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A TRIP TO BAGHDAD.

WITH AN APPENDIX ON
THE ARAB HORSE.

BY
NAWAB HAMID YAR JUNG, RAHADUR,
H. H. NIZAM'S SERVICE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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DEDICATED

AS A

TOKEN OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION

TO

MY BELOVED FATHER,

Colonel the Nawab Afsar-ul-Mulk, Bahadur, C.I.E., M.V.O.,

A.-D.-C. to His Highness the Nizam, G.C.S.I.,

and

Commander of H. H. Nizam's Regular Army.

BY

HIS DUTIFUL SON.

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

To become an author is the usual ambition of everyone who knows—or thinks he knows—how to write; and while I must confess that I am not an exception to that rule, I am conscious of my shortcomings. But as this Diary was not intended for publication when I commenced it, and forms merely a record of events that transpired in course of the trip that I had the privilege of making with my father, I feel that my readers will regard leniently the imperfections of which I have been guilty. If I have conveyed all that I wish to convey about a trip that proved to be most interesting, and if my readers are entertained by what is here recorded, then I shall feel that I have been well recompensed for my trepidity in venturing on becoming of this little record

THE AUTHOR.

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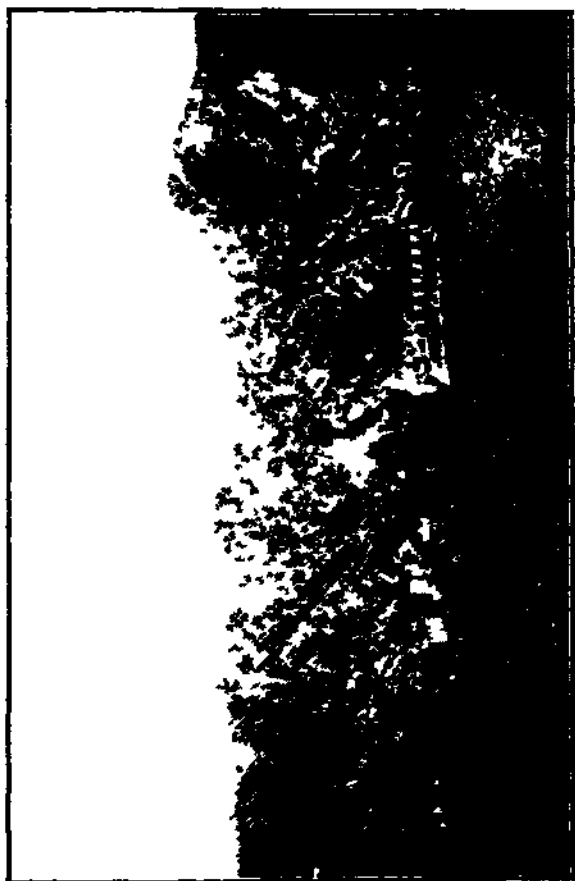
A TRIP TO BAGHDAD.



On Thursday, the 21st of March, 1907, I left Hyderabad for Ajmere with my father Colonel the Nawab Afsur-ul-Mulk, Bahadur. On the third evening after our departure, we arrived at our destination, where Mahboob—my younger brother, who is studying in the Mayo College—met us at the station. My father stayed with Mr. Waddington, the Principal of the Mayo College, who had invited him to be his guest during his visit to Ajmere, and I lodged with Mahboob in Tonk House, Mayo College.

Sunday, 24th March.—In the morning, we went for a ride towards the Daulat Bagh. the gardens are very pretty and nicely arranged. We also visited Anasagar Tank, which is very beautiful; and on the Bund there are some pavilions of pure marble, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1637. The work is most exquisite and gives a very imposing appearance to the Tank. In the afternoon, Mr. Waddington took my father over the College and showed him the different houses. There are altogether ten boarding-houses, belonging to the different States, besides the College building. They give a very handsome appearance to the College.

Monday, 25th March.—In the evening we left Ajmere, and arrived in Bombay early on Wednesday morning. After breakfast we went to see our boat, the *Dwarka*, which belongs to the B. I. S. N. Co. Although the *Dwarka* is not a very large steamer, yet we found everything in her very clean, and the Captain and officers appeared to be very sociable and obliging. The rest of the day I spent in getting tickets, passports, etc. We deposited the money which we were to take with us with the B. I. S. N. Co. and got a letter of credit from them on their Agents in Baghdad, Messrs. Stephen Lynch & Co. The following day, we went to the Victoria Docks at 8 in the morning, and after the usual medical examination we got on board the steamer, which sailed at about 9 A.M. The sea was very calm. During the night it was fairly cold, and this morning when we got up it was nearly as cold as it is during the end of the cold season in Hyderabad. About 10 in the morning we sighted land on the north side: with the aid of glasses we could distinguish a small town and the minarets of a temple. On enquiring from the officers, we learnt that the temple was called *Dwarka*, after which the ship was named, and that it was a well-known place of worship of the Hindus. At one o'clock we reached Cutch, and our steamer stopped for a couple of hours at Mandvie, where about fifty passengers landed and a few others came on board. We started again at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Karachi the next morning at 6 o'clock. Here we stayed the whole day. No one was allowed to go into the town, owing to quarantine



The Fort of Muscat

restrictions being in force. From here all the 3rd class passengers and the ship's servants were taken to the quarantine camp, where they were examined and returned to the ship. We left Karachi about 8 o'clock in the evening, after taking on board the English Mail, which had meantime arrived in another steamer.

Sunday, 31st March.—The sea was like a sheet of glass. The following morning we arrived at Muscat at 8 o'clock, where the steamer anchored for about two hours, in order to deliver the letters, parcels, etc. The town of Muscat is situated at the foot of gigantic rocks. It has two and three storied houses facing the sea, quite close to the edge of the water. The Sultan of Muscat's house, which was pointed out to us, is an imposing edifice, with a red flag floating over it. Next to it is the Residency, which was distinguishable by the Union Jack fluttering in the air.

Tuesday, 2nd April.—At about 2 A. M., our steamer entered the Persian Gulf. When we came on deck in the morning we found the sky overcast, and it was drizzling slightly. We had the Persian shore on oneside and the Arabian coast on the other. Our steamer was going between both these shores in the early morning, when a cool breeze was blowing, and the gentle sound of the waves was most soothing. As a rule, my father does not feel well during a sea voyage, but on this occasion he thoroughly enjoyed himself, as the sea was perfectly calm. Dr. Inayet Ali, who accompanied my father, took great care of him. Every evening, as soon as the wind became cold, he used to advise him to go below, so as not to expose himself to the damp air.

Wednesday, 3rd April.—At about 8 in the morning we reached Bushire. Our steamer anchored a long way off from the shore, and as soon as the mail had been delivered we started again. After a while, a strong wind suddenly sprang up and the sea became rough. Nearly everyone on board became sea sick. My father stayed in his cabin the whole day.

At 7 in the evening, we reached Kowheit. Our steamer anchored here the whole night, and we left the next morning at 8, after having disembarked about fifty passengers—nearly all Arabs. Kowheit is situated on the coast of Arabia, and most of the inhabitants are Arab merchants. The Sultan of Kowheit is quite independent, and has great influence over his people. He is very rich and owns a large number of date plantations on the banks of the River Shat-el-Arab. There is a British Consul residing at Kowheit—Major Knox, who is the only European there.

Thursday, 4th April.—At 1 o'clock we reached Fao and anchored for about two hours. The mails were delivered here, and then we started again. From this place we entered the River Shat-el-Arab. Hajji Ibrahim, a pilot, who had come on board at Bushire, took charge of the ship. The entrance to the river, which is called the "bar," is in rather a bad condition, as a great deal of sand is deposited here and no dredging takes place. After we had gone up the river for a short distance it gradually narrowed in, and the banks on either side were from two to three hundred yards from the steamer. Both banks were covered with date plantations, which

gave a very picturesque and pretty appearance to them. Here and there a small mud hut was to be seen, occupied by an Arab and his family, who were looking after the plantations. As a rule, an Arab pony or two was to be seen in front of these huts, grazing with the cattle. Between the rows of date trees a crop of wheat was planted. The soil is very fertile, and the water supply is plentiful. There were a few inhabitants of Busreh on boardship, and from them we learnt that nothing is so profitable as a date grove: the dates of Busreh are well known all over the world as the best, and as they grow in great abundance they are sent to Europe, America, and India. At this time there was no fruit on the trees, which begin to bear in May and the dates are ready in September, when the plantations present a beautiful sight. In September and October, which are the hottest months here, the dates are taken off the trees and packed in wooden boxes, bags, or mats, for shipment. Each tree yields on an average about 300 lbs. of dates annually, which is estimated to bring a profit of Rs. 8 to the owner.

At 7 in the evening we reached Mohommara, which is a small place on the banks of the river. The Karoom, a tributary of the Euphrates, branches off here, and on it a couple of steamers are run to Avaz and other commercial towns in Persia by a British Company. Our steamer anchored at this place the whole night, and we left the next morning at 7 o'clock for Busreh, which is only twenty miles from here. As our steamer passed the Sheikh of Mohommara's house a salute of one gun was

fired, in recognition of some service which the Sheikh had rendered the B. I. S. N. Co. some years ago : every steamer of this Company fires a salute when it passes the Sheikh's residence. While going from Mohommerra to Busreh, some large two-storied buildings were to be seen on the banks ; they belong to the nobility, and are occupied by them during the summer. We arrived in Busreh in about two hours and anchored in front of the Quarantine Camp. During the whole day the ship's crew were busy unloading the cargo, a very great portion of which consisted of timber and wheat.

Saturday, 6th April.—We left the steamer at about 4 o'clock for the Quarantine Camp, in a boat which was kindly lent by Captain Hirst : the Chief Officer, Mr. Stockwell, accompanied us ashore. The Quarantine Doctor, who accompanied us, showed us our quarters, which consisted of a nicely-built house, fairly clean, with two rooms on each side and a dining-room in the middle. The house is situated about thirty yards from the river, with a small garden in front, in which grape vines predominate.

The Quarantine Doctor, who is a Roumanian—Friedmann by name—is appointed by the Turkish Government. The doctor and other officials of the Quarantine Camp were extremely obliging. Dr. Friedmann placed a Government boat at our disposal, and informed father that we could go out in the boat whenever we liked, but he said that we were not to go into the town of Busreh.

We had heard a good deal about the trouble and hardships to be endured during the period of detention in quarantine, but, on the contrary, we found everything quite comfortable. Although the rooms were not large, they were clean, and there were green curtains to the windows. The house was fairly well furnished with bedsteads, mosquito curtains, tables, and chairs, and it was also supplied with knives, forks, etc.

