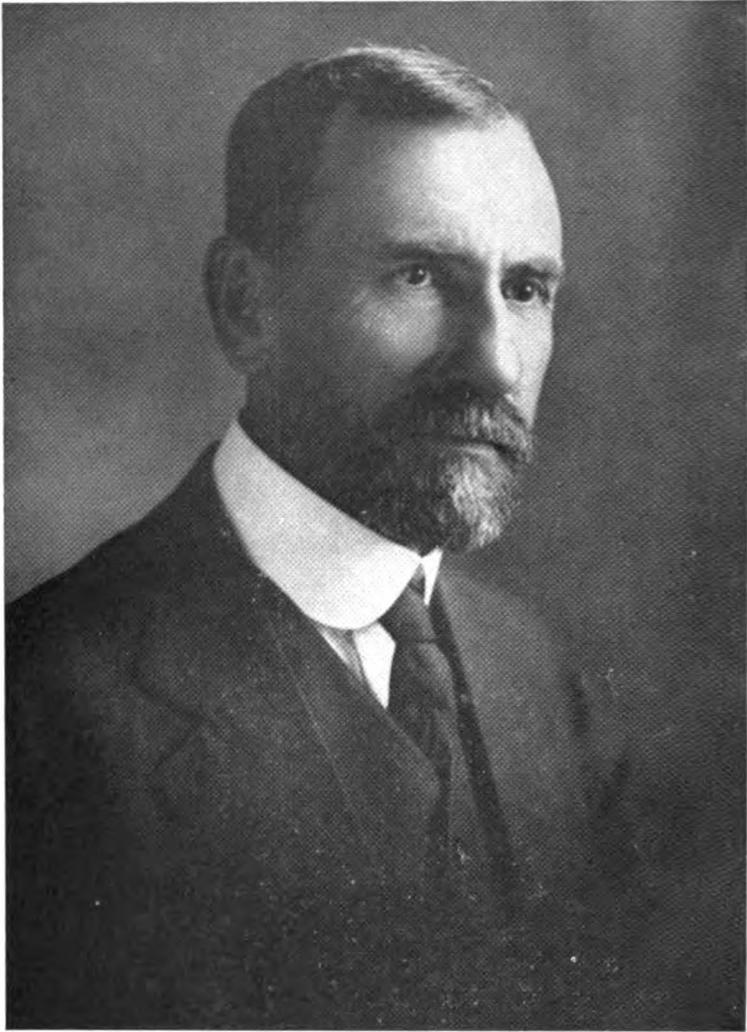
When all was ready and the tea poured, I would ask my servant to take it around to the guests who, as I expected, refused it. At this point it was time to explode and I would inquire, "Where did the water in that samovar come from? Did you not hear me tell my man to fill it at God's spring? Then the water must be clean. Who made the samovar that you all use? The Russians. Who made the glasses and saucers you drink from? They were made in Russia, Austria, and Germany. Yet you do not call them unclean. Where did the tea you use come from? India or China where it was handled by the *budparast*, idolator. Where did the sugar you use come from? France or Russia where it was made in the factories of the *giaour*, infidel. Now as everything connected with tea was made outside the country, by those you call *giaours*, do tell me what makes my tea so impure that you all refuse it? You all saw the unusual care taken that not a hand should touch anything. Why are you so foolish and inconsistent?" At that they would all look sheepishly at each other and, all further objections being forestalled, they would take the tea. Once my lecture was given, they never again refused my hospitality. All of this shows no astuteness on my part, but only how ignorant and simple-minded they are.

En route to Bijar, with much trouble owing to the deep snow, after nearly three weeks we finally reached Takan Tappeh, a large village at the foot of our last dreaded mountain range. It is high and noted for its storms in which many a caravan has perished. No caravan had as yet crossed it that spring so that we were anxious to know what was in store for us. If a rain set in, we might be detained for two weeks. The sky looked overcast and we retired with many misgivings. Early in the morning I rose, but the *charvadars* said, "*Boogun olmadi*," this day it can't be,



REVEREND COAN WEARING A SHELMA

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DR. WILLIAM A. SHEDD

for it was drizzling. But I was not going to give up. Finding, on inquiry, that a small group had set out, I made the *charvadars* load, and others taking courage followed us.

A slight snow had obliterated the path as we reached the pass, but we hired men to go ahead and feel for the road with their poles. Finally, to our great relief, we were safely over. As it was, some of the animals had missed the narrow path and gone down almost out of sight, and it had taken a long time to remove the loads and get them out again. That evening we reached Sain Kala, memorable as the place where our dear Dr. Shedd died in the awful flight of the eighty thousand refugees in August, 1918.

The next day brought us to the Jaghati River. Heavy rains had made of the stream, always deep, a raging torrent, so that the only way to cross was by a clumsy boat. As the season had not yet opened, there was no boat in sight, but we sent to the village and finally obtained the men. Demurring at first, at the prospect of good pay they came around and began to load up. The boat, heavily laden with thirteen men aboard and the same number of animals, was hauled well up stream to avoid, if possible, a sand bar in the middle of the river. We started with a great shouting, and with everyone yelling "*Ya Hazrat-i-Abbas, Ya Ali, Ya Mohammed,*" we were swiftly swept towards the sand bar. Seeing that we were not going to clear it, I hastily drew off my boots and heavy coat and told my servant to do the same. Just then the old tub ran into the sand bar. The sudden bump sent three horses overboard up to their sides in water. The *sultan*, captain, sat down and began to beat his head and weep, saying, "We are dying, we are all dead, we are gone." I ordered him to keep still and said, "Make me *sultan* and I will get you out of this." I had some more horses taken out and yet the boat did not

float. Then I asked a few men to get out, but to hang to the side ready to jump aboard when the boat should start.

At my orders four horses were fastened head to head with their halters. Holding my four in hand with the ropes that were attached to the halters, I whipped them into the current much against their will and then guided them to the opposite shore to which they pulled the boat as they swam. I wish you could have seen the astonishment and gratitude of the *sultan* and crowd as they told me I had saved their lives. "*Mashallah*, praise God," they said, "who would ever have thought of it?" Fortunately all but one of the unloaded horses started after us, but that one obstinate beast preferred to stand on the sand bar. Its owner was frantic and called it, but all in vain. He then began to weep. Feeling sorry for him, I called for a volunteer to bring him over, promising good pay. He stripped and mounted a horse bareback and plunged in. At times all we could see was his head and that of the horse, but he made it to the great relief of all of us and brought the animal safely over. The year following a boat loaded with pilgrims had the same experience as we, except that every one was drowned.

Before long we were in the large town of Mianduab, which means between the two waters. We were now within three days of Urumia and eagerly pushed on, for the journey had lasted seven months; in all that time I had not heard from home but twice, as the messengers sent had been robbed. When I had left home my son Frank had asked me whether I would be back on his tenth birthday, and I did reach home the day before. The journey from Baghdad to Urumia had taken me thirty-one days, but it is much shorter now with automobile roads from Hamadan to the frontier of Iraq and railway thence to Baghdad.

Chapter XXI

“What Color Is Your Blood?”



HAD ALWAYS had a great desire to visit Ashetha, the largest and one of the most interesting Assyrian villages in independent Tyari. It was here that Dr. Grant, one of the first missionaries to Persia, decided to locate as the best center for the work in Kurdistan. He bought a very commanding site and erected a school and dwelling house. Also, it was here that Badr Khan Bey in 1843 entered the Tyari districts and massacred over ten thousand of its people, carrying away many women and girls. Sir Stratford Canning, one of those choice and humane Englishmen who have so often exerted themselves in behalf of the Armenians and Assyrians, by bringing pressure to bear on the Porte, secured the release of many of these captives, advancing a large amount of money himself towards their liberation. Mr. Rassam, whose family has represented the British for many years in Mosul, also obtained the release of many and clothed and kept them, as well as the Patriarch, Mar Shimoon, who had fled to Mosul.

An incident occurred in connection with this visit to Ashetha that has interested so many young people that I have many times

been urged to put it into print. At Zerni, Tyari, a day's walk from Ashetha, I heard so many stories about the wild men of Ashetha that before venturing there I took the precaution of leaving everything at Zerni, even to my pen-knife, watch and most of my money. Early one morning four of us, two mountain pastors who knew the people, my servant and I started on foot. With us was also a young mule, brought along as an initiation to the mountain roads.

At noon we reached the top of the pass, whence far below we could see Ashetha. The view was one of great beauty and grandeur. Ahead of us rose a lofty peak, whose white summit is visible from Mosul, seven days' journey distant. The village lay scattered in a fan-shaped valley where, as in most mountain districts, each house was by itself on its owner's lands, surrounded by fruit trees and the magnificent English walnut trees found all through Kurdistan. The Tyari people are most industrious so that little was to be seen of the desolation caused by the massacre of fifty years before. After an easy descent we soon reached the village and went to the house of one of its thirty priests, who made us very welcome, on the roof, where we sat under the shade of a huge walnut tree.

People soon gathered when they heard a foreigner had come, as this was the first visit of a missionary of the Presbyterian Board since the days of Dr. Grant, whom the old men still remembered. I had been told that they had vowed to rob the first missionary who should appear, but received only kindness and a hearty welcome. Shut in as they are, it is a great event to have someone come in from outside, and I was plied with many questions. The one thing that seemed to be on their minds more than all else was a fear of the recurrence of the awful massacre. Everywhere

the question asked was, "When are the Russians coming?" for they all seemed to feel that they were their only hope.

Soon a woman brought in the frugal meal, for no one can be their guest and not partake of their hospitality. Hungry as I was, I knew I could not possibly eat it, yet dared not insult my host by refusing it. The tablecloth consisted of the skin of a sheep in which the stale pieces of previous meals had been carefully gathered, for food is scarce. As soon as the skin was opened up our host said grace and bade us fall too. Kneeling around the spread, we wondered what to do. My man, who knew some English said, "You no can eat him." I replied, "We must eat him." Soon he said, "Him stuck in my throat, I can't swallow him." I told him to pour water down on it.

Very fortunately I had on an outing shirt that was very full at the throat. Tightening my belt, I took piece after piece and under cover of my handkerchief slid it into the opening, chewing vigorously the while and taking many a drink of water. I was determined none of that stale bread should be brought on for the next guest, and kept stowing it away until there was none left. As no one pays attention to the others when eating, and no talking is done, I escaped detection. The priest looked up much pleased and said, "You are the first foreigner who has been able to manage our food; you are doubly welcome; shall we bring on some more?" I told him I had been very hungry, a statement still true, for while my middle looked like that of a stuffed chicken there was nothing inside.

We then rose and, thanking him, I paid him a *bakhsheesh*, and, as we had a long way to go to reach a village where we had a school teacher, we started down the valley which soon narrowed into a gorge. As soon as we were well out of Ashetha I loosened

my belt and bread began to drop to the road. As I was ahead, my man noticed it and asked where that bread came from. "Shimoon," I replied, "I am leaking." I then turned around and, loosening my belt, gave my shirt a good shake which precipitated a pile of bread. All were much surprised and even then did not seem to understand where I had stowed away the bread until I showed them. My servant said enviously, "Mine is stuck in my throat yet."

After we were well in the gorge, where the road was a very narrow path, in some places not much more than six inches wide, the men told me to ride awhile as I must be tired. So I mounted the foal and before I realized it was far ahead of them. Thousands of feet below the roaring river rushed on its course, and a single slip would have sent me down to it and certain death. While inwardly admiring the sure footedness of the mule, I heard a sound and out jumped a man who had hidden behind a large rock. He seized the mule's halter and, with his dagger drawn, said, "I am going to kill you." His face was masked, and his conical hat drawn close to his eyes so that his features were invisible. He was as wild and crazy a specimen as I have ever seen.

Determined to make the best of it, I put on the broadest grin possible and tried to look happy. At that he said, "What are you grinning for?" I told him because I felt happy. "But I mean business," he threatened. I replied I realized that, but we were not in the habit of crying when about to be killed. I knew there were only two chances of escape, either by keeping him talking until our men overtook me or else by distracting his attention long enough for me to draw my revolver. As usual, I was carrying a Colt automatic out of sight, but I knew that if I attempted to draw it he could strike before I could fire.

"Why," I asked to gain time, "do you want to kill me?" "What

right," he growled, "have you on this road?" I told him I did not know he owned the road and had not seen his name on it, nor had I had an opportunity to ask his permission to use it. Having no answer to that, he repeated his command, "Stop grinning!" I told him that as he was the executioner and I the victim, I had a right to look as I pleased. To fill in the minutes, I again asked a reason for his killing me, and he answered, "I have not killed a man for thirty days and am not going to wait any longer." I asked him please to repeat that, to make sure I had heard correctly, and remarked, "I am really beginning to respect a man who has not killed anyone for thirty days; but as some months have thirty-one days make it a full month as a favor to me and take the man who comes along tomorrow." "My month is thirty days," he retorted, "and here goes." "But," I coaxed, "a cat likes to play with the mouse before it eats it. I am the mouse, you the cat; take your time." Again he insisted that he was going to kill me. "I understand that," I replied, "for you have said it several times; but give me a better reason and then if you must, go ahead."

Of course I was praying while all this went on and asking for help. He then gave me the answer that saved me. "Why do I want to kill you? I want to see what color your blood is." At that I moved my hand quickly to my hip, as though for a knife, and said, "Wait and I will show you." That moment's distraction of his attention enabled me to pull out the automatic and turn the tables. Now was my chance.

