

4th September, 1829. Ekaterinograd.

It was a good thing my father prayed about the journey to Mozdok. Once our carriages got stuck for five hours. We had greater difficulties in getting horses and so we separated and I had to go three or four stages alone! Frank wasn't old enough. The Armenian merchant is called Barrown Yacub John and he found us a house to rest in for three or four days at Mozdok. Yesterday we came on here. The place is named after the Empress who died recently. We are waiting here till the post comes.

The next part of our journey will be over the mountains. Mr. John has advised my father not to travel without company because of robbers. So we shall travel with some Tartars and their 300 carts carrying things for sale. Frank and Kitto had a look at these carts to-day. They are made of wood and the wheels are never oiled. The noise they make is terrific. The owners ride on horseback.

5th September, 1829. Still at Ekaterinograd.

Another answer to my father's prayers! Last night we were wakened up by a big fire. There were terrific flames, all the horses were careering about and their owners were shouting at them! It might have been serious because all the buildings are of wood but the people pulled down the houses nearest to the fire and as the wind was low it soon went out. We leave to-day for the most dangerous part of our journey so far!