Before leaving Hyderabad, Hazrat Syed Abdul Rahaman Effendi-ul-Bagdadi gave father a letter of introduction to his nephew, Syed Rajab Effendi Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf, who lives at Busreh, and on our arrival, my father sent the letter to him. On the second day Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's son came in his boat to see father, and informed him that the Nakeeb Saheb was out hunting in the country, but that he would return in the evening and would call to see father the next day. He hoped that when the quarantine was over on Wednesday morning we would be their guests in Busreh until our departure for Baghdad. This kind invitation was accepted by father. At 4 o'clock in the evening we went out duck shooting, a Sidi from the camp accompanying us to show us the ducks. We saw a few, but as there was no cover on the banks of the river we were unable to get within range, and consequently we did not get a large bag.

Monday, 8th April.—In the morning Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf came to the Quarantine Camp to see my father. He speaks English tolerably well, and had a long conversation.

Wednesday, 10th April.—We packed our baggage and prepared to go ashore. At about 8 o'clock, Yusuf Beg and Hasham Beg Effendi, son and nephew of the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf Syed Rajab Effendi, came to our quarters. My father was having breakfast at the time, so we asked them to join us. During the course of conversation, Hasham Beg Effendi told my father that the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf had informed the Vali or Governor of Busreh about his arrival, and had requested him to send his carriage to the landing place for my father. When the Vali of Busreh heard that the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf wanted the carriage for the Commander of His Highness the Nizam's Forces, he remarked that in the Ottoman Empire, whenever a "Sira Askar," which means a General, arrives in any military station, it is the custom to give him a guard-of-honour, and that therefore he would not only send his own carriage, but would also order the Captain of the man-of-war *Kalid-ul-Behir*, or the "Key of the Harbour," which was lying at anchor near the haven, to furnish a guard-of-honour. The Vali of Busreh also ordered the Mir-ul-Behir, or the Naval Captain, to go in one of the ship's boats to the Quarantine Station, in order to bring my father across.

After breakfast, while my father, Yusuf Beg, and Hasham Beg Effendi were walking about the shore, Mir-ul-Behir and Abdul Waheb Effendi, Private Secretary to the Vali of Busreh, Abdulla Pasha, Member of the Vali's Council, and Aoni Beg, Allai Commandani or Inspector-General of Police, came to meet us. Yusuf Beg introduced these officials to



The Vali of Busseh's Carriage and Escort

my father, and he spoke to them for a little while in Arabic. Mir-ul-Behir admired the uniforms of our two African Cavalry Guard orderlies and of Jemadar Ghulam Murtuza, who was wearing the uniform of the Golconda Lancers.

My father, Mahboob, and myself, then entered the Mir-ul-Behir's boat, and Dr. Inayet Ali Khan and two orderlies, with Allai Commandani, followed in the other boat. *Kalid-ul-Behir*, the Turkish man-of-war, was lying at anchor near a two-storied building which is used as Mir-ul-Behir's office. We were rowed across to the front of this house, where a guard-of-honour, consisting of about twenty Turkish sailors, was formed up, armed with Martini-Henry rifles at the slope, and opposite to them was the band belonging to the same ship. When my father landed, the officer in charge of the guard-of-honour gave a command which sounded like "Salam Dur," and in obedience to this command, the guard-of-honour brought their muskets to a position something like our "present arms." After inspecting the guard-of-honour, my father proceeded with the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf and other officials to Mir-ul-Behir's office, where we sat down for about ten minutes, and after my father had had a short conversation with the Mir-ul-Behir we took our departure. My father, Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf, Mahboob, and myself, went in a carriage, which was sent by the Vali of Busroh, the rest of the party following, and we were escorted by the Vali's men, about twelve in number.

The coats of the Vali of Busreh's Body-guard bore a great resemblance to those of His Highness the Nizam's Artillery. They wore baggy trousers, Turkish caps, and a belt across their shoulders, in which they carried Martini-Henry cartridges: they were all big men, with fair complexions and cropped beards, and looked soldierly, but their seat on horse-back was not quite perfect: they were mounted on good-looking Arabs, which had *Koghiers* on them; their stirrups were made of iron and were very broad; and the reins were broad-cotton tapes.

We drove through the city of Busreh to the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's house, on the way passing through narrow bazaars and lanes. The roads were muddy on account of the rain which had fallen the night before. Our host had prepared a separate house for our reception, which was furnished in European style. Nakeeb Saheb sent word to us that breakfast would be served at six o'clock. On hearing this we were rather surprised, as it was already 11 o'clock, but the Arab servants who accompanied us said that there was a great difference between Busreh and English time: according to the former, it is 12 o'clock when the sun sets as well as when it rises, and that therefore 6 A.M. in reality meant 12 noon according to our time. At the appointed hour we went up to the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's quarters. Our host came to the top of the stairs to meet my father and led us into the "Dewan-i-ahm" or reception-room, which is a spacious hall with divans all round it and rich Persian carpets spread on the floor. Here we took our seats,



The Vah of Busreh's Bodyguard

and after all the guests had arrived, the Nakeeb Saheb took my father into the dining hall, where a large table was spread, and knives, forks, etc., were arranged in their proper order. Various kinds of pickles and jams in small plates were placed on the table. After we had taken our seats, tomato soup was served, which was followed by a whole roast lamb, stuffed with rice, raisins, almonds, etc., brought in on a large tray. This was quite a new kind of dish to us and was very delicious, resembling Indian *pilao*. On enquiring what it was, we were told that it was called *khozi*, which is the Turkish word for lamb. Then followed roast fowl, pudding, pastry, and curry and rice. The meal lasted for about an hour. We then went into the reception hall, where Arab coffee was served. After a little while we took leave of our host and went to our own quarters. When we were taking our departure, Nakeeb Saheb told my father that, as the Governor had sent his carriage and escort for him, it would be an act of courtesy if we called on him; and as the time at our disposal was very short, he suggested going the same afternoon, to which my father gladly agreed.

At about 1 o'clock I went to Lynch & Co. to arrange about our passage to Baghdad, while my father and Mahboob, accompanied by the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf, went to pay a visit to the Vali of Busreh. Mahboob related to me afterwards that the Vali received my father very cordially, and that they had had a long conversation in Persian, in the course of which the Vali said that he had a great desire to

see India, and that he hoped at the end of his service in Busreh, which would be in about five years, to accomplish that desire, when he would visit Hyderabad as well. On my father taking his departure, the Vali told him that he had been invited that evening by the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf to dinner, when he hoped to meet him again. Meantime, I had arranged everything about our voyage, and on my return I saw the big bazaar, etc., of Busreh, situated on the banks of the River Shat-el-Arab. Most of the houses are two storied and made of unburnt bricks. Chunam is not much used here, as it is very expensive, the houses being built entirely of bricks and mud. The rainfall is very slight, otherwise these mud houses would suffer a great deal of damage. The roads of Busreh are very narrow and badly kept, and there are no arrangements for lighting the streets. The chief bazaar—consisting of a long narrow road covered with a roof, with rows of shops on either side—looks like a railway station from a distance. The reason for having a covered bazaar is to facilitate shopping during the summer months, when the heat is intolerable. Nearly all the shopkeepers in Busreh are Arabs, only a few fruit shops and bakeries belonging to the Jews. Besides these small shops in the bazaar, Busreh does not possess any large stores or shops. Owing to the town being situated on the banks of the river, a fair amount of traffic takes place by boats. Carriages can also be hired, but they are not in good condition, on account of the bad state of the

roads. So far as I know, there is no club or town hall in Busieh which can be used for social gatherings by the Busieh people. The Europeans have got a club, of course, and there are a number of cafes (*Th valhana*), which are extensively patronised by the lower classes. Gardens are plentiful round about Busieh, and they say that from the month of June fruit of all kinds can be obtained for four months, during which period the hot weather lasts, when the heat is intelerable, and the well to do people generally resort to their summer residence, which are situated on the bank of the river, surrounded by gardens, or they live underground in rooms called *ser lab*, which are made specially for use in the summer months. When I was returning at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon most of the shops were being closed, and on enquiry I learnt that the people were in the habit of closing their shops early.

In the evening Nakeeb ul-Ashraf sent word to say that dinner would be served at 12 o'clock, which meant about 6.30 p.m., and that he would send word as soon as the Vah arrived. My father was sitting in his room writing letters, intending later to go into the reception room on hearing of the Vah's arrival. Jemadar Mahmud, of the African Cavalry Guards, was standing near my father, when one of the Nakeeb Sahib's servants entered and asked him to inform his master that the Vah had arrived. Jemadar Mahmud misunderstood the word Vah for *nali* (gal lener), and thought it would be injudicious to disturb his master, who

seemed busy, with the news of the arrival of such an insignificant person. He stood there full of thought for a few minutes, trying to decide the question, when the Nakeeb's servant, who was anxiously waiting, once more reminded him of his message ; and when my father heard the Nakeeb Saheb's man talking, he looked up and asked what was the matter, whereupon Jemadar Mahmud approached him most respectfully and said, " This man is telling me that a gardener has arrived. I do not know where he comes from, therefore I did not disturb you." On hearing this my father understood the mistake which Mahmud had made, and hurried into the reception-room, where he met the Vali and Nakeeb Saheb.