When he saw that I was armed, he backed off and began to move away. But I shouted, "Hold on, where are you going?" He then turned very white and said, "What are you going to do?" To his question I declared, "I am going to bore a hole right between your eyes; now stand still." He began to bellow like a calf

and begged for mercy. "See here," I warned him, "I can't shoot you while you have such a face; smile, look happy." He did not see anything to smile at and dropped to the feet of the mule and pleaded for mercy. I told him to get up as I did not want to shoot him in the back. He rose, a most dejected creature. I then fired back at him practically all that he had said to me, beginning with, "What are you doing on this road?" until, when it came to the number of days a man had not been killed I said it was over sixty, and "How can you expect me to wait any longer?" At the final, "I must kill you to see what color your blood is," he yelled, "It is red, it is red." "That is all I want to know," said I, "now run; and if you can get out of sight before I count ten all right; otherwise, over you go!" He needed no second bidding. He was hardly out of sight before the men, hearing voices, ran down and asked what had happened as my face must have shown that something unusual had taken place. I then told them all that had occurred, and when I described the man they told me I had had a narrow escape as the man was obsessed with the lust for blood and had killed several persons, not to rob them nor because he had any grudge against them, but for the mere joy of killing. In the end he killed one man too many and was himself killed in revenge by his victim's friends.

We reached our destination, the village of Minyanish, quite late, tired and hungry after the day's excitement and long walk. We were the guests of a teacher who possessed one hen that had laid him two eggs; these with a chunk of bread I had put in my pocket in the morning made one of the best meals I had ever eaten. Even Ashetha has changed so that Dr. and Mrs. McDowell were able to spend a winter there and were most welcome, and Mrs. McDowell opened a school for the children. She is the first

and last American woman ever to have penetrated those mountains. Today in all Tyari one sees only ruins and desolation. Even the great walnut trees, fruit trees, and vines have been cut down for the Turks and Kurds drove all the people out during the War.

The next day a short stage brought us to Lizan in Lower Tyari, our road to it passing through grand and beautiful scenery. I here had a chance to see how they preserve their meat. It is cut into shreds and hung in a shady place where there is plenty of wind that soon dries it into something like the jerked beef of our American Indians.

It was near Lizan that one of the most awful incidents of the earlier massacre, already referred to, took place. When those who had escaped the massacre of Ashetha and the villages of the upper valley spread the news of what had happened, the people of the villages near Lizan collected what few things they could carry and with their wives and children fled to an almost inaccessible place far up the mountain, reached only by a narrow steep path. Here on a sort of ledge they hoped to escape detection, their position being also one that could be held against any numbers that might attack it.

But Badr Khan Bey discovered them; he knew while he could never reach them by an open attack, their supply of food and water was limited and therefore he surrounded the place and waited his time. As their condition became intolerable, they offered to capitulate. Badr Khan Bey took his oath on the Koran that if they would surrender their arms and property, their lives would be spared. No sooner had they emerged and been disarmed than the awful slaughter began. When the Kurds were weary of killing, the survivors were flung over the precipices. Only one soul out of over one thousand escaped. To this day heaps of bones

and skulls are mute witnesses to that awful tragedy. Ten girls who were being taken into the captivity of Kurdish homes jumped from a bridge and were drowned, preferring death to slavery. Such is the fruit of Islam, that from the days of its prophet has followed the example and teaching of one who gave no quarter to those who would not accept him and his doctrines. For nearly fifteen hundred years the history of this ancient Nestorian Church has been one long, monotonous story of suffering, flight, exile, and massacre for Christ's sake. But even this massacre was to seem insignificant as compared with their terrible sufferings in the War, of which I shall speak more fully in a later chapter.

Chapter XXII

Sunstroke in Mesopotamia



ONE OF the most trying experiences was when I was sunstruck near Mosul. I had gone there in the hot season purposely, as the question was being considered whether Mosul could be safely occupied all the year round. The great problem had always been to find a summer resort reasonably accessible to the city, the nearest hitherto being either in Supna or Hassan, three to four days' travel away. Of course now that Mosul is being connected with the world by rail, it may be very possible to find delightful and healthy places in Persia.

The journey was a trying one, the fact that one of my horses dropped dead just as we entered our courtyard in Mosul being an indication of the heat. During a week there we suffered greatly from the temperature, although even then the roofs were quite comfortable at night. Mosul lacked the *serdabs*, large underground rooms used in Baghdad during the hot season. After a tiresome day spent in receiving many calls and packing, we started at nine in the evening planning to ride three hours to Tel Kaif, a large Chaldean village, rest a few hours there, and then go on

in the cool of the morning. I took two jars of water, but when I wanted to drink found that the muleteers had drunk every drop.

At Tel Kaif we were informed there was no room for "Proats," their term for Protestants, nor would they give us a drop of water. I opened my cot in a field and tried to get a few hours' rest before rising at three. Riding until ten, we came to a rude reed hut, the only sign of a habitation that we had seen in seven hours. As I was already fevering, I hoped we could get some water, but, alas, all we found was a pool as warm as soup and as thick and so alive with worms as to be undrinkable. Here we lay until six when we again moved on and at ten reached a village with plenty of water. But it too was warm and strongly impregnated with brimstone. By this time I was delirious, and my servant sat by my side weeping. But I was able to tell the men we must go until we found good water.

At four next morning we did reach a Kurdish village with a splendid spring. I collapsed under a tree and, as soon as my cot was up, asked my man to pour cold water on my head. This he did hour after hour, to my great relief. We were then within five hours' ride of Dihi, an Assyrian village in a picturesque gorge where our helper, Malik Berkhu, lived. When I asked my servant to send for him, he had already done so, and I certainly was relieved to see him arrive. He lifted me carefully on to his mule and supported me until we reached Dihi where I was made comfortable. His wife and two daughters waited on me constantly; villages were scoured for milk and eggs.

The next day I was better, but the day following had a turn for the worse and I began to fear I was in bad shape. I asked whether it was possible to telegraph to Mardin and to my surprise learned there was a telegraph station an hour's ride distant. A

message was sent to Dr. Thom asking him to come to my help. The dear man started at once and made Jezireh, usually three days' journey, in half that time. The day after my telegram had gone, I skipped my bad turn, and realizing what a hard journey it would be in the terrible heat sent him two messages, one to Mardin telling him he need not come, the other to Jezireh. Both telegrams reached him just as he was leaving Jezireh. He telegraphed to Mr. Parfit of the Church Missionary Society, who had entertained me in Mosul, asking him to go to my help if possible.

The following day my servant came in great excitement saying, "The Mosul Sahib has come," and in walked Mr. Parfit, who had traveled day and night to reach me. Finding a delightful, cool place in the gorge above the village right beside a cold spring, he moved me there and, with his Indian cook to feed us, most kindly remained ten days until my strength had somewhat returned. I shall always remember his loving services with deepest gratitude.

The whole Berkhu family were most attentive and kind. I told him that it should be my privilege to educate his family of six fine children, two daughters and four sons, if they cared to come to Urumia. One of the daughters died, but I was able to fulfill my promise with regard to the rest. One of his sons was for a time druggist in our hospital in Urumia and three are now in this country.

When I felt able to travel, I started for home, taking the cooler highlands and upper roads rather than the valleys. In Zerni, Tyari I was told that the best way to Bas was through Chal, a district opposite Zerni on the other side of the Zab River. To use this route safely required the help of the *asha* of Chal, a powerful chief. In reply to our letter, he wrote that his own son would be

at the other side of the river the next day to escort us to the *agha's* home. True to his word, he was there, and an easy ride took us to Chal, which is on a rather high plateau and much more open and healthy than the districts of Tyari and Tkhuma. The next morning the *agha* again sent us on right through the bordering district of Apinyanish, inhabited by the worst cutthroats and murderers in the mountains. The reader may remember that the Apinshai had also planned to rob me if I came through there at the time I was robbed in Tkhuma. We had with us an Assyrian doctor, a very interesting character, who had gained a great reputation and was held in universal respect, although he had had little medical training. The *hakim*, doctor, told me to answer no questions that might be asked but to leave that to him. At every village excited people would rush out and shout, "Who is that, where is he going, why has he come?" And often when the answer had been given they would come up and kiss my stirrup as a mark of respect. When we got in that night I asked my friend what he had told the people that had worked like such a charm. He replied, "Sahib, I cannot lie, but I told them you were a Russian consul; God will not hold me to account when it was to help you, will He?" I could only give him the answer I gave a *mullah* in Ula, where we lived our first year in Persia, who, when the Turks came to the village and asked if there were any Christians there, he said, "Not one." To him I had given the reply of the prophet of Naaman, "Go in peace."

This return trip took me through entirely new country from the time we left Tyari until we entered Bas. From Chal we went to Erbush, which gave us our only monk preacher, Kasha Eshu. He was a saintly man, a great scholar, and much respected. Here our good pastor, Kasha Daniel, met us and took us to his home

in Bas. I finally reached home safely. It seemed a more significant home-going than all others, for I had never expected to be back again at all after my sunstroke.

If mention of the important place that home and family played in these years I was in Kurdistan has not been made until the closing chapter of my tours, it is only that there it might have the emphasis it deserves. It has been argued that single men are better for touring because they can be out in the field more of the time and do more efficient work when there since they are free from the responsibilities of a family. But experience, at least in Persia, does not seem to bear this out. More than anywhere else does a man, cut off from civilization for long periods, need a home to think about and the welcome of wife and children to which to look forward when his tour is ended.

If ever there was a place where a man needs the help and inspiration of a wife and the simple comforts and refinements of a Christian home, it is on the foreign field. But her lot is not an easy one, especially when her husband is away for long periods, as I was, and nearly always with very infrequent opportunities for communication. We have seen how many chances there were that I would never return and how many possible causes for anxiety. Therefore, for whatever I may have done, I humbly give all honor where it belongs, to the dear, brave, unselfish woman who all through my missionary life has given me up for the work, willingly and cheerfully. The fact that I knew Mrs. Coan was not worrying about me but carrying on her end of the work bravely was always a great help to me and, in fact, the only thing that made my work possible.

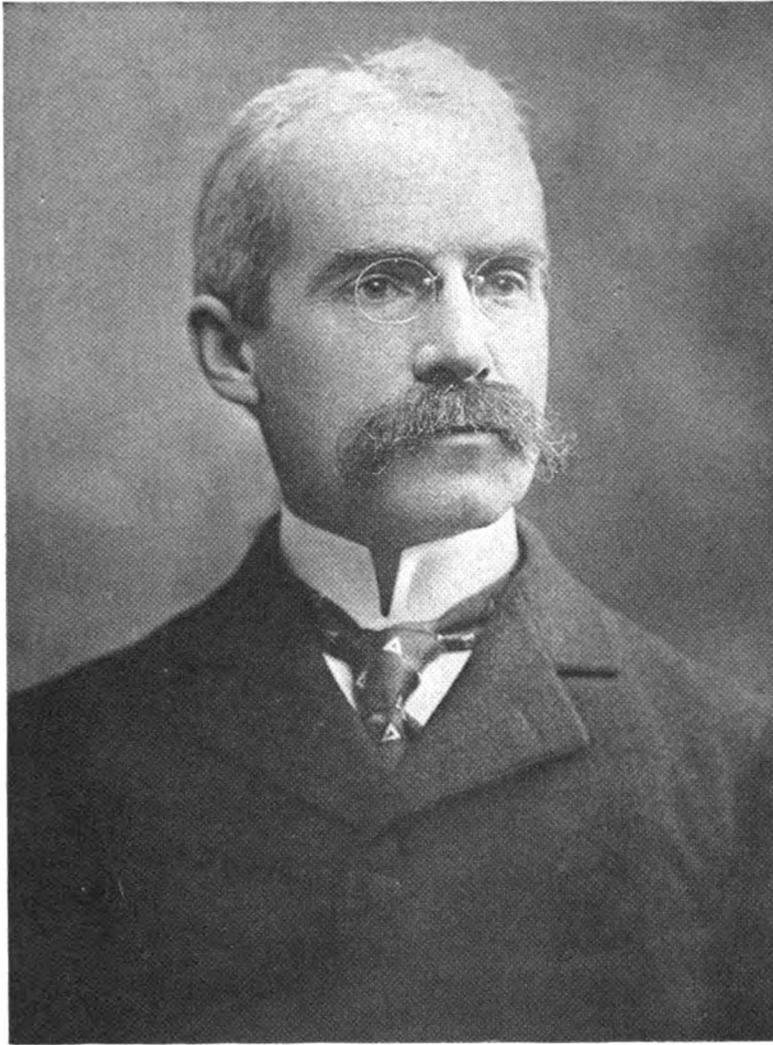
Chapter XXIII

Third Term of Service



HE evangelistic work to which I had been first assigned on reaching Urumia, and the account of which has largely filled the preceding chapters, occupied most of the first two terms of our service, that is until 1903, our first furlough having come in 1893-94. During our second furlough in the United States, where we left our two older children, occurred the tragic murder of Mr. Benjamin W. Labaree, the first and only death by violence of any of our Persia missionaries in the long years of their service. The shadow of his loss lay darkly on the first few years after our return. We were particularly distressed at the aging of Dr. Cochran on whom had fallen heavy burdens of anxiety and work. Mr. Labaree had been killed on a journey which Sayid Ghaffer expected Dr. Cochran to be making so that, in a sense, he felt that another had died for him.

Furthermore, his was to a large extent the burden of trying to bring to punishment the murderer whose long career of crime had made life and property unsafe for all Christians in Urumia; and this task was all the harder because of the lack of assistance of the American minister in Teheran. In addition, he was the



DR. JOSEPH P. COCHRAN



IDA SPEER COAN

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chief advocate and defender of all the Assyrians who were suffering from a fresh outbreak of fighting and oppression by their Kurdish and Moslem neighbors. The Christians of Tergawar had escaped extermination at the hands of the Kurds only by fleeing to Urumia where Dr. Cochran was expected to care for them. And in the city and some of the villages were riots in which the Christians were the victims and Dr. Cochran their only hope of protection.