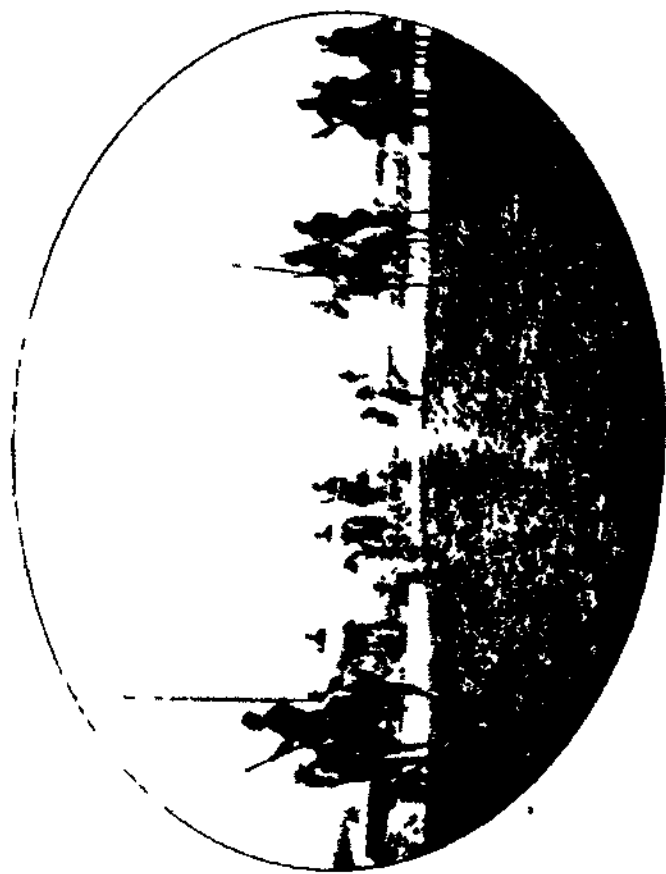
The dinner was about the same as the previous meal. After dinner all the guests came into the sitting-room, where coffee was served ; and after a while, when the time for prayers arrived, carpets were spread in the same room and every one present joined in the prayers, after which coffee and cigarettes were again served. Before leaving, the Vali told my father that he had heard from the Nakeeb that my father was going to Zobier the next day, when he would also see the places where Arab horses are kept ; and that as Zobier is about twenty miles from Busreh and the road lies through streams and desert, it would be advisable to have an escort with him, which he would write to the " Sira Askar," Tahar Padsha, to send for my father. When all the guests had departed, we also said good night to the Nakeeb Saheb, who told us that we would start next morning for Zobier before sunrise.

We returned to our rooms at about 9 P.M., and talked for a long time about Arab horses. My father intended going to the places where Arab horses are extensively bred, and from where they are exported not only to Bombay, but to several other places, his desire being to stay with the tribes which own a large number of mares, such as Nejd, and to see the Arab horses in their own home, for the purpose of gaining an insight into the methods of breeding and rearing them. The chief reason which induced my father to take Mahboob and myself on this trip was that we might also get a thorough knowledge of the Arab horse, and before starting he told me to take his lecture on the points of the horse with me, so that we might study it on our voyage and be prepared for the instruction which we were to receive later on. I shall refer, at the end of this record, to the instruction we received.

The next morning Mahboob and I got up early, and after dressing went into father's room and found him quite ready. Shortly afterwards the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf sent word to say that he was ready to start. We drove for about a mile accompanied by the Vali of Busreh's escort, and our carriages stopped near the bank of a river, where boats were waiting for us. We left our carriages and got into the boats, which were towed by men, as there was not enough wind for the sails. My father thought that the escort would return from here, but to his surprise the men rode into the water and accompanied the boat. When he enquired whether these

men would follow the boat all the way, the Nakceb-ul-Ashraf explained that as the Vali had ordered these men to escort him to Zobier, and as the river was very shallow, they would follow us in the water as long as the river was wide, and would get on land when the boat got into narrow parts. Some years ago this place was considered a dangerous spot, as the Bedouins were in the habit of way-laying travellers; and although it is very much safer now, yet it is not safe for travellers to go without an escort. After a while our boat entered a very narrow canal, and our escort then changed their position: coming to the front and arranging themselves in pairs, they rode about 300 yards in front. It seemed as if they had adopted the tactics of scouts, and were marching in such a manner in the desert as would enable them to keep a look-out on all sides for Bedouins or thieves. After we had travelled for about four hours, we began to distinguish on our right the tomb of the Saint Huzrut Tulba, and in front of us that of Huzrut Zobier. The legend connected with these Saints, which my father related to us at Mahboob's request, is that they were among the companions of the Prophet Huzrut Mahomed, and were slain on this very spot in the Battle of Jamal, of which the following is a short account:—

When Huzrut Osman, the 3rd Khalipha, was assassinated, and Huzrut Ali succeeded him in the Khaliphate, Huzruta Ayesha, who was the wife of the Prophet Huzrut Mahomed, sent word to the newly-appointed Khaliph that according to the law he should take vengeance on the assassinator of Huzrut Osman.



The Vali of Busreh's Escort Accompanying the Boat

To this Huzrut Ali replied: "It has not yet been proved who was the actual perpetrator of the crime, and to take revenge only on suspicion is against the law of God and his Prophet. I am in search of the murderer, and as soon as he is found and his crime proved beyond doubt, he shall pay the penalty." After a time, when no steps were taken with regard to the vengeance of Huzrut Osman, Huzruta Ayesha and her companions decided to wage war against Huzrut Ali, on which the latter was compelled to retaliate, and accordingly left with his troops from Khuffa for Busreh. Both armies met on this very plain which was before us, and as the battle was fought for some days, a great deal of blood was shed in this most unfortunate of contests. Arabian historians differ with regard to the number of the slain, some estimating it at twenty thousand and others at thirty thousand. Huzrut Zobier and Huzrut Talha, who were fighting for Huzruta Ayesha, were also killed. A little way off from these tombs was a small minaret, which we ascertained on enquiry was the place where the camel on which Huzruta Ayesha was riding was hamstrung, and where her army had surrendered.

After going a little further we got out of our boats and drove to Zobier, which was quite close by. The Shaik of Zobier, Khalid Padsha, met us and invited us to his house, from where we proceeded to Huzrut Zobier's tomb, and read "*futhea*." We also visited the tomb of Huzrut Hassain Busry and Huzrut Mahomed Sherene at the same time, which were adjacent to the former.

The latter two Saints lived during the reign of Khalifa Haroun-ul-Rasheed, Huzrut Mahomed Sherene being well-known during his time as one who explained the meaning of dreams. It is related that Hazruta Zobeida Khatun, wife of Haroun-ul-Rasheed, had a very curious dream one night, and that the next morning she sent one of her maids to Huzrut Mahomed Sherene with instructions to explain the dream to him and to say that she (the maid) herself had dreamt it. On hearing the dream from the maid, Huzrut Mahomed Sherene replied that the dream was beyond her, as some personage of high rank must have dreamt it. When the maid delivered this message to her mistress, she was commanded to go again and say that it was Zobeida Khatun who had dreamt it, whereupon Huzrut Mahomed Sherene said that very shortly Zobeida Khatun would do a noble and generous work, which would prove of great benefit to human beings and animals alike. Shortly after this a channel was constructed by Zobeida Khatun from Syria to Khobba, which to this day supplies water to travellers and animals, and is the only source of water-supply in that otherwise waterless desert.

We now proceeded to inspect Khalid Padsha's horses, and on arriving there we found that Khalid Padsha does not breed Nejd horses, but gets them from a relation of his, who lives in Nejd. About forty horses were tied by ropes in a stable which consisted of an open square surrounded by mud walls. As most of these animals had only lately arrived

from Nejd, and had not quite recovered from the fatigues of a long journey, they were not in good condition. My father examined them all and pointed out their chief characteristics. There were a few Iraki horses among them as well, so we were able to compare the difference between the two classes. When we were about to leave, the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf invited Khalid Padsha to his country-seat, to which we were going. He accompanied us in his own carriage, followed by about twenty Arabs, who were mounted on the horses we had just inspected, and though they had just arrived and were not quite trained, they obeyed their riders perfectly.

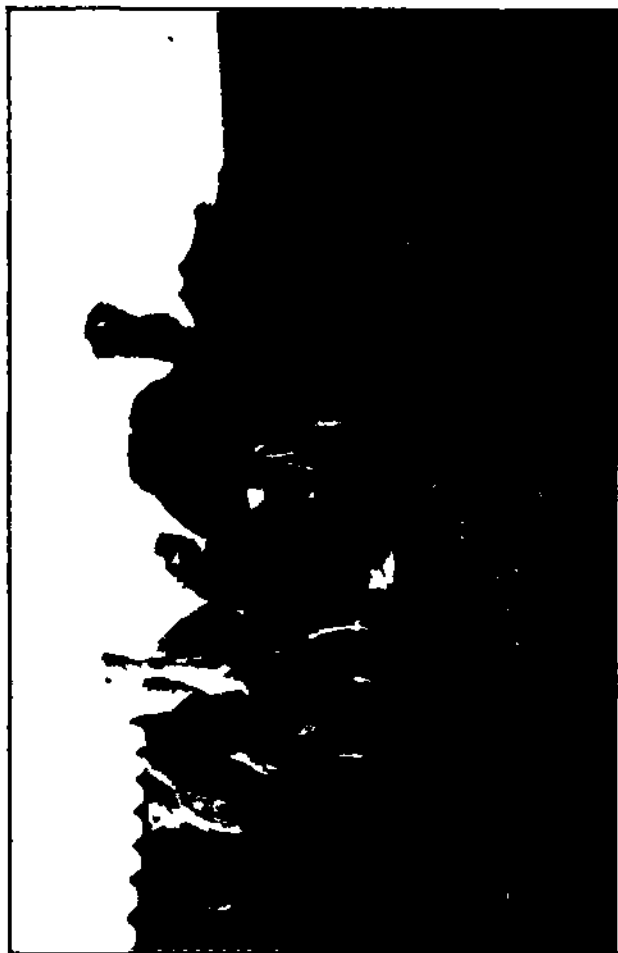
It was a splendid sight to see the Arabs mounted on Nejd horses, galloping in front of us. At short intervals all the Arabs would sing their war songs in chorus, detailing the brave deeds which their forefathers had done. After going in this manner for about an hour, we arrived at the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's estate, which is called Rabzia. Here tents had been pitched for us. First of all we inspected the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's horses, which were about forty in number, and most of them had been born there. We also inspected some stallions, which were kept separate. These horses were not pure Nejd, but had some Irak blood in them.

We went to our respective tents, and after having a wash came into the dining-tent. After breakfast we rested till about 4 o'clock. Then father, Mahboob, and I, accompanied by the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's youngest son, Hamid Beg, went

for a ride on the extensive plain which was all round us. As we had brought polo sticks, polo balls, tent-pegging spears and pegs with us, we had some tent-pegging in front of our camp, and afterwards Mahboob, Ghulam Murtuza, and I practised polo on the Nakeeb's horses. When we were tent-pegging, a crowd of spectators assembled to witness a thing which was to them quite new and incomprehensible. No doubt this was the first occasion on which tent-pegging and polo were played in the Deserts of Arabia.

The next morning the camels were brought into the camp and were milked before us. Mahboob and I milked the camels also. The milking of camels is quite easy compared with that of cows or buffaloes. We all drank some of the milk, which was very good. The Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf told us that these camels were specially kept for milking purposes, and were fed accordingly. He also pointed out a camel to us which he said had lost its young one soon after birth, and had become very fond of an Arab boy, who was the keeper's son, and regarded him as her own young one. Although it was about three months since she had lost her young one, yet she was still very much attached to the Arab boy, and would follow him everywhere. If any one pretended to hurt the boy, she would show her anger by running after the offender. In the morning and evening she would not give any milk unless the boy was present and touched her udder first. It was very interesting to see the camel love the Arab boy as if he were her own young one.

Milking a Camel



After this we left Rabzia and arrived at Busreh about 12 o'clock. After Friday prayers, my father went to see Farik or General Tahir Padsha.

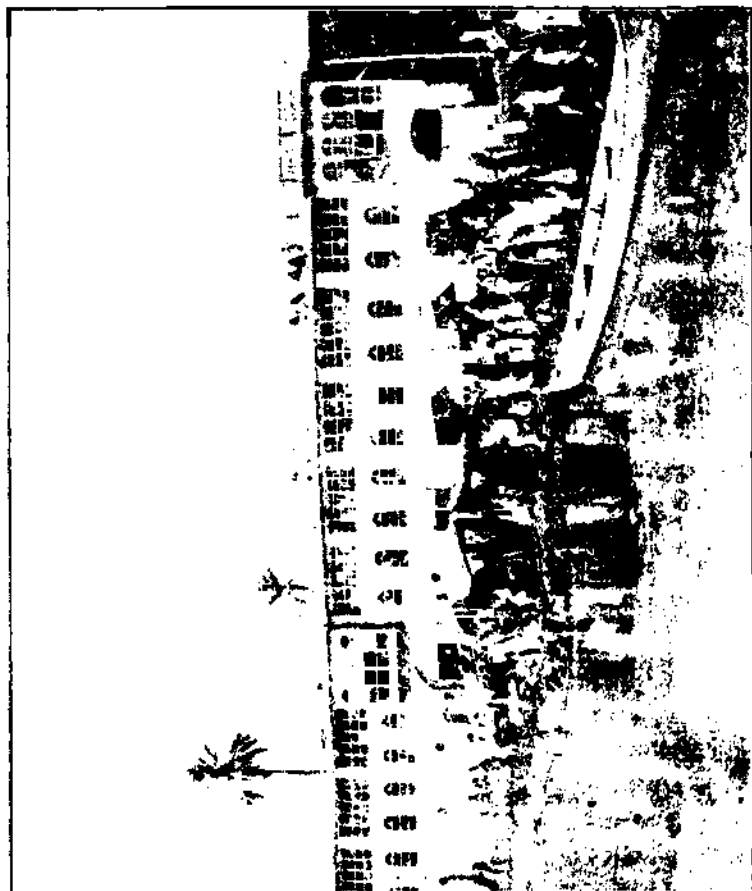
Saturday, 15th April.—About 12 noon, we left Busreh on the river steamer *Mijedeha*. Next day we stopped a couple of hours at Amara, where a few 3rd class passengers landed. This seemed a fairly large place, with two-storied houses facing the river.

Tuesday, 18th April.—This morning we arrived at Coot. From here the scenery on the banks of the river changed completely. At short distances we could distinguish the black tents belonging to the Bedouins—about 20 or 25 grouped together—and horses were seen grazing all round these tents. About a couple of men were seen keeping watch over every herd of forty or fifty horses. The horses were quite loose, and each one had a covering on its back as a protection from flies and cold. We learnt from the Arabs on our steamer that all these were mares, the stallions being tied far apart. Every four or five miles the black tents of the Bedouins, with their horses, were seen. When we saw the herds of these horses grazing, we had a great desire to leave the steamer and go and see them, but it was not in our power to stop the boat. The field glasses were constantly in our hands. Since leaving Busreh the scenery on the banks of the river has been most interesting, but what we enjoyed the most was the herds of Arab horses which were to be seen every few miles.

Thursday, 20th April.—This morning we passed Sulaman Pak. In the days of Nausherawan, this

place was known as Madæn and was a very large city, the seat of the Government ; but only a few broken walls are to be seen now. Next to the ruins are the shrine of Huzrut Sulaman Farsi. About 1,300 years ago this was one of the most populous cities in Arabia and the headquarters of that great Eastern king, Nausherawan, whose wisdom and justice are to this day proverbial in oriental countries. Madæn was renowned all over Arabia for its wise men, poets, and authors, and as a centre of education. At present only a few mud hovels and some flocks of sheep are to be seen, whereas about 300 years ago travellers were dazzled by the wealth, beauty, splendour, magnificence, and glory of this lovely city. At about two in the afternoon our steamer entered Baghdad. On both banks of the river there were two-storied houses with small gardens attached to them, which, nicely kept and neatly arranged, contained different kinds of flower and fruit trees, and people were sitting on the balconies of their houses, enjoying the view before them.

After a while we passed the different European Consulates, and recognised the buildings which belonged to the different nations by their flags. Our steamer anchored opposite the Custom House. Syed Daud Effendi (son of the late Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf), Syed Moiudeen (son of the present Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf), and Syed Mahmud Effendi, came to meet my father and took us to the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf's house. We had heard that the Customs officials give a great deal of trouble to travellers by opening every package and examining its contents



BAGHDAD.

carefully, and as we were carrying some guns and rifles with us, we expected to meet with some annoyance, but no one interfered with our luggage. Having met the Nakeeb Sahab, we went into the shrine of Huzrut Gus-ul-Asam, and after we had said *futhea* we drove to the house which the Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf had placed at our disposal, which was a two-storied house surrounded by a fairly large garden. When we entered the drawing-room, we were quite surprised to find it nicely furnished in European style, with great taste and neatness. The sofas and chairs were covered with silk of a very nice pattern, and the colour of the curtains matched it. There were Persian carpets on the floor, and the walls were adorned with paintings. Next to the drawing-room was my father's bedroom, which contained every modern comfort ; and adjoining this was the dining-room, in which a table had been laid for four, with white silk table-cloths and napkins—in fact, everything was perfect.

Next morning my father came downstairs and strolled about the garden, which was a beautiful one. There were various kinds of fruit trees, but there was no fruit on them, as the season begins here in July. The garden also contained a variety of flowers. The orange trees were in bloom, and their sweet scent mingled with that of the roses. The orange trees grow to a great height here—nearly three times as high as those in Hyderabad. When we went into that part of the garden where plots of rose trees were planted, we

were simply amazed with its loveliness, and stood still for a long time and admired the beautiful scene before us. Most of the branches were bent low to the point of breaking under the weight of innumerable roses, which were blood red and full blown. My father told us each to take a tree and count the open flowers on them : I counted sixty, my father fifty-six, and Mahboob fifty. In truth it would require constant consultation of the dictionary, in search of suitable adjectives, to describe the loveliness of this plot of rose-trees, where a great part of the ground under the trees looked red from the petals which had fallen from the flowers. I shall not undertake this task, to which I am sure I cannot do adequate justice, as it would require a pen with a more graphic power of description than my humble one, which is that of a mere novice in the art of literature. Everywhere in the gardens there were signs of Nature's bountifulness, and everything connected with her was perfect ; but, on the other hand, neglect and carelessness were writ in large letters. Nature seemed to be destitute of the helping hand of the skilful gardener. The trees were rather crowded and the ground between them was full of weeds—in fact, a thousand other little things spoke of neglect and want of labour. The soil here is extremely rich, and there is a plentiful supply of water ; and I am sure there is vast ground for improvement in these gardens, if the trouble were only taken to help Nature.

At 12 o'clock we went to the mosque, which is by the side of the shrine of Huzrut Gous-ul-Azam. There is a small space on one side of the mosque enclosed by trellis-work, in which Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf, the Governor of Baghdad, and Sura Askar, or Commander-in-Chief, sit during the Friday prayers. The Nakeeb Sahib took us into this place. After prayers we said "*fatheu*" at the shrine and then walked to the Nakeeb Sahib's house, which is opposite to the shrine, accompanied by the Vali and Sura Askar. All the officials and nobility of Baghdad say their prayers in this mosque on Fridays and afterwards go to the Nakeeb Sahib's residence for a short while. The Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf is the name given to the head priest of the shrine of Huzrut Gous-ul-Azam, who has great influence in Baghdad and holds an important position in the administration of the country. He is appointed Vice-President of the Baghdad Council, the Vali being the President. There are three other members, and the committee thus constituted manages all the affairs of the Valayet of Baghdad, a meeting being held three times a week.

While in Baghdad my father mentioned to the Governor and other officials that he would like to see the horses of the different nobles. They said that Kazim Padsha was known to possess the best horses in Baghdad, but that unfortunately he was away at the time. The Governor and other noblemen promised to send their horses for inspection, and we also asked the horse-dealers to bring horses that were for sale. From the next day we used to have

a crowd of horses in front of our house, some belonging to the various nobles and some to the dealers. My father bought three horses, so that we could go out for rides on them. When the dealers saw that my father wanted to buy horses, they began to come in crowds, and we got an excellent opportunity of seeing the Arab and Irak horses, my father showing us the good or bad qualities which the horses possessed in a marked degree. For about a fortnight we saw a large number of horses daily ; but, with the exception of one mare, we did not see a single horse the equal of which could not be found in His Highness' Stables. The mare above alluded to belonged to Daud Beg Mahomed Padsha, Commander-in-Chief. My father liked her immensely. She was 15 hands high and very handsome, with a beautiful neck, and carried her tail exceptionally well when galloping. My father tried his best to buy this mare, but Daud Padsha would not sell her.

After this my father thought of going to the places where Arab horses are bred, and on enquiry we learnt that a large number of horses are bred in Mosul and Nairain. To get to these places it was necessary to travel for ten days, so we had to abandon the idea and thought of going to places which were near, like Mahmudia, Mushaib, Hilla, etc. When our hosts and friends heard that we were going into the interior of Arabia, they came to my father and told him that, on account of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris being in flood, the country was inundated, and that the journey

which he contemplated would be very troublesome ; but my father replied that it was quite by chance that he had come to Arabia, and if he did not go and see the interior now, perhaps, he might never be able to see it.

The inhabitants of the cities of Busroh, Baghdat, Kerbela, Nejif Ashraf, Kuffa, Hilla, Mushaib, and Mahmudia, whom we had the opportunity of seeing in our travels, wear a dress which consists of a long coat reaching down to the ankles, with a belt round the waist, and over this a cloak called an *abba*. The headdress consists of a square of cloth, especially made for the purpose, which is folded into a triangular shape, known as *zuboona* ; it covers the head, and, falling on the back, covers the ears also ; it is kept in its place by a rope made half an inch thick of camel's hair, which is pressed on the *zuboona* in two circles called *agul*. The dress of all the Turks we saw consisted of ordinary English clothes with a fez for headdress. The priests and the learned tie a piece of cloth round their fezes.