The result of the failure of our minister to secure that punishment of Mr. Labaree's murderers, which everyone fully expected them to receive, was that the lives of all of us, but particularly that of Dr. Cochran, were in almost constant danger. He received frequent warnings, secretly sent by friends, to take every possible precaution for his safety. The British Consul put his lancers at his service, and they accompanied him to and from the city. Suspicious looking Kurds were found prowling around the gardens between the city and college in the hope of shooting him from their places of concealment. One Kurd actually gained access to the college compound by crawling in through the water course and dodging the guard we always kept on duty, hunted for some time but did not find him. At another time a band of Kurds secured a ladder, planning to come over the walls, but finally gave it up as too risky. Even in his own house he never dared appear before a lighted window. All of this hung over him like a dark cloud and nothing hurt more than to think that he who had so generously given himself to help others and ameliorate their sufferings should have enemies who were seeking his life.

As a result of all this overwork and anxiety, Dr. Cochran was in no condition to resist typhoid fever even had he taken care of himself from the start, instead of continuing his ministrations to

others. To quote from a letter written at the time: "Nothing has so strongly brought out the force of his character and the universal esteem in which this most remarkable man is held as this illness. One can say without any fear of exaggeration that the whole plain of Urumia is at present plunged into the deepest grief and solicitude and that scarcely anything else is talked of than his sickness. Last Sunday nearly all of our congregations gave up their ordinary services and with strong supplications and tears pleaded with God for his life. Moslems as well as Christians united in this service. Last week an unprecedented rain and hail storm destroyed thousands of dollars worth of crops. The tobacco fields, vegetable gardens, orchards, and vineyards that lay in its track were ruined. As some were commiserated on their loss, they said, 'That is nothing; may all our fields and crops be a sacrifice to God if only He will spare our doctor.' It is really marvelous, the hold this quiet, undemonstrative man has on this whole country. To face the terrible calamity of his death has shown us as never before what Dr. Cochran had been in God's providence to this country and its people."

Mrs. Labaree, writing at the time, says: "He never voluntarily spoke of the fact that Mr. Labaree had died for him, and when he would take my fatherless children into his arms, such a look of suffering and grief came into his face as I never want to see again. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that death was absolutely the only way out of the maze of suffering, danger and anxiety in which the doctor found himself. And God in His love and mercy did not try His servant beyond his strength, but gently released him."

The funeral services were held in the beautiful compound of the college under the tall, stately *chinars* that make one think of

the nave of a great cathedral. Though I also was sick with typhoid, Dr. Vanneman most kindly carried me in his arms to the Shedd's sitting room where I could look out at the vast throng that came to share with us in our great sorrow and to do homage to their beloved friend. All the missions, Roman Catholic, Russian and Old Church Nestorian, were represented, while all around were thousands of Christians, Kurds and Moslems. Accompanied by a great throng which included the Russian consul and members of the Persian nobility as well as the poor and lowly, he was carried to his last resting place on Mount Seir.

No words can better express what his life and service meant to Persia than those inscribed on the tablet in the memorial hospital erected by his life-long friend, Mr. S. M. Clement of Buffalo:

This building is erected in loving memory of
Joseph Plumb Cochran, M.D.

The beloved physician, the founder of this hospital, and the friend of people of every race, creed, and rank, skillful in healing, wise in counsel, gentle in spirit, defending the oppressed, relieving the poor, comforting the dying. In loyal devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, "who came not to be ministered unto but to minister," he here gave his life that others might live.

Born Urumia, January 14, 1855

Died Urumia, August 18, 1905

Beginning with this third term of service, my work was changed largely to the educational. The school system of Urumia of which I was put in charge, included the village schools, of which there were about fifty on the Urumia plain and the adjacent plain of Sulduz and the valleys of Tergawar and Mergawar, and thirty in the mountain field of Kurdistan. There were also three high schools, for the three districts, and the Urumia College.

The village schools for the most part were small, dark rooms that were poorly lighted and heated, where the children sat on

the floor and used the palm of the hand in place of table or desk as a support for paper in writing. The entire school equipment was most primitive. The course of study comprised the three R's with the inclusion in most of the schools of reading in Turkish and Persian as well as Syriac. In addition there were small handbooks on physiology and easy science. The catechism and Bible held an important place throughout the course of study. In the high schools the languages were carried on further, with the addition of Ancient Syriac and English when a teacher was available. More advanced arithmetic was taught with history and Biblical geography.

The college course, owing to very different circumstances and needs, cannot be compared to our college curriculum at home. The languages were continued; a short course was given in geology; French and Arabic were added to the languages; book-keeping, commercial arithmetic, ethics, and chemistry with a few other subjects, were taught. We also had a theological and medical course for those who wished to become preachers, teachers or doctors.

As I look back to the years spent in the educational work I feel that they are among the happiest of my missionary life. Nothing helps to keep one young so well as being in contact with the young. I made it a point to get into personal touch with every student and do what I could to lead him to Christ, and some of those quiet talks in my study stand out as precious memories. Few classes were graduated in which every member of the class was not a Christian.

We have every reason to feel proud of our small college and the great work it has done. Many have gone into the ministry and done splendid service. The students of Urumia College have

been in demand all over Persia. Some have returned to the wilds of Kurdistan, others to Mesopotamia and Russia. Two of our students did wonderful service in the War as leaders of the Assyrian contingents, services that were most highly spoken of by the British. Quite a number are in the United States as dentists, physicians, lawyers, preachers, farmers or business men. One of our graduates, who made his way through college in America holds an important position in the insurance business. There is also a large colony of Assyrians in Turlock, California, where they raise various fruits, and where they have introduced the seedless grape.

As the methods of blacksmithing and carpentering were antiquated, at one time an industrial school was opened in connection with the college, with Mr. E. T. Allen, who had taken a course in trades, in charge. Good sets of tools and some hand-power machinery for wood and iron were introduced, and a good beginning was made; but after a few years, owing to lack of funds, this department was closed although considerable progress had been made.

Seeing everywhere the very primitive methods of agriculture which had not advanced a bit since Bible times, I was deeply impressed with the very great need of an agricultural course, for I believe that anything that enables the people to produce more and better food and conserve their time and strength for other things is a very practical and legitimate kind of missionary work. With some thirty acres of land connected with the college compound, and more available when necessary, it would have been a very good place to start such work. Many of the Persian noblemen who owned villages and whose main income was from the

land, were most enthusiastic over the introduction of better agricultural methods and promised to help if it were done.

With a very crude plow, unchanged in thousands of years, only sickles to cut the grain, threshed out under the feet of the cattle driven over it, or a simple plank with teeth inserted, the process of securing the grain not only takes many weeks and is laborious, but is also very wasteful. I did a little towards introducing a few implements as an experiment. One was a plow, but unfortunately it was not adapted to irrigated land, though it worked splendidly in the *dam*, or mountain land. I also brought out some cradles and scythes with which one man could do more work in a day than a dozen with their sickles. These did not become popular as the people said their use made them too tired! However, a man who worked for me learned to use these and cut in one day an alfalfa field that would otherwise have taken four men four days.

Though most western vegetables and fruits were known in Persia, the missionaries have made a great contribution by the introduction of tomatoes, potatoes, sweet corn and some other vegetables. In a land where the people depend almost entirely on wheat and are great bread eaters, anything that will take its place is an incalculable blessing. During the years 1921-22, had it not been for the great potato crop which the British had planted for their army, but which, owing to the evacuation of their military forces was left on hand, we never could have fed the thousands of refugees.

The apple was one of the few inferior fruits in Persia. Dr. Cochran had brought in two kinds of better apples and later Dr. E. T. Miller introduced sixteen varieties of American apples planted in my garden. Many Persians took grafts and before the

War they had been fairly widely introduced on the plain and were very much liked. She also introduced a lemon called the ponderosa of such large size that many Persians came to see it. The missionaries also brought in strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants. The French missionaries imported some new fruits, including the everbearing strawberry and oxheart cherry.

Two things I had the pleasure of being the first one to bring into Urumia were the zonophone, the precursor of the victrola, and the bicycle. Soon after my talking machine came, some Persian friends asked to call, and I planned a surprise. I put the zonophone in an alcove that was curtained off from the parlor having a door opening out into the hall. I put on a laughing song and stationed one of our boys there, who, at a certain remark that would serve as a cue, was to turn on the machine. The Persians are very dignified and seldom unbend. At the right moment this strange laughing song broke into the silence. The men all stopped talking and listened astonished. Then it was most amusing to see them try to maintain their dignity as the song with its paroxysm of laughter continued. The lines of their faces began to relax, and then one of them, unable to contain himself longer, snorted right out, and that swept the rest off their feet until all were doubled up with laughter. Finally, when able to compose themselves, they said, "Who was that?" Drawing the curtains, I said, "I see no one." So they looked out of the windows and then, stroking their beards, said, "*La-il-la-hah, Il-lal-la-ho. Bismilla-hi'rrahman-i r-rahim.*" (There is no God but God, praise be to God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.) Then, stepping to the machine, I turned the record on again, and they were even more

astonished to hear the laughing with no one in sight. Who could explain that all those sounds came from a disc?

That which created even greater and more general astonishment was the bicycle. The appearance of a machine that carried a man so rapidly was a far greater wonder to those simple people than an airplane here. From a distance as they saw it from the fields, many took it to be some new kind of monster. Some would flee at the sight, others whose curiosity got the best of them would leave plows and work in the fields and run to the road to see it. Their first question was, "What does it eat?"—for they had never seen a saddle on a thing that did not have to eat. I told them it ate muscle, and when they asked how much, said it depended on whether it went up hill or down hill. When I would ride to demonstrate its action, it was strange what effect it had on different people. Some, losing the courage of curiosity, would run away as fast as they could, others go into convulsions of laughter, while still others stood overcome with awe. Many would say, "What a wonderful *maḥina*, to carry a man and yet require neither straw, hay nor barley!"

One had to be very careful as he met a caravan or mounted persons. One day as I was passing a man on a mule, the animal side-stepped so quickly at sight of it that his rider dropped into a mud puddle. At such a time apologies are useless and discretion dictates that one make haste to get away. On another occasion I saw a woman ahead of me on a donkey. She was holding a baby in her arms while a small girl sat at the rear end, clinging to her skirts, and a small boy sat astride of the donkey's neck. I felt safe as I did not think the donkey with such a load could do much. But as soon as he saw the bicycle, he galvanized into life and started on a fast trot. First the girl slipped off the donkey's tail,

bawling as if killed, then the small boy went off the neck, and then, gradually losing her balance, the woman turned a hand-spring (no practice could have made her more expert) and fortunately landed with the baby on top. Judging from the noise of the three children that no one was seriously hurt, I got away from the scene as fast as I could.

But the most ludicrous episode remains to be narrated. I was returning from a distant village one day, riding the wheel, while Mr. Allen was behind in the cart. As the road running along the lake was smooth, I was making good time when I saw an old woman coming down to the road. She was mounted on a small donkey so near to the rear end that her short skirts draped his tail, of which only a small portion was visible. As the flies bothered him, his tail got entangled in her skirts with an amusing effect. She was riding thus far to the rear because she held in front of her a large bowl of *mesta*, a sort of fermented milk that is such common food in the East. The bowl of *mesta* and a few flaps of bread with which it was covered was the lunch she was taking to the harvesters. I devoutly hoped that the donkey would not shy, and slowing down went as far to the side of the road as possible.

But as I cast a backward glance, I saw him make a sudden turn and climb a steep bank. The woman would not let go of her bowl and, with her feet rising heavenward, turned a complete backward somersault over the animal's tail and came down right side up, with an empty bowl. As she lost her balance, the contents of the bowl poured over her head and face, so well plastering them with white that one could not see nose, eyes or mouth. To add to the beauty of the picture, the dust had thoroughly peppered her. For a single, awful moment there was silence, and then a crack

appeared where the mouth belonged, two more cracks where the eyes were, and then torrents of profanity and revilings poured forth. Not satisfied with simply cursing me, she went back three generations, calling down every possible imprecation on all my forebears as well. I knew by the strength of her lungs that she was not hurt, except as to feelings, and made away as fast as I could pedal.

But the extremely comical aspect of it all was too much for me once I had reached a safe distance. Weak with laughing, I fell off into the grass by the wayside, and thought I would never recover my equanimity. After a while I heard cart wheels and Mr. Allen appeared, looking very solemn, and said, "Fred, what in the world did you do to that woman?" I told him it was simply some hand decoration and asked him his opinion of it. He replied, "I never saw such a fright, and mad!—worse than a March hare!" When he had come up she had left her empty bowl, grabbed the horse by the bit and, pointing her thumb down the road to my vanishing figure, had repeated her reviling. To get rid of her, he tossed a coin into the road and as she stooped to pick it up, got away. When I told him the story he laughed as hard as I had. For years after, as I waked up in the night and recalled the scene, I would get to laughing and my wife would say, "Fred, what is it, that old woman?" Mr. Allen made a tour as far as Kurdistan with the wheel and for years after people were still talking about that wonderful wind-horse. Some called it *Shaitan*, Satan, others the cholera, and sundry picturesque names.

What rapid changes have taken place since then! Today one finds phonographs in the homes of the Kurds and bazaars of Persia, automobiles everywhere, and regular airplane service oper-

ating weekly between the capital and Persian Gulf, Baghdad, the Caspian Sea and Moscow.

In April, 1907, the state of Mrs. Coan's health made necessary a trip to England where we remained until fall. As the Prince Imam Kuli Mirza had just put on Lake Urumia a small steamer which cut the journey to Tabriz by two days, we decided to take the new route, never before tried by foreigners. The *Muzafaria* was a small boat designed for a twenty horsepower motor and therefore hopelessly underpowered by the engine of one-fourth that rating which had been substituted, thanks to the Prince's ignorance. A German, Captain Neumann, had come with the boat to assemble and run it, and with no piers provided on either shore, he more than had his hands full to keep his vessel off the rocks and repair it when he failed.