The dwelling-houses, as a rule, are ~~are~~ two-storied and the rooms are furnished with couches, which are placed nearly touching the walls on all four sides, Persian carpets covering the floor. It is not customary in these parts to sit on the ground.

The better class of Arabs and Turks eat at a table, the dishes being served not one after another, but are all arranged on the table before the commencement of the meal. The Turks use knives and

forks, but the people of Irak do not. Coffee is extensively used.

Saturday, 4th May.—At 7 A.M., we started from Baghdad. The Allai Commandani or Inspector of Police sent two policemen with us as escort, saying the roads were not quite safe and that it would be advisable to have them. From our houses we drove in carriages as far as the bridge of Baghdad, which connects the old and new towns of Baghdad that are situated on both banks of the Tigris. As it was a bridge of boats it was not considered safe to cross it in a carriage; and as our horses were ready here, we left the carriage and rode across the bridge. There were large crevices in the boarding of the bridge, which, in some places, were so big that the danger existed of the hoofs of the horses going through them; but we crossed with great care. After going through the old town of Baghdad, we came to a stretch of water, where we left our horses and crossed in round boats of exactly the shape of a basket, which are known locally as *kuffas*. From here we walked a distance of about a mile, and reached another sheet of water, which we crossed in boats, and arrived at the post-station, from where we had to travel in post-carriages, which are shaped like omnibuses and have an extra strong pole and large trace-bars, to which four horses are harnessed abreast of one another. My father was struck with the idea of driving four animals in this way, and said that he would adopt the same thing for His Highness' luggage-trucks on his return home. When we had proceeded a short



A Basket Boat



A Carriage Accident

distance in these carriages, a big nullah crossed the road, on which an embankment about four feet wide had been constructed for the carriages. On account of the flood in the Tigris, the water in the nullah had reached nearly the level of the embankment, which was in a very bad state of repair, and consequently when our carriage had got about half way, the right wheel slipped and sank into the nullah, leaving the left wheel on the embankment: two of the mules slipped into the water, one remained on the slope, and the other on the road. We were afraid that the carriage would roll over, but fortunately it just escaped being upset, remaining at such an unstable equilibrium as to make us wonder what could possibly have prevented it from overturning. Some of the people who were on the other side came to us and took us across on their shoulders, and then the mules were taken off and the carriage pulled across with great difficulty. We then started again, and at every two or three miles we had to cross nullahs, some of which were dry, while others contained water.

From Baghdad to Kerbela, which is a distance of nearly sixty miles, there are four stages where mules are changed. After a very fatiguing journey, we reached Kerbela at 10 P.M., where the Nakeob-ul-Ashraf of Baghdad had arranged a house for us, in which we stayed. The next morning we went to the *durgha* or shrine and said our prayers there.

The shrine of Huzrut Imam Hussain is surrounded by a spacious and lofty square, on each side of

which there is a gigantic gate of immense strength. All round the square there are imposing two-storied houses, in which the priests of the shrine and students reside. The tomb of the Saint, the four minarets of which are gilt, is in the centre of the square, and all round the grave there is a square railing made of silver network.

Afterwards we went to the *durgha* of Huzrut Abbas, which is close by, and is much smaller in structure than the first one. After offering *futeah* here, we returned to our house at 9 o'clock. In the evening, we rode up to the place where the tents of Huzrut Imam Hussein were pitched during his battle with Yazeid, and then we went to the shrine of Huzrut Hur.

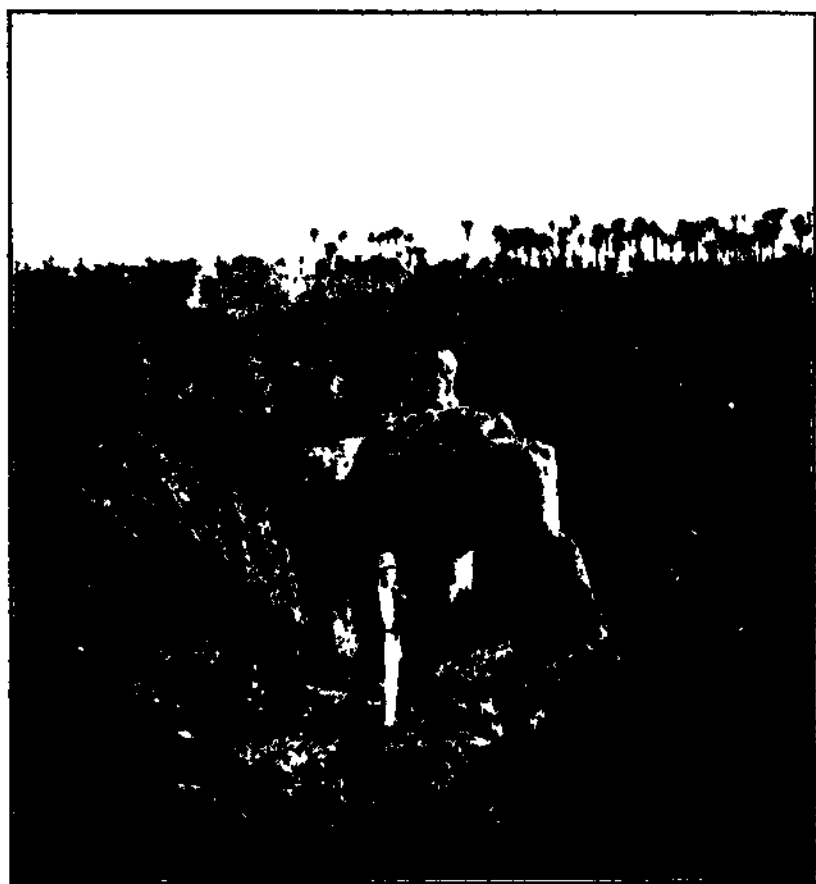
The next morning we left in post-carriages for Nejif Ashraf, which is fifty miles from Kerbela. The road, or rather the track through the desert, is fairly good, and there is a caravansery every twelve miles for the convenience of travellers. There was water in all these parts, owing to the flood of the previous week ; and although it had dried up now, still the track was very soft and the wheels of our carriages sank deep into the mud, consequently the mules moved slowly and laboriously. During the day the heat was very great, but fortunately there was a breeze, in consequence of which we did not feel the effects of the heat much. We arrived in Nejef Ashraf at about 10 P.M., and stayed in the house which the Nakeeb Sahib of Baghdad had arranged for us.

The next day we went to the shrine of Huzrut Ali Murtuza, which is similar in construction to those in Kerbela. In the mausoleum there are the three graves of Huzrut Ali Murtuza, Huzrut Adam, and Huzrut Noah. After *fatah* we walked about the town for a little while and then came back to our house. We intended going to the town of Kuffa from here, but could not do so as the road leading to it was flooded.

In the afternoon the *Kaim Mukam* or Talukdar of Nejif Ashraf, named Mustafa Padsha, called on my father. We heard from him that on the previous night the river was again in flood, and that most of the roads were under water, as was the case a fortnight before. For this reason, the mail carriages which ought to have arrived in the morning had failed to do so, and therefore the traffic was suspended for a few days. On hearing this, my father said that as he had finished his visits to the tombs of the saints, he did not intend staying any longer ; and that if arrangements could be made for a couple of carriages, he would like to leave in the evening, as when we left Baghdad we were told that we would not be able to reach our destination on account of the flood, but we had somehow or other arrived in Nejif Ashraf. Mustapha Padsha replied that it was quite possible to procure the carriages, but that we would encounter great difficulties on the road, as, owing to the heavy rains, the carriages were liable to get stuck in the mud ; but my father being determined, Mustapha Padsha sent the

carriages and we left Nejif Ashraf at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We travelled all night and reached Kerbela the next morning, where we stayed the whole day, leaving again at 9 P.M. for Mushaib. Until 2 A.M. our carriages travelled on fair-weather roads, when we came upon a spot that had been flooded, the ground being so heavy in this portion that the mules could not pull our carriage through, though all possible endeavours were made to help them, so they were unharnessed and taken on to a mound. From 2 to 4 o'clock our time was passed in vain efforts to pull the carriage through this flooded portion; and at 4 A.M. it was decided that, as it was impossible to move the carriages, the best thing was to send a man to Mushaib, which was four miles distant, in order to get coolies to take our luggage there. Accordingly, Subadar Abdul Kadir (of the Maisaram Regiment) and Ismail Effendi were sent on this errand.

Before sunrise the Subadar arrived with some of the officials and coolies, and we were carried on the backs of the latter to dry land, and, leaving the carriages there, we proceeded to Mushaib on horses and mules. From here we resolved to go south to Hilla and Babylon, as we intended seeing the disinterred remains of the ancient city of Babylon, having also heard that tribes of Arabs who possess large numbers of horses resided in that locality. We started for Hilla, which is about 24 miles from Mushaib, at 9 A.M. in a sailing boat. As we were going with the tide, our boat made good progress; and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon our boat reached a village that is



A Scene near Babylon.

situated on the banks of the river. We noticed black clouds in the sky towards the west and also saw a duststorm approaching us, and as far as one could see nothing but dust was visible.

The Captain of our sailing boat, who was known as Saheb-us-Safina, said that we were about to have a sandstorm and took the boat ashore with great rapidity: we just had time to take shelter in a café which was near by when the duststorm which the Saheb-us-Safina had predicted swept swiftly over us, and for some time it raged with great force. It got quite dark, and it was not possible to see anything but dust and sand everywhere. The wind was blowing so fiercely that some mulberry trees which were in front of us looked as if they would be pulled out by the roots. The duststorm had hardly abated when distant thunder gave warning of the approaching rain, and it poured down so heavily that all the things that we left in the boat were soaked through. Fortunately, the storm, though violent, was brief and quickly cleared up; but notwithstanding the Saheb-us-Safina would not proceed any further, as he feared there was danger of the boat going down. After a great deal of persuasion, however, he started much against his will. The wind being favourable, the sails were put up, and we proceeded with great speed for a short while, when the wind suddenly changed its direction, and instead of going in mid-stream our boat headed for the shore. The Arabs at once tried to put the sails down with a great deal of talking and shouting, but they only succeeded in making a tremendous noise, and before they had

half succeeded the boat struck the shore heavily. Luckily, there were no stones on the bank—only a great deal of mud and dust fell into the boat. The crisis having passed without any serious harm, the Saheb-us-Safina seemed very glad and shouted out a quotation in Arabic which meant : “ Misfortune overtook us, but fortunately passed, without leaving any injurious traces behind.” After this our boat was towed and punted at the same time.

We arrived in Babylon at about 9 o'clock in the evening. Hilla is four miles from here. The Amaldar of Mushaib had wired for our accommodation, and we spent the night very comfortably in the house of an Arab landowner, named Mulla Ibrahim. The next morning we visited the ruins of Babylon, which first came into prominence about 2232 B.C. as the capital of the land of Shinar. It was at the zenith of its splendour during the reign of Nebopolassar and his son Nebuchadnezzar, and, according to Herodotus, formed a large square, of which each side was fourteen miles. The Euphrates runs through the City, and its banks were lined with quays. The whole area was surrounded by two walls, and on both banks of the river were minor fortifications. For the last few years excavations have been going on, and some ruined palaces and houses have been found, together with many statues and old coins, most of these things having been taken away to the Museum of Constantinople and to some of the other large museums of Europe ; but some of the large statues are still to be seen among the ruins, the most prominent of which is the

statue of a lion with a man lying under one of its fore paws, which is supposed to represent the power of Nebuchadnezzar. We took a few bricks from here as mementos, on which some curious characters are written—most likely the name of King Nebuchadnezzar, as it is said that all the inscribed bricks bear his name.

We left Babylon at 9 o'clock in the morning in a post-carriage, and reached Mahmudia at about 12 o'clock. We learnt here that a little further on a large part of the road is under water, and that boats had been placed there to get across. We arrived at the above-mentioned place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and leaving our carriages, proceeded in boats. The water from the River Euphrates had overflowed in this place, and it took us nearly an hour and a half to get on the other side to dry land. Unfortunately, we missed the connection of post-carriages here, and found that they had left about an hour earlier. On learning this, my father told Habib Abdul Khader to go to the tents of the Bedouins, which could be discerned some distance off, and make some arrangements for our conveyance. Abdul Khader went off on this errand, and returned in about half an hour with a mare and two donkeys, which he had procured from a Bedouin, the owner accompanying the animals. We left all our servants and luggage in the Desert, in charge of Dr. Inayet Ali Khan, and my father mounted the Bedouin mare, which had on a very ancient *khogzer*, to which pieces of thin rope were tied instead of stirrups. Mahboob and myself got on

the donkeys, and our small party started on a twenty-mile ride to Baghdad, which proved very tiresome, though full of adventure. A Bidoo lad, who was supposed to be well acquainted with the road, constituted himself our cicerone. Our progress was slow, as there were men on foot with us. After we had gone about half way it got quite dark, and we had to trust to the dim light of the stars to keep us on the right path.

At about 9 p.m., the lights of Baghdad began to be discerned in the distance, and we quite rejoiced at the idea of being in our house shortly and sitting down to a good dinner ; but unfortunately this was not to be, for our young guide lost his way in the dark, and we gradually found ourselves going over small nullas and fields in which wet cultivation was carried on, which were consequently very muddy, after which the ground got so bad that the mare my father was riding and our donkeys could hardly walk a step without stumbling, so we got down and proceeded on foot. Owing to the darkness, it was impossible to distinguish where we were going, so we made the lights of Baghdad our guiding stars. After plodding through the fields for some time, we came across a sheet of water, in the centre of which there was a wall about four feet high and one and a half foot wide, which was most likely the boundary line separating two gardens that were under water on account of the flood. Our guide informed us that we would have to go over this wall, and being obliged to follow his instructions, my father got on the wall and we followed him. The other Bidoo



Tea in the Desert

and Habib Abdul Khader led the mare and donkeys through the water and mud as best they could.

It was by no means an easy task to walk on this narrow wall in the darkness, knowing that a single false step would result in a fall into the water : that half mile seemed as if it would never end. At the same time, the wind was extremely cold, so that altogether it was very trying for my father, who was still weak after his motor accident. After passing through some dark and narrow alleys, at about 10 P.M. we reached the bridge over the Tigris, the other side of which there was a large café, and here hundreds of Arabs were sitting and drinking tea and coffee. We entered this café and had a cup of hot tea each, which put new life into us, reaching our quarters at 11 P.M. As we were fatigued after our long day's journey, we did not delay in going to bed after dinner. The luggage left behind was brought by our men the next day.

In the time of Khalipha Munsur, Kuffa was the seat of the government in Arabia ; but as the climate of Kuffa was not healthy, and water was scarce in that neighbourhood, the Khalipha sent out a number of his nobles to different parts of Arabia to find a site suitable for building a new capital. Accordingly, many went out to search, and after some time one Ali bin Yektain brought tidings of a nice and fertile tract of land on the banks of the Tigris, where there was no habitation except a temple occupied by a Brahmin. He reported that the scenery of the place was lovely, and the climate

very conducive to health, with plenty of fruit trees growing on the banks of the river. The Khalipha, on hearing this description, went out personally to see the locality—where the city of Baghdad is now situated. He greatly approved of the place, and ordered his engineers to draw a plan of the new city.

The Khalipha Munsur was making preparations to return to Kuffa in order to send materials from there for the erection of his new capital, when one of his nobles, while out hunting, passed the temple which was situated near the river, and found a Brahmin there deeply engaged in prayer. When the Brahmin saw the stranger approach him, he enquired the reason of Munsur camping near the Tigris. The Ameer replied that the Khalipha Munsur liked the place very much, and was making preparations to build a city there. On hearing this, the old Brahmin said: "Go and tell Munsur that he will never be able to fulfil his hope, for I have heard from my ancestors that the name of the person who is destined to build a city in this beautiful land is Maklas." The Ameer was much surprised when he heard this, as Maklas had been a notorious thief and plunderer in Arabia about two hundred years previously, so the noble presented himself to Munsur, and stood before him, thinking deeply. When the Khalipha saw him in this mood he asked him why he was so thoughtful, whereupon the Ameer related what he had heard from the Brahmin, at which Munsur was very much amazed and said: "I swear by the God who created me that I am Maklas." Then the Ameer

said that he was astonished at the Khalipha's remark, so Munsur explained himself as follows : In my younger days there was a famine in the town where I lived with my uncle, and the inhabitants suffered greatly from want of food, and my family also suffered. My cousins and I made a compact between ourselves that one of us should invite the rest by turns to dinner. Accordingly, each one in his turn used to save a few *dinars* and buy food with them and invite the rest. One night, when it was my turn, I could not find any money with which to purchase food. I knew that my aunt had buried a few dinars in a place secretly, so as a last resource I stole these dinars and bought food with it, which I shared with my cousins. After a few days my aunt went to get the dinars which she had secretly stowed away and found that some one had taken them. Her suspicions at once rested on me, and when she saw me she shouted out, "Oh, Thief Maklas, you have stolen my dinars." I made a clean breast of my pilfering, and explained that I had to do it in order to feed my cousins. From that day until her end my aunt used to call me "Thief Maklas," but no one knew about this, except my aunt and myself.

When this story was related to the wise Brahmin, he consulted Munsur's stars and said : "This, indeed, is the person who is ordained to be the founder of the city on the banks of the Tigris." After a few years, the new city was ready and called Baghdad, or the Garden of Justice, and Munsur changed his headquarters and lived there many years.

My father had seen almost all the horses in Baghdad and had a great desire to purchase a chesnut of the Nejd breed ; but the owner of the horse, who was a wealthy Arab, absolutely refused to part with it, saying, " You can take any horse you like from this herd, but I cannot allow any of the Saglavi Jadrania breed to go out of the land, which breed is especially brought up in our clan, and the rest of the Arabs have not got this kind." When my father saw that nothing could persuade the Arab to give up the horse, he could do no better than ask Huzrut Syed Mahamood Effendi (son of Huzrut Nakeeb-ul-Ashraf), who is the religious Preceptor of all the Arab tribes and is held in great esteem by them, to intercede in the matter. So when this Saintly Huzrut went over personally to the owner of the horse and asked him about it, the Arab had no other alternative than to comply.

This was how my father had the opportunity of purchasing the animal for Rs. 2,500. His name is *Faleh*, and he belongs to the Khyluth-u-thusia Saglavi Jadrania Abbian-us-Sharrak breed. The Arab gave my father the pedigree of *Faleh*, remarking that this breed had been carefully preserved very long in his family—ever since the days when the Abassides had the Khaliphate of Baghdad. He also kept discoursing on the subject of horses for some time, and said that, so far as his knowledge went, he never knew that any horse of that particular breed had been sent out to any foreign country before.



FALEH

"The Arab then left the horse free, without saddle or bridle, and the animal kept galloping about with his head and tail erect



"SAMER"

"This horse is of the Aniza Hamdani breed. It is named 'Samer'. Saleh bin Sayed said that its brother was sent to Constantinople two years back for the Sultan of Turkey."

The Arab then left the horse free without saddle or bridle, and the animal kept galloping about, with his head and tail erect, and looked quite a picture, as the photograph here shows.

My father also bought another horse—a very handsome grey, which belonged to one Saleh bin Sayed and was famous throughout Baghdad. This horse is of the Aniza Hamdani breed, and is named “Samer.” Saleh bin Sayed said that its brother was sent to Constantinople about two years ago for the Sultan of Turkey.

On the 12th of May my father said good-bye to all his Arab friends, also to Major Ramsey, who is the British Resident at Baghdad, and Mrs. Ramsey.

On the day before our departure, Hazrat Syed Abdur Rahman (the Nakeeb-ul-Asbraf of Baghdad) sent my father a beautiful chestnut as a present for His Highness the Nizam, which, with all our horses, were sent on board the steamer on the 12th of May, and we sailed for India on the 13th, in the *Khalifa*. On the third day after our departure, that is, on the 16th of May, our steamer anchored off Busreh.

Syed Rajab Effendi came to our steamer, and took my father in a boat to his villa which was close by. A small boat was next brought near our steamer, and all our horses were transhipped to a big steamer that was bound for India, and on the 19th of May we left Busreh for Bombay. We found the sea very rough and the weather very close; and after a nine-days' voyage, we arrived in Bombay on the

APPENDIX.

THE ARAB HORSE.

In the earlier part of this book I referred to the instruction we received about the Arab Horse and promised particulars of it, which I now fulfil.

Our daily mode of instruction was as follows: first, some part of a horse was taken and its good and bad qualities were discussed in detail; then the diseases that it is heir to were noted and their symptoms explained, together with the treatment followed by Veterinary Surgeons and Mogalai Salutries, the latter treatment being by bazaar medicines, which are procurable nearly everywhere in India. I shall here recite what my father explained to us about the mouth and the eye of the Arab horse.