We sailed with no more than normal Persian delay, but after a few hours it became evident that the power of the wind and waves was more than balancing that of the engine so that there was no alternative but to alter our course and run at an angle to the wind, which permitted some progress. It was late at night before the captain reached the shelter of a small cove where he anchored until morning. Then as no fuel remained, there was nothing for us to do but hire a horse and some camels, which in six hours brought us to the harbor for which we had set out and at which our carriages were waiting.

Our younger daughter, Katharine, having gone to America in 1911 with the Shedd's, we followed the next year, again trying the lake route. This time we had gone only about two hours when it became necessary to turn back to Gumruk Khana where the landing with high waves dashing upon the rocks was no easy task. Three days we waited for the wind to die down, and the

morning of the fourth we were startled by the news that the *Muzafaria*, having been driven on the rocks in the night, lay in a watery bed. This time there was nothing to do but return to Urumia, where we had said all our farewells, and remain until preparations could be made for the five-day land journey to Julfa. Perhaps we were given this unexpected chance for a few days more with the places and people that had filled so many years of our lives, because we were never again to see them unravaged by war.

Chapter XXIV

The Great War



WHEN we left for Persia in 1914, after our furlough, we little dreamed of the tremendous upheaval that was soon to shake the world to its very foundations and bring such vast changes even to far-distant Persia. We were in Switzerland when war was declared and were able to observe the quiet and efficient way in which all of its forces were mobilized within two weeks' time. Yet it was pitiful to see every able-bodied man and every horse requisitioned for service in a neutral country when the harvest was on and the time for hay-making. But there was no complaint, and the women and girls went to the fields and gathered the wheat and hay, hauling it to the barns with oxen and cows. Our elder son and daughter were with us, the latter going out as a missionary of the third generation to Persia, and our son taking the trip as far as Switzerland for his vacation. We were living in Auvernier, a suburb of Neuchatel, for the sake of studying French, and immediately offered our services in the fields and helped in making hay.

After some delay we were able to leave via Genoa for Persia and arrived at Constantinople in October. The feverish haste

with which Germany was rushing Turkey into the war was apparent on every side. German officers were much in evidence and trucks were going in every direction requisitioning the stock of the merchants with simply a note, not worth the paper it was written on, for payment. Crossing the Galata bridge, I saw long lines of village carts driven along by their peasant owners, clad in homespun garments with sandals for shoes. Each pair of oxen represented a plow and meant not only that the land would be untilled but in many cases the family would go hungry, for who would take the place of the wage-earner?

While the line of carts was stopping a few moments, I stepped up to one of the drivers and jokingly said, "When did you join the Germans?" Seeing nobody near, he cursed them under his breath and said, "Why should we be called on to fight the battles of the *giaour*, infidel?" He expressed the sentiment of thousands of others who were forced into a war in which they took no interest. The *Goeben* and *Breslau* had just been run into the harbor, contrary to international law; the capitulations had been abolished, and the Turks were in fine spirits.

One of the first things we noticed was that the old system of espionage had been renewed and we were watched all the time we were there. One day, taking a *caïque*, that graceful boat seen only on the Bosphorus, we went up a few miles to make a call, and had no sooner started than another *caïque* with an officer followed us. When we landed, the other boat did also, and the officer walked behind us until we entered the home of Dr. Peet where we lost sight of him. But when we came out again, he rose and followed us until we got back to our hotel. I hardly see what he gained since he did not go in and make us carry on all our conversation in Turkish.

When we started on, glad to leave the city, a Turkish vessel led us through the mines that had already been laid. Near the entrance into the Black Sea large groups of laborers were seen working with feverish haste to strengthen the earthworks that defended the entrance to the Bosphorus. In a short time, Turkey plunged into a war that was to ruin her. It is no wonder that the Allied Powers stood with bated breath until the effort to start the *jihad* or holy war failed. Had it taken place, no one can possibly realize the awful results of turning loose over two hundred million bigoted, fanatical Mohammedans to slaughter and pillage.

German propaganda had been assiduously carried on in Turkey, Persia, Africa, Arabia and Palestine. Everywhere stories had been circulated of German power and invincibility and the immense benefits that all allied with her were to reap at the end of the war. It was common talk that the Kaiser and all his subjects had accepted Islam and its prophet Mohammed. One example will suffice to show the ludicrous and almost unbelievable extent to which this propaganda had been carried. One day in my travels I stopped at a Persian tea house to meet the people as well as to rest. These tea houses, scattered all along the highways, are places where the men gather to gossip and discuss the news as well as to drink tea. They are a sort of Oriental club house. My arrival was welcomed, for here was a foreigner chock-full of news, a man who might be said to represent the *London Times* and *Literary Digest* combined, to people who have few newspapers and less ability to read them. Knowing the keen interest the Persians took in the War and something of the stories that had been circulated, I was anxious to see the proof for myself.

In reply to their question as to how the War was going, I said, "You know far more of the War than I do; please let me have

the latest news." One of them asked my nationality and I told him that was not necessary as I wanted an unbiased account. "Well," he said, "of course you have heard that the *Almani* (Germans) are winning everywhere. They have invaded England and driven the English into the sea. They have defeated the French and brought them to a standstill. Russia is on the run, and their armies have invaded *Yengi Dunya* (the new world) and all America is at their feet begging for mercy. Today all are slaves of the Kaiser, blessings be on his name." I told him this was startling news, and the strangest part of it was that, while I had two sons in America whose letters had just come, they had made no mention of this. Now if anyone attempts to argue with a Persian, he will find that he is as hard to catch as his ubiquitous flea. He replied, "Of course your sons, who are anxious to save their father from unnecessary grief, would never write such sad news." In the East it is considered very unfortunate to convey bad news.

I then asked how it was the Germans had done such marvelous things. One of them said, "Have you not heard of their wonderful rifles? They have invented a rifle that fires a ball two hundred *farsaks* (about one thousand miles) and one ball has been known to kill one thousand of the enemy." "But," I replied, "how can they persuade one thousand men to stand in line while they practice on them?" "Oh, he returned, "that is not necessary. That ball is so inspired with enmity for all of Germany's foes that when it has struck one man, it turns to another, and so zigzagging across the battlefield it lays one thousand low before its strength is spent." "*Mashallah* (praise be to God), that is wonderful, I understand now why they are so victorious."

At this, another man spoke up and said, "But there is a more

wonderful thing than that. So far the enemies of Germany have not been able to kill one of them." "But," I queried, "do they never fire on them? Where do all their bullets go; what of all their artillery and gun fire?" "Oh," he replied, "the persons of the Germans are so sacred that Allah does not permit a single bullet to touch them. As soon as their enemies fire, the bullet is deflected from the bosom of the German and coming back kills the man who fired it." A new sort of boomerang! I then told them in that case they should fire backwards, and one of them replied, "*Moomkundir*" (it is possible).

Having disposed of the enemy in such easy fashion, another old fellow, whose thoughts had been running in a different direction, asked me how many new wives the Kaiser had taken since he had espoused Islam. When I said that in civilized countries a man was supposed to take only one wife, he replied, "As a follower of the Prophet, blessings on his name, he may have four. Has he taken three new ones or divorced the old wife and taken four?" I told him he would have to write and ask the Kaiser as we were not on good terms. All this may seem almost incredible, but it is just a sample, and a small one, of the wild, extravagant talk that was indulged in throughout all Asia in the War. The saddest thing is that it was swallowed by the simple-minded people, as more subtle propaganda was believed in by the western world.

We reached Urumia at last in October, 1914, and found our Christian people in great fear because of all that had happened. Although Persia remained neutral during the War in spite of much pressure to draw her into the conflict, Turks had crossed the border, only eighteen miles to the west of us, some of them disguised as Kurds, and had made an attack against the city of

Urumia. As word had come of the terrible sufferings of the Armenians in Turkey, the people well knew what to expect if Persia were invaded. At the time, there were some Russian troops in Azerbaijan, in Tabriz, Khoi, and Salmas, as well as in Urumia. Their officers had repeatedly assured us that Russia would never abandon the Christians to the Turks. Many hoped this was true, as Russia had always shown much sympathy for the Oriental Christians.

Soon after our arrival reports came of a large Turkish force that was said to be advancing from Mosul to the west, reports that kept the poor Christians in constant panic. A few Turks did reach Soujbulakh, eighty-five miles south of Urumia, while some of their forces advanced as far as Mianduab, on the way to Tabriz. Thither Russian forces from Tabriz were sent to meet them. Many of the Christians in the weaker, smaller villages had moved with what valuables could be carried to the larger villages for better protection, and the atmosphere was tense with fear. One thing that added to their terror was the open way in which many of the Persian Moslems, their neighbors, were boasting of what they would do as soon as the Turks should come. When we occupied the house assigned us, we found most of the rooms and store-rooms filled with wheat and household goods that had been brought in for safe keeping.

The last of December, 1914, I went out for evangelistic work in the villages. One evening just at the close of the service a man handed me a note, which, at a glance, I saw gave bad news. The people crowded around me to ask what it was. The note sent by Dr. Shedd announced that the Russians had been defeated at Mianduab and were going to evacuate Urumia the next day and had strongly advised all the Christians who could, to flee with

them to Russia. Never shall I forget the horrors of that night as the people realized that the Russian army was on the move. Group after group came all through the night asking me for advice. Some were working with feverish haste to hide away what they could, in some cases burying valuables in the yards or throwing such things as copper vessels into the wells. False walls were built behind which many hid their rugs, and I happen to know of a few cases where these were not discovered. Some prayed, and others read their Bibles, while many sat too dazed to speak. It was hard to advise them what to do on the strength of the meager news I had. On the whole, it seemed best for them to remain where they were until I could reach the city and send them word.

Early in the morning I started to the city. The road was already filled with refugees who pleaded with me to go with them, all hastening to their one goal which was the compound of the American Presbyterian Mission in Urumia. What a sight, when I entered our city compound! May I never again be called on to witness its equal! The yards were already packed with people, with additional crowds continually coming in. Picking up their children and the few things that they could, their only thought had been to escape massacre and worse. Many were too stunned to talk. Others, forgetting all they had lost, were grateful to God for their temporary deliverance. In their hasty flight they had left practically everything behind: all their food for the winter, for every family lays in its year's supplies in the fall; the cattle tied in their stalls; and their well-furnished homes. In many cases, even before the people left, their Moslem neighbors had arrived, sacks in hand, to carry off all they could; everywhere looting began before the people were out of sight of their homes. Often they were intercepted and killed before they got far, so

that Dr. Shedd, after a careful survey, thought at least two thousand met death that first day at the hands of their Moslem neighbors who up to that time had seemed friendly. It was the poison of propaganda that had changed all. In all the history of our nearly one hundred years' work in Persia, and even for many hundreds of years prior to that, there had never been a massacre of Christians by Moslems, although there had been isolated cases of murder and the abduction of women and girls. In fact, as neighbors they had often befriended each other, and many Moslems were dependent for a living on the more prosperous Christians who gave them employment. Their hungry had never been turned away from Christian doors.

It is only fair in this connection and as a partial explanation of the bitterness of the Moslems against the Christians to say that they had received much provocation ever since the advent of the Russian Mission in 1897, at the hands of a few unscrupulous and wicked characters, Nestorians and Russians. The Russian Mission had been brought in entirely as a political move by two notorious scoundrels, one a Nestorian bishop, guilty of the greatest crimes, and one a depraved man repudiated by his own people. Some of their followers had openly boasted of what they would do to the Moslems in return for all they had suffered at their hands. The Russian archimandrate, a man of great ability, had mixed in political affairs far more than was warranted. Deceived by some of the Christians who saw a fine opportunity to get even with their masters for some fancied or real wrong, he had, with the aid of Russian Cossacks, arrested some masters and treated them with great indignity. All of this had been rankling in their hearts, and they had been biding the opportunity that had now come to them.

But to continue the narrative. After a short consultation in the city, I went to the college compound, two miles out, where I found a scene of great confusion. The yards were jammed with refugees from the near villages, and their cattle roamed freely all over the yard. As the college had been dismissed for the holidays, we packed away in its empty rooms ten times their ordinary capacity. The chapel, school rooms, cellars, wood rooms, store-rooms, closets, stables, both on the college as well as hospital side, were filled. We then took all we could into our own homes. One missionary had fifty-four guests and we had thirty. In the city we annexed all the Christian yards between our compound and the city gate. The gateways into the street were barricaded and we knocked holes in the intervening walls so as to give access from yard to yard. Over them all we raised the American flag.

When I thought we had reached the limit, another crowd of six hundred led by their pastor, Abner, came down the college avenue. The crowd included refugees who had fled to escape the Turkish massacres of 1895 and had been given the abandoned village of Kala d'Ismail Agha, some fourteen miles from the city. Here, by great energy and industry, they had well established themselves, having been promised safety by the Turks and Kurds as long as they remained in their village. But that morning Kurds had come and demanded food. After they had finished eating they had suddenly begun to disarm the men and murder the people, of whom over thirty were killed and more wounded. The frightened villagers scattered everywhere, hiding in the hills where they nearly perished from cold and hunger. As the poor, tired bedraggled group came down the avenue, I could not refrain from weeping. They had to be added to those already cared for. One poor woman had lost her reason and was a raving maniac.

Her little baby had to be taken from her and cared for by others.

About ten thousand refugees, picking up a little bread and throwing their babes on their backs, with the other children clinging to their skirts, started to cut across the plain and overtake the Russian army. It was a long five days' march in mid-winter and many perished by the way. Mothers got so desperate, they dropped their babies in the snow and some flung them into the Aras River because they could no longer feed them. The great heartedness of the Russian soldiers was seen on the march. Although already heavily loaded, with roads that were very hard to travel, they picked up many a child and baby left to die and later were able to hand them to their parents who had given them up as lost. These found shelter in the Russian villages where many of the Nestorians and Armenians already living there, as well as the Russian government, helped them without stint.

I shall not attempt to go fully into the five months when we were prisoners under the Turks and cut off from all communication with the outside world, months that were one long nightmare, months in which we often almost ceased to hope. Others, especially Mrs. William Shedd in "THE MEASURE OF A MAN," have told the story. And, besides, I was laid low and was unconscious many days with typhoid. But I shall mention a few facts that came under my own observation.

The day after the refugees came to us, and while all was confusion, we knew that the Turks, who hovered near and were watching every movement reported to them by their agents, would cross over the mountains. Early in the morning I went up on the roof where I had a view of mountains and hills to the west and south; and with my field glasses I soon saw them coming down the slopes like a swarm of locusts. Full of the lust of blood

and of glee at the thought of all the loot that awaited them, they were firing off their rifles into the air. The thousands in our city compound also knew it and were running about crazy with fear, and saying, "We shall all be killed!" We told them that there was no time for weeping but to pray as they had never prayed before.

With no time to lose and not knowing whether their nationality would be a protection, the gentlemen of the station took the American flag, unfurled it above our gate, and stood there waiting. The moments seemed like hours and the only sound was the sobbing and praying of that great crowd of people on their knees. Soon the head of the Turkish column appeared coming through the city gate, some five minutes' walk away. Behind was a crowd of bloodthirsty soldiers and Kurds. One man, riding in the center, held the green banner, always carried when the Moslem goes on a *jihād*. As the column reached the gate, the officer at its head looked up and saw the flag and then the white faces of the men who stood beneath. Turning to the army, he shouted, "Halt!" Then, pointing to the flag, he demanded, "What flag is that?" and our spokesman replied, "The flag of the United States, *effendim*" (sir). The officer continued, "Who raised that flag?" The answer came back, "We did, sir." Again, "By what right did you raise that flag?" and the answer, "The right of American citizens, who claim its protection for themselves and those who are under its folds." For a moment the silence was such that one could almost hear a pin drop and the tension so great one felt something must snap. The officer then said, "If it were not for that flag and you men beneath that flag, we would kill every one of you." Then, turning to the army, he shouted, "Forward, march," and the army rolled on. When the last man had passed the gate, the refugees inside rose with streaming eyes and, hysteri-

cal with joy, cried, "God and the flag have saved our lives and honor today!" There, over that gate, the stars and stripes waved for five months. The flag, tattered and worn, was finally brought to this country and is now one of the most prized relics of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York. Dr. Jowett had it in front of the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Church for several weeks.

I had never before fully realized what our flag stood for and can well understand what Mrs. Packard, one of our missionaries, said when she wrote home, "It is easy to grow enthusiastic about our flag, but sometimes the love for it is only a speechless gripping of the heart that fairly bursts. We've seen it in these last five years, the protector of thousands, flying between them and their would-be murderers."

As soon as the Turkish army had quartered itself in the city some of our gentlemen called on the officers, explained our position, and asked for guards. Several Turkish soldiers were sent to the college and city compounds and were there until the army finally left.

Our first task was to organize for the tremendous job ahead. Dr. Shedd, called of God for just such an hour, a man of supreme courage, great wisdom, unerring judgment and fine sense of justice, a man respected as leader and counselor by all classes, Moslem and Christian alike, naturally assumed the delicate and difficult task of negotiating with the Turks and Persians, in order to do all possible to protect life and property and preserve law and order. He finally paid the supreme price by laying down his life as leader of the eighty thousand who ultimately fled south towards the British lines.

Dr. McDowell had charge of sanitation, no simple problem

where there is no system of sewage or clean water supply. Mr. Muller had charge of the compound gate, as only an American could be trusted at that post. For like ravening wolves, the raging mobs that passed day after day longed for any excuse to get in and wreak their passions on the helpless crowd within. Miss Lewis took charge of feeding the twenty thousand in the city yard. Dr. Packard and Mr. Allen were doing all possible to rescue the helpless women and girls taken captive in the villages and held under pressure to become Moslems. Over two hundred women had been taken, of whom some eighty were finally rescued after incredible suffering and humiliation. I had charge of the four thousand odd quartered at the college. As many of these were from the mountains and had little sense of law and order, the task was most difficult.

A few days after the first army entered, we heard that another army made up of Turks and Kurds was coming from Soujbulakh and among them a Kurdish chief, by the name of Kareni Agha, whom Dr. Packard had treated and knew. He offered to go out and meet the Kurd in the hope that through his influence he might at least secure protection for the Christians. It was a brave and very dangerous thing to do, but thousands of lives were at stake. Accompanied by a Syrian physician, Dr. David, who had practiced among these Kurds and knew them, with his own servant carrying the United States flag and another man carrying the Turkish flag, they started. A few miles out, at the village of Wazirawa, they heard firing and were told by the Christians that they could go no further as the army had reached and surrounded the village of Geogtapa, two miles beyond, and was pressing it hard. In this connection we must remember that a large number

of Nestorians had not been able to flee, being too far away to receive word in time; and others had hoped that they might be able to remain, in one case meeting the Turks with a large sum of money that was offered for protection.

But Dr. Packard was not the man to turn back. Hugging the shelter of the mud walls and making their way through the vineyards, he and his party finally came out in sight of the camp. Geogtapa is built on and around one of the old Zoroastrian ash mounds. On the hill were the Russian Orthodox Church and the Presbyterian Church. Both of these were packed with praying women and children, while the men who had been armed by the Russians were making a brave fight from behind the church walls and such breastworks as had been hastily thrown up. Up to the time of Dr. Packard's arrival they had managed to hold the enemy off, but their ammunition was running low and it was only a matter of time before every one of them would be killed.

Lying low on their horses' necks, Dr. Packard and his companions put them to a run and, with bullets flying all around, soon covered the space to the camp. Leaping from his foaming horse, he asked for the officer in charge and was led to his tent. When recognized, he was told that this was no place for him, and his plea, that the village with its people be spared, was refused. By using every argument he could think of, Dr. Packard finally brought the officer to agree to let the people go back to the city with him if they would hand over all their arms. A sheikh with his green turban and an old rusty sword was very indignant at this interruption and tried to prevent the truce, but failed. The officer then detailed a guard to go along and receive the guns. As they made their way through the streets of the village, they found Kurds already bringing loot out of the houses, and several times

rifles were raised but lowered when their owners were told these men were to proceed.

The question was how to let the Christians on the hill, who were firing at everything that moved, know that their rescuers had come. Dr. Packard entered a yard and mounted a roof that had a low parapet. Crawling to it slowly, he raised the flag above the protecting wall. As soon as he was recognized, a shout went up, "The American flag! Stop firing!" At that he rose and waved the flag and a great cry went up. "Dr. Packard! We are saved!" All firing then ceased. Arriving at the gates of the walls surrounding the church, he told of his mission. At first the men feared treachery and hated to part from their weapons, but they finally agreed and, laying them down, walked out. That evening, just about dusk, the Doctor arrived with about six thousand men, women and children, saved by his courage, trailing after him. On the way in they were repeatedly attacked by Moslems who tried to snatch away what they had.

Time will not permit an account of all that happened those dreary, interminable months, but just a few incidents will serve to show what we endured and suffered. Harrowing stories came from day to day of the atrocities perpetrated on the Christians still in their villages. Gulpashan, the wealthiest Christian village on the plain, had secured a promise of protection by payment of a large sum of money. One night the Turks came and arrested over fifty of the most prominent men and took them outside to the cemetery and shot them down. Then they returned to the village, where they outraged every woman and girl.

The Russian Mission had left with the evacuation of the Russian army. The English Mission had also withdrawn, leaving a Nestorian priest and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Neesan, in their

compound, which adjoined ours and was also filled with refugees. The bulk of the French Mission had also departed, removing all the nuns. But Monseigneur Sonntag, a very consecrated man of prayer, bravely remained with a few priests. Their yards were also packed with something like six hundred refugees and a vast lot of property that had been brought there for safety. One day the Turks attacked the French Mission, took out sixty men, tied them to each other and shot them on a hill near the city. Two men who dropped and feigned death escaped, although wounded. Hiding in the vineyards all day, they made their way, nearly dead with cold and fright, to the college compound late at night.

Another time over sixty poor Christians were rounded up to take telegraph wire to Gawar in Turkey, some sixty miles distant. Loaded like beasts of burden, they had to carry this all that distance. Then they were brought back and shot down within sight of their homes. Poor Mr. Allen had the sad task of going to Gul-pashan to bury those who had fallen there, and weeks later he buried what was left of this last lot. The Turks beat him for his trouble.

Several times, without a word of warning, a batch of Turkish soldiers came with a demand to search our premises. Not a room, closet, or stable escaped their prying eyes and even the privacy of the bedroom, always sacred to the Moslem, was not respected. At the time, Mademoiselle Perrochet, a French lady who had come with us from Switzerland to teach the children, was lying very ill of typhus, and I told the officer plainly that there was one room they could not enter unless over my dead body, for I knew the shock would prove fatal. Mrs. Coan had entered the room and locked the door on the inside. Even then, as we reached the door, one of the brutes tried it. I asked them what they were

hunting for and they said rifles and Russians, of which I assured them we had neither. In searching the rooms they came across an empty closet with a board floor that used to be the way to a lower kitchen. A board floor always aroused their suspicion. They poked their ramrods through the cracks and asked what was down there. I was so angry I said, "I suppose the rifles you are after." So they asked to be led another way to the storeroom. As they entered they saw their own ramrods sticking through the floor and asked, "But where are the rifles?" "Just what I was going to ask," I replied.

Now and then there were incidents that helped dispel the gloom and show that all men are not bad. One day Mr. Muller was coming from the bazaar with the *hamal* (porter) loaded down with money and only his own servant as guard. When near our gates he noticed he had been quietly surrounded by eight Kurds, well armed. They were joking and wondering how much money there was in the sack, and one of them punched it with his fist and said there must be thousands. Now there was nothing to prevent their knocking the man down and walking off with the money. No one knew them and no one would at such a time try to catch them. Mr. Muller kept a calm face and jollied them as he hastened the man towards our gate. Once at the gate it was opened, and as he rushed the man in he turned and, raising his hat, thanked the men for helping bring the money in safely. They went away grinning. Have we in the United States a city of fifty thousand where money could thus be brought through the streets safely without guards?

One night our gatekeeper was aroused by a chorus of girls' voices begging admittance. When one of the gentlemen went to see who they were he found a group of thirteen girls who had

been brought back by friendly Kurds. The reason was that one of the men had formerly been treated in our hospital.

Many prominent men were arrested and the Turks sent word that unless a big ransom was paid they would be shot. Their most valuable haul was a Russian Bishop who was seen hiding on the roof of our church. He was a very bad character and a bitter enemy of our mission. They demanded \$15,000 for him, but we finally bought his life for \$5,000, though some thought it was \$5,000 too much. Many Christians who had set up in business and imported articles from the United States gave large sums to have their shops sealed and protected, yet before long their own things were auctioned off before their very eyes. In one case the owner begged them at least to let him have his account book, but they charged him \$200 for it!

One day as we were at dinner, our gatekeeper rushed in and said, "They have just taken several women as captives." Dr. Shedd took his cane and with the gatekeeper overtook and rescued them all. An old man came to me and asked if I could take time to say a prayer at the grave of his son who was to be buried. I went to the grave and, just as I had taken my hat off, bullets began to sing around our ears. Kurds who had seen us from a neighboring hill would not even allow us to bury the dead in peace. They afterwards exhumed the body of a man who had several gold-filled teeth and took out the teeth.

Naturally with such awful crowding, epidemics set in. Before the five months had passed, four thousand had died in our yards and had been buried, in most cases without shroud or coffin.

One incident I cannot omit, for it is such a wonderful parallel to that beautiful story told in Second Kings, Chapter 5, of the little maid brought captive out of the land of Israel by Naaman,

captain of the Syrian hosts. One of our pastors, who afterwards died in flight, had a beautiful girl named Shirin. Fearing the Kurds would take her when they came, her parents tore her clothes and in other ways tried so to disfigure her that she might not attract attention. But the Kurds saw her and, throwing her on a horse, galloped off with her. When I met the parents they were almost crazed with grief and the mother said, "If they had only killed her, but think of what she will suffer." Several of us promised to pray for her. After six months, when all hope seemed gone, a note was brought us, written on the leaf of the girl's New Testament, telling us that she was safe with a large tribe south of us. Though they had tried to persuade her to become Moslem so that they could marry her to the son of their sheikh, she had clung firmly to her faith and asked us to pray for her. Three months later the Russian Consul, who was in that region, asked for her and procured her release. The next note came from a village quite near, saying she would be home in the morning. She appeared, beautifully dressed, escorted by several Kurds, and I never was happier than when we could give her parents the happy news. Her story was, that when she found herself among the ignorant women, she gathered them together every day and read to them from the New Testament and did all she could to teach and help them. She soon won their hearts to such an extent that they regarded her as an angel, and woe to the man who dared touch her. I have no doubt that the small Israelitish maid had lived such a consistent Godly life among those Syrians that when she spoke of the prophet in Samaria who could heal her master they believed her.

So amid shadows constantly deepening, despite occasional gleams of light, the months dragged on and we all grew weaker

from day to day. There were constant reports that the Russians were coming back that cheered us for the time, but as they failed to materialize hope almost died.