Among Arab horses, the mouth of the Nejd breed tapers to a small size, and therefore the chief characteristic of the Nejd Arabs is their very small muzzles. The circumference of the muzzle of a good Nejd Arab of 142 or 143 ought not to be more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Among other breeds of horses—leaving Australians and country-breeds out of the question altogether—even Arabs other than the Nejd cannot boast of such tapering mouths. The nostrils should be large and

the lips small, the lower and upper lips meeting each other perfectly ; but the lower lip should not hang. The lower jaw should be broad, with plenty of space between the jaw-bones, which should not contain much flesh. Among the Arabs there is a legend that an Arab who had a Nejd horse was in the habit of making it drink out of the small cup from which he drank, which forcibly illustrates the beauty of a Nejd Arab's mouth. The diseases of the mouth and their treatment were explained to us as well, but owing to the limited space at my disposal I am obliged to leave them out.

To judge an Arab horse, a great deal depends on its eye; for while the other points of a horse can be defined, it is not possible to lay down hard and fast rules for judging a horse by its eye. A good judge of horses can judge a horse by its eye only by experience and practice, whereby the following qualities can be distinguished:—

- (1) Whether the horse is vicious or quiet.
- (2) Whether it is docile and will train easily or will take a long time to learn.
- (3) Whether the horse is nervous, or in the habit of shying.
- (4) Whether it is in good health or not.

The colour of the membrane inside the horse's eye gives valuable information in diagnosing certain kinds of diseases. It is quite evident now that from no other part of a horse can so much information be

derived by observation regarding its health and temperament as from the eye.

For about three days my father discussed the characteristics and defined the good and bad qualities of Arab horses born in different parts of the country, such as Nejd and Aniza Arabs, which Mahboob and I were careful to note down. My father also explained to us that horse-dealers call all the horses which they bring into Bombay Arabs, but this is not the case, as many of them are born round about Baghdad and are known as Irakies. Of course, these are Arabs, but not of a high stamp. It is very difficult to fix the type of the Iraki horse, which has more or less blood and breeding, but no horse has the full quantity.

The horse-breeding districts of Arabia can be divided into three parts as follows :—

- (1) In Shamyā or the Syrian desert, the best Aniza horses are bred, and a number of them are taken to Damascus to be sold.
- (2) The land which lies between the upper middle part of the two great rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, called by the Arabs *Al Jazīra*, where the Shammar breed is found.
- (3) The Irak or Tigris land, which includes the vilayets of Baghdad and Busreh, in which places the Bedouins are very fond of their horses, looking after them as they would after their own children, and they are extremely careful not to import outside blood by crossing with any other breed

I cannot say that Mahboob and myself did full credit to the trouble father had so kindly taken in giving us all this priceless information, by becoming masters of every detail that he explained, but we endeavoured to understand everything he said to the best of our ability. But now, when we go to the Desert and see the Nejd, Aniza, Sagalan, and Guzman breeds of horses in their homes, and note their different points, the tuition which we have received—which so far has been theoretical—will become practical, and I am sure will add greatly to our knowledge of Arab horses.

I shall now endeavour to add all the information that my father imparted to me about Arab horses, and all that we heard and saw in Baghdad, as well as on our journey to Kerbela, Nejef Ashraf, Hilla, etc.

In the centre of the Arabian Desert are situated Jebel, Hail, and Shomer, and a little below Aniza and Nejd. About a century ago the inhabitants of these places used to possess splendid Arab horses, on which they rode in large bodies to the towns on the banks of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, as well as to the land which lies between them known as Naharain, for the purpose of raiding, returning to their own country again with the plunder. As this was their only mode of livelihood and their safety depended chiefly on the speed and staying powers of their steeds, they kept extremely well-bred Arabs in order to outpace their pursuers; and whenever these raiding classes heard of any village or town which possessed

well-bred horses, they promptly plundered the place, and brought back the horses with them, selecting the best ones from amongst them for breeding purposes. In this manner they became possessed of horses which were the pick of the country. It is well known that the people of Badia are extremely careful of their race, and do not marry outside their own people, so as to keep the race pure. These clans behave in a like manner with regard to the breeding of their horses, and would rather let a mare run about without foal than cover her with an ill-bred horse, which is the reason for their having pure-bred Arabs among them up to the present time.

The Bedouins adopt the following method for grazing their horses : they sow a crop of oats, and when the young shoots are about 9 or 10 inches high, their animals are allowed to graze on them, and when they have grazed for sometime they are removed, and the crop is left to grow again. This is done about two or three times before the crop is finally left to grow. It seems a very good practice, and is worth trying in India and other places.

The following story is related concerning the migration of Aniza and Shomber Arabs into Naharain : A few Arabs of the Aniza tribe had a disagreement with their people, and as a consequence left their country, and by chance came into Naharain, where the Sheik received them as his guests. When they had been there a few weeks, an old Arab sage asked the Sheik to call a meeting of the chief men of the tribe, and when all of them had gathered

together, he said : "These strangers from Aniza and Shomber, who are living with us, and belong to one of the most fearless, blood-thirsty, and thieving clans, will go back to their own country after a time and tell their people of the beauties of our land and the productiveness of our soil, which will induce them to invade our country, and the result will be bloodshed and trouble. Therefore, to escape all these calamities, the safest and best plan to pursue is to behead them." To this counsel the Sheik replied that to follow it would be against all the laws of Arab hospitality, as these men were his guests and as such were entitled to his protection. The result was that the fugitives returned to their homes, and, as the sage had prophesied, extolled the praises of the country they had just quitted. On hearing of the beauties and fertility of Naharain, the people of Aniza and Shomber gradually migrated and settled down in the new country, until their numbers increased to such an enormous extent that they were strong enough to conquer the country and drive the original inhabitants away.

These tribes continued to live by raiding for a long time ; but when the Sultan of Turkey heard of the trouble which they were always causing, he sent detachments of troops to punish them, from time to time, whenever they became turbulent ; and as the towns of Baghdad, Busreh, Mosul, Dyarbikar, and Shamm began to increase in population, and the Government got a better hold over the people, detachments of troops were permanently quartered in them. When these barbarous tribes

found that they were everywhere met with armed and superior resistance by the Turkish troops, they gradually gave up their ancient marauding vocation and settled down in the country between the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, which is known as Naharain ; but although they had left the Desert and made Naharain their headquarters, they did not live in any town, nor build any houses, but lived in black tents just as they used to do in Nejd and Aniza, where, instead of raiding, they began to breed goats, camels, and horses for the market. All these tribes possess large herds of goats, the milk of which is utilised for drinking purposes, while the sheep are used as food.

It seemed quite strange to these tribes, who for years had been in the habit of fighting and plundering, to live in peace ; and as they had to give up pillaging under Turkish pressure, they began fighting with each other, and the people of Aniza and Shomber would quarrel about insignificant matters. They are, even at the present time, deadly enemies, so much so that the mothers of Shomber are in the habit of teaching their children from their infancy that everyone belonging to the Aniza tribe are their natural enemies, and when these lads grow up they have a deep-seated hatred for the Aniza tribe in their hearts.

These two large tribes having been at enmity with each other for years, some special rules and customs have been established among them. For instance, whenever the Shomber clan get to know that the fighting men of Aniza have gone away on business

and have left their women and children, together with their belongings, in their tents in charge of a few clansmen, they at once gather in large numbers and promptly make an attack on them, and if successful take away whatever they can lay hands on. When, on their return, the people of Aniza hear about the attack and plunder, they in their turn collect in large bodies, in order to avenge themselves on their aggressors, and when a favourable opportunity offers, they attack and plunder the blanket city of Shomber.

Now the most interesting part of the whole affair is that the men of the Shomber tribe, who only a few months before had attacked the Aniza people in Naharain, and among the plunder had obtained some beautiful horses, bring these horses into Baghdad for sale; and if the owner of these horses happen to be in Baghdad at the time and recognise his property, he is bound in honour, by the unwritten law of the Desert, not to claim them.

When the reason of this interesting and curious custom was enquired into, the answer was that when a man had plundered anything by the strength of his sword, and when in the attack a number of his brother tribesmen and perhaps relations had fallen, that article ought by right to belong to him, and it is not reasonable therefore to get it back by the power of the law. It sounds almost incredible that in towns like Baghdad and Busreh, which boast of a fair standard of civilization, such things should

happen ; but nevertheless it is quite true, and most of the inhabitants are aware of the fact.

As regards buying and selling horses, it is related that years ago, when there was not a great demand for the Arab horse, the Aniza, Shomber, and Nejd people used to take their horses to Baghdad, Busreh, Beyrout, Damascus, and other large towns, in order to sell them ; but for the last fifty or sixty years, the demand has gradually increased, and more horses began to be exported into Bombay. Now the Bombay horse-dealers or their agents go into the interior and buy horses from the Bedouins.

Syed Mahmud Effendi, the son of the Nakeeb ul-Ashraf of Baghdad, told my father that whenever a rich Arab landowner or merchant who is fond of horses happens to require an Arab horse of any particular breed, such as Saglavi Jadran or Saglavi Bear, etc., he sends his agent into the Desert, and if he finds the breed of horse which he is searching for, he buys it—very often paying a long price ; but if he does not find the horse he is commissioned to buy he looks out for a mare which has been covered by a stallion of the breed he requires, fixes a price on the unborn foal, pays that sum to the owner, and remains with the mare until the young one is born. If it happen to be a colt, he takes it ; if a filly, the owner of the mare pays back the money which has been advanced to him. One can judge by the above fact, that the Arabs have a high opinion of well-bred horses.

The following information was obtained from a respectable Arab of the Shomber tribe regarding

the horse-breeding clans of Nejd, Shomber, and Aniza : Of the numerous clans into which these tribes are divided the following are the chief ones:—

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| (1) Aslum. | (6) Faddaja. |
| (2) Khabeth. | (7) Jurdada. |
| (3) Afareet. | (8) Zawaj. |
| (4) Juddi. | (9) Tooman. |
| (5) Judran. | (10) Majoot. |

Among the above, Faddaja and Zawaj are very large tribes, which possess between them nearly 20,000 horses. The other tribes possess about 5,000 or 6,000 horses each.

The clans have a large number of different breeds of horse, but the following are well known :—

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| (1) Saglavi Jadran. | (4) Najmut-us-Salu. |
| (2) Mabian. | (5) Obia Sharrak. |
| (3) Maraigi. | (6) Shawai Mahtel Sabuh. |

The Bedouins keep their stallions quite separate from the mares, the pedigree of every stallion being kept with great care and zealously guarded, so much so that some stallions possess a pedigree which dates back to the riding horses of Khalipha Ra-hediain and Khalipha Bani Abbas. The stallions are kept with the Sheik of the tribe, and he is responsible for them. Often men try to get their mares covered secretly by these stallions, but they do not usually succeed.