But on May 25, five months after the Turks had come, as I was taking some exercise on the roof I heard a sound I could hardly believe, that of Russians singing. Soon the volume increased and there was no doubt that it was the chorus that could come only from an army. People began to go up on the roofs and all were excited as they cried, "The Russians are coming, the Russians are coming!" Soon they appeared swinging down the street and we all went nearly wild with joy. If one has never heard the song of a Russian army as it marches, he has missed one of the greatest thrills of his life. As thousands came down the street, half of them sang the bass in unison, the next line being taken by the tenors in unison. Then the whole crowd whistled the interlude. God had answered the many prayers that had been going up and our deliverance had come at last. Many a hug and kiss did those stalwart Russians receive that day from the grateful, happy people. The last Turks had disappeared, for they knew when the Russians were coming; and we hoped we were at last delivered. We little knew that later far more awful things were to happen than what we had already experienced.

As soon as safety was really assured, the people, reluctant at first to go, for they still feared something would happen, were sent back to their villages. Oh, the desolation that we saw! All the villages had been completely looted and those near the city destroyed. Some villages quite a distance away, in the Nazlu district, were not harmed. Where the homes had not been completely destroyed, all the doors and windows and roof timber had been taken; and where they had had no time to take that, they

had maliciously removed the water spouts so that the roofs had leaked and the houses collapsed. In one case they had turned streams of water into the village and simply washed it out so that not a trace of it remained. Whatever in the way of property could not be taken away had been destroyed. Every dish, jar and piece of crockery had been broken, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of splendid food laid away for the year's supply had been thrown into the street and so defiled as to be unusable. Yet the same people who had committed this destruction starved to death by thousands later.

How happy the refugees were to get away from their cramped quarters to the villages again, even if in many cases they had to use a hastily prepared hut in place of a comfortable home, and their only ceiling was the blue sky above. I visited many villagers to learn of their condition and comfort them and in not a case did I hear any complaint or see any sign of despair. One call particularly impressed me. It was made on the family of one of our Nestorian doctors who had had a beautiful, well-furnished home. I was welcomed by the wife who apologized as she asked me to sit on the reed mat. Then she told me how sorry she was she could not offer me some refreshment, for every dish had been taken. But as she looked out of the window, her face brightened, and soon she came back with some delicious peaches that were laid on some leaves. "I am so glad I can offer these," she said, "for the Turks did not take them all." When I expressed my sympathy for all they had suffered and lost, she said with a smile, "Why, Dr. Coan, we are rich; we have lost nothing. My husband lives, while many others have been killed or have fled. No violent hands have been laid on my daughters or me; what more could we ask?"

I was called in August to hold a communion service in the village where the people had been rescued by Dr. Packard. As all the churches had been destroyed, the Roman Catholics, Protestants, Greek Orthodox and Old Church Nestorians were all worshipping as one congregation under the shade of some elm trees, in the yard of the Old Nestorian Church. As soon as they returned, they had organized and, joining together, asked our pastor to be their preacher. I shall never forget that service. Seated on the ground were about a thousand people, all of them in rags and many showing the evidence of what they had suffered. Many had a black handkerchief on their heads, all they could afford in the way of mourning. In the background were the charred ruins of their homes. After the service, which was most impressive, I told them that for the first time I had the great privilege and joy of inviting all who loved Christ, irrespective of creed, to remember His sufferings and partake of the bread and wine. I did not expect many outside of our own congregation to respond. But the first to rise and come forward were the Roman Catholics headed by their old priest, and all knelt reverently and took the elements. As they went back and sat down, the Old Church Nestorians, followed by the Greek Orthodox and finally our own people, came and did the same thing. When all had partaken of the holy communion, there was not a dry eye and for a time the service was halted because of their deep emotion. Then I said to them, "This is the nearest to the millenium I had ever expected to see in this world. What a wonderful thing that, as we have remembered His sufferings who died for us, we have in our own sufferings forgotten all about creed and church and realize we are all one."

After the doxology I asked them to be seated and said, "There

is one part of the service we have omitted, that is the collection. Yet we need an unusually large one, for winter is coming and we must rebuild one of these churches." It seemed like mockery to speak of an offering, when one would not have found a dollar in change in that whole crowd. But I knew the Spirit was prompting me to do what I did. I asked whether any group was ready to rebuild its church so that we could all unite in helping. All shook their heads and said, "We can't do it, but go ahead and we will do what we can." I then told them that if we rebuilt our church (the Presbyterian), it was to be open to all and we would gladly take any time for our service and let them have their choice of hour for theirs. Also, that if any felt that the church needed reconsecrating, they were welcome to do it. I then asked who was ready to help. The first one to rise was a poor woman in rags, haggard with grief and hunger. She said, "I want to be the first one to give. Over there are the ruins of my home, my husband died during the siege, a son was killed, and a daughter taken captive—would to God she had died; but I have a poplar tree in the field and want to give that." The tree was worth about \$3.50 which carpenters had offered her for it and she for some reason had refused. That was absolutely all she had, and that money would have bought a dress, much needed, or supplied food for two months; and yet she wanted to give all she had. Another woman followed her and offered all the stone and brick we could get out of the ruins of her home, as her husband was dead and she would never rebuild. Masons told me what she gave was the equivalent of \$30. I gave that woman help as long as she lived, for her husband had worked faithfully for me thirty-three years and had died helping me during the siege.

Carpenters offered to make doors and windows; others offered

timber; boys and girls said they would haul brick and make the mud; and a few who had buffaloes offered to haul the timber from distant villages. Some Moslem villagers who lived near us heard of it and came and brought their oxen and buffaloes and, free of charge, hauled loads the seven miles to the village, so that by the time we were through they had, out of the depths of their poverty, subscribed the equivalent of over \$400. I saw that we were at least \$1,000 short and was led to contribute my year's salary. Some remonstrated and said, "That is too much; give a month or a tithe." But I insisted, although I had no idea where the money was coming from. The very next day we started the work and I borrowed several hundred dollars at twenty per cent to meet bills. Let me hasten to say that I did not lose a minute's sleep over it and am telling this, not to show any generosity of my own, but simply to glorify God.

A few weeks later, with the people barely getting settled, word came from the Russians that there was to be another evacuation and that we must all prepare to leave. This seemed almost the last blow. Having taken the precaution to have everything in shape for just such an emergency, we started out in only a few hours with what we could carry in suitcases, leaving everything else behind. As Dr. Packard had opened the hospital and had many patients, he and Mrs. Packard with the children and Miss Burgess, the nurse, felt they could not go. Most fortunately, we had with us at the time a very fine Russian Consul, M. Basil Nikitine, a man thoroughly in sympathy with us and one who rendered great help in this crisis. He also determined to stay with a handful of Cossacks, and it was his courage and firmness that prevented another looting of the little our people had been able to gather after their return to the villages.

It was late in the afternoon when we left, the Allens and family, Mr. and Mrs. Muller, Dr. Shedd and his children, Miss Lamme, Mrs. Cochran and ourselves. Our servants all followed us. Late that night we reached some gardens fifteen miles from the city where we camped in the open. All the way from the city gate to that point the road had been crowded with poor refugees, some riding, some walking, with what they could pick up for food for a few days; and all night long we could hear the great crowd as it pressed on behind the Russian army. At Gavilan, some thirty-two miles from the city, where we camped the next night, over fifteen thousand people were spread around us in the gardens and on the threshing floors.

The next day being Sunday, the Russian officers planned to rest, and later when Dr. Shedd and I called on them they told us they had good news—that the Russians had defeated the Turks at Van so that a flight was not necessary. They asked us please to use all our influence to get the people to go back. It seems that when the issue at Van was in doubt and the Russians feared that if they were defeated the Turks would press in and cut off all retreat and massacre every Christian, they had felt it their duty to give the people a chance to get away. We went from camp to camp and argued and pleaded with the people to go back, but they were so frightened they refused. Finally Dr. Shedd, Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Coan and I offered to go back, hoping that, encouraged by our return, they might follow. Several thousand did and we were able to turn back many who were still coming. But a large number went on finally returning weeks later.

After partially resettling in Urumia, we left again for Tabriz where Annual Meeting was to be held. I had been there only a few hours when our splendid consul, Gordon Paddock, asked

me to call on business. He told me that he had received a telegram from our Minister in Bucharest asking where I was and saying he had £200 which was to be transmitted to me. I asked Mr. Paddock if he knew what it meant, who had sent it and for what; but he knew nothing more about it than I did. However, word was sent to transmit the sum and it came that week, just enough with \$7.00 to spare to help me redeem my pledge to the church. Who can, after such an experience, doubt God's great power and the way He honors our weak faith? The church was dedicated that fall, with a crowd that packed it to the doors. There were mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, sorrow at the thought of all they had suffered and the many absent ones, gratitude that they again had a place to worship God. Although the people needed every moment and all their strength to put into repairing some place for themselves for the winter, they had all turned to and first repaired God's house. For over ten years I wrote and searched everywhere before I traced the donor of that gift. God certainly knew it was needed and brought it at a critical time.

As conditions were very uncertain and unstable, our consul asked all the ladies to remain in Tabriz for the winter; Mrs. Coan and Mrs. Muller did so, but the rest went back. Over sixteen thousand mountain Nestorians had fled to Salmas and were scattered in its Moslem and Christian villages with Mr. McDowell and Miss Lewis there to administer relief. Since their time was so taken that nothing much could be done for the spiritual welfare of the people, I volunteered to spend the winter there with the Pittmans for evangelistic work; we had a very comfortable house where we lived as one family. Fortunately the winter was very open so that I was able to hold services usually

in the gardens, by the roadside, or in some large yard. Here I met many I had known in my tours in the mountains and heard the thrilling tale of their marvelous struggle against great odds and the miraculous manner in which they had been able to fight their way through to Persia. The Patriarch, Mar Shimoon, and his brothers and sister, Lady Surma, (who later came to this country to plead the cause of their nation), were also there. As I called on them often to do what I could to cheer them up, I learned to love the simple, brave man and his good sister, and was deeply impressed with his cheerful, sunny nature and unfailing courage under circumstances that would have broken the hearts of most men in his position. In the awful flight he and his brothers had put up a good fight. One of them died and another brother who was studying in Constantinople, having been thrown into prison and held for blackmail, was infamously killed by the Turks. He himself was soon to fall victim to the treachery of a Kurdish chief whom he visited in the effort to patch up a truce. Here in Salmas he was surrounded by thousands of his former parishioners, now reduced to dire poverty and depending on relief for existence. His yard was filled all day long by those begging relief and presenting their grievances and disputes.

That spring Mrs. Coan was able to return to Urumia and we were very happy to get settled in our home again and take up the work. But the experience of those terrible five months had been too much, for she had had the nursing of three typhoid patients in the home. Without any help except for a few days, one hundred and ten days of almost continuous nursing is enough to kill anyone. She broke down, and the physicians of both stations said she must go to America. Accordingly, after two years of

work, most of it interrupted by war, we sadly turned our faces again towards the West.

As the revolution in Russia had not as yet broken out, we went to Tiflis and thence to Petrograd. Here we were detained over two weeks and had a chance to see something of the effect of the War. All the trains were crowded with officers and soldiers going to the front, and trainloads were coming in every day filled with the wounded. The cathedrals were packed with the simple-minded, devout worshippers who, with streaming eyes, were praying for the men at the front. As the Baltic was sown with mines, we had to take a two days' ride by train up to the northern end of the Gulf of Bothnia and then, crossing by Tornea and Haparanda, we came south again two days by train to Stockholm and crossed from Christiania, now renamed Oslo. For four years we were detained in the United States where I lectured everywhere in behalf of the Near East Relief. Then, to our great joy, we were able to return to Persia in the autumn of 1920.

A few words as to happenings after we left Persia are necessary to complete the picture of that which the missionaries were called on to suffer. What occurred in our absence was far more awful than anything we had dreamed possible. When, as a result of the revolution, the Russian forces were withdrawn from Persia, they left behind several thousand Armenian and Nestorian refugees. Before departing, they had organized some two thousand of these into a fighting unit, well armed and supplied with ammunition. Owing to their indomitable courage and knowledge of the Kurdistan country and the fighting tactics of the Kurds, they had proved to be invaluable as scouts. Always brave, they had previously been at a great disadvantage owing to a lack of arms

with which to defend themselves; but for once, with modern weapons, they could more than hold their own.

When these refugees had fled to Persia with their Patriarch, they had been offered asylum by the Persian government, which settled them chiefly in Salmas and Khoi. They in turn, through Mar Shimoon, had expressed their deep gratitude and assured the Persian government of their loyalty and readiness to protect its borders from its hereditary enemies, the Turks and Kurds, against whom Persia, alone, had been helpless.

Dr. McDowell was in charge of the relief work, and when he left for the United States Dr. Edward M. Dodd and Mr. Robert McDowell were sent in his place. The latter, deeply impressed with the sufferings of the poor Armenians, resigned his position to throw in his lot with them. He fought with them and performed most valuable service for the British as an Intelligence Officer.

The Russian revolution threw these Armenian and Assyrian refugees into a position of great peril by removing their chief military support. But, recognizing their fighting qualities, the British and Russians as well as French urged them to hold the line and do all possible to prevent the Turks from breaking through and interfering with their campaign in Mesopotamia. The story of how, under the splendid leadership of Agha Petrus and Malik Khoshaba, they fought the well-drilled Turkish armies in fourteen battle where they were often outnumbered ten to one, is one of the most thrilling in the annals of the War. Perhaps an account of the battle of Ravanduz, in Kurdistan, may serve as a sufficient illustration.

There was considerable fighting in and near the place, and at one time a Russian army of some five thousand with an Armenian

regiment of seven to eight hundred went thither, via Urumia to head off the Turks. With them went an Armenian doctor by the name of Altunian, who had married an American wife. The following is the account Dr. Altunian gave me of what happened: When they reached Ravanduz, they learned that the Turks had just evacuated it, taking with them over a thousand captured Armenian women. Hearing that, the Armenians went nearly crazy and begged the Russian commander to allow them to move on in the hope of rescuing the women. After looting the city for a day, they hurried on; but when the Russians saw that they were outnumbered two to one, they wanted to retreat.

The Armenians had two unusually brave and able generals, Ishkhan and Cary, who insisted on advancing alone. Early in the fight Cary was killed, but that simply maddened the Armenians who flung themselves at the Turks with such fury that they soon had them on the run. At that, the Russians came up and completed the victory. Nothing can picture the fierceness of that attack more than the fact that 90 per cent of the Armenians were killed or wounded. Later, when I called on General Ishkhan to congratulate him on his victory, he wept and said, "But where are my dear boys?"

But let me return to the refugees in Persia. Among the many crimes committed against the poor Assyrians during the War, none was more dastardly or aroused more widespread indignation than the assassination of their highly honored and greatly beloved Patriarch, Mar Shimoon. He was living in Urumia at the time and was asked to go to Salmas and confer with Simku, also called Ismail Agha, a renegade Kurdish chief, at one time an outlaw from the Persian government. Although warned by an Armenian that there was foul play intended and that he would be

killed, he proceeded, with an escort of over a hundred armed men, to the residence of Simku in Kohna Shahar, a town at the northern end of the Salmas plain. He was cordially received by Simku, who said, "If this is a friendly visit, why so many armed men?" Mar Shimoon therefore, disarmed his men and went in to dinner with Simku. While he was dining, however, some of the Patriarch's men who did not share his confidence told him that there seemed to be many Kurds on the roofs and rooms across the street. He remarked that he had no fear.

As they parted, Simku, as a mark of affection, kissed him and then, just as the Patriarch stepped into his carriage, gave the sign. A volley was fired into the hood of the carriage by Kurds concealed on the roofs and in the rooms. The Patriarch was killed and his brother wounded. This act of perfidy rightly enraged the Nestorians. They vowed vengeance and, despite the deep snow through which they had to break their way for over two days, they attacked his castle and killed many Kurds. Simku himself escaped by a secret passage.

To answer slanderous charges of the excesses committed by the Christians at this time I would say that while there were undoubtedly a few men, some of them Armenian revolutionists from the Caucasus who were most desperate characters and some Nestorians who had suffered terribly at the hands of the Moslems who did get out of hand, to the great credit of the leaders, Malik Khoshaba and Petrus Agha, it should be said that they protected Moslem property, put guards before their gates, and did everything possible to preserve law and order, cooperating with the American missionaries in burying those who had been killed in the streets and taking the wounded to our hospital.

But ammunition and food were getting low. The Turks were

coming on in increasing numbers, enraged at the way they had been defeated; and thousands of Armenian refugees, who had fled from Salmas, and Assyrians who had left their villages formed a large camp ready for the inevitable flight. The rumors of assistance from the British had not materialized, and a spirit of despair was seizing all. Just at this time a remarkable thing happened to give them cheer and hope. Our daughter, living there at the time when the mission was soon to be again surrounded by the Turks, wrote that as they were at breakfast they heard a strange sound and rushing out saw an English aeroplane circling around the college, the pilot waving the Union Jack. Lieutenant Pennington, a British flier, had, at the earnest request of our consul, flown from Kazvin, 150 miles distant, to secure word of the fate of the American missionaries who had been cut off from the outside world for six months. When Lieutenant Pennington alighted in the field prepared by the Russians near the camp of refugees, they went wild with joy and fired off rifles and almost smothered him with hugs and kisses. He then came to our compound and brought the first letters and news from the outside world received in months and said he would gladly take letters next morning when he left. He also gave word that an English contingent was coming to their relief from the south.

It seemed best for Agha Petrus to go forward to meet them and, if possible, hurry them up with the much-needed ammunition. This movement on his part started a terrible panic. On July 30, 1918 eighty thousand refugees left in a mad flight for the British lines in Hamadan, four hundred miles south. Dr. Shedd went out and did his best to prevent it, and, while some of the people of the plain cooperated with him, he was not successful. Because of the nearness of the Turks who, as was well known,

intended to hang Dr. Shedd, and also because such a crowd must have some leader, he and his wife joined the exodus.

The story of that terrible flight through a deserted country, in summer heat and dust without water, constantly harrassed in the rear and attacked by the Moslems and Kurds who swept down on them from the villages, is one of the most harrowing in all the history of Persia. Those who were in the rear suffered most. Some left their loads and even threw away their much-needed food to make better speed. Many were killed; others were left to die of torture by their enemies. Mothers dropped their children; wives left their husbands and husbands their wives, for nothing was gained by staying to make more victims for the raging enemy. Hundreds of girls were carried off into captivity. The fifth day they reached Sain Kala and the small British contingent sent to their relief, but as the Turks were already in pursuit, for they had entered Urumia a few hours after the flight, all the English could do was to protect the rear and hasten the flight.

At Sain Kala, when he so hoped his great burden might be taken by others, Dr. Shedd, who was sick, died of cholera and was buried hastily by the wayside. A few faithful ones were with him, but the British doctor sent for arrived too late. So entered into his rest one of the heroes of the War, another martyr to swell the great throng of whom the world is not worthy.

A conservative estimate puts the number of those who perished at fifteen thousand. The ragged remnant finally reached Hamadan where the British immediately took charge of them and finally removed them to Bakuba, forty miles north of Baghdad, where for years they were cared for in a great camp of over sixty thousand. Thousands of tents were set up, and everything possible in a medical and sanitary way was done for them.

We can never be grateful enough to our friends, the British, who at a cost of many millions did what they could to save the broken people who were there. All who could work were given employment: the women in spinning, weaving, and making clothes; the men on the roads. The able-bodied young men were organized into a battalion and did most valiant service in the fight against Kurds, Turks, and Arabs, several times by their heroism extricated the British from most desperate positions.

It was to help the Allies, who were recognized as their only hope, that these small nations, the Armenians and Nestorians, threw in their lot and, because of the Allies, they have been martyred, crucified and left without home and country.

But let us return to Urumia and what happened after the great flight. About five thousand people who preferred the risk of dying at home rather than on the road, or were too old and feeble to go, remained in our mission compound with the missionaries, the Packards, the Ellises, the Mullers, Mrs. Cochran, the Misses Schoebel, Lamme and Burgess, and Dr. Dodd. Mr. Richards of the Near East Relief, who later married our daughter, was also there.

Only three hours after the people had fled the Turks came. They were preceded by the rough Kurds who had rushed ahead to get what loot they could. One party entered the college compound and made for our old home where Mrs. Ellis, Miss Lamme, Miss Schoebel, Miss Burgess and our daughter had gathered with Mr. Richards and Dr. Dodd. The other gentlemen were in the city. The Kurds demanded money. The gentlemen, hoping to divert their attention from the ladies towards whom they were most insolent, called them to the next room where they kept the safe. All, however, did not follow them, but some searched the ladies

in a most insulting manner, taking off their shoes and tearing the rings from their fingers. Mrs. Ellis, who sat in a chair with one child in her arms and the other in her lap, showed great presence of mind. A flower pot happened to be on the stand behind her. Into its earth she slipped a ring that she greatly valued as an heirloom, thus saving it. They threatened to carry off our daughter, and only as they heard the Turks come in did they leave with the loot they had been able to gather. At this time Mr. John Moshie, one of our most valuable and loved men, educated in the United States and after his return editor of the Assyrian paper and supervisor of our village schools, lay dying of typhoid in the next house, where his splendid wife was nursing him. When the Kurds dashed in and threatened to kill him, she begged that they let him die in peace and handed them all the money she had. But, paying no heed, they plunged their daggers into his defenseless body. This murder of a dying man was one of the most wanton and cruel of all their many crimes.

While this was going on, another band of Kurds went to the Christ Home Orphanage where the Pflaumers and Miss Bridges lived with the orphans. Our relations with these people were very close and we loved them all for their splendid qualities. Seeing Miss Bridges, a very attractive woman, the Kurds said they would take her along. She rushed to the upper room, threw herself into Mr. Pflaumer's arms and begged him to save her. The Kurds followed and tried to take her, but he refused to give her up. Exasperated, they hit him over the head with their guns and then shot him. He slumped to the floor and was thrown into the street. They then took Miss Bridges, flung her on a horse and were riding off with her when, fortunately, a Turkish officer arrived and, seeing who she was, took her and sent her with Mrs.

Pflaumer to the Persian Governor's. Later the women returned to the college compound. The fate of the orphans was awful; some were murdered and the rest taken captive. The Turks remained until October and during that time, on the pretext of needing the Christians to harvest the grain in Salmas, they marched them back and forth and managed to reduce the five thousand to one thousand. It seems so strange that the Turk was not willing to kill his victim and be done with it; he had to prolong the sufferings and agony all he could. Witness, also, the deportations from Armenia.

One day in October, when the missionaries had all gathered in our garden to celebrate the birthday of one of the children, the Turks entered and said they were to be deported, giving no destination or reason. With a very short time in which to make the most hasty preparation, and with what little they could pick up, they were put into trucks and taken to the lake twelve miles away. They were not allowed to take even their personal servants along, with one exception, where a poor girl was smuggled on to the load and it was only by earnest pleading that they prevented her being thrown off when she was discovered.

No words can depict the agony and despair of those who saw their only protectors taken while they were left helpless in the hands of their cruel captors. At the lake they were crowded into the filthy, close hold of the boat and taken across to Sharif Khana. There they were put into box cars and carried to Tabriz, where they were interned in a garden until the Armistice when, with no explanations or indemnification, they were told they were free.

When Urumia was evacuated, the heroism of two of the Christian women who remained did much to help the others. One of them was the widow of Mr. John Moshie with her

four children, the other the wife of Mr. Jacob David, also educated in the United States, and one of the leading teachers in our American Boys School in the city. They gathered the refugees who remained in our city yard and, with funds they were able to borrow, did all possible to save them. Food was provided and cloth bought for the women who made clothing and quilts. Schools were started for the children and a dispensary opened for the sick with the aid of one of the medical students who had escaped. Sunday services with Sunday school were also arranged and conducted by the two women and one of our mountain preachers, afterwards murdered.

One of the most terrible of all the crimes committed was that against the Roman Catholic Lazarist Mission where over six hundred Christians had taken refuge and were cared for by M. Sonntag and a few priests. At the time a Persian officer, Arshad-i Himayun, to escape the wrath of the people, had taken refuge with the Monseigneur where he had for weeks been a guest. One day he brought in a band of Persians and in the most fiendish, brutal manner that a depraved mind could suggest not only killed them all but with them his benefactor and the priests. An immense amount of loot that had been brought there for safety was also taken.

Dr. Packard in Tabriz felt that some one must go back to do what was possible for these poor people as well as to protect and save what had not been destroyed of our property. As the French consul expected to go over to look into the outrages committed against the French missionaries and the destruction of their premises, the chance seemed opportune. At the time the feeling between the Kurds and Persians was very bitter and repeated attempts had been made by the Kurds to take the city. But the

Kurds were friendly to the Americans, who had saved many of them from starvation. On May 4, almost six months after the Armistice, Dr. Packard and his family arrived. In one of her letters, Mrs. Packard speaks of their great joy at being home again and, though much had been destroyed, of being able to do what they could to put things in order. Alas, their happiness was of short duration.

The situation when they arrived was appalling. Over three hundred villages lay desolate, looted and empty. Many of the Moslems, in fear of the Kurds, had crowded into the city where they were in a terrible condition. Christians, Jews, Kurds, and Persian Moslems were starving. Dr. Packard estimated that forty thousand Persian Moslems, ten thousand in the city and thirty thousand in the village, needed help. Also, that forty thousand Kurds were in need. Twenty-five thousand dollars had already been given in labor, seed wheat to farmers, and wheat to former prosperous Moslems, and eight thousand dollars to Kurds. The reader must bear this in mind as we come to the events that follow, which show how in their mad rage and lust for blood the Moslems destroyed themselves.

One day Dr. Packard was hurriedly summoned to the city with word that fighting had begun again between the Persians and Kurds. It was hoped he might be able to arrange for a truce. This was effected for a short time, and Dr. Packard with one of the French priests, M. Clarisse, and Mr. David, who had gone back with them, were in our city yards when, like a whirlwind, in came a band of fiends bent on murder, outrage and loot. Although the governor was repeatedly telephoned, he did nothing except send a few soldiers who joined in the robbery. The frightened men and women fled to an upper room where the gang of

murderers pursued them. Dr. Packard, M. Clarisse and Mr. David were crowded into a corner when the men entered and began to shoot and stab right and left. Their victims were so tightly packed in that they died on their feet. Repeated attempts were made to kill the gentlemen, but a Persian revolutionist, Baghir Khan, stood in front and slashed at everyone who came, and finally managed to drag them out and get them away from the yard and to the governor's.

The scene in our yards cannot be described. Every child and man was killed; the women were stripped of every vestige of clothing and many of them outraged; others still alive were thrown into the wells until they were filled to the top. Finally, at the repeated request of Dr. Packard, soldiers came and some five hundred women who had escaped, many of them wounded, all of them naked, were conveyed to the governor's yard while the crowds that lined the streets jeered and heaped insults upon them. Mrs. Packard, with the children, was at the college and had no idea of what had happened. Fortunately, Mrs. John Moshie and Mrs. David were also with friends. As soon as the doctor reached the governor's he asked that soldiers go to the college and bring in his family and Mrs. Moshie who were there. It was only when they had reached the governor's and saw Dr. Packard's torn and bloody clothing and haggard look that they knew that anything had happened. The sufferings of the women cannot be described; naked and wounded they moaned all night long. The three families were given two rooms, and there they and the women remained prisoners twenty-four days with a mob outside thirsty and clamoring for their blood.