A most extraordinary thing is that the pedigrees of these stallions are seldom written down, but every Sheik has three or four trustworthy Arabs who know the pedigree of every horse by heart.

Another still more wonderful fact is that when a stallion covers a mare a written record is not kept of it, but these Arabs, with amazing memories, who are known as Gulaban, remember this as well. Their memory is so wonderful that when any dealer comes to the Sheik of the tribe for the purpose of buying horses, the Sheik orders the different Gulabans, each of whom is in charge of from two to three hundred horses, to bring all the horses, and as each horse passes the Sheik, the Arab stands near by with a long staff in his hand, on which he rests his hands and chain, and shouts out the name of the sire of every horse. It very seldom happens that he is not acquainted with the name of the sire of a colt or a filly, and if by chance a mare is covered unknown to him, and he is ignorant of the sire's name, then, very humbly and quite ashamed of the occurrence, with his eyes lowered, he addresses the Sheik and says, "God alone knows his father's name."

The reader will marvel at the fact that an uneducated Arab, dwelling in the Desert, should possess such a memory as to remember the names and marks of three or four hundred horses, bred from sires of different breeds, and also their pedigrees. But if the history of Arabia of thirteen hundred years ago is looked up, it will be found that an ordinary uneducated shepherd Bidoo Arab of those days could recite thousands of lines of poetry by heart, and unlettered ignorant shepherds, grazing camels, had "*Kasayd Gurra*" committed to their memory. Every shepherd knows by heart poetry and couplets of such beauty of

thought and feeling, and expressed in such flowery language, that the inhabitants of Shomber found them beyond their comprehension. These Bedouins are the descendants of those shepherds, and therefore it is not surprising that the descendants of ancestors possessing such retentive memories can remember long lines of pedigree of the horses they love so well.

We used to hear that in Arabia fodder for horses was scarce, and that they suffered for the want of it ; but, as a matter of fact, it is not so at present, though at the time when horse-breeding clans were settled around Jebel and Shomber this was true. For the last fifty or sixty years, however, they have inhabited Naharain, and since then fodder for their horses has been plentiful, as their country lies between the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates, which do not dry up at any time of the year, date trees and oats, etc., growing in abundance along their shores.

The climate of Irak, in which are situated Baghdad, Busreh, Kerbela, and Nejif Ashraf, is divided into the following seasons :—

Autumn.—February, March, and April.

Hot weather.—May, June, and July.

Rainy season.—August, September, and October.

Cold weather.—November, December, and January.

In the hot weather, fodder for the horses is not very plentiful, and therefore at that time of the year, these people travel along the banks of the rivers, where fodder is to be found. Colts and fillies are fed on their mother's milk for six months, and some

times they are given goat's milk also. They roam about freely with their dams in the desert.

An extraordinary thing that I discovered is that horses of about one-and-half or two years of age and mares of about the same age, cross at these young ages, and that the mare invariably has a foal. For this reason, when the foals reach the age at which they can dispense with the milk of their dams, they are separated from the rest of the mares, and all the horses that are over two years old are sold to dealers, who come from different parts of the world.

I have heard from respectable Arabs, whose information is perfectly trustworthy and reliable, that Arab horse-dealers do not pick up horses in Arabia at such a low figure as is generally imagined by some of the people who go to purchase horses in Bombay. Good Army Remounts cost usually from twelve to fifteen liras, and as a lira (the Turkish sovereign) is equivalent to about fourteen rupees, these Remounts cost in Arabia about Rs. 168 to Rs. 196 each. The price of a better quality of Arab depends upon the breed and purity of blood.

When we visited Zobier, we saw a horse of the Nejd breed, two years old, which belonged to Sheik Khalid Padsha. My father enquired what it had cost, and was told that Khalid Padsha had paid 80 liras for it or about Rs. 1,120. My father took a great fancy to this horse and offered 150 liras for it, but Khalid Padsha was not willing to part with the

animal even for that sum. My father enquired the price of horses in Baghdad as well, and found that well-bred handsome Aniza, Shomber, or Nejd horses could not be bought for less than 50 liras. Of course, fairly good Iraki horses can be bought at moderately low prices.

A respectable Arab was relating to my father that, on the whole, the breed of Arab horses had declined in quality during the last few years, and that Arabia does not produce such good Arabs now as in former days. My father was very anxious to ascertain why really well-bred Arab horses are not sent to Bombay as was done formerly, and he enquired from several persons—very high authorities, men like Syed Mahmud and Syed Abraham Effendi, of Baghdad—and received the explanation that in Arabia, in the reign of the Khalipha Bani Omea (that is, about 1251 Hijri), the breed of Arab horses had reached the acme of perfection.

At the end of the reign of that Khalipha, the Arabs began fighting among themselves, and many powerful and influential Sheiks of the different tribes which possessed large numbers of mares and horses and were extremely careful as regards breeding them, were killed, and the animals they possessed were plundered, mostly by the inhabitants of Irak. These people thought that by crossing the indigenous horses with the pure-blooded ones which they had plundered, they would get better looking and bigger animals, and accordingly they began to mix the breed indiscriminately.

The progeny of these Arab and Iraki horses are known as follows:—

- (1) If the sire is Arab and dam Iraki, the foal is known as "Hagen."
- (2) If the sire is Iraki and dam Arab, the progeny is called "Khubru."
- (3) If both sire and dam are Iraki, the animal is known as "Ajmi."
- (4) If both the parents are pure-bred Arabs, the foal is called "Atik."

The result of this cross-breeding was that a good deal of Iraki blood was imported into pure Arab horses, chiefly of Baghdad, Busreh, Musheh, Hilla, etc. But the Aniza and Shomber tribes have kept their breeds of horses more or less pure. It is a well known fact that all the Arab horses that have made names for themselves in India—as chargers, hacks, or racers—are invariably 14-1 or 14-2 and hardly ever more than 14-3, which is, as a rule, the measurement of a pure bred Nejd, Shomber, or Aniza Arab.

Round about Baghdad, Busreh, Hilla, and Musheh, when Arab blood was imported into Iraki, in a few years the animals improved in height, and a large number of them are brought into Bombay now and sold by the Arab dealers as Arab horses, mostly to regiments of the Hyderabad Contingent and other corps.

My father related to me that, in 1875, his old regiment, the 3rd Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent, was stationed at Aurangabad, from where he went to Bombay to buy horses and saw some Arabs

there which were about 15 hands, and that when he asked the dealers how those horses were bred, they replied that some of the officers had asked them to import a few Arabs of this height and promised to pay a fair price for them, and that they had bred them in Naharain, near Mosul, by giving large Iraki horses to Aniza and Shomber mares.

When the Arabs perceived that horses of 15 hands to 15 2 were in great demand in Bombay and fetched good prices, they started breeding them in that manner, and were fairly successful in producing bigger horses. Some Arabs also began to imitate the Australian breeders by branding horses on their shoulders, although some of the breeders of Aniza and Shomber are very much against such practices, and are doing their best to keep their breeds of pure horses ; but more than half of the tribe are breeding large horses, and in their attempt to make more money are ruining their breed. This is the reason why pure bred Aniza and Shomber horses are imported in such small numbers into Bombay. But those breeders who saw further than their brethren of the same vocation thought that although this mode of breeding produced large animals, they deteriorated in quality. As a rule, these horses have thick necks, and look rough when compared with pure bred ones.

My father mentioned to me that in about the year 1880, polo began to become popular in India, and as a consequence there was a demand for small ponies for officers and other players, but that at that time very few Arab ponies were brought into Bombay. During the whole season about three

or four thousand horses were imported, and among them there were only three or four ponies. When the ponies began to be appreciated in India, the Bombay Arab dealers went to the different breeding-farms in Arabia and induced the breeders to produce this class of ponies. Accordingly, in Narain (near Mosul) sires and dams of the smaller type were set aside for breeding ponies, and after some years hundreds of 13-2 and 13-3 ponies began to be imported into Bombay. At first, they were inclined to produce a large and strong stamp of horse, but suddenly the demand for polo ponies encouraged the production of smaller animals. Owing to this change from one extreme to the other, the Arab breed suffered considerably, and therefore the quality of horses of good blood that were to be seen in Bombay formerly are not to be met with now. My father also told me that the same mistake has been the cause of ruining all the indigenous breeds of horses in India: for instance, Khatiawar, Gungaterri, Marwar, Malagaun, Bondi, and the Deccani. They began mixing Arab and Australian blood in these breeds, thinking that by doing this the Indian breed would improve considerably, but the result was that the old breeds have been completely spoilt, and their progeny have not improved in any way.

My father told me that, when he was about twelve years old, he had a small chestnut Deccani pony, on which he used to ride and go out hunting; and that the make, shape, and bone which this

pony of pure Deccani breed possessed, were quite equal to some of the first class Arab ponies of the present day. He also said that at that time Khattiawar ponies were handsome and quick on their legs, and that if the pure breed existed now, perhaps they would have out-classed the Arab ponies in polo, the Deccan and Gungaterri breeds also possessing splendid ponies.

In the Deccan, Ali bin Abdulla exterminated the original breed of Malagaun and Gungaterri sires, replacing them by Arabs, with the result that the old breed of horses in the Deccan was lost, and the new lot were in no way an improvement.

At Baghdad, one evening we were discussing horses after dinner, and in the course of the conversation my father mentioned that about forty-two years ago—when he was about twelve years old—my grandfather took him to the great *juthra* at Malagaun, where there were about five thousand horses for sale. A large number of people had come from Hyderabad for the purpose of buying horses, and in that Horse Fair some of the animals were sold for Rs. 2,000 to Rs. 2,500.

Malagaun is a village between Hyderabad and Aurangabad, where a *juthra* was held each year, as well as a horse fair. My father said that most of the horses there were of pure Deccani breed—handsome, well-shaped, with good bone, and that that type and breed are not met with now. At that time the Hyderabad Contingent and all the cavalry regiments of His Highness the Nizam had

Deccani and Malagaun horses in them, but gradually that breed was lost, and the cause of it was the imperfect mixing of strains of blood.

Formerly, in Arabia, pure bred horses were known by the name of their sires : for example, it was said of a foal that it belonged to Saglavi Jadran and that its sire's name was so and so. But now a new mode is being widely adopted by some tribes : they have discarded the names of the sire, and are beginning to distinguish the foal by the dam's name ; and if this system is adopted by all the tribes in Arabia, it will do the breed considerable damage.