How our splendid consul, Gordon Paddock, who was in Tabriz, at the risk of losing his rank because he acted without

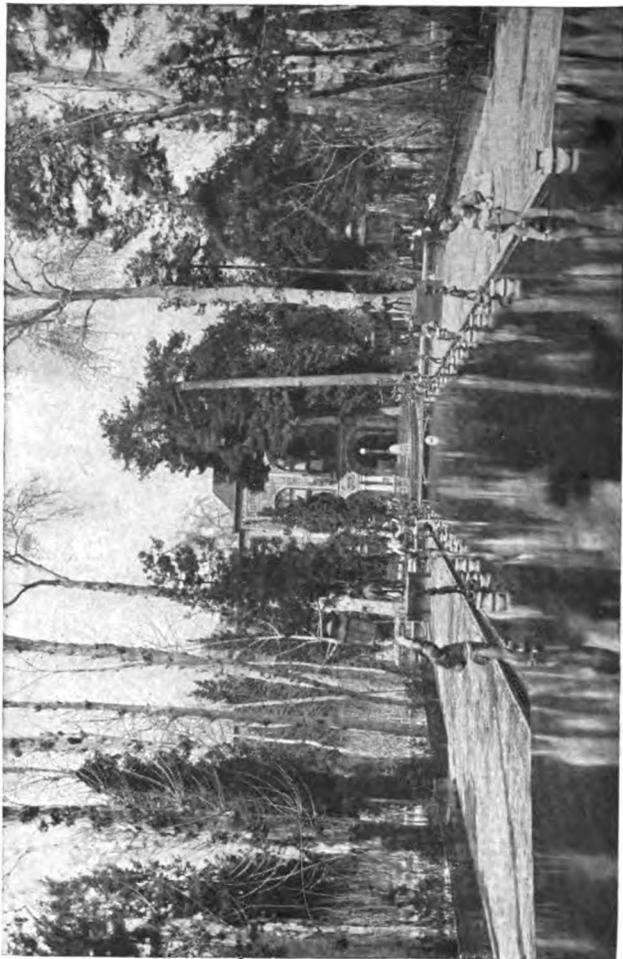
orders, determined to go over and rescue the Packards and the women; how with Dr. Dodd, Mr. Muller, Mr. Ferguson, an Englishman, and the Persian governor Sardar-i-Fateh, he went for five days through hostile land held by the Kurds, how after many days' parley in Salmas he secured from Simku, who held the key to the whole situation, a guard of Kurdish soldiers with orders that he should be taken to Urumia, and how finally he rescued the prisoners—all this constitutes a story that makes us proud of all who had a share in this splendid deed. Mr. Muller in the closing words of his account says: "The seemingly impossible had at last been accomplished. I shall always be glad for the small share I had in this undertaking, and again want to pay my tribute to the courage, skill, patience and tactfulness with which, without a hitch from beginning to end, the very difficult job was accomplished by our splendid consul, the Hon. Gordon Paddock. Without his help it never could have been done, for he was the one who worked it out and carried it through in all its details. And yet even he could never have done it alone, for we cannot be too grateful to our Persian Governor Sardar-i-Fateh, who is without exception the bravest Persian I have ever met. Willing to rough it, cheerful under all circumstances, courageous, and absolutely indifferent to danger, his presence was indispensable to success. It has been a privilege to know this man and shows us that there are among the Persian statesmen, heroes and gentlemen capable of meeting any emergency and of carrying through any task." Very much credit should go also to the others, for all were essential to success.

Urumia suffered most as an epidemic of typhoid broke out that carried off four thousand refugees, while seven missionaries also paid the supreme price, "for greater love hath no man than



KASHA BABOONA AND HIS NARGHILI, OR WATER PIPE

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**VIEW OF THE GARDENS OF GOLISTAN, LOOKING TOWARD THE
ENTRANCE OF THE SHAH'S PALACE IN TEHERAN**

this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Hamadan, occupied by the Turks, also came in for its share of anxiety and loss. June 10, 1918, all the American missionaries and foreigners in Tabriz with the Christian population were strongly urged, after a conference of the Allied consuls, to flee. It took a very great struggle on the part of the missionaries to obey, but under the circumstances it was inevitable. The Turks had already occupied Khoi, only eighty miles distant, and massacred all its Christian population and let it be known that they would regard all Americans as enemies and treat them as such.

The cavalcade that went out was composed of fourteen nationalities, and consisted of hundreds of people. Every kind of vehicle, from the Russian *phorgoon* with its four horses abreast, to the one-horse cart, and every animal, from the camel to the donkey, was pressed into service, and exorbitant rates were charged by their Moslem owners. Many a vehicle was so overloaded that it soon broke down and its load was abandoned. A guard of a hundred Persian Cossacks in charge of a Russian officer went along to insure safety. Part of the crowd went to Teheran and part to Hamadan, their road lying through desolate country and deserted villages, for famine had stalked through the land.

The Turks entered Tabriz without fighting, for thanks to propaganda, the Persians were pro-German and tried to forget their century-old hatred of the Turk. They occupied the American premises that were handed over to them by the Spanish minister, who was innocent enough to believe that they would be given back in good condition. Soon after the Turks had occupied Tabriz, they sent for Dr. Vanneman, who was acting as treasurer for the Near East Relief, and demanded all his papers, taking even his private correspondence with his family. They put

him through a grilling in an effort to find out how much he had spent and where the money was deposited, taking the names of all the Persian bankers with whom he had his funds. Needless to say, although the bankers were hard pressed, they refused to give up anything without his order. They then took Dr. Vanneman and Mr. Jessup and, putting them into a bare room, kept them there in close confinement for forty-four days. Of all the mean and uncalled for acts of the Turks this was one of the worst. Dr. Vanneman had a large practice in the city and his patients in all stages of sickness were suddenly deprived of his much-needed services. The better Persians were very indignant and did all possible to secure his release. They went to the German consul, to the Crown Prince and governor, telling of Dr. Vanneman's great services and usefulness, but all in vain, for when had the Turk been known to show mercy? For a few days the gentlemen were allowed to have callers, but afterwards even these were denied them and with a sentinel at the door of their room day and night, who constantly looked in to make sure they had not escaped, they were kept to that one room until released. It was most fortunate that Mr. Rieben, a Swiss neutral, was there, for he sent them food without which they would have starved to death. They were freed October 14, 1919, almost a year after the signing of the Armistice.

Chapter XXV

The Aftermath



AS WAS previously mentioned, the events of the last two years of the War and the first of "peace" took place while we were in America, no return to Persia being possible while conditions remained what they were. Because of the situation in Russia, our return journey had to be made via India, thence up the Persian Gulf to Basra, by train through Baghdad to Khanakin, on the Persian border, and thence by automobile. Since no Assyrians had been able to return to Urumia, but large numbers were in Hamadan, we were stationed there until poor health forced our return to the United States in 1923, and brought to a close, as we then thought, our service on the foreign field.

When we left, what was the situation in Persia due to the War? Though technically a neutral country, it was, thanks to propaganda, (that many-headed subtle serpent evolved by modern war), secretly favorable to the Turks and Germans and paid the penalty for such participation in sympathy. Over a million of its subjects perished from starvation as well as other causes. At first the Assyrians were the victims, as we have seen, but when the

Persians and Kurds in their bitter hatred of Christians drove out them and the missionaries, who were feeding all alike, thousands who might otherwise have been saved literally starved to death.

Including not only Urumia but a large area to the north as far as the Caucasus and south to Hamadan, was largely devastated. Thousands of villages were abandoned or almost deserted. The nine hundred houses in one village I had known a few years before had dropped to sixty. Even these were in bad repair. With neglect, the intricate system of irrigation, without which most of Persia would be a desert, broke down so that everywhere trees and vineyards were dead or dying.

The wealthy landlords and nobility of Urumia had been reduced to poverty and many of them were seen begging on the streets. They had killed the Christians, looted their property and outraged their women. But when the Turks found there were no more Christians to be robbed and tortured, they turned on the very Moslems who had welcomed them with open arms. Many wealthy persons were tortured to extract money from them. They, in turn, were pillaged and many of their fairest daughters were carried off as slaves. Their villages were in ruins and those who toiled to enrich them were gone. The Kurd who made us so much trouble on our return from the trip to Kochanis was afterwards caught by the Turks, beaten to death and his wives all taken captive, and this without any reference to what he had done to me. Simku, the notorious Kurdish chief whom the Persians used as a tool to kill the Patriarch, afterwards turned on the Persians, fought against them for months, killing many thousands, and finally was killed. How true that whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap.

What is the state of the Assyrian nation twenty years after the



**HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, AHMAD, SHAH OF PERSIA,
LAST OF THE KAJAR DYNASTY**

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REZA KHAN PAHLEVI WHO SUCCEEDED AHMAD SHAH
AS KING IN 1925

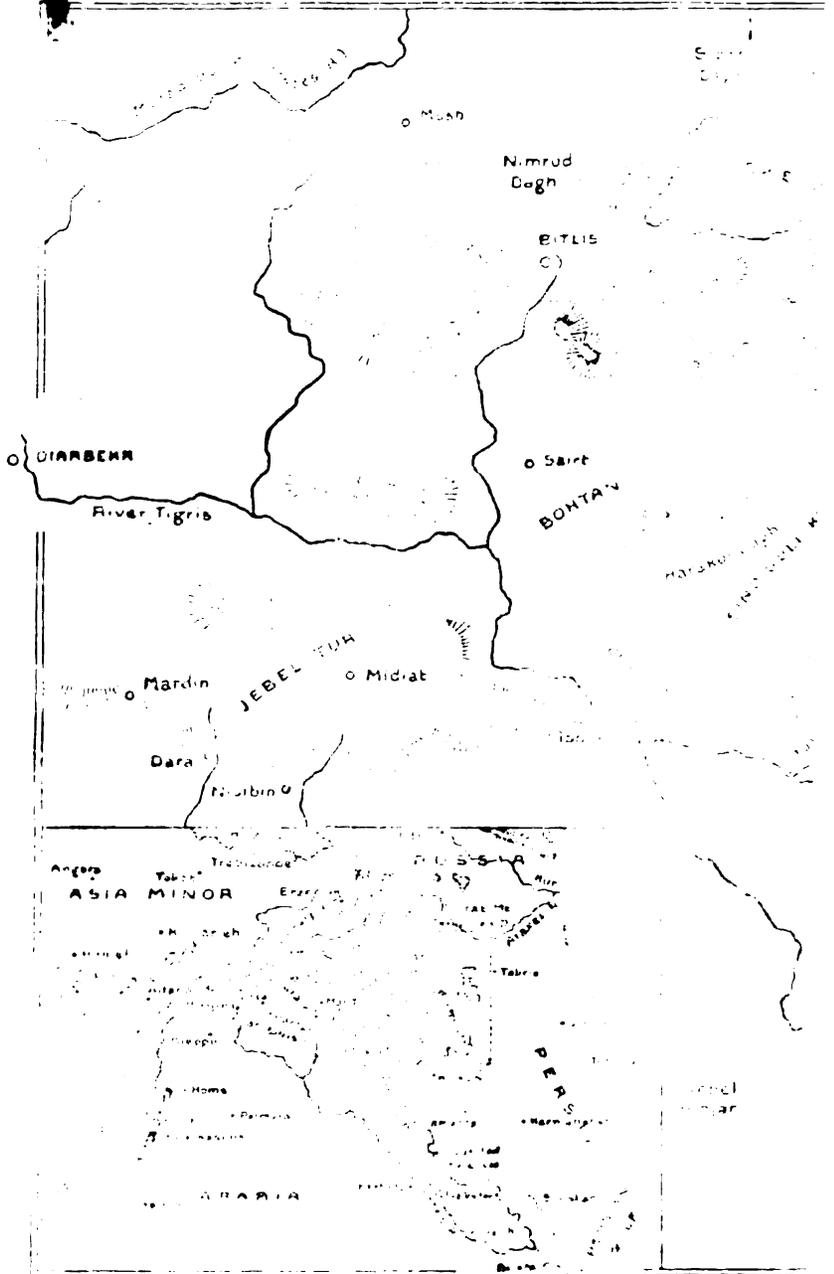
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Armistice? The British were very anxious to have the remnant of these people, of whom easily half must have perished, settle in Mesopotamia where they would be safe under their mandate and offered them what help they could. But their thoughts were ever of their ruined homes in their native land, and they begged to be helped to return. At first the Persian government was strongly opposed as it wanted their lands, vineyards and property. But the people were determined to go and the way was finally opened. Some ten thousand remained in Baghdad where most of them are supporting themselves, many by working on the railroads as far south as Basra. The others, speeded with a parting gift of 100 rupees, about thirty-five dollars a person, started back, and will be found all the way to Urumia, which only about eight thousand reached. A few, mostly Roman Catholics, are in Senna, some preferred Hamadan, and others Kermanshah. Several thousands, with the financial help of relatives already in the States, have come to this country, while many others were prevented by the restriction put on immigration.

By the decision of the League of Nations, the people of Kurdistan have been deprived of their mountain homes where several thousand had gone and had begun to rebuild their destroyed villages. Used to high altitudes, splendid air and cold water, they are now scattered in Mosul and the villages north of it, in terrible heat, in villages that do not have a green shrub or tree and where the drinking water is what is gathered in pools during the spring rains and serves also for all the cattle and animals. Naturally a large number have died from disease due to the change of climate. Yet these people, so depleted and so scattered, are those whom Nasr-ed-Din Shah told Dr. Cochran he regarded as his best subjects. Concerning them he refused to change a word when

I have lived a half century, the work that was mine, and the conditions and people among which it was carried on for forty years—all these are of the past and will not be seen again; hence this record. The old order has changed, and the new order, startling in many ways, has reached even Persia, whose laws in ancient times were the symbol of unchangeableness. How fortunate to have faith in a God who can fulfill himself in many ways, the new as well as the old!

MAP OF EASTERN KURD



Scale of 100 Miles

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